

**EASTENDERS**

Episode 872

By

Marc Peirson

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EASTENDERS

EPISODE EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TWO

BY

**Marc Peirson**  
**(4th draft)**

DURATION (08.00 - 19.20) DAY AFTER PREVIOUS EPISODE

LOT

SCENE 872/1. EXT. OUTSIDE THE VIC. DAY (08.00)

(TRADERS BUSTLE IN THE MARKET. TERESA THREADS HER WAY THROUGH, CARRYING AN ARMFUL OF STOCK. LISA PASSES. BEPPE COMES OUT OF THE CAFÉ.)

LISA: Morning Teresa!

(TERESA SEES BEPPE AND HIDES OUT OF SIGHT. BEPPE REACTS TO LISA'S GOOD MORNING AND LOOKS AROUND PUZZLED. HE MOVES ON.

GRANT JOGS ALONG BRIDGE STREET. HE PASSES BEPPE HEADING FOR E20 AND SNEERS AT HIM.

GRANT JOGS PAST JAMIE AT THE BOOKSTALL AND TERESA SETTING UP. HE STOPS BY THE RAILINGS WHERE TIFFANY'S FLOWERS ARE.

HE LOOKS ACROSS TO SEE FRANK WITH RICKY OUTSIDE THE PUB)

FRANK: (IRONIC) Good Morning Grant.

(FRANKS SMILES. GRANT SNEERS AND JOGS OFF)

RICKY: What's his problem?

FRANK: How long have you got?  
Anyway, never mind him. How are  
you doing?

RICKY: I'm alright.

FRANK: Yeah? Really?

RICKY: (SHRUGS) You've just got  
to get on haven't you.

FRANK: Of course. But you don't  
have to do it all on your own.  
I'm always here.

RICKY: I know. Thanks.

FRANK: How about you and the old  
man get together later and lift  
a couple?

RICKY: (TRYING TO BE UPBEAT)  
Yeah. That'd be good.

FRANK: (ENTHUSIASTIC) Great.

(THERE IS AN AWKWARD  
SILENCE)

RICKY: (BRIEF IRONIC SMILE)  
Well I'd better get on. Catch  
you later.

FRANK: Good.

(FRANK WATCHES CONCERNED  
AS RICKY LEAVES)

GO WITH RICKY AS HE CROSSES  
IN FRONT OF TERESA'S STALL.  
HE LOOKS AT IT WISTFULLY  
FOR A BEAT AS HE PASSES

GO TO MEL TALKING TO LISA)

MEL: What are you so cheerful about this morning?

LISA: Phil's going away for a few days tomorrow.

MEL: Oh. Very romantic.

LISA: No. He's going away tomorrow. So, we're having a special meal tonight.

MEL: I see. He taking you somewhere nice?

LISA: His place. He's cooking for me.

MEL: (LAUGHS) Lovely. That'll be cosy. You, Phil, Jamie. And Grant in the background with a gypsy violin!

LISA: No. It's all arranged. Just me and Phil.

MEL: So this could be the big one then?

LISA: What do you mean?

MEL: (WINKS) Third date. You know what they say.

LISA: (LAUGHS) Let's just say I've got a good feeling about tonight.

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/2. INT. PHIL'S FLAT. DAY (08.05)

(PHIL IS HAPPILY  
COOKING BREAKFAST AND  
HUMMING ALONG TO 'YOU  
CAN'T HURRY LOVE' ON  
THE RADIO.)

GRANT: (ANGRY) He's lording it  
up like he's the Pope of  
Walford.

PHIL: So?

(GRANT TURNS THE RADIO  
OFF)

GRANT: So I ain't going to put  
up with it.

PHIL: Just ignore him. You want  
an extra sausage?

GRANT: Is that it then? We let  
him come round to our house and  
do whatever he likes?

PHIL: It's my house Grant.

GRANT: So?

PHIL: So I'm not interested in  
Frank and his temper tantrums.  
And I certainly ain't going to  
start another war with mum just  
to please you. I've got better  
things to do.

GRANT: What's that? Cradle  
snatching?

PHIL: Leave Lisa out of this! She's the best thing that's happened to me in ages. And I'm not to going to let anything get in the way of that.

GRANT: (SARCASTIC) Sorry. I didn't realise you'd be so sensitive about Gianni Di Marco's left overs!

PHIL: (ANGRY) Don't push it Grant.

(JAMIE ENTERS CARRYING A BOOK.)

JAMIE: Here you go Phil. Just what you need.

(GRANT SHOUTS OVER HIM)

GRANT: So what about your promises to help get the Vic back. Just hot air was it?

PHIL: (SHAMEFACED) You were upset Grant. I was trying to cheer you up.

GRANT: (SARCASTIC) Well you've done a great job. Thanks for your support. Thanks for nothing! I'll see you later.

PHIL: What about your breakfast?

GRANT: Give it to your girlfriend!

(GRANT LEAVES)

PHIL: You want some more Jamie?

JAMIE: You have it. You need to keep your strength up for tonight!

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(PHIL SMILES, PRETENDS TO  
CUFF HIM AND TURNS THE  
MUSIC BACK ON)

CUT TO:

LOCATION

SCENE 872/3. INT. PRISON REC ROOM. DAY (08.10)

(MATT READS A PAPER  
NERVOUSLY LOOKING AT  
GATES ACROSS THE ROOM  
WITH HIS MATES.)

STEVE SITS NEXT TO  
GATES)

STEVE: All right Gatesy. Thanks  
for the scotch. Can I get  
another bottle?

GATES: No problem. I don't see  
why Prison gates should restrict  
the natural order of commerce.  
Do you?

STEVE: Absolutely not!

(GATES LOOKS AT MATT)

GATES: Your mate don't look too  
pleased to see you!

STEVE: He should have booked in  
a different hotel then shouldn't  
he.

(MATT SEES THEM  
LAUGHING AND LOOKING  
AT HIM.)

STEVE HANDS GATES SOME  
MONEY.

MATT WATCHES THEM.  
SUSPICIOUS AND  
NERVOUS)

CUT TO:

STUDIO

SCENE 872/5. INT. THE VIC. DAY (08.20)

(FRANK AND ROY SIT AT  
THE BAR DRINKING COFFEE.  
FRANK HOLDS A LETTER)

FRANK: You see Roy. Castelfords  
don't just want to buy the  
freehold of the pub off us. Oh  
no, they have very big plans for  
it. Listen here.

"hungry and thirsty travellers  
will be assured of a  
traditionally warm and Irish  
welcome. Right in the heart of  
Walford"

(THEY LAUGH)

ROY: What does Peggy make of it?

(PEGGY ENTERS)

PEGGY: (ACERBIC) She thinks that  
the day you see that pub sign  
out there, taken down and  
replaced with a flashing  
leprachaun. Is the day you see  
Elvis Presley dancing naked in  
the fountain at Trafalgar  
Square.

ROY: (DRY) Not tempted then?

FRANK: I don't know. Have you  
seen how much they're offering  
us darling?

PEGGY: I didn't look and I don't  
care. I'll be in a box, before  
my pub gets tarted up like a  
shamrock diddly theme bar!

FRANK: Yes. My dear. And that's  
why I love you.

(HE HUGS HER)

PEGGY: (SMILING) Get off! Right. I'm off. See you later Roy.

ROY: Bye Peggy.

(PEGGY LEAVES)

I take it you didn't tell her about Phil and Grant then?

FRANK: There's no point worrying her. It's been sorted Roy.

ROY: Just tread careful Frank!

FRANK: Why should I? Everybody tip toes around those two as if they're the lords of the manor! Well they're not. They're a couple of chocolate soldiers!

ROY: What happens when she finds out you've started a war with her sons?

FRANK: They started this! And I'm the one putting a stop to it! Whatever it takes.

ROY: Just don't sink to their level. It will only lead to trouble!

FRANK: What choice have I got?

(FRANK PUTS THE LETTER IN HIS POCKET)

ROY: There's always choices Frank. I seem to remember you teaching me that lesson.

FRANK: Sometimes you have to take a stand.

ROY: That's all very well, But I tell you this. Grant's in for the long haul. If you've started something. You better make sure you can finish it.

(FRANK HAS FOOD FOR  
THOUGHT)

CUT TO

LOCATION

SCENE 872/6. INT. PRISON REC ROOM. DAY (08.22)

(MATT MOVES TO THE DOOR WHERE GATES WAITS FOR HIM AND STOPS HIM GETTING PAST)

GATES: Hey Matthew. What's your hurry?

MATT: Just leave it will you?

GATES: What's up? You're looking very pale son. Not getting enough to eat?

MATT: I just want to mind my own business.

(MATT TRIES TO LEAVE BUT GATES PUTS HIS ARM UP TO STOP HIM)

GATES: See I can organise extra rations. That's how things work in here. You be nice to me, and all kind of nice things can happen for you.

MATT: Just get lost will you!

GATES: (MENACING) Now that wasn't very respectful.

(HE GRABS'S MATT'S HEAD IN BOTH HANDS AND KISSES HIM AGGRESSIVELY, NASTILY ON THE FOREHEAD)

I can see you're going to have to be taught how to make me happy.

(MATTHEW IS TERRIFIED)

HUTCH ARRIVES AND SLAPS  
GATES ON THE BACK JOVIALY)

HUTCH: My cellmate giving you a  
hard time Gates.

GATES: He needs to learn a few  
manners.

HUTCH: (LAUGHING) Well he's  
like a new puppy ain't he. Needs  
to be housetrained. Why don't  
you leave that to me. Letley was  
looking for you. Something about  
a big carton of bog rolls.

(GATES NODS AT HUTCH  
AND BRUSHES THE DUST  
OFF MATT'S SHOULDERS  
HE LEANS IN WITH A  
MENACING GLARE)

GATES: I'll see you later boy  
scout. See, that's the thing  
with fresh meat. It keeps.

(HE WINKS AND LEAVES  
MATT LOOKING VERY  
SHAKEN)

CUT TO:

LOT

SCENE 872/7. INT. FIRST TO LAST. DAY (08.25)

(PHIL HOLDING THE BOOK AND  
JAMIE BROWSE THE SHELVES.  
JACKIE GOES UP TO TERRY AT  
THE COUNTER.)

JACKIE: You got a paper with  
local jobs?

TERRY: Walford Gazette. On the  
bottom shelf there.

(TERRY POINTS TO THE PAPERS  
AS JACKIE PICKS ONE UP SHE  
LOOKS AT THE MAGAZINES ON  
THE RACK.

OUTSIDE AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
FLINGS OFF GIANNI'S HAND  
AND HURRIES AWAY.  
GIANNI SHOUTS AFTER HER)

GIANNI: It's your loss darling.

(GIANNI COMES INTO THE SHOP  
TERRY LAUGHS AT HIM)

TERRY: Losing your touch  
Gianni?

GIANNI: Never going to happen!

(HE WINKS AT TERRY AND  
TURNS TO JACKIE WHO IS  
SMILING AS SHE LOOKS AT THE  
MAGAZINES)

See anything you fancy?

JACKIE: (VERY UNIMPRESSED) What  
is this? The numbers game?

GIANNI: (SEDUCTIVE) It's what  
men do.

JACKIE: No. It's what little boys do. (SHE HANDS HIM A LOLLIPOP) Here!

(GIANNI STANDS LIKE A LEMON HOLDING THE LOLLIPOP AS JACKIE LEAVES.

TERRY BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. GIANNI ANGRILY HANDS HIM THE LOLLIPOP)

GIANNI: And you know where you can stick that!

(GIANNI STOMPS OFF AS TERRY LAUGHS

PHIL REFERS TO HIS BOOK)

PHIL: You got asparagus tips Terry?

TERRY: (ON A ROLL) No the ointment cleared that right up.

PHIL: Very funny.

(TERRY TAKES THE BOOK OF PHIL AND READS COVER)

TERRY: What you got here then? 'The Hungry Heart Cookbook' 101 exotic recipes for the cuisine challenged single.

JAMIE: What about sun dried tomatoes?

TERRY: What about 'em? You don't want to bother with all that 'hot cuisine' Phil. Give her a large plate of steak and kidney.

PHIL: You reckon?

TERRY: Trust me. A woman wants a man to cook her a man's dish. She wanted something Italian and fancy, she'd be down the Di Marco's wouldn't she?

PHIL: (REACTS) Right.

TERRY: She's coming to your home. Give her some traditional east end grub. Sit back, and wait for the fireworks.

JAMIE: At least you can cook that.

TERRY: And if you really want to treat her? Splash out on a prawn cocktail.

PHIL: You might be right.

TERRY: Phil. When it comes to women. I am never wrong.

(HE SMILES SMUGLY AND STRUTS AWAY. PHIL AND JAMIE EXCHANGE A LOOK)

CUT TO:

STUDIO

SCENE 872/8. INT. THE CAFE.

DAY (11.00)

(CAROL IS BUSY AND STOIC  
BEHIND THE COUNTER. PAT  
BESIDE HER. JEFF AND MEL  
SIT IN THE CORNER)

CAROL: Thanks for helping out  
Pat.

PAT: Don't get used to it!

CAROL: No seriously. I don't  
think I'd cope on me own. I feel  
like a goldfish in a bowl in  
here.

PAT: (PATTING HER ARM) I told  
you. It's what friends are for.  
Besides, I really miss the smell  
of grease and frying bacon.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND  
DOT AND PAULINE ENTER.  
CAROL TAKES TWO TEAS  
OVER TO MEL AND JEFF)

CAROL: Be with you in a minute.  
Bit busy this morning.

PAULINE: No rush.

DOT: Yes. You take it easy dear.

PAT: Quite right. That's what I  
been telling her.

DOT: You should be taking it  
easy.

CAROL: Right then ladies.  
What'll it be?

DOT: (GRINNING) That's the  
question ain't it. Little boy or

little girl? They say daughters are less bother but I'm not so sure.

CAROL: Well like I said Dot we're a bit busy so, what do you want?

PAULINE: So have you got any names picked out yet?

(CAROL SHAKES HER HEAD)

DOT: You must be really looking forward to having another little one about the house dear. It must be awfully quiet there now, what with everybody leaving.

(CAROL FLINCHES)

CAROL: (UPSET) Can you take over here Pat. I need to get some more milk.

PAT: Of course love.

(CAROL HURT LEAVES)

Thanks a lot Dot. That was a big help.

DOT: I was only trying to lift her spirits. Perhaps I should go and have a word with her.

PAULINE: No Dot! Let's get you home before you cheer her up anymore.

CUT TO

LOT

SCENE 872/9. EXT. BRIDGE STREET MARKET. DAY (11.04 T.C.)

(TERESA IS HANGING UP  
CLOTHES AS LISA APPROACHES)

LISA: How you getting on today  
Teresa?

TERESA: Brilliant! I tell you I  
was made for this.

LISA: (HOLDING UP A RED SHIRT)  
The secret's all in how you set  
out your stall.

TERESA: (TEASING) Oh yeah! Hot  
date tonight is it?

LISA: (SMILING) Might be.

TERESA: Wear that and it  
definitely will be! That's a one  
off designer original.

LISA: You going to give me a  
discount?

TERESA: I'll think about it.

LISA: Well while you are.  
Think about who your boss is and  
who allocates the pitches  
tomorrow!

(THEY BOTH LAUGH

GO TO DOT AND PAULINE  
COMING OUT OF CAFÉ.)

DOT: It's times like this that  
people need a bit of friendly  
support.

PAULINE: Sometimes what they need. Is to be left alone.

DOT: Well far be it from me to poke my nose in where it's not wanted.

(A BEAT. LISA MOVES OFF IN THE BACKGROUND)

So tell me? Where you going with Jeff on your date?

(PAULINE FROWNS)

I hope you've got something nice to wear.

(GO TO ROSA AT THE FLOWER STALL PAYING FOR FLOWERS. AS SHE MOVES SHE SEES TERESA ON HER STALL. LISA PASSES)

ROSA: Lisa!

LISA: (FULL OF THE JOYS) Hello Rosa. Lovely day!

ROSA: What's my daughter doing on that stall.

LISA: (SMILING) She's doing very well!

ROSA: What do you mean she's doing very well?

LISA: Sales. Just sold me a shirt.

ROSA: What!

LISA: Yeah she's taken over from Bianca. (WINKS AT HER) Probably get you a discount on a nice new frock.

(GO TO TERESA SMILING. AS DOT AND PAULINE APPROACH)

TERESA: Ladies. What can I do you for?

DOT: (GRANDLY) I'm going to give Pauline some fashion advice.

(TERESA'S SMILE FADES  
RAPIDLY AS ROSA STORMS UP)

ROSA: What's going on here Teresa?

TERESA: (SHEEPISH) Yeah. Hi Mum. Just helping you know.

ROSA: (SHOUTING) Don't you dare stand there and lie to me.

(TERESA LOOKS AROUND  
EMBARASSED AS PEOPLE  
STOP TO LISTEN)

TERESA: Mum!

ROSA: And don't Mum me either! Just what do you think you're playing at!

TERESA: (ANGRY) Oh, you want to say that a bit louder!

ROSA: So this is what's been going on. The disappearing acts, the sudden illnesses, the weird behaviour. All the time we've been slugging our guts out in the restaurant you've been out here playing shop!

TERESA: I'm not playing at anything. I'm serious about this.

ROSA: I don't think so.

TERESA: Don't patronise me.

I'm old enough to make my own decisions.

ROSA: So why do you keep acting like a little girl then! We'll talk about this at home!

(SHE TURNS ON HER HEEL  
AND STALKS AWAY

TERESA GLARES AT THE  
CROWD)

TERESA: And what are you all gawping at!

DOT: That's the problem with your Italian you see Pauline. They have to air their dirty laundry in public. (SHE SNIFFS) Not the English way is it?

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/11. INT. THE VIC DOWNSTAIRS. DAY (12.30)

(GRANT IS MOROSE AT THE BAR. PHIL AND LISA SIT AT A TABLE. COMFORTABLY CLOSE TO EACH OTHER.)

GRANT'S SCOWL DEEPENS AS BEPPE ENTERS AND SITS NEXT TO GIANNI)

GIANNI: So how were the Walford two?

BEPPE: Steve's very up. He's expecting a visit from his sister.

GIANNI: (SCOWLING) A female Steve Owen. Don't bear thinking about does it? (HE SHUDDERS)

BEPPE: I'll try not to.

GIANNI: That's one woman I wouldn't go near with a barge pole.

BEPPE: She'd be the first.

GIANNI: Well a man should have an hobby. Mind you, I'm having no luck today.

BEPPE: Tell me about it. I haven't seen hide nor hair of Sam for days.

GIANNI: So did Steve bite?

BEPPE: Not yet. Wouldn't even talk about selling up. Thinks he's going to walk. But he's facing a long, long stretch. He's going to realise that soon. And when he does I'm going to jump right in.

GIANNI: That's friendly.

BEPPE: That's business!  
I've spoken to Gary. He's  
definitely coming in with the  
money. The deal is as good as  
done.

GIANNI: Mum will be pleased.

BEPPE: She'll have to come to  
terms with it won't she. I'm  
going to take her to the club  
tonight and tell her.

GIANNI: (LAUGHS) Rather you  
than me!

BEPPE: I want you there as  
well. And Teresa. We'll have  
some champagne. Celebrate it.

GIANNI: (UNIMPRESSED) Lovely!

*(GO TO PHIL TAKING  
EMPTY GLASSES TO THE  
BAR)*

GRANT: Phil?

PHIL: Not now eh Grant.

GRANT: No, I just wanted to say  
sorry about this morning. I was  
a bit wound up.

PHIL: Forget about it!

GRANT: How about you and me go  
out for a drink tonight?

PHIL: I can't. I'm cooking Lisa  
a going away meal round ours.

GRANT: You're only going away for a couple of days!

PHIL: Jamie said he'd watch Courtney tonight, upstairs here. Till about nine. So if you could give us some space till then.

GRANT: (DISSAPOINTED) Yeah. Well. Thanks for nothing!

PHIL: I mean it Grant. No funny business. This is important to me. Alright!

GRANT: Yeah. Yeah!

(PHIL NODS AND GOES BACK TO LISA. GRANT HOLDS OUT HIS GLASS TO NINA)

Give us a pint Nina.

NINA: And what's the magic word?

GRANT: (DOUR) Lager!

(NINA SHAKES HER HEAD AMUSED AT HIS BAD TEMPER)

CUT TO

LOCATION

SCENE 872/12. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY (17.00)

(HUTCH LIES BACK ON HIS BUNK READING THE SPORTING LIFE. MATT PACES UP AND DOWN)

HUTCH: You've got to learn to relax. It's the only way you'll get through this.

MATT: (SARCASTIC) And how do you suppose I'm going be able to do that!

HUTCH: You have to. You could be in here for years.

MATT: (FLINCHING) Oh great! Thanks a lot.

HUTCH: I'm not saying you will. But you've got to look at the odds. And if you don't want to end up a basket case, you've got to start facing a few facts.

MATT: Right.

HUTCH: It all comes down to being prepared.

MATT: It doesn't matter anyway. Because Gates is going to do me before I even get to trial.

HUTCH: He's all front.

MATT: No. No. If you hadn't turned up. I'd have ...

HUTCH: He's a bully Matt. And all bullies are cowards. You've got to show him you're not scared of him.

MATT: (UNIMPRESSED) That's going to be pretty hard to do.

HUTCH: There's only two ways to deal with a bully.

MATT: Yeah?

HUTCH: You stand up to them. You take em on, and you beat seven bells out of them. Then they leave you alone.

MATT: (HORRIFIED) Great! And the other way.

HUTCH: (SMILES) You get a mate with even bigger friends than him, to have a word in his ear!

(ON MATT LOOKING RELIEVED)

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/13.     INT. E 20.     DAY (17.30)

(TERESA AND ROSA SIT IN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE. THERE IS A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE IN A BUCKET ON THE BAR. BEPPE IS NOT ENJOYING THE SITUATION

BEPPE: He'll be here any minute. I said five thirty.

(ROSA SIGHAS AND LOOKS AT HER WATCH AS GIANNI ENTERS)

At last!

GIANNI: Alright. Alright. I had to close the restaurant up. Early I might add, so this is costing me money.

(GIANNI SITS)

ROSA: So what's this all about?

BEPPE: Well it's good news. I think it's good news. It is for me. And I hope you're going to be happy for me.

ROSA: What?

BEPPE: I've put a deal together. I'm going to take over this place. Buy Steve Owen out completely.

ROSA: (SHOCKED) Oh Beppe!

TERESA: Where'd you get the money from?

BEPPE: Gary's going to come in with me. Front up the capital.

TERESA: Nice one.

ROSA: What are you thinking of!  
After what happened to Giuseppe.

BEPPE: It's not the same thing.

ROSA: (TO GIANNI) Haven't you  
got anything to say about this?

GIANNI: I already knew about  
it.

ROSA: You knew and you didn't  
stop him!

GIANNI: I think he's doing the  
right thing. It's a nice place  
and he's good at what he does  
here.

BEPPE: Thanks

ROSA: (SHOCKED) It's a night  
club.

BEPPE: Mum it's not a gambling  
den. This is just a nice little  
local drinking club, with a bit  
of dancing.

ROSA: Clubs go out of business  
and close every two weeks. And  
they attract the worst people.  
Drug dealers, villains, you name  
it. Why take that risk?

BEPPE: Because Gianni's right  
Mum. I'm good at this. This is  
something I can really get  
behind. And by buying Steve out  
I can control things. Keep it  
nice.

ROSA: I don't what's happening  
to this family.

BEPPE: Just be happy for me  
Mum. Have a glass of champagne  
and give me your blessing.

ROSA: Beppe you're a grown man.  
Old enough to make your own  
decisions.

(TERESA REACTS)

But I can't give you my  
blessing. Not on this.

(BEPPE IS DOWNCAST)

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/14. INT. THE VIC DOWNSTAIRS DAY (17.33)

(FRANK IS BUSY BEHIND THE BAR WITH NINA SERVING PAT. SARAH AND MICK ARE FURTHER UP THE BAR. ROY TAKES HIS PINT ACROSS TO FRANK. HE LOOKS OVER AS GRANT ENTERS THE PUB)

ROY: (TO FRANK) So how's it going with him?

FRANK: (SLIGHTLY SMUG) No problems at all. It's like I said. We all know where we stand now. He just needed to be told.

ROY: Good. That's good.

(ROY LOOKS ACROSS AT GRANT NOT ENTIRELY CONVINCED.)

A WOMAN APPROACHES. FRANK GIVES HER A BIG SMILE)

FRANK: (LOUDLY) Yes my lovely. What can I tempt you with?

(GO TO GRANT AT BAR WITH NINA)

GRANT: Look at that smug git. You'd think he owned the place.

NINA: You want to cheer up, you! Take a leaf out of your brother's book.

GRANT: If I wanted your opinion I'd ask for it!

NINA: (UNFAZED) Sorry I spoke. What's up with you? You get out

of the wrong side of bed this morning?

(GO WITH PAT AS SHE  
CARRIES THE DRINKS OVER TO  
CAROL)

CAROL: Thanks for being there today Pat.

PAT: Stop thanking me, will you. I said I'd help out. And I meant it.

CAROL: I know people mean well. But I wish they'd just shut up. I just want to try and forget all about it.

PAT: You know them round here. They'll be talking about something else tomorrow.

CAROL: I hope so.

(GO TO GRANT AS HE TAKES  
HIS PINT AND HOLDS IT UP TO  
FRANK, WHO LOOKS AT HIM  
QUESTIONINGLY)

GRANT: This glass is dirty!

(FRANK TAKES THE GLASS  
AND HOLDS IT UP. IT'S  
PERFECTLY CLEAR)

FRANK: Looks alright to me.

GRANT: Just change it!

FRANK: Are you trying to be funny Grant?

GRANT: You see me laughing? Just change the glass.

(FRANK TAKES THE GLASS)

FRANK: Just don't push it son.

(AS FRANK CHANGES THE  
DRINK, GRANT GIVES A SMALL  
SATISFIED SMILE)

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/15. INT. E 20. DAY (17.36)

(TERESA RAISES A GLASS OF  
CHAPAGNE IN A TOAST)

TERESA: Well I say good luck to  
you Beppe. Here's to not  
spending the rest of your life  
stuck in a dead end restaurant!

BEPPE: Cheers sis.

ROSA: I think we've heard  
enough from you today Teresa!

GIANNI: Yeah. Shut it Teresa!

ROSA: Don't expect any loyalty  
from her. She want's to take  
over Bianca's stall.

GIANNI: What?

TERESA: I have taken over the  
stall. I'm setting up on my own.

GIANNI: (TO ROSA) What's she  
talking about? You knew about  
this?

ROSA: Don't worry about that  
Gianni. She's doing no such  
thing.

TERESA: Get used to it. I've  
quit!

GIANNI: What just like that! No  
notice. No nothing!

TERESA: That's right!

GIANNI: Some sister you are!

ROSA: Gianni I told you, she's not quitting.

TERESA: (ANGRY) Why not! You let Beppe go, why not me?

ROSA: It's different.

TERESA: Because he's a man! Beppe can have his business. Gianni can have half the restaurant. But I get nothing. Nicky gets nothing.

BEPPE: Let's all calm down shall we?

ROSA: (POINTING STERNLY)  
I don't want to hear anymore about it Teresa. I won't let you walk out on the family!

TERESA: What is this? The fourteenth century! The golden boys can do what they like but the women just have to behave themselves and do as they're told! You forbid me! Well forbid away, I'm taking over the stall.

ROSA: (ANGRY) Running the restaurant is nothing to be ashamed of Teresa. I've been working for the family for thirty years, and I don't regret a minute of it!

TERESA: But look at you. What have you achieved? Nothing! Just running around after the men. Keeping the business for the boys. Well I want to do something more with my life!

GIANNI: Don't listen to her Mum.

(ROSA IS FURIOUS SHE  
ADVANCES AND SHOUTS IN  
TERESA'S FACE

BEPPE: (CALMING) Teresa.

ROSA: Managing a restaurant is  
nothing is it. Raising four  
children on your own is nothing  
is it?

TERESA: What's so special about  
that? Any silly cow can get  
pregnant!

(ROSA IS STUNNED.

TERESA REALISES SHE HAS  
GONE TOO FAR)

ROSA: (FURIOUS) Fine! You want to  
be different. Go and run your  
stall. See how long you last.  
I just don't care anymore.

(ROSA LEAVES. GIANNI  
AND BEPPE GLARE AT A  
GUILTY TERESA)

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/16. INT. THE VIC DOWNSTAIRS. DAY (17.50)

(LISA STANDS WITH MEL  
AT THE BAR CLUTCHING A  
BOTTLE OF WINE. SHE  
WEARS THE RED SHIRT)

LISA: Wish me luck.

MEL: You don't need luck. Look  
at you, you're drop dead  
gorgeous!

LISA: Really, do you think it  
suits me.

(MEL IS ABOUT TO REPLY  
WHEN SHE SEES DOT  
WEARING EXACTLY THE  
SAME SHIRT)

MEL: Trust me Lisa. That shirt.  
No man could resist.

(SHE BITES BACK A  
LAUGH. LISA LOOKS  
HORRIFIED AS SHE SEES  
DOT SMILING AND  
POINTING AT HER SHIRT,  
HOLDING HER THUMB UP)

LISA: I'm going to kill Teresa!

(GO WITH DOT AND  
PAULINE APPROACHING  
PAT AND CAROL AT A  
TABLE)

PAULINE: How are you doing love?  
Sorry if we upset you earlier.

CAROL: (HOLDING GLASS) I'm  
fine. Getting better every  
minute.

PAULINE: You know, I know it's not the same. But when my Arthur died I thought I'd never get over it. But you do.

CAROL: Yeah!

PAULINE: I'm sorry. I'm sure you're sick of people telling you the same thing.

CAROL: To be honest I am!

PAULINE: (FEELING FOOLISH) And I suppose it's not like someone died.

(CAROL WINCES.  
GO TO FRANK AT THE  
BAR. GRANT A COUPLE OF  
PINTS TO THE GOOD)

GRANT: Get us a pint Frank!

FRANK: (FORCING A SMILE) Yes Grant. I'm just seeing to these customers.

GRANT: (LOUDLY) Well get a move on then.

FRANK: (GESTURES WITH HIS HAND) Do you want to bring it down a little son.

GRANT: What are you going to do! Bar me?

FRANK: What a lovely idea.

GRANT: Well you can't, can you? So just get the drink.

FRANK: What's your problem Grant! You so rich you want to drive custom away?

GRANT: I'll do what I like in my pub! I own it! You're just a glorified bottle washer!

FRANK: Listen here son.

GRANT: You're a loser Frank. You've always been a loser. No wonder poor old Ricky turned out like he has.

FRANK: (HAS HAD ENOUGH) Right, enough! It's time you and me had a little chat.

(HE JERKS HIS THUMB  
TOWARD TO THE  
CORRIDOR)

GRANT: I've got nothing to say to you!

FRANK: What's up Grant? You scared of me?

(GRANT SNEERS. FRANK WALKS OFF. GRANT DRINKS UP AND FOLLOWS.

GO TO PEGGY APPROACHING CAROL'S TABLE)

PEGGY: Having a party ladies?

CAROL: We've had a few drinks. And I for one am ready for some more large ones.

(AN AWKWARD SILENCE.  
THE WOMEN LOOK AT HER)

What?

PEGGY: Well, do you think that's wise love. You must know it's very bad for the baby. I didn't have one drop of alcohol when I was carrying Phil

DOT: (SYMPATHETIC) She's right dear. We know you're upset, but you've got to think of the little one. That's what's most important now.

CAROL: (SMILES) Dot before you put your foot in your mouth anymore. I think there's something you should know.

PAT: Let's change the subject shall we?

CAROL: (DECIDED) No, it's okay! And give us that gin Peggy.

(SHE TAKES A LARGE SWIG)

It won't harm the baby. Because there isn't a baby. I've had an abortion. (A BEAT)  
Now. Whose round is it?

(SHE SMILES REASSURINGLY AT THE SHOCKED FACES.)

IN THE STUNNED SILENCE,  
GRANT AND FRANK'S ARGUING  
CARRIES OVER. PEGGY LOOKS  
ACROSS CONCERNED)

FRANK: (O.O.V.) Now you just listen to me son!

GRANT: You've got nothing to say Frank. And as usual, you're saying it too loud!

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/17. INT. THE VIC CORRIDOR. DAY (17.54 )

(FRANK AND GRANT STAND  
GLARING AT EACH OTHER)

FRANK: (ANGRY) Obviously I  
didn't make myself clear enough  
last night.

GRANT: Oh you made yourself  
clear, alright. But the point  
is, you play the game by your  
rules, as you put it. But I  
ain't playing here, and I  
certainly ain't sticking to any  
rules.

FRANK: When are you going to  
let it rest?

GRANT: Never!

FRANK: You have to deal with it  
Grant! I'm family now son!

GRANT: You're not family. The  
only contribution you've made to  
this family is a funeral! So  
don't ever expect me to deal  
with it!

(GRANT'S WORDS HIT HOME.  
GRANT MOVES AWAY. FRANK  
STOPS HIM)

Get your hands off me.

FRANK: How many times do I have  
say I'm sorry son?

GRANT: Do you think I care  
whether you're sorry or not. It  
won't bring her back. And I will  
never, ever let that rest.

(PEGGY ENTERS)

PEGGY: Right that's enough!

GRANT: Stay out of it Mum!

PEGGY: Not a chance. Can you give us a minute Frank?

(FRANK FIGHTS AGAINST HIS INSTINCT TO LAMP GRANT)

FRANK: Sure. Of course darling. I wanted to get a breath of fresh air anyway.

(FRANKS MOVES OFF. GRANT SHOUTS AFTER HIM)

GRANT: We clear on things now Frank?

(FRANK LEAVES. GRANT TURNS TO GO. PEGGY STANDS IN HIS WAY)

PEGGY: Oh no you don't! Upstairs, now!

CUT TO

LOT

SCENE 872/18. EXT. OUTSIDE THE VIC. DAY (17.55 T.C.)

(FRANK COMES OUT OF THE BAR  
AND BLOWS OUT A LONG  
BREATH.

HE LOOKS ACROSS AND SEES  
RICKY SITTING ON ARTHUR'S  
BENCH

HE SIGHS AND LEANS BACK  
AGAINST THE WALL)

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/19. INT. PHIL'S FLAT. DAY (18.56)

(PHIL HAS LAID OUT THE  
TABLE WITH CANDLES ETC.)

HE COMES IN BRINGING TWO  
PRAWN COCKTAILS WITH A  
FLOURISH)

PHIL: Your prawn cocktail  
madam.

LISA: (EMBARASSED) Oh Phil I'm  
sorry. I should have said.

PHIL: What's up?

LISA: I don't eat shellfish.

PHIL: Oh sorry. I should have  
asked.

LISA: It doesn't matter. I don't  
usually have a starter. And I'm  
not really that fussy an eater,  
honest. There's only two things  
I can't eat and that's shellfish  
and offal.

(SHE SMILES BRIGHTLY)

So, what's for the main course?

(PHIL LOOKS AT HER THE  
SMILE FROZEN ON HIS  
FACE)

STUDIO

SCENE 872/20. INT. THE VIC UPSTAIRS. DAY (18.00 T.C.)

(GRANT LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW.)

GRANT LOOKS AT HER SULLENLY)

PEGGY: So are you going to tell me what's going on?

GRANT: Nothing's going on!

PEGGY: Don't give me that! I know you're upset but you've no right to take it out on Frank!

GRANT: He winds me up!

PEGGY: That's not good enough! I take it this is about Tiffany?

GRANT: Amongst other things. Every time I come here I have see his name above the door. Of my pub! Right there where she died! That's some memorial that is!

PEGGY: I thought we'd got past all this!

GRANT: (AMOST TEARFUL) Maybe you have! Maybe you've got your marriage! Maybe Phil's got Lisa! But all I've got.

(HE BREAKS OFF EMOTIONAL)

Everyday. Every day all I try and do, is forget the future that we could have had.

PEGGY: (SYMPATHETIC) Grant.

GRANT: But I can't do that can I? I had everything I needed. I had a wife, Courtney, a home, the Pub. I had a future. But look at me now. A single dad living in my brother's flat.

PEGGY: Trying to make everybody else's lives around you miserable, ain't going to make you feel any better you know.

GRANT: And I can't even go to the pub to get away from it. Can I? Because now it's a Butcher pub!

PEGGY: I didn't change the sign to hurt you Grant. I did it for me. To look forward to my future as Peggy Butcher. You're not the only one to go through hard times. I lost her as well you know. I had cancer, they cut my breasts off. And not just that, I thought I'd lost you and Frank. But I didn't let it beat me. I fought to keep the things that were important to me. To keep the people I loved. To make a good life for myself. That's what I'm doing here, making a new start for me, and that's what you have to do. If you're unhappy. You have to do something about it. No one else can do it for you.

GRANT: It's not easy.

PEGGY: I know, but you don't have to do it alone. You've got your family, you've got your friends.

GRANT: What friends?

PEGGY: There's all of us! There's Nina! You two were getting on so well. There's lots of people out there for you.

(GRANT IS SILENT.  
SHE'S RIGHT. PEGGY  
SMILES)

Just pull yourself together!  
And get on with life!  
You're a Mitchell!

GRANT: (SMILES) Yeah. I know.

PEGGY: Well do it then!  
Wallowing in the past ain't  
going to get you anywhere.  
It's time to move on.

(GRANT LOOKS AT HER FOR A  
LONG BEAT AND THEN NODS)

GRANT: Thanks mum.

PEGGY: What for?

GRANT: Just thanks!

PEGGY: Come here.

(PEGGY HUGS GRANT)

CUT TO

SCENE 872/21. EXT. ARTHUR'S BENCH. DAY (18.04 T.C.)

(FRANK IS SITTING NEXT TO RICKY)

FRANK: You alright son?

RICKY: Yeah. Just you know. Having a think.

FRANK: Why don't you come into the Vic with me? Let the old man buy you a pint of lager and a bag of nuts eh?

RICKY: I don't know.

FRANK: To be honest. I could do with the support.

RICKY: I don't think I can Dad. I was going to.

(CHOKING UP)

But it's just everything reminds me of her, you know. Everything.

FRANK: I know.

RICKY: Everywhere I go. The market, Teresa's on her stall. Carol walks by. Robbie. I see mums pushing babies and.. And I miss her dad! I miss her so much..

(HE BREAKS INTO TEARS)

FRANK PUTS HIS ARM ROUND HIM AND BLINKS BACK HIS OWN TEARS)

FRANK: Come here son. Come here.

(HE HOLDS HIM FOR A LONG  
BEAT)

RICKY: Why didn't I go away with  
her when She asked me to? Before  
all this happened?

FRANK: Don't do this to  
yourself son. You've got to put  
it behind you. You can't dwell  
in the past. None of us can.  
We've got to look to the future.

RICKY: It's hard Dad!

FRANK: I know son.

(RICKY LOOKS UP AT FRANK  
FOR A BEAT)

RICKY: I had a chance to be  
happy Dad. I should never  
have let that go! Nothings  
worth it!

(ON FRANK WITH SERIOUS FOOD  
FOR THOUGHT)

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/22. INT. PHIL'S FLAT. DAY (18.35)

(PHIL AND LISA SIT EATING A CHINESE MEAL. TAKE AWAY CARTONS ON THE TABLE. PHIL STRUGGLES WITH CHOPSTICKS)

PHIL: I hope you're not too disappointed!

LISA: Not at all!

PHIL: It is traditional East End cuisine!

LISA: It's my favourite!

PHIL: Really?

LISA: Really! I haven't had such a nice meal since. Well, since last Friday.

(THEY LAUGH)

And anyway I didn't come for the food.

PHIL: I did warn you I wasn't much of a cook.

LISA: You have other strong points.

PHIL: Oh yeah? Like what?

LISA: (SMILES) I don't know. Good taste in women.

PHIL: Not always.

(LISA REACTS)

But this time I think you might be right!

LISA: So what do you like about me?

PHIL: What's not to like.

(A BEAT. FISHING)

What I can't understand is what a lovely woman like you, is doing here with an old bruiser like me?

(PHIL ATTEMPTS THE PORK DISH WITH HIS CHOPSTICKS)

LISA: (A BEAT) Well you know me Phil, I can never resist a man with sweet and sour pork balls.

(THEY LAUGH)

CUT TO

LOCATION

SCENE 872/23. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY (18.40)

(MATT HUDDLED IN HIS CELL  
LOOKS UP SCARED AS HE HEARS  
LOUD FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE.

THEY STOP AND MATT LOOKS  
NERVOUSLY TO THE DOOR.

THEY PASS AND MATT SIGHS  
RELIEVED.)

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/24. INT. THE VIC DOWNSTAIRS. DAY (18.41)

(FRANK IS IN EARNEST  
CONVERSATION WITH PEGGY AT  
THE SIDE OF THE BAR)

PEGGY: Forget about it Frank. I  
Don't want to sell up.

(SHE TRIES TO MOVE HIM  
BACK. HE HOLDS HER ARM)

FRANK: No. No. Hang on. Hear me  
out darling. Please.

PEGGY: What's got into you?  
Why've you changed your mind  
suddenly.

FRANK: Well like I say. I've  
been thinking. We're here for a  
good time aren't we? Not a long  
time.

PEGGY: What are you on about?

FRANK: I'm saying why don't we  
enjoy ourselves. Take semi  
retirement. The car business  
will keep us going. We could do  
whatever we want. See the world!

PEGGY: This is my world Frank,  
Right here! Look about you. This  
is my pub. With my husband  
beside me. And my family. My  
daughter, my boys.

FRANK: I know.

PEGGY: I belong here. We belong  
here. I know Grant's been  
getting to you. But I've had a  
word. He's just been upset this  
week.

FRANK: Yes, he has.

PEGGY: But it's done with. It's stops here. So let's get back to it and say no more eh?

FRANK: Peggy?

PEGGY: What Frank?

FRANK: Promise me you'll at least think about it?

PEGGY: Oh alright! I'll think about it!

FRANK: Thanks Sweetheart. That's all I'm asking.

(PEGGY GOES BACK BEHIND THE BAR. FRANK IS DEEP IN THOUGHT. IN THE BACKGROUND CAROL AND FRIENDS LAUGH.

GO TO TERESA SITTING WITH MICK AND SARAH)

TERESA: Yeah well thanks for nothing Mick!

SARAH: It's not his fault Teresa.

TERESA: He's the one who told me to tell her the truth. Fat lot of good that did me.

MICK: Hey you want the stall or not!

TERESA: Of course I do.

MICK: Well then shut up and stop complaining. You've got what you want. Which is a lot more than most!

(GO TO GRANT STOPPING NINA  
AS SHE COLLECTS GLASSES)

GRANT: Can I have a word Nina?

NINA: Sure!

GRANT: I was thinking.

NINA: (SMILING) Steady on Grant  
you've got a reputation to  
consider.

GRANT: I know I've been a bit  
of a donkey lately. And I'm  
sorry.

NINA: Alright. Apology accepted.

(NINA NODS AND GOES TO  
MOVE.)

GRANT: But I was thinking.

(PAUSES)

NINA: Yes?

GRANT: (AWKWARD) Maybe we could  
go out for a drink, or a meal.

NINA: Well it wouldn't be the  
first time would it? What's the  
problem?

GRANT: (STRESSING) No I mean we  
could go out. For a meal? A  
club?

NINA: Oh! (TOYING) You mean  
like a proper date?

GRANT: Yes.

NINA: (TEASING) No I don't think so. I don't think Beppe would approve.

GRANT: (ANGRY) What! Just forget it then.

(HE TURNS TO GO. NINA GRABS HIS ARM.)

NINA: Hold on you big moron! I was joking. (A BEAT)  
And yes. I would really like to go out with you.

(GRANT IS SHOCKED. NINA LEANS IN AND GIVES HIM A QUICK KISS. GRANT GRINS STUPIDLY)

GRANT: Thanks!

(TERESA SHAKES HER HEAD)

TERESA: Getting involved with him! She wants to have her head read!

MICK: People change Teresa!

SARAH: People might. Mitchells don't!

CUT TO

STUDIO

SCENE 872/25. INT. PHIL'S FLAT. DAY (18.45)

(PHIL REACHES ACROSS THE  
TABLE AND TAKES LISA'S  
HAND)

PHIL: Look Lisa I meant what  
I said earlier about being no boy  
scout. I'm no knight in shining  
armour either.

LISA: Well why don't you let me  
worry about that.

PHIL: I don't want you going into  
anything with your eyes shut.

(A BEAT)

I'm a recovering alcoholic who  
lost his wife and children  
because I was too messed up to  
see beyond the bottom of a  
bottle.

(LISA HOLDS HIS HAND)

I was having an affair with  
another sad drunk whilst I let  
my wife leave me and take away  
my son. There's not much lower  
you can get.

LISA: What's important, is that  
you're honest with me about it  
all. I haven't had a lot of  
honesty with the men in my life  
Phil.

PHIL: What you see is what you  
get!

LISA: (SMILES) Good. I'll take  
that then.

(LISA MOVES IN TO KISS  
HIM. THEY KISS DEEPLY

LISA SMILES AND LOOKS  
AT HIM)

LISA: You know Mark's away  
tonight visiting friends.

PHIL: Is he?

LISA: Yeah. I should have said  
to come round to mine for  
dinner.

PHIL: Don't worry about Grant,  
he won't be back for a while.

(LISA SMILES AND PATS HIS  
HAND)

LISA: Still. (A BEAT)  
Why don't you walk me home  
anyway.

(THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER  
FOR A LONG CHARGED BEAT)

CUT TO

LOCATION

SCENE 872/26. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY (18.48)

(MATT LOOKS UP TERRIFIED AS GATES AND HIS BOYS COME IN TO HIS CELL SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.)

MATT STEELS HIMSELF AND STANDS UP TO GATES)

MATT: I'm not scared of you!

(GATES LAUGHS)

GATES: Is that right?

MATT: Yeah. That's right. So why don't you get out and we'll leave it that.

GATES: I don't think so.

MATT: (VERY NERVOUS) What do you want with me?

GATES: (MENACING) We want to have a little fun. You look like you like a bit of fun.

MATT: I just want to be left alone.

(MATT TRIES TO PUSH THROUGH)

THEY MOVE IN AND GRAB HIM)

MATT: Let me go.

GATES: Hold him down boys. This one's a wriggler.

(MATT LASHES OUT AND TRIES TO PUNCH GATES. HE MISSES. HE SHOUS OUT)

MATT: Help!

(GATES CLOSES A HAND OVER HIS MOUTH AND THEY BASH HIM FACE UP AGAINST THE WALL.

MATT IS TERRIFIED.

STEVE COMES BARGING INTO THE CELL.

MATT LOOKS AT HIM FOR A BEAT. HAS STEVE SET HIM UP?)

STEVE: What's going on Gates!

GATES: This has got nothing to do with you Owen. Take a walk.

STEVE: I don't think so!

(STEVE RUSHES IN AND JOINS IN THE SCRAP.

HE PULLS ONE OF THEM OFF. A WHISTLE BLOWS DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

AS THEY MOVE AWAY. GATES GRABS HOLD OF MATT AND HEADBUTTS HIM

MATT SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR. GATES AND HIS MATES LEAVE

STEVE BENDS DOWN TO CHECK ON MATT)

STEVE: Matt? Matt?

(WARDENS RUN INTO THE CELL AND SEE STEVE BENDING OVER MATT WHO IS TERRIFIED AND SHAKING CONVULSIVELY.

STEVE LOOKS UP LIKE A  
STARTLED RABBIT

TWO OF THEM GRAB STEVE AND  
PULL HIM AWAY)

WARDEN: You just earned  
yourself a whole world of  
trouble son!

(MATT LOOKS DAZED AND  
BLOODIED)

STEVE: I didn't do this. Matt.  
Tell them! Matt!

(MATT LOOKS AT HIM BUT SAYS  
NOTHING.

THE WARDEN NODS AND STEVE  
IS LED OFF, HE SHOUTS BACK)

Matt!

CUT TO

LOT

SCENE 872/27. EXT. ALBERT SQUARE.

DAY (19.15)

(PHIL AND LISA WALK ALONG  
ARM IN ARM. THEY STOP  
OUTSIDE HER HOUSE)

PHIL: I guess I owe Jamie  
a big thank you.

LISA: (SMILING) Yeah. He's quite  
the little matchmaker.

PHIL: I didn't think I'd feel  
like this again.

LISA: How's that?

PHIL: Optimistic!

(LISA PULLS HIM INTO A KISS  
THEN LOOKS AT HIM FOR A  
LONG BEAT)

LISA: You'd better come in then.

PHIL: Are you sure about this?

(A TAXI PULLS UP  
ACROSS THE STREET)

LISA: Definitely!

PHIL: After all I've told you  
about me?

LISA: That's your history Phil.  
Let's keep it where it belongs  
eh? In the past!

(SHE SMILES TAKES HIS HAND  
AND PULLS HIM TOWARDS THE  
DOOR.

THE TAXI PULLS AWAY  
TO REVEAL KATHY STANDING  
THERE, BEN BESIDE HER.

SHE STANDS WATCHING PHIL  
AND LISA AS THEY KISS AND  
GO INTO THE HOUSE)

FADE OUT