

Albert

written by

glynn turner

wga registered

tomcat90210@gmail.com

SUPER:

Life is short. Smile more, while you've still got teeth.

Albert

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An anorexic Christmas tree.

ALBERT PERRY is sitting in front of a fire.

Albert is 87 years young and has been known to describe himself as a 1931 Rolls Royce - a couple of head on collisions over the years, but all in all - still in pretty good shape.

Slowly eyes a mantel over the tinsel lined fireplace...

A bronze urn reads: ELLA

Photo of a smiling old lady... some condolence cards.

He glances down to a SCOTTISH TERRIER laying alongside him.

ALBERT

At least I've still got you, Bill.

But Bill doesn't move.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Bill?

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Another urn... as it is placed on the mantel.

This urn reads: BILL

Albert takes stock of them. It hurts. But while it hurts - it also presents Albert with a light bulb moment.

EXT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE - DAY

An old stone house with a thatched roof and some sad flowers.

A piece of paper stuck on the front door reads:

Doorbell broken.

Shout ding-dong through letter box really loud.

Thank you.

Albert opens the door and steps out.

EXT. VILLAGE OF AYSLEY - MORNING

A quaint little country township about the size of the inside of your shoe somewhere in England.

Alongside a road - Albert comes walking down a footpath, but something suddenly stops him in his tracks.

A bunch of flowers tied to a fence beside the road.

Albert stares at them, unblinking. Gazes up and down the street.

Faces the flowers again. Reaches out and snaps the head off a yellow carnation.

INT. JONES FUNERAL DIRECTORS - DAY

Disney World for grieverers.

Albert is standing at a counter fiddling with the yellow carnation and talking to LEON JONES, who seems deeply concerned.

If Albert were an old Rolls Royce, Leon is more 1950s Ford - cheap, reliable and goes on forever even though bits have started falling off--

LEON

--I really don't think this is a very good idea.

(beat)

Let's just have a cup of tea instead and forget about all this nonsense?

ALBERT

Leon? Cups of tea don't solve everything.

LEON

That's not what my mother said.

ALBERT

If there was an earthquake now, how would a cup of tea solve that?

LEON

It would help to soothe the horror.

ALBERT

Leon, please...

(beat)

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

How can you afford to refuse? You said that business was getting tougher now that stubborn old bastards like me were lasting longer. I'll even pay double.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Another urn, as it's placed next to the other two.

This one reads: ALBERT

Albert steps back and marvels the three urns.

ELLA - BILL - ALBERT

ALBERT

Together again.

SUDDENLY -- a little GIRL'S VOICE, behind him--

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

--Who are you talking to?

Startled, Albert turns to face--

--MIA SEYMOUR.

A little girl of 6 going on 57, and still in school uniform.

ALBERT

Oh. Hello, twinkle toes. Didn't hear you come in.

MIA

Daddy says you need a hearing aid.

ALBERT

Daddy also says that eating carrots helps you see in the dark. What Daddy doesn't know is that was a myth, circulated by the British army during the war -- to fool the Germans.

Mia stands there - her original question still pending.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Ugh... I-- was... talking to Ella.

MIA

Where's Bill?

Albert takes a breath. Needs to be gentle here.

ALBERT

Uhm...

(pointing at Bill's urn)

He's... in there.

MIA

How did he fit?

ALBERT

He... he lost some weight.

MIA

Can I still walk him?

Albert groans.

INT. TOBY'S COTTAGE, OFFICE - DAY

TOBY SEYMOUR is sitting at a computer desk.

Has some sort of mesh hair net over his head that makes him look really, really silly.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN: A website for decorative cakes - a banner displaying its name:

FOR HEAVEN'S CAKES

A gaudy picture of Toby in the corner - plastic smile.

Toby is late thirties but one of those serious types who probably celebrates on the inside when things go well.

SUDDENLY -- a strange NOISE spooks him...

He stops typing and looks out of a window--

--It sounds like... METAL... CLINKING across CONCRETE.

TOBY'S POV: As Mia happily skips past dragging Bill's urn along behind her. It's been knotted to the end of a leash, duct tape over the lid to keep it tight.

TOBY

Mia!

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Toby is looming over Albert who is sitting in his chair holding Bill's urn.

TOBY

My daughter was walking an urn,
Albert!

ALBERT

I didn't have the heart to--

TOBY

--And the lid came off!

ALBERT

It's okay, there's still a bit of
him left.

Toby snatches Bill's urn and slaps it on the mantel next to ELLA'S... only to spot--

--ALBERT'S URN.

TOBY

And what the hell is this?

ALBERT

I just wanted to see what it looked
like.

TOBY

You just-- and what does it look
like?

ALBERT

Complete. It looks complete.

(beat)

When I end up inside it, I'm not
going to be able to see what it
looks like, am I? Now, I know.

TOBY

Why would you even care, it's not
like that's Ella's permanent
address -- I thought you were
supposed to be scattering her
somewhere secret?

ALBERT

I-- I am-- and I will--

Toby deflates and sinks down into an opposite armchair.

TOBY

Albert, you can't just sit here waiting to go into an urn, can you?

ALBERT

Well, there's not an awful lot to do around here apart from repeatedly counting how many shoes I've got on.

(beat)

After Ella left it's probably my fault Bill went, I probably talked the old boy to death. Maybe I'll get a fish next. Do fish have ears?

Toby stifles a chuckle. It's funny but it isn't.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Don't worry about me, Toby. I'm not going to sit here and slip silently into the darkness.

But Toby walks the eggshells.

TOBY

Albert? About Ella. Her slippers are still by the door.

Gestures to a coat draped over the back of a chair.

TOBY (CONT'D)

And her jacket. Don't you think--

ALBERT

--Yes, I know...

TOBY

Look. I know how it feels--

ALBERT

--Do you!? Do you really?

Surprised, Toby holds his ground.

TOBY

Yes. I do. I think you should get a hobby or something. What about another dog?

ALBERT

My knees can't take another dog.

TOBY
 Why don't you go visit somewhere
 new, somewhere you've never been?

Albert rolls his eyes--

TOBY (CONT'D)
 (remembering)
 Oh, yes... that's right. Because
 you don't like sitting in sweaty
 planes or trains, or essentially...
 anything where there are other
 people!

Toby lurches to his feet as Albert ponders something--

ALBERT
 --Does everyone have a nosey
 neighbor around here or just me?

But Toby rises above it and storms for the door--

TOBY
 --And Albert... it's May. A little
 late for the Christmas decor.

ALBERT
 Actually, some might see it as a
 little early, only seven months...

TOBY
Just tell Mia about Bill!

Toby makes out of the door yelling behind himself--

TOBY (CONT'D)
 --Merry Christmas!

EXT. VILLAGE OF AYSLEY - MORNING

The rising sun casts a yellow curtain over Aysley.

EXT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE - MORNING

A whistling POSTMAN approaches Albert's house, the only house
 with Christmas lights twinkling around the windows.

Shoves a pale blue envelope through the letter box.

POSTMAN
 (to himself)
 Good tidings, Albert.

EXT. AYSLEY HIGH STREET - MORNING

Albert is sitting on a bench across the street from a new cafe that's under construction, PAINTERS and DECORATORS working inside.

In his hands, he is toying with the small, pale blue, envelope. He is fighting some dread about it.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN

Albert is sitting at his kitchen table with a knot in his stomach.

Sighs. Finally rips the blue envelope open, slips a letter out and unfolds it. *An old man's voice--*

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

Dear Albert. I started this letter a hundred times but never knew what to say, so I've decided to stop thinking about how to word it and just tell you what's in my heart. What I did last year was undoubtedly the worst thing I have ever done in my 77 years. I hear those words that you yelled in court, every, single, night. I know that you will never accept my apology but I hope that you can find some solace by knowing that now I'm locked up in here -- I'm separated from my wife too. Frankly, I don't know if I'm going to make it much longer, the end seems a darn sight closer in here. It's funny, we spend all our lives pushing the end away, yet most days now - I find myself inviting it. In case anything happens to me, please know that I pray for Ella every single night, and every week I send my wife to that dreadful spot by the road, to place flowers. We will do this until we can move no more and for what it's worth -- I'm so very sorry Albert. Yours sincerely, Benjamin R. Parker.

Albert's arms are shaking - eyes full of moisture.

His hand contracts into an angry fist and he scrunches the letter up, squeezing it into a tight ball.

Throws it at a rubbish bin but misses and it bounces into a corner.

On the table in front of him, the yellow carnation from the roadside comes into view.

INT. HONITON CARE HOME, RECREATION LOUNGE - DAY

A singer, GEMMA, is in full bloom. She is standing at a microphone dressed like Marilyn Monroe on steroids.

She gives her heart to the audience - an audience whose collective age amounts to around 3000.

One RUDE BASTARD is sleeping.

Another OLD DEAR can't stop opening and closing her mouth.

And over there -- sitting in an armchair - is Albert.

Next to him is a wrinkled antique in a wheelchair. His name is ERROL but he seems more interested in a Sudoku puzzle.

Albert rattles Errol's wheelchair and points at the singer as if to say, '*You're missing the show, fool*'.

ALBERT

You're missing the show, fool.

INT. ERROL'S ROOM - DAY

Albert lowers himself into a chair facing Errol who is still sitting in his wheelchair.

ALBERT

Sorry I was late but why did you invite me if you were just going to sit doing a stinking Sudoku?

Errol just stares at Albert.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

The singer only comes once a month?

More staring.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Have you had a stroke or something?

(beat)

If I wanted to sit in silence I would have stayed at home.

Errol blinks back.

A new angle...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I don't want to say your wife was fat, but I'm glad I don't have to drive her to the shops anymore. Even though they were only five minutes away she was so big I used to run out of petrol just getting there.

Blink.

Albert is dumbfounded. Gets out of his seat and bends closer to Errol...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Is anyone in ther--

--But SUDDENLY the door flies open, WUMP, startling Albert and--

--NURSE VILMA bowls in holding a small paper bag. Nurse Vilma is 402lbs of rules and regulations.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(to Nurse Vilma)

--There's something wrong with him. Apart from all the usual crap.

NURSE VILMA

Yes, he can't hear.

Nurse Vilma has a heavy German accent because everything about her is simply heavy.

She takes two hearing aids out of the bag.

NURSE VILMA (CONT'D)

The batteries in his hearing aids died. We had to send out for new ones. They're quite unique.

Albert can't believe it. What a dummy!

ALBERT

But I've been talking to him all afternoon.

NURSE VILMA

Hope it wasn't anything important.

Nurse Vilma faces Errol and holds up the hearing aids.

NURSE VILMA (CONT'D)
Here we are, Errol. Two new ones.

ALBERT
Why are you talking to him, he
can't hear?

Nurse Vilma bolts back and spits venom--

NURSE VILMA
--He's been learning to lip-read,
you idiot!

Albert's heart turns to stone... *WHAT!?*

INT. HONITON CARE HOME, DINING ROOM - EVENING

Albert and Errol are eating a crappy care home meal - Errol has his hearing twaddle in now.

ERROL
I wasn't sure of every word, but I
thought you mentioned my wife.

ALBERT
I was just remembering how lovely
she was.

ERROL
At least that makes one of you. I
can't believe how fat she got.

Albert leans in a little closer--

ALBERT
--Why didn't you just write me a
note... about the hearing aids?

ERROL
Because I didn't want you writing
back about the war all afternoon--

ALBERT
--Errol, I don't just talk about
the war all the time--

--Albert shakes his head. Deep down he wants to punch the old crow.

ERROL

So, anyway. After you told me about Bill, I thought you could use an afternoon out.

ALBERT

How thoughtful. It's been a lot of fun chatting to a deaf bastard.

ERROL

I can't believe it, first Ella, and now Bill...

(beat)

I wonder who's next... it's not like you've got a houseful.

ALBERT

Actually, I've been giving it a lot of thought lately.

Albert takes a solemn moment.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

How much do you think about it?

(beat)

The end?

ERROL

The end of what... the war?

ALBERT

No, numbskull! Life, the end of life!?

(re: hearing aids)

Are those things switched on?

ERROL

Oh, I thought you were talking about the war again.

(beat)

Truth be told, I thought about it more in my sixties than I do now. There's an old cabbage in here who's 103, I'm only 92, you're even younger. Death takes its time. I've got plans now anyway.

ALBERT

Plans? What plans?

ERROL

I'm learning the interweb.

ALBERT

The in--

ERROL

--That thing all the kids are doing. Hector Dingle been showing me, he's only 75, quite clued up when it comes to these things.

(beat)

The other day I booked a trip to London on it.

ALBERT

But you haven't got any money--

ERROL

--I know, but I still managed to book a train ticket and hotel. Marvelous device. I leave in two weeks, you should come.

ALBERT

I can't go to London, I haven't been out of Aysley in ten yea--

ERROL

--Don't we know it. Anyone would think you're the one with no legs.

(beat)

Very good. Obviously you're busy then.

ALBERT

Just take plenty of batteries then or it'll be a bloody quiet trip.

Albert finishes his food and lays his cutlery down as Vilma cruises by wearing a red jacket - about to go home.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I don't think big red likes me. Who hires a German care-worker in a home full of old tommies anyway?

Errol leans in--

ERROL

--Sometimes she uses the toilet in my room. I swear... sounds like the troops are hitting Normandy again. Every time.

EXT. AYSLEY - EVENING

A bus pulls up and Albert gets off.

EXT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE - EVENING

Albert hobbles down his garden path, but as he gets closer he spots Mia on the step, Disney princess hair and makeup.

ALBERT

Wow, a princess! How long have you been there?

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A BRONZE PLATE: as Albert puts a chocolate biscuit on it and slides it to Mia who is sitting at the other side.

ALBERT

Princesses only eat from golden plates.

Mia eagerly bites into it as Albert seats himself. We get the feeling there is a fly in the soup.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Princess... I'm afraid you're not going to be able to walk Bill anymore.

MIA

Why?

ALBERT

Well...

(beat)

Bill... he's, he's with Ella now... and your mummy. They're going to walk him now.

MIA

How long for?

ALBERT

Uhm... well... quite-- quite--

(beat)

--Forever. He... he... died.

Mia freezes mid-biscuit.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Don't worry. All those photos you took, we'll make a picture book. Then, when we're missing him, we'll be able to look at the pictures. How does that sound?

But from the look on Mia's face - it sounds hideous.

MIA

--Why is... dying forever?

ALBERT

Well... I-- we're-- all... a bit like... batteries. Eventually... we just... run out of energy.

Albert leans into the table, sincere.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

But we've all got plenty of energy for a very long time, princess, that's why we need to make the most of things while we can.

Albert beams, until--

MIA

--Why can't we just change the batteries?

Albert flounders.

INT. TOBY'S COTTAGE, MIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mia is laying in her Disney bed, red rings around her eyes, an iPhone in her hand with a picture of Bill on the screen.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Albert is sitting in his armchair eating the same bowl of dung he eats every morning.

Eyeballs the three bronze urns.

BILL. ELLA. ALBERT.

WHEN SUDDENLY--

--His soul freezes.

He lingers for a moment, gawking at his own urn. And then--

--Urgently puts his bowl down and gets to his feet.

Plucks his urn off the mantel and regards it like he is holding a kitten.

ALBERT
(to himself)
Just change the batteries.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Albert drops his urn into the rubbish bin but then scoots down and grabs a ball of paper from behind it. Carefully unfolds the Benjamin Parker's letter.

ALBERT
Apology accepted.

He doesn't know it yet but he just jumped a very high hurdle.

EXT. HONITON CARE HOME - DAY

Albert is whistling as he arrives at the main doors.

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Albert wipes his feet as 402lbs of German meat approaches--

VILMA
--Can I help you?

ALBERT
Yes. I'm here to see Errol. I bring news.

VILMA
Oh...

Despite Vilma's tough Bavarian roots, it's obvious that even she has a lump in her throat.

VILMA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Hasn't anyone called you yet?

Albert sinks.

ALBERT
No. Nobody called me. Yet.

He doesn't need any more though. He knows.

INT. ERROL'S ROOM - DAY

Albert is sitting on the edge of Errol's bed.

Errol's wheelchair is facing him but it's empty, like the feeling in the room.

Two hearing aids on a bedside table.

Albert reaches for the wheelchair and touches it.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: ERROL'S URN, as Albert places it on the mantel.

He is wearing a suit and tie. Heads away to the kitchen...

SOUND OF A RUMMAGE, and then he returns and places his own urn back on the mantel.

BILL. ELLA. ERROL. ALBERT.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Albert is sitting at the table with a whisky bottle and shot glass, Errol's hearing aids next to his poison.

He toasts the devices and necks a shot.

Picks up one of the hearing aids and brings it to his mouth.

ALBERT

Can you hear me now?

He chuckles...

And then chuckles some more...

But as his laughter grows... he suddenly makes a face like something hurts - his joy turning to tears.

Uncontrollable.

Tears.

INT. BARGAIN PALACE - DAY

A local convenience store that sells all sorts of cack from postcards to canned tuna.

Albert makes his way to the counter to meet the clerk, MUSTAFA, an Arabic guy with a very vibrant accent.

Mustafa has clocked Albert but seems worried about something - does his best hide it.

MUSTAFA

Hello, Albert. How are you?

ALBERT

I'm okay, thank you captain. You?

MUSTAFA

Still breathing.

ALBERT

Well, that's good. A lot of folk seem to have given that up lately.

Even Mustafa's nose is sweating -- but Albert notices--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--Do you need to go to the toilet or something?

Mustafa clears his throat.

MUSTAFA

Albert... unfortunately, Mustafa must do stock check, not really have time for any war story today.

Albert shakes his head. This is ridiculous.

ALBERT

Don't worry, you're safe, I have a bus to catch.

Mustafa suddenly lights up--

MUSTAFA

--Well, it's good to be seeing you Albert, what would you be liking?

Excitedly grabs the nearest thing, a few packets of condoms--

MUSTAFA (CONT'D)

--Protections, special discount, one for price of two...

ALBERT

I'll pass, thanks. Once you hit my age it just feels like a wet cloth flapping around down there.

Albert points to a National Lottery sign behind the counter.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I'm here to play the lottery. 600 lucky dips please.

That wiped the smile off Mustafa's face.

MUSTAFA

Six... hundred?

Albert dips a hand into his jacket and takes out a wad of cash as thick as a brick.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Albert is sitting looking through a cardboard box, Toby sitting opposite him.

TOBY

You can't fix the doorbell but you can spend 600 pound on the lottery?

ALBERT

(ignoring)

At least you'll be pleased to know I've got a new hobby. I collect urns.

Albert cackles but Toby doesn't. Albert can feel him.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Look. Thank you for coming, I'm alright though.

TOBY

Mustafa was worried. Who spends that amount on lottery tickets?

ALBERT

People grieve in different ways. I buy gamble.

TOBY

Doesn't seem so bad I suppose.

(beat)

I stop eating. Endure a ton of diarrhea. Fail to pay the bills.

(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)
Sink into debt. Start losing my
teeth--

--Albert gets the point. Grieving isn't a lonely business.
Lovingly plucks a leather wallet out of the box in his lap.

ALBERT
I gave Errol this on his birthday
one year. Hundred quid inside.

Opens it and shows Toby the loot.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Still there.

TOBY
I'll have it if it's going spare.

ALBERT
Errol wasn't rich in the bank but
he had a rich soul. Went places.
92 and even booked a trip to
London.

(beat)
I was actually going to go with
him.

TOBY
That's wonderful, Albert.

ALBERT
We shared a bond because we both
didn't have kids. Ella and I
couldn't, because of her faulty
plumbing, but Errol and Jane didn't
out of choice. Said they didn't
need children to feel complete.

TOBY
I didn't know that about Ella. You
could've adopted.

ALBERT
Nearly did, but I wasn't too keen.
(beat)
Now I've got to know Mia though...
might just be my biggest regret.

Toby smiles.

EXT. TOBY'S COTTAGE, OFFICE - NIGHT

Toby is stooped over his desk, a photo almost finished printing out beside him.

In his hand, he is holding another photo, one of himself carrying Mia on his shoulders.

Grabs the freshly printed photo - a happy BLONDE in her thirties.

Folds it so the Blonde is standing along the paper's edge.

Takes the photo of himself carrying Mia and overlaps it with the Blonde's, making it look like they're all in the same shot.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Albert is laying awake in a double bed.

He is looking at the empty side. Past the pillow there is still half a glass of water on a bedside table with a lipstick mark around the rim.

ALBERT

I haven't forgotten love.

He rolls away and stares at the ceiling. Then--

--Sits up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Albert opens a cupboard drawer and takes out a dead iPhone.

Twists to face Errol's urn.

ALBERT

You win old friend. But this better be worth it.

Regards Ella's urn.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Looks like it'll just be you and me then.

Eyes his own urn and urgently swipes it into his hands and--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

--Dumps it into the rubbish again.

EXT. TOBY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Albert is standing in the porch of another petite cottage furiously knocking on a door and still in his pajamas - THUD, THUD, THUD...

Toby answers looking like he was just shaken down by King Kong's big brother--

ALBERT

--What the... what happened to your face?

TOBY

I was sleeping, Albert!

(beat)

What do you want, it's 3am, I have to be up early.

ALBERT

Don't be such a dry biscuit, you're a cake maker, how early do you have to be up--

TOBY

--Early!! I have orders, has your house burnt down or something!?

ALBERT

No. I want to learn the interweb.

Albert holds up his iPhone.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You'll be pleased to know I'm taking up a new hobby and I think learning the interweb will help.

INT. TOBY'S COTTAGE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Albert, still sporting pajamas, is sitting at a table with the iPhone, a hair net over his noggin. Toby is also wearing one, as well as gloves and an apron while decorating a cake.

ALBERT

And how do I get on the lines again?

TOBY (O.S.)
It's 'online' Albert.

ALBERT
That's what I said.

Toby wants to spontaneously combust.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Albert and Mia are sitting on the sofa, Mia still in school uniform, Albert still in his pajamas - looking at his phone.

ALBERT
Am I on the line now?

MIA
It's onnnnnn-line, not on the line.

Toby cruises by holding some cake boxes but promptly halts--

TOBY
(to Albert)
--So you're really doing this then
are you, Phileas Fogg?
(beat)
First the lottery and now around
the world in 80 days. Rob a bank
did we?

ALBERT
You don't know everything about me.

INT. JONES FUNERAL DIRECTOR - DAY

Leon almost CHOKES on his tea.

LEON
Whoa! This is bigger than Brexit.
(repeating)
London?

Albert sips his own tea.

ALBERT
For three days. And then a train
to Amsterdam. It's not the North
Pole, but you know, the knees
haven't totally given up yet.

LEON
And what's in London?

Albert answers with the precision of a missile strike--

ALBERT

--I'm going to see Ben. Ben Parker.

Leon recoils in horror--

LEON

--And is that a good idea, Albert?

ALBERT

Yes. He wrote me. I need to get a few things off my chest.

LEON

And then you're going to Amsterdam to become a drug dealer?

ALBERT

Ella wanted her ashes scattered in a very particular place. Time I obliged.

LEON

And we all thought you hated traveling.

ALBERT

I know... but I... changed my batteries. Besides...

(beat)

Before he died, Errol was going to travel and he was part machine. If he can do it, so can I.

LEON

Next you'll be doing pilates.

ALBERT

Mia was teaching me how to get on the lines. We booked train tickets and hotels yesterday.

LEON

I was going to do some traveling once. Irene booked a trip to India, to tour the tea leaf fields.

ALBERT

What happened?

LEON

I got busy. People kept dying. Including Irene.

ALBERT

Maybe you should take a tea leaf
out of my book.

LEON

Yes, maybe. You know what my mum
used to say?
(reminiscing)
Where there is tea, there is hope.

Albert shakes his head...

ALBERT

You really are in the wrong
business. I see a new afternoon
tea outfit opening in the high
street. That should have been you.

LEON

Don't I know it.

Seems to be quite the sore point.

INT. BARGAIN PALACE - DAY

Mustafa finishes counting out 80 pounds for Albert.

MUSTAFA

No sense. Waste 600 pounds on
lottery, lose 520.

Albert scoops the money up and pockets it.

ALBERT

You're looking at it wrong. Today
I won 80 pounds... and that winning
feeling is all that counts. I
haven't felt like a winner since
the ice age. Today I'm a winner...
tomorrow I might have a stroke.
You should try it sometime-- the
lottery, not the stroke.

MUSTAFA

Mustafa already winner. Live in
England. Food, home, no land
mines. Family not so lucky... but
Mustafa working on it.

ALBERT

Well congratulations, I aspire to
be a winner like you then.

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Have a wonderful day...

Albert heads for the door but before leaving, he turns back and faces Mustafa with a different light in his eyes.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Ella's been gone for over 7 months now. She used to spend 20 pounds a week on the lottery. Enjoyed a little flutter, even if I did always moan about it.
(beat)
Walking here together was our thing though. Just figured I had some catching up to do...

Mustafa slowly nods as everything clicks into place.

MUSTAFA
Enjoy your life Albert.

Albert steps out feeling a little bit lighter.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Albert crosses the room and takes his jacket off. Slips the 80 pounds out and slides it underneath Ella's urn.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An open suitcase on the bed.

Albert is sitting at Ella's dressing table holding her urn.

ALBERT
Who would've thought.
(beat)
Killed in our own village... after what you survived.

Longing eyes. But he gets over it and packs the urn into his suitcase, zipping it up.

EXT. AYSLEY TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Albert is standing on an empty platform, suitcase at his feet.

EXT. KINGS CROSS RAIL HUB, LONDON - EVENING

TEN THOUSAND MOTHERFUCKERS bumping into Albert as he tries to navigate his way out of this shit sandwich.

ALBERT

--Sorry, excuse me. --Pardon me.

Welcome to London's equivalent of Union Station.

EXT. TICKETING CENTRE, KINGS CROSS RAIL HUB - EVENING

Albert is taking a breather next to a WOMAN who is using a ticket machine--

ALBERT

--Excuse me young lady, do you know where the taxis are?

WOMAN

--Sorry - non English.

ALBERT

Oh... right...

(to himself)

Should have brought my phrase book.

INT. THE CRIMSON HOTEL - NIGHT

Plush carpets and glittering chandeliers.

Albert rolls his suitcase in and heads to reception. A Pakistani man - hair, teeth and eyes all over the place is standing behind the desk, nametag; RAHIM.

RAHIM

Can I help you, sir?

ALBERT

You most certainly can. What language do they speak in London?

RAHIM

Every language, sir.

ALBERT

Every language except English!

RAHIM

English too. Some places.

ALBERT

My wife was Swedish and I used to
make fun of her accent but it seems
I'm the only one around here
without one now.

RAHIM

Very diverse, always changing.

ALBERT

And where is your accent from?

Rahim is proudly about to reveal the answer, until--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--Wait... let me guess. India?

Rahim suddenly tenses... like a king cobra just bit him--

RAHIM

--P-- P-- Pakistan.

ALBERT

Pakistan! Sorry. I knew it was
one of the two.

Rahim is actually in pain now.

INT. THE CRIMSON HOTEL, ALBERT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Grand, with an even grander view.

Albert sits down on the edge of the bed, suitcase opened out,
Ella's urn laying on the pillow next to him.

ALBERT

The princess did good.

INT. THE CRIMSON HOTEL, DINING ROOM - MORNING

Albert is making love to a mushroom omelette.

A WAITER fit for the Oscars steps up with even more food.

WAITER

Your tea and toast, sir.

ALBERT

Thank you. I could get used to
this. Compliments to the Chef.

INT. ALBERT'S ROOM

Albert steps out of the bathroom in a dapper gray suit. Faces a mirror and adjusts his golden tie.

He is ready.

EXT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - DAY

The towering brick walls of PRISON.

Albert is standing on the pavement facing a checkpoint for VISITOR'S ACCESS--

--But in his hand, he is toying with the pale blue envelope.

He is numb. Almost nauseous. Even his heart feels sick.

Across the street - Albert notices an ELDERLY MAN and WOMAN sit down at a bus stop.

They hold hands. A stew of pain rages in Albert's gut.

Suddenly rips up the envelope. Tears it into little pieces and dumps it into a rubbish bin. Turns away and makes off.

INT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON, WAITING ROOM - DAY

BENJAMIN PARKER, a man in his late seventies, is sitting at a table, an empty chair on the other side of him.

He doesn't seem hard to this environment - like this wasn't supposed to be part of his future in a way that it's only a matter of time for some folk.

A GUARD approaches--

GUARD
--Time up, Ben.

Benjamin eases to his feet.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Albert wanders the streets. Changed even more than his dental records.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Albert is staring at a row of scooters. Seems you can rent one for a few hours and pay on your phone.

ALBERT
Silly idea...

EXT. LE PETIT CAFE - DAY

A delightful French bistro. Albert is sitting outside enjoying a coffee and a slice of carbon monoxide.

A waiter, PIERRE, brings his bill, Albert opens the folder--

ALBERT
--11 pounds for a coffee!
I might have to pay with a kidney.

PIERRE
Best coffee in London, monsieur.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - DAY

Albert is looking over the River Thames.

INT. LE PETIT CAFE - DAY

Pierre breezes over to his cash register about to ring up Albert's payment. Opens the folder to find a 20 pound tip... on an 11 pound coffee.

EXT. SNIP DOG - DAY

Albert is standing outside a trendy hair salon looking in.

Place is empty except for one, single, hairdresser, HAYLEY, who is leafing through a gossip rag.

She glances up and spots Albert outside - staring in.

It's almost like he is stuck.

She gets up and opens the door, calling--

HAYLEY
--You alright? Can I help you?

Albert chuckles.

ALBERT

When I had hair, I used to get it cut here.

(beat)

Thanks, but I'm the last person in England you could help, only got about three strands left.

HAYLEY

Well, we could take it down to two. Not exactly drowning here.

Funny and attractive. Not an invite one should turn down.

INT. SNIP DOG - DAY

Albert is sitting in a barbers chair as Hayley air-snips a few inches above his scalp in the same way children do when they're pretending.

ALBERT

I used to enjoy a relaxing Saturday afternoon haircut.

HAYLEY

You know it's Tuesday though?

ALBERT

(faking)
Of course.

Hayley puts the scissors down and holds a mirror up to the back of Albert's bowling ball. Nothing has changed.

HAYLEY

There we are. The wife won't recognize you.

ALBERT

She certainly won't. Spends most of her time in an urn these days.

HAYLEY

Oh. Sorry.

Hayley swivels Albert's barber's chair around so it's facing her. Albert takes a photo of Ella out of his wallet, forks it over.

ALBERT

She used to work here, a thousand years ago.

HAYLEY

Ahhh... that's why you were staring. And I thought it was my good looks.

(re: photo)

Pretty. How did you meet?

ALBERT

In here. Back then it was called, "*Helen's Hair Styles*". She worked here weekends and every Saturday I kept coming in for a hair cut. One day she shaved all my hair off to stop me coming. Rest is history.

Hayley laughs, but although she is warmed, she can feel Albert's loss like a heavy brick.

HAYLEY

I like her style. Least it ended well.

(beat)

One day when I was a little girl, my drunk step dad came home and thought it would be fun to shave half of my head.

ALBERT

(repelled)

What a lovely chap.

HAYLEY

Cue six weeks of school bullying.

(beat)

I forgave him though. Can't go through life holding grudges, can you...

This hits Albert like a kick in the teeth. Blows him off course for a minute.

ALBERT

I used to think like that.

HAYLEY

Used to? What happened?

ALBERT

I lost my wife.

Hayley is unsure of his meaning. Before she can push more--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--But a young lady helped me change my batteries... and I try not to think like that anymore. Thank you for reminding me - *grudges serve no one.*

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Waking down a street, Albert arrives at a busy intersection where a GUY with an Eastern European accent shouts out to him-

EASTERN EUROPEAN GUY

--Taxi! Taxi! You need taxi!

ALBERT

Depends. Can you take me to a good lunch place?

EASTERN EUROPEAN GUY

I know many!

The Eastern European guy hops onto a bicycle that is attached to a cart with two wheels, otherwise known as a TUK TUK.

ALBERT

In that!

EASTERN EUROPEAN GUY

Very fast! Faster than car.

Albert is unsure whether to laugh or make a run for it.

INT. TUK TUK, MOVING

He laughed. And now Albert is in the back of the Tuk Tuk. It's a ridiculous situation but he hasn't felt the wind against his face like this for a very long time and finally cracks a smile.

INT. SNIP DOG - DAY

Hayley is wiping down Albert's chair but she spots something and freezes. A thick wad of 20 pound notes are laying on her work bench.

INT. THE HUNGRY JEWEL - DAY

Albert is in a pub dining on a steak.

Glances out of a window at the city chaos.

ALBERT'S POV - As his curious eyes massage the streets -
until --SUDDENLY--

--They stop dead... on a passing SKINHEAD...

But it's not the Skinhead himself who steals Albert's
attention, it's the dog he is pulling along on the very short
leash.

The Beagle stops to pee but the Skinhead yanks it.

Albert watches. And watches some more. This is disgusting.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Albert is following the Skinhead and the dog on the leash.

On closer inspection, this is even more disgusting as one of
the Beagle's eyes is milky white, maybe half blind.

As the Skinhead ploughs forward--

ALBERT

--Excuse me... I don't think your
dog can keep up--

--Skinhead ignores him. Albert tries to walk faster--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--He's got short legs. They're
closer to the ground, he can't--

SKINHEAD

(still walking)
--Fuck off, grandad.

ALBERT

Nice, but how about... I buy the
dog off yo--

--But the Skinhead suddenly pivots, getting in Albert's face--

SKINHEAD

--He ain't for sale. So piss off!

ALBERT
 What's his name? It is a 'He'
 right--

SKINHEAD
 --Useless-one-eyed-cunt!
 (beat)
 That's his name.

ALBERT
 Are you always this polite?

The Skinhead wants to headbutt Albert into next week, but--

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 --Five hundred pounds.

The Skinhead is visibly surprised.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 Looks to me like an upstanding
 citizen of your attire might be
 able to invest five hundred pounds
 in a profitable venture?

But the Skinhead smells a hustle--

SKINHEAD
 --I could get more than that making
 gloves out of him.

He holds for Albert's counter offer, but there isn't one.

Albert watches the Skinhead walk away jerking his victim
 along to the bitter end.

The Skinhead turns down a gloomy alley, but--

--Albert suddenly follows--

--Halting at the alley's mouth...

Albert watches the Skinhead meet up with what can be only
 described as a bunch of NEO NAZIS...

It's all beer cans and spitting.

Albert swallows...

ALBERT
 (to himself)
 You beat them once, you can beat
 them again--

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Albert cautiously shuffles up to the Skinhead and his gang - but he dilly dallies... unsure of how to approach or which one is sharing the brain.

Before he can come up with a game plan though, the Skinhead turns his head and--

-- Notices Albert.

Crushes a beer can in his fist and hands the dog leash to GOEBBELS.

Steps right up to Albert - toe to toe.

Albert only comes up to the Skinhead's shoulders and has to tip his neck to look up at him.

If there is ever a moment to realize how slight and frail Albert is in this universe... it's now--

SKINHEAD

--What's your problem, old man?

Skinhead suddenly shoves Albert with all the force of youth behind him, WHAP--

--The air is knocked out of ALbert's lungs as he is thrust to the ground banging his knee against a concrete knot in the road.

Albert rolls, mouth twisting into a grimace as he grasps the knee with both hands.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)

You need to learn to take a hint.

Albert's stomach shuts down sending that collapsing feeling through his chest. *Perhaps he should have let this go after all.*

But he needs an answer. And a good one.

ALBERT

--One thousand pounds.

(beat)

I'll give you a thousand pounds.

The Skinhead's eyes don't blink for twenty seconds. Then--

SKINHEAD

--Two. You can have the bastard for two.

EXT. HYDE PARK - EVENING

Albert is limping as he enjoys a peaceful stroll with his new friend.

The Beagle stares up at him... with one eye.

ALBERT

I think we should change your name.

(beat)

My last dog was called Bill, on account of how much he cost me. Never known so many complications. I had the vet on speed dial.

(beat)

You can stay tonight and tomorrow I'll take you to the shelter.

Albert leads the dog away. They both walk at the same, comfortable pace.

It's just the two of them in the whole wide world.

EXT. THE CRIMSON HOTEL - NIGHT

Albert pushes through the doors with the Beagle in tow and hitches across the plush carpet until -- Rahim stops him - grinning like a shiteater--

RAHIM

--Excuse me, Mr. Albert, no dogs allowed in the Hotel, very sorry.

Albert takes a long, deep breath, then regards his adversary.

ALBERT

What about service dogs?
He's a guide dog.

Rahim glares at the Beagle. Notices it's only got one eye.

RAHIM

You are blind then, Mr. Albert?

ALBERT

Partially. I can only just about see you.

RAHIM

You were not blind yesterday, though?

ALBERT
Well... I hadn't been drinking
yesterday--

--Albert laughs. Rahim doesn't.

RAHIM
Have you got a service dog license
then, Mr. Albert?

ALBERT
Yes, I most certainly do.

Albert immediately plucks a scrap of paper out of his pocket
and hands it to Rahim who takes it and unfolds it--

RAHIM
--This is... a receipt... for
frozen fish cakes... and--
flatulence capsules?

He looks at Albert, puzzled--

RAHIM (CONT'D)
What is this word -- flatulence?

INT. TOBY'S COTTAGE, MIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mia is asleep in her Disney bed.

A RINGING SOUND suddenly stirs her -- a glow coming from her
iPhone.

She climbs out of bed like it was a heavy night on the piss
and picks up the phone. Albert is trying to video call her.

She answers with a thick head--

MIA
--Albert?

ALBERT ON THE PHONE (V.O.)
Hello, boss! How are you!?
(beat)
Meet my new friend.

Angles his phone on the Beagle. Mia instantly lights up--

MIA
--A doggy!

ALBERT ON THE PHONE (V.O.)
 Yes, you'll meet him soon.
 (beat)
 Listen boss, I hope you don't think
 I'm just one of those men who only
 calls when he needs something...
 but, ugh... I need something.

EXT. STAR MOTEL - NIGHT

Albert is staring at a motel underneath a busy motorway bridge, his case in one hand, Beagle leash in the other.

Looks more like it should be called THE GOLDEN SHOWER.

A HOMELESS MAN living under the bridge groans.

Albert looks down to the Beagle--

ALBERT
 --She said it's all she could find
 that takes animals.

INT. STAR MOTEL, ALBERT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Albert opens a door and steps in, a far cry from The Crimson.

Closes the door and faces the dog...

ALBERT
 I think I'm going to call you
 'Vic'.
 (beat)
 Short for 'Eviction'.

But Vic doesn't really give a shit.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 Suppose you need to eat something.

EXT. LONDON - SUNRISE

The Star Motel looks better at night mainly because you can't see it.

INT. STAR MOTEL, ALBERT'S ROOM - MORNING

Albert is laying in bed either asleep or dead. He opens his eyes to be welcomed into a world of discomfort.

Sits up and flicks the bed covers off.

His bad knee looks like it's been dipped in purple paint.

He bends it but winces.

Glances down to Vic who is sleeping in a corner.

ALBERT

Well this isn't very good for a man
who's supposed to be on his first
trip in forever.

Albert slowly swings his legs out of the bed and painfully stands--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(to Vic)

--I hope you appreciate all this, I
could have died for you.

But--

--Vic doesn't bat an eyelid.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Oi! You better not be dead, I paid
a lot of money for you.

Albert pads over to him. Careful of his knee, he squats at Vic's body.

Vic is completely still.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Oh, no. **Not you, too.**

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Albert is sitting on the toilet with a towel around his waist and his phone to his ear.

ALBERT

Yes, animal services?

INT. ALBERT'S ROOM - MORNING

Albert is buttoning a shirt up. Gazes over Vic's body.

ALBERT

I was joking about the shelter.

SUDDENLY -- a KNOCK on the door startles him.

He hobbles over, but before opening it, turns back to Vic--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--I was going to take you home.
The boss would have loved you.

Opens the door to a young, male slob with a face even Grandma wouldn't kiss.

The motel clerk, RUFUS, is holding a tray of food.

RUFUS

Breakfast.

Rufus exudes all the personality of a doorknob.

Albert gives the food a dirty look.

Runny eggs and a bread roll that looks like it could shatter teeth. Even false ones.

ALBERT

How much do I win for eating that?

RUFUS

You ticked the box... for the
continental breakfast?

ALBERT

Continen-- son, last time I saw
something like that was in a
prisoner of war camp.

(beat)

Look at the roll, you could club a
baby seal to death with that thing.

Albert picks it up and bangs it against the door frame--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--Where did you get it, Pompei?

Drops it back on the tray.

Rufus is dumbstruck. This is a first and Albert can tell.

Albert relents and takes the tray out of courtesy.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Well, thank you anyway.

Albert closes the door. His eyes are drawn to Vic again.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
See what you're missing.

Albert holds the tray of food over a rubbish bin, but just before dropping it in -- he pauses with a better idea.

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

Noisy rush hour traffic is blowing over the bridge - but underneath it, Albert is waddling towards an opening holding a plate.

A HOMELESS BLACK MAN bundled into a dirty sleeping bag, bare feet sticking out of the end, regards Albert without even moving.

ALBERT
Hello there. I brought you some
breakfast.

Albert holds the plate out.

The Homeless Man stares up at him like he just landed from outer space.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Some eggs. And bread...

But the Homeless Man eyes the food and turns his nose up.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
I know. That's what I thought too.
But if you're hungry it might help.

Albert shifts his weight from foot to foot.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Speak English?

Nothing...

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Bonjour? Le eggs and le toast?

Albert steps closer offering the plate a little firmer.

Eventually the Homeless Man slowly lifts a hand and takes it.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
That'll be ten quid please.

Albert laughs. The Homeless Man doesn't.

EXT. THE BEEHIVE CAFE - MORNING

Albert is tucking into a five star breakfast.

But as he eats, he suddenly pauses. Surveys his eggs, potatoes and toast as if seeing it for the first time again.

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

Albert, holding a paper bag, heads back to the Homeless Man. Finds him laying against a beam staring at a TV with no guts.

ALBERT
It didn't sit well with me that I went off to enjoy a decent breakfast while you suffered that sewage I gave you.

Hands over the paper bag.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
So I got you one too.

Albert smiles. The Homeless Man is perturbed. *Who is this old fossil with the angel wings?*

INT. STICKS AND CANES WON'T BREAK MY BONES - DAY

Albert takes a walking stick off a rack and examines it.

INT. THE CRIMSON HOTEL - EVENING

Walking with a stick, Albert rolls his suitcase back into the Crimson and heads to the desk -- only to be greeted by Rahim.

RAHIM
We meet again, Mr. Albert.

ALBERT
The pleasure is all yours. I'd like to book another room please. Tonight, for another two nights.

RAHIM

I see that you have regain the
sight. Where is dog?

Albert bends and unzips his case taking a bronze urn out and
placing it on the counter -- name on the front reads: VIC

ALBERT

We had to sleep rough last night.
He didn't make it. I think it was
the cold. So sad.

Rahim's face sinks lower than sea level.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Vic was my eyes and ears for over a
decade.

(beat)

Well... eye. My eye, and ears...

Wipes a fake tear. A truly spectacular performance.

It's clear that Rahim is fighting a tsunami of regret.

INT. THE CRIMSON HOTEL, ALBERT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Albert is laying in bed with his eyes wide to the world.

His gears are grinding. Hard.

He sits up with a heavy mind. Looks to the unused pillow
beside him, Ella's urn laying neatly ontop.

ALBERT

How is it that even though you're
on the other side you still manage
to tell me what to do?

INT. FRONT DESK - MORNING

Albert carries his case back to the desk to be met by Rahim.

ALBERT

Does anyone else work here, or just
you? When do you sleep?

RAHIM

No time for sleep Mr. Albert.
Nobody look back on life and
remember they have plenty of sleep.

ALBERT

No, but they probably had less
migraines.

(beat)

Anyway, I'd like to check out. My
wife spoke to me. I won't be
staying after all.

INT. LE PETIT CAFE - DAY

Albert is sitting at an outside table looking at a menu. His
waiter, Pierre, steps up looking like he just won a blowjob
from a swimsuit model--

PIERRE

--Albert! How can I forget you!
Such a generous tip, merci!

(beat)

What can I get for you?

ALBERT

Well, I'm not here for another 11
pound coffee.

PIERRE

Okay, Albert. Why you here?

ALBERT

How many languages can you speak,
and when does your shift finish?

EXT. STAR MOTEL - DAY

Albert, using his stick, walks past the motel with Pierre,
they're heading under the bridge.

ALBERT

Three languages should be enough.

(beat)

I tried to talk to him but I'm not
sure he understands English. He
could be one of your lot.

PIERRE

One of my lot?

ALBERT

A frog. French.

Pierre snickers. *If this guy wasn't so old...*

PIERRE
 You are very kind, Albert. Rude...
 but kind.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Albert and Pierre step up to the Homeless Man. He is upright and spooning cold soup from a can.

Pierre smiles warmly at him - and then acclimatizes to his task and takes a knee.

PIERRE
 Bonjour... friend.
 (in French)
*Albert here would like to help you.
 He would like to pay for a room for
 you... for a few nights, so you can
 sleep and shower... and clean up.*

But the Homeless man just stares, blankly.

Pierre feels a strange connection. Because he has one.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
 (in French)
*I know what it is like to feel the
 weather my friend. I wish I would
 have met someone like him when I
 lost my roof.*

No change. Pierre switches language.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
 (in Italian)
*Hello friend. Albert here would
 like to help you. He would like to
 pay for a room for you.*

Nothing.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
 (in German)
German my friend?
 (beat)
*Albert here would like to help you.
 He would like to pay for a room for
 you...*

No dice. Pierre gets to his feet, faces Albert.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
 I don't think he understands.
 (beat)
 He could be mentally ill. Who
 knows if he understands anything.

ALBERT
 Shame. Thank you for trying.

They turn away.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 I've got a hundred quid in my room
 with your name on it.

PIERRE
 I don't want it. Use it to buy
 this man a pair of shoes. He needs
 the money more than me right now.

ALBERT
 I guess it's not true what they say
 about the French.

PIERRE
 What do they say, Albert?

ALBERT
 That all they care about is wine
 and cheese.

PIERRE
 No one says that, Albert. Where
 did you hear this?

ALBERT
 Someone told me during the war. It
 stuck.

PIERRE
 You should come to France, I'll
 show you what we care about.

ALBERT
 I'd rather stick my head into a
 bucket of barbed wire than go back
 to France thank you very much--

--But SUDDENLY -- A RUSTLE - behind them.

They turn to find the Homeless Man standing up -- and holding
 some torn plastic bags - like he is ready to go somewhere.

Albert and Pierre smile at each other.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Lets hope it wasn't the German.

INT. CITY SHOES - DAY

Albert, Pierre and the Homeless Man walk into a shoe shop.
The Homeless Man marvels at such a huge choice.

ALBERT
(to Homeless Man)
Anything you like.

INT. STAR MOTEL, HOMELESS MAN'S ROOM - EVENING

Funeral silent.

The Homeless Man is standing in the middle of his room wearing a pair of brand new Reeboks, a few shopping bags full of clothes at his feet.

His eyes are full of uncertainty though. It's almost too good to be true.

Slowly reaches out and places his plastic bags on the bed.

Delicately unzips his ripped jacket--

--Chunks of cardboard falling out, the poor man's insulation.

INT. SHOWER - HOMELESS MAN'S MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Brown grimy water pools at the Homeless Man's feet.

The Homeless Man starts drinking from the shower head.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

The Homeless Man is brushing his teeth for the first time this year.

INT. HOMELESS MAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Homeless Man steps out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist.

Dark track marks around the veins in his arms.

A silver chain with a ring looped over it dangles around his neck.

He looks at something with eyes of wonder.

Steps over to the bed and pushes it. Sits down on the edge. Lays back feeling like a millionaire, until--

--A KNOCK on the door...

Gets up and opens it to Albert who is holding a shopping bag.

ALBERT
Ahoy, shipmate!

Albert smiles, but it's the same old. He holds the bag up--

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Some sandwiches. And water.

Albert hands the bag to The Homeless Man. Notices his matted, dirty beard.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
I see you've been using your beard
for storage. I could help you with
that if you like?

Homeless Man just blinks back.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Good job I've spent weeks talking
to dogs and urns...
(beat)
Sleep well then.

INT. STAR MOTEL, ALBERT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Albert is laying in bed looking at Vic and Ella's urn on the bedside cabinet.

ALBERT
We're going to need a bigger shelf.

INT. STAR MOTEL, HOMELESS MAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Sunlight spills across the Homeless Man's bed. He is laying awake with an ear to ear smile.

The smile alone makes him look like a new man.

A RUSTLE by the door grabs his attention - a glossy piece of paper is slid under the door crack.

HOMELESS MAN'S POV - On a leaflet showing bacon and eggs.

INT. TUK TUK, MOVING - MORNING

Albert and the Homeless Man are riding a Tuk Tuk.

Homeless Man looks much better in a Nike track suit.

INT. LE PETIT CAFE - MORNING

Homeless Man is sitting at a table cutting a sandwich in half. Wraps some in a napkin and slips it into his pocket.

Albert is sitting next to him, Pierre standing over them, puzzled by something.

PIERRE

I've been thinking, Albert. If you can't stand France, why did you come to a French cafe then?

ALBERT

Because I wasn't too hungry and I like over paying for tiny portions.

Pierre pulls an interesting face.

Albert puts his attention back on the Homeless Man.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

When you gave him the menu, I couldn't tell if he was reading it, or just looking at the pictures.

PIERRE

He looks like an Olympic sprinter in his new outfit.

(beat)

What will you do with him, when you go home?

ALBERT

I haven't thought that far ahead. Should probably give him a name first.

PIERRE

We are in a French cafe, eating French food.

(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)
 He should have a French name.
 (beat)
 Lets call him -- 'Beau'. In
 French, it means 'handsome'.

ALBERT
 Handsome it is.
 (to Homeless Man)
 We're going to call you, 'Beau'.

BEAU eats his food.

EXT. LONDON - AFTERNOON

Albert and Beau are walking away from the cafe when Beau suddenly stops and kneels down to someone.

Albert turns to find him alongside another HOMELESS MAN who is sleeping in a doorway.

Beau hands the Homeless Man his napkin wrapped sandwich.

It warms every cell of Albert's being.

INT. SNIP DOG - AFTERNOON

The BUZZ of an electric razor. Bits of Beau's beard piling up on the floor.

Hayley spins Beau's chair around to Albert.

Beau is beardless - and his hair army short.

ALBERT
 Not as fashionable as mine, but
 it'll do.

HAYLEY
 I think its fab!

Puts her clippers down. Beau paws his new do.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
 (to Albert)
 So how come you're doing this then?

ALBERT
 Why do you think I'm doing it?

HAYLEY
 Because you're a lonely old man
 buying new friends?

Albert chortles.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I wish I had a Grandpa like you.
Mine used to gamble away anything
that wasn't bolted down.

ALBERT

Don't flatter yourself, you're old
enough to be my daughter.

HAYLEY

I was born after the Roman Empire
you know.

Albert hasn't had this much fun sparing with a woman since he
met his wife. It's uplifting.

ALBERT

I'm doing it... because I'm 87, and
I've never really helped anyone.
(beat)
I've given to charities and I've
rescued animals, but I've never
helped anyone with my own, bare,
hands. Until now.

HAYLEY

I like it. Good job you didn't
wait any longer though.

Albert calls her bluff.

ALBERT

Why's that then?

She giggles him off.

EXT. HYDE PARK - EVENING

CLOSE ON: A flock of pigeons pecking at bread crumbs.

Albert and Beau are sitting on a bench, Beau throwing the
crumbs.

He seems younger now we can actually see his face.

ALBERT

Beau? I wanted to tell you that
I've made an appointment somewhere
tomorrow morning, but I can't bring
you with me. I can't bring anyone.

But Beau is more interested in the winged rodents.
 Albert gazes down to one of them, only to spot that Beau is--
 --Barefoot again.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 What-- what happened to your shoes?

INT. CITY SHOES - EVENING

Beau follows Albert into the shoe shop.

ALBERT
 (to Beau)
 Same as before I suppose.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

The London skyline looks like a row of giant twinkling
 Christmas trees.

INT. STAR MOTEL, ALBERT'S ROOM - MORNING

Albert steps out of the bathroom in that dapper gray suit
 again.

Adjusts his golden tie again.

He is ready.

Again.

INT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON, PRISON CELL - MORNING

Benjamin is standing in a cell facing a wall that is covered
 with a child's drawings. As he moves to tape a new one up--

--A GUARD steps up to his door, JANGLING keys...

GUARD
 He turned up this time.

INT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON, VISITING ROOM - MORNING

Albert is sitting at a table facing Benjamin, walking stick
 propped up against his chair.

Both men's head-space seems rooted in a cloud of darkness.

Albert sees it fit to open the conversation--

ALBERT

--Sorry I stood you up. I was outside but I suddenly felt... alone-- and...

BENJAMIN

--Please.

(beat)

You're here now. I'm the last person you need to explain anything too.

Albert navigates his cortex fishing for the right words.

ALBERT

I-- I wanted to come here to tell you that I got your letter, and that you're wrong... Benjamin. You're wrong.

(beat)

I do accept your apology, but that's not only why I'm here.

Benjamin swallows, unsure how this is going to go.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I know that you're a good man. I also know that you hit Ella by accident, and that you didn't mean to.

(beat)

So I came here - to apologize - to you...

(beat)

Myself. In person.

It's already too much for Benjamin. He dips his head into his hands...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

In court, I yelled at you to rot in Hell, but I didn't really mean it. I was upset and emotional.

(beat)

I'm sorry I screamed at you like that.

Benjamin shakes his head still unable to fathom what he's done.

BENJAMIN

I-- I'd never broken a law in my life.

ALBERT

And that's why we call it an accident. If you had, I wouldn't be here.

Benjamin takes a deep, hard breath - enslaved by endless regret.

BENJAMIN

Not a day goes by...

ALBERT

In your letter, you wrote, *"If it's any comfort to know, now that I'm locked up in here, I'm separated from my wife too'..."*

The words still hurt Benjamin.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I want you to understand that... knowing that brings me no satisfaction at all.

(beat)

In fact, a few days ago I had my solicitor deliver a letter to the parole board asking for leniency when the time comes. Eight years is too long. You've suffered enough.

Benjamin's stomach churns - mouth and eyes frozen open.

There... just... aren't... any... words.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Just promise me one thing. You'll hang on-- until you get out of here.

They lock eyes.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Your wife needs you. She's a victim too. Hang on for her.

Benjamin slowly nods. Albert dips a hand into his pocket and takes out the short stalk of a red carnation. Slides it across the table.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Before I came, I took this from
your wife's latest delivery. It
means a lot to both us. I thought
you might like to have it.

Benjamin goes rigid.

It's like he is suddenly sedated. Of all the things to be
prepared for, this wasn't even in the stratosphere.

EXT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - AFTERNOON

Albert is walking away from the prison with Beau.

ALBERT
Thanks for waiting.

But as they cross a road, Albert suddenly WINCES and grabs
his knee. Limpes to a bench and sinks down.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Sorry about this. Damn knee.

But Beau steps past the bench to a HOMELESS PAIR roughing it
under a bush.

Albert twists to him.

Beau notices their feet. One has duct tape around his soles,
the other has nothing.

Beau immediately slips his new shoes off and hands them over
to DUCT TAPE who is blown away.

DUCT TAPE
Thanks mate, cheers...

Albert takes it in. A sudden onset of warmth hits his core.

But Beau rises and turns to Albert with an expectant look...

ALBERT
What?

Beau looks at the other Homeless person - the one with dirty
cold, toes - then back to Albert--

ALBERT (CONT'D)
--You must be joking!

INT. CITY SHOES - AFTERNOON

Albert and Beau walk in. Both are shoeless.

INT. STAR MOTEL, ALBERT'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: Albert's passport.

Albert is sitting on the edge of his bed eyeing his photo page.

Seems like a big decision is around the corner.

He slips some documents out and opens them: TRAIN TICKETS...

Eyeballs his sparkling new shoes in the corner of the room.

Smiles. Won't ever be able to look at them without thinking of Beau's incredible kindness.

Back to the tickets. Picks up Ella's urn fighting a pain that he has somehow failed her.

ALBERT

Sorry, love. I don't think it's
the right time.

Grabs his phone dialing a number--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

--Yes... I'd like to cancel some
train tickets.

EXT. STAR MOTEL, BEAU'S ROOM - EVENING

The tip of Albert's walking stick knocks against a door, TAP, TAP, TAP--

--Albert lowers it as Beau opens up.

ALBERT

God eftermiddag.

Beau is quieter than a graveyard.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Just... testing. In case you were
Swedish. My wife was--

--But he knows the drill.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 Nevermind. So, I was wondering if
 you had any plans tonight?
 (beat)
 Maybe a hot date? Flight to catch?

Albert laughs. Beau doesn't.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 Thought we might go for dinner and
 have a little chat. Or... I chat,
 and you eat...

But Albert quickly notices something inside Beau's room.

The television is on -- but without any SOUND.

Albert's face drops twenty floors.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
You're deaf.

Beau is stone faced.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 (repeating)
 That's it. You're deaf.
 (to himself)
 Should'a brought Errol's bloody
 hearing aids.

INT. BLACK TAXI, MOVING - NIGHT

Albert and Beau are riding in the back of a taxi. Albert awkwardly smiles at him.

INT. STARVING MARVIN'S DINER - NIGHT

An American style burger joint.

Beau slurps the last of a chocolate shake, but sitting opposite him, Albert has a black marker pen and is writing something on a piece of paper.

Holds it up for Beau to read:

'Nod if you can read this?'

The usual silence.

Albert scribbles something else down and holds it up.

'Are you deaf?'

Zip.

Albert writes something else and raises it:

'Two snowmen in a field. One says, 'Can you smell carrots?'

Not even a smirk.

Albert gives up. Slurps the last of his own shake.

ALBERT

I have to suck gently or I'll lose
my teeth.

Beau just gazes out of a window.

But as he does, Albert eyes his empty glass with a sly idea.

Begins sliding the glass towards the edge of the table...
until--

--With a quick prod - he swats it over the side--

--The glass hits the floor and SHATTERS... *KREEE-UNCHHHH...*
immediately drawing Beau's attention--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--You heard it.

A WAITRESS hurries over and starts sweeping up--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(to Waitress)

--Sorry love. I'd help, but if I
got down there I'm afraid I'll be
there all night with my back.

WAITRESS

Quite alright. Just leave a big
tip.

ALBERT

Certainly. Don't run with
scissors. Big enough?

WAITRESS

Best tip ever.

Albert turns back to Beau adjusting his composure in
preparation for something bigger.

ALBERT

In the faint hope that you understand, I have something to ask you.

(beat)

I recently renewed my passport because during this trip, I was traveling to another country, but I've cancelled my train tickets now.

(beat)

I live in a small village called Aylsly, down south. Since my wife died I've been living alone, in a house with a spare room. I was wondering... if you might want to come and live there for while?

Absolutely no change from Beau.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I'm not exactly sure how to help you if you stay here.

He promptly sticks a hand into his pocket and takes a key out placing it on the table top.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

My house key. I made a copy. For you.

Beau squints at the key.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You'd have to cut down on all the talking of course...

Beau picks the key up. A moment.

Then makes a reassuring fist around it.

EXT. STAR MOTEL - MORNING

Rufus knocks on Albert's door holding another plate of excrement. Albert opens. No words necessary.

EXT. LONDON - MORNING

Beau is standing at the side of a road wearing a set of new clothes and holding a new bag on roller wheels.

He is watching Albert who is across the street.

EXT. SNIP DOG - CONTINUOUS

Albert is standing right outside the barber's, suitcase beside him. Inside, Hayley has a customer.

She spots him and moves to the doorway--

HAYLEY

--Albert? You alright?

ALBERT

I am now. I took your advice. I don't hold grudges anymore.

(beat)

Heading home with Beau. Until he gets on his feet.

She eyes Beau across the street. Smiles and nods at Albert. Inside, she'll miss the old coot.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, MOVING - DAY

Albert and Beau are sitting next to each other as their train departs London.

INT. BUS, MOVING - EVENING

Back to the chocolate box village of Aysley.

Albert and Beau are the only two on the bus. It's the messed up version of Laurel and Hardy.

ALBERT

Welcome to Aysley.

EXT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE - EVENING

Albert, towing his suitcase, opens the rickety gate and walks up the path with Beau behind him.

ALBERT

Merry Christmas, Beau!

--But as he slots his key into the door, it's suddenly opened from the inside - Toby standing there.

TOBY

Albert? I was just watering the dead... Christmas tree.

ALBERT

Oh. Hello... yes, change of plan.
Back early. Scraped the Amsterdam
bit.

TOBY

What's with the walking stick?

ALBERT

I'm old, that's what.

Toby nods and glances to Beau which cues Albert into action--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--Oh, uhm. Toby... this is Beau.
(beat)
Beau, meet Officer Toby Seymour.

Albert laughs. Toby doesn't.

Toby holds an apprehensive hand out to Beau...

TOBY

Pleased to meet yo--

--But Beau doesn't shake. Or speak. Or do anything except
appear decisively shifty.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(to Albert)
Friendly... then.

ALBERT

He's the quiet type. Not even sure
if he knows English.

TOBY

And -- how do you--

--Albert already knows this is going to go down like a fart
in church...

ALBERT

I did what you said... and I've got
another hobby. I collect homeless
people.
(beat)
He doesn't have a place to live.

TOBY

--Homeless? And how long have yo--

ALBERT

--Three days, give or take... one.

Toby lowers his tone.

TOBY

Albert. It's a nice gesture but...
he... he could be violent, or--

ALBERT

--Yes, he could, but he could also
be the next Pulitzer Prize winning
author given half the chance.

(beat)

I live on my own. I offered a
room. He's staying. The end.

Toby gives Albert his cold, grey eyes.

TOBY

Okay. I just hope you know what
your doing.

ALBERT

No one knows what they're doing,
least of all, me. I just took a
trip to London, bought a one-eyed,
dead dog and came back with a
homeless black man.

(beat)

See you tomorrow if I haven't been
stabbed to death. Sleep well.

TOBY

Fine. I have an important order to
see to anyway. Good night, Albert.

He coldly pushes past them...

TOBY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Whatever did Ella see in him?

But Albert heard that--

ALBERT

--She saw a charming young man with
a bright future and a big...

Toby pauses for it--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--Smile.

Albert grins. And if we're not mistaken...

So does Beau.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE URNS: BILL, ERROL.

Albert puts Ella's urn back on the mantel and on top of his lottery winnings. Adds VIC to the line up.

Takes a long, hard look at the four urns.

ALBERT

I should have invested in urns.

He suddenly notices Beau behind him -- also staring at the urns with what could be a worried expression on his face.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--Oh... it's not what you think.
Ella was my wife of sixty seven
years, Bill was my dog, Errol, a
friend, and Vic, a dog I rescued.
(beat)
Not very successfully...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Albert is sitting at the table with Beau, two cups of tea before them. Feels strange to have another person here.

ALBERT

You'll probably notice some of
Ella's things around the house.

Beau's silence doesn't seem awkward to Albert anymore.

It's almost a safety net, he can speak without challenge.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

When someone you love leaves, at
first... you don't want to touch
anything they've left behind. You
have that strange series of
'firsts'... the first time you open
the fridge and their sandwich is
still there, the first time you
open their mail or move their
shoes... but then you stop wanting
to move things because you slowly
realize that if you do... after
that, you'll never move anything
that they placed, ever again. In a
way, by leaving things, it makes
the person still present...

Albert smiles with the greatest warmth in his eyes.

Beau moves a hand towards his chest and fishes out the chain hanging around his neck.

Shows Albert the dangling silver ring looped to it.

Albert takes it and angles the ring between his finger and thumb. Squints at an engraved name...

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Sabine? So you lost someone too.
 (beat)
 And you do understand English.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Stonehenge era wallpaper.

Albert puts a glass of water down on a bedside table and scoops up a pair of pink slippers as Beau watches.

ALBERT
 Ella used to sleep here sometimes.
 Had a thing for slippers. Always
 joked we could open a slipper shop.

Points to an ancient TV, ugly wire antenna.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 Still works if you feel like it.

He moves for the doorway.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 Feel free to use the shower, spare
 toothbrush under the sink.
 (beat)
 Good night, Beau.

Albert heads out and leaves Beau to the night.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Albert steps back into the kitchen holding Ella's slippers--

--But he pauses in the middle of the room, almost lost in his own house. Squeezes the soft pink fluff in his hands.

Something is happening to him - something deep down inside.

It's like his soul is finally negotiating with reality.

INT. ALBERT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Albert flips the light on. His eyes meet something.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Albert steps up to the sink and turns a tap on.

Holds Ella's drinking glass up to the water - her lipstick mark stained on the rim. But--

--He can't quite commit to the water yet. It's hard.

One of the hardest things he has ever done.

Forces the glass under the hungry tap.

INT. BEAU'S ROOM - NIGHT

A digital clock reads: 3:42am

Beau switches a lamp on. He is laying on top of the bed, still dressed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A floorboard CREAKS. Beau hits a light and scans the living room.

CARDBOARD BOXES everywhere, all stuffed with shoes, clothes, books, slippers, picture frames...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beau looks down at the kitchen table to find Albert's passport and some papers.

Sits down and opens the passport to the photo page.

Picks up some train tickets. Eurostar. First Class.

390 POUNDS to BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

325 POUNDS to BERLIN, GERMANY

Tickets to a trip Albert cancelled. To give Beau a home.

INT. ALBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door creaks open as Beau pushes it. He idles in the doorway looking over a sleeping Albert.

Crosses into the room and looms over Albert's body.

It's like stealing time with someone. The air around Beau is electric.

And then--

--A miracle.

BEAU

Thank you, Albert.

British. With a solid London accent.

EXT. AYSLEY HIGH STREET - MORNING

Albert is sitting on that same bench facing that same cafe that is under construction. Nearly finished now.

Albert sips a coffee. Glad to be out of the big city.

EXT. TOBY'S COTTAGE - MORNING

CLOSE ON: A wrinkly old fist KNOCKING on a door.

Albert stands there as Mia opens up and instantly throws her arms up for a hug. Albert obliges--

ALBERT

--Hello, boss. The wanderer returns. Thank you for all your help while I was away.

MIA

Where's the doggy?

Bad news. Albert dips his chin to his chest.

ALBERT

Yeah. About that. He... ugh...
I'm sorry princess, I'm afraid he
ran out of batteries...

(beat)

I didn't think you'd be here, why
aren't you at school?

MIA
Daddy... didn't wake up, yet.

ALBERT
Is he alright?

MIA
He maked a cake... that went wrong.

ALBERT
Sounds like he's just fine then.

INT. BUS - MOVING

Mia and Albert are riding a bus.

ALBERT
How about I pick you up too? We could go home, I'll watch a few cartoons, you could sink a couple of beers and I'll tell you about my trip?

But Mia seems unusually low.

MIA
Daddy, daddy... said... that I can't come round... anymore.

ALBERT
What!? Why did he say that?

MIA
Don't know.

But Albert does.

INT. COMMONSWOOD JUNIOR SCHOOL - DAY

Holding his hand, Mia leads Albert down a corridor all the way to her classroom. Inside, class is in session but the teacher, MRS. OSBORN, spots them and crosses to the door.

MRS. OSBORN
Hello, Mia. In you go.

Mia slips inside as Mrs. Osborn faces Albert.

MRS. OSBORN (CONT'D)
Are you Mia's grandfather?

Albert goofs... but it's easier just to go with it--

ALBERT

--Oh, ugh, yes, yes I am.

MRS. OSBORN

Can I have a quick word?

ALBERT

Oh... yes, of course.

Mrs. Osborn closes the classroom door ensuring Mia is out of earshot.

INT. TOBY'S COTTAGE, HALLWAY - DAY

Albert slinks in through the front door. He closes it and gazes around...

ALBERT

Hello?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Albert steps in and pauses. Cake shit all over the walls. Looks like some baking went nuclear.

INT. TOBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Albert edges into Toby's bedroom to be met by a bare arse. Toby is face down on the bed, naked and unconscious. Some flies around a half eaten pizza, empty wine bottle.

ALBERT

--Well, well, well. I see the mantle of pity has descended upon thee again.

Toby springs upright GASPING and hiding under the covers--

TOBY

--Ugh. What... what time is it!?

Rubs his head feeling like the placenta after a child birth.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Oh, God... I haven't taken Mia to--

ALBERT

--Relax... my new lodger took her--

TOBY

--What!

ALBERT

Calm down, I took her, she's fine.

Toby sinks as reality comes flooding back like a kick to the dangly bits--

TOBY

--Ugh. Fuck me, Albert. Fuck me in the face.

(beat)

I'm a failure to my daughter.

ALBERT

I already told you that.

TOBY

I hate you.

Albert can feel Toby's anguish. He finds a chair and sits down taking his iPhone out and dialing a number.

A mobile on Toby's bedside table starts RINGING - Albert's face on a video call.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Not this again.

Reluctantly reaches over and answers--

TOBY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

--Hello, Albert.

ALBERT

(into phone)

Talk to me.

Toby is weary but he knows it's time to face the music.

TOBY

(into phone)

I had my first big order yesterday. Urgent wedding cake. Five tiers. For a celebrity footballer. Then the oven broke down midway. Temperature control.

(beat)

A courier turned up and all I had were a couple of burnt cowpats.

(beat)

Ended up throwing them at the wall.

Albert absorbs this news.

ALBERT
 (into phone)
 Well. It's bad, but it's not
 asteroid-about-to-hit-us bad.
 (beat)
 Clean up and meet me in the kitchen
 for a slice of cowpat, we'll carry
 this on down there.

He ends the call.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

A toaster POPS two slices. Beau takes them out and puts them on a plate.

Spreads the last of some butter.

Turns around to dump the wrapper -- but something stops him.

Bends down to the bin and takes out--

--The urn that reads: ALBERT

INT. TOBY'S COTTAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

Toby is wearing a robe and sitting at a table with Albert.

He is toying with a small picture frame showing a pregnant SYLVIA.

Smiles to himself but he's so glum he's making depression seem alluring.

TOBY
 (sad)
 I'm so lucky to have you, Albert.
 You should be a motivational
 speaker.

ALBERT
 Look, I'm not going to sit here and
 tell you that everything's going to
 be alright--

TOBY
 (cynical)
 --That's a relief.

ALBERT

Sometimes life punches you in the face, but it punches everyone.

(beat)

Don't worry, you're not totally useless. When you found out that Errol died, you came to see me. That meant something.

Toby perks up.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

In twenty years, Mia won't be telling anyone about your cowpats, she'll be boasting about your booming cake shop... so get over yourself, quick.

Toby stands the photo frame back on the table.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

And speaking of Mia, when I took her to school, the teacher asked me if everything was okay. Seems she's been late a lot and the other day kids were picking on her for only wearing one sock. Apparently - she told the teacher she couldn't find the second one so just didn't bother with it.

Toby squeezes his eyes shut - as you do when you just want everything to go away.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Relax... it's just a sock.

(beat)

Toby... I know you miss Sylvia, but what really matters is how you move on without her.

Toby finds Albert again.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

To be honest, for the most part, the way you moved on taught us all a lesson.

Toby nods to himself.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You're the best father I've ever met.

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You just have to pay a little more attention to the details, that's all.

Toby nods a little bit more. And at long last, a smile...

TOBY

Well. This is a first.

(beat)

I hate to admit it, but in a funny sort of way, you have actually made me feel better. Perhaps you should go now, before you balls it all up--

ALBERT

--Not so fast, soldier.

(beat)

Why can't Mia come over? Is it because of Beau?

Toby shakes his head, disappointed--

TOBY

--No, Albert, it's because of the situation in Syria, what do you think?

Albert can't hide the hurt of this separation.

ALBERT

Look. I know I'm prehistoric... but I'm not senile--

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beau is holding Albert's urn while staring at the other urns on the mantel.

ALBERT (V.O.)

--Yes... I've only known Beau for a few days, but I choose to think the best of people, not the worst. I got that from Ella, I've got confidence in everybody, Toby. Even you.

Beau's mind ticks. Albert's urn is like the missing piece.

ALBERT (V.O.)

Beau hasn't said or done anything to show me that he's unfit to be around children... or adults come to think of it.

Beau notices Albert's lottery cash underneath Ella's urn.
Picks her urn up and takes the wad of twenties into his hand.

ALBERT (V.O.)

All he's done is allow me to bring
him to another part of the country
for a second chance at life.

(beat)

I've got a good feeling about him.

Beau gauges the wealth between his fingertips.

ALBERT (V.O.)

I only hope that my good deed helps
encourage him, gets him back on
track and helps him become a better
man.

But Beau makes a fist around the cash.

BACK TO:

INT. TOBY'S COTTAGE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Toby nods agreement with Albert.

TOBY

Wow. Ella really made you open
your eyes to people, didn't she?

ALBERT

Actually, I made that bit up.

(beat)

But we are all inherently good...
until we learn otherwise.

TOBY

Even Hitler?

ALBERT

Except Hitler.

TOBY

That's not everyone then, is it?

(beat)

Do you even know what you're
talking about?

They both start laughing, but despite the humor, we sense
that Albert really does believe his own words.

EXT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE - DAY

A taxi is parked outside the house with the back open. Beau steps out of Albert's front door carrying a cardboard box.

INT. TAXI, MOVING - DAY

Albert and Beau are passengers.

EXT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

Albert and Beau emerge from the shop.

INT. DELIGHTFUL NIBBLES - DAY

A quiet corner in a cosy sandwich shop. Beau is spooning soup as Albert sits down with a salad.

ALBERT

Thanks for helping. When you start shriveling up you can't lift so much on your own.

Albert slips an envelope out of his jacket and slides it to Beau.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

This is for you.

Beau curiously picks the envelope up and peeks inside.

Cash.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I sold a few things. My wife was always helping people. And now, even in death, she's helping you.

But Beau immediately tears up. Puts the envelope down and stoops his head, alarming Albert.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

It's alright, Beau, relax...

Beau firmly slides the envelope back to Albert.

And in a totally surprising moment--

--He opens his mouth to speak...

BEAU
M-- my name is Clyde. Clyde
Jenkins.

Albert is knocked out...

BEAU (CONT'D)
But I prefer... Beau. I'm from
London. Used to be a chef.

It's not coming easy. Something in his past has obviously
cut his insides out.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Last time someone helped me, a man
said he'd like to give me a room.
(beat)
Told me to grab whatever I had...
and took me home-- in his Range
Rover. Lived in a country mansion,
but when we got there... his drunk
mates surrounded me... and beat me
blind. Some of them filmed it.
(beat)
I woke up in a ditch somewhere near
Heathrow airport. Swollen eye,
fractured cheek, none of my stuff.

Beau grinds onward--

BEAU (CONT'D)
--Forgive me for being wary,
Albert, but last time I accepted
help, I ended up in the hospital
for two months with a detached
retina.

Albert looks at Beau with new eyes and suddenly sees
everything that he has been through.

ALBERT
I'm-- I'm sorry, Beau. No one
deserves that.

BEAU
I brought it on myself.
(beat)
Part of me wants to lie and tell
you some sob story about losing my
family in a fire... but I didn't.
I swapped them for Heroin. By the
time I kicked it, they'd moved to
France, just to get away from me.

Albert levels a long, judgmental stare, trying to find something positive--

ALBERT

--Well... France means hope. At least you're not talking to a couple of urns.

Beau knows Albert is right but instead of answering, he stuffs a hand into his pocket and takes out a bunch of twenties.

Lays them down and slides them to Albert.

BEAU

I can't take Ella's money. I don't deserve it because I already stole this.

(beat)

You've done nothing but give, yet I've already stolen from you. I don't even know why I did it?

Albert's heart skips a beat. Then--

ALBERT

I do. You've been through a hardship, and when someone offered an olive branch... you got cheated. You've rejected help ever since, and you did this in a sort of, 'Get me before I could get you', kind of way. It's understandable, but in time you'll learn to trust the right people again.

A rush of blood surges to Beau's head. A therapist couldn't have put it better.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

The good news is, you didn't actually steal it. You just took it early. I was going to give you that anyway.

But Beau is gravely disappointed in himself and Albert needs to work harder.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Beau, maybe you did something selfish here, but maybe I did too. Maybe I brought you here... to help me, not just you.

(beat)

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Therefore, I should be prepared for the consequences. This is one of them.

Albert slides the money back.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

But I don't regret it.

EXT. VILLAGE OF AYSLEY - DAY

Beau and Albert are strolling through the village.

ALBERT

I thought you were from Kenya or someplace.

(beat)

How long were you living under the bridge?

BEAU

Five years, maybe. I lost count.

ALBERT

Why did you take a chance on me then?

BEAU

You didn't look like you were going to beat me up.

ALBERT

You never know. I pack a mean jab.

They both laugh but Albert goes quiet for minute as something ENORMOUS brews.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I've enjoyed your company very much Beau. We should do some more traveling. I love to travel.

(beat)

Isn't there somewhere you'd like to go? Maybe somewhere across the English channel? Last time I was there they were speaking German.

BEAU

I just hope I'm not a burden to you, Albert.

Albert pauses and faces Beau, sincere--

ALBERT

--You're not. Everything over the last six months tasted dead in my mouth... until now.

(beat)

You're not a burden, you're the silver lining, Beau.

(beat)

You're the silver lining.

Beau is touched.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A mouth fills the letter box and a familiar voice YELLS--

VOICE

DING, BLOODY, DONG--

--Albert walks up to the door and opens it to Toby.

ALBERT

Since when do you ring?

TOBY

Well. Now that you've got a guest.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alone, Toby is glaring at Vic's urn on the mantel.

TOBY

(to himself)

Who the bloody hell is Vic?

He moves to touch it when a door CREAKS behind him--

--He turns to find Albert standing with Beau.

ALBERT

Lets try this again.

(beat)

Beau, this is Toby... my neighbor and close friend.

(beat)

Toby, this is Beau... my silver lining.

Albert's introduction of Beau catches Toby off guard, but this time it's Beau who takes the lead with a hand--

BEAU
 --Sorry I didn't shake before, I
 was... nervous... to be honest.

TOBY
 Right. So was I - to be honest.

Toby reaches out and they shake.

Beau shakes slow and firm - extra sensitive to the fact that
 this is his first formal introduction in a long, long time.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 I'm... I'm the father of a little
 girl, Mia. She's six. Spends a
 lot of time here. With... Albert.
 Can't think why...

But Beau isn't a dumbass.

He knows what this really is -- and he's soaking it up like a
 tourist collecting shells.

Suddenly--

--He pivots away heading out of the room and up the stairs.

Albert and Toby share a look.

ALBERT
 What is it with you two?

But Beau pounds back down the stairs and crosses into the
 room handing Toby a piece of paper.

Toby takes it. It's a photo of a smiling young boy.

BEAU
 I'm a father too.

Toby scrutinizes the old, cracked image.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Kept it in my sock. If I got
 robbed, I didn't wanna to lose it.

TOBY
 Where is he now?

BEAU
 France. Haven't seen him... or my
 wife, for sometime.

(beat)

(MORE)

BEAU (CONT'D)

You're lucky. Look after her. You must be proud parents.

TOBY

Oh, it's-- it's just me. Mia's mother died... giving birth.

The darkness is almost a common bond between the two.

BEAU

You have two people's job to do then.

The comment lands hard on Toby. Makes him think.

TOBY

Yes. Yes, I do.

BEAU

Well, nice meeting you.

(beat)

I'll leave you both to discuss whether it's safe to let your daughter back here now that there's a scary black man in the house. Thanks for coming.

Beau turns away and heads out leaving Albert and Toby to themselves.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A floodlight keeps all of the headstones lit.

One of them reads:

SYLVIA ISOBEL GRACE, 28th March 1976 - 27th December 2011

There is a dinner plate covered in crumbs at the base of it.

Toby picks it up replacing it with a fresh coffee cake.

TOBY

Your favorite.

Exhales a deep gust of breath. It's just as hard facing up to the tombstone as it would be as if she were still alive.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I-- I don't know what happened.

I... just... got a bit lost.

(beat)

(MORE)

ALBERT

--And that's when we went to the lake... and I fell in.

Mia giggles. Albert turns another page - Bill with Ella.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I remember taking that. It was our wedding anniversary.

Albert's mind drifts... until--

BEAU (O.S.)

--Albert?

Albert snaps out of it to find Beau at the back door--

ALBERT

--Yes, Beau!

But Beau smiles past Albert -- to Mia...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--How rude of me. This is my boss, Mia.

(beat)

I generally do whatever she says. Mia, this is Beau.

Beau waves at her.

BEAU

At last. Hello, boss.

MIA

Hello.

BEAU

Do you want to see a card trick?

MIA

No.

BEAU

Oh. Another day then.

(beat)

I'm heading to the shops if anyone wants anything?

ALBERT

No thank you, Beau.

MIA

Bye bye.

INT. BARGAIN PALACE - DAY

Beau dumps a basket full of food down at the checkout, Mustafa in the middle of combing his beard.

BEAU
Do you know where I can buy a turkey please mate?

Mustafa is taken aback. Puts his comb down.

MUSTAFA
This is not usual tourist request. Phone charger, yes, tampons, yes, turkey, no.

BEAU
I'm not a tourist. I'm staying with a friend.

MUSTAFA
Who?

BEAU
Albert. The old--

MUSTAFA
--Albert!

BEAU
You know him?

MUSTAFA
There is only one Albert. Big lottery. 600 lucky dips.

Mustafa picks up his phone and dials a number--

MUSTAFA (CONT'D)
--More chance find alive turkey around here than packaged one.
(beat)
I make call. Mustafa find anything.

He grabs a toilet plunger from a rack behind--

MUSTAFA (CONT'D)
--Need plunger, my friend? Special discount. One for price of three.

Mustafa's personality just keeps getting brighter and brighter.

EXT. ALBERT'S GARDEN - DAY

Albert is holding an oversized geography atlas while Mia is flicking through the book of Bill--

ALBERT

--Daddy wanted me to help you with your map work. You're learning where countries are.

He randomly opens the book to one country in particular - Germany.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Ugh, forget that one.

Flips to another one and shows it to Mia.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Where's this place?

MIA

China.

ALBERT

Impressive.

Flips to another.

MIA

Don't know.

ALBERT

Norway.

He flips to another--

ALBERT (CONT'D)

--This is an easy one.

MIA

London.

ALBERT

Nearly. The whole place isn't London... thank God.

(beat)

It's England.

But Albert stares at England for a little too long. Points at a particular place.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

This is London, where I went.

Something about it is eating him.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
One of my friends was going there,
until he ran out of batteries.

But the more he stares at it, the more it irks him.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What the hell was in London anyway?
He lived on a farm all his life.

INT. HONITON CARE HOME, FRONT DESK - DAY

Albert steps through the main door only to be power slammed by Nurse Vilma's scowl.

ALBERT
Nice to see you too.
(beat)
You'll be pleased to know that I
haven't climbed the golden
staircase just yet.

Albert chuckles. Vilma doesn't.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Life is short. Smile more, while
you've still got teeth.

Vilma scowls harder.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vilma shows Albert to the door of an open bedroom and marches herself away. A placard along the door reads:

MR. HECTOR DINGLE

And inside the room -- the Dingle himself.

75 years old, nipple high trousers, HECTOR DINGLE looks very much like he took fashion classes from Edward Scissorhands.

He is sitting looking into an aquarium.

INT. HECTOR DINGLE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Albert steps inside and composes himself.

ALBERT
Hello, Hector.

But Hector's attention stays with the aquarium.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
You don't know me but I was
wondering if I could ask you a few
questions... about a friend of
ours... who used to live here.
(beat)
Errol Felman?

Hector slowly turns his head to Albert...

HECTOR
I can fit you in. But only on
one condition.

Albert holds his breath.

INT. RECREATION LOUNGE - DAY

Albert is sitting on one side of a chessboard, Hector on the other side. Hector makes his move.

HECTOR
Sorry. Never heard of him.

ALBERT
What do you mean? You both lived
here, together, for 8 years?

HECTOR
A lot of people live here. And
expire here. But trust me, I never
met an 'Errol.'

ALBERT
But he told me that you were
teaching him the interweb...

Hector makes a swift move.

HECTOR
Checkmate.

Hector smiles and meets Albert's expectant gaze.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

My good man. I think someone might
have been... spinning a yarn.

Albert falls back in his chair feeling like the hand of God
just slapped him.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Albert surges through the front door holding a small bag.
Drops his stick and crosses to the urns unscrewing the top of
Errol's one--

--Takes a black-pepper shaker out of his bag vigorously
shaking a generous portion into Errol's little bronze home.

ALBERT

I can't believe you set me up!

(beat)

The nurse said you'd been told that
you only had a few weeks left. You
were never going anywhere!!

Slaps Errol's urn back on the shelf.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Now you're twenty percent pepper,
and I know how much you hated
pepper. Who's laughing now?

But suddenly - he catches a whiff of something.

A whiff of something tasty.

He pivots to the dining table. It's been decked out for a
Christmas dinner party. Silverware, place mats, even
Christmas crackers...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beau is wearing an apron and has a royal feast on the go.

Notices Albert standing in the doorway watching him.

BEAU

Oh. Just in time.

(beat)

Thought I might cook you dinner.
As a thank you. Unless you had
plans tonight...

(ala Albert)

(MORE)

BEAU (CONT'D)

A hot date? Maybe a flight to catch?

Albert twists back to the Christmas table. Six places.

ALBERT

Me and who's army?

BEAU

Everyone seems to know you around here, so I invited a few over.

Suddenly, an Arab sounding voice ECHOES through the house--

ARABIC VOICE (O.S.)

--DING, DONG...

BEAU

--Oh... great, first guest is here already.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

MUSTAFA belly laughs.

He is midway through a turkey dinner and is sharing the table with Albert, Beau, Leon, Toby and Mia--

BEAU

--So then he says-- it was still worthwhile, because even though he paid two grand for Vic, if Vic hadn't of died, he probably wouldn't have given me his breakfast... because he would have given it to the dog. Nice to know where you stand, eh!

The table laughs.

LEON

You should have just left him to learn sign language when you were giving him the silent treatment.

ALBERT

(playful)

If there wasn't a young lady present, I'd give you some sign language alright.

He leans to Mia who is sitting next to him.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 I don't find all this very funny.
 What do you think?

Mia giggles.

LEON
 I'm so glad I stopped by earlier, I
 only wanted my drill back and now
 it's Christmas.
 (beat)
 Do we get presents too?

ALBERT
 Yes, what did you bring me?

Toby gleefully forks a slice of turkey into his mouth--

TOBY
 (to Beau)
 --This might be the best bloody
 turkey I've ever had. You sure you
 cooked this yourself?

ALBERT
 Not everyone's in the cowpat
 business, Toby.

BEAU
 I used to enjoy cooking. More for
 my family than at work.

An awkward silence eats up the room like an invisible fog.

Beau didn't quite realize the impact of his comment.

LEON
 I think we all enjoyed cooking for
 our family, Beau.

The rain cloud lingers until Mustafa realizes that he is the
 lucky winner who needs to breath life back into the party.

Overly enjoys his own slice of turkey--

MUSTAFA
 --Mmmmmmmmm. Repetition teaches the
 donkey.

Leon is lost by Mustafa's meaning but just rolls with it--

LEON
 --Indeed it does.

MUSTAFA
Practice, makes, perfect.

Spirits are lifting again.

TOBY
Just make sure you all leave room
for dessert, there might be a
couple of homemade cheesecakes in
the fridge.

ALBERT
(to Toby)
At least you weren't cooking, I
didn't take the batteries out of
the smoke alarm.

Toby sticks his tongue out at Albert. Mia finds it funny.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Beau dumps a pile of dirty plates down - leftovers galore.
Bends down to scrape some remains into a bin when--
--Albert's discarded urn suddenly hijacks his eyes. Again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The calm after the food avalanche.

While three bloated stomachs and a little girl slouch over
the dinner table, Mustafa retires into Albert's armchair.

Mia is coloring in a picture book with a crayon and Albert is
helping her, but as he fills the sky in--

--Beau returns from the kitchen holding Albert's urn.

Places it down on the table for everyone to see.

BEAU
What's this, Albert?

Everyone stares at it. Time to milk this thing once and for
all.

LEON
(knowing)
Yes. What's that, Albert?

TOBY
 (knowing)
 Yes, do explain, Albert?

Albert looks at the urn. Everyone looks at Albert.

ALBERT
 It's an urn, Beau.

BEAU
 Yeah... but... it's got your name
 on it.

A flush of discomfort. This is going to be a difficult
 needle to thread.

TOBY
 Come on, we haven't got all
 Christmas.

Albert puts his crayon down and submits to his audience, but
 not without surprise.

ALBERT
 When I went to London, I made an
 appointment at the prison, to see
 the man who killed Ella.

Toby and Leon suddenly tune into Albert with laser precision.

Mustafa sits up as Albert addresses Beau directly--

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 --As you all know, my wife was hit
 by an old boy who was on the phone
 while at the wheel.

Back to everyone.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 But I went to see him... to forgive
 him.

MUSTAFA (O.S.)
 Why you do this, Albert?

ALBERT
 I nearly didn't. He sent me a
 letter that made me angry. It was
 an apology, as if he had just
 dented my car or something.
 (beat)
 But it was Beau who made me go.
 (MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Seeing his compassion to others reminded me that I needed to share some of my own.

Beau is both humbled and intrigued.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I went-- because I've seen first hand how bad we can be to each other.

The gravity of his comment takes a chunk out of everyone.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I wasn't really in the home guard during the war. I was a liberator of the Belsen concentration camp. My unit was in charge of the clean up... and as you can imagine, it was some clean up.

The table is silent.

The room is silent.

The house is silent.

Then--

LEON

--You mean to say that you told us all those war stories but left out the most important one?

Albert chuckles. *Yes, that's what he means to say...*

TOBY

I hope Ella knew about this.

ALBERT

Of course she knew. She knew... because she was there.

Now the entire planet is silent.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Ella lived in Copenhagen during the war. Like most women, she could be quite vocal when she disagreed.

(beat)

The bad guys didn't like that, so where many folks stories ended -- ours began.

TOBY

But-- Ella told me you two met when she shaved your head?

ALBERT

She did shave my head, but we used that story as a cover.

(beat)

Ella thought our real story was a little too grim. Conditions at the camp were so bad it damaged her health to the point where she couldn't have children. Not exactly a crowd pleaser when you're sharing marriage tales around a campfire. Ella's first job after we moved to London... was actually in a hair salon. She worked there while I started my print press career.

(beat)

But because of what we had seen, we decided to live a life of forgiveness rather than accusation. She was the love of my life and I miss her dearly, but Benjamin Parker didn't hit her on purpose. He was on the phone to his grandson. He knows he shouldn't have been, but I also know Ella would have wanted me to forgive him. So I did.

If that wasn't enough...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I wasn't really going to Amsterdam, either. I was going to Germany.

(beat)

But I knew that if I'd have told you that -- then I'd have had to explain all this. Ella had a good life, but she always wanted to rest with her friends who weren't so lucky. She wanted her ashes scattered in the very place we met. And they will be. Just have to wait a little longer, that's all.

Albert levels his gaze at the urn.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Why is my name on the urn?

(beat)

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Because there's a hole in the world where Ella used to be, but when I look at my urn next to hers, it makes me feel a little bit closer to her. That's why. Nothing more, nothing less.

The table absorbs him. Everyone doing some soul searching.

TOBY

Well. You're a hero then, Albert.

Albert eyes Mia who is still filling in a picture.

ALBERT

I'm no hero and I never really meant for all this to come out, it's just, I wasn't quite prepared for this ending. I always thought it would be the other way round.

LEON

The whole table wasn't prepared for these endings, Albert.

TOBY

None of us were. But someone recently told me that what matters now is how we move on.

(ala Albert)

And frankly, the way you've moved on has taught us all a lesson.

Albert swallows Toby's words with a knowing twinkle.

The room has a heavy heart.

Until--

LEON

--Tea? Anyone?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A kettle boils. Tea bags placed.

Steaming water poured.

A drop of milk.

A careful stir.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Albert, Toby and Beau have adjourned to the living room and are eating cheesecake. Mustafa is slumped in the armchair suffering a food coma.

ALBERT
(to Toby)
Not bad cheesecake. For you.

TOBY
I'll take it.

Mia is sitting on Beau's lap watching him perform a card trick. He makes an ace disappear and she is bamboozled.

Leon glides into the room holding a tray of tea.

LEON
What good is a tea party without
any tea?

Mustafa lets out a colossal SNORE.

LEON (CONT'D)
Your loss.

Leon places the tray down on a side table - Albert and Toby helping themselves.

LEON (CONT'D)
So, Albert. Beau was telling us
about your trip to France in a few
weeks.
(beat)
I didn't know you'd always wanted
to go back to France?

Albert goes numb... neither did he until a few days ago.

TOBY
A real man of the world now.

BEAU
We met a French friend... who's
going to take us.

The group focus on Albert - but his silence is DEAFENING.

He tries to untangle his thoughts... finally gazing at Beau with a crumpling feeling--

ALBERT
--I... I can't go to France, Beau.

Beau sinks. It's like a punch in the gut from your own parent.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

My knee... can't take the walking.
It's getting worse. Couldn't even
stand up this morning.

(beat)

I'm going to pay for you, though.
I want you and Pierre to go and
find your son.

But an overwhelming sense of loyalty surges through Beau--

BEAU

--I'm not going without you.

TOBY

It's never too late, Albert.

ALBERT

I wholeheartedly agree. It's never
too late... until it is.

BEAU

No, it's not!

Beau suddenly lifts Mia off his lap and jumps to his feet, stepping out of the room--

--Sound of FOOTSTEPS up the stairs.

LEON

(to Albert)

Just your luck. You've had a
thousand years to get out, and now
someone needs you to go
somewhere... you're an invalid.

But Beau comes CLUNKING down the stairs carrying something heavy.

Pushes a wheelchair into the living room and stops it in front of Albert with a very satisfied look on his kisser.

BEAU

Saw this in the bedroom cupboard.

ALBERT

Errol's wheelchair?

(beat)

Going to push me up the Eiffel
Tower in that thing are you?

BEAU
I'm only in this position because
of you, Albert. Whatever it takes.

Albert shrinks. Not used to being knocked off his horse.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, HALLWAY - MORNING

Fingers poke the letter box open and a mouth yells--

MOUTH
--DING, DONG.

After a few seconds Beau answers the door to a POSTMAN.

POSTMAN
Need an autograph for this one.

He shows Beau a small brown envelope.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Beau is sitting at the table looking at a brand new passport.

Flips to the photo page - a picture of himself.

Finally part of the system again.

INT. BEAU'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau has a suitcase opened out on his bed. Throws a pair of new shoes in but his mind is elsewhere.

The digital clock shows -- 9.50am

EXT. ALBERT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau knocks on Albert's door.

Silence.

He cracks it slightly and peaks in...

BEAU'S POV - INTO ALBERT'S ROOM:

It's not as busy now that Ella's possessions are gone.

He spies an open suitcase full of packed clothes resting on a chair... but inside the bed--

--Albert...

Is laying as still as a statue.

BEAU

Albert?

INT. ALBERT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau steps in and moves alongside Albert's body--

BEAU

--Albert?

Leans toward Albert's face and levels his ear to Albert's mouth, listening...

EXT. AMBULANCE - MORNING

Blue lights SCREAMING through the streets.

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, HALLWAY - MORNING

Beau rips the front door open to a couple of PARAMEDICS - frantically leads them inside and up the stairs--

BEAU

--He's still in bed!

INT. ALBERT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau bursts through the door with the Paramedics but--

--The bed is...

EMPTY.

Behind them -- SOUND of a TOILET FLUSH, and--

--Albert steps out of the bathroom with nothing but a towel around his waist and his walking stick in hand--

ALBERT

--What the... what's all this?

BEAU

--Albert! But... it's late-- you never sleep this long--

ALBERT
--Well I was up all night, packing.

BEAU
Oh, God--

Albert glances at the Paramedics.

ALBERT
Sorry gents, not today. Try again
next week.

EXT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE - MORNING

The ambulance gently pulls away.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Albert finishes shaving. Dabs some aftershave.
Smiles at his own reflection for the first time in ages.

INT. ALBERT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Albert is sitting on the edge of his bed in his underwear,
buttoning up a shirt.

Picks up a pair of socks. Slips one on - but as he pulls the
other one on--

--Something underneath a cupboard catches his eye.

ALBERT'S P.O.V. - on a pair of yellow slippers.

ALBERT
Huh. The ones that got away.

Pushes to his feet, but as he reaches for the slippers--

--SEARING PAIN shoots through his knee causing him to lose
his balance and--

--Drop to the floor BANGING his head against a steel radiator--

--THWACK!

He lands on his belly in a crumpled heap -- WUMP!

Utterly still.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: ALBERT'S URN...

On the dining table, like a museum piece.

Toby, wearing a suit, is sitting looking at it from the sofa.

Leon is also suited and booted.

And Mustafa. And Beau. And last but not least--

--Mia. Red rings around her clammy eyes.

Toby pushes up and grabs the urn. Places it on the mantel next to ELLA, BILL, ERROL and VIC.

TOBY

That's where he wanted it.

LEON

Ironic. Just as he got over Ella... he joined her.

TOBY

One never really gets over a true love.

Mustafa gets up and walks over to the Albert's urn. Unscrews the lid and drops a piece of paper inside.

MUSTAFA

Good luck.

He sits down again leaving everyone in mystery.

LEON

What was that, your Christmas list?

MUSTAFA

Lottery. Albert like play lottery.

(beat)

Today could be winner, tomorrow could have stroke. Who knows. Feeling that counts.

LEON

How will we know if he's won?

MUSTAFA

Albert never win lottery.

Toby shakes his head. Weird, as always. Faces Beau--

TOBY

--What do you think you'll do?

BEAU

Probably go back to London. I'm ready to start again now. Thanks to Albert.

TOBY

You should still go to France.

LEON

And you'll probably have to make a stop in Germany too. For Ella.

Beau nods. He probably will. Mia rubs her eyes.

MIA

Albert ran out of batteries.

EXT. ALYSLEY - DAWN

The sun peers down over this tiny town.

EXT. ALBERT'S COTTAGE - DAY

Beau is standing at the front door screwing the doorbell back into the wall.

Satisfied, he presses the button and it RINGS like new.

Pulls the 'ding-dong' note off the door, but--

--Before screwing it up -- something stops him. Reads the note again. It's like a piece of Albert himself.

Sticks it back on the door.

Grabs a hammer from his tool box and batters the crap out of the doorbell he just fixed, WHAP, WHAP, WHAP...

Takes a step back to admire the fruits of his labor, but as he does... a MAN'S VOICE from behind--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

--Clyde Jenkins?

All the liquid suddenly drains from Beau's body.

Who in Hell could know his name? His. Real. Name?

Slowly turns to find a well-to-do MAN in a suit and somewhere on the wrong side of fifty--

MAN

--Sidney Chamberlain. Came last week, but the neighbor said you were in France.

BEAU

Yes. Back yesterday.

SIDNEY

How was it?

Beau Beams.

BEAU

It was the best trip of my life.

EXT. AYSLEY HIGH STREET - EVENING

Beau is walking down the main shopping street holding a piece of paper with an address on it.

SIDNEY (V.O.)

Gentleman. When Albert's wife died, Albert received a very large life insurance payout. Half of it immediately went to charity as per Ella's wishes... and the other half went to Albert... who has now passed it onto you fine chaps.

Beau arrives at an empty cafe. We've seen this place before.

No name yet but construction has finished now.

SIDNEY (V.O.)

As well as a cash payout for each of you, Albert also left a few other bits and bobs.

Beau peers in through the door. Toby and Leon are already sitting at a table facing Sidney, Mia on Toby's lap.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The place is ready for action, brand new tables and chairs, light fixtures, cups and glasses dotted about...

Beau has joined Toby, Mia and Leon at the table with Sidney.

SIDNEY
So, onto the fun part.

Sidney picks up a document and reads from it.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Clyde. As well as a payout, you'll be permitted to live in Albert's house, rent free, for as long as you like, but the actual house is now owned by little Mia. I know she's only six but Toby will sign ownership until Mia turns 18...

Lowers the document as well as his tone--

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
(to Beau)
--This makes Mia your new landlady so I suggest you don't upset her.
(beat)
And Toby, you don't rent your house anymore either, Mia owns that too, so I suppose she's also your new landlady...

Tops it off with a sarcastic smile and a wink for Mia--

TOBY
--What the...

Sidney puts the document down.

SIDNEY
And now gentleman, without further ado... the point of all this.

He slides some keys across the table-- and then holds -- for some sort of reaction. Any reaction.

All he gets is a long, silent moment.

The Three dummies obviously need a clue.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Welcome to your new business.

Sidney gets up and swaggers towards a serving counter - a bedsheet has been draped across a long, bulky object.

He whips the sheet off to reveal the object underneath is a shop sign for the front of the cafe that reads:

TEA AND CAKE

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
This place is your cafe. It's for
all three of you.

TOBY
--What the devil...

LEON
Our cafe--

SIDNEY
--Albert thought it would be quite
the tourist trap.

Beau, Leon and Toby gawk at each other.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Naturally, Mia is the owner.

LEON
Well, she's done alright, she'll be
able to retire before she's seven.

Mia claps her hands together. She is unsure why but the
cheer in the room is unbelievably infectious.

BEAU
--Wait, wait... but--
(beat)
--Albert's known these two for
years, how has he included me here?

Sidney struts back to the table as if he's just been told
that he has the world's biggest penis.

SIDNEY
Albert had already started all
this. With his inheritance.

LEON
The sneaky...

SIDNEY
But when he got back from London,
he went to the doctor with his knee
troubles. Unfortunately, while he
was there, seems they found a few
other things. Didn't say what, but
it was enough for him to come and
see me... and make a few changes.
(to Beau)
I suppose that's where you came in.

It's enough to bring tears to three pairs of eyes.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Turns out his dodgy knee did him in
anyway.

Beau, Leon and Toby are awestruck. A group hug.

LEON

Thank you, Albert.

But Toby breaks the hug and walks towards the sign. Strokes
his hand over it like it's an old friend--

TOBY

--Love the name gentleman, but I'm
sure you'll agree, I think there's
something missing...

And as the three men savor their windfall...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TEA AND CAKE - DAY

A bright sunny day. The cafe is in full bloom now, customers
streaming in and out like the town hasn't had a new joint in
years.

And as the punters stream inside--

--We slowly pull back to reveal the cafe's corrected sign:

ALBERT'S TEA AND CAKE

Christmas lights in the windows. But it isn't Christmas, of
course.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END