

Rain Dogs

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Cash Carraway

Episode 2

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GREEN REVISIONS

BLUE REVS PAGES: 2, 2A, 4, 10, 10A, 10B, 11, 11A, 12, 13, 16, 17, 23, 25, 26, 26A, 28, 30

PINK REVS PAGES: 8, 9, 9A

YELLOW REVS PAGES: 11A, 19-20, 21, 27, 28

GREEN REVS PAGES: 1, 1A, 1B, 4

WRITERS ROOM

PRE TITLES

1

1

COSTELLO JONES is looking good and full of swagger. Perfect make-up, big hair, dragging a vintage suitcase. Passing through a world of whores and dealers and neon. Her phone rings. It's GLORIA. She picks up.

*
*

COSTELLO
(on phone) Where the fuck you been
hiding?

*
*
*

1A

1A

GLORIA stands outside work, hungover, guzzling water.

*

GLORIA
You hate me, don't you?

*
*

INTERCUT.

*

1B

1B

As COSTELLO hits Raymonds Revue, she bumps into LOLLY who is waiting for her, also with a suitcase.

*
*

COSTELLO
You were supposed to help me
protect Iris from the eviction.

*
*
*

GLORIA
I messed up.

*
*

GLORIA is filled with guilt. COSTELLO is pissed off.

*

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Where you staying?

*
*

COSTELLO
Back at the flat.

*
*

COSTELLO and LOLLY pull their suitcases towards the peepshow.

*

GLORIA
What, you're squatting?

*
*

LOLLY listens to the conversation.

*

COSTELLO

No, I'm not squatting, Selby sorted it.

This is bad news. GLORIA's unhappy SELBY's back.

GLORIA

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

COSTELLO

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

GLORIA

(small laugh/sneer) That's just not true.

COSTELLO

(abrupt, pissed off) I gotta go work.

GLORIA

I'll make it up to you, yeah?

COSTELLO hangs up. GLORIA heads into the funeral parlour.

LOLLY

How are we this fine morning?

COSTELLO

Skint, tired and got thrush -
(sarcastic) perfect conditions for showing my fanny.

COSTELLO and LOLLY turn into an alley.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

But I'm above ground and got a roof above my head, for now.

COSTELLO and LOLLY head into the peepshow.

LOLLY
(shaking head) Uh-huh, classic
intimacy issues.

COSTELLO and LOLLY push open a door - STAFF ONLY.

3

3

We follow them into a bright yellow changing room, a place no one can hide from their visual flaws. This is a place that could only be glamorous in COSTELLO's head; cracked dirty mirrors and damp carpets layered with stale spunk since the 70s. COSTELLO and LOLLY dump their suitcases in front of the mirror.

LOLLY
Get on the OnlyFans like everyone
else.

As they get ready for their shift, they talk through the mirrors.

COSTELLO
Nah, ain't having that shit online.
I want my writing taken seriously.

COSTELLO pulls a thick diamanté choker from her bag, turns around, gestures for LOLLY to do it up.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Lolly honey, tie.

COSTELLO removes her dress to reveal her costume underneath, something tacky that pops under UV. KONSTANTIN barges in.

KONSTANTIN
OK, pussy check ladies, chop chop!

COSTELLO and LOLLY hold open their thongs so KONSTANTIN can take a look down, he looks into LOLLY's knickers -

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)
Oh god, beauty...

He looks into COSTELLO's knickers, he's disgusted -

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)
(to COSTELLO) And the beast.

He shoos them both away.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)
Now get those pussies on parade.

COSTELLO and LOLLY walk through another door -

ÓI ÓWRÁÆERS ROOM

COSTELLO

Well be prepared to have it returned sticky.

SOPHIE

(Laughs) Love the cut of your jib!

COSTELLO

Look at my tits, not my jib.

COSTELLO starts to take off her dress.

6

6

IRIS and SELBY walk through China Town.

IRIS

It got well weird when you weren't here.

SELBY is concerned.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Mummy went wine crazy. I'm gonna need therapy.

SELBY

(New Jersey accent) Who you think you are, eh, Tony Soprano?

IRIS

I'm more of a Christopher type.

SELBY laughs.

IRIS (CONT'D)

And I don't want none of that CBT crap. It's Dr Melfi, or nothing.

SELBY

You want to go private, eh? Harley Street?

Iris only ever likes to go private - "yeah."

SELBY (CONT'D)

Well, it's never worked for me, but I'll look into it for you.

They walk into the Mahjong.

7

7

The shutter next door to SOPHIE opens to reveal a CRACKHEAD, he's pressing close against the window, undoing his trousers, high and desperate.

SOPHIE

I'd love to do an interview with you Costello. You're a voice that must be heard.

COSTELLO

(sighs, to SOPHIE) Fuck off with your interview. I'm a writer.

COSTELLO starts dancing for the CRACKHEAD.

SOPHIE

(sincere) Y'know, in the office we call you the modern day Jean Genet. Do you know who that is?

COSTELLO

Yeah I do, but I consider myself more Simone de Beauvoir. Do you know who that is?

SOPHIE

(smiling) OK, well, how about you write your story, about working here, in your own words?

COSTELLO

Well, I want paying. Fed up of writing for 'opportunities' that never arise.

SOPHIE

How much do you want?

COSTELLO

You risked getting spunk on your Burberry Mac so I must be worth a bit. 500 quid.

SOPHIE

You don't half drive a hard bargain Costello Jones.

COSTELLO

And I won't be writing you a sad story. I'm not the liberals' victim of the week.

GLORIA

(sighs) How many guests we got today?

DUKE

(pointing at body) Poor old bastard had hardly any family and no money, so probably no one. But can I trust you to treat him with dignity?

GLORIA

What you think I'm gonna do to him? He's already dead.

GLORIA's on her best behavior.

SELBY

It wasn't. Creaked every time I turned over, and the mattress was lumpy, and the sheets scratched my skin.

FEN

(in Mandarin, to IRIS) You know his mum is prison, right?

SELBY

(in Mandarin) Shut up.

IRIS looks at FEN suspiciously.

IRIS

(to SELBY) What's he saying?

SELBY

Nothing. Now, say Mahjong and take Fen's money.

IRIS

Mahjong!

FEN

(to Iris) No, when you win you say Hu Le not Mahjong - so you lose!

IRIS

Hu Le!

FEN

(in Mandarin) Little cunt.

SELBY

(in Mandarin) Watch your mouth.

GLORIA sits by the open casket, respectfully. No one has shown up to view the body. She's bored. She turns up the music on the stereo, she likes this one. Her foot starts tapping. She looks at the body, stops her foot. But her arm starts twitching to the beat. She stops herself. But fuck, she loves this song, she can't help but move - she checks she's alone, and lets the music take her, what's to lose? She's dancing around the room...

She flicks on the track. Turns it up.

ÓI ÓWRÁÆERS ROOM

PAUL holds out a beer for GLORIA. She's like "nah". PAUL puts it on the side. She sits next to him, picks up the beer - one won't hurt, both happy to have found a drinking buddy.

11

11

FEN is doing IRIS' nails on a table across the room from SELBY who is playing a serious game for serious money. IRIS watches him.

IRIS

Selby, I feel like I'm in a movie montage!

He looks over at her, being with her makes him so happy.

SELBY

SELBY (CONT'D)
(to COSTELLO) Come on, you need a break.

He slides over a container of noodles for COSTELLO.

COSTELLO
(looking over her article) I just need to make sure it's really good.

SELBY and IRIS grab fortune cookies, start to open them.

SELBY
It will be, just stick some duck in your gob and take 5 minutes.

She closes her laptop so she can enjoy dinner.

SELBY (CONT'D)
(smirking, to COSTELLO) Can't believe you're writing for those Champagne Socialists!

SELBY crushes his cookie, takes out the fortune, pretends to read it -

SELBY (CONT'D)
(joking) The only way they'll let you into the liberal palace is if you're bloody cleaning it!

They all laugh, SELBY screws up the fortune, chucks it.

COSTELLO
(smiling) Well, I'll just have to pick the locks.

SELBY doesn't doubt she will. They eat. This resembles the closest these people will ever get to domestic bliss.

13A

13A

SELBY tucks IRIS into her lilo bed. Her posters from eviction day back on the walls - Christopher from the Sopranos!

SELBY
Wish we could do this all again tomorrow.

IRIS smiles - "me too", but -

IRIS

Can't, it's Ava's party. Can we get her a decent present?

There's a knock at the front door. Selby checks his watch.

IRIS (CONT'D)

(sleepy) You can't give rich people shit from Argos, know what I'm saying?

IRIS holds up her hand for a sleepy high five, which SELBY hits gently as she drifts, content. There's another knock.

SELBY

I love you so much.

He listens to COSTELLO open the front door.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Got you a table.

COSTELLO sounds exciting Selby tenses at the arrival of GLORIA. He controls his breathing as he tries to listen in.

14

14

A slightly tipsy GLORIA and PAUL are bringing in an old writing desk, chair and lamp.

COSTELLO
(touched, teary) Can't believe you did this.

GLORIA
Chill out you sappy bitch, Dad was gonna throw it in the skip.

They put the desk/chair/lamp down.

COSTELLO
(motioning to IRIS' room) Selby's here.

GLORIA
(Loud, excited) Oh is he?! (to Paul) Well we ain't afraid of Florian Selby, are we Paul?

PAUL
(unsure) Err, we might be? Who's Florian Selby?

SELBY stands in view.

SELBY
Yes, Gloria, who is Florian Selby?

GLORIA
(to PAUL) He's a public school prick, Paul.

SELBY
(smiles) Objection your honour!

GLORIA
(to PAUL) He's just got out of prison.

SELBY
(to PAUL) For protecting Costello, Paul.

COSTELLO
Look, this is all very entertaining but I've got a deadline.

SELBY takes it upon himself to usher GLORIA and PAUL out.

15 _____ 15

16 _____ 16

Scene 16 has been reworked into scene 13.

WRITERS ROOM

17

Scene 17 have been moved to Scene 21A.

17

18

Scene 18 has been moved to Scene 21B.

18

19

19

21B



21B

SELBY
That's right.

A few of them chuckle at his name.

MATT
Sit down please, Florian.

He does.

MATT (CONT'D)
My name is Matt and this is a rehabilitation group for men who have committed violent crimes. You should know it's a requirement of your probation to regularly attend this group or you will be returned to prison. (to SELBY) This is no joke.

22

22

Scene 22 is now Scene 23A.

23

23

The place is looking a lot cleaner, COSTELLO has done a good job, she's almost done. LENNY hands COSTELLO a rolled joint which she lights and sticks in his mouth. COSTELLO hands him his beer from the bedside table. He coughs for a bit.

COSTELLO
C'mon, do your worst, be as dirty as you like, it's all going in my article.

LENNY rubs his hands together to get them warm.

LENNY
Well, don't you dare change my name and piss on my hard on. I may not be famous for my art but I want to leave something behind.

He presses his hands against the electric heater.

COSTELLO
What you doing? You cold?

LENNY
Oh no, darling, just nothing worse than frigid hands on a warm cock.

She gets on her knees to clean. He enjoys watching her.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Tell your readers why I'm banned
from the peep show -

COSTELLO

It's bad etiquette to spunk on the
peep booth window, it stains.

His hands are warm enough now, he unzips his trousers.

LENNY

It's wokeness gone mad. Not my
fault I've got stubborn cum. (he
touches his cock, enjoys it) You
are a cleaner, Costello, you've
done such a good job, you're a real
cleaner aren't you? Tell me you're
a real cleaner, I've always wanted
one.

He warms his hands again on the heater, not warm enough!

COSTELLO

(Laughing) Yeah, yeah I'm a real
cleaner.

He goes for his cock again. She carries on scrubbing.

23A

23A

Sharing time at Punch Club, SELBY is bored -

BILLY THE CUNT

Knocked my missus about for years,
but she always let me back. And I'd

n6.7 (a)1sfT*[(n6.7 (a)1t.7 (b).)16.7 (e)16.7 (e)16.6 (t)16.7

(MORE)

BILLY THE CUNT (CONT'D)

Get generations of violence out my system. Then I go home. Missus cooks a nice bit of dinner. We make love. Lovely.

SELBY laughs, as he hits the self destruction button.

SELBY

(loud) Oh God. Think I prefer prison!

BILLY THE CUNT

(to SELBY) Now you my friend are a man in need of a Saturday afternoon paintball sesh. Chill you right the fuck out.

SELBY

(to MATT) Matthew, who do I need to suck off to get out of here?

No one in the group likes SELBY.

23B

23B

LENNY cums, then coughs, for ages. COSTELLO straps on his oxygen mask, and he starts to catch his breath.

COSTELLO

(posh, like Vivien Lee) It's an awful life, but we do it with such dignity!

She throws him a tea towel - it's of the Welsh flag. He holds out a £20 note for COSTELLO, she slips it in her bag.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Lenny can I steal a painting? Need a birthday present for one of Iris' friends.

LENNY

(pointing) Take that. It's almost child friendly.

COSTELLO

Your ex-wife's vag, you can't give that away.

LENNY

She always did, very generous woman.

COSTELLO

(studying it) What does this remind me of?

LENNY

Fucked if I know, all I see is gash.

COSTELLO takes the painting, kisses Lenny on his head..

COSTELLO

You're like a Dad to me, Lenny - one that rapes me!

LENNY laughs into a coughing fit, on goes the mask again.

24

24

25

25

WRITERS ROOM

LUCY

(smug) What are you working on at the moment?

COSTELLO

(awkward, but -) An undercover piece about peep shows.

They're all listening now, shocked but excited -

IMMY

(sincere, to everyone)
That's just fascinating.

COSTELLO

I get right in amongst it.

LUCY

What, like Stacey Doolley?

COSTELLO

(being polite, but true) A little bit, but more like Tom Wolfe or Joan Didion.

IMMY'S face - "Get you!". LUCY is less warm. So COSTELLO tries to explain -

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

I sort of write in the style of the New Journalism movement. Y'know like reporting the truth but subjectively, using fictional techniques.

IMMY

(kind) You're very bright aren't you? You should've gone to university.

COSTELLO remains polite, she knows IMMY isn't being mean.

COSTELLO

Yeah I did. I have a First in English from Durham.

LUCY

(impressed) Never judge a book by it's cover, that's what I say.

COSTELLO knows they know she's common as muck, so she gives them a bit of what they want -

COSTELLO
(jokey) That's right, I might have
cracking pair of tits, but I'm
proper fucking clever.

And they love it! She's salt of the fucking earth, she is!

IMMY
Can't wait to read it!

COSTELLO
So, I'll be back to pick Iris up at
8?

COSTELLO starts to leave. IMMY escorts her.

IMMY
Can't you stay?

COSTELLO likes IMMY, she tries to fit in with her -

COSTELLO
Gotta work unfortunately. (to all)
But you girlies keep calm and drink
gin, yeah!

They love their new working class pal. COSTELLO leaves happy,
knowing that once the article's out, they'll want to hang
with her all the time!

28

28

This scene has been reworked into Scene 25

29

29

30

30

COSTELLO sits opposite the mirror, on her laptop. LOLLY and
DASHA get ready for their shift. COSTELLO is writing -

KONSTANTIN brings a guy in, late 30's, Jacob Rees Mogg hair
and a Carhartt jacket - just COSTELLO's type. This is
RICHARD. COSTELLO doesn't notice their arrival because she is
submitting her article.

COSTELLO
And it's in!

KONSTANTIN

Costello, a respectable man is here
to see you.

COSTELLO turns to face RICHARD.

RICHARD

(holding up his camera) Hi
Costello, here to get some photos

32

32

33

33

SELBY is buying all the copies of The London Reformer.

NIKKI

What you got, a fucking paper round?

SELBY laughs, hands over the money.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Her Majesty treat you well?

SELBY

As well as she would treat one of her sons!

NIKKI

(to SELBY) Prison's like boarding school I bet.

SELBY

Oh no, no, it's much lovelier than that!

COSTELLO rushes in. She notices SELBY carrying a stack of The London Reformer. She knows it's bad.

SELBY (CONT'D)

They didn't run your article. They turned your words into a sad little interview -

He holds up the page. The headline -

' . Below the headline is a picture of COSTELLO looking sad and poor, and nothing like a writer, she knows she was stupid to have had hoped they would treat her like one.

COSTELLO

They fucked me.

She slumps to her knees, dramatic. SELBY'S face - "bit dramatic."

34

34

35

35

COSTELLO and SELBY sit next to each other on abandoned 90's style pleather armchairs, reading the 'interview.'

SELBY

(peaking over newspaper at COSTELLO) Costello Jones says "I'm not ashamed to use my body to pay the rent. Sex work is real work."

COSTELLO

I never fucking said that.

SELBY lights a cigarette.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(head in hands) Iris' going to be so embarrassed. God I want a drink.

SELBY passes COSTELLO the cigarette.

SELBY

No you don't.

COSTELLO

I'm 106 days sober. Is this my life now? Why can't I just have a glass of wine like a normal person?

SELBY lights another cigarette. His look to COSTELLO - "You're not a normal person."

SELBY

Darling, when you drink, bad things happen.

She holds up the paper.

COSTELLO

I knew writing that article was risky.

SELBY

Well, writing is the most dangerous sport.

SELBY hugs COSTELLO, gives her a kiss on the head. COSTELLO stubs out her cigarette on SOPHIE's byline pic.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Do you want me to have her whacked?!

COSTELLO laughs, she's over it now. She always cuts herself off from emotion when she's hurt. Self-defense. Fuck it.

COSTELLO

Fuck her. She's going in my novel and she's gonna be a fucking monster.

SELBY takes a bottle of white spirit out of his coat pocket, douses the paper with alcohol.

SELBY

The best revenge is winning the Man Booker Prize, after all!

SELBY throws his fag onto the papers.

COSTELLO

They's have done the same to Jean Genet if he'd had a cunt.

They stand and watch the flames before turning and walking away. Heads high.

KONSTANTIN

(to COSTELLO) Why you here? There's
still customers out there with
fistfuls of coins and cocks.

COST

38

38

RICHARD is holding up a copy of The London Reformer and a lit lighter as COSTELLO and GLORIA leave the peepshow. COSTELLO is not pleased to see him.

RICHARD
Solidarity sister!

RICHARD clumsily lights a copy of The London Reformer.

COSTELLO
(to RICHARD) As performative gestures go, I've seen better. I've seen better today.

GLORIA
What's this?

COSTELLO
He's the photographer from that thing.

RICHARD
Just want you to know I had no idea Sophie was going to fuck you over.

He throws the burning paper to the floor.

GLORIA
I mean, this is fucking weird, but you've got to hand it to him - he's done a thing.

KONSTANTIN comes out of the peepshow carrying the spunk bucket.

RICHARD
Would you like to grab a coffee or something?

COSTELLO
Pick up a lot of women outside peep shows do you?

RICHARD
Um, well, no, this would be my first.

COSTELLO checks him out, he is quite fit. GLORIA likes him -

GLORIA
(to COSTELLO) He's good value ain't he?

