

EXT. BLACKPOOL. NIGHT

A PAIR OF BLACK FURRY FEET. Running up cast iron steps. Desperate, panting. The clang of metal.

Snatched vertiginous glimpses of a bleak expanse of sea, a distant strip of lights along the sea front, trams passing below.

A FIGURE IN A BLACK MONKEY SUIT. It looks back. Someone is following.

The FIGURE pushes through a metal hatch and starts to climb.

A furry arm grabs painted-red iron, climbing hairy hand over hairy hand. A sharp crack of metal on metal. The hand slips, it searches frantically for some purchase on the girder.

CUT WIDE to reveal: The FIGURE IN THE MONKEY SUIT atop the Blackpool Tower, railing Kong-like against the elements.

The MONKEY falls, twisting in the air as it descends towards us. As it fills the screen flip to the MONKEY'S POV: BLACKPOOL SEAFRONT barrelling towards us, spiralling as we fall.

SLAMMING INTO the pavement.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT. DAY 1

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Ketchup squirting from a burger as someone takes a bite.

CAPTION: 'Four days earlier'

TRIXIE a flabby old slag in her late twenties - falling out of her clothes - bites into a burger. A chunk of meat drops out. She picks it up and inserts it back into the bun.

Whilst bent over she adjusts the millimetre of thong that slices in between her fulsome white buttocks.

DUDLEY SUTTON - late twenties, shorts and short sleeve shirt - carrying a bag of service station fare. He glances furtively at TRIXIE'S bum as he passes.

The forecourt is crammed with honking vehicles. Coaches, minibuses, cars, people shouting, milling around, music blaring from radios and boom-boxes.

DUDLEY continues towards his coach, sweating in the blistering Bank Holiday heat.

CUT TO:

INT. SUTTONS COACH/PETROL STATION. DAY 1

LOLA SUTTON, buttoned-up, plainly dressed, mid-twenties, sticky with sweat in the oven-like heat of the coach.

She is perched awkwardly on the back seat. Next to her are a YOUNG COUPLE. They wear the minimum of clothes and are snogging one another with frenzied abandon, unashamed of their mutual lust.

Cut between LOLA in the heat, glancing at them and her POV: the BOY'S hand on the GIRL'S thigh. Sweat on skin. Open mouths. Flashes of tongue.

DUDLEY arrives, shambling awkwardly down the aisle, clutching his carrier bag of fare.

DUDLEY squeezes past the embracing COUPLE'S bare knees.

DUDLEY

Sorry love. It's chaos out there.
Some kid got a Magnum all down my shorts.

DUDLEY sits down. They're both aware that the COUPLE are getting it on next to them.

DUDLEY

Milky tea. No sugar.

LOLA

Thanks.

The SNOGGING COUPLE ratchet the action up a notch. Sweating, DUDLEY pulls at his shirt.

DUDLEY

Ooh it's baking.

The SNOGGING MAN has his hand in his girlfriends top. He is rolling her nipple between his fingers.

DUDLEY
Does that window work?

LOLA
It's stuck.

The SNOGGING MAN'S eyes flick briefly over LOLA. DUDLEY opens a tube of sweets.

DUDLEY
Did I lock the front door? Or did you?

LOLA
You.

DUDLEY pats his pockets.

DUDLEY
Are you sure?

LOLA
Yeah.

DUDLEY
I can't find the key.

LOLA
You gave it to me.

LOLA'S POV: The YOUNG COUPLE. His hand between the GIRL'S thighs.

DUDLEY
I didn't.

LOLA
You did.

We hear a low moan. A BARE ARM swings loosely over DUDLEY'S shoulder. He tries not to react to it.

DUDLEY
Have a look in your bag.

LOLA does so reluctantly. She holds up the key. A deep groan from the neighbouring seat.

DUDLEY offers LOLA a sweet.

DUDLEY

Polo?

LOLA smiles weakly and takes it.

The COACH judders into life and rolls off.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT. DAY 1

As the SUTTON'S COACH clears frame it reveals CARTER KRANTZ - a pale yet arrestingly handsome, messianic man in his mid-twenties.

He seems tired, a little bit wired, stares intently at a small strip of paper with two words on it. He folds it and replaces it in his top pocket. As he does we see his cuff is stained with blood.

He glances around the forecourt.

CARTER'S POV: disjointed images. Exhaust belching from a coach. A FATHER and YOUNG SON drifting past seen through a heat haze. A sign for tyres, whipping round in the wind.

CARTER turns and finds himself looking straight into the ketchup-daubed face of TRIXIE.

TRIXIE

Alright sugar. You look a bit lost.

She swigs from a can of Tetleys. He looks at her coolly and starts to head past. TRIXIE follows him.

TRIXIE

Where you heading?

He holds up a battered piece of card with the word 'Blackpool' written on it.

CARTER

Blackpool.

TRIXIE

Whoohoo!!!

She holds her up hand 'gimme five' style.

CARTER doesn't respond. She hooks her arm through his.

TRIXIE

We'll give you a lift, won't we girls.

CARTER looks up to see a bunch of LEERING FEMALES cheering from the windows of a minibus.

CUT TO:

INT. SINS NIGHTCLUB- STAFF TOILET. DAY 1

SHIRLEY WOOLF, a charismatic man in his early-forties, lean, powerful, a brooding presence. He sits on the toilet reading the Blackpool Mercury.

There's a knock at the door.

LIAM

(OOV)

Dad?

SHIRLEY lowers the paper.

SHIRLEY

What?

LIAM

(OOV - hint of nervousness)

I'm ready.

SHIRLEY

Great. Get that money and don't fuck about. No gabbing with your mates. No freebies off the girls. No rolling up a sly one.

LIAM

(OOV)

Do you want some chips?

SHIRLEY conceals his irritation.

SHIRLEY

No I don't want any fucking chips. Just get in there. Show some front.

Get out. You can do it. I know you can.

LIAM

(OOV)

Sorted. Sorted. I've got it sussed. I'm rocking Dad.

SHIRLEY

And don't forget that grand off the coon.

LIAM

(OOV)

He's having difficulties Dad. He says his cat's got cancer.

SHIRLEY

Good. I hope it dies.

SHIRLEY turns the page and is shocked by what he sees.

SHIRLEY'S POV of the paper: an article about the tenth anniversary of Sins Nightclub. There are photographs of SHIRLEY and his wife CONNIE - a brassy, confident woman in her early forties. A caption reads 'Connie Woolf dazzles crowd at nightclub anniversary bash'.

Amongst these are 'Heat'-style unflattering photos of CONNIE: on a bar stool holding up a glass of champagne and flashing her knickers; close-up of cellulite; her face emphasizing a spot on her chin.

SHIRLEY

(distracted)

Take my car. Get that cash.

SHIRLEY lowers his paper.

SHIRLEY

And Liam.

Pause.

SHIRLEY

Stay away from Mercy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIRLEYS MERCEDES/SEAFRONT. DAY 1

POV from moving car: The word 'MERCY'S' in illuminated letters above a lap-dancing emporium. Either side of the entrance are posters of the girls amongst which is the star attraction - the fawn-like beauty VIENNA KEEN.

LIAM, an early-twenties unkempt slacker sporting Madchester '89 styling stares fixedly at the club, as he heads down the Golden Mile in SHIRLEY'S open-topped car. Shades down, spliff in hand, 'Wrote for Luck' by the Happy Mondays blaring from the stereo.

He swerves erratically to overtake a slow-moving coach, struggling to maintain control of the car. LOLA and DUDLEY are momentarily visible at the window peering out.

CUT TO:

INT. SUTTONS COACH/SEAFRONT. DAY 1

EVERYONE standing excitedly looking out at the Blackpool sea front apart from the YOUNG SNOGGING COUPLE who are snoozing post-coitally, head to head.

DUDLEY and LOLA are pressed together leaning against the window.

THEIR POV: The Tower from beneath; A FAMILY OF BIG FAT FUCKERS eating ice-creams; A House of Horrors; The Big One; GYPSY'S peddling crap; etc. etc.

DUDLEY

Did I do well?

LOLA gives him a peck.

LOLA

You did brilliant.

She peers back out of the window.

DUDLEY watches her. The sunlight on the little blond hairs of her bare arm.

LOLA takes in the glitter of the seafront and beyond that the grey expanse of the Irish Sea. Suddenly she sees the nude figure of CARTER KRANTZ being shoved out of a passing minibus.

For a fleeting moment, their eyes meet, then the coach speeds past.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAFRONT/ TRIXIE'S MINIBUS. DAY 1

A naked CARTER picks himself up. Around his neck hangs a small, antiquated rusty key. In his hand he clutches his scrap of paper.

The minibus heads off, a bunch of CACKLING HENS waving his clothes from the rear window.

TRIXIE

(shouting)

What's the matter gaylord. Scared of a bit of minge.

Standing at a plinth surrounded by a SMALL CROWD including ratty-looking journalist KEN CRYER is REV. ONAN VAN KNECK the Mayor of Blackpool. VAN KNECK is a puffed up, overweight heavy-set man in his sixties.

BEHIND him is a huge billboard covered with a white drape.

MAYOR

Heaven, ladies and gentlemen...

The MAYOR wrenches down the drape to reveal the billboard.

Three photographs blown up to poster size: figures on a beach; a vintage rock shop; and in the centre a beautiful old church. A bold caption (which obscures the top of the building) reads 'Heaven'.

MAYOR

The Eden that was once ours.

Above these are three contrasting shots of contemporary Blackpool: someone lying in a pool of sick; someone bleeding with glass in his brow; lapdancers lined up in a club - one of which is VIENNA KEEN. The caption reads 'Hell'.

MAYOR

Hell. The sewer that we swim in today.

KEN CRYER

(shouting)

What about the s...s..sewer of
c..c..civic corruption? The
b..b..backhanders, the p..p. palm
greasing, the ge...ge...ge.
gerrymandering. What about
Bridewell?

The MAYOR laughs dismissively.

MAYOR

Listen to him ladies and gentlemen.
The weasel words of the do-good
brigade.

CARTER is making his way through the crowd trying to find more
adequate cover. He grabs at a shawl belonging to an OLD LADY
in a wheelchair. She spots his act of larceny and resists it.
CARTER struggles for a moment with the OLD LADY but fails to
secure the shawl.

KEN CRYER

Who's p..p..paying for your
c..c..campaign?

KEN holds up a printed leaflet. It reads: 'Vote Van Kneck. His
Kingdom Come. His will be done.'

KEN CRYER

Who's b...buying this election for
you?

MAYOR

Alright Jeremy Paxman. You've had
your fun. But we're living in the real
world here.

The crowd murmurs. Someone shouts 'P...p..p..piss off
K..K..K..Ken'. EVERYONE laughs. KEN blushes. THE MAYOR presses
home his advantage and addresses the crowd, putting KEN to one
side.

MAYOR

(addressing crowd)

I'm a Sandgrownun. I call a spade a
spade. And I know what you care about.
I'm talking about filth.

Above photos is a enormous image of the MAYOR with the words 'Where do you want to live?'

MAYOR
Lapdancers. Junkies. Drunks
drenching our streets with urine.

The MAYOR'S eyes settle upon CARTER, who is attempting to cover his naked rump by stealing a novelty hat from a CHILD. The MAYOR'S eyes widen in theatrical disbelief.

MAYOR
Animals like him! This town is a zoo.
And I'm here to shovel the shit from
the cages.

The CHILD steals the hat back off CARTER. The MAYOR takes a few steps forward. There a strange clicking noise as he moves.

MAYOR
(calling to aide)
Get uniformed. I want this -

He jabs a stubby forefinger in CARTER'S direction.

MAYOR
- thrown back on the M55.

A round of applause from the small crowd.

CARTER holds the MAYOR'S stare, unintimidated then turns and heads off through the beeping traffic.

MAYOR
(OOV)
I want him run out of town.

On CARTER'S face as he strides across the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGY ALLEYWAY - DAY 1

Medium close on a lanky, fresh-faced young uniformed policeman CHRIS CHURCH. His expression is inscrutable, somewhere between pain and trying to get the lid off a pickle jar.

Pull out to reveal that he is being eagerly and enthusiastically
fellated by RUBY WOOLF. As his crisis approaches he is
distracted by his radio.

RADIO

PC 727. Are you clear to go to South
Shore? Disturbance involving Mayor
and young male nudist.

Hesitation on CHRIS'S face.

RADIO

PC 727. Are you receiving?

CHRIS

(apologetic)

I'll have to take it.

He looks down at RUBY. She lifts her head and wipes her mouth.
She's early twenties, pretty, dressed skimpily in too-tight
clothes.

RUBY

Let me finish you off. You can't go
out there with a big full truncheon
like that.

CHRIS reaches for his radio.

CHRIS

This is 727 receiving.

RUBY reaches down and attempts to finish the job with her hand.

CHRIS

Will report to South Shore
immediately. Can do. Will do.

CHRIS bats her hand away.

CHRIS

Look - I've really got to go.

RUBY kisses him.

RUBY

See you tonight then. Pick me up in
your Batmobile.

CHRIS nods then runs off. After a beat he runs back, kisses her again, then goes. RUBY watches him go, smiling, loved-up.

SHIRLEY
(shouting OOV)
Ruby... Ruby ...

She hurriedly checks her hair, runs her hand around her lipstick and then sashays around the corner as casually as she can manage.

CUT TO:

EXT. SINS NIGHTCLUB - DAY 1

SHIRLEY WOOLF stands in blinding sunlight, shielding his eyes, searching for RUBY. Sunlit street. The odd car rolling past. He holds the Blackpool Mercury in his hand- still open on the unflattering pictures of CONNIE.

Behind him are several signs - on either side of the doors- which identify the building as being Sins Nightclub.

RUBY
(shifty - covering)
Hiyah Dad.

SHIRLEY
Where's Connie?

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKSHOTZ SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY 1

The doors crash open. LIAM strides in messily eating a bag of chips.

Shelves lined with rock, seaside souvenirs, postcards, buckets and spades, but also crude and vulgar novelty items - penis-shaped lollies, plastic breasts and turds. Display cabinets full of hunting knives, catapults and airguns.

LIAM swaggers towards the cash desk. In the background are a couple of nine year old KIDS looking round the shop.

Behind the cash register is a middle aged woman PATTI. She flicks through a holiday brochure.

LIAM
Alright doll...

PATTI doesn't respond. She turns a page in her brochure. LIAM momentarily hesitates, then launches into his patter.

LIAM
No excuses. No fairytales. Get busy
with the fizzy. It's coupon day.

Slowly PATTI looks up. She takes LIAM in, clearly unimpressed.

The KIDS push in front of LIAM to the counter. They lay down a handful of penny chews, some Chomp Bars and a lethal looking twelve inch hunting knife.

PATTI turns wearily to the back of the shop.

PATTI
(shouting)
Idi...

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKSHOTZ SOUVENIR SHOP- BACK OF SHOP- DAY 1

IDI the storeowner stands stroking a lively-looking tabby tomcat. He is struggling to keep it in his arms.

The shelves behind IDI are lined with colourful novelty wigs. The Racing Post is open on a stool, next to an old transistor radio, with an old-fashioned white ear-piece plugged in.

IDI
He is a fighter this one. Up to his
tail in chemo and still he wrestles...

LIAM
He looks fine to me...

LIAM munches on his chips.

IDI
To the untrained eye.

LIAM'S phone bleeps.

IDI

But look...

IDI lifts one of the cat's paws.

IDI

As limp as a cripple's dick.

LIAM is looking at his phone's display. It's a photo-message of a glorious-looking Fender Stratocaster. IDI catches sight of it too.

LIAM

Look just give me the fucking money.
I'm on notice here.

IDI

What is matter with you? Still in thrall to that man. I thought you were going to be something. Big star. Mad for it.

LIAM

I am. I've got things cooking.

IDI

You know who I had in the shop last week?

A beat for effect.

IDI

Inspiral Carpets. The whole damn band.
Tom Hingley, Clint Boon. Graham Lambert is not well. He has bad guts. They are looking for a guitarist.

LIAM scrolls down the picture on his phone to reveal the message: 'COME AND SEE ME. MERCY'. LIAM looks up at IDI.

IDI

Take the cat as collateral. I'll fix up a meet with the boys.

LIAM hesitates. He looks at the cat.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHANGRI-LA GUEST HOUSE - DAY 1

The screech of a tom-cat echoes miserably along a dreary street of small terrace houses.

LOLA and DUDLEY SUTTON look up with open-mouthed disappointment at 'The Shangri-La Guest House'.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- RECEPTION - DAY 1

LOLA'S hand on the bell. Its ting echoes emptily through the hallway.

A shabby reception area. A naked light bulb. Sickly green walls.

No one comes.

LOLA and DUDLEY look around. A poster on the wall with the image of the Tower advertising the annual Cross Ball 'sponsored by Mercy's - the North's premiere gentlemen's entertainment venue'.

There are some suitcases piled nearby. DUDLEY pokes at them experimentally with his foot. They seem glued to the floor.

A faint wailing begins from upstairs, Grace-Pool-like.

They look towards the source of the sound.

BANG! The double doors behind the reception area are thrown open. Filling them is the lanky figure of LEO FINCH - late forties, gone to seed, lord of his own little portion of the world.

LEO

Alright.

LEO eyes flick straight to LOLA breasts.

LEO

How are we?

LOLA notices that LEO'S sleeves are rolled up. His arms are soaking wet.

DUDLEY

We're the Suttons. Dudley and Lola.

LEO

Of course, of course. We've been
expecting you. The newlyweds.

LEO turns the register book towards them and offers LOLA a pen.
She signs.

LOLA

No.

DUDLEY

We've been married three years.

LEO

(to LOLA)

Still got a glint in your eye.

LEO turns to get a key.

LEO

And how was the journey from Ripon?

DUDLEY

Stoke.

LEO glances at DUDLEY, a flicker of irritation. LEO takes the
pen back from LOLA.

LEO

Stoke. Beautiful place.

LEO claps his hands.

LEO

(to LOLA)

The room's ready. I've washed the
sheets. We're all very excited.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- GLOOMY BAR - DAY 1

The door swings as LEO sweeps in, followed by DUDLEY and LOLA.

LEO

The American Bar. Cocktails,
cruditees, widescreen TV...

He gestures up to an antiquated TV set bolted to the wall.

LOLA glances down and sees a pair of legs protruding from behind the bar. LEO flashes her a charming smile.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- EMPRESS ROOM - DAY 1

The door whips open. LEO pushes in. A faded, miserable space with damp-looking wallpaper.

LEO
The Empress Room. Petit dejeuner.
In-house entertainment.

LEO picks up a worn deck of cards. He ruffles them at LOLA.

LEO
Poker game tonight. If you fancy a
punt.

DUDLEY glances at LOLA. She clearly doesn't.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- SEAVIEW SUITE - DAY 1

Door opens. LEO enters as before followed by the SUTTONS.

LEO
Seaview Suite.

LOLA looks out of the window. The view is of another guesthouse - called 'The Seaview'.

LEO
Super king-size. Lots of support.

He sits on the bed bouncing his lap up and down.

LEO
Need any help. Give me a shout.

The door slams and he's gone, leaving the SUTTONS alone.

LOLA
Jesus Dudley...

DUDLEY

It looked better in the brochure.

DUDLEY shows LOLA the page which contains mendaciously tasteful shots of a hotel bar, reception area with a PEROXIDE BLONDE laughing, a heart-framed photo of the same blonde in an avocado green bath, surrounded by bubbles.

LOLA
It's horrible...

LOLA holds up an orange plastic bucket which has been placed to catch a drip.

DUDLEY
We're not here for the decor. We're here to have a good time. Get those juices flowing. Do it...

The word falls like a lead weight in the silence.

DUDLEY
(awkward beat)
This weekend...Anything goes. I'll do whatever you want. Your wildest fantasy. You just have to tell me.

LOLA struggles for a moment. She would like to speak but she can't.

DUDLEY
Just give me a hint.

LOLA
(hesitant)
I'll try

She approaches DUDLEY and gives him a peck. DUDLEY pulls her towards him. She puts her arms around him. They hug. DUDLEY'S hands stray towards her buttocks. They rest there for a moment. LOLA doesn't respond.

DUDLEY
Well...no time like the present.

An excruciating pause.

LOLA
I'll just have a wee.

LOLA enters the bathroom and shuts the door. DUDLEY hurriedly begins to remove his trousers.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- SEAVIEW SUITE- BATHROOM - DAY 1

LOLA is perched on the toilet, looking round the grim bathroom with slight trepidation.

She leans forward to look at an intriguing figurine on the bathroom window. It is a naked women in lewd pose. There is an inscription beneath it.

She leans further forward to peer at it. The inscription reads "'There are few nudities so objectionable as the naked truth' - Agnes Repplier (1855-1950)".

Suddenly the panel next to the toilet bursts open revealing itself to be a door - another entrance into the bathroom. LEO appears behind it.

LEO

Just advising you about this door.
Anyone could come through it if you're
not forewarned.

He barely registers the fact that LOLA is on the toilet. He gestures towards the bath.

LEO

That bath's got jets.

LEO winks at her. And with that he is gone. LOLA's mouth is open. Did she just dream this?

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- SEAVIEW SUITE - DAY 1

DUDLEY is sat up in bed bare chested, nervously awaiting her. The curtains are drawn.

LOLA enters. He looks at her expectantly.

LOLA

Let's go out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAFRONT - DAY 1

THE MAYOR'S campaign launch is being wound down. Bunting is being rolled up and stashed away by CAMPAIGN WORKERS.

THE MAYOR is chatting to some LOCAL PEOPLE.

THE MAYOR
...of course that's family
entertainment isn't it. Last year we
had the Joe Longthorne Summer
Spectacular.

KEN CRYER has approached. He lurks at THE MAYOR'S side trying to catch his attention.

THE MAYOR
Nine weeks of solid gold. He's of
gypsy stock, but he sings
beautifully.

KEN hovers. He's not going to go away. THE MAYOR turns.

THE MAYOR
(impatient)
What do you want?

KEN
To hold you to ac..ac..account. I
know wh...wh..what's go..going on. I
kn..kn...know about you and
M..M..Mercy.

THE MAYOR smiles sweetly.

THE MAYOR
(to LOCAL PEOPLE)
Excuse me.

He leads KEN away and then once out of earshot he turns.

THE MAYOR
You need to be very careful young man.
Unsubstantiated allegations can be
ruinous.

KEN

I'll s..substantiate. I'll
s...substantiate alright.

THE MAYOR turns away and finds CHRIS CHURCH approaching briskly.

CHRIS CHURCH

I got a call sir. I hear there's been
some trouble. Lewd behaviour on the
front.

THE MAYOR seizes on this opportunity to get away from KEN. He
strides briskly towards CHRIS.

THE MAYOR

You took your time. I'm glad I wasn't
in mortal peril.

He moves swiftly away with CHRIS in order to brief him. KEN
watches him go.

KEN

I'll s..sort you Van Kneck. I'll
n...n...nail you.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIE CURIE CHARITY SHOP - DAY 1

Three playing cards lain out face down on a shop counter.

CARTER KRANTZ stands on one side of the counter, now wearing a
sixties Michael Caine-style Alfie suit, a price tag still
hanging from it's sleeve.

Two old Blackpool ladies ALICE and DOREEN are on the other side
of the counter.

ALICE

That one...or that one...no...oh I
can't do it. Doreen - you pick.

DOREEN

Are you sure these aren't trick cards.

CARTER

Your cards ladies. I'm just a quick
pair of hands.

CARTER glances out of the window. CHRIS CHURCH is approaching the shop.

ALICE

Ooo 'ant he got lovely eyes. Bedroom eyes we used to call 'em.

DOREEN

You want to watch her.

DOREEN reaches out and touches one of the cards. CARTER smiles devilishly and turns it over revealing a three of clubs. He turns one of the others revealing a queen.

DOREEN

That's another fiver. He's cleaned me out.

ALICE

You'll have to dip in' till.

CARTER shakes his head.

CARTER

No. You're alright. What I want is information.

ALICE

Ah well...you're in right place. She knows everything...
Illnesses...affairs...who all the gays are.

DOREEN nods proudly. The shop bell goes and CHRIS CHURCH - a lanky, fresh-faced young policeman enters.

CHRIS CHURCH

Afternoon ladies. I'm looking for a nudist. Someone's been flashing their all on the front. He was seen heading in here.

CARTER gives them a conspiratorial wink.

DOREEN

Oh no...

ALICE

We should be so lucky.

They giggle. CHRIS CHURCH looks down at CARTER'S feet. CARTER wears no shoes or socks. He looks up at CARTER.

CHRIS CHURCH

And can I ask you sir...where were you at time of this incident?

CARTER

I was outside.

CARTER holds CHRIS'S gaze.

CARTER

On the front.

CHRIS studies CARTER warily.

CHRIS CHURCH

Were you fully clothed at this time sir?

CARTER holds his gaze.

CARTER

No.

CHRIS CHURCH

I see.

CARTER

I was barefoot.

CHRIS CHURCH

What about the rest of you...was that bare sir?

CARTER hesitates and glances at the old ladies.

CARTER

No.

CHRIS

And how do I know you're telling me the truth.

CARTER

I've got impetigo.

CHRIS

What?

CARTER

Impetigo. It's a skin condition. I'm covered in it. From here to here...

CARTER gestures from his chest to his feet.

CARTER

Red raw. Scabs. Under my arms. Arse crack. All over my balls. Have a look if you don't believe me.

CHRIS studies him.

CARTER

Ask my aunt. She'll tell you.

CARTER looks back at ALICE and winks.

ALICE

It's true officer. He's had a terrible time.

DOREEN

Poor lamb.

CHRIS'S radio crackles.

RADIO

727. Are you available to go to disturbance at The Manchester. Possible affray...

CHRIS

Right. Ok. Well if you hear anything...

He leaves, a little embarrassed responding to his radio.

DOREEN

Are you in trouble?

ALICE

You're not going to tie us up and have your way with us are you?

CARTER looks at them coolly.

CARTER
I'm looking for someone.

A pause.

CARTER
A friend.

CARTER holds out his piece of paper.

CARTER
Ambrose Chapel.

DOREEN and ALICE look at each other - a little shocked.

CARTER
You know him?

ALICE reaches for a copy of the BLACKPOOL MERCURY resting on the counter. She holds it up.

Close on an article headline - 'Missing Pets - Questions Remain'
There are two photos. A missing-poster of a Collie dog and the shop front of 'Animal Magic'.

The paper is lowered to reveal:

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL MAGIC - DAY 1

A garish illuminated sign spells out 'Animal Magic' in little white light bulbs. Beneath it a smaller sign suddenly flashes on. Some of the bulbs are missing. It reads 'by Abro-e Cha--el'.

Pull out to reveal CARTER standing there, paper in hand. The sounds of the seafront around him. He steels himself.

Come down on an exotic, if slightly-faded, window display featuring a stuffed cat on its hind legs.

The cat sports a blonde wig, rouged lips and tight gold hot-pants. It revolves jerkily on a turntable. One of its paws is held with an elastic band to a steel pole. Kylie's 'Spinnin' Around' echoes through a tinny speaker.

CUT TO:

INT. SINS NIGHTCLUB- CORRIDOR - DAY 1

A pair of four-inch heels clicking down a concrete labyrinthine corridor.

CONNIE WOOLF, just forty, made up like a glamour model, Gucci sunglasses perched on her coiffured head. She wears a low cut top barely concealing her prominent bosom and a tight micro-skirt.

She is seething.

In her hand is a copy of the Blackpool Mercury open at the piece on Sins Nightclub.

She turns a corner almost knocking over a BARMAN carrying a crate of beer.

She thrusts open a door and struts in.

CUT TO:

INT. SINS NIGHTCLUB- OFFICE - DAY 1

Cheap pine panelling, like a 5-dollar sauna. No windows. Muffled thump of distant club music.

With one hand RUBY WOOLF is painting her toe-nails gold. With her other she is flicking through the photos on her mobile phone.

Two huge ALSATIONS sit at her feet eating doughnuts from a porcelain fruit dish.

CONNIE thrusts the Blackpool Mercury at Shirley.

CONNIE

Fucking little fuck of a fucking shit
two bit rag. Have you seen this?

RUBY and SHIRLEY exchange a look.

SHIRLEY

(to CONNIE)

Look. Calm down.

CONNIE

Calm down - ?

SHIRLEY

It means nothing.

CONNIE

It's not your fanny spread across the centre pages. Every crease and spot and stray hair on view.

SHIRLEY

I'll find out who did it. I'll crucify them.

CONNIE

You *know* who did it. I've been humiliated and you don't fucking care.

SHIRLEY comes up behind her, tender and placatory.

SHIRLEY

Of course I care.

CONNIE

Then what are you going to do about it?

SHIRLEY

I told you. I'll sort it out.

CONNIE

Yada yada yada. I've heard it all before.

CONNIE refuses to soften, turns and sits down at her desk, still in a state of umbrage.

RUBY holds up her phone for CONNIE and SHIRLEY to see. A photo of CHRIS CHURCH grinning inanely at the lens.

RUBY

What do you think?

CONNIE starts to go through her paperwork.

RUBY

He's called Chris. He's taking me to St. Annes for a Thai.

CONNIE

Not tonight he's not. We need you.

CONNIE furiously impales invoices on a spike.

SHIRLEY moves behind CONNIE and starts to kiss her neck. At first CONNIE resists but then she seems to soften.

RUBY turns to SHIRLEY.

RUBY
(protesting)
Ahhh! It's my night off.

CONNIE
We're too busy. Your dad's playing
poker. I'll be in the VIP lounge.
We've got Emmerdale coming.

One of the ALSATIONS starts licking the polish off RUBY'S toes which she fails to notice.

RUBY
Dad... tell her ...

SHIRLEY tries to lighten the atmosphere.

SHIRLEY
Get the lad to come here.

Introduce him to the Dingles.

RUBY
But I think he's going to propose.

CONNIE
Fifth one this year.

RUBY
He's bought me a ring. I found a
receipt. I was going through his
pockets.

CONNIE
Well that's very touching. But you're
not having the night off.

SHIRLEY
Your mum needs you here.

Sulkily, and half-unconsciously, RUBY grabs a half-eaten doughnut out of one of the dog's mouths and starts munching on it.

RUBY
My mum's dead.

CONNIE
Old news love.

CONNIE resumes her paperwork. LIAM enters holding IDI'S struggling cat.

LIAM
Alright.

They all look at him.

SHIRLEY
What the fuck's that?

LIAM
It's Idi's. He's skint. He's given me this as collateral.

SHIRLEY
You what?

LIAM
Collateral. You know ... if he doesn't pay...

SHIRLEY stares at him.

LIAM
You can keep it.

SHIRLEY
I don't want it. What I wanted was a grand.

LIAM
Relax. Chill. You'll have the dollars next week.

LIAM hands the cat to SHIRLEY. SHIRLEY slaps it out of LIAM'S hands. The animal flies across the room and lands on CONNIE'S spike with a terrified mew. It expires.

CONNIE
Jesus Shirley!

She looks down at her cream-coloured skirt.

CONNIE
I've just had this dry-cleaned.

RUBY prods at the limp form of the cat with an emery board. LIAM looks on aghast.

LIAM
You've killed it!

SHIRLEY stares at LIAM.

LIAM
What am I going to tell Idi?

SHIRLEY
To pay up. You fucking fat little prick. Go back. Get that money.

LIAM
No.

SHIRLEY
You what?

LIAM
I'm not going. I'm striking out on my own.

LIAM hesitates.

LIAM
I'm going to manage a band.

RUBY starts to laugh.

LIAM
I mean it. I've got talent. I can take it to the top.

SHIRLEY
Oh yeah? And who's going to back you?

LIAM whacks down a big envelope of money on the desk.

LIAM

Mercy...

RUBY stops laughing. CONNIE stares at the money. SHIRLEY stares at LIAM, truly shocked.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL MAGIC/ CORRIDOR - DAY 1

CARTER KRANTZ makes his way cautiously down a gloomy corridor. A strip light above him flickers on and off.

He pauses in front of an exhibit. A LARGE COCKEREL dressed as Jerry Lee Lewis. It has been posed before a model piano, with one claw perched on the keyboard. A peeling dynalabel reads 'Rock-a-doodle doo: Jerry Lee Lewis 1958'

CARTER walks on. The sound of a drill begins, maybe from the next building. CARTER starts at it. He flicks a nervous glance over his shoulder. Apprehensively he proceeds.

Another exhibit: draped in flamboyantly silky fabric, with a backcombed frightwig - a LARGE DUCK. The label reads: 'A Bird in the Bush: Miss Kate Bush 1977'

And then the third. A HUGE BLACK OWL, draped in cheap bling, with a white headband and a white vest. The label reads 'Gangster Raptor - 50 Cent, 2004'

In the bottom right hand corner of each case is a yellowed piece of paper carrying the extravagant signature of Ambrose Chapfel.

AMBROSE

(OOV)

We're closing. The gallery will
reopen at ten fifteen.

CARTER jumps.

AMBROSE CHAPFEL appears. Late thirties - immaculately dressed in a neat smock, from which peeks a naval sweater and paisley cravat. He is beanpole thin, with sculpted white blond hair and an Amish-style beard.

CARTER

Sign says open.

CARTER doesn't move. He peers at the Gangster Raptor exhibit.

CARTER
Very impressive. Looks like it's
breathing.

AMBROSE
Thank you. Now if you don't mind.

CARTER
I'm a collector myself. Nothing like
this though. It's like the fucking
Uffizzi in here.

AMBROSE
It's all my own work. I have won awards.
Now really. You must go.

CARTER
I'm looking for someone. Ambrose
Chapel.

AMBROSE looks at CARTER, spots the newspaper under his arm.

AMBROSE
I am innocent of those charges. When
will you people leave me alone. A
simple taxidermist trying to practise
his craft -

CARTER looks past him. The door behind AMBROSE is opened a touch.
A glimpse of a monstrous creation - a calf's body with a poodle's
head and swan's wings. AMBROSE slams the door shut.

CARTER
You're Ambrose?

AMBROSE
(put out)
Yes...I am known.

He gestures to a faded cutting in a frame - a photo of ROLF HARRIS
kneeling down, several people huddled round, AMBROSE stands
behind. His face has been circled in crayon.

CARTER turns slowly and studies AMBROSE.

AMBROSE
Who are you? What do you want?

CARTER takes a step towards him.

CARTER
You don't recognise me?

AMBROSE
No...should I?

CARTER
I'm from London.

AMBROSE
London...

AMBROSE thinks for a moment. Something flickers across his face.

AMBROSE
I haven't been to London for years. I
am still remembered?

CARTER stares at him, trying to weigh up his words.

CARTER
Yeah.

AMBROSE flushes.

AMBROSE
It was only that one time.

Flustered, AMBROSE walks off down the corridor.

AMBROSE
(blushing)
I have to close up. It's getting
late...

CARTER
I want to talk to you.

AMBROSE
I...don't know...I'm terribly
busy...my creation...I have to finish
the exhibit...

AMBROSE is at the master light switches - a jerry-built box covered in switches and masking tape.

CARTER stands uncomfortably close to him. The sound of drilling, which has been continuous since it begun, stops abruptly.

CARTER
How about a drink?

AMBROSE hesitates.

AMBROSE
Maybe later.

CARTER looks him in the eye.

AMBROSE
Where are you staying?

CARTER
Nowhere. Hotel's full. Can't get a room.

AMBROSE
(uncertainly)
You look tired.

CARTER
Yeah. I haven't slept a wink.

Another beat.

CARTER
I had a really bad night.

CARTER studies AMBROSE for a response.

AMBROSE
(tremulously)
Perhaps you should rest. I've a room upstairs. We could...speak later.

AMBROSE'S hand hovers a big switch labelled 'Open/Closed'.

CARTER
Perfect.

CARTER reaches across, their faces almost touching. A loud click as he flicks the switch for AMBROSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL MAGIC - DAY 1

An illuminated 'Open' sign held by a GERBIL dressed in a bikini flickers off. Another beneath it which reads CLOSED, held by a matching GERBIL in a male swimming thong, flickers on.

Pick up LOLA and DUDLEY SUTTON as they walk past the front of 'Animal Magic'. DUDLEY is wearing a cowboy hat, LOLA wears a tiara with deelyboppers.

They share a massive wedge of candy-floss. They are having a good time.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKSHOTZ SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY 1

They draw alongside 'Rockshotz'.

DUDLEY

(in cod Lancashire accent)

I am. I'm reet enjoying myself. I'm having reet good time.

LOLA

(laughing)

Shhh!

DUDLEY

I am. I'm going to have a big trough of fish and chips. Fish and chips washed down with black pudding. Do you not fancy a lovely bit of black pudding?

LOLA

No.

Laughing they stop in front of the window of Rockshotz.

DUDLEY

Let's get in there. Get some pick 'n' mix. Or ice cream.

LOLA

Posh ice cream. With bits in.

She takes his arm and leads him inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKSHOTZ SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY 1

They separate and begin to survey the various items on the display. A massive range of rock. Pick 'n' mix. Postcards. DUDLEY chances stealing a penny chew from the pick and mix. LOLA giggles.

She picks up a plastic bum and holds it up to her face. DUDLEY laughs. She puts the bum down. They continue to explore the displays.

The sound of a distant roll of thunder.

DUDLEY finds a unit full of novelty rock. Amongst the more innocuous items there are pink sugar lollies shaped like penises. He turns to LOLA.

DUDLEY

See anything you like?

LOLA jumps a little, she seems a touch flustered.

LOLA

Not really.

DUDLEY looks up to see what LOLA was looking at so intently: a garish box with the words "What she wants" stamped across it. The see-through panel reveals a massive ultra-realistic black 12" dildo.

LOLA

(embarrassed)

I'm going to pay for this.

DUDLEY

Is that all you want?

She walks to the counter, postcards in hand.

DUDLEY, troubled follows her.

DUDLEY

Anything you want you can have it.

LOLA

I'm fine with these.

She holds up three traditional saucy postcards.

LOLA
Three for a pound.

She starts to pay PATTI for the cards.

DUDLEY looks back at the dildo in the box, perturbed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SINS NIGHTCLUB - EVENING 1

SHIRLEY and LIAM burst out of a fire-exit followed by CONNIE and RUBY. LIAM is carrying IDI'S cat. RUBY is texting as she walks. Thunder rolls.

SHIRLEY and LIAM head towards SHIRLEY'S big open-topped Mercedes 300 SEL. They are outside Sin's nightclub. There are billing posters advertising future attractions.

CONNIE
(to SHIRLEY)
You're playing right into Mercy's hands.

SHIRLEY
You think I'm that stupid?

SHIRLEY reaches the car, glances back at CONNIE.

SHIRLEY
There are rules. They've been broken.

LIAM
It's my life Dad.

RUBY mimics him cruelly.

RUBY
Mmr mmr mmr mmr mmr...

SHIRLEY wrenches the car door open.

SHIRLEY
Get in the car.

They climb in. SHIRLEY revs the engine.

CONNIE

Shirley...

SHIRLEY looks at her. She hesitates, realises she can't stop him.

CONNIE

Watch yourself.

A squeal of tyres and the car speeds off.

CONNIE

(calling after)

I love you.

SHIRLEY hasn't heard her. A flicker of fear in her eyes.

RUBY holds up her phone triumphantly.

RUBY

Result! He's coming.

CONNIE

Who?

RUBY

My boyfriend. He's gorgeous, hung like a shire-horse.

CONNIE

You'd better get on that door.

RUBY

Do I look fat in this?

A small roll of fat bulges alarmingly between RUBY'S crop top and a too-tight skirt. CONNIE exhales a mouthful of smoke, eyes fixed firmly on the receding car.

CONNIE

(cooly)

No love. You're fine.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL MAGIC- BATHROOM - EVENING 1

CARTER'S POV: his own reflection in a decayed mirror as he splashes water on his face. He stares into his own eyes, haggard, exhausted.

He takes in the key around his neck, notices the blood on the fob. He wipes it off with his thumb.

He glances around the bathroom - cramped, ancient and Victorian, almost institutional.

He takes in a shelf upon which there is an old-fashioned powdered toothpaste and a pink Phillips Ladyshave.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL MAGIC- LANDING - EVENING 1

CARTER'S POV: The back of AMBROSE'S head and shoulders walking ahead of him down a dingy upstairs landing. Floorboards creaking underfoot.

CARTER glances through an open door as he passes. Piled-up boxes and rubbish in a darkened room.

AMBROSE

I live alone here. Quite alone.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL MAGIC- BEDROOM - EVENING 1

A bare bulb flicks on revealing a spartan bedroom with a single bed with a chocolate covered blanket bang in the middle of the room. AMBROSE and CARTER stand in the doorway.

AMBROSE

You may rest here.

CARTER studies AMBROSE.

AMBROSE

(slightly panicked)

I must finish my exhibit...excuse me.

AMBROSE leaves, shutting the door behind him.

CARTER waits for a second listening to the receding footsteps, then with a sudden urgency he starts to look around.

CARTER opens the wardrobe in the corner of the room. Inside are two hangers: one is empty, the other has a v-neck jumper.

He goes to a chest of drawers. He opens one drawer. There is a single pair of turquoise underpants. He opens another and finds a single dog lead attached to an empty collar.

Frustrated, CARTER looks around the room then slumps down on AMBROSE'S lonely bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAFRONT - EVENING 1

A gang of LADS on a stag are crossing in front of the traffic, plastic tits tied round their chests, beer bottles in hand. They chant and cheer lasciviously. One of them rides an inflatable penis like a hobby horse.

LOLA and DUDLEY walk through this crowd slightly uneasily but trying to maintain a front.

DUDLEY
Lively isn't it.

LOLA
Shall we ... we could go up the tower.

DUDLEY yawns in an exaggerated manner.

DUDLEY
Are you not tired?

LOLA
I'm fine.

DUDLEY
Must be the sea air. I'm just about ready for bed.

They pass the top of an alleyway.

A fleeting glimpse of TRIXIE her skirt pulled up, eyes cast heavenward, receiving it from a large gentleman. She grunts like a pig.

LOLA
Walk on the beach?

DUDLEY looks at her and takes her hand.

DUDLEY
(nervous)
Let's go back.

SHIRLEY'S car passes them and screeches to a halt.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCY'S LAPDANCING CLUB - EVENING 1

SHIRLEY pushes his way towards the entrance of MERCY'S followed by a nervous LIAM.

The BOUNCERS part respectfully, opening the door for him.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCY'S LAPDANCING CLUB - EVENING 1

SHIRLEY pushes through the CROWD still followed by LIAM.

Close on a pair of bare girl's feet, her toe-nails are painted immaculately with sparkly green nail-polish.

Reveal VIENNA KEEN - the fawn-like beauty already glimpsed on the MAYOR'S poster - as she crosses the room in costume.

VIENNA
(to LIAM)
Hiyah chuck.

LIAM too nervous to respond, smiles weakly. SHIRLEY is scanning the room.

VIENNA
Mr Woolf?

He flicks his eyes over Vienna.

VIENNA
They dealing you in tonight?

SHIRLEY

What's it to you?

SHIRLEY is wary - all too aware of her near-nakedness. VIENNA moves a little closer.

VIENNA

I like to watch. Remember?

SHIRLEY

Where's Mercy?

Suddenly a chirpy obsequious-seeming Chinese man - BRYAN appears at SHIRLEY'S side.

BRYAN

Mr Shirley. You are very very welcome.
You want nice table by bar.

SHIRLEY

No I don't want a fucking table. I
want to see Mercy.

BRYAN glances around awkwardly.

BRYAN

I have not seen Mercy for some days I
-

But SHIRLEY is already striding through the room, scanning the tables. BRYAN follows trying to distract him.

BRYAN

You want free drink? You want Vienna
do dance for you? One to one, on house.
She very dirty girl...

SHIRLEY ignores BRYAN and walks on. At the back of the room, stands the huge, bear-like shaven-headed figure of THE GREEK.

SHIRLEY

Oi. Oddbod.

The FIGURE turns.

SHIRLEY

Where's Mercy?

MERCY

(OOV)

I'm right here.

SHIRLEY turns to see a 62 year old blonde. Though her face is lined and wrinkled her lips are rouged. She smokes a cigarillo. She wears the clothes of a much younger woman. She studies SHIRLEY with slitted eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BED- DAY

FRAGMENTED IMAGES:

A HAND reaching up through the darkness.

CLOSE-UP on an ELDERLY WOMAN'S mouth.

FRANNY KRANTZ

Danger...Blackpool...Ambrose Chapel

CARTER'S gaunt, anxious face. The WOMAN'S fingers press something into CARTER'S hand.

FRANNY KRANTZ

Take it to the beach. Throw it in the sea.

The ELDERLY WOMAN vomits a quantity of blood.

FRANNY KRANTZ

Don't let them have it...

INT. FRANCIS KRANTZ'S BATHROOM

A power-drill punches through a wooden door.

A frightened CARTER clambering out of a narrow window.

CARTER'S POV looking back: a distant silhouette in a window watching him run.

A close-up of the rusty key in CARTER'S bloodied hand.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL MAGIC- BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

CARTER wakes up with a start in Ambrose's darkened room. He's sweating, manically reaches for his key, then freezes.

Standing over the bed is the emaciated wraith-like figure of AMBROSE CHAPFEL, clad only in his turquoise underpants.

AMBROSE

Forgive me. It's been a long time.

AMBROSE sits on the bed. CARTER stares at him, doesn't move an inch.

AMBROSE

I'm a little out of practice.

An uncomfortable pause.

AMBROSE

(hesitantly)

You have beautiful bones. I know about bones. I like...bones...

Uncertainly AMBROSE places his hand - a dead weight - over CARTER'S. Still no response.

AMBROSE

I'm sorry...I have only done this once...you know him of course...he was a big man...a builder...a Gooner.

Ineptly, AMBROSE attempts a seductive stroke of CARTER'S hand.

CARTER

A Gooner?

AMBROSE

He supported the Arsenal.

CARTER puts his hand over AMBROSE'S. It seems a gentle gesture. AMBROSE responds - 15 years of celibacy about to be washed away.

But CARTER'S grip tightens a little too hard.

AMBROSE

(uneasily)

You prefer the Spurs?

CARTER'S hand tightens even more.

AMBROSE

You're...hurting me.

Fear flickers in AMBROSE'S eyes.

AMBROSE

This is not what I like...if Bruno told you - I...

CARTER

Who's Bruno? A fucking bear? I've never heard of him.

AMBROSE

But...you said...

CARTER

That's not why I'm here.

AMBROSE

(horrified)

Then who are you..?

CARTER stands. He is now crushing AMBROSE'S hand. AMBROSE is on his knees.

CARTER

Think back.

AMBROSE

I don't know...Bruno...I thought he'd sent you...

CARTER

Franny.

AMBROSE

Fanny?

CARTER

Franny! Francis Krantz.

CARTER squeezes mercilessly.

CARTER

My mother...

AMBROSE

I don't know her...I never touched her.

CARTER
...last night...she gave me your name...a moment later she was dead.

AMBROSE
(horrified)
No!

CARTER flicks open the piece of paper and shoves it in AMBROSE'S face.

CARTER
Ambrose Chapel.

AMBROSE
No *Chapfel*.

CARTER
Chapel.

AMBROSE
Chapfel! *Chapfel!* My name is Ambrose
Chapfel!

AMBROSE points out a framed promotional photograph on the wall of AMBROSE in his evening suit - with some of his creations. A legend reads 'Ambrose Chapfel - Creations.'

CARTER takes this in.

AMBROSE
I don't know this women. I'm just an innocent taxidermist...

This too sinks in. A seemingly endless pause where CARTER just stares at AMBROSE'S frightened face.

AMBROSE
You have the wrong man.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- SEAVIEW SUITE - NIGHT 1

DUDLEY pulls the grimy bedspread back. LOLA stands nervously on the other side of the bed.

A moment, then they begin to undress rapidly, awkwardly, both nervous about the ensuing union.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCY'S LAPDANCING CLUB- OFFICE - NIGHT 1

CLOSE ON: a black and white monitor showing VIENNA KEEN gyrating provocatively on a lap-dancing stage.

A huge, empty breeze-block office. Opposite the door is a massive metal desk with no chair. Four bright-orange plastic primary school chairs. To one side a red-velvet chaise-longue.

The rest of the space trails off into darkness. Faintly visible on the far wall is a large close-up photograph of a shark, it's jaws wide open.

MERCY is wheeled in by THE GREEK, followed by SHIRLEY and a nervous LIAM.

MERCY

Take a seat Shirley.

MERCY indicates one of the orange chairs.

SHIRLEY

I'll stand.

MERCY looks at LIAM and pats the Chaise-Longue. LIAM moves to sit. SHIRLEY looks at him. LIAM doesn't know what to do. For a moment he half sits/half stands - then decides to remain upright.

MERCY

So what's the problem?

SHIRLEY

My son needs money. I'm the one that gives it to him.

LIAM

Look, I can -

SHIRLEY

Shut up.

LIAM

Nan was just trying -

SHIRLEY

Will you shut the fuck up!

MERCY

The boy's got talent. You can't deny it. Just like his poor dead mother.

MERCY gestures to two large portrait photographs rendered as oil-paintings. The first is of a rotund rosy-faced blond - Big Soph. The second a leather cat-suited svelte brunette singer caught dramatically mid-song. This is Lena -Liam and Ruby's mother.

MERCY

I'm just trying to help.

SHIRLEY

Like before. Like Manchester. Three months off his head. Every shark in Rusholme taking a bite. He doesn't need your help.

A moment of silence. MERCY produces a roll of money like a loaf of bread and peels off a fifty. She gives it to LIAM.

MERCY

Why don't you go and get yourself a Tizer.

LIAM

Smart -

SHIRLEY grabs LIAM'S wrist before he can take the money.

SHIRLEY

Wait in the car.

LIAM looks nervously at SHIRLEY. SHIRLEY'S eyes are fixed on MERCY. LIAM exits. MERCY gives THE GREEK a nod. He leaves too, closing the door behind him.

SHIRLEY

What you playing at?

MERCY wheels herself closer towards SHIRLEY.

MERCY
I'm disappointed Shirley.

SHIRLEY
You're disappointed?

MERCY forcefully pulls a drawer open in the desk. She removes a large, hand-made birthday card, covered in lace and net. In the centre is a heart-shaped photo of WILLY WOOLF and his donkey CLARENCE. 'TO MUM' crudely written in sequins and glitter.

MERCY
Your brother's.

She reaches into the drawer and withdraws a cheap little corner shop birthday card tailored for an elderly woman.

MERCY
Yours...

SHIRLEY is taken aback.

MERCY
Your wife's handwriting...not even a
kiss.

A pause while SHIRLEY takes this in.

SHIRLEY
Pay back.

SHIRLEY throws down the newspaper open at the article about Sins.

MERCY
How's the therapy? Any progress?

SHIRLEY
We're not going. And I wonder why.

MERCY
I did you a favour. You're not the
Relate type.

SHIRLEY
I love my wife.

MERCY

And all those little pretties out
there?

SHIRLEY momentarily glances at VIENNA on the monitor.

MERCY
Such a waste.

SHIRLEY
Mug's game.

SHIRLEY turns and walks towards the door.

MERCY
You know she's been a naughty girl.
Going behind your back.

SHIRLEY stops and looks at her.

MERCY
She's got a buyer for the club.

SHIRLEY
Forget it.

MERCY
She was in Todmorden Tuesday. Agreed
a price.

SHIRLEY's shaken, covers.

MERCY
She wants you out of Blackpool.
(mocking)
She wants you all to herself.

SHIRLEY
We had an agreement. You went back on
it.

MERCY starts to wheel herself slowly towards SHIRLEY.

MERCY
I'm your mother. I want your
attention Shirley.

SHIRLEY
Leave it.

MERCY

You made promises. Once it was Sunday lunch every week...a carvery or a fish restaurant. Then it was monthly...a round of mini-golf or a run up to Bispham...now it's the Trafford Centre, Bank Holiday Monday. That's if I'm lucky.

MERCY lays a hand over SHIRLEY'S. He withdraws his.

SHIRLEY

...I've been busy.

MERCY swivels her wheelchair towards him.

MERCY

Oh yes. Doing what? Licking that bitch's cunt out?

MERCY throws open another drawer.

MERCY

You think you're a big man, you're not...this is who you are.

She withdraws an ancient pair of crumpled child's Y-fronts. Visible is a sewn in name tag reading 'Shirley Woolf'.

MERCY

Ten years old. Shitting yourself.

A pause. MERCY taps her lips.

MERCY

Make amends.

SHIRLEY stares at her. And then with a trembling hand he puts a cross on the card.

SHIRLEY

That's all you're going to get from me.

MERCY puts hand on SHIRLEY'S.

MERCY

Don't be so sure.

He turns to the door and walks out. MERCY stares after him.

She picks up the card - takes a long drag on her cigarillo and then brings the burning end towards the kiss on the card, burning a hole right through it.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- SEAVIEW SUITE- NIGHT 1

DUDLEY and LOLA are in bed. DUDLEY clumsily thrusting his fingers in and out in between LOLA'S legs.

DUDLEY'S face wears an exaggerated theatrical rictus of pleasure. LOLA looks uncomfortable though she tries to disguise this.

DUDLEY
Does that feel good?

LOLA
(uncertainly)
Hmmm!

DUDLEY
You like that don't you...

LOLA
Yes...
(aware of his eyes on her)
...baby...

DUDLEY
(unconvincing)
That's right baby...you like that
don't you doll...ooh baby...

He swings clumsily on top of Lola, entering her.

DUDLEY
...yeah...yeah...ride it...

In the process he jolts her head painfully into the head-board.

DUDLEY
Sorry love.

LOLA
I'm fine...carry on.

He begins to thrust with absurd vigour and enthusiasm.

DUDLEY

You like it hard baby...oh yeah...you getting there?

LOLA

Softer.

There is no perceptible change in his stroke. However in DUDLEY'S frenzy his foot slips off the bed and gets caught in the orange plastic bucket. He tries to shake it off, slowing his rhythm. Inadvertently this action pleases LOLA.

LOLA

That's it.

He continues to try and shake it off.

LOLA

That's better...that's good.

DUDLEY realises that LOLA is genuinely enjoying herself. He continues to shake the bucket on his foot.

LOLA

Oh Dudley...Dudley...don't stop.

His foot shaking the bucket.

LOLA

Oh yes...

Suddenly the bucket flies off. It crashes into an ornament shattering it.

DUDLEY immediately returns to his previously inept and vigorous performance.

DUDLEY

Oh baby...you love it.

LOLA

No slower...what are you doing...no stop it.

DUDLEY launches himself across the bed, runs across the room and sticks the bucket on his leg and heads back to the bed.

LOLA
What are you doing?

She sits up and looks at him. He stands naked before her - the orange bucket on his foot.

DUDLEY
You said you liked it like that.

LOLA just stares at him.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL MAGIC- BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

CARTER strides down the hallway, AMBROSE behind him.

AMBROSE
What are you doing? Where are you going?

CARTER
Get out of my way.

AMBROSE
(tentative)
You can stay if you like.

CARTER
I don't think so.

CARTER wrenches open the door.

AMBROSE
(plaintively)
What will you do when you find this other Ambrose...the one you want?

CARTER thinks for a moment, looks at AMBROSE, decides.

CARTER
Kill him.

CARTER exits.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOX - NIGHT 1

A clap of thunder. A hand flicking through the pages of a telephone directory. Several pages of Bs. A fleeting glimpse of a half-page boxed entry for Bridewell Holdings. Then a page of names beginning with C.

A finger runs down the list of names, stopping at various Chapel's. There is no Ambrose Chapel.

CARTER looks back down at the phone book. Frustrated. He snaps the directory shut.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCY'S LAPDANCING CLUB- BAR - NIGHT 1

CLOSE ON SHIRLEY'S face seething, pushing his way towards the exit.

A scantily-dressed VIENNA KEEN appears, blocking his path.

VIENNA
Going so soon?

SHIRLEY tries to push past her.

VIENNA
Stay. Have a drink.

SHIRLEY
I don't think so.

He tries to pass her. She puts her hand on his arm.

VIENNA
What's the matter?

SHIRLEY just looks at her.

VIENNA
You don't look very happy.

VIENNA moves closer.

VIENNA
I could pop round. Pay you a visit.
Just like I used to.

SHIRLEY
I don't do that any more.

VIENNA
(whispering seductively)
Don't you?

SHIRLEY hesitates for a moment, then brushes past.

VIENNA watches him go, an inscrutable expression on her face.

CUT TO:

OMITTED IS NOW SCENE 41A

EXT. MERCY'S LAPDANCING CLUB - NIGHT 1

A large black Limo pulls up. The window glides down revealing the fat face of the MAYOR. His eyes narrow as he takes in the palace of depravity.

Covertly, looking nervously around, BRYAN exits the club and scurries over to the car.

THE MAYOR
(expectant)
Have you got it?

BRYAN
Mercy find out, she fucking do me in.

Again checking over his shoulder he withdraws something from his pocket. He hands it to THE MAYOR. It is a tiny golden thong.

THE MAYOR is clearly satisfied. He allows himself a little smile. He places the thong into a brown envelope.

THE MAYOR
You've done well BRYAN.

BRYAN
You say that but I could be in big trouble.

BRYAN'S fingers are gripping the edge of the lowered window. THE MAYOR lightly pats them.

THE MAYOR

You'll be taken care of. Trust me.

The window rises. BRYAN scuttles off as the MAYOR's car pulls away.

KEN CRYER is lurking in the shadows. He has taken a photograph with his digital camera. We see the display: the thong being lowered into the brown envelope.

KEN'S pleased with himself, turns to go. SHIRLEY, seething, emerges from the club. KEN withdraws into the shadows, frightened.

SHIRLEY glances around, gathering himself. His mobile rings. It's CONNIE. SHIRLEY hesitates, turns off the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. SINS NIGHTCLUB FOYER - NIGHT 1

Close on CONNIE in the ticket booth, her mobile pressed against her ear.

CONNIE

It's me ...

CONNIE hesitates, not sure what to say, catches a glimpse of RUBY who is enthusiastically greeting CHRIS CHURCH with a snog. CHRIS is dressed "casual smart", has made a little too much effort.

CONNIE

Ring us Shirley. I'm scared.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIRLEY'S MERCEDES - NIGHT 1

LIAM sits waiting, chewing gum, nodding to music on the stereo.

SHIRLEY rips open the door and drops down into the seat. He's reeling. Barely able to control himself. LIAM watches him for a moment, unsure how to respond. Then, hesitantly, he begins.

LIAM

Now Dad. I've been thinking. I've got it sussed. It's all sorted. The band can wait.

SHIRLEY doesn't respond.

LIAM
(bravado)
I'll go back to Idi I'll get that grand.

SHIRLEY stares at LIAM.

SHIRLEY
(gritted teeth)
No. We'll do it together. I'll show you how to collect a debt.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- SEAVIEW SUITE - NIGHT 1

DUDLEY sits on the edge of the bed. He now wears a pair of boxer shorts and a T-shirt. LOLA sits next to him - her arm draped over his shoulder.

DUDLEY
It's hopeless...I can't do it...I don't know how.
(stammering)
I can't fulfil your needs.

DUDLEY shakes his head.

LOLA
That's not true...you're just...tired.

DUDLEY looks at her.

LOLA
We'll try again in the morning.

DUDLEY stands up.

LOLA
Where are you going?

DUDLEY

I need some ice cream.

He exits slamming the door behind him. LOLA lies back, defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA, KITCHEN - DAY 1

POV Inside of fridge. A lone pot of yoghurt with a blown lid.

DUDLEY shuts the fridge door and opens a nearby cupboard. He pulls out a packet of Pop Tarts. He shuts the door, revealing LEO FINCH standing, watching him.

LEO

Helping yourself?

He produces a can like a charity box which he shakes in DUDLEY'S face.

DUDLEY

I haven't got anything on me.

LEO

That's alright son. Have that one on the house.

DUDLEY

Thanks.

DUDLEY turns to go.

LEO

How's that bucket working for you?

DUDLEY

What?

LEO

The bucket.

DUDLEY is completely lost.

LEO

When it gets full, just slosh it down the sink.

DUDLEY

Right...I'd better get back...

DUDLEY starts to walk off down the hall.

LEO

What's the rush?

LEO follows him.

LEO

Never be afraid to keep a lady waiting.
Spend a bit of time with the lads.

DUDLEY stands for a moment, awkward.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI LA POKER ROOM - NIGHT 1

LEO pushes open a door revealing a smoked-filled room filled with an unlikely gaggle of POKER PLAYERS.

LEO

Fancy a flutter. Poker. Five quid sit down. You can put it on the tab.

DUDLEY

Well...my wife...

LEO turns to address the room

LEO

He wants to ask the wife.

BRADLEY

(shaking his head)
Never do that son. I'd still be married if I'd done that.

WILLY

Treat 'em mean. Keep 'em keen.

From one corner a gnarled, crippled hand covered in burns emerges from the shadows. It's owner's face remains hidden but we hear a guttural grunting.

SHADOWMAN

Hnnnnhhhh....Hnnnnhhhh....

BRADLEY
Listen to Vaughan.

LEO
Are you a man or are you a mouse?

BRADLEY, LEO, WILLY, SHADOWMAN
'Ask the monkey.'

They all look at an APE COSTUME which is hanging from the wall.
DUDLEY stares into its dead black eye holes.

DUDLEY suddenly wilts, sits. LEO pats him on the back and shovels
a pile of chips (embossed with MERCY'S name) in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKSHOTZ SOUVENIR SHOP - NIGHT 1

IDI is counting out a wad of cash onto his glass cabinet. He sings
softly to himself.

The sound of wind rattling a window.

A cat mews.

IDI glances up. A look of absolute horror floods his face.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA POKER ROOM - NIGHT 1

CLOSE ON a hand of two cards: an ace and an eight.

DUDLEY looks around the room. EVERYONE is concentrating on their
hands.

BRADLEY shoves a solitary chip across the table. It's value is
marked at one pound.

All eyes turn to the SHADOWMAN. He folds.

Next is WILLY. He has fallen asleep. LEO kicks him. WILLY wakes
with a jolt.

LEO

The bet's a pound.

WILLY puts in his pound.

BRADLEY

Willy. You haven't even looked at your cards.

WILLY

Don't worry about that son.

ALL EYES turn to DUDLEY. DUDLEY is sweating, racked with indecision.

LEO

What's the matter lad. Can't make up your mind?

DUDLEY looks up at the MONKEY COSTUME on the wall. CLOSE ON the smile of the MONKEY face, the blank, black holes of the eyes.

DUDLEY places his pound chip with the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAFRONT - NIGHT 1

CARTER walks along the desolate seafront, the turbulent expanse of the bleak sea churning behind him.

A lone car drives past, seemingly slowing as it does so. CARTER glances at it. He slows his pace, watching warily. The silhouette of the driver is visible as it passes.

CARTER comes to a halt in front of the hoarding where he arrived naked, earlier in the day. He looks around, desperate.

He looks up at the huge image of the MAYOR, staring reproachfully, finger pointing.

CARTER's eyes move down to the other images: MERCY'S lapdancing club, and down further to the church.

The image of the church is picked in the headlights of a passing car.

A small caption beneath the photo reads 'Ambrose Chapel - Blackpool's oldest place of worship.'

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA - SEAVIEW SUITE- NIGHT 1

LOLA SUTTON is lying on her back in her nightie, staring at the ceiling.

She looks at the bedside travel clock, gets up, crosses the room and opens the door a crack.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA- POKER ROOM - NIGHT 1

CLOSE ON LEO FINCH totting up figures on a battered old calculator.

LEO

That comes to a round three grand.

Pull out to reveal that BRADLEY and LEO now have big piles of chips in front of them. WILLY is asleep. DUDLEY has nothing. He is sweating profusely.

DUDLEY

I haven't got it.

LEO

House rules I'm afraid. You've got to pay up tonight. Isn't that right Bradley?

BRADLEY

That's how we do it up here.

SHADOWMAN

Hnnnnhhhhhhh....

DUDLEY

I've been out of work for three months. We spent the last of it coming here.

LEO

You're in a pickle son.

WILLY

A right pickle...

DUDLEY gets up pushing his chair back.

DUDLEY
I'll...send you a cheque.

SHADOWMAN
Nuuuhhhhhh...

Another few inches of the SHADOWMAN emerge from the shadows. The skin of forearm is hideously burnt.

LEO
Vaughn lost last week, didn't have the cash, still paid up.

LEO nods towards the MONKEY SUIT on the wall.

LEO
That was his forfeit.

DUDLEY
(afearred)
Well what...what do you want..?

LEO
Look son. Tell you what I'll do. I'll wipe the debt. You can stay on a few days. Gratis. All we want is the use of your wife.

Shots of BRADLEY'S expectant face. Another groan from the SHADOWMAN.

DUDLEY looks like he's in shock.

LEO
Miscellaneous services and the like.

BRADLEY
Bit of photography.

LEO
Can she dance?

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA RECEPTION - NIGHT 1

LOLA'S naked legs descending the stairs. A hand on the bannister. A crack of thunder. LOLA, still in just her nightie, turns around. The door of the poker room opens. The corridor is flooded with light.

DUDLEY emerges still in his boxer shorts and vest. He speeds towards her in a total panic.

LOLA
Dudley..?

DUDLEY
We've got to get out of here.

LEO and the others have come out into the corridor.

LEO
You're not going anywhere son.

DUDLEY grabs LOLA'S arm and starts pulling her towards the front door.

LOLA
What's going on...

DUDLEY
I've lost a bit of money. It's fine.
It's all under control...

LOLA
I haven't got any clothes on.

LEO
There's a tab to be cleared son. You
know what we want.

DUDLEY
You can't make me. You're a bunch of
cheats. I don't want anything to do
with this.

DUDLEY wrenches open the front door to reveal SHIRLEY WOOLF
finger poised by the bell. SHIRLEY stands there staring at them.

SHIRLEY
I hope you haven't started without me.

SHIRLEY glances down at LOLA in her short nightie.

SHIRLEY

Who's this?

DUDLEY takes her arm.

DUDLEY

We're just leaving.

LEO

We've got a little problem. The kid
owes a bundle. He won't pay.

SHIRLEY

Oh really?

LEO

Three grand.

LOLA

Three grand!

LEO

We've come to an...arrangement.

LOLA looks at DUDLEY.

LOLA

Dudley...?

DUDLEY

I've agreed to nothing.

DUDLEY moves to go and SHIRLEY blocks his path.

SHIRLEY

Not going are you?

SHIRLEY turns to LEO.

SHIRLEY

Got their address?

LEO produces the registration book open at the SUTTON'S details,
alone on the page. The distant weeping begins from upstairs.

SHIRLEY tears off the page.

SHIRLEY

On your way then.

(with menace)
I can always pop round some time. Pay
you a visit.

SILENCE. LIAM appears behind SHIRLEY.

LIAM
Dad. We've got a problem.

SHIRLEY looks past LIAM at the car. A dull thumping can be heard.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHANGRI-LA - NIGHT 1

SHIRLEY walks to the boot and springs it open. The bloodied and battered body of IDI - a cat's head protruding from his mouth. Despite his suffocating position IDI is struggling for his life.

SHIRLEY reaches in and brings out a heavy bolt remover.

Mercilessly he brings it down on IDI'S head.

DUDLEY and LOLA'S horrified faces. SHIRLEY turns, and smiles at them, his face spattered with blood.

DUDLEY turns and looks behind him. LEO stands there looking at him impassively. He looks down at LOLA.

LOLA'S wide-eyed face.

CUT TO:

EXT. SINS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 1

A hand wipes the grime from a brass plaque revealing the words 'Ambrose Chapel'.

A flash of lightning - CARTER'S face reflected in the sign.

CARTER stares at it for a moment, steps back and looks up.

PULL BACK to reveal CARTER silhouetted against an enormous illuminated sign - twenty foot red letters against white: 'SINS'.

END OF EPISODE ONE