

JAM  
By  
Steve Bowbrick

Sbowbrick@sky.com  
07908151067

JAM

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

BEV, mid-thirties, big, brassy, large hoop earrings, is returning a bag to a disgruntled CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER

You saying my stuff ain't good  
enough for a charity shop?

BEV

I'm saying we don't have much call  
for second hand sex toys...

The customer snatches the bag from the counter and storms off.

MEERA, Bev's colleague, joins Bev at the counter and they watch her backside as she minces off; the word "JUICY" emblazoned on her arse.

BEV (CONT'D)

Are those new earrings, Mee?

MEERA

Oh! Yes. A present from my Rishaan.  
He spoils me rotten.

BEV

The last thing my Lee spoilt was  
his best vest.

MEERA

I'll put the kettle on.

She goes through to the back of the shop.

MEERA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I hear the butcher's on the high  
street got done over last night.

BEV

Probably animal activists.

MEERA (O.S.)

Well all they managed to liberate  
was two sides of beef, fifteen lamb  
chops and twenty-seven pork  
sausages.

She re-enters.

MEERA (CONT'D)  
Actually, I have it on good  
authority it was the Allen's boy  
from the 12th floor.

BEV  
Is he an animal activist?

MEERA  
Belligerent vegan.

BEV  
Aren't they all?

SHANNON, 18, enters the shop with HAMILTON, aged 2, in a  
pushchair.

BEV (CONT'D)  
Hello, Shan, love. Everything ok?

SHANNON  
Yeah.

Shannon feigns interest in a rail of clothing.

BEV  
(to Hamilton)  
Hello my sweetie. Was you missing  
your mummy? I do appreciate you  
looking after him, Shan.

SHANNON  
Yeah. Actually Auntie Bev. I was  
wondering...Would it be possible to  
get an advance? You know, on my  
wages?

BEV  
Oh. Yes. Course. Tenner ok?

Bev opens the till.

MEERA  
Don't let Mr Prakesh catch you.

Bev ignores her. Hands the money to Shannon.

BEV  
I meant to ask. How's your mum  
doing?

Meera begins entertaining Hamilton. She gets him to recite  
some of his alphabet (A is for apple etc.)

SHANNON

Alright. She's getting married.

BEV

Married? Since when?

SHANNON

I dunno. Since he proposed, I s'pose.

BEV

And she didn't think to tell me?

SHANNON

Yeah, well, Auntie Bev, you're hardly top of the guest list, are you. Not after what you did.

BEV

I'm not proud of what I did but I did what was right. You know that don't you, darling?

Shannon nods vaguely, not really bothered.

MEERA

R is for...

HAMILTON

Arse!

Bev jolts, mortified. Shannon is quick to retrieve the boy.

SHANNON

Gotta go. I've left Mason at home re-wiring the kettle.

BEV

Oh really, Shan. Can't you buy him some toys?

SHANNON

Bev, he's *four*?

BEV

Where's Ayo?

SHANNON

Down the nick.

BEV

Whatever for?

SHANNON

Police say he robbed the butcher's.  
But it's a fit up.

Meera raises her eyebrows. Bev reacts.

BEV

Yes. Well. They often get these  
things wrong...

She usher's Shannon quickly towards the door.

SHANNON

(aside)

I don't suppose you'd be interested  
in a couple of sides of beef?

BEV

Tell your mum to call me, okay?

She waves them goodbye as they exit.

EXT. PRISON GATES - DAY

A DOG WALKER passes. They pause at the gates as the dog  
evacuates its bowels. They move on.

Shortly, BRAD (38), a small man with a big personality, steps  
through the gates, bag slung over one shoulder. He inhales  
deeply, smiles to himself - the sweet smell of freedom. Or is  
it? He looks down at his shoe caked in shit.

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

Meera is looking through a book of accounts with MR PRAKESH,  
young, keen and a little bit mean. A post-grad trainee barely  
out of uni but trying to look the part in a shiny suit.

They both look up as Bev enters.

MR PRAKESH

Long lunch?

BEV

Sorry I'm late. Had to go down the  
Burns Unit with Lil. Her mobile  
phone caught fire. Cling film they  
said. If only she'd wrapped it in  
cling film. How can you wrap your  
bloody head in cling film?

MEERA

I'll put the kettle on.

She goes out the back. Bev hangs up her coat. She takes an unopened letter out of her bag. We see the HMP logo on the envelope. She looks apprehensive. Slides it back.

She catches a disapproving look from Mr Prakesh.

BEV

Something wrong?

He shakes his head; returns to the books. Bev starts unpacking a box.

BEV (CONT'D)

(to Meera)

Saw the caretaker out on the estate. Throwing sawdust on a puddle of sick by the entrance. I told him, I nearly slipped on that.

MEERA (O.S.)

Never see the point to that.

BEV

What's that?

MEERA (O.S.)

Sawdust. On sick.

BEV

Easier to pick up, apparently.

Meera re-enters.

MEERA

Why can't they be sick somewhere else?

BEV

What do you expect when they're using the lift as a knocking shop?

MEERA

Don't get me started on that lift. Had to use the stairs. Again. Twelve flights. And stink of pee. The stairs. Not me.

BEV

Apparently they found a dead dog in the pond on the back of the estate.

Meera goes back out to finish the tea.

MEERA (O.S.)

Can't say I'm surprised. Pond? It's  
more like a swamp. Shopping  
trolleys, empty beer cans, fag  
ends...

BEV

Yeah. I'm sure the ducks carry  
flick knives.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brad waits with other PASSENGERS at the bus stop.

As the bus arrives he huddles in with the crowd and boards  
the bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

Brad keeps his head down and tries to avoid catching the eye  
of the driver, but...

BUS DRIVER

Oy! You.

Brad stops, cringes.

BRAD

Come on, mate. I'm skint. I'm  
trying to get home. Can't you...you  
know, just this once...

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brad steps off the bus.

BRAD

Jobsworth!

BUS DRIVER

Wanker.

The bus doors close. The bus moves off.

EXT. COSTCUTTERS SUPERMARKET - DAY

Brad passes a display of fruit and veg laid out on tables outside the shop. He eyes a large cucumber.

He checks no-one's looking then picks it up and slides it into his coat.

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

Mr Prakesh slaps the accounts book closed.

MR PRAKESH

Oh dear, oh dear. It rather appears we have a thief in our midst.

Bev is immediately on the defensive.

BEV

Are you sure? The numbers in the book might not be right cos we've been having a lot of trouble with those new till rolls lately. They're always getting stuck and when you have to get a new one, you can never find the start. It's a bit like those cheap toilet rolls. You wouldn't know how many times I've shat myself before finding the start of one of those.

MR PRAKESH

Actually it rather appears that someone has been helping themselves from the till.

MEERA

Are you sure?

MR PRAKESH

I am certain of it.

BEV

Really? That's terrible. Isn't that terrible, Mee? Who would do a thing like that?

Mr Prakesh remains unmoved.

MR PRAKESH

You have to remember, ladies. This is a business, not a charity...



BEV  
Well, actually -

Meera jabs her in the ribs. Mr Prakesh glares at them suspiciously. After a beat...

MR PRAKESH  
Listen, I am a reasonable man. Boy.  
Boy Man. I will be back at the end  
of the week. If, by then, the  
amount in the till tallies with the  
till receipts then we will say no  
more about it. But if it does not,  
then...

He makes a slicing motion across his throat.

BEV  
You're going to kill us?

MR PRAKESH  
Worse. I am going to sack you.

BEV  
How much are we talking? Just out  
of interest...

MR PRAKESH  
Two hundred and fifty seven pounds.

Meera looks daggers at Bev.

BEV  
Oh. That's quite a lot.

Mr Prakesh sweeps towards the exit.

MR PRAKESH  
End of the week, ladies...

INT. COSTCUTTERS SUPERMARKET - DAY

Brad approaches the counter. The young shop assistant,  
JANICE, is on her mobile deep in conversation.

Brad glances furtively around the shop. A few other SHOPPERS  
are browsing the aisles. He points the cucumber, concealed in  
a carrier bag, at Janice.

BRAD  
Give me the money.

JANICE  
(into phone)  
I know. What is it about fat people  
in tracksuits? I mean, it's not  
like they do any exercise! Hang on,  
Chlo. Some bloke's just come in.

BRAD  
The till - open the till!

JANICE  
Is that a cucumber?

BRAD  
No.

JANICE  
Courgette?

BRAD  
No!

JANICE  
Maybe an aubergine?

BRAD  
It's a gun.

JANICE  
(into phone)  
Yeah. Chlo. Bloke's got a cucumber  
in a carrier bag. Says it's a gun!  
I know!!

Brad studies her name badge.

BRAD  
Listen...Jance.

JANICE  
Jance?

She realises he's looking at her badge.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
Oh. No. It's Janice. The i's worn  
off.

BRAD  
If you don't give me all the money  
in that till, I'm going to shoot  
you.

JANICE  
With a cucumber?

BRAD  
It's not -

JANICE  
Hang on a minute. Don't I know you?

BRAD  
What?

JANICE  
Yes. I do. You're Shannon's uncle.  
The famous bank robber.

BRAD  
It was a security van, actually.

JANICE  
Blimey, this is a bit of a come  
down.

BRAD  
Don't make me shoot you.

JANICE  
(into phone)  
Yeah, Chlo. It's Soapy Shannon's  
uncle. He's trying to rob the shop  
with a cucumber. Yeah.  
(to Brad)  
Chloe says to say hello.

BRAD  
This is a *gun* and if you don't give  
me the money I will blow your  
bloody head off.

JANICE  
How about I give you a packet of  
Wine Gums and you can be on your  
way?

Brad becomes aware of another customer queuing patiently  
behind him.

BRAD  
*Fine.*

He snatches the Wine Gums and storms out.

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

DODGY DAVE (early 30's) enters the shop carrying a large canvas shopping bag.

BEV

(to Meera)

Where am I going to find two  
hundred and fifty seven quid by the  
end of the week??

Meera spots Dave.

MEERA

Oh. Here he is.

DAVE

Hello, girls.

BEV

Hello, Dave.

Dave opens the bag, takes out a large hat composed of an elaborate floral design.

DAVE

See this...greenery, shall we call  
it, what's adorning this hat? This  
is woodland fern from the estate of  
King Charles, the Spaniel of Kent.

MEERA

What you on about?

BEV

How do we know we can trust you  
again after what happened to Lil?  
They're having to graft skin from  
her arse and put it on her face.

Dave looks confused.

MEERA

Looks more like someone's garden  
clippings, if you ask me. You been  
raiding the bins?

DAVE

(holding up a coat)

Alright then, ladies, how about  
this?

BEV

What is it?

DAVE

Faux mink.

MEERA

Looks more...German Shepherd.

DAVE

Meera, darling. This coat is pedigree. It's got a certificate and everything. These faux minks were free range. Free to roam until brutally bludgeoned to death to make this coat.

Shannon enters pushing Hamilton in his pushchair with Mason (4) in tow looking very sorry for himself.

BEV

Hang on a minute, would you?  
Shan, darling! I'm glad you turned up, I wanted a word.

Dave continues to try to interest Meera in the coat.

BEV (CONT'D)

What's the matter Mason? You're looking very sorry for yourself.

SHANNON

(to Mason)

Show Auntie Bev your hands.

The boy holds out his scorched palms.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(to Bev)

I don't suppose you know anything about electrical burns?

BEV

Have you tried cling film?

Shannon's not sure if this is a joke.

SHANNON

I just popped in to ask, you haven't seen the dog have you?

BEV

Dog?

SHANNON

Yeah, he got out last night and didn't come back. Last seen down by the pond.

Bev exchanges a look with Meera.

BEV

No. Sorry. Look, Shan, love. It's about your mum.

Shannon groans.

BEV (CONT'D)

I tried calling and, well, you know...She hung up on me...

SHANNON

So?

BEV

Well, I was wondering...When's the wedding?

SHANNON

Oh look, Bev, I can't...

Bev takes something out of her pocket.

BEV

Listen, give your mum this. It's an ankle bracelet. For her special day. Right classy. "Something new". Tell her it's from you.

Shannon hesitates.

SHANNON

It's today.

BEV

Today?!

SHANNON

Four o'clock at the Town Hall. But you never heard it from me, ok?

They exit the shop.

BEV

I'll take them.

DAVE

What?

BEV  
The hat and the coat.

DAVE  
You will?

MEERA  
You're mad.

BEV  
I've got a wedding to go to.

EXT. THE BRIDGEWATER ESTATE - DAY

Litter is strewn about the children's playground where the Dog Walker allows the dog to pee by the swings.

Brad enters the estate.

In the distance the sound of a siren. The siren merges with...

EXT. 10TH FLOOR LANDING - DAY

...The sound of the doorbell.

Brad presses it again. Finally, the door opens. LEE, a wiry, scruffy man in a stained vest stares at Brad.

LEE  
Yeah?

BRAD  
Who are you?

Lee thinks about this for a minute.

LEE  
You've just knocked on my door?

BRAD  
No. I've just knocked on *my* door.

Lee checks the number on the door.

LEE  
No. It's definitely my door.

BRAD  
You being funny?

LEE  
No because if I was being funny,  
that would require me to tell a  
joke and, you see, I don't know any  
jokes.

Brad considers this, unsure if Lee's still being funny.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Did you want something?

Brad looks over Lee's shoulder.

BRAD  
That's my sofa.

LEE  
No. That's my sofa.

BRAD  
And that's a photo of my wife.

LEE  
Look. Mate. I don't want to be  
rude. That's my girlfriend. My  
sofa. And this is my house. Now...

BRAD  
How long?

LEE  
Eh?

BRAD  
How long you lived here?

LEE  
'Bout 2 years.

BRAD  
Right. When your girlfriend gets  
in, will you give her this?

He hands Lee an envelope.

LEE  
What is it?

Brad thinks - reconsiders. He takes back the envelope.

BRAD  
Actually, no. I'll give it to her  
myself.



Brad walks away. Lee shakes his head, bemused.

LEE  
(aside)  
Nutter.

He shuts the door.

INT. COSTCUTTERS SUPERMARKET - DAY

BEEP.

Bev, now with Hamilton in his pushchair, is at the checkout.

JANICE  
Ooh. Are these on special? I love a  
nice chocolate finger...

BEV  
Yes. Yes. They are.

BEEP.

JANICE  
And you must love Pot Noodles.

BEV  
Sorry?

JANICE  
I'm just saying? You've got eight.  
You must really like them.

BEV  
They're on Special as well.

BEEP.

JANICE  
Ain't you that woman. The one who's  
husband did that bank robbery?

BEV  
It was a security van actually and  
no, that's not -

JANICE  
He was in here earlier.

BEV  
Who?

JANICE  
Your husband.

BEV  
I don't think -

JANICE  
Had a cucumber.

BEV  
A cucumber?

JANICE  
Tried to make out it was a gun.  
Ooh. Deep pan double pepperoni.  
Large. You can feed a whole family  
with one of these!

BEV  
That's the idea!

JANICE  
Not much of a cook, eh? You're like  
my mate, Chloe. The lazy fat cow.

BEEP

BEV  
Look...Jance.

JANICE  
It's Janice, actually.

BEV  
Your name badge says Jance.

JANICE  
The I's worn off.

BEV  
I've just come here to do my  
shopping, not to...you know.

Janice looks back, blankly.

BEEP

JANICE  
I'm just saying?

BEV  
Well, maybe, don't?

JANICE  
That'll be £37.42.

BEV  
Oh...

Bev looks surprised. She searches through her purse, realises she hasn't got enough.

BEV (CONT'D)  
I'll just...

She takes the chocolate fingers out of her bag and puts them back on the counter.

JANICE  
So, that'll be £35.87.

BEV  
Right. Let me see...

She takes out a Pot Noodle.

JANICE  
£34.87.

Bev looks apologetically to the MAN behind her in the queue. The man musters a sympathetic smile.

Bev takes out another Pot Noodle.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
£33.87.

BEV  
Ok...

She removes another four.

JANICE  
Done?

Bev thinks. Nods, yes.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
So that's £29.87 Altogether.

Bev pays and hurries from the shop.

INT. THE THREE BADGERS - LOCAL PUB - DAY

A handful of regulars are dotted around the bar.

Brad enters and, like in the Westerns, the place falls quiet - one guy chokes on his beer, a pool shot is miscued and a ball flies off and falls into another guy's pint. There is very probably the sound of a record player needle being ripped from a record.

BRAD

Hello boys. I'm back!

Suddenly the bar breaks into spontaneous applause.

INT. BEV'S FLAT - DAY

Bev is in the kitchen unpacking the shopping. Lee is hovering but not helping.

LEE

Where's the chocolate fingers?

BEV

I couldn't get the chocolate fingers.

LEE

I like a chocolate finger.

BEV

I know. But I couldn't get them.

LEE

I've been waiting all day for a chocolate finger.

BEV

I've got to pop to mum's in a minute before I go and pick Freddie up from school. You ok with the baby?

LEE

I like to hold them in my tea for just long enough for the chocolate to start to melt, then -

BEV

Have you had any lunch?

LEE

Not yet.

BEV

There's a frozen pizza there.

LEE

Frozen? What I am supposed to do  
with that? Suck it?

BEV

Make sure you leave some for the  
rest of us.

LEE

You know I don't like that foreign  
muck.

BEV

It's not foreign muck. It's from  
Costcutters.

Bev stops and looks at Lee's miserable, sulky face.

BEV (CONT'D)

Did you have any luck with that  
job? The one your mate was sorting?

Lee appears to only vaguely remember anything about a job.

LEE

Yeah. Yeah. All good.

BEV

So you haven't been studying the  
form all day?

LEE

What do you take me for?

BEV

Honestly, Lee.

She's just about to walk out when something occurs to her...

BEV (CONT'D)

Did you win anything?

Lee's not sure if this is a trick.

LEE

Well, now, you see, in order to win  
anything, that would have required  
me to have been gambling, which I  
just said...

Bev walks away.

BEV

Don't bother.

INT. BEV'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

Bev puts on her coat.

Lee comes out of the kitchen.

LEE

Oh. Yeah. Some bloke came round earlier claiming this was his flat. Even said that was his sofa. You and me both know that sofa is mine. Well, yours. But it's got the indent of my arse cheeks on the middle cushion, so...

BEV

Bloke?

LEE

Claimed you were his wife!

BEV

Probably just some nutter.

Bev opens the front door.

LEE

That's what I thought. Oh. If you see any chocolate fingers while you're out...

INT. THE THREE BADGERS - DAY

Brad sits at a table with DOZY DEAN, a big bloke, makes Desperate Dan look like a Disney princess and CAREFUL COLIN, a small Irishman, a bit dapper, perfectly groomed.

DOZY DEAN

Half a million pounds...

CAREFUL COLIN

And you're sure about this?

BRAD

Certain.

Dean and Colin exchange a look.

DOZY DEAN

Half a million...

CAREFUL COLIN

You know if Bad Brian finds out  
you're looking for his stash, you  
know he'll kill you.

BRAD

Bad Brian's banged up.

CAREFUL COLIN

Yeah, but Bad Brian has friends...

BRAD

Bad Brian owes me. It's because of  
Bad Bastard Brian that I did a  
stretch.

CAREFUL COLIN

But if the police couldn't find it,  
you know, after the robbery, like,  
how are we -

BRAD

Col. Dean. Look. It's me. The  
Bradster. I'm back. And as one wise  
philosopher once said, "You've  
gotta have faith."

CAREFUL COLIN

Wasn't that George Michael?

BRAD

Aristotle.

CAREFUL COLIN

Is that right?

DOZY DEAN

Half a million pounds...

BRAD

So. Are you in or what?

CAREFUL COLIN

Ok. Yeah. We're in.

EXT. MIRIAM'S FLAT - DAY

As Bev approaches the front door smoke is billowing out of  
the letter box. Inside, the piercing sound of the smoke  
alarm.

Bev, in a panic, struggles to insert the door key.

BEV  
Oh, Jesus. Come on.

INT. MIRIAM'S FLAT - DAY

Bev hurries down the hallway.

BEV  
Mum?

KITCHEN

She enters the kitchen. The plastic kettle is slowly melting on the gas hob.

Bev picks up the kettle and tosses it into the sink; runs the water.

HALLWAY

Bev waves a tea towel at the smoke alarm.

BEV (CONT'D)  
Mum?

BEDROOM

Bev looks into the bedroom. The bed is unmade and an opened loaf of bread is spilling slices over the pillow.

LIVING ROOM

The TV is on, loud. A bottle of stout and an empty glass are on the coffee table next to an overflowing ashtray.

Bev turns off the TV. Looks around at the mess. She spots a shape through the net curtains, outside on the balcony.

EXT. MIRIAM'S BALCONY - DAY

MIRIAM is stood looking out across the estate.

MIRIAM  
You know, we used to live in a little prefab on Larkin Street before the council wanted to knock them all down. A big redevelopment plan, they said. There's one of them fried chicken shops there now where our house used to be. And they call that progress...



BEV

Mum. What are you doing out here without a coat? It's freezing.

MIRIAM

Moved us all onto the Bridgewater "temporarily". That was forty-odd years ago.

BEV

Why don't you come inside?

MIRIAM

Came from all across the borough, we did. And do you know, all these flats that brought us all together are the very reason we all stay apart.

BEV

I'd offer to make you some tea but you've melted the kettle.

MIRIAM

On top of each other, but separate. Funny how things are.

Miriam stops and, as if suddenly coming to her senses -

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Beverley? Where am I?

BEV

Out on the balcony, mum.

MIRIAM

Never much saw the point to balconies. Pigeons toilets.

INT. MIRIAM'S FLAT - DAY

Bev leads Miriam back into the living room and sits her down in the armchair.

MIRIAM

That Giovanni woman's got one. Thinks she's better than me.

Bev kneels in front of her and takes her hands.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)  
I could ask to borrow it, I suppose  
but I wouldn't give her the  
satisfaction. And I can't ask them  
on that side.

She nods as if to indicate she means the neighbours.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Ever so nice, but *Asian*.

BEV  
Oh mum! Stop.

Bev looks around at the state of the flat.

BEV (CONT'D)  
What am I going to do with you?

INT. BEV'S FLAT

Lee is in the kitchen cutting up the pizza - still frozen - into slices with a pair of scissors. In the background the sound of the baby crying.

LEE  
Yeah. Yeah. I'm bloody hungry too.

He picks up a slice and licks it. The pizza sticks to his tongue. He tries to pull it off but it's properly stuck.

The baby cries louder.

Lee picks up the scissors, considers cutting it off but changes his mind. He turns on the tap and starts splashing water onto his mouth.

INT. BEV'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

Bev enters with Miriam.

BEV  
Lee?

Lee enters from the kitchen. With one hand he tries to conceal the pizza sticking out of his mouth like a pepperoni tongue.

BEV (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Lee shrugs.

BEV (CONT'D)  
Why is the baby crying?

Lee shrugs.

BEV (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

Lee shakes his head - "nothing..."

BEV (CONT'D)  
Can you look after mum?

LEE  
Yuw mub be blubby joking!

EXT. THE THREE BADGERS - DAY

Brad steps from the pub. Shannon passes with Mason, his hands now bandaged like two oversized boxing gloves.

SHANNON  
S'cuse me, mate. Have you seen a  
dog? Whippet. Answers to the name  
of Zorro.

BRAD  
Shannon? Baby Shannon?

SHANNON  
Who the buggering fuck are you?

EXT. SCHOOL GATES - DAY

FREDDIE (10) is stood next to his teacher. He is wearing a blue T-Shirt with an ironed-on Chelsea badge and a pair of oversized white boxer shorts. He looks like he's been crying.

Bev hurries towards them.

BEV  
I'm so, so sorry.

The school is quiet, most of the kids have already been collected. There is just one other MUM still waiting for her child to come out.

TEACHER

Mrs Taylor.

BEV

Mizz. Ms Taylor.

TEACHER

Ms Taylor. This is the third time this week.

BEV

Three times in a week isn't bad.

TEACHER

It's only *Wednesday*.

Bev thinks about this.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

I'm afraid Freddie's been involved in a bit of an incident.

FREDDIE

I told you this kit was a joke! Michael Cheeseman said I looked like I was wearing the poor man's Scotland kit.

BEV

Yes, well, I've told you before, Michael Cheeseman is a tosser.

TEACHER

He's ten.

BEV

Still a tosser.

FREDDIE

And he said I was wearing my dad's underpants.

BEV

Yes, they are your dad's pants, darling. I told you, we can't afford the proper Chelsea kit. I mean, you've got to practically play for Chelsea these days to be able to afford that.

FREDDIE

He called me Freddie McFart pants.

BEV

I hope you called him something back?

FREDDIE

I punched him.

BEV

Good for you.

Bev avoids the steely glare of the teacher but notices the other Mum looking over. She quickly takes Freddie's hand and starts to leave.

TEACHER

Actually, Ms Taylor, there was one more thing. The money for Freddie's school trip?

BEV

Yeah. I know. It's fine.

TEACHER

It was due last week.

BEV

Yes. I'll get it. Look, I've got to go.

TEACHER

It's quite important for the children...

BEV

Understood.

TEACHER

I mean, if you don't want him to go?

BEV

No. Why wouldn't I?

(beat)

Do many kids not go?

TEACHER

Oh no. They're all looking forward to it.

BEV

It's the mosque thing?

TEACHER  
Is that a problem?

BEV  
No. Why would it be?

TEACHER  
You know Freddie could always stay  
in school?

BEV  
No. I said I'd pay it.

TEACHER  
It's just to cover the cost of the  
coach.

BEV  
Right.

TEACHER  
So?

BEV  
I'll pay it when I've bloody got  
it, ok?

She grabs Freddie again and they walk off.

Bev realises the Mum is following them. She stops.

BEV (CONT'D)  
Yeah?

MUM  
I couldn't help overhearing.

BEV  
Well then, you're a nosey cow.

MUM  
I'm sorry. I'm Ginny. Olivia's mum?

Bev shakes her head; can't recall.

GINNY  
I'm just waiting for her to finish  
band practice.

BEV  
That's nice for you.

GINNY

Look, this might not be my place.  
But we are in such desperate need  
and...I was just wondering. Do you,  
by any chance, need to earn some  
extra money?

INT. BEV'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Bev is in her recently purchased mink coat and hat. She is wearing different shoes on each foot and turns, alternately checking which pair look best in the mirror.

Lee enters wearing a suit that's obviously too small for him; it's so tight he moves like a robot.

LEE

What have you got on your head?

BEV

You can talk. Where did you get  
that suit?

LEE

Burtons.

BEV

1973?

LEE

You didn't exactly give me much  
notice.

BEV

What do you think? Red or black.

LEE

I bloody hate weddings.

BEV

The shoes. Red or black?

LEE

Either. They're both horrible.

BEV

Black then.

She slips on the second black shoe and turns to Lee.

BEV (CONT'D)

How do I look?

LEE  
Like a bloody tree.

INT. BEV'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

Meera is seeing them out.

BEV  
Thanks for this Mee.

MEERA  
Go on. You're already late.

BEV  
And you're ok doing them a bit of  
tea? There's still some pizza left.

MIRIAM (O.S.)  
I want gammon! It's pink with a  
fucking pineapple on top!

BEV  
And you'd better lock the door  
after us. Mum has a tendency to  
wander.

MEERA  
Don't worry. I've got them all  
locked down in front of Tipping  
Point.

There is the sound of a car horn.

LEE  
Taxi's waiting.

MEERA  
Don't worry. And, Bev, good luck...

EXT. TOWNHALL - DAY

The taxi pulls up outside. It is raining heavily as Bev and  
Lee alight, Bev clasping her hat to her head. Lee pays the  
driver and waits for his change. No tip.

They dash inside.



INT. TOWNHALL - DAY

Bev and Lee arrive at the wedding room. Lee is jamming a finger into his ear.

BEV  
What are you doing?

LEE  
I keep thinking I can hear chirping.

BEV  
This must be it.

Bev pushes the door a fraction. From inside the room we hear the voice of the REGISTRAR.

REGISTRAR (O.S.)  
I now pronounce you man and wife.

A look of panic crosses Bev's face. She throws the door open. It creaks loudly.

CAZ (late 30's) and her new husband PHILIPPE (early 20's, possibly younger) are approaching a kiss when they are distracted by the sound. There is a general rumbling from the roomful of GUESTS.

They turn, en masse. Bev and Lee stand smiling lamely, dripping wet, in the doorway.

CAZ  
What's *she* doing here?

Caz shoots a look at Shannon who quickly looks down at her feet.

Caz marches towards them, closely followed by Philippe.

CAZ (CONT'D)  
I don't want you here. Now piss off.

LEE  
Don't speak to me like that.

CAZ  
I meant *her*.

LEE  
That's alright then.

BEV

Caz, love. I couldn't miss you getting married, could I? I've been to all your other weddings.

PHILLIPE

You've been married before?

CAZ

Later, Phillipe.

(to Bev)

I don't want you here. Not after what you did.

(to the room)

Do you all know what she did? My sister-in-law? The grass? She got my little brother sent to prison so she could shack up with this sad loser.

PHILLIPE

You have a brother?

LEE

Sad loser?

BEV

I did what I thought was right. I had to tell the police it was him. I couldn't have lived with myself if I hadn't.

A bright red ring has formed on Caz's ankle around the bracelet - she scratches at it, irritably.

CAZ

How bloody could you? On my special day...My brother should be here with me today to see this.

BRAD

Yeah. Sorry I'm late.

Brad is suited and booted in the doorway.

LEE

(aside; to Bev)

That's the nutter I was telling you about.

BEV

Brad?

LEE

Brad?

The penny drops.

Brad swaggers in; kisses Caz.

BRAD

You look lovely.

He turns to Bev. He takes the envelope out of his pocket, opens it and removes a ring.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Bev, this is the ring you threw at me the day the police dragged me kicking and screaming from our flat.

He lifts Bev's hand and slides the ring onto her finger.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I want us to start again.

There is stunned silence throughout the room.

Finally - almost as if to break the deadlock - a small bird emerges from Bev's hat and flies at the nearest window.

There is a thud and the bird falls dead to the floor.

Lee looks, aghast, first at the bird then at Bev. He turns and marches out.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What d'you reckon?