

Birdies

"Bumpy Landing"

Written By

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COLD OPEN

EXT. SPANISH ORANGE GROVE - DAY

ALLIE FRANCIS and CELIA WARRENS, both in their late-twenties and wearing golfing attire, are searching a sunny orange grove. They both have Glaswegian accents.

ALLIE
Well, where the fuck is it?

CELIA
I don't know. Maybe you should have hidden it.

ALLIE
Why'd you hide it at all?

CELIA
'Cause that's what they do on the telly.

ALLIE
We're not on the telly. Shite! It could be anywhere.

CELIA
What hole's this again? I think I put it next to number 20.

ALLIE
They only have 18! I swear to god, I'm fucking leaving you here.

CELIA
Uh-uh, 'til death do us part, remember?

ALLIE
Then I'll murder you.

Allie approaches Celia menacingly.

CELIA
For richer or poorer?

Allie shakes her head and continues towards her. Celia turns and runs.

INT. ALLIE'S FLAT - MORNING

SUPER: "24 Hours Earlier"

Allie lies in bed in a scruffy tenement flat. She opens her eyes and looks at the clock. It reads '5:34AM'. She rolls over and looks at another, much OLDER WOMAN, late 70s, sleeping beside her. Allie shakes her head and rolls back. We now see Celia crouched at the side of the bed smiling. She's wearing a bright pink, velour tracksuit.

ALLIE
Jesus Fucking Christ!

CELIA
And, good morning to you, Little Miss Sunshine.

ALLIE
Remind me again why I gave you a key?

CELIA
For exciting wake-up calls. Now get up and get dressed. We need to go.

Allie sits up in bed rubbing her eyes.

ALLIE
Where?

CELIA
Spain!

ALLIE
What? Why?

CELIA
Spring break! Wooo!

ALLIE
It's October.

CELIA
Halloween break?
(more like a ghost)
Wooo!

ALLIE
That's not a thing.

CELIA
Whatever, pack some of your shite and let's go. My treat.

ALLIE
What if I don't want to?

CELIA
What else you gonna do?

Celia points at the sleeping woman.

CELIA (CONT'D)
More care in the community? Anyway,
it's for your own good. Doesn't
Aunt Celia always look after you?

Allie shrugs.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Exactly. Now quickly or we'll miss
the plane!

Allie reluctantly puts on some jeans and an old, army green t-shirt then begins to pull together some clothes into a duffel bag. Celia pokes the sleeping woman but gets no response.

CELIA (CONT'D)
See, this is what happens when you
fuck the elderly. Sometimes they
don't wake up in the morning.

ALLIE
She's just a heavy sleeper.

Celia looks the woman over once more, then feels for a pulse.

CELIA
Are you sure?

ALLIE
Get off her.

Celia walks through to the kitchen area, opens the fridge and starts looking in. It's empty.

CELIA
Where's all your food?

ALLIE
I haven't had chance to get to the
shop.

Celia opens a cupboard and takes out a faded box of Corn Flakes. She pours some into a bowl but only dust comes out.

CELIA
Since when? 2010? I'll get us Maccy
D's at the airport. Fucking Ándale,
bitch!

Allie finishes putting clothes into the duffel bag then goes to her desk. As she writes on a post-it note, we see a photograph of a younger Allie and an older man both smiling proudly in military clothing. She then peels off the post-it and sticks it to the face of the sleeping woman. It says 'Gone to Spain. Call me.'

EXT. ALLIE'S BLOCK OF FLATS - MORNING

Allie and Celia walk across a dreary car park.

ALLIE
So why the sudden holiday?

CELIA
I need some sun on my tits.

ALLIE
Tits?

CELIA
You wish you had a pair of these
bad girls.

Celia squeezes her breasts and points them at Allie.

ALLIE
Actually, they do look bigger. Have
you put weight on?

CELIA
Bloating. I'm on my period. It's
the family curse. That and a heavy
flow. It's like the prom scene from
Carrie down there.

ALLIE
How very... cinematic.

CELIA
Or the lift from The Shining.

ALLIE
Enough sharing!

CELIA
I don't always tell you everything.

Allie raises a questioning eyebrow. They get into a rusty
Ford Fiesta and drive away.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**EXT. MALAGA AIRPORT - DAY**

Celia, still in her tracksuit but now also wearing a huge sombrero, emerges from inside the terminal and looks around. There are palm trees and it's blazing hot. She spots Allie chatting to two women who are loading golf bags into a rental car.

CELIA
(shouting)
Hola, bitches!

As Celia walks towards them she realises she's trailing a length of toilet paper that's stuck to her shoe and awkwardly removes it. By the time she gets to Allie the two unknown women have got into the car and set off. Allie looks Celia up and down.

ALLIE
Classy.

Celia taps her sombrero.

CELIA
Cultural.

ALLIE
The toilet paper was a nice touch.
Very Spanish.

Celia points at the retreating car.

CELIA
Who were your new friends?

ALLIE
Chrissy and Kate. Nice ladies.
Moving to a golf shop near
Marbella. Sat opposite us on the
plane. All of which you'd know if
you hadn't slept the whole flight.

CELIA
It's been a very stressful few
days. (beat) I left Tony.

ALLIE
Oh, so that's what this is all
about?

CELIA
No. I'm helping my best friend get
some much needed 'R and R'. It just
happened to coincide with us
breaking up.

ALLIE
Why'd you leave him this time?

CELIA
You know the deal with the dog collar, right?

ALLIE
Unfortunately, yes.

CELIA
Well he stopped being a good boy.

Celia sniffs her fingers distastefully.

CELIA (CONT'D)
I swear I can still smell Chum.

Allie points at the tracksuit.

ALLIE
Are you not hot in that?

Celia is clearly sweating.

CELIA
No.
(she shivers)
It's unseasonably cool.

ALLIE
(shaking her head)
Did you get a car?

CELIA
Aye, he's bringing it around.

ALLIE
What did you get?

CELIA
It's a surprise.

A horn sounds as a beat-up Peugeot 104, circa 1980, pulls up and the RENTAL GUY jumps out with the keys.

ALLIE
(sarcastically)
Quite the surprise.

CELIA
(to the rental guy)
What the fuck is this?

RENTAL GUY
(in heavy Spanish accent)
Ees small car.

CELIA
No, sports car. I asked for a
sports car.

RENTAL GUY
Si, small car.

He smiles and gestures at the Peugeot whilst dangling the keys. Celia snatches the keys then tries to get in the car but the sombrero is too big. She takes it off, pushes it into the back seat then glares at the rental guy. He grins back.

CELIA
You know what I said.

INT. CELIA'S BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

RICHIE and PETE are standing in the hallway of a block of flats. They look like bad news, brandishing handguns.

RICHIE
OK, on the count of three. One,
two...

Pete kicks the door down.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
For fucks sake, man, I said, three!

PETE
(shrugging)
I hate maths.

Pete walks into the flat, gun raised while Richie waits at the doorway. A shocked looking OLD MAN with long white hair and beard is sitting in a grey dressing gown on a couch watching TV. A cat sits next to him and another one is lying in the middle of the room. Pete points his gun at the old man.

PETE (CONT'D)
OK, Gandalf, where the fuck is she?

OLD MAN
What? Who?

Pete changes the aim of his gun to the cat sitting next to the old man and shoots its tail off. It yowls in pain and flees.

PETE
Celia.

OLD MAN
Mr Shingles... no... why would
you...

Pete aims at the other cat now cowering under a table.

PETE
I've done tails. You want me to do heads?

OLD MAN
I... I... think she lives in flat nine.

PETE
This is nine.

Richie looks at the door and touches the number. It's loose, missing a screw and has dropped to be upside down. Turns out this is really flat six.

RICHIE
Hey Pete.

Pete turns round and sees Richie jiggling the '6' with his finger.

PETE
(to old man)
Sorry. My bad.

The old man picks up Mr Shingles bloody tail.

OLD MAN
Oh my god... Mr Shingles.

Pete starts to leave but just as he gets to the door he turns and shoots the other cat's tail off before nonchalantly walking out.

RICHIE
What the fuck?

PETE
I hate cats.

Pete and Richie leave the old man's flat and start walking towards the real flat nine.

RICHIE
Tony's going to be really pissed off.

PETE
Well, let's get it back before he finds out then.

They arrive at the right flat and Pete gets ready to kick the door down.

RICHIE

Hold on, why do you always get to do that?

PETE

I've got the biggest dick.

RICHIE

So?

PETE

Big dick, big feet, big shoes. I get to kick the door down.

RICHIE

Wait a minute, how do you know who's got the biggest dick?

PETE

Your ma told me.

Richie points his gun at Pete.

RICHIE

Take that back.

PETE

Stop being so fucking sensitive. I never even met your ma.

He kicks the door down.

PETE (CONT'D)

After you, twinkle toes.

They walk into a grimy studio flat, guns raised, and see TONY BOYD in the corner of the room. He's wearing a fake rubber dog's nose, dog collar and nothing else. He's fastened to the radiator by a leash. Beside him is a bowl of dog food and he's surrounded by piles of faeces. Richie and Pete recoil from the smell.

RICHIE

Tony?

INT. LECHUGA ACCOUNTANTS OFFICES - DAY

JOSÉ MANCHEGO sits behind the desk of an office in an old Spanish building. He's wearing a black suit and bow tie. At the other side of the desk sit ARTHUR and BETH APPLGATE. They're both in their sixties and wearing golfing attire. The couple speak with posh, southern accents.

JOSÉ

There's nothing I can do Señora Applegate. I am an accountant not a magician.

BETH

Then why do you dress like one?

ARTHUR

Now, now, Bethany, he can't just pull a rabbit from a hat.

BETH

I'd like to pull one from somewhere. We should never...

(to Arthur)

...no, *you *should never have borrowed money from him.

ARTHUR

I didn't know what else to do. Our dream was slipping away.

BETH

And that bastard took advantage of you.

JOSÉ

Bastardo, si, but a powerful bastardo. He has the mayor in his pocket like a, how you say, handkerchief. So we must find the money, or...

He slaps his hands together.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)

...piff, paff, poof! No more golf.

BETH

Are you sure you're not a magician?

At that moment, RICARDO LOPEZ, a sweaty man in an ill-fitting suit enters holding some papers.

JOSÉ

You should not be in here.

He puts the papers on the table.

RICARDO

With the compliments of Filipe.

BETH

Screw Filipe.

RICARDO

What you choose to do with Señor Filipe is your own business, but for now you either make the payment or sign the papers.

Beth rises and lunges at Ricardo but Arthur grabs her and holds her back.

ARTHUR
Darling, don't.

BETH
I'm not signing a bloody thing.

RICARDO
My heart, it bleeds. You have until tomorrow to find the money. Or...

Ricardo points at the papers, Beth pushes them to the floor. Ricardo simply shrugs and leaves with a smug grin.

JOSÉ
You have much spirit, Señora Applegate.

BETH
Spirit won't save our golf course.

ARTHUR
(looking up)
Mother's might.

Beth shakes her head.

INT. PEUGEOT 104 - DAY

Allie and Celia are driving along a cliffside road next to the sea.

ALLIE
So where are we going?

CELIA
I don't know. I hadn't really thought past the airport.

ALLIE
(slightly confused)
OK, so should we find a hotel?

CELIA
Now that's a great idea! Viva Espana!

Celia honks the horn and gestures at the car driving slowly in front.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Once we get past these arseholes.

She pulls out to overtake.

ALLIE
Careful. You don't know these
roads.

CELIA
I know what I'm doing.

The Peugeot doesn't have much power so all they manage after pulling out is to draw level with the car in front. Celia looks across at its occupants.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Hey, look, it's Chrissy and Kate.

We see the other car contains the two golfers from the airport. Celia starts waving at them. They panic and start gesturing at the bend in the road ahead just as a truck swings into view dead ahead.

CELIA/ALLIE
Fuuuuck!

Allie grabs the wheel and pulls, causing their car to veer across into the side of Chrissy and Kate's which sends it off the road and over the cliff edge. Celia hits the brakes just in time to stop their car from following. The truck disappears off down the road behind them.

EXT. LECHUGA PLAZA - DAY

Arthur and Beth leave the Lechuga Accountants building and walk across a Spanish plaza.

ARTHUR
What are we going to do about the
new girls? They're arriving today.

BETH
Don't tell them yet. I'll think of
something.

ARTHUR
By tomorrow? It's not fair to them.
This is no way for them to start
their new life together.

BETH
No point in us spoiling the
honeymoon just yet.

ARTHUR
True. Mother always makes sure
something turns up when we need it.

BETH

Will you quit that. Your mother never helped us when she was alive, Arthur. She isn't likely to start now.

He looks up to the sky and makes a praying sign.

ARTHUR

I know you were always one for surprises, Mother, but you're really leaving it until the last minute this time.

BETH

The biggest surprise is that she raised a man as good as you.

He takes her hand as they walk.

ARTHUR

I love you.

BETH

I'd expect so.

He turns and gives her a kiss.

ARTHUR

Have you heard from them yet?

BETH

The girls? No.

ARTHUR

I hope they're OK. Those cliffside roads can be quite dangerous.

EXT. COASTAL CLIFF EDGE - DAY

The Peugeot is still parked exactly where it stopped. Allie and Celia are crouched at the edge of the cliff peering into the water below.

ALLIE

Shit! They're not coming back up.

CELIA

Maybe they're just really good at holding their breath.

ALLIE

Like fuck they are!

CELIA

OK, we'd best be on our way then.

ALLIE

On our way? What are you talking about? I think they might be dead.

CELIA

Well, there's nothing much we can do about it now is there, so... I say we go.

ALLIE

Go? No. I'm calling the police.

Allie takes her mobile phone from her pocket and begins to dial.

CELIA

You can't.

ALLIE

Of course I can. It was just an accident. We'll explain...

CELIA

No, you can't.

She lifts her tracksuit top up and we see that Celia has bundles of money taped round her body.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Surprise!

ALLIE

What the fuck is that?

CELIA

Tony's alimony.

ALLIE

You robbed him?

CELIA

Not really, I see it more as compensation. I've probably got PTSD. I might never be able to look a labrador in the face again.

ALLIE

Do you look in a lot of labrador's faces? What the fuck have you done?

CELIA

What's your problem? We're rich!

INT. PETE'S CAR - DAY

Pete and Richie are sat in the front seats. Richie is now dressed in only a vest and briefs. Pete is driving.

In the back seat sits Tony. He's wearing Richie's shirt and trousers. They drive along in an awkward silence. Pete reaches forward and puts the radio on. 'Hound Dog' by Elvis is playing.

TONY
Turn it off.

RICHIE
No need to bark at him.

As Pete turns off the radio, Tony moves with frightening pace to wrap the dog leash he was wearing earlier around Richie's neck pulling him back against the car headrest and begins choking him.

TONY
Is that supposed to be funny?

Richie tries in vain to pull the leash away.

RICHIE
(choking)
Sorry. I didn't mean it. I wasn't thinking.

TONY
You're fucking right you weren't thinking. And you'll keep not thinking. Never mention it again, you fucking hear me?

RICHIE
(still choking)
Yes, boss.

TONY
(to Pete)
Either of you.

PETE
(holding up his hands)
Alright, take it easy.

Tony loosens his grip on the leash.

TONY
I want that bitch dead. Pull over.

They pull over beside a run down looking bar and Tony gets out. As he starts to walk he grimaces in pain.

TONY (CONT'D)
How fucking small are these shoes?

PETE
(to Richie)
Told you.

TONY
Bitch. Dead. Go!

Tony limps into the bar as they drive away.

PETE
Who rattled his leash?

Richie laughs but then starts coughing from having been choked.

RICHIE
Where to now?

PETE
We pay a visit to the cuntroach.

EXT. COASTAL CLIFF EDGE - DAY

Allie is now standing in front of Celia and she's pissed off.

ALLIE
You've stolen from Tony fucking
Boyd and killed two innocent
people! That's fucking blood money!

CELIA
Hey, it's not all on me. You
grabbed the wheel there, Lewis
Hamilton. I was in full control
until then.

ALLIE
Full control? What are you talking
about? You're never in control. Of
anything. You just fucking stagger
through life, knocking shite over
and then, oh aye, it's OK Allie
will pick up the...

Celia slaps Allie across the face.

CELIA
Calm down. You're hysterical.

Allie holds her hand to her face looks shocked then slaps Celia back, but a lot harder. Celia looks outraged and lunges for Allie. They begin fighting but Allie clearly knows what she's doing and fends her off like you would a child. Celia eventually relents and lies on the ground, out of breath.

ALLIE
Finished being such a remorseless
bitch?

CELIA
Finished being such a compassionate
cunt?

Allie glares at her.

CELIA (CONT'D)
OK, OK. Chrissy and Kate are dead
and I'm very sad about it. Is that
what you want to hear?

ALLIE
It's a start.

CELIA
But right now what's more important
is our safety and figuring out what
to do with all this money. I came
to Spain for sun and sangria not a
slap-fight.

Celia picks herself up from the floor and starts dusting
herself off.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Which, by the way, I'd have won if
I hadn't been weighed down by a
million pound.

ALLIE
A million pound? Since when has
Tony got a million pound?

CELIA
(proudly)
He hasn't. I have.

Celia does a twirl to show off her money. Allie bends down
and picks up one of the bundles of notes that fell out during
their fight. She checks them.

ALLIE
These are ones.

CELIA
OK, 'one' has a million pound. What
are we, English?

ALLIE
No, these are one pound notes.

Allie holds a Scottish one pound note in front of Celia's
face. She looks at it closely.

CELIA
They're still legal tender.

ALLIE

That they may be but there's no way
there's a million of the fuckers
strapped to your skinny carcass.

Celia checks the others still taped to her.

CELIA

That cheap bastard. No wonder he
smokes Lamberts.

ALLIE

So what are we going to do now?

CELIA

I don't know. You'll think of
something.

ALLIE

Why do I have to think of
something?

CELIA

Well, I'm the one paying for this
holiday.

Allie shoots her a look which makes Celia wince. Celia walks
to the cliff edge and regards the sea below now littered with
over a hundred golf balls bobbing about on the surface along
with a floating golf bag.

CELIA (CONT'D)

That's the most balls I've ever
seen bobbing about.

ALLIE

I doubt that.

In the distance a police siren sounds.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Get in the fucking car!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. SPANISH SHOPPING MALL - AFTERNOON**

Celia is now in the passenger seat. Allie's driving. They pull up outside a sports store.

CELIA
I'm not sure this is a good idea.

ALLIE
Compared to what? Stealing from gangsters or killing two golfers?

CELIA
So what am I buying?

ALLIE
I don't know... fucking Polo shirts, trousers and shit. Lots of beige.

Celia is visibly disgusted at this mental image.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
We can't turn up looking like this...
(she looks Celia up and down pointing)
...we need to blend in. Now get in there and I'll keep the car running. Quickly!

INT. PEUGEOT 504 - EVENING

Celia and Allie are driving along a road that is barely a dirt track. Only one light on the car is working.

CELIA
Do you know where we are?

ALLIE
Of course. I used to play here when I was wee.

CELIA
Really?

ALLIE
No, you daft bastard. I think it was called Los Pijamas, or something like that. They said it was up the first road as you leave Marbella.

CELIA
Why don't you ask him?

They look from the car as they approach an old farmhouse where they can see DIEGO GONZALEZ, who looks like a Spanish farmer, sitting on the veranda. They stop the car and get out.

EXT. DIEGO'S FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Allie and Celia approach the veranda.

ALLIE
Buenas noches, Señor.

CELIA
I didn't realise you spoke Spanish.

ALLIE
I don't. I only know that and 'dos cervezas por favor'.

Diego gets up and starts waving them away, shaking his head.

DIEGO
No, esto no es un bar.

ALLIE
What? No, no, I was talking to her.

Diego looks at her quizzically.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
We're looking for Los Pijamas Golf Resort.

Diego's look doesn't change. He shakes his head.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
Los Pijamas Golfo Centro?

Allie waves her hands about in front of her in an attempt to mime playing golf.

CELIA
I didn't know you could play golf.

ALLIE
Shut up you're not helping.
(slowly to Diego)
Los Pijamas Golfo?

Diego starts laughing.

DIEGO
Los Pajaritos?

ALLIE
Si, si... that's it.

Diego points to the turn after his farm.

DIEGO
Gira a la derecha y un kilómetro.

He points again.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Un kilómetro.

Diego turns and walks inside his farm, still laughing.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Estúpidos Inglesa.

Allie and Celia start walking back to their car. Celia sniffs.

CELIA
Can you smell weed?

INT. PEUGEOT 104 - EVENING

They approach the sign for a golfing resort.

ALLIE
My golf impression's not that funny
is it?

CELIA
How would I know?

They pull up in front of the main gates. The sign reads, 'Los Pajaritos.'

ALLIE
OK, let's get beige.

She reaches into the backseat and grabs the bag from the sports shop. She starts taking items out. They're not beige. She holds up a tiny pink tennis skirt.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck do you call this?

CELIA
Sportswear. Like you said.

ALLIE
These are for children.

CELIA
I always buy this size.

ALLIE
I said we needed to blend in.

CELIA
Doesn't mean we can't be sexy.

ALLIE
It means exactly that.

She throws the clothes at Celia then punches the steering wheel.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
Fuck!

CELIA
So can we still do this?

ALLIE
I don't know. Let's see.

Allie takes a deep breath and they drive through the gates.

EXT. LOS PAJARITOS GOLF RESORT - EVENING

Arthur, wearing a pink golfing shirt, is walking down a stone path towards a collection of traditional, Spanish looking buildings. It's very quaint and there are signs referencing golf dotted around. Allie and Celia follow him with their bags.

ARTHUR
I love your tracksuit. Pink's my favourite colour.

Celia makes an 'I told you so' face at Allie.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
So you found us OK then?

CELIA
Well, there was a bit of a cliffhanger moment but...

ALLIE
We found you fine. With a little bit of help from the farmer down the road.

ARTHUR
Oh, Diego? He's not a farmer. He's our Head Green-keeper. Stunning gardener.

CELIA
Terrible barman.

ARTHUR
Your flat is above the shop. It's
only small but I'm sure you girls
won't mind.

He winks at them both.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I remember what it was like when I
was first married.

ALLIE/CELIA
Married?

ARTHUR
Now why don't you go get settled in
and then we can do the paperwork?

Allie looks at Celia.

ALLIE
Are we doing this?

CELIA
In for a penny, my little puppy.

INT. ALLIE AND CELIA'S FLAT - EVENING

Allie and Celia are in their new, small flat above the shop.
Allie is trying to unzip Celia's tracksuit.

CELIA
Easy there, I know I'm an
attractive woman but...

ALLIE
Take your clothes off.

CELIA
This might be why you don't get any
second dates.

ALLIE
Take your fucking clothes off.

Celia takes off her clothes to reveal the taped money bundles
again. Allie grabs a piece of tape and tears it off. Celia
groans in pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLIE AND CELIA'S APARTMENT OUTSIDE - EVENING

Arthur is walking past the window below the apartment. He
hears the groan.

ARTHUR
Ah, young love.

INT. ALLIE AND CELIA'S FLAT - LATER

Celia is sitting on the couch in her underwear. There are piles of money on the coffee table in front of her. Her skin is very red and patchy. She looks really pissed off.

CELIA
You didn't have to be so rough. I nearly lost a nipple.

Allie is finishing counting the money.

ALLIE
10,432. Quite the heist. This isn't exactly going to last us a lifetime.

CELIA
At least we've got each other.

She grabs Allie in a big hug.

CELIA (CONT'D)
To have and to hold...

Allie shrugs her off angrily.

ALLIE
Get off me! I'm going to go and sort out the paperwork for this place. Try not to fuck my life up any more while I'm gone.

CELIA
(gesturing at her red skin)
I'm going to find something to take the pain away.

ALLIE
Make sure it doesn't come out of a cock. You're gay now, remember?

CELIA
Tequila's queer, right?

EXT. LOS PAJARITOS GOLF RESORT - EVENING

Celia wanders around in front of the buildings they passed when they entered. She sees the sign for 'Bar Hoyo 19'.

CELIA
Aha, there's no place like home.

INT. BAR HOYO 19. - CONTINUOUS

Celia walks into the resort bar. It's decorated with old golfing memorabilia but doesn't look like it's been busy in quite some time. She crosses to the counter and starts looking around before being startled by the sight of MATEO CAMPANA sitting at a table in the shadows nursing a drink. He's attractive but dishevelled, dressed in faded golf clothes and a cowboy hat. He speaks with a thick Spanish accent. He's drunk.

MATEO
We're closed.

CELIA
I work here.

MATEO
I don't think so. We don't employ strippers.

She looks around at the empty bar.

CELIA
Well maybe you should start. This 'Morgue Chic' isn't really working out for you. Oh, and fuck you I'm not a stripper (beat) anymore.

She waits at the bar.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Well, are you going to serve me or not?

MATEO
Not.

CELIA
(looking around like a waitress)
Who ordered the 'massive arsehole'?

Mateo watches her as she goes behind the bar and helps herself to a bottle from the shelf. She pours a shot of tequila, downs it and pours another. She then takes out a cigarette and lights it.

MATEO
No smoking.

He points to a 'No Fumar' sign on the wall.

CELIA
It's OK, they're menthol. Sports ciggies.

Mateo looks at her with contempt, finishes his drink and stumbles out of the bar.

CELIA (CONT'D)

A pleasure to meet you too, Sheriff
Shithead.

INT. LOS PAJARITOS GOLF SHOP - LATER

Allie stands in a reasonable-sized shop full of golfing equipment with a handful of papers. She looks around.

ALLIE

(to self)

Golf shop owner. OK. I can do this.

Beth enters.

BETH

Hi there! Glad I caught you, I'm
Beth. Sorry I wasn't here to
welcome you but I had something...
important to attend to.

ALLIE

No problem, I'm... er, Chrissy.

BETH

Well, welcome to Los Pajaritos,
Chrissy. Where's the blushing
bride? Or is that you? Sorry
darling, I'm not exactly sure how
this works.

ALLIE

Oh, it's definitely her. She's
tending her wounds somewhere. Or
putting salt and lime on them.

BETH

(concerned)

Has she hurt herself? Is she OK?

ALLIE

She's fine. Just a little over-
zealous with her hair removal.

BETH

Oh, OK, did Arthur give you the
tour?

ALLIE

Not yet, it's a bit dark for golf.
(beat) Isn't it?

BETH

Of course, well, maybe we can get together tomorrow. I'm betting you've had a busy day.

ALLIE

You don't know the half of it.

They leave the shop together.

BETH

OK mañana it is. We'll get you settled and started in your new home.

Beth walks away.

BETH (CONT'D)

(to self)

I hope.

After a beat Celia appears from the darkness.

CELIA

Have you actually seen this place? It's like the land that golf forgot. We need to get this fucking party started.

ALLIE

Calm down Pink, I don't think it works like that here.

CELIA

Not yet.

(yawning)

But you're right. We need a good night's sleep... get back to normal.

ALLIE

Running a golf shop in Spain isn't exactly 'normal'.

CELIA

Beats a petrol station in Drumchapel, doesn't it?

Allie nods her reluctant assent. They start walking up the stairs to their flat.

ALLIE

You're on the couch.

CELIA

But we're married.

ALLIE
We've got trust issues.

EXT. LOS PAJARITOS GOLF RESORT - MORNING

Allie is sitting at the bottom of the stairs that lead up the side of the building to their new flat. She is wearing faded, army-looking running gear. She finishes tying her shoes and sets off. It's a beautiful day and as she runs round the beautiful resort. She takes a turn down what looks like a little-used dirt track and after a beat she sees Diego. He's tending some plants a little deeper into the foliage.

ALLIE
Hey! Diego!

He looks at her suspiciously.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
It's OK. I work here now! Are those herbs?

He starts waving her away.

DIEGO
No, esto no es hierba.

ALLIE
(not understanding)
Oh, OK.

She waves again then continues her run. After emerging from the foliage and turning a corner she sees Arthur carrying some boxes.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
Morning, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Oh, er, hi Chrissy.

ALLIE
You moving out?

Arthur laughs nervously.

ARTHUR
No, just trying to do a little...
er... housekeeping.

ALLIE
Can I help?

ARTHUR
No, I don't think you can.

ALLIE
 OK, well, let me know if you change
 your mind.

She continues on her way.

ARTHUR
 (looking after her)
 Oh, Mother, how are we going to
 break it to those innocent girls?

EXT. LOS PAJARITOS GOLF RESORT - MORNING

Arthur is now in the car park, loading the boot of his car with boxes. We hear the sound of engines and Arthur looks up to see a black Mercedes approaching, flanked by two guys in suits on motorbikes, kicking up dust. They all pull into the parking lot and come to a stop. Ricardo climbs from one of the bikes and walks to the car as the window rolls down. Some papers appear, which Ricardo takes, then the window goes back up. Ricardo takes them over to Arthur.

RICARDO
 Señor Filipe thought it might speed
 things along if he brought these
 personally.

Arthur walks past Ricardo and knocks on the window of the car. It rolls down slightly and we hear FILIPE QUEROSO.

FILIPE (O.S.)
 Si?

ARTHUR
 Why are you doing this? We haven't
 done anything to you.

FILIPE (O.S.)
 You Inglese think you can come here
 and just take what you like. Well,
 I think it is I who can take what I
 like. (beat) And I like your
 resort.

ARTHUR
 Please, don't.

FILIPE (O.S.)
 Then make your payment.

ARTHUR
 You know we don't have the money.
 We need more time.

FILIPE (O.S.)
 Time is up. Sign the papers. Or
 maybe I take something else I like.
 (MORE)

FILIPPE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your wife is a very beautiful
woman, no?

ARTHUR
You wouldn't dare.

FILIPPE (O.S.)
You would wish to see me try? You
will find me very brave but you,
Viejito, I think are not. You will
sign the papers.
(to the driver)
Vamos.

The window starts to roll up and as the car pulls away Arthur
picks up a stone and throws it.

ARTHUR
You're a bloody monster.

The stone hits the back of the car and it stops. The door
opens and a leg steps into view. Filipe sets his expensive-
shoed foot on the ground.

RICARDO
He has not yet begun.

Beth emerges, running from one of the buildings carrying a
duffel bag.

BETH
(shouting)
Wait!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. ALLIE AND CELIA'S FLAT - MORNING**

Allie is still in her clothes from her run. She's on her mobile and looking out across the resort from the large window at the front of the flat.

ALLIE

Thanks, er, gracias... Adiós.

She hangs up just as Celia walks through from the bathroom in her underwear. She's still red raw all over from the duct tape.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Ah, the pink panther's finally up.

CELIA

Not funny.

ALLIE

Oh, aye, it is. OK, seeing as we're stuck here we're going to need to learn how to play this stupid fucking game so I've booked us in for lessons at another resort.

CELIA

How hard can it be?

She gestures at a very elderly couple on the course outside their window.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Fossils play it.

She picks up a club leaning against the wall and swings it with one hand, smashing a mug on the counter top. Allie grabs the club from Celia.

ALLIE

We start today so let's get some clothes from downstairs. (beat)
Adult sizes.

INT. LOS PAJARITOS GOLF SHOP - MORNING

Allie is standing in front of the counter dressed in new golf clothing.

ALLIE

Hurry up, we're going to be late.

Celia pulls back the curtain of the changing room to reveal herself dressed sensibly in golf clothes. Allie looks her up and down.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
Now, that's better.

Celia pulls at the clothing, clearly uncomfortable.

CELIA
How long am I going to have to
dress like this?

ALLIE
As long as we're here.

CELIA
Then I'm out. I can't do it.

ALLIE
You will do it, because it's your
fault we're here.

Celia walks over to Allie, and throws her arms around her, pulling her in for a cuddle.

CELIA
Aww, is my little pumpkin still a
wee bit angry with me? Let me kiss
it better.

Celia moves in for a kiss. Allie sharply pulls her head back.

ALLIE
What the fuck are you doing?

CELIA
Well if we're going to be
convincing we'll need to 'gay' it
up a bit.

ALLIE
You're not my type.

CELIA
But I'm a great kisser.

She starts flicking her tongue in Allie's face.

ALLIE
Get that thing away from me. God
knows where it's been.

CELIA
Might not know where it's been...
but I know where it's going.

Celia moves swiftly in again trying to give Allie a kiss.
Allie pushes her away.

ALLIE
I said pack it in.

Celia pulls a pouty face.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
We'll just be one of those couples
who don't do PDAs.

CELIA
Putting dildos in...?

ALLIE
Public displays of affection.

CELIA
That was going to be my next guess.

ALLIE
So no more trying to stick that
manky tongue of yours down my
throat.

Allie shudders at the mere thought of it.

CELIA
Spoilsport.

Allie picks up a bag of golf clubs, ready to leave.

ALLIE
Right, we're going to need some
money. Where did you put it?

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS PAJARITOS GOLF RESORT - MORNING

Celia emerges from an orange grove next to the resort and
continues running down the fairway of the 18th hole. After a
beat Allie emerges, she's running after her and looks angry.

CELIA
(shouting over her
shoulder)
Think of it as our sacrifice to
Chrissy and Kate.

ALLIE
I'm going to fucking sacrifice you!

They run onto the 18th green and start circling one of the
bunkers.

CELIA
I thought you said it was blood
money.

ALLIE
Oh, there will be blood.

CELIA
Are you on your period now?

Beth and Arthur emerge from the clubhouse with a bottle of champagne and glasses.

ARTHUR
There they are.
(shouting)
Hey girls!

Allie and Celia stop chasing each other as Arthur and Beth walk over to join them. Beth hands a glass each to Celia and Allie.

CELIA
What are we celebrating?

BETH
You joining La Familia de Los
Pajaritos, of course.

ARTHUR
And life's surprises.
(to the sky)
Oh, Mother, I'm sorry I doubted
you.

CELIA
Is he OK? You know, in the...

Celia taps the side of her head.

BETH
Not entirely.

CELIA
Oh great, we're stuck here with
Forrest fucking Gump.

ARTHUR
I just can't believe it.

ALLIE
Me neither.

ARTHUR
And this is just the beginning. I
see exciting things ahead for Los
Pajaritos.

CELIA
What does that even mean?

BETH
It's Spanish for 'Birdies'.

ALLIE
Caged birdies...

Allie looks around from the vantage point of the 18th green and across the lush golf resort. She can't help but smile a little.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
But a pretty cage, I suppose.

Arthur fills each of their glasses with champagne.

ARTHUR
(raising his glass)
Los Pajaritos!

BETH/CELIA/ALLIE
Los Pajaritos!

Behind them Mateo stumbles from the jungle at the edge of the fairway. He's wearing the same clothes as yesterday and looks like he's just woken up. He holds up a half-empty tequila bottle.

MATEO
Los Pajaritos!

He wanders off back towards the clubhouse. Arthur continues as if this is perfectly normal behaviour.

ARTHUR
Now how about a nice game of golf?
I can't wait to see you girls play.

CELIA
Neither can I.

ALLIE
(pointing at Mateo)
Who the fuck's the cowboy?

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. ALLIE'S FLAT - DAY

Richie and Pete are standing in the hallway of Allie's block of flats.

PETE

You want to do it this time?

Richie attempts to kick the door in but instead his foot bounces off.

RICHIE

Fucking hell!

PETE

Not as easy as it looks, eh? It needs the weight of my big dick behind it.

Pete then proceeds to kick the door in. They walk into the apartment, Richie limping, with guns raised. Richie starts searching the untidy living room as Pete goes through to the bedroom. Pete sees the open drawers and walks over to inspect them then turns and is startled by the figure of the older woman still in bed. He walks over and pokes her with his gun before spotting the post-it note on her face. He peels it off and reads it just as Richie enters.

PETE (CONT'D)

(to Richie)

Arriba! We're going on holiday.

He pokes the sleeping woman again with his gun.

PETE (CONT'D)

I think she's dead.

Richie walks round to take a look.

RICHIE

No, my ma's just a heavy sleeper.
(beat) Ma?!?

END OF TAG

END OF SHOW