The White Rose

By

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A shiny, white ICE CREAM VAN ("PAGLIACCI’S ICES") trundles along under the mid-afternoon sun.

The van has blacked-out windows.

The road snakes between pale brown and green fields.

The van navigates a ring road.

The van passes clusters of civilization at intervals:
- The buildings and equipment of a small farm.
- A gravelled opening, which displays a handwritten sign: WORMS 4 SALE ANGLING OR COMPOSTING.
- A field littered with caravans; sandalled CARAVANERS sun themselves in green camping chairs.
- A white public house ("WELCOME INN").
- A series of tired-looking "OFFICE UNITS - TO LET".

The road winds its way downhill.

The clumped-together buildings of a village [Liddleby: based on the North Yorkshire village of Hunmanby] can be descried far ahead.

A church tower rises above the buildings.

FADE TO:

EXT. MCPURDY HOUSE - DAY

MICK MCPURDY (mid 40s) - plump-cheeked and pot-bellied - gets out of a small, beaten-up car.

He walks up the path of a front garden overtaken by weeds.

The semi-detached house, to which the garden is attached, is a small, two-bedroomed affair.

An England flag hangs from an upstairs window.

The ice cream van crawls to a stop outside the house.
INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/MCPURDY HOUSE – DAY

From the driver’s seat, we watch the driver’s side window slide down to halfway.

A pair of WHITE-GLOVED HANDS – and white-sleeved forearms – grasp the steering wheel.

We observe Mick put his key in the front door.

When the white-gloved DRIVER speaks, we leave the van.

    CUSH (O.S.)
    Hi there!

The van’s partially down window reflects the sun – the glare prevents Mick (and us) from seeing the driver’s face.

Mick approaches the van, eyes narrowing.

The rest of the window slides down magically.

CUSH YEAMANS (21) sits at the wheel.

Cush leaves not an inch of his skin visible. His face is painted white, he wears a long, white coat and a white beanie hat.

There is a singular force in his dark brown eyes.

    CUSH
    Sorry to bother you, I’m a bit lost. I haven’t been through here for a while.

    MICK
    No problem, kidder. Where you off to?

    CUSH
    Festive Drive; near the school.

Mick looks towards the end of the road, as if what he needed to call to mind was projected thereon.

INT./EXT. MCPURDY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM – DAY

KATY MCPURDY (21) takes a peek behind some dusty curtains.

She wears heavy makeup and has (dyed) bright red hair.

The double-glazed pane is very foggy, it needs replacing:

(continued)
It merges van, driver, and Mick into a single, blurry image. She drops to her knees and slowly gets under a curtain. Once between curtain and window, she pushes the window out. Still on her knees, she watches through the engineered gap: Mick moves across, gesticulating. He blocks the van’s driver from her view.

**INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/MCPURDY HOUSE – DAY**

Cush’s gaze lingers on the horizon. Mick scrutinizes his face, something stirring in his mind.

**CUSH**
Right, seems easy enough. Thanks.

Cush starts the engine. Mick smiles faintly.

**MICK**
Ah; I’ve got it.

**CUSH**
Sorry?

**MICK**
I never forget a face, ar’kid. You went out with our Katy a few years ago, don’t you remember? You came here! It were probably when you were at school.

Mick steps aside to let Cush see the magnificent edifice. Cush catches a glimpse of bright red hair as it vanishes from an upstairs window.

**CUSH**
Oh yes, I remember now. What are the chances?

**MICK**
Have you kept in touch?

**CUSH**
No, we haven’t spoken for years. How’s she doing?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MICK
Ah, you know. She’s doing this and that down at college. Works part-time down at TESCO. I’ll go get her if you want, she’s just --

CUSH
I’m in a bit of a rush. But tell her I said "hello".

MICK
Will do. Take care now.

Cush pulls out and away.

INT. MCPURDY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

Katy lays belly down on the sofa while texting - the casual observer would say she had been there for hours.

Tens of videotapes line a book case. A handful have handwritten titles like "TENERIFE 2006" and "ONLY FOOLS HULL AND BACK".

Mick enters HUMMING "why do only fools and horses work".

KATY
(to her phone)
Hiya.

He steps from the hallway into the living room, a devious look in his eye as it falls on Katy.

KATY
What’s up with you?

MICK
(tunefully)
Guesss who I just saw out theeeere... 

KATY
Who?

MICK
One of your old boyfriends.

Katy screws up her face.

KATY
Eh? Which one?
CONTINUED:

MICK
Bloody hell! I forgot to ask his name, didn’t I? I’ll be able to match it to’t face though. Give us some names.

KATY
Bobby, Danny, Tom, Jordan?

MICK
Nope, none of them. He were rich, had long hair. We’re gonna be here all night at this rate. How many are there?

Katy tilts her head to one side and gives her father a look of warning.

He CHUCKLES.

MICK
I’m joking! Sorry sorry. Carry on.

Mick fixes his gaze on the ceiling, ready to remember.

KATY
Right, long hair... Reece? Cush? Jamal? Cr--

MICK
That’s it! The one before Jamal.

Katy’s eyes widen.

KATY
Cush Yeamans? Are you sure?

MICK
Ooh yeah, it were him. You know what I’m like with faces.

KATY
What’s he like now?

MICK
The prosperous fucker’s gone and got himself an ice cream van! Why can’t you get these rich fellas to stick around? Get your old dad a jacuzzi...

Katy gives him another one of her looks.

(CONTINUED)
MICK
Sorry.

Mick sinks into a drab armchair.

MICK (CONT’D)
Yeah: most people wouldn’t have guessed it were him. He wore some kinda costume.

KATY
What do you mean "some kinda costume"?

MICK
His face were painted white and he wore a white hat, couldn’t tell you why... He’s like that massive statue we saw down in Wakefield - shape’s nice but the paint spoils it. Any road, I bet he’s raking it in with that bastard van. He says you lost touch - can’t you message him on that "face book"?

KATY
He deleted it ages ago.

MICK
Oh well, that’s a shame.

He looks at his belly.

MICK
Did you put them sausages on?

Katy seems lost in thought.

KATY
Um... yeah.

MICK
Good girl.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – DAY

A gold bus pulls over to a stop, enabling ANASTASIA GRAHAM (20) to disembark and walk away, high heels CLICKING.

Bloused and skirted for the office, she has pale skin and long, blonde hair.

(CONTINUED)
Moments later, YORIKESH QASIM (50-55) also steps from the bus.

Yorikesh is a burly British-Pakistani with a stern countenance and a thick grey moustache. He wears a dark green suit and black loafers.

His eyes are fixed on Anastasia’s figure, by now several paces ahead.

He hastens after her, aided by a gold-handled walking-stick and wincing upon every step’s completion.

Anastasia remains oblivious of her pursuer until, at length, the CLICKING of her high heels becomes confused with an unusually high tempo TAPPING.

She turns onto another street but the TAPPING ceases not.

Her face takes on a look of unease.

A diffident, airy voice freezes her –

YORIKESH (O.S.)

Excuse me!

Anastasia regards the speaker warily as he reaches her.

He removes his hat with a theatrical bow.

He speaks with the exaggerated formality and stately cadences of an English gentleman – like James Mason.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
(out of breath)
I planned on catching up... but you were too fast for me.

ANASTASIA

Sorry, are you lost or something?

YORIKESH

Yes, I’m looking for the library. Could you point me in the right direction?

She points down the road in the direction they were going.

ANASTASIA

Go to the end of here and turn left. It’s quite a walk though.
YORIKESH
Oh! It appears we’re going the same way.

Yorikesh performs a chivalrous gesture with his arms - "after you".

Anastasia’s attention is momentarily held by his gold jewellery and green apparel.

He notices and a smile flits across his face.

Anastasia subdues her pace, allowing him to hobble beside her.

YORIKESH
You are coming home from work?

ANASTASIA
Yep.

YORIKESH
Where?

ANASTASIA
A travel agents.

YORIKESH
It’s been a year since I did any work.

She looks at him as if his value has gone up.

ANASTASIA
What happened?

Yorikesh dabs his moustache with a garish handkerchief.

YORIKESH
Somebody bought my business. Now my main occupation is finding things with which to while away the hours.

Colouring, he directs a timid glance at her.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
I live in Dockley, near Bradford.

ANASTASIA
Don’t you have libraries in Dockley?

Anastasia’s half-hearted, teasing smile makes Yorikesh’s heart throb wildly, or so his eyes would have us believe.

(CONTINUED)
YORIKESH
Ha-ha! Yes, but not very good ones. The council assume everyone living there has their own library.

ANASTASIA
Do you? Have your own library?

YORIKESH
No, I don’t like paying for things I can get for free. I’m looking at houses in the area.

ANASTASIA
Where are you from originally?

YORIKESH
I was born in Bradford - but my parents are from Karachi, in Pakistan... if that’s what you meant. Have you always lived here?

ANASTASIA
I was born in Bournemouth, but we moved to Liddleby when I was eight.

YORIKESH
(smirking)
And I’m supposed to be the foreigner!

INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/FESTIVE CLOSE – DAY – TRAVELLING

Cush’s van turns into and through the bottle-neck opening of a cul-de-sac.

He pulls up outside a semi-detached house situated on the inner base of the "bottle".

A scarlett-coloured sign, erected in the front garden, reads: "FOR SALE".

Cush turns and looks back into his van.

He gets out.

He eyes the sign as he climbs the driveway.

He knocks on the front door and turns towards the bottle-neck.

Beyond the neighbourhood - perhaps two or three miles away - there is a hill, rising above all the village houses.

(CONTINUED)
On this hill perches a large, castle-like settlement, proudly displaying an English flag on one of its turrets [see page 43].

VICKY GRAHAM (47) opens the door. She has a rasping voice.

VICKY
Yes?

Cush wears a solemn expression.

CUSH
Miss Graham, it's your husband...

Vicky puts her hand to her mouth and starts to grieve.

CUSH
(quickly)
Oh no-no-no-no! He's fine!

He points back at his van.

CUSH (CONT‘D)
He's in there. But he's taken a bit too much to drink. So I've brought him home.

CUT TO:

Cush helps the fragile AL (49) - the proud owner of a grinning, bobbing, ruddy face - out of the passenger door.

Al's creased white shirt is unbuttoned. His hair is cropped close to his skull.

VICKY
(to Cush, horrified)
You got him like this?

CUSH
I found him like this.

Al stumbles but Cush steadies him and transfers his puny body into Vicky's arms.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/FESTIVE CLOSE - DAY

Anastasia stares at Yorikesh's stick as they walk together.

YORIKESH
I have family over in East Sands, they don’t know that I’m moving
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
YORIKESH (cont’d)
over here yet. I imagine it will be quite a pleasant surprise for them.

Anastasia halts at the bottle-neck of the "FESTIVE CLOSE" cul-de-sac.

Cush, unseen by Yorikesh and Anastasia, gets into his van outside the Graham house.

   ANASTASIA
   I’m off down here, so...

The van pulls away and drives towards the bottle-neck.

   YORIKESH
   (spoken to her shoes)
   Oh er... I’d hate to leave our next meeting to chance. Would you permit me to meet you again?

Anastasia reddens, uncomfortable.

   YORIKESH (CONT’D)
   Unless there is a man to whom you have already given your heart.

   ANASTASIA
   No, it’s not that, it’s...

Cush’s van stops at the bottle-neck’s intersection.

The van stays at the intersection with its indicator on. It remains there — metres away from Yorikesh and Anastasia — despite there being no oncoming cars.

   ANASTASIA (CONT’D)
   There’s a lot going on — I don’t really have time for... other stuff.

Yorikesh casts a stern, sideways glance at the blacked-out windows.

   ANASTASIA (CONT’D)
   Thanks anyway — I’m flattered.

The van turns left and drives down the intersecting street.

   YORIKESH
   I want you to take my number anyway. All hours and days are the same to me now. If you ever find
   (MORE)

   (CONTINUED)
YORIKESH (cont’d)
yourself with a freer schedule I
urge you to ring this telephone
number.

Yorikesh hastily scrawls a number onto his bus ticket and
gives it to her.

She notices his diamond ring.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
I will come any distance just to
speak with you, even if it is only
for a few minutes. My name is
Yorikesh Qasim.

ANASTASIA
Ana.

Anastasia and Yorikesh part.

Yorikesh watches Anastasia for a few moments and limps on.

The front bumper of Cush’s van peeks around a corner at the
eend of the intersecting street.

INT. MCPURDY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY – DAY

Mick watches TV from the sofa.

Somebody’s footsteps CREAK on the stairs (O.S.).

Katy enters from the hallway.

She wears heavy red lipstick and a black dress that leaves
little to the imagination.

MICK
That’s a fancy dress! Where you
off?

KATY
Pub.

Mick eyes her outfit curiously.

MICK
Oh yeah? Which pub?

Katy studies her effect in a mirror while pouting in the
Victoria Beckham tradition.

(CONTINUED)
KATY
Yew Tree.

MICK
Really? You don’t go there very often.

KATY
Jodie wants to go for a drink cuz there’s a lad she fancies on the bar.

MICK
You and that Jodie.

Mick takes a mischievous sip of beer.

MICK (CONT’D)
Fancy that, you going there tonight...

Katy scowls extravagantly.

KATY
What’re you on about now?

MICK
That Cush Yeamans said he’d just come from there, that’s all. Ey! You might bump into him, or he might bump into you... I wonder if he’ll be in fancy dress again.

KATY
God! You’re obsessed!

MICK
Of course I am! He’s rich! And you fancy him...

KATY
I don’t fancy him and he’s not rich.

MICK
(proceeded by a wink)
I know he’s not Rich – you dumped him two years ago.

Katy cannot suppress a smile as she exits the room.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MICK
Te-ra, love. Be careful.

KATY
See ya! Love you.

Katy leaves the house to CANNED LAUGHTER from the TV (O.S.).

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE/HALLWAY – DAY
Anastasia enters to the same CANNED LAUGHTER (O.S.).
She hears her parents’ MUFFLED VOICES coming from upstairs.

AL (O.S.)
(slurring)
Fuck off me!

VICKY (O.S.)
Stand still.

Anastasia ascends the stairs with a light tread.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/VICKY & AL’S BEDROOM – DAY
Anastasia watches through the ajar door of the bedroom:
Vicky pulls down Al’s trousers.
He stumbles forward - out of sight.
Vicky carefully folds his trousers.

INT. THE YEW TREE/BAR – DAY
Typical pub, typically half-full – mostly with scruffy-looking MIDDLE-AGED MEN.
A slot machine flashes in silence.
Katy sits alone at a table.
She DRUMS her white acrylic nails on the wooden surface.
She glances at the suit of armour by the door.
In its fingers is a sign, which reads:
"HISTORIC EAST SANDS FESTIVAL: 27-29TH AUGUST."
She gets up and crosses to the bar.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

A deep-wrinkled and wiry BARMAID [DOLLY] (60s) polishes glasses behind the bar.

    KATY
    (to Dolly)
    Has er..., I’m looking for someone.
    You can’t miss him, he wears white,
    lots of white.

    DOLLY
    Face and everything? Oo-eye, he was
    here. About lunchtime it was.

Katy takes a napkin and scribbles down eleven digits.

England-shirted (white, c2010) JORDAN HASLER (late 20s) fixes his gaze on Katy from a booth.

The hair on either side of his widow’s peak has receded considerably.

    DOLLY
    Should’ve seen the looks he got,
    imagine seeing him breeze in after
    you’d had a few. Definitely the
    fairest of them all!

Jordan takes a prolonged sip of pale ale and wipes his mouth with his hair-covered, pasty hand.

    KATY
    If he comes in again, could you
    give him this?

Katy hands her the napkin.

    DOLLY
    Will do sweetheart, ’though if he’s
    not wearing all that white I might
    have trouble recognizing him.

**EXT. THE YEW TREE - DAY**

Katy walks away from the pub.

Steely-eyed and slightly chunky Jordan plunges forwards after her.

On his neck is written:

"AGMINE IN UNO, 1919" [a Latin mistranslation of "MARCHING ON TOGETHER"].

(CONTINUED)
Katy keeps walking.

Jordan jogs until he can walk alongside her.

**JORDAN**
(out of breath)
So, you’re ignoring me these days?
Where you going?

Katy stares straight ahead.

**KATY**
Home.

**JORDAN**
I’ll come with you then. Come on, one last shag and I’ll leave you alone for good.

**KATY**
No. Go back inside.

**JORDAN**
You off to meet a bloke? You are, aren’t ya? Go on, you can tell me.

Katy pretends to be interested in someone’s garden furniture.

**JORDAN**
Cheer up. I couldn’t care less really. I’ve got a new bird myself.

Katy speeds up.

**JORDAN (CONT’D)**
Slow down, will ya?

Jordan speeds up.

**JORDAN (CONT’D)**
I said:

Jordan grabs her arm.

**JORDAN (CONT’D)**
Slow. down.

Suddenly, a deafening siren WAILS.

Jordan puts his hands over his ears.

(CONTINUED)
The siren CEASES.

KATY
   And I said: go back inside.

Katy holds a tiny device resembling a remote-control.
Jordan glares at the back of her head as she walks away.

INT./EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE/ANASTASIA’S BEDROOM – DAY

Anastasia leans out of her window to smoke a cigarette.
She looks out onto the small back garden.
Vicky appears from the house with an empty washing basket.
Anastasia quickly dabs the cigarette out on the ledge and withdraws.
Her mum, oblivious, takes down whites from the washing line.

INT. ANASTASIA’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Anastasia rolls over in her sleep.

In the distance, we hear a low tempo, echoing TAPPING (O.S.)
FADE IN over the absolute silence.

The TAPPING gets fainter.
Anastasia sits up abruptly.
She tiptoes out of the room.

INT./EXT. SPARE BEDROOM – NIGHT

Anastasia crosses to the window and peeps through the curtains.

At the bottle-neck:
Yorikesh leans on his stick, WATCHING THE HOUSE!
Anastasia switches on a beside lamp and opens the curtains.
Yorikesh hurries out of sight; around the corner.
Anastasia switches off the lamp.
INT./EXT. BUS/COUNTRY ROAD – DAY – TRAVELLING

Katy sits at the front of the gold bus’s top deck.
She stares blankly at the road and fields.
She checks her phone - nothing.
An ice cream van comes towards the bus (on the opposite side of the road).
Katy leans forward.
The van stops and its indicator comes on - it waits for the bus to pass.
The driver is an ELDERLY MAN (60s) - just a regular WHIPPY with an unpainted face.

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY [EAST SANDS] – DAY

Anastasia comes out of the travel agency.
The entire lower half of the window is taken up by the image of an idyllic beach - with the words "COME PLAYA - HALF PRICE SPANISH HOLIDAYS" superimposed on the sand.
She walks for a short time and then halts, shaking her head at something in front of her.

ANASTASIA
That’s it, I’m calling the police.

Yorikesh leans on his walking-stick, a few steps ahead.
He smiles bashfully.
Today, he has chosen a lavender-coloured suit.

YORIKESH
I came to apologize for my conduct this morning.

ANASTASIA
So, to apologize for stalking me - you followed me to work?

YORIKESH
You told me you worked for a travel agency and I know you get an East Sands bus. So, I went to every travel agency in the area, all six (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
YORIKESH (cont’d)
of them. How else was I to find you
and explain myself?

Anastasia dismisses Yorikesh with a flick of her wrist and
goes past him.

He limps after her, addressing her bloused back.

YORIKESH
When you didn’t contact me I began
to fear I’d never see you again. It
was... I know there’s no excuse for
my behaviour, I just don’t want you
to think of me as a threat.

Anastasia subdues her pace so he can walk next to her.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
I want to leave my door open to
you, just as I did when we parted
yesterday.

ANASTASIA
I don’t think of you as a threat.

Yorikesh’s glum face brightens.

YORIKESH
You don’t?

Anastasia finally looks at him.

ANASTASIA
If I hadn’t seen you standing
outside my house like that... I
might have called.

YORIKESH
Really?

ANASTASIA
Yeah: but what you did is just
weird, Yorikesh.

YORIKESH
Please Ana - give me another chance
to prove myself worthy of you. My
car is just over there.

Yorikesh gestures towards a car park.

(CONTINUED)
YORIKESH (CONT’D)
Let me take you home. I won’t do anything like this again, upon my honour! I’m so out of practice in matters of romance. Please, forgive me and give me another chance.

Anastasia’s eyes follow a gold bus as it passes.
She stops.
Yorikesh watches her suddenly stationary face expectantly.

ANASTASIA
Fine. I’ve missed the bus now anyway. But whether or not I see you again after today is my choice, not yours. No more following or checking up on me, right?

YORIKESH
Agreed.

INT./EXT. MCPURDY HOUSE/KATY’S BEDROOM – DAY
Katy lays on the bed, staring at the ceiling.
She wears jogging bottoms.
She checks her phone – nothing.
The distant CHIMES of "Greensleeves" drift into the room.
Katy lifts her head.
She thrusts her head out of the window, ear first.
The CHIMES start again but they are fainter than before.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – DAY
Made-up Katy hastens along the street in black leggings.
She stops and listens.
The CHIMES are almost inaudible.
She turns around and breaks into a run.
INT./EXT. YORIKESH’S CAR/COUNTRY ROAD – DAY – TRAVELLING

Yorikesh sits across from Anastasia.

Anastasia glances at the leather upholstery and then the mini replica of a crystal chandelier.

An elderly DRIVER sits at the wheel.

YORIKESH
This automobile was the first thing I bought when I received my money.

Anastasia stares out of the window as greenery whizzes by.

ANASTASIA
Mm.

Yorikesh plucks at the knees of his trousers.

YORIKESH
The second thing I got was a driver. Picked him up second-hand!

Yorikesh CHUCKLES.

Anastasia forces a smile.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
(to the driver)
Didn’t I, Oliver?

DRIVER
What was that, sir?

YORIKESH
Never mind.

Yorikesh wipes his glistening forehead with a silk handkerchief.

YORIKESH
God, it’s hot.

Yorikesh leans forward.

YORIKESH
Oliver, turn up the air-conditioning.

The driver complies.

(CONTINUED)
YORIKESH
(to Anastasia)
I’m looking at a property that’s
only a few miles away from your
house later today. I fell in love
with it after seeing some
photographs.

Yorikesh’s gaze falls on Anastasia’s legs, her face still
turned to the window.

YORIKESH
One can so easily... fall in love
with an illusion... of one’s own
making...

Anastasia tears her gaze from the window and glances at
Yorikesh.

He starts and wipes a spot on the seat next to her with his
fingers - of course, that explains why he was looking in
that particular vicinity.

YORIKESH
Oh, it looked like there was a
mark...

ANASTASIA
Do you have any children?

Yorikesh looks down at the tip of his stick.

YORIKESH
When I was a young man, the doctors
told me I would never have
children.

ANASTASIA
Oh, I’m sorry.

YORIKESH
Are you? You’re undoubtedly too
young to think on that sort of
thing seriously.

ANASTASIA
No, I’ve already decided that I
don’t want children. The thought of
it makes my stomach turn.

YORIKESH
Oh... good.

The car passes a sign which declares:

(CONTINUED)
"HISTORIC TOWN OF LIDDLEBY."

YORIKESH
Are you attending the festival tomorrow?

ANASTASIA
What festival?

YORIKESH
The one by the beach. It’s for peace or the environment, I... um... forget which. It’s in the evening.

ANASTASIA
Never heard of it.

YORIKESH
I was wondering if you would like to accompany me there?

Anastasia looks troubled - she touches a ladder on her tights.

Yorikesh notices.

YORIKESH
Sorry, you are probably busy.

The swaying chandelier catches Anastasia’s eye.

ANASTASIA
No no! Yorikesh I... I was trying to remember if I was doing anything, that’s all.

Yorikesh’s diffident eye meets Anastasia’s.

ANASTASIA (CONT’D)
I don’t think I am. So, I’ll call you when I get home from work?

YORIKESH
You cannot imagine how glorious you have made my tonight and tomorrow, for they will be spent in anticipation of.... may I call it "a date"?

Anastasia nods.

An enraptured Yorikesh takes in the scenery.
The car turns onto a residential street.

INT./EXT. YORIKESH’S CAR/FESTIVE CLOSE – DAY – TRAVELLING

Yorikesh’s large black car pulls up outside Anastasia’s house.

Yorikesh’s eyes fall on the garden’s "FOR SALE" sign.

YORIKESH
(troubled)
You are moving?

ANASTASIA
Maybe, it’s not set in stone yet.

YORIKESH
Why would you move?

ANASTASIA
My dad was made redundant not long ago. He’s looking for a job but they’re difficult to come by around here.

YORIKESH
But this is your home!

Yorikesh turns his puffy face to the house.

ANASTASIA
I know, but home can change. I called Bournemouth home once.

Yorikesh tugs at his moustache, seemingly in deep thought.

YORIKESH
Will you move out of Liddleby? Back down south perhaps?

ANASTASIA
Maybe. Wherever it is, it’ll be a city. I think he’s looking at jobs in Leeds and Bradford.

YORIKESH
Well, those places aren’t too far from here, I suppose.

ANASTASIA
As I said, it’s not set in stone.

Anastasia opens the door.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ANASTASIA (CONT’D)
Thanks for the lift.

YORIKESH
I look forward to hearing from you!
Good night.

ANASTASIA
Night.

Anastasia exits the car and walks up to the front door.
She waves at the car as it drives away.
Katy jogs across the bottle-neck.
She breathes heavily and clutches a stitch.

INT. THE YEW TREE/BAR – DAY
Mick stands at the bar. He toys with a beer mat.
A BALD MAN (40s) looks across Mick along the bar top.
The bald man nudges Mick on the arm.

BALD MAN
(quietly)
’Ere, don’t make it obvious but
check him out.

Mick disobeys: he looks directly across the bar.
Cush waits alone with both of his white-gloved hands on the bar top. He is still in his strange, white costume.
He stares straight ahead but one gets the impression that he feels their eyes on him.

MICK
Ay-up, Cush! Did you get there in the end?

The bald man’s expansive forehead wrinkles into many ridges.

CUSH
Yes, thank you.

The bald man sips his pint mechanically, eyes avoiding Cush.

(CONTINUED)
MICK
Our Katy went bright red when I
mentioned I’d seen you. You should
pop over and see her sometime.

CUSH
Sure, if I’m ever in the area –
I’ll swing by.

Cush awkwardly pulls at the fingers of his glove.
Mick receives and pays for his half-pint of fizzy drink.
He accidentally drops a handful of change on the floor.

DOLLY
Leave it for’ the sweeper-upper!

Mick CHUCKLES as he scoops up the change.

MICK
Nice try, Dolly love!

Mick takes his pint from the counter.

MICK
(to Cush)
You take care anyway, buddy.

CUSH
Nice to see you again.

Mick and the bald man seat themselves in a booth.
Mick sneakily removes a vodka miniature and pours it into
his half-pint.
He half-smirks at his bald companion.

MICK
Not lining their pockets.

Dolly lets Katy’s napkin fall with a flutter onto the bar
top between Cush’s hands.

DOLLY
Pretty young lass were after you
the other day, told me to give you
this if you came in.

He turns over the napkin and sees the number.
CUSH
Pretty young lass?

Cush takes off his glove – revealing a TANNED HAND.

DOLLY
Oo-eye. She were a looker alright. I’d give her a ring sooner rather than later, them types don’t stay on the market for long. I speak from personal experience. Now, Romeo, what you having?

Cush makes the napkin dance with his ungloved hand before pocketing it.

EXT. FESTIVE CLOSE – DAY

Anastasia waits at the bottle-neck of the cul-de-sac.

She turns upon hearing a front door SLAM (O.S.).

Al, wild-eyed and scruffy, a roll-up hanging from his mouth, staggers down the Graham driveway towards the white car parked on the verge.

She starts running towards the car –

ANASTASIA
No-no! Dad!

He enters the car.

Al focuses on the road and smokes out of the window.

The car passes her.

ANASTASIA
(calling after the car)
Stop!

The car turns the corner.

Anastasia runs after it.

EXT. OFF-LICENSE – DAY

Al exits the off-license with a CLINKING plastic bag.

He stops in his tracks and squints at something.

His head bobs as he smiles stupidly at the something.

(CONTINUED)
AL
Not you again...

White as this page, Cush leans against his van, one empty parking space away from Al’s car.

CUT TO:

Anastasia runs around the corner towards the shop.

She looks around the car and then at the off-license.

She looks at the parked ice cream van.

In the van’s passenger seat, visible due to the window being partially down, sits a snoozing Al.

Anastasia steps towards her father, perplexed.

She hears the SHUTTER of the ice cream van lift.

A white-gloved hand holds out a car key under the partially open shutter.

Cush addresses her in a deep and noble voice.

CUSH
Miss Graham. I’m a friend of your father’s – he has thankfully agreed to let me take him home. I spoke with Vicky on the phone just now. Will you take this key and drive your father’s car back? He informed me that you can drive before he... er... fell asleep.

ANASTASIA
I’m not insured.

CUSH
I hardly think it matters, considering the circumstances.

Anastasia takes the key and the hand recedes.

The shutter comes down with a CRASH before Anastasia can say anything else.

The passenger window comes up as the van reverses – Anastasia does not get to see the driver.

The van drives back down the road as Anastasia opens the white car’s door.
EXT. FESTIVE CLOSE - DAY

Anastasia pulls up outside her house in the white car.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anastasia enters to find Al SNORING on the sofa.

His plastic bag lays on the coffee table.

INT./EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

Anastasia opens the front door:

Yorikesh paces up and down at the bottle-neck, next to his car.

Tonight, the elegant elder has opted for a black suit and lemon-coloured tie.

He notices Anastasia when she SHUTS the front door.

He tips his hat, opens the car door, and beckons her over.

EXT./INT. SEAFRONT/CUSH’S VAN - DAY

Lining both sides of the wide walkway: food vans; stands selling honey, jam, hula-hoops, and books; and stalls where one can hook-a-duck and win a prize.

Beyond the walkway stretches a golden beach and silver sea.

Numerous banners proclaim: "EAST SANDS FESTIVAL".

A brass band plays mournfully on a small stage at the end of the walkway.

Cush leans out of the window and sees a MOTHER (25-30) walk towards the van with a LITTLE GIRL (7) in her arms.

She goes to the window and Cush’s eyes brighten.

   YOUNG MOTHER
   Can she have a single, no... twin scoop, please?

Cush prepares the ice cream.
CUSH
(to the little girl)
Raspberry sauce?

The girl nods and buries her face in her mother’s shoulder.

Cush drizzles on the crimson-coloured sauce and hands the ice cream to the mother.

The mother hands it to her daughter.

YOUNG MOTHER
(to the little girl)
Say thank you.

LITTLE GIRL
(timidly, to Cush)
Thank you.

CUSH
(to the mother)
Two pounds, please.

The mother gives Cush a ten pound note and receives change.

CUSH
Thank you.

Cush’s figure recedes back into the confines of his van.

He glances at his watch.

In the distance, Cush sees Anastasia and Yorikesh wandering desultorily from one stall to the next.

A LITTLE BOY (8) approaches the ice cream van and looks up at the pictorial menu with a naive apprehensiveness.

Cush reluctantly tears his gaze away from the strange pair.

The boy points to an ice cream – as yet unwilling to practice speech in the presence of this adult.

Cush duly prepares and presents him with his request.

Upon taking the ice cream, the boy, not tearing from it his rapturous gaze, places a pound coin on the counter.

CUSH
Do you want any sauce?

The boy nods uncertainly.
CUSH
Here you go.

Cush slides the raspberry sauce forward.

The boy picks it up and stretches over the counter.

He starts to squeeze and the sauce flows liberally onto his ice cream.

The lid is loose. Cush starts --

CUSH
Wait --

The boy squeezes too tightly and sauce cascades all over the counter and Cush.

Cush is lost for words; his white coat is stained while the boy is immaculate.

THE BOY
Can I have a flake as well?

Cush glares at the boy.

Cush pulls down the shutter, takes off his stained white coat, and chucks it into a washing bag.

He reaches into a box and takes out a brand new coat.

He rips the coat out of some clear plastic wrapping and puts it on.

Cush pulls up the shutter.

Yorikesh observes the shooting range game.

Anastasia watches on indifferently, chomping at some candy floss.

A swarthy, short MAN (40s) stands behind the counter of the shooting range.

Yorikesh turns to Anastasia.

YORIKESH
I’ll try win you a prize.

Yorikesh gives the short man a pound and receives a rifle, which he handles with extreme caution.
Yorikesh aims and fires.

He does not hit the target.

After a GRUNT and a brief inspection of the gun, he fires again.

Once again, he misses.

YORIKESH
Your gun could do with some aligning.

SHORT MAN
Nothing up wi’ gun.

Yorikesh nods patronizingly and aims again.

Another miss.

Yorikesh shakes his head, galled by shame.

He hands back the gun.

The short man shrugs and smiles.

YORIKESH
There’s no way that was all me.

SHORT MAN
See all the bears about the place, they’re all the people that hit the target twice.

Yorikesh gathers Anastasia triumphantly and looks back at the short man.

YORIKESH
A good scam, congratulations.

SHORT MAN
Not my fault you’re shit at aiming.

Anastasia pulls Yorikesh away and points at the stage.

ANASTASIA
Let’s go to the stage.
YORIKESH
He should be wearing a mask, what a thief!

ANASTASIA
Yeah well, don’t worry about that now. Come on.

YORIKESH
I bet that pound will be lonely in his pocket, bloody gypsy. I didn’t come here to be scammed by the scum of the earth.

Cush watches them as they reach the empty stage.

The audience awaits the next act.

Yorikesh pushes somebody’s teddy bear away from about his shoulder.

The CROWD swells around Anastasia and Yorikesh.

The PERFORMERS walk onto the stage.

The all-male ensemble consists of ARZA (45), SINGER (50), and GUITARIST (45).

Arza’s figure is spare and short like that of a child; he wears a black suit and has oily, shoulder-length, slicked-back, sable hair.

The guitarist begins to PLAY at an easy pace.

After a while, the singer joins him vocally in the customary ululating cante style. He SINGS protracted and passionate notes; he punctuates these notes with pauses and cries to find pitch (jipios).

Singing is accompanied by muted and sporadic rhythmic CLAPPING (palmas sordas) by both the guitarist and Arza.

GUITARIST
(spoken)
Olay.

The fervour of the SINGING and tempo of the GUITAR-PLAYING build gradually.

GUITARIST
(spoken)
Olay.

(CONTINUED)
Arza, hands on hips, TAPS his feet one after the other in short stabs, his foot barely leaving the floor.

The tempo of the MUSIC steadily builds.

The intensity and energy of Arza’s dance increases proportionally with the MUSIC.

He twirls, steps, and lunges; the TAPPING which accompanies his steps becomes frantic.

The SINGING builds and the guitar STOPS.

A FEMALE DANCER (30) joins Arza on stage in traditional dress.

Initially, they dance together at a subdued tempo.

They gradually separate; they twirl and TAP passionately with adroit movements.

The singer ends with a sustained, mournful NOTE.

The female dancer recedes into darkness and the guitarist STRUMS a fiery tune to accompany Arza’s finale.

SINGER
Olay!

FEMALE DANCER
Olay!

Arza expends the last of his energy on an electrified and vigorous dance in which he twirls and TAPS furiously.

His hair whips back and forth over his face.

Arza suddenly strikes a majestic pose as the guitarist strums a final, emphatic NOTE.

He breathes heavily and his shiny hair hangs over his face.

The audience erupts into APPLAUSE.

Arza notices Anastasia and smiles at her.

She blushes.

Yorikesh squirms as he looks between them.

Arza looks back at her once more as he exits the stage.

Yorikesh’s countenance is stern.
Audience members take pictures around Anastasia and Yorikesh.

Anastasia glances at Cush’s van, it holds her gaze.

Seeing this, Cush slowly recedes into the van’s shadows.

ANASTASIA
Would you like anything from the ice cream van?

YORIKESH
No.

Yorikesh hands her a twenty pound note.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
(gruffly)
Be quick though, I’d like to leave.

Anastasia makes her way through the crowd.

Cush opens the freezers and feigns rummaging around, his back to Anastasia as she approaches.

Yorikesh keeps his eye on Anastasia as he goes to the shooting range.

He says something to the short man and gives him a twenty pound note.

Anastasia eventually reaches the serving window.

Cush, once again, puts on a deep and noble voice.

ANASTASIA
Where did you go yesterday?

CUSH
I had stuff to do.

Cush continues his fake rummaging.

ANASTASIA
Thank you for what you did.

CUSH
Make sure you hide the keys next time.

Cush keeps his face in the open freezer.

(CONTINUED)
Anastasia takes a last look at Cush’s back and then makes her way back to Yorikesh.

A beaming Yorikesh hands her a teddy bear.

He shoots an imaginary rifle, re-enacting his feat.

Cush carries on rummaging for a while and then turns.

Anastasia walks with her hand in the crook of Yorikesh’s arm.

Anastasia turns to look at the ice cream van.

Here is a safe distance to let her see, no chance of being recognized.

Cush waves calmly.

Anastasia half-waves back.

**EXT. FIELD — DAY**

The sun sets behind the church tower.

The church’s bell DONGS eight times.

Cush’s van is parked under the bough of a large tree.

The tree is part of a mini forest. It prevents the van from being seen on the road, which lies about a mile away.

The shutter of the serving window is down.

Now and again, smoke rises from the marginally-open passenger window.

Katy exits the forest warily.

She approaches the serving window of the van.

She TAPS lightly on the shutter.
INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/FIELD – DAY

The shutter slides up with a CRASH and smoke engulfs Katy.

She COUGHS as the smoke clears...

- to reveal Cush, still in his white costume.

Cush takes a prolonged drag on a tulip spliff, contemplating Katy.

Her eyes are riveted to the ice cream man’s white visage.

    KATY
    Sorry, I got lost.

    CUSH
    I’ve only got one seat, but come in.

    CUT TO:

Katy enters via the passenger door.

She glances over the contents of the van as she moves forward:

A large computer monitor and a three-legged stool are at the back of the van.

    KATY
    When did we last see each other?

    CUSH
    About two and a half years ago.

Cush pulls down the shutter.

An alarm clock, a toothbrush in a cup, photographs, a map of England, crisps, apples, a teapot, a toastie maker, bread, Parma Violets...

    KATY
    You live in here then?

Cush nods without any sign of shame.

    CUSH
    I’ve had a real look at the country.
KATY
You never wanted to come back?

CUSH
My profit margins didn’t let me.
Live like I do and you’d be surprised at how much money you can pile up.

Cush lifts up a rug on the floor to reveal a secret compartment, inside of which there are:

Twenty pound notes, hundreds of them, stacked up in piles.

Cush does not even bother to look at Katy’s response, he re-covers the compartment without ceremony.

CUSH
One day, when I’ve saved up enough, I’m off to America. It’s a land governed entirely by business. There are no sins or virtues over there, only buyers and sellers. Speaking of America, check this out.

Cush grasps the computer mouse and CLICKS.

ON PC MONITOR: Four different CAMERAS mounted on each corner of the van produce four different IMAGES.

KATY
Bet that cost a bomb!

CUSH
Only about as much as a year of council tax.

Katy sits on the stool and watches the monitors.

KATY
Very safe.

Cush prepares an ice cream.

KATY
So, come on then. What you doing back here all of a sudden?

CUSH
I planned on driving around the village and leaving straight away but something made me stay. Perhaps (MORE)
CONTINUED:

CUSH (cont’d)
I’ve a soft spot for the old place after all.

Cush hands Katy an ice cream.

CUSH (CONT’D)
I’ve run out of sauce, sorry.

KATY
That’s okay.

INT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/KITCHEN – DAY

Yorikesh leads Anastasia into the huge space.

He switches on a light, illuminating the shimmering appliances and counters.

YORIKESH
I have a live-in cook back in Dockley, I shall bring her with me. Along with some other staff, of course.

Anastasia runs her fingers over the immaculate surfaces.

ANASTASIA
It’s lovely.

Anastasia forces a smile.

Yorikesh limps over to the huge fridge and opens it.

YORIKESH
(chuckling)
Get in if you want.

She peers inside.

ANASTASIA
Lots of space.

YORIKESH
Wait until you see the pantry.

Yorikesh crosses to a metal door and presses a button.

The door automatically slides away, revealing a garage-sized pantry.

Anastasia wanders inside and looks at the bare shelves.

(CONTINUED)
Yorikesh follows and leans his stick against the pantry wall.

He fills the doorway with his hefty bulk.

YORIKESH
May I kiss your cheek?

Anastasia nods and stands perfectly still.

He awkwardly brings her towards him.

Anastasia turns her face and lets him kiss her on the cheek.

He inspects a shelf, blushing and trembling with excitement.

YORIKESH
This is where I shall put cereals, nuts, and seeds.

She surreptitiously wipes the spot where his lips met her cheek.

YORIKESH
Would you care to take a look at the master bedroom?

ANASTASIA
Sure.

Anastasia takes his arm and they step into the kitchen.

The automatic door slides closed and plunges the space into darkness.

INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/FIELD – NIGHT

Cush and Katy pass the tulip spliff between one another.

Cush’s face paint has started to smudge around the edges.

Cush points at a modern-looking box on the wall.

CUSH
That’s the air-con, I had it installed last year.

Cush gets up and takes a can of juice from a mini fridge.

He takes a thirsty gulp.

(CONTINUED)
CUSH (CONT’D)
I needed it for travelling around Spain.

KATY
It’s nice there! I went to Tenerife last year.

Cush sits down.

KATY
I’m still in shock...

Katy shuffles closer to Cush.

KATY (CONT’D)
I thought I’d never see you again.

She pinches his white coat and pulls it towards her.

KATY
What’s with all this white anyway?

CUSH
The costume combined with the name is sort of like performance art - at least that’s how they see it.

Katy inspects the white material between her fingers.

CUSH (CONT’D)
I get a lot of bookings for a higher class of occasion than I would without it. Goes down well with a liberal arts crowd.

KATY
Is it performing art?

CUSH
Not sure.

KATY
Has what’s under the costume changed at all?

She lets go of his coat, it snaps back to his chest.

CUSH
(incredulous)
Under the costume?

Katy flutters her fake eyelashes.

(CONTINUED)
KATY
Have you had many girls in here?

CUSH
There’s only one seat for a reason.

Katy pouts at the stool.

She looks into Cush’s eyes.

He averts his gaze, pretending to see something on the monitor.

She grabs his chin, smudging the face paint, and pulls it towards her so that they face one another.

She kisses him and slowly draws back, looking into his eyes.

Some white face paint has rubbed off on her face.

KATY
I’ve missed you.

Cush lowers Katy to the floor and kisses her on the rug.

He grabs one of her large breasts.

She stops him and removes a silicon chicken fillet.

They both LAUGH.

INT./EXT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anastasia makes her way around the luxurious, bare bedroom.

Yorikesh runs his hand over the canopy bed’s net curtains.

She opens a closet, thrusts her head inside, and quietly looks over its contents.

She walks to the magnificent oriel window and looks at the village landscape.

Evidently, the house is higher up than the rest of Liddleby’s settlements. It is the castle-like structure Cush observed earlier!

ANASTASIA
What a view! I think I can see my house.

Yorikesh puts his arm around her clumsily.

(CONTINUED)
YORIKESH
I’m glad it pleases you.

Anastasia smiles politely and Yorikesh bestows another gentlemanly peck on her cheek.

YORIKESH
Must be nice being above everyone for a change.

INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/FIELD – NIGHT

Katy lays on the floor amidst blankets.

Cush buttons up his coat with his back to her.

He has, it would appear, already put his hat back on – assuming he took it off in the first place.

Katy gets up with a white blanket wrapped around her.

She kisses Cush on the cheek.

His face paint could use some maintenance – smudges of red lipstick have been added to the white.

CUT TO:

Cush leans on the counter looking out of the serving window.

Katy walks away.

She waves before disappearing into the shadows.

Cush brings down the shutter

He lights his tulip mournfully and turns to the monitor.

He moves and CLICKS the mouse:

ON PC MONITOR: THE OPENING TITLES of "Coronation Street".

INT./EXT. YORIKESH’S CAR/YORIKESH’S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY – NIGHT

[The house is based on the "Cave Castle Hotel" in East Yorkshire.]

A half-mile long driveway goes uphill towards the structure.

A large set of medieval gates permit access to the driveway from a country road.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The front of the house has five large windows, upstairs and downstairs - the upper-middle being an oriel window.

On either side of these windows - book-ending the main house - are turrets with arrow loops.

An English flag flies on top of the left turret.

Yorikesh’s car is parked just outside the main entrance.

Yorikesh leads Anastasia from the entrance to the car.

The driver opens the door for them and they get in.

The driver gets into his allocated seat.

   YORIKESH
   (to the driver)
   Back to her house.

Yorikesh pulls down the divide separating passengers from the front.

Yorikesh takes hold of Anastasia’s hand.

He rubs her delicate fingers between his stubby equivalents.

INT./EXT. PETROL STATION – DAY

Mick finishes filling up his car and enters the shop.

CUT TO:

Mick steps forward and regards the female CASHIER (mid-20s) with an eye brimming with mischief.

   MICK
   Number three and a couple of euro millions lucky dips please, love.

The cashier touches the screen a few times and places a pair of lottery tickets on the counter.

   CASHIER
   That’s... twenty pounds thirty six.

Mick removes a ten pound note and places it next to the lottery tickets.

He then takes out ten small plastic bags full of pennies.

The cashier looks at them.

(CONTINUED)
CASHIER
(shaking her head)
We don’t accept over five pounds in coppers.

MICK
Where’s the sign telling me that?

The cashier does not look away from Mick.

CASHIER
Just because there’s no sign doesn’t mean it’s not company policy.

MICK
Right, well you’ll have to take the petrol out my car then, cos I can’t pay you.

The cashier glares at Mick.

CUT TO:

The cashier is on the tenth and final bag, she counts out every single coin.

Behind the expressionless Mick, about ten CUSTOMERS stand in line, all exhibiting signs of either frustration or boredom.

CASHIER
Right, and the thirty six?

Mick reaches into his pocket, it JINGLES ominously.

A customer behind Mick GROANS.

Mick starts counting out pennies on the counter.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY – DAY

Anastasia comes through the front door.

Vicky rushes over to her.

VICKY
Did you see, love? Sign’s gone.

ANASTASIA
What? The house has sold?

Anastasia goes into the living room and looks out of the window.

(CONTINUED)
AL (O.S.)
Hmph! Better than that!

Al trots down the stairs with an unlit roll-up in his mouth.

AL (CONT’D)
All our problems are over!

ANASTASIA
(to Al)
You got a job?

Anastasia meets her father at the bottom of the stairs, he perches on the first step.

Vicky beams like a confirmed madman.

ANASTASIA
Is somebody gonna tell me or what?

VICKY
(to Al)
Do you wanna tell her?

AL
It’s all thanks to you! I don’t know what we’d have done. Well, to be honest, I do – I was looking at houses in Bournemouth when he called...

ANASTASIA
When who called?

VICKY
Yorikesh! Who else?

Al puts a cheque into Anastasia’s hands.

ANASTASIA
We can’t accept this.

Al snatches back the cheque.

AL
Huh-ha! Yes we bloody well can!

VICKY
Think about your family, Stace.

AL
This money will spur me on to get a job.

(CONTINUED)
Anastasia barges past her parents and runs upstairs.

AL
(calling up the stairs)
Stay-zha! Stay-zha!

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE/ANASTASIA’S BEDROOM - DAY
A shoe box on the bed captures Anastasia’s attention.
She picks up a note attached to the box, it reads:
"WEAR THESE TONIGHT, MY BUTTERFLY -- YORIKESH".

CUT TO:
Anastasia puts on a pair of black, glossy high heels.
She observes their effect as she twirls in front of a full-length mirror.
The heels CLATTER against the wooden floor when she moves.

INT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Anastasia’s feet, still encased in the shoes, are planted on a plush dark green carpet.
Yorikesh and Anastasia dance together – they are posed like figures in a painting.
Yorikesh’s adoring gaze does not move from her face.

YORIKESH
I’ve never danced with anyone before.

They sway to the classical MUSIC – noiselessly, slowly, and without rhythm.
Yorikesh WINCES but chooses to carry on.
Eventually, he gives up and collapses into a chair.
Anastasia joins and comforts him.
Yorikesh lurches to his feet and stands before Anastasia.
He WINCES as he leans on his knee and presents her with a DIAMOND RING.
She looks at it, speechless.
Her hands fall into her lap.

**INT. MCPURDY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY – DAY**

ON TV SCREEN: A (paused) graphic of the "EuroMillions" LOTTERY NUMBERS:

[3] [21] [7] [39] [27] [44] [36]

Mick, slumped in the armchair, stares at the screen like a turned off automaton.

Katy pops her head around the door to the hall.

KATY
Right, I’m off out.

Mick does not stir.

Katy enters. She bends over in front of his line of vision.

KATY
Dad?

The automaton comes to life with a jerk.

MICK
Hm? Hiya, love. Sorry, I was miles away.

Katy looks at the lottery numbers on the screen.

KATY
(to the screen)
Thinking about what you’re gonna spend your winnings on? I’m off out – be back about eleven.

Katy turns back to her father:

Mick sits motionless, just as before.

KATY
Is something up with you?

MICK
It’s... um...

Katy looks alarmed.

(CONTINUED)
KATY
Spit it out, for God’s sake! You’re scaring me.

Mick holds out a lottery ticket, which she takes with a furrowed brow.

Katy glances between the TV and ticket several times.

She places the ticket on the coffee table with trembling fingers.

They look at one another --

They SCREAM and embrace, jumping up and down.

INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/THE YEW TREE - DAY

The image above the pub’s name: a painting of a yew tree with a star and crescent moon in the night sky.

Several plump MIDDLE-AGED MEN drink pints of lager and smoke cigarettes at the picnic tables outside.

Among them sits Mick’s hostile, bald acquaintance.

Cush and Katy are in the front of the van.

Cush points at the sign.

CUSH
They added a moon to the painting, bet you didn’t notice that. Do you know why?

KATY
(playfully)
No, why?

CUSH
Muslim ownership.

Katy looks horrified.

CUSH (CONT’D)
This used to be my uncle’s pub, you see.
EXT. THE YEW TREE – DAY

Cush and Katy cross to the entrance.

The bald man points and laughs at Cush.

BALD MAN
Ey-up! They’ve booked a magician!
Dale Diego eat your ‘art out!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN 1
Assistant’s not bad an’ all!

Cush nods at the men in forbearing good humour.

INT. THE YEW TREE/BAR – DAY

Dolly completes mindless tasks behind the counter.

Cush and Katy enter.

ONE MALE REGULAR (50s) catches sight of them and mutters something close to ANOTHER MALE REGULAR’S (50s) ear.

The listener LAUGHS and looks at the pair.

Cush and Katy reach bar and barmaid.

KATY
(to Dolly)
Cider and black.

CUSH
Pint of lemonade.

Dolly nods and gets to work.

DOLLY
So, you gave her a ring, did ya? I think I should get an invite to’t wedding.

Katy blushes and looks at her shoes.

CUSH
I think we’ll give the wedding a miss.

DOLLY
Ha! Plenty do nowadays! Not like when I was your age. It were marriage or nothing.

(CONTINUED)
KATY
Are you married?

Dolly places a lemonade before Cush.

DOLLY
Not anymore love, he popped his clogs years ago. Heart attack it were. They said it were his lifestyle. I think it were all the takeaways and fried breakfasts myself.

KATY
Sorry to hear that.

Dolly CACKLES as she places a pint before Katy.

DOLLY
Don’t be - he were a right bastard. Ha-ha-ha!

CUT TO:

Katy and Cush sit down at a table.

Yorikesh, Anastasia, Al, and Vicky sit at a table on the other side of the room.

Cush sees the party with a short, deliberate glance but pretends that he has not.

They do not see him.

Katy unwittingly shields him from their view.

Every word said at the Graham-Qasim table is inaudible to the couple (and us).

CUSH
You’re quiet today. What’s up?

KATY
Nothing.

Cush subtly peeks past Katy to watch as...

Al takes a long, deliberate sip of wine while scrutinizing Yorikesh.

Yorikesh becomes aware of the attention and turns to face Al. Al gives him a curt smile.

(CONTINUED)
CUSH
Are you embarrassed to be seen with me? Is that what it is?

KATY
No, but do you **always** have to wear this stuff?

CUSH
Do you **always** have to wear makeup?

Katy looks into Cush’s piercing eyes.

CUT TO:

Katy and Cush have nearly finished their drinks. They look into each other’s eyes fondly.

KATY
Your place or mine?

CUSH
Mine.

Katy smirks and shows Cush a hint of chicken fillet. She gets up and disappears into the toilet.

Cush’s face now appears unobstructed for the first time to the Graham-Qasim table.

Al notices the ice cream man and grins stupidly.

Al raises his glass to Cush.

In order to be heard by the other table, a speaker must raise their voice.

AL
(calling, to Cush)
Cheers, ice cream man!

Cush raises his glass.

CUSH
(to all)
Pleasure to see you again.

Anastasia looks at Cush’s face and her eyes widen.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

AL
My daughter’s just got engaged!

CUSH
Congratulations!

AL
Tell us about your gear, how’d you get to be so white?

CUSH
It happened in stages.

Al nods jovially.
Cush and Al return to their drinks.
Anastasia rifles through her handbag.
Yorikesh says something to Al.
Anastasia puts a cigarette in her mouth.
Cush ends his subtle surveillance.
Vicky and Yorikesh make remarks as she edges past Yorikesh’s knees.
She swipes a hand at their words and walks in Cush’s direction.
Al gets up, taking out his tobacco and spilling loose filter tips all over the table in the process.

AL
(calling, to Anastasia)
Hold on love, I’ll come with you.

Not far from Cush, Anastasia halts and turns.

ANASTASIA
(calling, to Al)
Sit down dad. I wanna be alone.

She passes Cush, who does not raise his head.
She goes out of a door marked: "BEER GARDEN".
Yorikesh says something to Al, shaking his head.
Cush rises.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CUSH
(calling, to the other table)
Tell the girl with red hair I’ll be back in five minutes.

AL
(to Cush)
No problem, lad.

Cush goes to the entrance (situated at the opposite side of the building to the beer garden).

EXT. THE YEW TREE - DAY

Cush walks for a few moments.

He breaks into a run and goes around to the back of the building.

EXT. BEER GARDEN - DAY

The "garden" contains only a handful of smokers.

Jordan and a male FRIEND (late 20s) stand with roll-ups and pale ale pints.

They take it in turns to glance with adolescent interest across the garden at Anastasia.

Anastasia eyes are fixed on the exit door of the main building (through which she entered the garden).

Cush silently enters the garden through a rear gateway.

Cush skulks towards Anastasia’s seated back.

He intentionally breathes in her cigarette smoke as it trails behind her.

CUSH
Here she is, the blushing bride.

Anastasia whirls her head around.

ANASTASIA
Why’ve --

Jordan and his friend look in their direction.

She composes herself and speaks in a lower, calmer voice.

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA (CONT’D)
Why’ve you been hiding from me?

CUSH
I didn’t think you’d want to see me.

ANASTASIA
You were right. Are you back for good?

CUSH
Not sure.

Cush’s eyes loiter on Anastasia’s blonde locks.

CUSH (CONT’D)
Is there anything to keep me here?

Anastasia stabs out her cigarette.
Cush reaches for Anastasia’s hand.
She lets him grasp it for a few seconds before snatching it back.

ANASTASIA
No!

Jordan and his friend, once again, look over at the pair.
Anastasia and Cush try to act casual.

ANASTASIA
I don’t want you involved in my life anymore, understand?

CUSH
It can be just as it was.

ANASTASIA
No, it can’t.

CUSH
How could you say yes to him?

ANASTASIA
Because it’s the only thing that’ll save my family.

CUSH
It’s a mistake.
ANASTASIA
And I’ll pay for it, as long as he pays for everything else.

Anastasia gets up and goes back inside.

Jordan keeps his eyes on Cush as the latter leaves through the rickety gateway.

INT. THE YEW TREE/BAR – DAY

Cush and Katy rise from their table.

Anastasia’s sullen gaze does not move from the ugly carpet.

CUSH
(calling, to the other table)
See you later!

AL
(to Cush)
Night, ice cream man!

Cush and Katy make their way towards the entrance.

From a booth, Jordan’s eyes follow them out of the pub.

INT. CUSH’S VAN – NIGHT

Katy and Cush lay together amidst white blankets, her red hair thrown across his chest.

A small fan pans back and forth on its stand.

Cush’s face paint is smudged; in need of restoration.

Katy kisses Cush’s bare neck.

Traces of white face paint are all over her hair and face.

Above them, rain PATTERS on the roof.

KATY
Ever thought about getting another seat in here?

CUSH
It’d have to fold up, there’s no more room.
KATY
Well, how about the bed situation?

Cush raises his eyebrows as he inspects his blankets with a fresh eye.

CUSH
I wasn’t aware there was a "bed situation".

KATY
Don’t you ever miss living in a house?

CUSH
You can’t take a house to Portugal.

KATY
What about a caravan?

CUSH
I can’t afford a caravan!

Katy leans on Cush as she rises. She looks down into Cush’s white face; Cush looks up at her.

CUSH
What’s up with you? Have I done something wrong?

KATY
No, no... I’ve got some... news.

Katy goes in her bag and places a newspaper on Cush’s chest.

KATY
It’s today’s. I knew you didn’t read it.

He sits up and looks at the front page of the "EAST SANDS GAZETTE".

ON FRONT PAGE:
"LIDDLEBY RESIDENT HITS JACKPOT."

BELOW THE HEADLINE:
A PHOTOGRAPH: Mick, in a top hat and tails, sprays champagne into his own mouth!

Cush puts down the paper, his mouth agape.
CONTINUED: 58.

Katy kisses the corner of his ajar lips.

CUT TO:

Cush looks over the newspaper’s front page with an incredulous grin.

Katy lights a tulip spliff with a twenty pound note.

Cush puts down the newspaper.

He goes to the fridge and surreptitiously slides another "-GAZETTE" (same edition), the corner of which peeps out, all the way under the fridge.

He casually removes a can of lemonade, he checks on Katy.

She takes a drag with her eyes closed.

CUT TO:

Cush embraces Katy from behind as they lay down.

They both close their eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM – DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: THREE MONTHS LATER

All the curtains around the bed are drawn.

Anastasia, eyes open and glassy, lays on her side, looking out at the bed curtain.

Yorikesh moves a curtain aside and gets into the bed.

He rolls over to embrace her from behind.

Anastasia reacts to a sudden downward movement of Yorikesh’s arm with a SHRIEK and tumbles out of the bed – through the curtain – onto the floor.

Yorikesh leans over and peers through the curtain.

They both look at each other with stupefied embarrassment.
INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/FIELD – DAY

The freezers and ice cream machine have been replaced by a large bed, which is hooked to the wall on either side.

Cush rises from the bed, rubbing his eyes.

His face paint is at an unprecedented level of disrepair – patches of skin are visible.

A long lock of black hair has escaped from beneath his hat.

Katy slumbers on the other side of the bed.

Cush opens the shutter to halfway and peers at the frost-covered ground and leafless trees; an autumnal landscape.

Cush shuffles past Katy’s feet and switches on a kettle.

Katy exhales abruptly and sits up. She YAWNS.

KATY
Morning.

CUSH
Good morning.

Cush inspects a dial on the wall.

CUSH
You wouldn’t believe how much I have to fork out for batteries at this time of year.

Cush gives Katy a mug of coffee.

KATY
Come on, we should rent somewhere – it’s getting too cold.

CUSH
That’s why I’ve driven over there for the last couple of winters. Let’s go to Portugal, I can earn and it’s warm enough to sleep in here.

Katy mimes a tut and looks up to a makeshift heaven.

KATY
You don’t have to worry about earning for now.

(CONTINUED)
CUSH
I always have to worry about earning. Always.

Katy nibbles at her lower lip.

KATY
Cush... when are you gonna take off the costume?

Cush rubs and studies his white jaw in a mini mirror.

CUSH
Not sure I can it’s been so long.

KATY
Can’t you just try?

Cush swivels away from his reflection.

CUSH
I won’t change for the sake of what others think, Katy.

KATY
I’m pregnant.

Cush finds a seat on the bed in a daze.

CUSH
How?

Katy studies her trembling fingers.

KATY
I dunno.

CUSH
Is it mine?

KATY
It can’t be anyone else’s!

CUSH
You want me to come with you, when you... you know?

Katy shrinks from Cush’s eye.

CUSH
Katy?
KATY
(solemnly)
I don’t believe in it.

Cush gets up and paces what little floorspace he possesses.

CUSH
This is just what I need.

KATY
We have to do the right thing.

CUSH
In the eyes of whom? Your family? The neighbours? ... God?

KATY
Don’t shout at me!

CUSH
And where do you propose we raise it? In here?

Cush moves the alarm clock from the small bedside table.

CUSH (CONT’D)
We’ll put the crib on here, shall we? Good, well I’m glad that’s sorted.

KATY
Let’s get a house. I’ll pay.

CUSH
Where? Leamington Spa? It’s in your price range!

Cush grabs Katy’s hand tenderly.

CUSH
Sorry.

KATY
Let’s stay in Liddleby.

CUSH
Stay in Liddleby...

KATY
Bring the kid up together.
CUSH
Together...

KATY
Stop repeating words, you idiot.

Cush finally meets Katy’s eye.

INT. THE YEW TREE/BAR – DAY

Only one person is in the pub:

Katy vacantly touches the bottles, taps, handles, and glasses behind the bar.

The main entrance doors fly open with a CRASH.

Mick uses his shin/foot to hold the door; he carries two large cardboard boxes marked: "KATY - WARDROBE".

Mick is a changed specimen, he wears: a smart turtleneck; brown chords; a diamond-encrusted, chunky watch; and a gold chain. He also has tanned skin and a clean-shaven face.

Katy rushes over and takes the door from his shin/foot.

MICK
Cheers.

He sets the boxes down on the counter and mops his brow with a handkerchief.

MICK
Phew! Only another five to go!

Mick collapses onto a bar stool with a GRUNT.

KATY
Here you are.

Katy gives him a cup of coffee.

Cush, attired in all-white, enters with a small, unmarked cardboard box in his arms.

He sets it on the counter, it is dwarfed by Katy’s boxes.

MICK
(to Cush)
We’ll go get those others in a minute.

(CONTINUED)
CUSH
Whenever you’re ready.

MICK
One thing I won’t miss is the bloody weather. Can’t feel my fingers.

Mick pretends to stab one of his fingers with a fork.

KATY
(to Cush)
We’ll come over for Christmas, all being well. Won’t we, babe?

CUSH
Yeah, course.

MICK
Hopefully I’ll have met a nice Spanish bird by then. Need a bit of company over there.

Mick regards Cush’s face with a playful smile.

MICK
(gesturing at Cush)
There’s no need for all that business now, lad. I’d like to see what you look like without it.

CUSH
Force of habit.

MICK
I guess you’re waiting ’til the wedding for the big reveal.

Mick puts a cigarette in his mouth.

MICK
Is it illegal to smoke in here out of hours?

Katy looks at Cush and shrugs.

MICK
(lightning the cigarette)
Well, if the landlady don’t mind.

Mick gets up and points behind Katy.

(CONTINUED)
MICK
Here, get a bottle open and we’ll have a toast. One of them shitty cavas’ll do.

Katy opens a bottle of "shitty" cava.

She pours it out into three glasses, looking at Cush as she pours the third.

Cush, Katy, and Mick raise their glasses.

MICK
To the Yeamanses – god that’s a bastard to say! – may they be comfortable in their new home and may they sell more pints than the Inn, Arms, and Quiet Woman combined.

Katy and Mick take a sip.
Cush does not.

MICK
(to Cush)
You not having a drink, kidder?

Cush sheepishly puts his drink on the counter.

CUSH
I don’t drink.

MICK
Ha-ha! A landlord who doesn’t drink. Just like the last-uns. Then again, they were never in the joint. Think they managed it from Iraq!

CUSH
(seriously)
They did live here, they just employed non-Muslim bar staff to avoid trouble from idiots.

Mick smirks at his daughter.

MICK
Right, let’s get these boxes in then.
INT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/DRIVeway/GARDEN – NIGHT

Cush’s van pulls up.

The English flag waves in the breeze.

Cush gets out, white as ever, and admires the grand edifice.

He looks over Liddleby’s lights, which stretch out beneath him like a quilt.

He walks towards the doorway.

Something catches his eye to the right of the building, he changes direction.

Above a tall hedge, which borders the garden, one can see the tip of some flames.

He treads lightly towards the hedge, where he halts.

ANASTASIA (O.S.)
What’re you getting so worked up about? It’s only a few hours.

YORIKESH (O.S.)
Ana, I’m begging you, please, please stay here tonight.

Cush peers through a gap in the hedge:

The Qasims wear heavy winter coats and stand well back, close to the hedge, from a huge bonfire on the turf.

Their figures are dark against the flames.

ANASTASIA
I’ve stayed in for the last six nights.

YORIKESH
I didn’t realize my company was so dull.

ANASTASIA
Don’t put words into my mouth!

YORIKESH
I’m not! You’re keeping a tally of the nights we spend together. That says it all.

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA
I’m not keeping a tally!

YORIKESH
Can’t your friend stay here? Can’t she dine here?

ANASTASIA
I’ve told you, I’m going out - I’ve invited you, what more can I do? It’s not my fault you don’t like leaving this house!

Yorikesh speaks to Anastasia’s shoes.

YORIKESH
Please stay here tonight.

ANASTASIA
Why?

Yorikesh’s sheepish eyes meet hers.

YORIKESH
It’s my birthday.

Cush steps into the garden through the gap.

Husband and wife turn to regard him.

Cush approaches them as if they were strangers - the dancing light of the flames ripples over him as he comes forward.

Yorikesh wedges himself between Anastasia and intruder.

YORIKESH
(to Cush)
Who goes there? I haven’t got my glasses on.

Anastasia stares at Cush coolly.

CUSH
Sorry to disturb you. My van’s got a flat tire. Could I use your phone?

YORIKESH
Ice cream man? You’re acquainted with Alan. We saw you at the pub all that time ago.
CUSH
(to Anastasia more than Yorikesh)
Oh yes... I remember you.

The men shake hands.

Cush points at the hedge.

CUSH
My van’s just out there.

YORIKESH
What on earth are you doing driving that thing around in this weather? It’s the coldest November since records began. They’re talking of snow.

CUSH
I sell mulled wine and cider at this time of year. I was on my way to a bonfire.

YORIKESH
Well then, we mustn’t waste any time. I’ll get someone sent over to help you, excuse me a moment.

CUSH
Thank you, sir.

Yorikesh finally leaves the garden.

Anastasia finally breaks character.

ANASTASIA
What the hell are you doing?

CUSH
I came to see you.

ANASTASIA
And I told you not to.

Cush brushes the turf with his shoe.

CUSH
I’ve thought of nothing but you for months.

Anastasia rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA
Give it a rest Cush. I know how you think.

CUSH
Come on. If you thought nothing of me you’d have declared you knew me by now.

ANASTASIA
I followed your lead. That doesn’t mean a thing.

CUSH
We both know you married just to get under my skin.

Anastasia SCOFFS and Cush edges closer.

She shoves him away.

ANASTASIA
Same old Cush.

CUSH
Not old enough, apparently.

Anastasia composes herself.

ANASTASIA
Even if I wasn’t married, you’d have no right to see me.

CUSH
I’m lost without you, Anastasia. I came back to Liddleby to find you.

They observe the fire.

CUSH
Did you hear I’m getting married as well? We’ve bought The Yew Tree.

ANASTASIA
Of course I heard. Whole town’s obsessed with that pub. Bet it was your idea.

CUSH
Getting married?
ANASTASIA
No - the pub. Nobody knows you like I do. Do you love her?

CUSH
Do you love Yorkie boy?

ANASTASIA
That’s beside the point.

CUSH
I want you to come see me there when you get bored of your pretend marriage.

ANASTASIA
You’ll be just as married as me.

CUSH
Only in the eyes of the law. I had to, it was the only way I could stay here. She made a mistake, either that or she tricked me.

ANASTASIA
Why is staying so important all of a sudden?

CUSH
It’s where you are.

ANASTASIA
Didn’t keep you before, what’s changed?

CUSH
Listen, my number is sellotaped

Cush points over the hedge.

CUSH (CONT’D)
to the third lamppost on the left down there. I’d better go before he gets back.

Cush steals from the garden as Anastasia watches the fire.
INT./EXT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

The stars shine above the houses of Liddleby.

At the oriel window, Anastasia stares absently across the hundreds of tiny roofs.

Here and there, one can see the orange glow of a homemade bonfire.

She wears a black dress and diamonds dangle from her ears.

Her gaze focuses on the lamppost on the left side of the long driveway.

Yorikesh enters and approaches Anastasia, his stick emitting dull THUDS on the carpet.

ANASTASIA
(to the stars)
I’ll be home at eleven. You’d make it a lot easier for yourself if you had more friends. Then you could go see them instead of staying here and worrying about me.

Yorikesh strokes Anastasia’s hair.

YORIKESH
I’ll wait up for you.

Anastasia wriggles away.

ANASTASIA
There’s no need to.

YORIKESH
It’s no trouble. It’s a husband’s duty to take care of his wife "in sickness and in health". What time should I send the car?

ANASTASIA
We’re sharing a taxi back.

INT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE – LOWER HALLWAY – NIGHT

Anastasia pays close attention to her high heels as she walks down the grand staircase.

Yorikesh observes her from the landing.

He THUDS down after her.

(CONTINUED)
She puts on her jacket as he finally reaches her.

    ANASTASIA
    See you later.

She goes to the door.

    YORIKESH
    I’ll come with you in the car.

She fails to stifle a look of disappointment.

Yorikesh takes no notice as he holds open the door.

INT./EXT. YORIKESH’S CAR/YORIKESH’S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY – NIGHT – TRAVELLING

Anastasia casts an absent-minded glance out of the window.
Her gaze falls upon the lamppost as the car rolls by.
She sees a white note sellotaped to the bottom of its post.

INT./EXT. YORIKESH’S CAR/AUBREY’S BAR – NIGHT

The driver opens the door for Anastasia and she steps out of the car.

Yorikesh leans over, about to address her.

She turns and goes into the bar.

EXT. FIELD – NIGHT

Cush’s van is parked in its usual space under the bough.
A car pulls up in front of the van, blocking it in.
Jordan exits. He is about to knock on the shutter, when --
It flies up with a startling, metallic CRASH.
Cush looks down at him, dressed for pale puddings.

    JORDAN
    (smirking)
    You’re a bit late for Halloween, aren’t ya?

(CONTINUED)
CUSH
Yep, but I reserve the right to trick you. You wanted to say something to me?

Jordan pretends to contemplate the pictorial menu.

JORDAN
A ninety-nine, please. Hold the flake.

CUSH
You won’t get so much as a penny lick, I stopped selling ice cream in September. Get on with it.

JORDAN
I know what you’re up to with Anissa Stacy.

CUSH
You mean - Mrs. Qasim? What exactly am I "up to" with Mrs. Qasim?

JORDAN
Well, you’re shagging her. I’ve got video evidence to prove it.

Cush covers his eyes with both hands.

CUSH
Blackmail, is it?

JORDAN
Yep, ten grands worth. You’ll be in trouble if that Indian bloke finds out - he’s protective over his wife, all these Islamists are.

Cush GROANS. Jordan looks delighted.

CUSH
I’ve spent the last few years in some rather bad company.

Cush leaps out of the window like a frog and sends Jordan hurtling into his own car.

JORDAN
What the fuck!?

Cush stands over Jordan, mien composed.

(CONTINUED)
CUSH
I can’t pay you. I don’t touch my
wife’s millions. So, what can I do
other than... revert to old
habits... apply old lessons?

Jordan looks horrified.

CUSH (CONT’D)
Muslim women had rights that
Christian women didn’t enjoy ’till
the thirties. His control has
little to do with the Quran. Now,
listen closely: I’m attracted to
both sexes equally. And if I want
you, I’ll have you, understand?

Jordan nods.

CUSH (CONT’D)
Goodnight, bitch. Scurry along.

Jordan gets in his car. Cush CHUCKLES as the car disappears.

INT. THE YEW TREE/BAR – NIGHT

The pub is empty.

Katy stands behind the counter, she surveys the tables and
booths.

She flicks several switches corresponding to several lights.
She goes through to the private part of the public house.

INT. THE YEW TREE/MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

The shower RUNS (O.S.) behind the en-suite door.

Katy undresses, removes her famous fillets, and gets under
the covers, shivering wildly.

The shower STOPS (O.S.).

She watches the en-suite door.

The en-suite door opens and Cush steps out of the bathroom.

He wears a towel around his waist and water drips from his
body – his tanned skin is completely unpainted.

Katy stares in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)
He runs his fingers through his long, black hair.

Katy and unpainted Cush have sex under the covers.

PAN LEFT to reveal another Cush sitting in an armchair, dressed as the ice cream man.

The ice cream man rolls his eyes and looks away from unpainted Cush and Katy.

He gets up and leaves the room with a sleepwalker’s gait.

INT. THE YEW TREE/BAR – NIGHT

The ice cream man crosses to the counter and runs his fingers over the various taps’ handles.

He moves around to the opposite side of the bar.

He props both elbows on the counter and leans back, surveying the booths and tables.

In a booth: an OLD MAN (70s) and a LITTLE BLACK-HAIRED BOY [Cush] (9).

The little boy has medium-length hair and tanned skin - he wears a yellow school uniform.

The old man is spare, with long, wispy, white hair and purple-lensed spectacles. He wears a garish tracksuit.

The old man and child turn to look at Cush, their faces eerily impassive.

Cush nods in recognition.

The old man gives the ice cream man a yellow, crooked grin.

INT./EXT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

Yorikesh sits at the oriel window with an austere-looking book.

He raises his head and looks through the window at the gates - nothing stirs.

He glances at his watch and returns to his book with a SIGH.

Moments later, a taxi pulls up at the gates.
Yorikesh’s eyes remain on the book.

**INT/EXT. TAXI/DRIVEWAY/YORIKESH’S HOUSE – NIGHT**

Anastasia stumbles out of the taxi’s back seat.

She GIGGLES as she uses the door to steady herself.

On the back seat, LIV (20) shuffles towards the open door and pokes out her head.

Both women slur their loud words.

```
LIV
(pointing at the house)
No way! You can’t live in there!
```

Anastasia nods, stifling a smile.

```
LIV
Shall we wait while he lowers the drawbridge?
```

```
ANASTASIA
No, I’ll be alright.
```

Anastasia walks unsteadily to the gates and waves at Liv, who struggles to close to the door.

```
ANASTASIA
Bye. Love you!
```

```
LIV
See ya! Love you too. I’ll text you!
```

The door shuts and the taxi zooms away.

Anastasia tosses her head haughtily as she passes the lamppost of interest.

She takes a few steps and stops.

She goes back to the lamppost.

She rips off the sellotaped note.

CUT TO:

Anastasia walks unsteadily towards the house with a cigarette in her mouth.

(CONTINUED)
Yorikesh looks up from his book - he sees her when she is a stone’s throw away from the entrance.

Their eyes meet.

He shoves back his chair and leaves the window.

**INT./EXT. DRIVEWAY/LOWER HALLWAY – NIGHT**

The entrance door CREAKS open.

There stands Yorikesh.

Anastasia tosses her cigarette into the darkness.

She stares up at her husband in the manner of a misbehaving child upon a scheme’s discovery.

She brushes past him - into the hallway.

    YORIKESH
    This is unacceptable.

She GIGGLES.

    ANASTASIA
    I’m off to bed. Leave me alone!

Anastasia marches up the stairs, faltering on the odd step.

Yorikesh follows as quickly as his body permits.

    YORIKESH
    Obviously the apple does not fall far from the tree!

Anastasia throws off her high heels and runs up the stairs, leaving Yorikesh at the bottom.

**INT. UPPER HALLWAY – NIGHT**

Anastasia gallops down the hallway and bursts into a room.

She closes the door and locks it with a sharp CLICK.

Yorikesh hurries down the corridor and reaches the door.

He glares at the handle. He tries it a few times - no joy.

(CONTINUED)
YORIKESH
Open this door, right now! If you
don’t, I’ll take away your
allowance. You and your pathetic
parents will be on the streets!

INT. GUEST ROOM – NIGHT
Anastasia takes out Cush’s note from her handbag.

YORIKESH (O.S.)
Ana! Open the door.

Yorikesh HAMMERS on the door.

She smooches the note as if it possesses a pair of human
lips. Her kisses leave pink lipstick marks.

YORIKESH (O.S.)
Ana!

She rests her head on a pillow and closes her eyes to the
sound of Yorikesh’s incessant HAMMERING.

INT. THE YEW TREE/MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT
Cush’s long hair is scraped back into a ponytail.

Katy brushes her red hair, consulting a big mirror.

She removes a coil of (artificial) red hair from her crown.

Cush slowly lifts his thoughtful gaze from the bed covers.

He watches Katy pick her teeth in the mirror.

CUSH
What about Florence for a girl?

KATY
(impassive)
Mm.

CUSH
Or, maybe Hazel? I like that name.
What do you think?

Katy buries her face in her hands.

(CONTINUED)
KATY
I was wrong... about the baby.

CUSH
What?

KATY
I made a mistake.

CUSH
Mistake?

Katy nods.

Cush gets to his feet and paces back and forth.

CUSH
The only reason we agreed to buy this place was --

KATY
The only reason!

CUSH
The main reason.

Katy wipes her tear-streaked makeup.

KATY
I didn’t know. I swear, I didn’t know.

Cush savagely upsets a cot before storming from the room.

EXT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/PATIO — DAY

The sky is grey and the ground damp.

The sheltered patio is situated on the house’s left wing.

In the distance — in the middle of the turf — can be seen the heaped, smoldering remains of last night’s bonfire.

Yorikesh reads a broadsheet newspaper on the outdoor table.

Anastasia comes through the french doors and joins Yorikesh.

Yorikesh does not look up from the paper.

ANASTASIA
I don’t remember coming home.
YORIKESH
You certainly put me through it. You were abusive and unkind and, what is more, you vomited all over one of the poplar trees down there.

ANASTASIA
Did I?

Yorikesh turns the page.

YORIKESH
There will be no repeat performance, I’m telling you. No more drinking. Just look at your father as an example.

Anastasia takes out a cigarette.

YORIKESH
And that’s another thing - smoking. I think it’s an inappropriate habit. You’ve got to stop.

ANASTASIA
What? When you smoke cigars!

YORIKESH
Only now and again. But that’s not the point. It’s okay for a man.

Anastasia lights the cigarette.

Yorikesh wafts imaginary smoke away from his face.

YORIKESH
Smoking is one thing. But drinking... I will not allow my wife to stumble around in public.

ANASTASIA
Why the fuck not?

She receives a stinging look.

YORIKESH
Oh good – swearing now. From now on you are forbidden to drink or to go where others drink. That’s an order.

Yorikesh goes back to his paper.

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA
Yes, sir.

Anastasia tosses away her cigarette and goes into the house.

INT. LOWER HALLWAY - DAY

Anastasia puts on her fur coat by the entrance.

She turns - Yorikesh catches up to her with a look of enquiry.

ANASTASIA
I’m going to my mum’s. I’ll be back later.

YORIKESH
It’s not a good idea today. If you want to get out of the house, we could go for a walk later on this afternoon.

ANASTASIA
No. Thanks.

Yorikesh thinks for a moment.

YORIKESH
Alright. If you must. But I’ll have the car wait with you because I can’t imagine you’ll be that long.

ANASTASIA
I fancy a walk. I’ll walk back as well.

YORIKESH
But that’s over five miles!

ANASTASIA
I need the exercise.

YORIKESH
They’re forecasting snowfall.

She opens the door.

YORIKESH
I love you, Anastasia.

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA
Bye.

She closes the door on a deflated-looking Yorikesh.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Anastasia looks at the lamppost as she passes.

The note is gone - she screws up her face in bewilderment but carries on.

INT. THE YEY TREE/BAR - DAY

Katy polishes glasses behind the bar.

There are very few patrons.

Jordan comes to the counter.

JORDAN
(to Katy)
Ey, megabucks! Pale ale.

Katy coolly places a glass under the tap and pulls.

JORDAN
Where’s hubby today?

KATY
Dunno.

JORDAN
He’s a sly one.

KATY
(indifferently)
Is he?

JORDAN
I should have all that money, not him. I was with you before he came into the picture with his circus wagon.

KATY
It’s an ice cream van.

She PLONKS the completed pint before Jordan.

(CONTINUED)
KATY
Two pound fifty.

Jordan pours change into her open palm.

JORDAN
I’ve been taken for a ride. And I won’t just sit back and do nowt about it.

Katy turns and resumes polishing glasses.

JORDAN (CONT’D)
He’s not to be trusted. I saw him! With his bit on the side. Yeah! Blonde she were. Nice arse an’ all.

KATY
If you say so.

JORDAN
Fine, don’t believe me. But he’s probably shagging her right now. It’s Al Graham’s girl, the one who married the Indian.

Jordan walks away sipping his pint.

Katy takes out her phone and taps the screen.

She puts the phone to her ear –

GENERIC VOICEMAIL MESSAGE.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE/LIVING ROOM – DAY

Al comes into the lounge, cradling a framed photo.

The effects of indulgence mark his face: he is notably thinner and his complexion ashier.

AL
Here it is.

He sits down on the sofa between Anastasia and Vicky.

All eyes are on the photo, it rests on Al’s lap.

CLASS PHOTO: "LIDDLEBY PRIMARY SCHOOL: YEAR 4, 2003":

Three rows of CHILDREN (all 8-9) in a yellow school uniform.
AL
There’s our little Stay-zha.

Al puts his finger on a LITTLE BLONDE GIRL [Anastasia] on the front row.

ANASTASIA
Where’d you find this?

VICKY
In the loft. There was a whole box of stuff from when you were little.

Vicky’s eyes narrow on a specific point on the photo.

VICKY
Ay! I never noticed that, did you Alan? She’s holding hands with a boy!

Anastasia holds hands with the same little black-haired boy [Cush] that the ice cream man saw in the bar.

AL
Oh ye-ah! Was that your boyfriend?

Anastasia smirks.

ANASTASIA
Maybe...

Al and Vicky share a look that says "bless her!".

INT./EXT. LIVING ROOM – DAY
Anastasia watches the street from the sofa.
Vicky sits next to her daughter.
Anastasia puts her head in Vicky’s lap and shuts her eyes.

INT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/GUEST ROOM – DAY
Yorikesh limps around the room.
He registers signs of interference –
The sheets are unmade and last night’s dress lies in a heap on the carpet.
He stoops with a grimace to retrieve some lacy knickers.

(continued)
He hesitates, turning them over in his hands.

He takes a greedy, PROLONGED SNIFF of the crotch. Then – a SIGH of rapture.

He carefully puts the knickers back where he found them.

Yorikesh pauses at the door and scans the room.

Something on the floor, in the vicinity of the bed, catches his eye.

Cush’s **white note** pokes out from underneath the bed.

Once again, he stoops with a grimace.

He glares at the eleven handwritten digits and lipstick marks thereon.

**INT/EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE/HALLWAY/FESTIVE CLOSE – DAY**

Anastasia looks up at the sky.

She has acquired a creamy pink hat, scarf, and mittens.

Once at the bottle-neck, she turns and waves to her parents.

They stand in the open doorway, waving back.

She turns onto the next street.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – DAY**

Anastasia fails to register Cush’s van, parked on the curb.

She hears the shutter LIFT.

Cush stands at the serving window with a tulip spliff dangling from his lips. He wears all-white.

**CUSH**

I’ve been waiting for you.

**INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN – DAY**

Anastasia opens the passenger door and enters the van.

She marvels at the situation as she steps into the back.

Cush sits on the well-made bed.

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA
Christ.

The monitor catches Anastasia’s eye:

ON PC MONITOR: Four different CAMERA ANGLES of the street.

ANASTASIA (CONT’D)
Go on, what am I doing in here?

CUSH
We’re in trouble. Your husband phoned me a few hours ago.

ANASTASIA
Sure he did.

CUSH
He wanted to know why you had my number. Didn’t sound too pleased.

Anastasia, with a furrowed brow, lets her bottom float onto the computer stool.

The coal of the spliff glows menacingly as Cush’s eyes burn into Anastasia’s face.

CUSH (CONT’D)
It’s registered to my business. It won’t take him long to find that out.

ANASTASIA
But I didn’t even take it.

CUSH
Then he must have found it and just assumed. That’s good news: if he or the driver took it then I can make up an excuse for leaving it.

Anastasia ponders for a few seconds. She rubs her forehead.

ANASTASIA
Why was it even there!? I didn’t ask for it. You didn’t listen and now look what’s happened!

CUSH
Calm down! If he or the driver found it on the lamppost then there’s no basis--

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA
Alright. I was pissed! Very pissed. I forgot.

CUSH
So, you took it?

Anastasia scowls.

CUSH (CONT’D)
You know what they say about drunk minds acting on sober feelings...

ANASTASIA
Shut up!

Anastasia rests her forehead in her hands and leans forward.

ANASTASIA
I married for my family’s sake. I’ll stay with him for as long as I need to – but I can’t do that if he divorces me for adultery, can I? Find a way to fix it. I’m begging you. You owe me.

CUSH
Okay.

Cush unhooks one side of the bed and folds it up. He tosses aside the rug.

He takes out stack after stack of twenty pound notes from the secret compartment.

CUSH
I can give you half of what I have – that’s over a hundred grand.

He tosses the stacks on the unfolded half of the bed.

ANASTASIA
But it’s Katy’s, isn’t it?

CUSH
No. Mine. I earned every penny of it before all that happened.

Cush finishes piling up money. He puts back the rug.

(CONTINUED)
CUSH (CONT’D)
No strings. I don’t expect anything in return.

He folds down the bed and re-hooks it to the wall.

CUSH (CONT’D)
You’ve been tied up by others’ finances for too long. This is a gift.

Cush sits on one side of the money mound, in the middle of the duvet.

Anastasia sits on the other side of the mound. She picks up a stack and lets it fall back onto the pile.

CUSH
I’m using the other half to set myself up in America.

Anastasia takes Cush’s gloved hand over the money mound.

ANASTASIA
When’re you going?

CUSH
Tomorrow morning.

ANASTASIA
With Katy?

Cush shakes his head.

ANASTASIA
I’ll miss you.

Cush and Anastasia hug over the money mound.

CUSH
Where will you go?

ANASTASIA
Somewhere temporary, like a hotel. Just until I find somewhere.

CUSH
I know of a place.
EXT. CARAVAN SITE - DAY

Caravans, big (with extending walls/ceilings) and small, are surrounded by other grime-covered things on wheels -

HGVs, transit vans, a food truck ("SOME LIKE IT HOT"), trailers, sheds, motorbikes, and the odd car.

SUSAN (40s) KNOCKS on the door of a black caravan.

It is as if God set her every gesture to a pleasant tune.

Anastasia and Cush linger behind her.

She nods meaningfully in the direction of a big box, covered with a black sheet, at the rear of the caravan.

DALE DIEGO’s (70) wizened visage appears at a window. After a moment’s study of his visitors, he scowls and vanishes.

Dale opens the door. He has long, white hair and wears a disintegrating dressing gown.

SUSAN
Sorry to bother you, m’love. I’ve got a young lady here who’s moving in tomorrow...

Dale glances at Anastasia, evidently irritated.

SUSAN (CONT’D)
I hoped you’d show her... and her friend... one of your tricks.

DALE
Not now, Susan. Please. We’re about to have tea.

SUSAN
Oh go on! Just a quick one. Don’t let me down.

Dale re-enters his humble dwelling.

Susan turns to the guests and points across the yard.

SUSAN
(to Anastasia)
You might be interested in that one.

A caravan, lit from within by an intense crimson light.

(CONTINUED)
SUSAN (CONT’D)
It’s a girl by herself - like you’ll be. She’s a student down at university in East Sands - studying to be an... er... alchemist, I think.

CUSH
An alchemist?

SUSAN
Well, whatever they call them...

Susan points at another caravan, situated across from the student’s dwelling.

SUSAN
My son’s interested in her. That’s him there - twitching the curtains.

Sure enough, SUSAN’S SON (15) can be seen at the window - staring over at the student’s dwelling.

Dale comes forth from his caravan. He wears a red cape, black top hat, and bow tie.

The blonde DELIA (15) follows, her outfit consists of a sky blue dress and ruby red slippers.

Gloomy Dale pulls off the big box’s cover and rummages: "DALE DIEGO" is written on the side in a fancy font.

Delia places three deck chairs in a line and gestures to the audience, who duly take their seats.

DELIA
(to Anastasia)
Welcome. I’m Delia.

ANASTASIA
Anastasia.

The blondes shake hands.

Delia eyes Cush nervously and hurries over to Dale.

Dale retrieves a metre-high raised platform, with three steps on either side.

SUSAN
(hushed, to Cush and Anastasia)
That’s his granddaughter - she helps with all his shows. Not sure
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SUSAN (cont’d)
where the mother is. Daren’t ask, to be honest.

Dale and Delia fix a chair, front-facing, onto the platform.
Delia climbs the stairs and sits on the chair with hammy movements and gestures, straight from the showbiz manual.

In posture and speech, Dale shows just how tedious he finds the task. He talks as if he is reading a set of T&Cs.

DALE
You are about to see one of the most famous illusions in magic, the de Kolta chair. Prepare to be astounded when I make this sweet young girl... disappear.

Dale drapes a large sheet over Delia and the chair.
He lowers the sheet to reveal Delia above the shoulders.
He drapes the sheet over her again - the crown of her head bulges out from under the sheet.
He yanks off the sheet and the chair is empty.
The audience CLAPS.
Dale takes a lazy bow and sits on the chair.
Anastasia looks at Cush:
There are tears in his eyes.

DELIA (O.S.)
Yoo-hoo!
The audience turn their heads:
Delia strikes a "ta-da!" pose, near the student’s caravan.

INT./EXT. CUSH’S VAN/RESIDENTIAL STREET – DAY – TRAVELLING
Cush’s van comes to a stop.
Anastasia gets out, struggling with a sports bag.
She goes to the serving window - the shutter duly lifts up.
Cush points at the pictorial menu.
CUSH
What would you like?

ANASTASIA
For you to come back one day.

A solitary tear rolls down his cheek, streaking the paint.

ANASTASIA (CONT’D)
Can you do that for me?

Cush nods.
He closes the shutter.

INT. HAIR SALON – DAY
Katy leans back into a wash basin.
The young mother (who bought her daughter the ice cream) rinses her hair from behind.

INT. CUSH’S VAN/THE YEW TREE/GARAGE – NIGHT – TRAVELLING
Cush, still in white, pulls into a small garage at the back of the pub.

CUT TO:

Cush bathes his face in a bucket of water.

INT. BAR – NIGHT
Cush walks through the main entrance doors.
His black hair falls over the shoulders of a dark shirt: no trace of the ice cream man remains.
He stares quizzically at the back of a BLONDE BARMAID’s head (her hair is the exact same shade as Anastasia’s).
Dolly nudges her blonde co-worker.
The blonde barmaid turns –
It is Katy.

CUT TO:

Cush stands behind the bar next to blonde Katy.

(CONTINUED)
CUSH
I had to go into Leeds to meet a bloke about the van.

KATY
Mm?

Dolly serves the bald man a pint of pale ale. She keeps her eyes on the couple.

CUSH
Going in again bright and early - to seal the deal.

KATY
Oh, that’s good.

Cush disappears into the back.

Katy shrugs at Dolly.

**EXT. BEER GARDEN – NIGHT**

Jordan stands with the bald man.

They smoke roll-ups and take swigs from pint glasses.

Jordan is clad in a Leeds Rhinos rugby top.

JORDAN
Her husband lets her do what the fuck she likes when it comes to money. You seen some o’t gear she has on?

BALD MAN
(draining a pint glass)
What’s plan then?

JORDAN
I’ll tell Annabelle-Stacy that if she dunt give me what I ask for - let’s call it ten grand - then I’ll show the Indian some video evidence of her and ‘eath Ledger in there.

The ridges of confusion appear above the bald man’s eyebrows.

BALD MAN
But you hant got any videos.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JORDAN
I know that - but she dunt, does she?

The bald man’s eyes widen.

BALD MAN
Bloody clever is that.

JORDAN
I know. If I get over there tonight then I can get my holiday booked first thing tomorrow.

INT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Anastasia enters with the sports bag.

The inexorable TAPPING (O.S.) begins from an unknown corner of the house.

She chucks her fur coat over the sports bag.

The tapping’s volume increases until --

Yorikesh appears - filling a doorway - to Anastasia’s right. His forlorn and sore eyes betray the act of weeping.

Anastasia removes her gloves.

Yorikesh SNIFFS. He PRODS at the floor with his stick.

She acknowledges him with a glance.

YORIKESH
I had a portion of the evening meal set aside for you.

He SNIFFLES.

ANASTASIA
I’m not hungry.

YORIKESH
You have already eaten?

Anastasia nods.

YORIKESH
With whom?

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA
My parents.

YORIKESH
(listless)
Liar. You took leave of them at half-past three.

He SNIFFLES loudly.

ANASTASIA
Checking up on me again?

Anastasia starts to walk up the stairs.

Yorikesh pursues her, negotiating each step.

YORIKESH
Where have you spent the last five hours? It must have been indoors.

ANASTASIA
I’m sure you’ve already decided on the wheres... and the with whom...

YORIKESH
The ice cream man? Is that with whom you have been...

Yorikesh CHOKES and proceeds to WEEP. He stumbles and grabs the banister for support.

ANASTASIA
For God’s sake.

Anastasia halts on the landing and turns.

YORIKESH
(voice wobbling)
Do you deny the charges levelled against you?

ANASTASIA
I can’t breathe without you saying it’s okay. You won’t trust me to go anywhere alone. You get jealous at the drop of a hat. You won’t let me have friends or hobbies. I can’t live like this!

YORIKESH
(sobbing)
Do... you... deny --

(CONTINUED)
ANASTASIA
I don’t know the ice cream man!

YORIKESH
Liar!

Yorikesh resumes his ascent.

YORIKESH
You’ve been conducting a... a...
sordid, little affair with him,
haven’t you? Please Ana: don’t lie
to me again – my heart can’t take
any more lies! Tell me exactly
where you have been since half-past
three.

Anastasia darts away from Yorikesh’s outstretched fingers.

YORIKESH
Oh! Ana!

Yorikesh succumbs to another bout of SOBBING.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY/GUEST ROOM – NIGHT

Anastasia runs down the corridor and through the open guest
room door.

She shuts the door, only to find –

The latch has been smashed off!

She re-opens the door.

Yorikesh stands on the threshold, tears streaming down his
ruddy face and his nostrils aflare.

ANASTASIA
What’s the use? You don’t listen to
anything I say... You just --

Yorikesh robotically prods the carpet with his stick.

YORIKESH
There was never an Olivia – you met
him last night. How long has all
this been going on?

ANASTASIA
It’s like talking to a brick wall!
I want a divorce. You can keep all
your money.

(CONTINUED)
Yorikesh looks up, his bloodshot eyes full of hatred.

YORIKESH
In which case, I shall call your parents and tell them the good news - about them spending Christmas on the streets. And then, I’ll --

ANASTASIA
Whatever. I’m off for a cig.

Anastasia barges past him.

Yorikesh watches her as she goes down the stairs.

Master of the house walks entranced into the master bedroom and shuts the door behind him.

INT. YORIKESH’S HOUSE/LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Anastasia makes sure of her solitude.

She hoists the sports bag over her shoulder and creeps back up the stairs.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Anastasia tiptoes past the closed master bedroom door.

She heads towards a wooden door at the end of the hallway.

She tries the handle - locked.

She tries another door, it is marked: "BOILER" - unlocked.

INT. STAIRCASE/ATTIC CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Anastasia carefully closes the door.

She uses her phone’s torch to illuminate the first stone steps of a narrow, winding staircase.

She climbs the stairs until she comes upon a narrow corridor - at the end of which is a robust-looking door.

She reaches the door and tries the handle - locked.

From behind the door comes a loud, muffled THUD and then stifled WHISPERS!

Anastasia backs away.

(CONTINUED)
The door’s latch CLICKS -
Anastasia GASPS as the door CREAKS open and fluorescent light bathes the corridor.

A niqāb-wearing PAKISTANI WOMAN(20-40), carrying a sleeping PAKISTANI BABY, stands in the doorway.

The woman steps back, allowing Anastasia to pass.

Three other niqābed PAKISTANI WOMEN huddle together in the middle of the room.

Four PAKISTANI CHILDREN (3, 4, 7, 10) cling to their legs.

Anastasia looks around the messy and cramped space, it contains a kitchen area and several single beds.

Adults and children alike stare at Anastasia as if she were a ghost.

Anastasia puts her hand to her forehead and faints!

The attic’s inhabitants gather around her fallen body.

EXT. CARAVAN SITE - NIGHT

Susan’s son stares over at the student’s caravan - still illuminated from within by an intense crimson light.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Yorikesh WEEPS into a pillow.

One of the bed’s curtains is draped over his bulky back.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jordan walks towards the main entrance.

He is dressed exactly like the ice cream man - white coat, hat, gloves, and face paint.

He SHIVERS as he looks up at the turret’s English flag.

He goes to the entrance and presses the DOORBELL. He HAMMERS on the door for good measure.
INT./EXT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Yorikesh raises his tear-streaked face to listen -
He hears a faint HAMMERING.

He reaches for his walking-stick and hobbles over to the
oriel window - wiping away his tears.

He looks down at the driveway.

Jordan walks backwards, looking up at the house.

He sees Yorikesh and gives him a jovial wave.

Yorikesh nods and holds up his diamond-ringed finger - one
moment.

Jordan replies with an exaggerated nod.

Yorikesh limps away from the window.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The main door opens.

YORIKESH (O.S.)
(jovially)
Ice cream man! How’s the mulled
wine?

Yorikesh limps out of the house. He regards Jordan like a
lifelong friend.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
Another flat tire, is it?

Jordan tries his best to be well-spoken.

JORDAN
No surr, I came to give your wife
something important from my good
ma(te)... friend, Alan.

Yorikesh steps down from the doorway, stabbing the ground
with his stick for support.

YORIKESH
During the blackout they advised
pedestrians to carry or wear
something white - so that cars
could see them.

(CONTINUED)
He goes towards Jordan.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
One night, a man - like you

Yorikesh points his stick at Jordan’s head.

YORIKESH (CONT’D)
- opted for a white hat, white coat, white shoes, white gloves, white everything - and guess what happened?

Yorikesh reaches Jordan and leans on his stick.

JORDAN
What?

YORIKESH
(chuckling)
He got hit by a snow plow.

JORDAN
Heh-heh! Sorry surr, but I need to speak to your wife. Tell her that it’s urge--

Yorikesh, quick as a flash, brings up his stick’s handle and strikes Jordan on the side of the head!

Yorikesh raises his stick high into the air and brings it down onto Jordan’s head with a SMASH!

Yorikesh looks down at the motionless white body, he covers his mouth with a trembling hand.

He falls to his knees.

CUT TO:

Yorikesh drags Jordan’s lifeless body across the driveway, towards the tall hedges of the garden.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Yorikesh rolls the body onto the bonfire’s ashes without ceremony.

He twiddles his walking-stick between his fingers.

He closes his eyes and chucks the stick next to the body.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Yorikesh pours gasoline over Jordan’s white body (and Jordan’s newly-acquired walking-stick).

He lights a match and tosses it onto the bonfire.

He steps back and SOBS into his garish handkerchief.

The flames ROAR into action.

Yorikesh removes his hat and holds it to his heart.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER HALLWAY/UPPER HALLWAY – NIGHT

Yorikesh enters - his clothes are smudged here and there with blood.

A PAKISTANI BOY (7) appears at the top of the stairs.

Yorikesh stares up at him as he closes the door.

PAKISTANI BOY
(pointing back into the upper hallway)
Gori! (White woman!)

INT. STAIRCASE/ATTIC CORRIDOR/ATTIC – NIGHT

Yorikesh stands over an unconscious Anastasia.

His four wives each lift up a limb from the floor.

They carry her from the room.

Yorikesh shares a frown with the sports bag.

He stoops to unzip it.

Inside: he finds many stacks of twenty pound notes.

He zips it back up.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

The four wives place Anastasia on the canopy bed.

They watch her sleep, one at each corner.

One wife wipes Anastasia’s forehead with a wet cloth.
EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Yorikesh has changed into a white suit and loafers.
He places the sports bag, along with a bin bag, on the fire.
He watches the all-consuming flames while twiddling his moustache.

INT. THE YEW TREE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cush and Katy have sex under the bed covers...
Or is it Cush and Anastasia?
Cush is unpainted and naked.
PAN LEFT to reveal the ice cream man - sitting and watching just as before.
The ice cream man rises and leaves the room.

INT. THE YEW TREE/BAR - NIGHT

The ice cream man places a prayer rug on the ugly carpet.

CUT TO:

The ice cream man touches his forehead to the rug and TALKS to God.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Cush’s van trundles away from Liddleby.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/CARAVAN SITE - DAY

The van drives past a sign: "LIDDLEBY CARAVAN SITE".
CRANE over the caravan site.
Two blonde Delias drape the sheet over Dale’s storage box.