

A DEAD GOOD IDEA

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - CEMETERY GATES - DAY (BLACK & WHITE)

A WOMAN, (30) tatty 1920's dress and head scarf, rushes out the iron gate that dissects cemetery walls. A look of sheer terror on her face.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (BLACK & WHITE)

A Gothic church is surrounded by gravestones. One grave is open with a fresh heap of dirt beside.

A ZOMBIE, (50) his clothes dirty, groans and salivates as he ambles along the path.

A GRAVE DIGGER, (45) trousers, waist coat and flat cap, stands a few feet away. He raises his shovel like a weapon.

GRAVE DIGGER

Well I never. I've never seen
such a sight as this.

With its arms outstretched, the zombie lurches for the grave digger. He swings the shovel and bashes the zombie to the ground.

A groan (O.S.)

GRAVE DIGGER

We'll have none of this tom
foolery round here. Now get back
in your hole.

A second ZOMBIE, (30) suit and hat, grabs the grave digger from behind and sinks its teeth into his flesh. The grave digger screams in pain.

Another groan (O.S.)

Zombie and grave digger collapse to the ground in a struggle.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Christ, I'm knackered.

Both zombies now consume the grave digger.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The fixtures and fittings suggest wealth but the carpet is a mess with rubbish strewn everywhere.

A leather chair is pushed up close to a large television and a matching three seat sofa is pushed back against the far wall.

Hidden between the empty cans and food packaging, at the foot of the fireplace, are several family photographs showing loving parents and two young boys.

TELEVISION

The two zombies continue to consume the grave digger.

LIVING ROOM

BILLY SHERIDON, (21) slim and good looking, sits in the chair in only a pair of boxer shorts. With his eyes closed, he reaches out with a remote control and turns off the TV.

KITCHEN

Pots are piled high in the sink, the bin overflows and left over food containers stands on the work tops.

Numerous unopened letters lie on the table. Some say '*Urgent*' while others state '*Final Reminder*'.

Still in only his underwear, Billy enters. He rubs the sleep from his eyes as he opens a draw, looks in and shakes his head with disappointment.

He spins on his heels and picks up a small clear plastic bag from the table. It's empty but for a flecks of cannabis, so he tosses it back down with annoyance.

EXT. VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

Quiet and picturesque.

A narrow footpath is sandwiched between the road and a hedge row. Chocolate box cottages sit in beautiful gardens behind the foliage fence.

Billy puffs on a rolled cigarette as he trudges out of a garden and courteously closes the gate behind him. He wears a cheap suit offset with grubby trainers.

A few feet further on he stops at a break in the hedge, drops the cigarette and extinguishes it under foot.

EXT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy pushes through the gate and marches down the path. He hesitates at the door and takes a quick look round the deserted street.

He knocks hard and loud, then nervously runs his fingers through his fringe.

The door opens and AGATHA HARE, (75) looks out. She wears a flowery dress, brown stockings and large comedy slippers. Her grey hair sticks out everywhere as if being electrified but now slowly begins to settle.

BILLY

Hello, I'm from the gas board and wonder if I could read your meter?

Agatha looks Billy up and down.

BILLY

It won't take a minute.

AGATHA

I didn't know you worked for the gas board, Billy?

He immediately begins to fidget and averts his gaze to his scruffy trainers.

BILLY

Erm...yeah, I've just started.

AGATHA

Finally got off your arse and got a job, eh?

BILLY

Yeah, finally.

A nervously laughs hides his embarrassment.

AGATHA

I don't even know where the meter is, do you, love?

She steps aside and invites him in but Billy hesitates.

BILLY

Perhaps I should come back when you've found it?

AGATHA

Nonsense, you're here now. You can look for it.

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Dated flock wallpaper and black and white photo's hang on the walls. In contrast a plush new stair lift chair waits for a passenger.

Agatha shuffles her slippers across the nylon carpet and her hair begins to rise again.

Billy enters and has one last suspicious look out on to the street before closing the door.

Agatha stops at a door and turns to Billy.

AGATHA
Would you like a cuppa, Billy
love?

He stares, mesmerised by each strand of her hair that floats and wavers in the air.

BILLY
Huh? Er, yeah, thank you.

AGATHA
I'll stick the kettle on while
you have a looksie?

She exits through the door to the kitchen.

Billy pulls open the small door under the stairs and bobs his head inside.

AGATHA (O.S.)
Milk and sugar?

As Billy pulls his head out, he bashes it on the frame.

BILLY
Son of a.... Yeah, both please.

He rubs the pain away and crouches back inside.

UNDER STAIRS CUPBOARD

Complete darkness until Billy sparks his lighter. He pans it left and right amongst the junk boxes.

HALL / STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

He backs out of the cupboard and closes the door. A glance to the kitchen shows Agatha fumbling with cups. He turns to the stairs.

BILLY

It's not under the stairs?

He squeezes past the stair lift and ascends.

BEDROOM

The dated decor continues. A large double bedroom is between two bedside tables.

Billy enters and quickly rummages through the draws in a vanity unit.

A mumble (O.S.)

Billy looks up into the mirror at the reflection of the door but it is unmoved.

He turns his attention to a cigar box and lifts the lid. His eyes light up with excitement.

UPSTAIRS LANDING

Billy exits the bedroom and stuffs a large bundle of cash into his pocket. The wry smile wilts as he notices the stair lift now parked at the top with Agatha seated in it. She tuts her disapproval.

AGATHA

Billy, what would your mother say?

Billy shrugs.

BILLY

Let me out, it's dark in here?

Agatha mouths an 'O' of shock.

AGATHA

Billy!

BILLY

Sorry.

He looks down ashamed. Agatha shakes her head.

AGATHA

I'm sorry too. I never should have mentioned your mother.

Billy glances up and their eyes meet. They smile.

AGATHA

Your tea's getting cold.

She presses a button and the chair descends.

AGATHA

Put the money back though, love.

Billy nods with regret and enters the bedroom.

LIVING ROOM

In the corner a large TV stands on a table too small for it. Bright white sheets half cover the two sofas floral design. Agatha sits on one, Billy on the other with a coffee table between.

Agatha slurps her tea while Billy stares into his for forgiveness.

BILLY

Are you going to call the cops?

He takes a nervous swig and repels at the taste.

Agatha clatters down her cup on its saucer.

AGATHA

Of course not, what would your mother think of me? I remember when you were yay high.

She hovers her hand about a two feet from the carpet.

AGATHA

Lovely woman your mother, did my shopping every week, without fail, come rain or shine. And she never forgot my gin.

She smiles. Billy looks into his cup.

AGATHA

No, the police would only slap you on the wrists anyway. Not like in my day, when you'd have been strung up.

BILLY

Thanks, I never knew my mum called here? I mean, I knew she helped some of the old dears...er, old...folk, but not which ones.

AGATHA

Am I right in thinking you don't work for the gas board?

Billy nods.

AGATHA
Money tight, is it?

A shrugs this time.

AGATHA
Shouldn't puff it all away, Billy
love.

He looks bemused at her knowledge.

AGATHA
Everyone knows everyone's
business in a small village like
this. Always have.

She drains her cup.

AGATHA
More tea?

Slowly she stands, cup in hand, and shuffles off toward the door. Her hair embarks skyward again.

BILLY
Yeah, go on then.

Agatha exits as Billy finishes his tea.

BILLY
(to himself)
I think the gas board job's over.

KITCHEN

Old units and flowery tiles.

Agatha fills the kettle and flicks the switch.

AGATHA
(shouts)
I could help you out with some
money, Billy.

She drops a tea bag in her cup.

BILLY (O.S.)
(shouts)
What?

AGATHA
(shouts)
No handouts. I could get you to
do some jobs for me.

Billy enters behind Agatha.

BILLY
Like what?

She jumps with fright.

AGATHA
Oh, Billy love, you startled me.
Don't creep around like the dead
or I'll be next.

She clutches her heart for effect and smiles.

AGATHA
Bring your cup, I'm not dirtying
another.

He hands it over.

AGATHA
The fronts good but the back
needs a tidy.

She nods toward the back door and Billy gets the hint. He slips to take a look.

EXT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

A small patio area is clean and tidy. Beyond a small wall is a mishmash of bushes and weeds.

Open mouthed, Billy stares at the wilderness.

BILLY
It's a bit overgrown.

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Agatha scoops the tea bags from the cups and slips a large bottle of gin from the cupboard and tops up both drinks.

She returns the bottle as Billy enters.

AGATHA
What was that, Billy love?

BILLY
I said, it's a bit overgrown. A
lot of work I reckon?

She hands Billy his tea with a nod.

AGATHA

Oh yes, plenty of work for you out there. Should keep you busy for a day or two?

Billy's turn to nod agreement, as he cautiously sips his tea.

BILLY

Lovely cuppa...er?

AGATHA

Agatha, love. You can start tomorrow. There will be tea and biscuits and I'll even do you a sandwich.

Billy shrugs.

BILLY

Might as well, bugger all else to do.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

JASON SHERIDON, (27) smart suit, clean shaven with styled hair stands by the sink. He picks up a random dirty plate and tips it upside down but the food fails to fall off. He drops it back into the sink and glances at his watch.

JASON

Where is he, it's gone seven?

KYLIE HARDEN, (27) business wear, tall and slender, sits at the kitchen table.

KYLIE

Have you tried his mobile?

JASON

He's not answering.

KYLIE

He'll be here, don't panic.

Jason sits down opposite Kylie.

JASON

He's bloody useless.

Kylie grips his hand across the table.

KYLIE

Don't be so hard on him, Jason.

JASON
Give me one reason why?

KYLIE
He's your brother.

Jason reluctantly smiles.

JASON
Unfortunately.

A door closes. (O.S.)

JASON
Thank Christ!

Billy casually enters.

BILLY
Alright? Hi, Kyl's.

JASON
You're late.

BILLY
And you let yourself in again, I see.

There's a noticeable tension between the brothers.

KYLIE
I'll put the kettle on shall I?

Kylie leaves the table.

Billy tries to defuse the situation with a grin at his brother.

BILLY
So what's been happening at your end?

JASON
Can you not tell the time? When the big hands on...

BILLY
Alright, alright, leave it out. I had to go see someone on the way home.

JASON
Let me guess, Degsey?

BILLY
Yes, Degsey, but I didn't buy anything. I'm skint aren't I.

JASON

It didn't take you long to piss your money up the wall then? You better get off your arse and get a job cos if you lose this house...

Billy holds up his finger and interrupts.

BILLY

Ah, I've got a job actually. I start tomorrow.

JASON

Bollocks!

Kylie opens a cupboard and removes the only two cups inside. She takes a third from the dirty pile and rinses it under the tap.

JASON

So you've just got a job, how convenient.

KYLIE

What's it doing, Billy?

BILLY

Gardening.

JASON

Gardening?

BILLY

Yes, gardening. Like digging weeds and stuff.

Jason shakes his head in disbelief.

JASON

Brilliant. There was I thinking you got a piss take job but you've actually gone and got yourself a career.

He bellows a fake laugh as Kylie puts down three steaming cups and takes her seat.

JASON

I mean, you don't even do our garden.

BILLY

My garden.

The humour drains from Jason and replaced by annoyance. Billy counters with a wry smile and takes a slurp from his cup. He burns his mouth and waves his hand to cool his throbbing tongue.

BILLY
Jesus, that's hot!

JASON
No shit, Sherlock. Who's this work for anyway?

BILLY
Some old dear mum use to help out. Er...Agatha, I think?

JASON
Agatha Afro! She's crazy.

KYLIE
Jason!

JASON
Sorry.

BILLY
Yeah, don't be a dickhead, Donovan.

The brothers stare at one another, neither wants to blink. Jason relents first.

BILLY
Ha, I win. Same time next week, kidda?

He stands triumphant.

BILLY
You can see yourself out.

He turns to Kylie.

BILLY
Nice to see you, Kylie. I bet Minogue didn't have to put up with a prick like him?

They share a quick smile as Billy exits.

JASON
God, he does my head in. He's twenty one and acts like he's twelve. He thinks about no one but himself. He needs to grow up and...

KYLIE

Move on?

Stopped in his tracks, Jason takes a moment.

KYLIE

Think about it, honey, you had me, who did he have?

JASON

I know what he's got.

KYLIE

Just give him some time.

Jason reluctantly nods and takes a drink.

BILLY (O.S.)

Are you going or what?

INT. DEGSEY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cluttered but clean. Rows and rows of film dvds line the walls and a huge TV takes pride of place.

BRYAN 'DEGSEY' JOHNSON, (21) pale white skin and stick thin, slouches on a leather sofa. In a polo shirt and shorts and with a rolled cigarette perched between his lips, he watches a movie.

The door bell chimes.

Frustrated, he sighs loudly, reaches for the remote and mutes the TV. The cigarette jerks as he speaks.

DEGSEY

(shouts)

Who is it, man?

A muffled response.

Degsey removes his cigarette.

DEGSEY

(shouts)

I ain't hearing you?

Another muffled response.

DEGSEY

What is you deaf? I ain't hearing you!

He pulls a mobile phone from his pocket and dials.

DEGSEY
What up, Jaffa. You at my door?

He nods.

DEGSEY
Okay, man. Keep it real.

He ends the call and dials another number.

The door bell chimes again.

DEGSEY
What up, Clemmo. You at my door?

Nods.

DEGSEY
Okay, man, later...what, nah, I
is good for now, bro. This last
batch is top draw, proper strong
shit.

Nods again.

DEGSEY
Yeah, for real, later.

He ends the call.

A loud thump on the door.

DEGSEY
Got me a fucking retard here.

Reluctantly he stands and brushes the loose tobacco from
his shorts. Satisfied he exits.

HALL

Degsey stands at a front door that is protected by a large
dead bolt and numerous other locks.

DEGSEY
Stop wasting my lectric, man. I
is proper busy and I don't open
to no strangers, do I.

He sucks deep on his cigarette.

BILLY (O.S.)
It's me, Degsey.

A shake of the head.

DEGSEY

I'm Degsey, fool. You is a retard.

BILLY (O.S.)

It's Billy.

He unlocks the door and swings it open.

Billy leans against the frame and beams a smile.

DEGSEY

I is already told you, man, no money, no gear. Friend or not.

BILLY

I know but I could really do with a puff, been a shit night.

Degsey looks at his wrist but there's no watch.

DEGSEY

I is missing my shit for this.

He stands aside.

BILLY

I'm not stopping you.

Billy walks past.

LIVING ROOM

Billy sits himself on the sofa.

Degsey enters and gives Billy the once over.

DEGSEY

This is my crib, man, and you treat it like yours.

Billy stares at the muted TV, ignoring Degsey.

BILLY

I know, and it's appreciated, mate. Any beer going?

Degsey sits beside Billy and takes a drag on his cigarette. He exhales in Billy's face as he speaks.

DEGSEY

I ain't no mother fucking shrink but if you is got bad with your bro, you sort it with him.

BILLY
How did you know it was my
brother?

DEGSEY
I got sixth sense don't I. You
always want puff after he bitches
you.

Billy fidgets to get comfy.

BILLY
He's a dick.

DEGSEY
You is like my best bro, man but
I can't keep giving you my shit
on no slate.

Billy nods agreement as Degsey takes a puff.

BILLY
I know, I know but I've got work
tomorrow.

Degsey chokes in amazement.

DEGSEY
For real?

BILLY
Yeah. I got a gardening job.
I'll sponge some money from the
old dear, no probs. So if you
just tide me over.

Degsey thinks a moment. Billy beams a smile at him.

DEGSEY
Best drop the flow off tomorrow
though? Need my accounts right,
don't I.

Billy smirks and makes a cross over his heart.

BILLY
Cross my heart.

DEGSEY
I'll see what I can rustle.

He stands and exits.

Billy looks round the room and spots an interesting film on the shelf. He stands and pulls it from the collection. A quick look round and he stuffs it in his waistband, concealing it beneath his T-shirt.

Degsey enters and notices Billy standing by the films. He gives him a suspicious look. Finally, he hands over a small bag of purple grass.

BILLY
What's this?

DEGSEY
Good shit, ain't it.

BILLY
But it's fucking purple.

DEGSEY
Aye, get with the times, bro.
Green was yesterday, purple is
the future, man.

Billy doesn't look convinced.

BILLY
What you on about? Is it even
grass?

DEGSEY
What you saying, I is ripping
you? This is new, been tested on
monkeys and shit, ain't it.

Billy opens the bag and sniffs.

BILLY
Have you tried it?

Degsey looks at his cigarette and nods, but his eyes say different.

DEGSEY
Trust me, bro, not like you is
gonna be craving bananas or
nothing.

He smiles reassurance at Billy.

BILLY
That'll be a no then.

DEGSEY
What! Is you calling me a liar?

BILLY
Yes, and can you talk proper,
mate. This gangster shit is
getting boring now?

Degsey looks insulted.

DEGSEY
I is talking proper.

BILLY
You're from Little Woolsey.
You're parents are as toff as
they come.

DEGSEY
They ain't my real parents, I is
adopted, bro.

BILLY
Whatever, mate.

Billy stuffs the bags in his pocket.

A toilet flushes and catches Billy's attention.

BILLY
Who's that?

Degsey sits and un-mutes the television.

DEGSEY
Debs.

Billy's face lights up with excitement.

BILLY
Your sister?

Degsey flashes a stare at Billy.

DEGSEY
You is had your turn, there is no
second helpings.

BILLY
I know, I know.

DEBORAH 'DEBS' JOHNSON , (19) enters. She wears tight
jeans and a skinny top, with long dark hair and ample
bosom.

BILLY
Hi, Debs.

She looks a little startled to see him.

DEBS
Hi.

DEGSEY
You is just leaving, ain't you?

Billy nods.

BILLY

Yeah, but I'll see you tomorrow.

He looks at Debs and smiles.

BILLY

Hopefully.

His smile wilts when he notices the anger in Degsey's face.

DEGSEY

You is better show with my flow.

Billy looks befuddled by Degsey's reply. He shakes his head and exits. The room is silent until the front door slams.

DEGSEY

Go lock the door, bitch!

Debs gives him the evils.

DEBS

Don't call me a bitch, and stop talking like a fucking idiot!

Degsey sinks into the sofa and stares at the screen.

DEGSEY

I ain't sorry is I.

She shakes her head.

DEBS

Didn't know you still hung around with Billy?

DEGSEY

Aye, he keeps my pockets full, don't he. Well, he use to. Reckon he's blown his inheritance by now though.

With a somber look, Debs sits beside her brother.

DEBS

I've not seen him since your eighteenth. He's still got the house hasn't he?

Degsey spots a gap in his dvd collection and his mind wanders.

DEGSEY

Maybe.

DEBS

What do you mean, maybe?

He looks up at Debs.

DEGSEY

Door first, bitch.

He waves his hand.

DEGSEY

Or you can try and smooth your
shit with the parents, can't you?

DEBS

I'm going.

She exits with a sigh.

DEGSEY

I is missed my shit now.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Posters of football teams and scantily clad women adorn the walls.

Billy lies on the bed, the covers on the floor. He stirs, scratches at his red underpants and pulls them from between his buttocks.

He rolls and hangs his head over the edge of the bed. Groans and drools.

KITCHEN

Billy staggers in and rubs the sleep from his eyes. Wearing an old paint stained tracksuit and work boots, he opens a draw and rummages inside.

BILLY

Bugger.

He exits.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Large houses with well groomed gardens make up the cul-de-sac.

Billy exits his residence and quickly walks down the driveway.

EXT. STREET - TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Smaller houses sandwich the road, all well kept and in keeping with rest of the village.

A front door opens and HENRY ELLIS, (60) suited, storms out. He slams the door behind him and marches down the front steps.

The door opens again and TONY ELLIS, (35) dressing gown, slippers and a cigarette between his lips, exits. SALLY ELLIS, (33) similar dress, follows.

TONY
Dad, come back.

Henry stops but doesn't look back.

SALLY
Keep walking, Henry, you miserable old get!

Henry walks away. Tony turns to his wife.

TONY
Sally!

Tony stops at the gate and watches Henry stride away.

TONY
Dad, seriously, stop.

He looks up and down the street and sees it's empty. Reluctantly he jogs after his dad. His dressing gown flaps in the breeze and he wheezes as he gives chase.

Sally stops at the gate and with no conviction shouts.

SALLY
Honey, come back here.

She immediately turns and heads back inside.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Small, cramped and isles stocked with everything.

RASHEED YEKIN, (30) tall and gaunt, looks up into a security mirror. It reflects Billy down one of the aisles as he flicks through a magazine.

TONY (O.S.)
Dad, for God's sake, wait.

Rasheed glances to the open shop door but when he looks back to the mirror, Billy has gone. He arches his neck to locate him down a different isle.

BILLY

I put it back, don't fret.

Billy emerges with a handful of stuff and plonks them on the counter. Two cans of Coke, two chocolate bars and two bags of crisps.

RASHEED

Is that it?

BILLY

No. I'll have a bag of backie and some papers please.

Quick as a flash, Rasheed snatches the objects and adds them to others.

RASHEED

Done?

BILLY

Aye.

Rasheed bags the items.

RASHEED

Nine eighty five.

BILLY

How much!

Billy smashes a handful of coins on the counter. They spiral everywhere.

BILLY

There's a tenner there. Keep the change, Rasher.

He exits.

Rasheed scoops the coins from the counter.

RASHEED

It's Rasheed, moron.

EXT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Billy walks a few feet and stops. He ferrets his hand down his trouser leg and pulls a magazine out. A broad grin grows across his face.

A quick look back to the shop to check he's successfully stolen it, and he walks away.

EXT. STREET CROSSING - DAY

Henry and Tony stand at the road side beside a zebra crossing.

TONY
Just listen...

He searches for the words and puffs on his cigarette.

HENRY
I'm listening, son.

A car stops at the crossing. The DRIVER looks at the two men on the pavement, anticipating they will cross.

TONY
What Sally said, she didn't mean it.

Henry laughs.

HENRY
Oh, she meant every word. Just because I didn't get her a card, I'm a miserable bastard.

TONY
It's not just that, dad.

Henry presses his hands on his hips, awaiting more information.

The car driver waves his hand in aggravation and drives off.

HENRY
Not just that? What else have I done that's so bad?

Tony rubs life into his bed hair and hesitates his response.

Billy flicks through the magazine as he approaches.

TONY
Dad, you came to stay a few nights and...

HENRY
So I stayed a bit longer.

Billy stops beside Henry and Tony. He looks left and right. No traffic.

TONY
It's been six months!

Startled at the outburst, Billy takes a step back.

HENRY
I'm your father. Can I not come visit?

Henry throws up his arms in frustration.

HENRY
And the fags will kill you one day, they did your mother.

He steps onto the crossing. Tyre's screech and a bus ploughs into him.

Tony stands opened mouthed in shock. His face drained of all colour. Billy mirrors his expression.

BILLY
Holy fuck! Did you see that?

Tony slowly nods.

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Agatha shuffles away from the open door. Her hair sticks out again.

AGATHA
You're late, Billy. Not a good start, is it?

Billy enters with his shopping bag.

BILLY
I've a good reason, Agatha.

She enters the kitchen.

AGATHA (O.S.)
Good, because your tea's cold.

Still visibly shocked, Billy closes the front door.

KITCHEN

Agatha stands by the boiling kettle as Billy enters.

AGATHA

You best make a start then while
I make you a fresh cup. I'll
bring out your lunch later.

She grabs two cup and fills them.

BILLY

Don't you wanna hear my reason
for being late?

AGATHA

Not really, love.

She takes the bottle of gin from the cupboard.

BILLY

I'm still a bit shocked really.

He holds out his quivering hand and expects a little
sympathy, but none comes.

BILLY

Look.

Agatha pours the gin.

BILLY

Agatha, look, my hand is still
shaking.

She doesn't look, and replaces the bottle.

AGATHA

This will calm your nerves. I
shake like Stevens before a good
cup of tea.

The comment is lost on Billy. She hands him a cup.

AGATHA

Here you go, love.

He nods his gratitude but still looks confused about the
previous conversation.

There's silence between them. Agatha stares at Billy, who
looks uneasy.

BILLY

What is it?

AGATHA

It's not going to dig itself,
love.

EXT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Billy looks out across the wilderness. A spade stands by the house.

BILLY

Who the fuck is Stevens?

He puts down his carrier bag and cup on a small wall. He puff his cheeks for motivation and grabs the spade.

LATER

Shirtless, Billy digs and hacks at the undergrowth. A cigarette hangs from his lips.

He forces the spade into the base of a bush. He tugs at the base and uproots it. Beneath is a wooden gravestone.

BILLY

What the hell?

He removes dirt and weeds and squints at the faded carved text.

AGATHA (O.S.)

Oh, I'd forgotten about that.

Startled, Billy looks up to see Agatha standing with a tray of sandwiches and a steaming cup of tea.

BILLY

What is it?

He saunters toward her and steps over the wall.

BILLY

It's not your husband is it?

Agatha chuckles as Billy takes the tray from her.

AGATHA

Don't be daft, Billy, love.
Frank's over there.

She points to an old oil drum that hides under a rose bush. With a smile, she winks with a suggestion she's not joking.

Billy lets out a nervous laugh as he places the tray down. He starts to make a rolled cigarette.

AGATHA

That's something I haven't seen
in a long time. Something my
father made for the dog.

Agatha takes an age to sit on the wall. Out of her sight, Billy takes out the bag of purple weed and adds some to his tobacco.

AGATHA

That's me here for the afternoon now. Don't forget your tea, love.

BILLY

Have you lived here all your life then?

AGATHA

I have, dear, a whole lifetime.

With his cigarette between his lips, Billy takes his tea. He blows the steam clear and takes a gulp but immediately recoils from the taste.

AGATHA

Made it good and strong for you today.

He exhales the alcoholic fumes with a splutter.

Agatha looks round her garden and her eyes settle on the wooden gravestone.

AGATHA

My father was a strange one, so my mother said. Hated the dog but made that thing when it died. It was the only thing I remember him doing that didn't upset my mother.

Billy leans back and takes a long slow drag. His eyes too settle on the wooden gravestone.

AGATHA

You see, love, he was a waste of skin, as my mother would say. A bit like you, Billy love, no offense.

Another slow inhale of tobacco and weed. His eyes heavy, flicker and close.

AGATHA

He came home one night, having spent the afternoon in the pub, and claimed to have come across an opportunity to make a lot of money.

Billy's posture visibly relaxes as he expels smoke from his nostrils.

DREAM SEQUENCE (BLACK & WHITE)

Billy lies beside the wooden gravestone. The spade is stuck in the ground beside him.

AGATHA (V.O.)
He'd been told the story of the
curse of the Roseberry witch.

Billy stirs and sits up. He rubs life into his hair and eyes.

AGATHA (V.O.)
The witch had been driven from
the village but had returned soon
after to curse the residents.

Billy scratches at the crotch of his pants.

A moan catches his attention.

AGATHA (V.O.)
She cursed the ground of the
cemetery, the one by dog mess
lane, and said any soul buried
there would never settle.

The earth rumbles and a pair of hands thrust out. Startled, Billy jumps to feet.

Jason's head emerges, his flesh rotten and torn, and his eyes cold and black.

AGATHA (V.O.)
They would remain trapped
in...what's the word?

Billy backs away but trips and falls on his back.

A second hand reaches from the earth, this time between his legs and grasps his crotch.

AGATHA (V.O.)
Limbo, that's it. Forever
trapped in limbo. Their soul
would never pass and the body
would be alive under the ground
and should they be exhumed, they
would walk among us again.

The hand tightens its grip and Billy screams with fear. Jason pulls his body free from the ground, groans and crawls toward his brother.

AGATHA (V.O.)
 Anyway, my father thought he
 could take advantage of this
 story. He, shall we say,
 borrowed a few bodies and
 declared himself a 'finder of the
 living dead'.

Debs pushes her rotting head free from the ground and up
 between Billy's legs. Her eye sockets empty, she snaps her
 teeth toward his crotch.

Jason hovers above and spews out a mouthful of intestines.

AGATHA (V.O.)
 He would charge the grieving
 widows to search out their undead
 loved ones and help return them
 to sacred ground.

Billy lets out another scream as Kylie bites down on his
 genitals.

AGATHA (V.O.)
 Having convinced a fair few out
 of pocket, he drank his ill
 gotten gains and spouted his
 twaddle to the entire pub.

Jason sinks his teeth into Billy's arm.

AGATHA (V.O.)
 It didn't go down well and he was
 barred. It was the end of him.
 Nowhere else had a dartboard you
 see. Billy, are you listening to
 me?

Billy screams and screams.

AGATHA (V.O.)
 Billy?

END DREAM SEQUENCE

GARDEN

AGATHA
 Billy?

Billy's eyes snap open and he reaches for his crotch.
 There is sudden relief in his eyes when he realises all is
 well.

AGATHA

Bursting are we? I'm the same,
only I sometimes wake up after.

BILLY

What?

AGATHA

Wipe your feet, and the seat if
you miss.

Billy shakily stands, tosses the cigarette and enters the house.

AGATHA

Now, can I get up again?

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Water gushes from the sink tap. Billy splashes his face and dries it off with a tea towel.

He peels the curtain back and looks out to the view of Agatha as she struggles to lift herself from the wall. Beyond her, he stares at the newly uncovered wooden gravestone.

Agatha slowly shuffles toward the house.

Billy's face lights up as an idea pops in to his head.

Agatha enters and looks into the hall. She doesn't notice Billy behind her.

AGATHA

(shouts)

Billy, love. Don't let your tea
get cold or your sandwiches get
warm.

BILLY

I won't.

She clutches her chest in shock as she turns to Billy.

AGATHA

Oh, you gave me such a fright,
creeping around like the dead.

BILLY

I didn't creep anywhere.

Agatha waves her hand for Billy to vacate.

AGATHA

Go get your dinner, love.

Billy nods and exits.

Agatha opens the oven, slips on an oven glove removes a heaped plate of dinner for herself.

AGATHA

Lovely.

INT. DEGSEY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Degsey sits on the sofa. Debs in the chair. Both watch a movie through the smoke filled air.

The doorbell rings and Degsey looks round.

DEGSEY

The door, bitch.

DEBS

I've told you, don't call me
bitch and I'm not your slave.

Degsey picks up his phone.

DEGSEY

Then I is getting on the blower
to the folks.

He punches in some numbers.

BILLY (O.S.)

Degsey, it's me. I've got your
money.

Degsey smiles and pauses his finger over the phone.

DEGSEY

Last chance, ain't it.

Debs sighs and reluctantly exits.

HALL

The letter box is open.

BILLY (O.S.)

Degsey, you in there?

Debs opens the door. Crouched, Billy now stares at her crotch. He slowly looks up with a broad smile.

BILLY

Hi.

DEBS
You better come in.

LIVING ROOM

Both enter. Debs sits back on the chair.

DEGSEY
You is got me some notes then?

BILLY
I said I would, but this weed, I don't know, man. You said it'd been tested on monkeys or something?

DEGSEY
Is you got the banana munchies?

Billy takes out the bag and gives it a shake.

BILLY
No, not all. It's worse.

He looks past the bag to Debs, who concentrates on the movie.

BILLY
Alright, Debs?

Her eyes remain on the screen.

DEBS
Fine thanks, you?

Billy shrugs and looks back to Degsey.

BILLY
I've been having some weird arse dreams and I'm guessing it's this purple shit.

DEGSEY
Well I ain't got no green till my Bro's get back from west side so you is stuck with it.

DEBS
West side?

DEGSEY
Neith under Roseberry, ain't it.

BILLY
Fuck's sake, Degsey.

Debs looks over to her brother.

DEBS
You're an idiot, Bryan.

Billy chokes back a laugh.

BILLY
Bryan! I've not heard that since school, mate.

Degsey fumes.

DEGSEY
Shut your shit, bitch. The long road home is calling with that talk.

Debs sighs and returns her focus back to the screen.

BILLY
Here you go, Bryan.

With a smirk, Billy slaps down a few crumpled notes, which is met with an unapproved stare from Degsey.

Billy looks at the television.

BILLY
Good movie?

DEGSEY
Aye, was gonna eye part one but it as vanished ain't it.

He looks to Billy, who tries not to look guilty.

DEGSEY
Is you staying?

BILLY
Nah, mate, I got some recon to do up by dog shit lane. I'll catch you later. See ya, Debs.

She glances to Billy and lets slip a cheeky smile. Billy grins and exits.

DEBS
What's recon?

DEGSEY
You thick? It's stalking, ain't it.

EXT. VILLAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

An old church stands watch over the gravestones beneath.

Billy crunches his way down the gravel path.

A groan (O.S.)

He stops and stares at a fresh mound of earth.

BILLY
(whispers)
Don't you fucking dare.

He quickly continues and comes across an open grave. A small wooden stake is stuck in the ground nearby. Billy squints in the bad light. It reads '*Henry Ellis*'.

BILLY
(whispers)
This must be it?

He looks round and takes note of a large tree nearby for later reference.

Another groan (O.S.)

Nervously, he quickly walks away.

A HOMELESS MAN, (40) shabby clothes and huge beard, staggers toward the open grave. He looks in and then at Billy.

HOMELESS MAN
Queer bugger.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

A smart new saloon car pulls into the driveway.

Jason exits but then ducks his head back inside the car.

JASON
I'll just see if he's in.

He shuts the car door and walks to the house. He rings the bell and tries the door. Surprised, it swings open and he enters.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

The floor is strewn in various trainers and the stairs are littered with clothes.

JASON
Bloody pig sty.

He sticks his head in the living room door.

LIVING ROOM

He enters and his posture slouches with disappointment as the room's a tip.

He takes a step and stands on a dvd case, its title reads '*Crickey, the Dead are Alive.*'

He takes out his mobile and dials. A crisp packet on the floor lights up, as Billy's phone is inside.

JASON
Billy!

He storms out.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jason exits and slams the door behind him.

Kylie opens the passenger car door and steps out.

KYLIE
What is it, what's happened?

JASON
He happened!

INT. JASON'S CAR - DAY

Kylie closes her door as Jason jumps in and slams his.

He fires the engine and crunches it into reverse gear.

KYLIE
Jason, what's happen?

JASON
I'll tell you what's going to happen, I'm going to string the little shit up. The house is a frigging dump.

The car squeals backwards off the driveway.

KYLIE
Calm down. It's his house, he can live how he wants.

Jason slams on the brakes.

JASON
Why do you always take his side?

KYLIE
He's lonely.

JASON
And who's fault's that. He
pissed off all his mates when he
was lording it up. The one thing
he's got left is the house and I
swear, if he fucks that up...

KYLIE
Jealousy is not attractive,
honey.

JASON
Who's jealous?

Kylie's attention is drawn beyond Jason as Billy walks past the car.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy walks up the driveway with a carrier bag in his hand.

JASON (O.S.)
Hey, Billy.

He stops and his posture drops at the sight of his brother.

Jason slowly pulls the car up the driveway. He and Kylie both exit.

JASON
How did you not see us?

BILLY
Huh?

JASON
Are you stoned, your eyes are all
red?

BILLY'S P.O.V. (BLACK & WHITE)

He blinks slowly and his eyes come to focus. Jason and Kylie stare back at him, their faces rotten and grotesque.

KYLIE
Are you alright, Billy?

He slowly blinks again.

BACK TO SCENE

Jason and Kylie are normal.

BILLY
I'm fine, just knackered, and
probably a bit pissed.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Billy sits head down on the table, with Kylie opposite.
Jason washes the dishes.

JASON
You need a dishwasher.

BILLY
(whispers)
I've got one.

Kylie smiles with amusement.

KYLIE
You need a woman.

Billy rolls his head to see Kylie.

BILLY
(whispers)
You offering?

She jokingly winks.

Billy sits up.

BILLY
I saw Degsey's sister a few days
ago.

KYLIE
You going to ask her out?

JASON
She a dope fiend as well?

KYLIE
Jason!

Billy looks to his brother with disapproval.

JASON
What?

Billy returns his gaze to Kylie.

BILLY
Not seen her in years.

KYLIE
Why don't you go over tonight, do
a bit of digging, lay a few
foundations, see if she likes
you?

Jason stops washing the dishes and waits for the excuse.

BILLY
I can't tonight, I've got a
different kind of digging to do.

Jason dries his hands as he walks over.

JASON
(skeptical)
Night shift?

Billy averts his guilty eyes.

BILLY
Sort of.

EXT. VILLAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

A spade and a torch occupy the wheel barrow that Billy pushes along the path. He mumbles angrily and continually wipes the dog mess from sole of his shoe.

He stops at the large tree and looks round, gathers his bearings and heads toward a freshly topped mound of earth.

Grabbing the torch, he squats beside the gravestone. Illuminated it reads *'Here lies Henry Ellis, born February 2nd 1952, died June 6th 2012. Beloved Husband and Father, he will be missed.'*

Billy grabs the spade and drives it in to the soil, he takes a final look round and shovels out the dirt.

LATER

Billy stands shoulders deep in the grave. He tosses another spade full of dirt out.

A groan (O.S.)

Billy freezes and listens intently. Nothing.

He digs again and the spade strikes a something solid.

BILLY
 (whispers)
 Bingo.

LATER STILL

The spade lies next to the open grave.

Grunting (O.S.)

Henry's head bobs out the grave and disappears again.

Another grunt (O.S.)

Henry's head and shoulders rise out. His suited corpse is pushed up and out of the grave.

Billy exits the hole, breathing heavy from the exertions.

A quick look round to make sure he is alone, then he grabs the corpse and heaves it into the barrow. With a struggle, Billy pushes the wheel barrow to the cemetery exits.

The Homeless Man watches him leave.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Darkness.

Billy pushes the barrow round the side of the house and is surprised as the security light flicks on.

A well kept lawn and large garden shed are illuminated.

BILLY
 Bollocks.

Henry's limbs hang over the sides of the barrow as Billy struggles to steer it toward the shed. He opens it and wheels the barrow inside.

After a moment, Billy exits and enters the house through the back door.

EXT. VILLAGE CEMETERY - DAY

VICAR MELVIN DREW, (50) grey hair and ginger beard, wears a black cassock. He whistles as he walks along the path.

He stops at the sight of the mound of earth beside the empty grave.

Slowly approaches the hole and peers in.

MELVIN
Bloody hell.

He spins and looks up at the church.

MELVIN
Sorry.

BEHIND A GRAVESTONE

The Homeless man watches as Melvin pulls a mobile phone from inside his cassock.

CEMETERY

Melvin holds the phone to his ear.

MELVIN
Police, please.

He shakes his head in disbelief at the situation.

MELVIN
Hello, this is Vicar Melvin Drew
and I'd like to report a theft
please.

Another quick look into the grave.

MELVIN
From the cemetery. A body. Yes,
body snatched.

A final glance into the hole.

MELVIN
They took the coffin too.

BEHIND A GRAVESTONE - CONTINUOUS

The Homeless man retreats the scene. He zigzags between the graves and comes to a large bush at the edge of the cemetery.

He lifts up the foliage and reveals the coffin. He lifts the lid and clambers in.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Billy sits asleep in the chair. On his lap balances a plate with left over pizza and the bag of purple weed.

Empty beer cans are scattered across the carpet.

The television is on but the sound is too low to be audible.

TELEVISION

A REPORTER stands in the cemetery and points toward a large white tent. Text runs across the bottom of the screen, it reads '*Body snatchers strike village again.*'

LIVING ROOM

Billy stirs and the plate falls to the floor. He jolts awake and stretches out a loud yawn.

BILLY
Christ all mighty, I feel like
death.

He rolls from the chair, on to his hands and knees and scuttles across the floor.

KITCHEN

Rubbing his head, Billy enters and fills a glass with water. Before drinking, he hangs his head over the sink and groans.

He sips the water and walks to leave. He catches sight of a note on the table and reads. His eyes grow wider with ever word read.

CLOSE UP ON NOTE:

Dig up body. (need spade)
Hide in shed. (make room)
Plant seed of curse. (newspaper)
Scare family. (dress up)
Offer to find dead body. (detective)
Return body. (ta-da)
Collect money. (ca-ching)

BACK TO SCENE

Billy's eyes glaze as he remembers the previous nights events.

BILLY
Hide in shed.

He spins toward to back door.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

His hand on the door handle, Billy slowly twists and opens the shed door. He hesitates and finally peers inside.

BILLY
Holly shit!

Jumping backward in terror his footing slips and he collapse in a heap.

HENRY (O.S.)
Thank god, I thought I was dead.

A very grey and dead looking Henry staggers out.

HENRY
Thought I was in some giant coffin.

Standing over Billy, he chuckles.

BILLY
You're...you're...shitting hell what have I done.

HENRY
Locked me in the shed, that's what you've done.

Henry looks at the house.

HENRY
Where am I then? I got to be honest, I don't recall coming here at all.

He looks down at Billy, who tries to compose himself.

HENRY
I've got a feeling I've fallen off the wagon?

BILLY
Yes, the wagon, and definitely not the wheel barrow.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Henry sits in the chair. Billy stands behind him, clearly still shaken, he chews his finger nails.

HENRY
Nice place this. Is it private?

BILLY
Sorry?

Henry turns on the TV with the remote.

HENRY

Seems they actually shipped me out to a decent place, eh. I knew they would, just needed pushing to the brink.

BILLY

Yeah you watch as much TV as you want. I'll be back to check on you later.

He backs out the door.

HENRY

Think I'm going to like it here.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Rasheed stands behind the counter and looks in to the security mirror. It reflects Billy, who wears a hooded top, walking toward him.

RASHEED

Cigarettes?

Billy shakes his head, his face pale.

BILLY

Not today.

Rasheed seems surprised.

RASHEED

Trying to quit?

BILLY

No. I need some paper and an envelope please, Rasher. And a pen too.

Rasheed grabs the items from below the counter.

RASHEED

Five pound eighty.

BILLY

How much!

He bangs down a handful of coins on the counter and exits.

EXT. VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

Billy walks along the footpath with a rolled cigarette hanging from his lips.

He stops and looks across the road to a house surrounded by reporters. Tony and Sally stand on the front step and gesticulate toward them before slamming the door.

Billy looks at Tony and pulls up his hood. He scribbles something on a sheet of paper, tucks into an envelope and crosses the road.

Barging through the crowd, Billy quickly slips the envelope through the letter box and quickly leaves the scene.

EXT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

The wilderness has been tamed. A few large bags of rubbish are all that taints the now well maintained garden.

Agatha and Billy exit the house.

AGATHA

You've made a grand job.

BILLY

Thanks.

AGATHA

Frank would be very pleased.

Billy looks over to the oil drum, which now stands on the patio, and lets out a nervous laugh.

Agatha grins back with a twinkle in her eyes.

AGATHA

I wanted to ask you if you'd mind shifting the rubbish for me, the council say they won't take it.

Billy's mind is clearly elsewhere.

BILLY

Yeah no problem, but I wanted to ask you about that story you told me the other day.

Agatha looks back with a vague expression.

AGATHA

Story? Remind me, love, the old memories not what it was.

BILLY

About your dad and the witches curse.

She shakes her head.

AGATHA
Oh, that nonsense.

BILLY
Nonsense?

AGATHA
Oh yes, love. It's a load of
codswallop, the curse I mean, not
my father. He really was a
lying, thieving so-and-so.

Billy rummages in his pocket and removes a pen and paper.

BILLY
Yeah, but if you could you just
tell me the story again though,
it was very interesting.

Agatha nods.

AGATHA
I'll put the kettle on first.

BILLY
Okay just a quick one, and go
easy on the gin, I've already got
dicky guts.

INT. LOCAL ECHO NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

The small premises are crowded with JOURNALISTS. They
fight for desk space.

Hood up, Billy tentatively enters with a six pack of beer
under his arm.

He walks to the nearest desk and offers a piece of paper to
CHLOE BEVEL(25). Glasses and suit, she looks the model
professional.

CHLOE
What's this?

BILLY
(gravelled voice)
To do with the missing body.

He hands over the paper and hurriedly exits.

Intrigued, she slowly opens the note.

CHLOE
The curse of the Roseberry Witch.

She looks to the exit, then over to a male COLLEAGUE.

CHLOE

Hey, I might have an interesting
spin on the body snatcher story?

He pays her no attention.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy enters to find Henry asleep in the chair. The TV
still on.

He creeps over and hesitates. He gently kicks Henry's
foot.

BILLY

Wake up.

He quickly backs away as Henry stirs.

HENRY

Is it time for bed?

BILLY

Erm, no, I'm collecting washing.

Henry rubs his eyes and looks up to Billy. A small piece
of flesh now hangs off his forehead. Billy can't help but
stare at it.

HENRY

Washing? I'm not sure where my
case is, is it in my room? I'm
not sure where my room is
actually?

He chuckles.

BILLY

I'll take you up and you can give
me the suit to wash.

Henry nods, sending the hanging flesh catapulting across
the room.

JASON'S OLD BEDROOM

Henry stands in only a pair of white briefs and vest. His
skin is badly bruised in places and flaking in others.

Billy stands by the door, Henry's suit over his arm. He
stares intently at the ceiling.

BILLY

There's some pajamas in the draw,
and I'll see if I can get you
some lotion.

HENRY

You are going to get a nurse to
rub it on though, right?

Billy nods and exits, pulling the door closed after him.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Spotlessly tidy.

Kylie sits at a table and eats spaghetti. Opposite, Jason
twirls his fork, wrapping his food around it. His mind
clearly elsewhere.

KYLIE

What is it?

He stops twirling.

JASON

Sorry?

KYLIE

Clearly there's something on your
mind. You've been toying with
your food for five minutes
without eating anything.

JASON

It's Billy, as always. I know I
should leave him be but he's my
kid brother and...

KYLIE

You're worried about him?

JASON

Christ no, I'm worried about the
house.

He lets out an unconvincing fake laugh to which Kylie isn't
amused.

JASON

Yeah alright, I'm worried about
him.

KYLIE

Give him a chance. He's been
working and fingers crossed, he
might get himself a girlfriend.

Jason gives a skeptical head shake.

JASON
I'm not convinced with this work
thing and getting a girlfriend...

KYLIE
You're not optimistic

He shrugs.

KYLIE
He's not a monster you know.

JASON
I know, but he's not a great
catch is he?

KYLIE
I don't know, he's got his own
house.

Her wry smile draws a scowl response from Jason.

JASON
For how long?

He spins his fork and shovels in a mouthful of spaghetti.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Light from the kitchen window illuminates a tidy back lawn.
A six foot fence offers privacy at the foot of the long
narrow space.

BILLY (O.S.)
God damn it.

Billy grunts and sighs as he heaves himself over the fence
and drops into the garden. He wears Henry's suit but it
fits him badly.

He takes a step and security light flashes on and causes
him to shield his eyes from the bright halogen rays.

BILLY
Oh for fu...

The back door opens.

TONY (O.S.)
Bloody cat!

Billy panics and jumps into the nearby foliage.

Wearing his dressing gown and slippers, Tony wanders on to the lawn and looks for suspects while he lights up a cigarette.

TONY
I'm going to string the bloody
thing up.

SALLY (O.S.)
Is it next doors cat?

Tony takes a step and stops. His shoulders drop and he lifts up his foot and looks at the bottom of his slipper.

TONY
(mumbles)
Fucking thing.

He wipes the slippers sole across the grass.

TONY
Yes! And it's shit on the grass
again.

He heads back toward the house unaware that behind him, Billy steps from the bushes.

BILLY
(deep voice)
It was your fault.

He sways and moans for effect.

Tony slowly turns to face Billy.

BILLY
(deep voice)
It was your fault, son.

TONY
Sorry?

BILLY
(deep voice)
Your fault I got hit by that bus.

Tony glares at the figure in his fathers clothes. An eerie silence lingers.

TONY
Who the fuck are you?

BILLY
It is me...

His memory searches for a name.

BILLY

...Henry, your father.

Tony sighs and shakes his head in disbelief.

TONY

Get fucked you sick bastard.

He makes a move for Billy, who turns to make his escape but slips in the cat excrement.

TONY

You think this is funny? I'm going to kick your arse, you worthless piece of scum.

Billy scrambles to his feet and dashes over the fence.

TONY

Come back here and I'll do you one, do you hear me?

He turns with a face like thunder to see Sally, who stands at the kitchen door with arms folded.

SALLY

Did you stand in shit again?

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy, in only his underpants, slurps from a can of beer while watching a cookery programme.

His attention is drawn to the bag of purple weed on the fire place. He swigs from the bottle and looks back the programme, trying to quash his temptation.

BILLY

Fuck it, I think I've earned a puff.

He grabs the bag of weed and starts to roll a cigarette.

Behind him the door slowly opens and Henry wanders in wearing a bright yellow onesie.

HENRY

Drinking on duty?

Billy jumps out of skin.

BILLY

Jesus, don't sneak up like that, you nearly gave me a heart...

Billy catches sight of Henry's outfit.

BILLY

What on earth are you wearing?

Henry sits on the sofa.

HENRY

It's a nice fit but lets hope I
don't need the toilet in a hurry.
Any going spare?

As he points to the beer, unbeknown to him, his finger nail
falls off.

INT. DEGSEY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Degsey sits and watches an old black and white movie.

The clunk of a closed door. (O.S.)

DEBS (O.S.)

I got milk and bread.

Frustrated with the interruption, Degsey pauses the movie.

DEGSEY

Did ya get me smokes?

DEBS (O.S.)

Yes.

Satisfied he nods.

DEGSEY

The parents called for ya, ain't
they.

Debs slowly enters.

DEBS

They came here, what did they
say?

DEGSEY

You think I'd let them in my
crib? They were on the blower
weren't they, asking if you is
going back?

DEBS

What did you say?

DEGSEY

Said you'd be back for tea didn't
I. Been crying and shit.

Debs walks in front of the television, obstructing his view.

DEBS
You said what?

DEGSEY
Tone that attitude, bitch, your time here is up, ain't it. Shit's all packed and everything.

DEBS
You're a prick, Bryan.

DEGSEY
Aye.

She storms out allowing Degsey to continue watching the movie.

DEBS (O.S.)
Guess I'll just tell them you're dealing then.

He looks round with apprehension.

DEGSEY
Best not or...

DEBS (O.S.)
Or what?

The front door slams (O.S.)

DEGSEY
Or I say you is a lesbo, won't I.

He turns back to the television with a smile.

DEGSEY
Bitch argues good.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Henry watch an old black and white movie. Billy puffs on a joint while Henry enjoys a beer.

HENRY
I'm sick of telling my son that the fags will...kill...him.

Something triggers in his memory and his mind wanders.

The doorbell rings and with a muffled moan, Billy heads for the door. He recoils in pain and pulls the finger nail from the bottom of his foot.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

Billy trudges, with a slight limp, toward the door while scratching at his underpants. He yawns and stretches before resting against the door.

BILLY
Hello, who's there?

DEBS (O.S.)
Billy, is that you?

BILLY
Who is it?

DEBS (O.S.)
It's Debs, Bryan's sister.

Billy flings the door open with such gusto he almost loses his balance.

BILLY
Hi, Debs, what brings you round here?

Her eyes slowly track down Billy's naked torso and stop at his pants.

DEBS
Thought I might just pop round and talk about old times.

His smile drops to a skeptical frown.

BILLY
Would that be the old time you now regret?

She shrugs.

DEBS
Who says I regret it.

Billy steps aside as a the smile returns.

BILLY
Well come in then, make yourself at home.

She glances down at his attire and enters.

DEBS
I hope that doesn't mean getting stoned and stripping down to my underwear?

Billy looks down at his pale, out of shape body.

BILLY
(mutters)
Bollocks.

He sucks in his gut and broadens his shoulders to momentarily improve his physique.

DEBS
I don't think that's going to
work?

He drops his posture with a disappointed look.

BILLY
I'll just put some keks on.

He staggers up the stairs as Debs heads for the living room door.

BILLY
Wait!

She pauses with her hand on the doorknob.

BILLY
Go through to the kitchen, it's a
right state in there.

KITCHEN

Dirty pots are stacked high in the sink again.

Debs fills the kettle and searches for some clean cups. She eventually finds two in the back of a cupboard.

Billy enters wearing shorts and a T-shirt.

DEBS
Kettle's on.

BILLY
Cool.

DEBS
You managed to get some puff
then?

He's surprised.

BILLY
Sorry?

She opens the fridge and takes out a carton of milk.

DEBS
Your eyes are all red.

Billy gives them a rub.

BILLY
Er, no, I've just watching too
much tele.

Debs sniffs the cartons contents.

DEBS
Really?

She looks deep in to his eyes for the truth as Billy tries to avert his.

BILLY
Well I might have smoked one
earlier.

She pours milk into the cups.

DEBS
Look, Billy, don't be a dickhead
like my brother, it doesn't suit
you.

BILLY
What does suit me?

She smiles at his retort.

BILLY
I'm guessing you don't really
want to talk about old times do
you?

DEBS
I need a place to crash.

The kettle clicks and she fills the cups. Behind her, Billy's face lights up with quiet excitement.

BILLY
Right, yeah, no problem, I've got
plenty of room. You can sleep in
my brothers old room if you want
or...

He tries to hides his joy as she hands him his tea.

DEBS
Or what?

A sudden change in his demeanor.

BILLY

Hang on, is this some sort of game?

DEBS

What do you mean, Billy?

BILLY

I've not seen you in years, then when I do you treat me like a turd, and now you come here, insult me, then ask to stay over and now you're coming on to me...aren't you?

DEBS

Am I? I believe you came on to me last time? I was sixteen and you took advantage of me, Billy.

A look of panic and guilt shoots across his face.

BILLY

I never did, you were flirting as much as me. You said I was good looking, and you gave me a hickey.

He rubs his neck for effect.

DEBS

Calm down, I'm just yanking your chain. And I remember you got another hickey somewhere else too.

A playful wink from Debs and Billy rubs his crotch with an embarrassed chuckle.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Untidy and cluttered.

Billy enters in his underpants. He stares into a mirror above the sink and grabs a toothbrush, adds a little paste and begins to brush.

His attention is drawn to his feet. He reaches down and with a disgusted look, pulls a used condom from between his toes. He flicks it into the toilet and continues to brush.

JASON'S ROOM

The door slowly opens and Billy's head peers into the empty room. He flings the door right open and enters with a panicked look.

KITCHEN

Debs waits for the kettle to boil and reads over a letter. She wears a pair of boys pajamas.

Billy quickly enters.

BILLY
What you reading?

The kettle clicks off.

DEBS
Says you owe a hundred quid on
your electric.

BILLY
I'm not surprised, how many times
have you boiled the kettle since
you arrived?

His chuckle is met with a disapproving glare. Suddenly, Billy looks back down the hall.

BILLY
You haven't been in the living
room have you?

DEBS
Don't panic, I've no intention of
venturing in there. If this is
not a 'state' then quite frankly
I dread to think what nightmares
are hiding behind that door. You
want a tea?

A nervous laugh escapes Billy.

BILLY
Go on then.

DEBS
Best get some milk then hadn't
you.

Billy sighs.

BILLY
Right. Won't be long then.

He turns to leave.

DEBS

Billy.

He turns back and waits for the next insult.

DEBS

Thanks for letting me stay last night.

His face lightens.

BILLY

No probs, stay as long as you like.

DEBS

Thanks.

BILLY

You can wash up if you want?

He exits.

LIVING ROOM

The television is on, the volume low.

Billy enters to find Henry asleep on the sofa.

BILLY

Bloody hell, more electric.

He turns off the television.

HENRY

I was watching that.

Henry sits up and Billy now gets a good look at his now rotting face. He tries to hold back the shock.

BILLY

Have you been there all night?

HENRY

I heard screaming upstairs so thought it best to stay here.

BILLY

Sorry about that.

HENRY

I need to talk with you, Billy. Something hit me last, actually I think something hit last week?

He looks round at the surroundings.

HENRY

And I'm not sure this is a care home?

Billy looks nervous.

HENRY

First off, you seem to be the only staff, secondly I seem to be the only resident and thirdly, what the hell is wrong with me?

BILLY

Are you not feeling okay? Maybe it was the beer?

HENRY

I've had plenty of beer in my life but never has it caused my finger nails to fall off.

He holds up his nail less hands. The finger ends now all weeping with puss causing Billy to recoil.

BILLY

Shit. Erm, right, yeah I think I fucked up and I'm now way out of my depth. Give me a few hours and I'll explain everything.

Henry doesn't look convinced.

HENRY

Have you kidnapped me?

BILLY

Christ no!

HENRY

Just as well as the daughter-in-law would give you bugger all ransom for me.

BILLY

A few hours?

HENRY

Put the TV back on then.

HALL

Billy closes the door and stares at the handle.

DEBS (O.S.)
You going for that milk?

He looks toward the kitchen.

BILLY
Er...yeah, I'll just put some
clothes on.

INT. DEGSEY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Degsey watches the television.

The phone rings and he jumps up to answers it.

DEGSEY
Tis the Degsey speaking.

His shoulders slump and he drops back on to the sofa.

DEGSEY
How many times, ain't nothing
wrong with the weed, bro.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Billy walks with his mobile phone to his ear.

BILLY
I'm telling you, mate, you better
hope it's the weed cos I'm seeing
some bad shit.

He stops at a road crossing.

BILLY
Then you best get over to mine
cos I've got a major problem. No
I can't say now.

He checks for traffic before crossing the road.

BILLY
What do you mean you can't?

INT. DEGSEY'S FLAT - DAY

Degsey talks on the phone but his concentration remains on the television.

DEGSEY
You is knowing I can only stray
from the pad on Wednesday's.
(MORE)

DEGSEY (cont'd)
 I is got a business and shit,
 can't drop the shutters on
 punters.

He flicks the channel to a cookery show.

DEGSEY
 What is you mean, you'll ask
 Deb's then? The bitch wont help
 you, is you for real?

He points the remote at the television.

DEGSEY
 Favour, what favour she owe you?

Now interested, he mutes the volume.

DEGSEY
 She stayed at yours. Thought the
 bitch would head back to the
 mother ship?

EXT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Rasheed stares at the security mirror. It reflects Billy,
 who holds a carton of milk as he talks on his mobile phone.
 He approaches the counter.

BILLY
 No, she climbed aboard
 my...vessel.

Billy plonks down the milk and scatters a handful of change
 across the counter.

BILLY
 Calm down, Degsey, she came on to
 me.

He quickly moves the phone away from his ear.

DEGSEY (O.S.)
 I is going crazy this end, man!

Billy looks at Rasheed and shrugs.

BILLY
 Morning. That should cover it.

He moves the phone back to his ear.

BILLY
 I'll see you at mine in ten then?
 Cool.

He ends the call and slowly moves the phone round under his nose. He sniffs and repels.

BILLY
Does that smell like cheese to
you?

He offers Rasheed a smell, who reluctantly sniffs.

RASHEED
Cheese and onion maybe?

Billy has a second sniff and nods.

BILLY
Yeah, you're right, it's cheese
and onion. See you later,
Rasher.

He stuffs the phone in his pocket, grabs the milk and exits.

Rasheed waits for the door to close and shakes his head.

Almost immediately the door flings open again and Billy storms back inside.

Rasheed takes a step back, unsure of his intentions.

Billy grabs a newspaper from a bundle beside the counter. He reads the headline; *The Curse of the Roseberry Witch; fact or fiction?*

BILLY
Shit, I'd forgotten about that.

He flashes a nervous smile at Rasheed and quickly exits again.

Rasheed peers over the counter to view the newspapers.

RASHEED
Strange boy.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Billy enters and cautiously passes the room door.

KITCHEN

He puts the milk down and looks to the ceiling.

BILLY
Debs, I'm back with the milk.

He listens for a response.

BILLY
Debs, you didn't go in the living
room did you?

The doorbell rings.

BILLY
Jeez, that was quick.

He turns and is startled to see Debs in the doorway.

DEBS
Shall I get it?

BILLY
Er, if you want, it's your
brother anyway.

DEBS
Why's he here? I'm not
apologising to that idiot.

Billy shakes his head 'no'.

BILLY
He's here to see me.

DEBS
Really, you got him to leave the
flat?

The doorbell rings again.

DEBS
And it's not even a Wednesday.
Impressive.

She exits.

Billy pours three cups of tea.

JASON (O.S.)
Morning, bro.

Billy's shoulders sink.

BILLY
What do you want?

Jason and Debs enter.

JASON
Charming. Anyway, just thought
I'd pop in as I was passing.

BILLY
I'm actually really busy.

Jason sits at the table.

JASON
I'll have a tea if you're making one.

He looks to Debs and grins.

JASON
You must be Debs then?

She looks a little surprised.

DEBS
Yes, how did....

JASON
He's mentioned you. I'm Jason, Billy's...

DEBS
I know, he's mentioned you.

JASON
All good I hope?

DEBS
Well...

The doorbell rings.

All eyes turn in its direction.

JASON
More visitors?

DEBS
My brother, apparently.

She exits.

JASON
Anyway, I thought I'd pop in as I wanted to ask how the job was going?

BILLY
Oh, I've finished it so it's going well. Bye then.

JASON
Then you need to get another job. How about doing some more gardening?

Billy shrugs.

BILLY
No offence kidda but I've a few
more pressing issues on my mind
at the moment.

Jason grabs a bill from the table.

JASON
More pressing than this!?

Degsey and Debs enter.

DEGSEY
What is this shit that you is
dragging me over to this hood
for?

Jason slams down the bill.

JASON
Oh Jesus Christ, not this prat
again. You need to stop wasting
your time with this loser, Billy.

BILLY
Now hang on.

DEGSEY
Who is this loser?

Jason shakes his head.

BILLY
Degsey, you're the loser.

DEGSEY
I ain't taking this, bro.

Debs walks past Billy and takes a cup. The three men are oblivious to her as they argue.

JASON
Billy, stop pissing about and
grow up or you're going to lose
our house.

Debs walks back and stands in the doorway.

BILLY
Our house!

DEGSEY
You said this was your crib, man.
Is you been laying down some
little whites?

BILLY

It is mine.

Jason gestures to Degsey.

JASON

What the fuck are you talking about? You're not from the ghetto you know.

DEGSEY

Ghetto, ha! You is so old school.

KITCHEN DOORWAY

Debs takes a sip of her tea and watches the three argue.

HENRY (O.S.)

What's all the hullabaloo?

She jumps with shock and surprise. The others are unaware as Debs turns to face Henry.

DEBS

Oh, you startled...

She drops her cup at the sight of Henry, his eyes sunken and his grey flesh now starting to decompose.

DEBS

Holly hell!

She crashes backwards into Degsey.

DEBS

Billy! What's going on?

Billy looks on with fear, the cat now out of the bag. Jason bolts out of his seat in shock while Degsey composes himself, then turns to see Henry and wails in terror.

DEGSEY

What the fuck!

Henry looks shocked as everyone now stares at him.

HENRY

Is it the pajamas?

BILLY

This is my present issue, kidda, and why I wanted you round, Degsey. Everyone, this is Henry. He's recently...deceased.

They all stare open mouthed.

HENRY
I'm sorry, what?

EXT. VILLAGE CEMETERY - DAY

Chloe stands behind the police tape that cordons off the open grave. She peers in, then around the cemetery and spots the Homeless guy, who watches her from behind a gravestone.

CHLOE
Excuse me?

The Homeless guy ducks out of sight.

MELVIN (O.S.)
I wouldn't waste your breath, he won't help you.

Chloe looks round to see Melvin approach.

MELVIN
Police?

CHLOE
Journalist.

He nods.

MELVIN
We've already had a few, thought the story would be getting old by now?

Chloe offers her hand.

CHLOE
Chloe Stevens, Roseberry Echo.

They shake.

MELVIN
Melvin Drew, pleased to meet you. So how can I help you?

CHLOE
I wanted to ask you what you knew about the Roseberry witch?

He raises an eyebrow.

MELVIN

The Roseberry witch, I haven't heard that mentioned for a long time.

CHLOE

So you have heard the story?

MELVIN

Oh yes, my dear, but that's all it is, a story. I don't believe there's any truth in it.

Chloe nods.

CHLOE

You don't believe but maybe others do?

MELVIN

Maybe. Is that what you think happened here, someone took the body believing it would return to life?

CHLOE

I don't know, I just thought maybe you could shed some more light on the story. There's not too much about it in the archives, just a few references to the curse.

Melvin looks round the empty cemetery and leans in.

MELVIN

(whispers)

You should pay a visit to Mrs. Hare down on Richmond Avenue.

CHLOE

Mrs. Hare?

MELVIN

By coincidence, she's got crazy hair, something to do with the static.

He puts hands beside his head for effect.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Henry sits at the table.

Billy, Jason, Degsey and Debs stand a few feet away, huddled together. All clearly shaken by the recent events.

JASON
What do you mean, he's deceased?

BILLY
It's pretty self explanatory.

JASON
Don't get smart with me, and why
is he wearing my onesie?

Degsey's grabs Billy by the arm.

DEGSEY
You is not blaming this on my
merchandise is you?

JASON
What merchandise?

BILLY
I'd fucking like to.

Degsey nods.

DEGSEY
Tis cool then. Thought you was
saying it was my junk that topped
the old timer.

All eyes stare at Degsey.

DEGSEY
Continue.

Billy shakes his head in bewilderment.

BILLY
Well, I don't know what to do
with him?

He looks round to Henry.

DEBS
How did he get here?

BILLY
Erm...well I had this idea.

Jason buries his head in his hands.

JASON
Oh Jesus, the body snatcher.

Billy slowly nods.

Billy! DEBS DEBES
You is crazy, bro.

BILLY

There was more to plan than just digging him up.

JASON

Which was what, how to stay out of jail?

Billy shakes his head.

BILLY

I was going to make some serious money from being a dead detective.

He grimaces, immediately regretting saying that.

JASON

(sarcastically)

Oh well that's alright then.

BILLY

I know it sounds crazy but it seemed like a dead good idea, and it was kind of a job.

Debs shakes her head in disgust.

DEBS

Digging up bodies isn't a job.

BILLY

Look things have just got a little out of hand.

JASON

A little out of hand!

BILLY

It was that old dear who planted the seed. Some story about a witches curse.

Debs sighs and exits, giving Henry a wide berth.

BILLY

Debs wait.

DEGSEY

Doors to the Degsey Inn are still closed for you, bitch, ain't they.

DEBS (O.S.)

Piss off, Bryan.

DEGSEY
Attitude on that.

BILLY
Shit.

He takes a step but is stopped by Jason.

JASON
Where you going?

BILLY
Where do you think?

JASON
You've got a corpse sat at the
kitchen table and you're going
after the girl?

Billy looks over at Henry, who drools down the onesie.

BILLY
Do you want to watch some TV?

JASON
Billy! Sort this out, now. I'm
sure Bryan here can stay and mind
the baby.

DEGSEY
Baby?

Billy sighs.

BILLY
Fine. Fuck knows what I'm going
to say to his son this time?

He exits.

JASON
This time?

Jason hurries after him.

JASON (O.S.)
What do you mean, this time?

Degsey looks at Henry.

HENRY
I'm confused, am I really dead
then?

DEGSEY

You is confused! I'm talking to a dead guy and I is not even been on the doobies.

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chloe sits with a notebook open on her lap and taps a pen against her teeth.

Agatha enters with a tray of tea. Her hair is fuzzy from the static.

AGATHA

Right love, what's this all about?

She sits and hands a cup to Chloe.

CHLOE

Thank you. I was wondering if you could tell me about the Roseberry witch?

Agatha takes a sip from her cup and savers the flavour.

AGATHA

Oh, lovely cuppa that. The Roseberry witch you say, and what makes you think I would know anything about that?

CHLOE

Well, I heard a whisper from someone that you were the person to ask.

AGATHA

Vicar Drew been shooting his mouth off again has he? Can't keep that trap of his shut.

Chloe fidgets uneasily in her seat.

CHLOE

If this isn't a good time I can always come back?

AGATHA

No you're alright, love, I've bugged all else to do today. Drink your tea before it goes cold.

Chloe smiles.

CHLOE
Great, anything you could tell me
would be of help.

AGATHA
Why the interest anyway?

CHLOE
Just a lead I'm following up.

AGATHA
The body snatcher thing I'm
guessing?

Chloe nods and takes a slurp of tea but exhales sharply as
the alcohol burns into her throat.

CHLOE
Jesus!

Agatha chuckles.

AGATHA
Keep you warm inside, love.

Chloe nods in agreement.

A bang from another room catches Chloe's attention. She
looks round to the door.

CHLOE
What was that?

Agatha ignores her.

AGATHA
So my dear, my father was a bit
of a waste of skin, like a few
other people I know. Anyway he
came home one night...

EXT. STREET - TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy stands before the front door and composes himself
before he knocks.

JASON (O.S.)
This is a bad idea.

Billy looks round to Jason, who stands by the gate.

BILLY
It's not the worst I've had this
week.

JASON

I'm just saying, telling him you dug up his dad and he's come back to life and sat in our kitchen is probably not the best thing to do?

BILLY

Our kitchen? I think you mean...

The door is opened by Sally.

SALLY

Yes?

Billy spins.

BILLY

Hi, erm...I was wondering if your husband was in?

SALLY

And who's asking?

Billy looks round at his brother for guidance, then back to Sally.

BILLY

Me, sorry I don't get the question?

Sally shakes her head with annoyance.

SALLY

Who are you and why do you want to speak to my husband cos if you're one of the paper people you can just piss off now?

BILLY

No, no, I know his dad and wanted a quick word.

She looks back into the house and pulls the door almost closed.

SALLY

If you knew him well, you'd know he passed away.

Billy slowly nods.

BILLY

Yeah, sorry, I know he's dead but I've got a message from him.

Sally enters and slams the door in Billy's face.

JASON
Well done, Derek Acorah.

Billy fumes.

BILLY
Piss off, Donovan!

JASON
Don't start with that again, it's
not even funny.

Billy knocks on the door again.

BILLY
Well I find it funny.

JASON
You would.

Billy turns to face his brother.

BILLY
What's that suppose to mean?

Oblivious as the door opens, he knocks again, this time on
Tony's chest. He freezes and slowly turns.

BILLY
Shit, sorry, I didn't realise
you'd...

Tony looks him up and down.

TONY
Have we met?

BILLY
(nervously)
Maybe?

Tony tries to place the face.

TONY
You were there, the day it
happened?

BILLY
Yes.

TONY
What do you want?

Billy glances round to his brother, who shakes his head
with a final warning. He ignores him and turns back.

BILLY
 I know this is going to sound mad
 but, I've got something to tell
 you about your dad.

Tony looks unimpressed.

BILLY
 I might have dug...

JASON (O.S.)
 Billy?

BILLY
 ...I know what happened to him.

EXT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Agatha shows Chloe out.

CHLOE
 Thanks again, you sure knew quite
 a bit about it all.

AGATHA
 My pleasure, dear.

Chloe, clearly a little drunk, walks down the path and
 exits the gate. Agatha turns and looks back in the house.

AGATHA
 Shall I put the kettle on, love?

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Degsey sits on the sofa with a cigarette between his lips.
 Beside him, Henry still looks in shock and pays no
 attention to the movie on the TV.

DEGSEY
 You is sure you ain't wanting
 some puff, Grandad?

HENRY
 I'm sure.

DEGSEY
 You is missing out. You won't
 care that you is confused after a
 toke on this. I is talking to
 you now and I ain't giving a
 flayin'.

Degsey grabs the bag of purple weed from the floor.

HENRY
I thought being dead would be
more relaxing?

Ignoring him, he starts to roll another joint.

DEGSEY
Knew this was good shit, didn't
I.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Spotlessly clean and tidy.

Tony sits beside Sally with Billy opposite. A silence
lingers for too long.

BILLY
Erm, any chance of a cuppa?

TONY
No, get on with what you've got
to say.

Billy looks awkward.

BILLY
Okay, well it's about your dad.

TONY
Yes, you said that already.

SALLY
What do you know about Henry?

TONY
I'm asking the questions.

SALLY
Don't get like that with me.

She stands and storms off toward the kettle. Billy is
distracted as he watches her fill it.

TONY
Look, I'm losing patience.

He takes out a pack of cigarettes and pops one in his
mouth.

SALLY
Outside with that.

With a grimace of anger, he slowly removes the cigarette.
He prompts Billy with a raise of the eyebrows.

BILLY

Right, sorry. Well, er...I don't suppose you've seen today's paper have you?

Tony raises his bottom and slides a copy of the local paper from the seat.

TONY

This witch shit, yes I've seen it. Are you the reporter that wrote this bollocks?

BILLY

God no, but...I might have mentioned it to her. And I may have posted you a letter.

Anger swells in Tony's face as he throws the paper down on the table.

SALLY

Milk and sugar?

Billy looks over as Sally waves a cup at him.

BILLY

Just milk, thanks.

TONY

You sent the letter about finding dead people? And you made up the witch story, why? Have you got something to do with the grave robbing too?

Tony leans forward awaiting an answer. Even Sally's attention is drawn.

BILLY

Sort of.

SALLY

What does that mean?

Tony flashes an annoyed stare at his wife to keep quiet, and then returns his gaze to Billy.

TONY

Well, what does it mean?

Sally quietly saunters over and puts down two mugs of tea.

Billy grits his teeth.

BILLY

It means...

Tony bangs his fist on the table and half empty's both cups over the nearby newspaper.

BILLY

It means I dug him up. But I regret it now and I'm really sorry.

TONY

You've got my dad's body, you sick bastard! Sally, pass me the phone.

BILLY

Wait don't call the cops I've got something else to say.

Sally holds the phone out for her husband.

BILLY

You were going to call the cops, right?

TONY

Well fucking yeah, who did you think I was going to call, the fucking Ghostbusters.

Billy chuckles but notices Tony is not amused. He coughs away his laughter as Sally puts down the phone.

BILLY

The thing is, this witch bollocks might not be all bollocks after all. I mean I thought it was but maybe it isn't.

Sally sits down with her tea and shows interest in the tale about to be spilled. Tony looks less so.

BILLY

You see, yes I dug up Henry, your dad...

TONY

I know his fucking name.

BILLY

Right, and I was going to try and use the witches curse to try and get...well, I pretended to be your dad to try and scare you, so you would...

TONY

So it was you in the garden too? You little shitbag.

BILLY

Yeah, sorry. Did you get your slippers clean?

SALLY

I had to bin them.

TONY

I don't believe what I'm hearing. In my days of mourning you try and exploit me by digging up my dad's body and pretending to haunt me?

Billy nods.

BILLY

Sorry about that.

TONY

Get me the phone again.

BILLY

No wait, you see your dad's well, actually he's not that well but not all that dead. I mean he is dead, he looks like shit, but he's up and about, watching the tele and moaning and everything. He thought he was in a home at first.

Billy chuckles but is stopped with a glare from Tony, who looks completely baffled. He slowly takes a drink of tea and lets the story sink in.

BILLY

I think that was mine?

TONY

He's watching tele and moaning. Anymore shit waiting to come out of your mouth?

BILLY

He told me about...

TONY

What?

BILLY

Erm...

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Billy and Henry watch an old black and white movie. Billy puffs on a joint while Henry enjoys a beer.

HENRY

I'm sick of telling my son that
the fags will...kill...him.

Something triggers in his memory and his mind wanders.

The doorbell rings and with a muffled moan, Billy heads for the door. He recoils in pain and pulls the finger nail from the bottom of his foot.

END FLASHBACK**KITCHEN**

BILLY

He said he's always telling you
to pack in the fags cos they'll
kill you.

A memory triggers and Tony smiles.

TONY

He does always say that to me.

SALLY

Every day, he was like a broken
record.

TONY

Will you shut up about him.
Every day you nagged him about
something.

SALLY

So did you.

Billy takes a chance to drink his tea. He looks uneasy as the two argue.

EXT. STREET - TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jason sits on the wall, his back to the street, and talks on his mobile phone.

JASON

I don't know, he's been in there
for a while, so they might have
already strung him up?

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kylie sits at the table with her phone to her ear. The local paper is spread before her but she pays it little interest.

KYLIE
 Why would they string him up and
 why won't you tell me what he's
 done?

She doodles on the papers '*Roseberry Witch*' headline.

KYLIE
 It can't be that bad, it can't be
 worse than the Hoover incident?

EXT. STREET - TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Chloe strides up and stops behind Jason, who is oblivious to her presence. She looks up at the house.

JASON
 Oh, getting his dick stuck in the
 Hoover pales in comparison to
 this.

She taps Jason on the shoulder.

CHLOE
 Excuse me.

Jason damn nears falls off the wall with shock.

JASON
 Fuck me!

CHLOE
 I beg your pardon.

JASON
 Sorry, you scared the bejesus out
 of me.

He returns the phone to his ear.

JASON
 I'll call you back, babe.

He ends the call.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Degsey and Henry now share a large bowl of cheesy puff crisps. Both pairs of bloodshot eyes try to focus on the television that's barely visible through the smoke haze.

DEGSEY

I is just saying that being dead
is cold, man.

HENRY

I'm pretty warm in this thing
actually.

They both giggle like children.

DEGSEY

That is some funny shit, grandad.
You is off it, big time.

HENRY

Off what?

DEGSEY

You is awesome. Here, toke on
the doobie.

He offers a large joint to Henry, who accepts.

HENRY

Funny, I always berated my son
for smoking, said it would kill
him one day. Should have warned
him about getting hit by a bus.

They both burst out laughing.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tony and Sally stand face to face, only inches between them. Billy remains seated and nervously drinks his tea, keeping his focus on the table.

TONY

You always hated him!

SALLY

So did you!

TONY

Yes but he was my dad, I'm
allowed to!

SALLY

And I wasn't?

TONY

No. You could of hated your own dad but he was a fucking saint wasn't he, so you took it out on mine. He might have been a miserable old bastard but he was my dad and....and...I never even got to say sorry, did I!

Both take a breather and their anger dwindles.

SALLY

Sorry for what?

TONY

For being...ungrateful. For being...selfish. For being...

A knock at the door stops Tony.

BILLY

You still have a chance to say sorry, that's my point.

They both look down at Billy who offers a warm smile.

Another knock on the door.

SALLY

I'll get it.

She exits.

BILLY

I just thought maybe you would like to speak to him, one last time before...well, you know.

Sally enters with Chloe and Jason in tow.

SALLY

Shall I make more tea?

Tony looks at the guests. His calming face hardens again.

TONY

Who am I, the fucking Mad Hatter?

SALLY

Tony!

TONY

And you are?

Chloe steps forward.

CHLOE

Chloe Bevel, I'm from the
Roseberry Echo. I'm sorry for
your loss and I understand this
must be a difficult time for you
but I wondered if I might have a
word?

TONY

So you wrote this tosh?

He points to the tea soaked newspaper.

CHLOE

Sorry?

TONY

You want to know about the
disappearance of my dad's body,
talk to him.

He points a finger at Billy, who looks like a rabbit caught
in headlights.

BILLY

Er....

Tony now points to Jason.

TONY

And you are?

JASON

I'm with him.

He now points to Billy.

TONY

You drive?

Jason cautiously nods.

TONY

Good, you're going to give me a
lift.

Jason nods again, then stops.

JASON

Wait, what? Drive you where?

TONY

You're house, apparently there's
someone there I should meet.

Tony stands over Billy and wags his finger in his face.

TONY

If he is there, and this isn't all a load of bullshit, which I suspect it is, then maybe, just maybe, I won't call the police. Just maybe.

He pushes past Chloe and Jason, and exits.

Billy calls after him.

BILLY

It's my house, he doesn't live there.

Too late so he turns his attention to Sally.

BILLY

It's my house, I live alone.

SALLY

(sarcastically)
Well done.

JASON

So that went well, bro.

BILLY

Piss off, kidda.

Tony bursts back in and silences the room.

TONY

If he's deader than dead then I hear there's a good hole for you to hide in.

He exits with haste again. Jason follows.

Chloe casually takes out her notebook and points the pen at Billy.

CHLOE

Sorry, what was your name again?

Billy quickly stands.

BILLY

Wait up, kidda.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The television is now almost completely obscured by smoke. Henry and Degsey laugh along with a children's show.

Degsey takes a long drag on a large joint and hands it to Henry. Both have large orange stains around their mouths.

DEGSEY

This shit is golden, man, I is not knowing his problem with it.

The door opens and Billy, Tony, Jason and Chloe enter. All four occupants fan their hands to clear the air.

Degsey tries to focus on the intruders.

DEGSEY

What up, Billy boy? I is totally smoked.

He chuckles.

Tony steps forward and peers down at his father, astonished at what he sees.

TONY

Dad?

With a joint between his lips, Henry looks up with a wayward stare.

HENRY

Oh, hello, son. This isn't mine.

He removes the joint and offers it back to Degsey.

TONY

You're, you're...alive!?

Billy leans in to Tony and whispers something in his ear. Tony nods he understands.

TONY

You're not dead!?

HENRY

I've never felt more alive, son. You should smoke these fags and maybe you'd lighten up a bit?

Tony looks round for an explanation.

Billy circles his mouth with his finger.

BILLY

Cheesey munchie rush?

He looks to Degsey, who shrugs and bursts out laughing.

CHLOE

Are they stoned?

Billy shrugs, knowing fine well they are.

TONY

Are they?

JASON

Of course they are, look at them.

Billy fumes and grabs a hold of Degsey.

BILLY

Right, get your arse up, mate.

Degsey peels himself off the sofa and heads out the door.

BILLY

We'll leave you to talk with your dad.

Billy, Jason and Chloe exit.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Will someone please tell me what's going on?

The door closes and leaves just father and son.

HENRY

Look, son, about that card...

TONY

Forget the card, dad.

KITCHEN

Billy flicks the kettle on while Jason and Degsey sit at the table. Chloe stands in the doorway, tapping her foot impatiently.

CHLOE

Hello, what's going on? Is that old man suppose to be dead, but now he's not? Is he the one from the grave?

DEGSEY

Aye, bitch, you is clued up.

Chloe scowls at Degsey.

JASON

He means, yes, the old man is now somehow, not dead.

BILLY
He is dead though, that's the
problem.

JASON
Your problem.

Chloe senses a tone in Jason's response. She fishes for
more information.

CHLOE
So the curse is true?

BILLY
I guess. Tea?

Chloe nods 'yes' and takes a seat.

Billy looks to Degsey, who raises a thumb, and then to his
brother.

JASON
Go on then. It's what we do
best, isn't it. Drink tea in a
crisis.

Chloe jots down a few notes.

BILLY
Hey, er...what you going to
write? I mean, I'm in enough
shit here without you making up
more.

CHLOE
What do you mean?

DEGSEY
Necrophilia ain't it.

CHLOE
What!?

Billy panics and waves his arms in a fluster.

BILLY
No it's not! I just dug him up
for...

Chloe jots down a few words and then looks for Billy to
continue.

JASON
Money.

BILLY
No.

JASON

Yes.

Chloe looks to both for confirmation.

BILLY

Well sort of, but also for...

DEGSEY

Shits and giggles.

All attention turns to Degsey, who looks back with an over exaggerated grin.

BILLY

Yes, I did it for the money.

Tony enters, his eyes red and puffy from crying.

TONY

Thank you. I don't know how you did it but thank you for giving me the chance to say sorry to my dad.

BILLY

Erm...you're welcome.

Chloe scribbles in the note pad.

TONY

I think he should go back though, to where he should be?

Jason and Billy nod agreement.

CHLOE

How are you going to do that?

All attention is now on Billy.

BILLY

Er...

EXT. VILLAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Billy walks beside a now suited Henry.

BILLY

I'm really sorry about all this, Henry.

HENRY

It's okay, I suppose. You weren't to know what would happen.

BILLY
No, I had no idea.

He averts his guilty stare.

HENRY
I was no saint, believe me but at
least I got to see my boy again.
Bit of a shock being told you're
dead though.

Billy chuckles as they stop at the Police tape.

BILLY
This is you.

Henry ducks under the tape and looks into the hole.

HENRY
Seems I wasn't the only thing to
do a runner.

BILLY
What?

HENRY
My coffin's done one too.

BILLY
Shit, really?

Henry slowly climbs into the hole.

HENRY (O.S.)
No worry, I'm...sure they'll find
me...a new one.

BILLY
Do you feel any different, now
you're back here?

HENRY (O.S.)
Not really, just...tired. I'll
just wait...I'm suer they'll get
me...another bed.

Billy peers in the grave.

BILLY
Henry?

BEHIND A GRAVESTONE

The homeless man watches as Billy looks round and leaves.

LATER - DAY

Melvin and Chloe stand behind the Police tape. Uniformed OFFICERS buzz around the scene.

Henry remains prone beside the open grave, along with his coffin.

MELVIN

It's all very strange, my dear.

Chloe jots down notes in her pad.

CHLOE

Yes, body is taken then returned.
Not much information on the who
or the why though.

Melvin shakes his head.

MELVIN

Some sort of joke probably? Not
a very funny one though.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Spotlessly clean and tidy.

SUPER: 2 MONTHS LATER

Billy enters in bright workmen overalls. He snatches a set of car keys from the table and exits.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Rasheed reads a magazine, which he immediately drops as Billy enters. To his surprise though Billy doesn't walk down the aisle but approaches the counter and grabs a paper.

BILLY

Morning, just this please.

He slams some coins down and turns to leave.

BILLY

Cheers, Rasheed.

Dumbfounded, Rasheed stares at Billy as he exits.

EXT. CHLOE'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Overgrown shrubs and weeds.

Billy pushes a lawn mower along the path but stops at the sight of the garden. Chloe approaches behind him.

CHLOE

Like I said, it's been a while since I got round to doing anything with the garden.

BILLY

A while?

She rests a hand on his shoulder.

CHLOE

Thanks for this, William.

She turns and heads back toward the house.

CHLOE

Shall I make a tea?

BILLY

Why not, I've not had one for about ten minutes.

He chuckles to himself.

BILLY

Hey, how's the book coming along?

Chloe stops in her tracks and they share a look.

CHLOE

Very well actually, and don't worry, as promised, I've changed a few names.

She winks and leaves.

Billy grins with assurance. He leaves the mower and wanders back down the path.

CHLOE'S DRIVEWAY

A beat up old van with '*William's Gardening Service. I'll dig up anything*' written on the side.

Billy opens the back doors and removes a spade.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

A well kept building with flowers and immaculate lawn.

Billy's van is parked curb side.

Debs exits the flats and stops at the sight of Billy exiting the van.

BILLY
Hey, Debs.

DEBS
Billy.

BILLY
I was wondering if you fancy
going for a meal later?

She saunters toward him, a smile grows as she nears him.

DEBS
Okay, Billy, why not.

BILLY
Really?

DEBS
You seem to be keeping to your
word.

BILLY
I am, I've definitely changed,
Debs, definitely.

DEBS
You still paying your brother
back too?

He slaps the roof of the van.

BILLY
Of course. I got plenty of work
on so things are looking up.

DEBS
That's good, oh and you can pick
me up from home later.

Billy looks up at the flats.

BILLY
Finally had enough?

DEBS
Mum and dad are in there now.
You should see the look on his
face, it's a picture.

BILLY
Kissed and made up?

DEBS
You could say that.

Billy fidgets with his collar.

BILLY
Actually I was thinking you could stay at mine, if you want too, for a few nights, see how things go?

DEBS
Not so quick, Billy. Like I said before, slow and steady is the way I like it.

She smiles seductively, walks up to him and they kiss.

INT. DEGSEY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Degsey sits in the chair and stares intently at the carpet.

His MUM, (50) in an expensive dress, matching shoes and perfect hair, holds a bag of purple grass in his face.

DEGSEY'S MUM
And you can cut this out too!

His DAD, (55) in a sharp suit, stands arms folded in the corner.

DEGSEY'S MUM
Do you hear me?

DEGSEY
Yes, mum.

DEGSEY'S MUM
And you better clean this place up or we'll stop paying your rent, understand?

DEGSEY
Yes, mum.

DEGSEY'S MUM
And finally, stop giving your sister grief.

DEGSEY
Yes, mum, after all, that's your job, right?

A stern look flashes across his Mum's face. His dad unfolds his arms and approaches.

DEGSEY'S DAD
How dare you speak to your mother
like that, Bryan!

DEGSEY
Sorry, dad. Sorry, mum.

EXT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Immaculately well kept lawn and borders.

Billy rests on his spade and slurps from a cup of tea.

Agatha sits on a bench and soaks up the sun.

AGATHA
There's a sandwich in the kitchen
when you want it?

Billy nods and sets off to retrieve it. He stops at the
old oil drum that now stands beside the back door.

BILLY
Are you sure you don't want me to
get rid of this?

AGATHA
Not just yet, Billy love.

Billy nods and enters the house.

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (BLACK & WHITE)

Billy eats his sandwich.

A clatter and he turns to look down the hallway. He chews
quickly and swallows.

BILLY
Hello?

He takes another bite as a silhouetted figure comes into
view.

Agatha enters from outside.

AGATHA
I thought I told you to stay
upstairs, love.

Billy looks at her confused as to who she is speaking to.

AGATHA
Not since our wedding as he done
what I asked of him.

She shakes her head and shrugs with frustration.

Billy chokes on his sandwich.

AGATHA

I paid a tramp to dig him up some
ten years ago. The reason why
escapes me now.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Still clean and tidy.

Jason and Kylie sit at the table. Jason glances at his
watch.

JASON

Where is he, it's gone seven?

KYLIE

He'll just be running late. Have
you tried his mobile?

JASON

Of course, he's not answering.

KYLIE

At least he's keeping up with the
cleaning.

Jason nods.

EXT. VILLAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Billy stands, spade in hand, before two gravestones.

The moonlight illuminates the engraving on one. *'Here lies
Elizabeth Sheridan, beloved wife to Peter and mother to
Jason and William. Shall we never forget'.*

BEHIND A GRAVESTONE

The Homeless man watches on.

HOMELESS MAN

Not again.

He walks away.

FADE OUT.