

Rain Dogs

Cash Carraway

Episode 11

6th July, 2022

BLUE REVISIONS

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RAI N DOGS

Epi sode One

BUFF REVS

06.07.22 1.

PRE-TI TLE

COSTELLO
(to IRIS, smiling) Looks like we
gotta go!

COSTELLO grabs IRIS' battered school shoes, IRIS puts them on. IRIS picks up her book bag. COSTELLO gets IRIS' iPad, plugs it into her headphones.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(off the iPad) Don't let 'em see
this.

COSTELLO places headphones on IRIS' ears, blasts music. IRIS slips the iPad into her waistband, out of sight. COSTELLO gives IRIS a reassuring kiss and smile before dialing GLORIA. She moves to take the call in the kitchen.

COSTELLO takes IRIS' teddy, puts it safely in her handbag.
COSTELLO lifts the headphones -

COSTELLO
Told you, he's taking care of his
sick mum.

They stick on their fur coats. COSTELLO takes her small
laptop off the table. Starts to stuff it into her jeans. IRIS
takes the laptop off her, puts it into her waistband with the
iPad, covers it with her coat.

IRIS
(still loud) I'll look after your
writing, they can't touch me.

COSTELLO smiles, chip off the old block. She grabs IRIS's
hand, lifts her own head high in a way the middle class deem
entitled and fixes on her protective smirk. Picks up their
bulging bin liners - these contain everything they now own.

6

6

Door open. COSTELLO always goes down in a blaze of glory.
COSTELLO and IRIS (headphones on, music loud) move quick. She
drops the door keys with purpose at the feet of the two
BAILIFFS.

COSTELLO
(to BAILIFF, intentionally
common)
Costello Jones don't live here no
more...

BAILIFF hands COSTELLO a notice. She screws it up, chucks it
off the balcony.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(gestures loopy)
Heard about her though...

COSTELLO and IRIS pass CATH and 2 RASCAL WOMEN filming the
mid-week spectacle on their phones.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
When she celebrates her birthday
down Harvester she visits the salad
bar an unacceptable amount of
times...

COSTELLO and IRIS get to the lift, but it's broke as usual,
yellow tape across the door, so they head on down the stairs.

CATH
(filming) She's vile!

7

7

IRIS tightly grips COSTELLO's hand as she gives them a show for their camera phones -

COSTELLO
(mock disgust) Shagging every Tom,
Dick and moron, I reckon.

The WOMEN mock her as they film - "utter disgrace!"

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
One things for certain - she only
goes with men who leave.

CATH
(still filming)
It's the kid I feel sorry for.

COSTELLO
Where's the dad? Where's the dad,
hey? She can't even keep a man!

From the bottom of the stairwell, COSTELLO looks up at everyone as IRIS sneakily lifts one headphone to hear what's going on.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Causes drama wherever she goes.
By all accounts she's a terrible
cunt!

A look of glee from IRIS as her and COSTELLO hold hands and swagger across the estate together, alone.

8

8

SELBY, late 30's, a boarding school boy educated on Brett Easton Ellis and Goddard, is dressed in a Saville Row suit, shirt, shoes, and putting on his tie - ready for his walk to freedom. His cell mate MASON, 40's, on a long stretch, rough cunt, watches SELBY get ready as he takes a piss with his trackie bottoms all the way down, utter beast.

MASON stands at the cell door watching SELBY (escorted by the

COSTELLO
(to SHADY) Thank you, thank you!
(to IRIS) C'mon we're late for
school.

11

11

COSTELLO hails a black cab. IRIS is confused -

IRIS
But we don't have money.

COSTELLO winks at her as the CABBIE pulls in.

COSTELLO
Follow my lead.

COSTELLO opens the door, IRIS jumps in.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(push) Cheyne Walk please driver.

COSTELLO jumps in, they're off.

12

12

13

13

14

14

They drive through the city. COSTELLO looks at her sobriety app - she's got 99 days. IRIS has a book of Anne Sexton's poetry open but she's looking out the window, pointing -

IRIS

Bet that house has got a swimming pool. And 3 French Bulldogs.

COSTELLO

With a personal puppy trainer.

IRIS

Yeah, and a grand piano - a big white glorious gay one - like Elton John would play.

COSTELLO laughs.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Can I have piano lessons soon?

COSTELLO

Promise you, once we're sorted you can have piano lessons.

For a moment IRIS is pleased, then -

IRIS

(worried) Will I have to change schools again?

COSTELLO's phone rings.

COSTELLO

(arms around IRIS) No bubba.

Screen reads: SELBY - DON'T ANSWER. COSTELLO's worried, then angry. She rejects it. COSTELLO looks out of the window, they're close to their destination.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(smiling) You gonna be sick? I
reckon you're about to vomit...

IRIS smiles, makes a show of being poorly - a hustle.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(loud) Oh, bubba, you ok darling?
Oh no, you can't be sick in here.

COSTELLO gets the attention of the CABBIE.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE) Excuse me driver, pull
over, she's gonna be sick.

CABBIE pulls over, last thing he wants is vomit in the cab.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE, sincere) I'm so sorry.

COSTELLO opens the door.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE) This is a twatty thing
to do.

IRIS jumps out. COSTELLO jumps out.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE) I'm not usually a
prick, I promise. Well, sometimes I
am. (to IRIS) Run!

They start to run.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE, shouting) I'll pay it
forward, I promise.

COSTELLO and IRIS run up the street laughing.

RAI N DOGS

Epi sode One

BUFF REVS

06.07.22 9.

17

17

18

18

SELBY opens the door into a silent grand hallway.

SELBY

Allegria.

He walks through the house expecting to be greeted by someone.

SELBY (CONT'D)

I'm back.

He puts his keys on the table, there's a handwritten note on pink paper: "Wasn't expecting you back so soon, couldn't cancel my plans. Mummy." Next to the note is a few hundred

19

19

COSTELLO bangi ng on the door, l ooki ng through the l etterbox.

COSTELLO
(through l etterbox)
Glori a?

Dial s GLORIA. Ringi ng. She fol l ows the sound al l the way to GLORIA' s car. Through the window; empty bottle of vodka, 2 crushed cans of wine, stubbed out fags, GLORIA' s phone - 22 mi ssed call s from COSTELLO.

COSTELLO (CONT' D)
Si l l y fucki ng bi tch.

CUT TO:

GLORIA

I know you, Lenny, you old wanker!

LENNY

(smiling) You're Costello's friend.

Reality hits her, as the flashbacks begin. She pads her body down looking for her phone, and coat, which has gone.

GLORIA

Fuck, where's my phone? I'm in so much trouble. What day is it? What's the time?

LENNY ain't got a clue, but he holds out his hand for her. Pulls her up, she leans onto him.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Can I borrow your coat?

He takes off his coat, he's left in his PJ's. GLORIA wraps herself up.

LENNY

Come on, let's get you another drink before the blues set in.

They walk off together.

21

21

COSTELLO and KONSTANTIN stand in front of the empty booths.

COSTELLO

I need a shift today.

KONSTANTIN

(shakes head) Last week you were a no show, left me a girl down.

COSTELLO

Been looking for a place to live, Konstantin, I'm all over the shop.

KONSTANTIN

Don't need your life story. You get your pussy out and dance Tuesday and Thursday, I don't need to see up your arsehole!

COSTELLO

I need money.

KONSTANTIN

Do one of your other jobs, your telesales, pretend to be Gordon Gekko, whatever.

LOLLY, 20's, walks towards the dressing room.

ΟΙ ΟΥΡΑΤΕΡΣ ROOM

COSTELLO

Oi, Lolly can I take your shift today?

LOLLY

No. Can't you work your psychic webcam?

KONSTANTIN

(Laughs) Blimey, she got more jobs than a Tory MP!

COSTELLO

IRIS

(guarded) Is your mummy better now?

SELBY realises this is the excuse Costello gave for jail.

SELBY

Much better!

They cross the road. SELBY tries to be discreet.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Oh. Dropped something.

He slips her a £20. Winks. She puts it in her coat pocket.

SELBY (CONT'D)

You haven't seen me.

They've crossed the street. He points the opposite way.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(waving) Gotta run, before I'm
mistaken for a nonce!

IRIS isn't sure what he means. She carries on in the
crocodile. SELBY watches her walk away, he's been waiting so
long to see her - it hurts when she doesn't look back.

23

23

COSTELLO dumping Kettle Chips on the counter. Luxury.

NIKKI (O.S.)

Posh crisps, who you think you are -
the fucking Queen?

Behind the counter is NIKKI, 50's, rough bird, a forgotten
working class woman of old London.

COSTELLO

And £10 cashback, please.

COSTELLO scans her bank card, awaits authorisation. Tense. A
bloke in his 40's joins the queue, BRETT. Incel type in high
vis, always desperate to join the conversation.

NIKKI

Made a right tit of yourself this
morning. No shame, you.

COSTELLO

Oh do shut up Nikki.

NIKKI

(bright smile) Card declined.
Why don't you just get yourself a
council place?

COSTELLO

Yeah, cos they're giving 'em away,
aren't they?

BRETT is taking all of this in, concerned for COSTELLO.

NIKKI

Well they are if you're foreign.

BRETT laughs - "true".

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(to BRETT) Her and her kid got evicted this morning. Made a proper show of it.

COSTELLO

Try the card again.

BRETT

I feel for ya, girl. Was brought up by a single mum myself, it's tough out there.

NIKKI

Declined.

COSTELLO leaves as BRETT pays cash for his newspaper (The London Reformer), he buys the Kettle Chips, chases after COSTELLO.

COSTELLO
Terms and conditions?

BRETT
Rent, whatever. Keep it cas'.

COSTELLO stops, this might be a good offer. He hands her the pack of Kettle Chips she couldn't afford. She smiles at him, warily. He seems decent enough. Pathetic, but decent.

HARD CUT:

25

25

BRETT gestures around the room - kitchenette, bed, he opens the door to a tiny shower room. Horrific, but COSTELLO could make this work. And BRETT's hardly tough, he's harmless.

COSTELLO
We can move in today?

BRETT
Sure. But I sleep here. (opening cupboard door) This is where you and the little one'll live.

Flicks on the light. Windowless cupboard, a single mattress on the floor, a small chest of drawers.

COSTELLO
A cupboard.

BRETT

COSTELLO stops, this might be a good offer. He hands her the pack of Kettle Chips she couldn't afford. She smiles at him, warily. He seems decent enough. Pathetic, but decent.

COSTELLO

COSTELLO thinks BRETT's a weirdo, something's off, she just can't stay there. She checks her phone. Goes to call 'SELBY - DON'T ANSWER', but resists. But she's desperate. Fuck it - she calls 'SELBY-DON'T ANSWER'. He picks up.

COSTELLO

Well, well, well, the bitch is back! Where are ya?

COSTELLO looks under the doors - in one is a man on his knees, in another are expensive shoes, SELBY's! She leans on the urinals, awaiting sounds of a blow job to abate. An OLD MAN rushes out of a cubicle and runs out of the toilets, ashamed. COSTELLO talks to the closed door -

COSTELLO

Sucking off old men? Times must be tough - he's the spitting image of our old English professor.

COSTELLO taps open the door to reveal SELBY sitting on the toilet, trousers up (not shitting).

SELBY

Ugh, he claimed to be a 6 foot 2 barista from Fitzrovia!

COSTELLO and SELBY take an adoring look at each other.

COSTELLO

I've missed you.

SELBY

Life's shit without me, isn't it? I mean, things still happen, but they're just not as exciting.

COSTELLO

(smiling) No, I've missed being around someone as vile as me.

SELBY

(laughing) Well, you're nothing if not self aware.

SELBY gestures for her to get into the cubicle next door. She does. This is what they do. They kick their doors shut.

RAI N DOGS

Epi sode One

BUFF REVS

06.07.22 17.

COSTELLO

He rolls up around £100 and slips it through the hole. She goes to take the money, he pulls it away.

SELBY

At least my mummy loves me!

COSTELLO

C'mon, she tolerates you.

He pushes the money through again, then takes it away.

SELBY

Too slow!

He does it again, and again. COSTELLO is getting pissed off.

COSTELLO

(frustrated) You're an arsehole.

She slams the wall. He smirks -

SELBY

And they say I'm the violent one!
By the way, how are your family?

He puts his money away, he's had enough of this.

COSTELLO

Still dead.

SELBY

Yes, but still very much walking
around.

COSTELLO

(bored) Just stay away from me and
Iris.

27A

27A

COSTELLO sits near the back, phone to ear, waiting to speak to someone at the council - "you are number 18 in the queue" while also reading a copy of Simone De Beauvoirs' A Woman Destroyed.

A man, 50's, high on crack, dressed like Dennis Hopper in Apocalypse Now and carrying a small typewriter, walks up the stairs and addresses the commuters. His name is CHRIS.

CHRIS

Ladies and gentleman, bespoke poems
for sale!

COSTELLO watches him make his way down the bus.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

£5 for 7 stanzas. Now, that's the
best price in this borough! Anyone?

He gets to COSTELLO, plonks himself next to her, she always attracts the fucking nutters. CHRIS looks at her book.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, a book. An actual intellectual
on a London bus.

CHRIS rests his typewriter on his knee.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I assume you'll be needing a poem
today.

COSTELLO

(Laughs) I don't have any money.

CHRIS

(studying COSTELLO's face) No, but
you have a spectacular aura.

COSTELLO's pleased with this - "oh thank you"

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Or is it the crack I've just
smoked?

COSTELLO

Not gonna lie, you're a big boy for
a crack addict.

CHRIS

That's rude. (then) OK, I'll give
you one on the house.

CHRIS gets ready to type.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Tell me some things about your life
and I'll write a verse that'll
knock your bloody socks off.

COSTELLO

OK, well (thinks) I haven't had sex
in a decade...

CHRIS looks her up and down, starts typing -

CHRIS

(angry, typing) WHORE!

COSTELLO is surprised by this but ()16.7 as hhh Tpr s sng f.

COSTEL-2 Td(a)16.7 (v)1m a()16.6 (16.6 (o)16.7 (l)16.7 ()1

COSTELA6.6 (7 (r)16.6 (i)16.7 (l)16.7 (t)16.6 (r)1

COSTELLO

Oh well, this is my stop anyway.

CHRIS sits rigid, to not let her pass.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Excuse me, please.

CHRIS

(wild, blocking her) Nope. I'm riding 'til Earls Court - I need to

SELBY

Mahjong!

SELBY wins a £50.

FEN

(in Mandarin, to SELBY) You are the very worst of cultural appropriation!

SELBY

(in Mandarin) Not me. Daddy's bank was in Shanghai.

He throws his winnings back onto the table.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(in English, to FEN) Let's up the stakes.

FEN agrees, rubs SELBY's leg, all the way up to his cock.

FEN

Hasn't been the same here without you, welcome home.

SELBY

(throwing dice, feeling lucky) Too fucking right.

31

31

GLORIA arrives for her shift, doing what she thinks is a pretty good impression of herself sober. But the DUKE knows a mess when he sees one -

DUKE

You're late. And drunk. And appear to be dressed as a tramp.

GLORIA

What you talking about?

She takes off Lenny's coat and her shoes (she'll be off to get changed as soon as she shakes off the DUKE).

DUKE

You promised you'd stop this.

She can't hide she's been drinking -

GLORIA

(sighs) Dad, weren't you young once?!

DUKE

You're not that young.

GLORIA

(sighs) How many bodies we got tonight?

DUKE

(ignoring her question) My love, there are predators out there, don't make it any easier for them. People are shit, Gloria.

GLORIA turns to him broken, her eyes begging for help.

GLORIA

Can I have a hug?

He understands her pain, but hugs are not his thing. She grips him, he holds her lightly.

DUKE

Go home to bed. Get your shit together, we go again tomorrow.

GLORIA

I won't to do it again.

DUKE

Don't make promises you can't keep.

GLORIA

I'll try not to do it again.

The DUKE - "uh-huh". He knows she will. She knows she will.

A moped gang of teenage boys hang about as COSTELLO tries all the doors on GLORIA's car, it's locked. COSTELLO picks up a chunk of concrete, motioning for IRIS to step back. COSTELLO smashes the concrete through the passenger window. The moped

COSTELLO
Aunty G won't mind.

COSTELLO opens the door, clears away the glass, puts Gloria's phone in her pocket. IRIS climbs over into the back. COSTELLO follows. It suddenly starts to piss down. Looks like they'll be here a while.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Got any homework?

IRIS nods - "yes". She digs into her book bag to get her book. The moped gang circle the car, looking inside. MOPED BOY pokes his head through the broken window.

MOPED BOY
(to COSTELLO) You're dench.

COSTELLO turns away. IRIS holds onto her mum, scared.

MOPED BOY (CONT'D)
You gonna get raped out here.

He circles them a few times, revs, howls. COSTELLO kisses IRIS on the head.

IRIS
I'm scared. Call Selby.

COSTELLO
Told you, he's with his sick mummy.

IRIS
No. She's better now. He came to school.

IRIS reaches into her coat pocket for the £20.

IRIS (CONT'D)
He asked me not to tell you.

RAIN DOGS

Episode One

BUFF REVS

06.07.22 23.

COSTELLO'S first instinct is to be angry with Selby but she

RAIN DOGS

Episode One

BUFF REVS

06.07.22 25.

BRETT is awkward, reaches into his back pocket. Pulls out some kind of tacky nightdress. He passes it to her.

BRETT

SELBY

I've told you time and time again -
never get between a man and his
Mahjong!

FEN understands, there's big money at stake. FEN blows on the dice, SELBY rolls.

37

37

COSTELLO stands in front of BRETT who sits on the bed. She is wearing the nightdress.

BRETT

Don't worry. You're not fat. Just
got a food bank body.

COSTELLO

What the fuck's that?

BRETT

(does a pig face)
Lots of carbs.

BRETT gets into bed, pats a space for COSTELLO, starts removing his clothes under the covers.

BRETT (CONT'D)

I prefer kissing over penetration.

He's down to his vest and pants. Big smile. Pulls his pants down to flash his cock.

BRETT (CONT'D)

(half joking) Terms and conditions
apply.

COSTELLO

I'm not gonna sleep with you Brett.

BRETT

(angry) Look, there's plenty of
other mummies who need my help. Do
you and your daughter want a home
or not?

COSTELLO finally realises he could hurt her. She makes a run for it, slamming the living room door on BRETT.

38

38

BRETT (CONT'D)

Thought you were a charity case.

The door opens to reveal SELBY with his arrogant smile and a piece of scaffold from a skip.

SELBY

(to Brett, soft, threatening) Hello darling.

SELBY presses up against BRETT, strokes his face. BRETT wants to cry. COSTELLO approaches.

COSTELLO

He prefers kissing over penetration.

SELBY kisses BRETT lightly on the lips.

SELBY

Me too.

BRETT

Entitled little bitch.

COSTELLO punches Brett in the stomach.

SELBY

Get 116.6 ()16.7 (p (h)16.6]J-6 -1 Td[()c2 Td[(C)16.7 (O)16.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(gloating) No, or you'll end up
back in prison with the butch boys.

WRITERS ROOM

He smiles, resigned to the fact this is the 'thing' she has over him now. He kisses her on the head, lets go of her neck.

SELBY
Enough of this shit chat.

IRIS stirs, SELBY goes straight to her.

SELBY (CONT'D)
(to IRIS, loving)
Hello beauty.

He sweeps her up. She opens her eyes, delighted to see him.

SELBY (CONT'D)
Need you to close your eyes until
you feel fresh air on your cheeks,
okay?

IRIS screws her eyes shut. COSTELLO grabs their stuff. SELBY puts IRIS' headphones on her ears.

SELBY (CONT'D)
Shall we listen to our favourite
song?

IRIS, eyes still screwed shut, smiles, nods as SELBY plugs her headphones into his phone to play 'Glory Days' by Bruce Springsteen. He turns it up loud.

SELBY (CONT'D)
(to COSTELLO, clicking
fingers)
Now move.

COSTELLO will do whatever he says, he's just saved her. Again.

44

44

45

45

46

46

COSTELLO kicks front door. Then SELBY does. They alternate. Team work. IRIS watches on (headphones on).

SELBY
How much do you owe the landlord?

IRIS (O.S.)
Whoa! It's empty.

SELBY gives COSTELLO the money, they follow her in.

46A

46A

They all take in the emptiness of the place. Empty flat. Anything of use - gone. Just a sad mess of old toys and duvets. IRIS is excited, exploring the empty mess.

SELBY
I saved you tonight. Again. Now
give me your phone. I'm putting a
tracker on.

COSTELLO hands SELBY her phone. He puts the tracker on.

COSTELLO
(shouting to IRIS) Iris, come and
say goodbye to Selby, he's leaving.

SELBY
I love you, Costello.

COSTELLO
I love you too, Selby.

He hands her phone back.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(besotted) Now why don't you fuck
off and die?

IRIS runs into the room to hug SELBY, a beautiful embrace.

SELBY
(smiling) I can't do that,
(sarcastic cockney) we're family.

COSTELLO and SELBY share that hateful loving look that only exists between the closet families. He waves. COSTELLO and IRIS watch SELBY walk away. COSTELLO grabs an old bit of shelf and uses it to jam the front door - her only way of keeping them safe.

An hour later. COSTELLO and IRIS can't sleep so instead they lean on the balcony looking down on the London they almost lost. They huddle close together to keep warm.

COSTELLO
Are you ok?

They look at each other, lovingly. IRIS nods.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Bet that house this morning had a kingsize bed!

IRIS
And goose down duvets.

COSTELLO
And I like 200 Le Creuset pans!

COSTELLO strokes IRIS' hair. She wishes she could give her those things. 6.7 (t)16.6 ()

GLORIA

(Looking around) Shit, they took everything. So what - you squatting now?

IRIS

No. Selby sorted it.

GLORIA hugs IRIS, strokes her hair.

GLORIA

(controlled) So, Florian Selby's back in the free world. God help us all.

GLORIA's unhappy SELBY's back. COSTELLO's trapped but safe.

COSTELLO

When the shit hits the fan,
sometimes you need a man like
Selby.

There's a firm knock at the door. COSTELLO, GLORIA and IRIS are anxious - "who the fuck now?!" COSTELLO looks at her phone, it's 02.38. Another knock, louder, she goes to see who it is.
