

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

THE BELLS S01E02
A DEATH IN THE VILLAGE

Written by Liam Goodman

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. BAR - NIGHT

GRADY (50s, shifty-eyed) nurses a whiskey, sadly. ROB drinks behind the bar while BEN tends.

GRADY
I always told Angela not to play with matches.

ROB
I mean, for a woman who was afraid of the outdoors, she sure wasn't afraid of fire.

Ben nods, thoughtfully.

GRADY
Well, the thing was that she was so afraid of going outside that she stayed in the house with the fire.

ROB
I guess for an agoraphobic, that's the smarter option.

Ben tilts his head and hums in disagreement.

BEN
Have some sympathy, Rob.

GRADY
No, no, he's spot on, there. Are you trying to say something, City Boy?

BEN
I was just--

Rob's phone pings.

ROB
Fuck yes!

Ben and Grady look at Rob, confused.

Rob takes a champagne bottle from below the bar.

ROB (cont'd)
My investment just went through!

Ben looks shocked.

Rob pops the bottle open.

ROB (cont'd)
I'm going to be a millionaire.

Ben and Grady's eyes meet. Grady looks disdainful.

ROB (cont'd)
Shit. Sorry, Grady.

Grady narrows his eyes at Rob.

ROB (cont'd)
Care for a glass?

TITLE SEQUENCE:

INT. BAR - DAY

Ben polishes a pint glass while HARRY wipes the surface. Rob enjoys a pint by the till.

BEN
All I'm saying is that it's weird
when there's been a death nearby and
you've never met the person.

ROB
How so?

BEN
I've just got no idea how I'm
supposed to feel.

Harry stops wiping the surface.

HARRY
Stop making it about you, Gromit.

BEN
I'm not! I'm just saying it's weird.

ROB
It's not like I ever met her either
if that makes you feel any more
(wiggles fingers
spookily)
normal.

Ben smacks Rob's fingers, playing along, but clearly offended.

HARRY
That's funny, I never met Andrea
either.

BEN

I thought her name was Angela?

The three of them ponder this.

ROB

Anyway, she's agoraphobic,
supposedly.

BEN

But we'd never even heard of her?
That's not funny to you?

HARRY

Come on, mate, she lost her life last
week.

BEN

I didn't mean it like that--

ROB

I think we all know how you meant it.

INT. QUAIN T VILLAGE SHOP - DAY

A clearly community-run village shop with two or three
shelves of local produce and a till.

MOLLY wanders in with a wicker basket.

Grady walks away from the till with a full plastic bag and
meets Molly's eye. He sighs, all sorry for himself.

GRADY

(glumly)

Yerite.

MOLLY

Hey, Grady.

(looks down)

Sorry again, about your wife, and
all.

He nods.

MOLLY (cont'd)

How did you two meet?

He cocks his head at her.

MOLLY (cont'd)

If you don't mind talking about it.

GRADY

That's okay, darling. It's quite romantic, really.

He looks up, as if he's reminiscing.

GRADY (cont'd)

Andrea and I grew up here and never left the village. Never found anyone else.

Molly looks up again.

MOLLY

Oh?

GRADY

Yeah, we realised, one spring day, that we were the only option for each other. And the rest is history.

MOLLY

So you got together? Just like that?

GRADY

Nobody wants to die alone, love. You'll understand when you're older.

Molly looks haunted.

INT. BAR - DAY

Harry roots around a packet of pork scratchings while Rob taps on his pint glass nervously.

Rob looks out the front window at Ben, who's staring into the village square while smoking.

Rob coughs and looks at Harry.

ROB

Hey, Harry, how would you feel about an investment opportunity?

Harry takes his hand out of the packet.

HARRY

With what you pay me? I'm skint, boss.

ROB

But you could turn what you've got into thousands, I reckon.

HARRY
What's the score?

Rob takes a nervous sip of cider.

ROB
Well, see, I bought these candles
from Massive Rave.

HARRY
(finger guns)
I'm gonna stop you right there.

He puts his hand back into the packet.

HARRY (cont'd)
You get people to buy candles from
you, Massive Rave gets commission on
your sales...

He pops a pork scratching into his mouth. Chews with his
mouth open.

HARRY (cont'd)
...and then you get a percentage of
the commission from the people that
sell the candles they bought from
you.

ROB
That's about the size of it.

HARRY
Absolutely fantastic idea. Million
dollar idea, I reckon. I was gonna
get involved myself, but like I
said...

He pops another pork scratching into his mouth.

HARRY (cont'd)
I'm skint.

ROB
Fair enough. See, the problem I've
had is ever since Grady's house
burned down and all, nobody's
interested in candles.

HARRY
That's easy, boss. You just need to
find someone who couldn't care less
about a woman tragically losing her
life in a fire.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rob bursts in.

ROB

Nadia!

NADIA is cutting onions. Rob's sudden entrance doesn't startle her.

NADIA

You know better than to just burst in here,

(mumbles)

drunk old clown dolboyob.

ROB

I'm just seeing if you're interested in making a shitload of money.

She stops cutting.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - DAY

Ben waters the plants while looking out onto the village square.

He spots Grady walking up to a sun-bleached red car in the church car park, plastic bag still in his hand.

Ben is very suspicious.

MASSIVE RAVE manually winds the car window down and does a cool guy handshake with Grady.

Ben watches intently, watering a potted plant.

Grady pulls a thick brown envelope out of the bag and gives it to Massive Rave.

Ben raises his eyebrows. He spills water into his shoe and hops about, trying to shake the water out.

Grady heads for the Reverend's house.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

A good-sized room for parties that probably looks nice when its dressed up. A skittles alley runs along the back wall.

Boxes of candles and candle related tat are piled high.

Rob smiles awkwardly. Nadia surveys the boxes, unimpressed.

Labels on the boxes boast scents like Courgette, Caesar Salad, and Golden Virginia.

NADIA
And you spent...

ROB
All of the money.

She pinches the bridge of her nose.

NADIA
(to herself)
Blyat.

Rob plays with his fingers.

NADIA (cont'd)
I'm not going to invest in...

She gestures to the room as a whole.

NADIA (cont'd)
...this.

ROB
It's a fantastic--

NADIA
Stop.

Rob nods submissively.

NADIA (cont'd)
But I will help you sell these.

ROB
(going to hug her)
Oh, Nadia, thank you so--

She stops him with an outstretched palm.

NADIA
For the sake of job security.

Rob gasps in relief, still in a ready-to-hug position.

Nadia leaves the room.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A still slightly nervous-looking Rob almost bumps into Molly, who looks like she's seen a ghost.

ROB
Oop - sorry Molly.

She stares right through him.

ROB (cont'd)
Everything okay?

MOLLY
I'm going to die alone.

ROB
Aren't we all, kiddo?

He ruffles her hair.

ROB (cont'd)
Good talk.

He makes to leave, but before he gets to the door...

MOLLY
Rob, can I ask you about something personal?

Rob turns on his heel, somewhat reluctantly.

ROB
What's up?

MOLLY
You can't think of any guys in the village that would be a good match for me, can you?

He scratches his chin.

ROB
There's Harland Oliver...

MOLLY
(shaking her head)
Hygiene.

ROB
Massive Rave...

MOLLY
Massive twat...

Rob thinks hard.

ROB

Ben?

Molly looks like she's going to cry.

ROB (cont'd)

Didn't think so. Only person your age
that isn't total crap is our Harry.

Molly thinks about this hard.

Beat.

She makes a half-agreeing "eh" sound.

INT./EXT. REVEREND'S HOUSE - DAY

Ben knocks on the door. He holds one of Rob's candles.

Grady opens the door.

GRADY

Aah the new guy. Come to mock me
more?

BEN

Actually, I'm here to say that I'm
sorry for your loss.

Begrudgingly, Grady lets him in.

BEN (cont'd)

So you're staying with the Reverend?

GRADY

Just until I find somewhere more
permanent.

He spots the candle.

GRADY (cont'd)

You do know that my wife died in a
fire, right?

Ben cringes at himself slightly.

Beat.

GRADY (cont'd)

Angelina was a good woman, you know.

BEN
I thought it was Angela.

GRADY
I think I'd bloody well know my own
wife's name.

BEN
Of course.

They stare at each other. Ben sets the candle down.

BEN (cont'd)
How's the Reverend for a housemate?

GRADY
He's loud, but he spends a lot of
time out driving with his friends
from his group.

They chuckle slightly. It's immediately awkward after.

BEN
I hope I'm not overstepping here,
Grady, but is there any chance that
Angela--

GRADY
Angelina.

BEN
--Angelina was friends with Massive
Rave?

Grady is shocked by the name drop.

GRADY
Are you trying to say something,
fella?

BEN
No, it's just that I saw you talking
to--

GRADY
Who I talk to is my own bloody
business! Get out!

INT. BAR - DAY

Harry plays darts, a half-full pint beside him.

Molly comes over with a fresh pint.

MOLLY
Saw that you were running low.

HARRY
Thanks, Mols, but I've still got a
half.

She forces a laugh.

MOLLY
Well now you're prepared.

He goes back to his game.

MOLLY (cont'd)
Why aren't you aiming at the
bullseye?

HARRY
There's more points in the triple
twenty.

She twirls her hair around her finger and forces another
laugh.

MOLLY
You're silly.

Ben comes in, looking shaken.

HARRY
Gromit! How's it going?

MOLLY
(like a drill
sergeant)
Get the fuck out right now, City Boy.

Harry looks at Molly, shocked, but impressed. Ben nods
slowly and turns on his heel to leave.

Rob and Nadia come in through the same door that Ben is
trying to leave through. Nadia carries a tripod presentation
board.

ROB
Fantastic, you're all here.

NADIA
We have a presentation for you. Sit.

They sit.

Nadia sets the board down. On it is an infographic of an obvious pyramid scheme and a few printed stock images of candles.

ROB

This is the investment opportunity of a lifetime.

HARRY

Rob, mate, I've already told you I'm skint.

BEN

And I'm sorry to be the one to tell you, but this is clearly a pyramid scheme.

Nadia looks at the board again.

She looks at Rob.

NADIA

You are a clown of a man.

Ben spots Grady taping something to the window.

Everyone else argues while Ben runs outside.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - DAY

Ben comes outside and sees what Grady has put on the window.

A picture of Ben with the text 'THIS MAN IS A BASTARD' underneath it.

GRADY

Maybe you'll think twice the next time you mock Angela.

Ben pauses to think for a second before shaking his head as if to come back to the moment.

BEN

Grady, I'm sorry. Obviously I've gone the wrong way about things.

GRADY

Hmmph.

BEN

Let me hold a memorial service for her. Everyone can pay their respects.

Grady thinks.

He gives Ben a sleazy smile and shakes his hand.

GRADY

Classy move. I'll be back with guests
in an hour.

ACT BREAK

INT. BAR - DAY

Rob leans on the bar, holding his head on his hand, staring hatefully at a jar candle in front of him.

He pours a double whiskey into the jar candle and begins to drink. Takes a sip, and tilts his head in surprise.

ROB

Ooh - honey and lavender.

Ben rushes in through the front door with his trademark stressed look. Grady's poster is rolled up under his arm.

BEN

Rob, I've done something bad. I need
a favour. A really big one.

Rob puts the whiskey candle down.

ROB

I'm a bit busy here, fella.

Ben spots the candle and grimaces.

BEN

I can... see that mate. But this is
really important.

ROB

Stop making everything about you. If
I can't get my money back I'll lose
the pub.

BEN

I told Grady we'd host a memorial for
Angie.

ROB

Ashley. Why would you do that?

BEN

To put a stop to this.

He unrolls the poster.

Rob smirks for a moment before returning to a serious expression.

He toys with the candle.

ROB
(under his breath)
That could work...
(to Ben)
When is it meant to start?

BEN
I've been panicking for half an hour,
so thirty minutes. I know, it's the
steak night all over again but--

ROB
Shush.
(beat)
We better get this place dressed up.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Rob leads Ben and Harry to an ominous red door, almost entirely hidden by boxes and kegs, which he moves. He's giddy like a child on Christmas Day. Ben and Harry eye the door.

HARRY
I didn't know our little pub had a
torture chamber.

BEN
Or that there was somewhere you
weren't stockpiling candles.

Rob rolls his head and takes a deep breath.

ROB
Just shush for a moment. We've got to
get this place ready for a memorial
service, and whatever's in here is
all we've got.

He opens the door.

The three of them look inside the cupboard.

Christmas angels, tinsel, Halloween skeletons, witches, and boxes labelled 'CHRISTMAS BOLLOCKS' fill the cupboard.

Harry picks up a Christmas Angel.

HARRY
Angelica?

ROB
Angela. What about this?

Rob picks up a skeleton and gives Ben an I'm-trying-my-best smile.

BEN
We can't do either of those. Rob,
have we got no decorations apart from
Christmas or Halloween?

Rob rummages through some boxes.

ROB
I know just the thing.

INT. BAR - DAY

Harry stands on a bar stool. He hammers a supportive nail into a handmade Diamond Jubilee banner.

Molly walks in normally. She sees Harry, and starts sauntering.

MOLLY
About ten years late for that, isn't
it?

Harry stops hammering.

HARRY
Well, bloody Ben wants to run a
memorial service for bloody Angie,
and with bloody Rob's selection, it
was either Queen Liz or Jack
Skellington.

MOLLY
At least Jack's got good bones.

HARRY
And the music isn't bad either, in
fairness.

MOLLY
Yeah, maybe we could have an oogie
boogie of our own later.

He tilts his head like a confused dog. She doesn't break eye contact.

HARRY

Sorry?

MOLLY

Think about it.

Still startled, Harry blushes as he watches her walk away.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - DAY

Nadia smokes a cigarette as she watches the MOURNERS arrive. She wears a ring on each finger, making it look almost like she's wearing knuckle dusters.

Massive Rave's car pulls up. She throws her cigarette to the floor and marches to him.

She knocks on the window with her rings.

Massive Rave rolls his window down.

MASSIVE RAVE

(sweetly)

Nadia! Thanks for the invite. Has anyone ever told you that you're more terrifying than Gordon Ramsay?

NADIA

None of that. You are here to give Rob his money back and that is all.

MASSIVE RAVE

I'd love to do that, Nadia, I really would, but the man signed a contract. There's nothing I can do.

She pulls him towards her by his collar. Their faces are less than an inch apart.

NADIA

You will find something to do.

MASSIVE RAVE

Woah, woah, beating me to a pulp isn't gonna change anything! Look, I'll stay for the service out of respect for

(beat)

Andrea?

BEN
Where's Nadia?

ROB
Not sure - kitchen probably.

Rob puts the pint down, claps his hands together and rubs them against each other in circles. He walks to the microphone.

He coughs into the microphone, which amplifies it to the rest of the room.

ROB (cont'd)
(into mic)
Shit. Bloody thing's live.

Grady tilts his head.

ROB (cont'd)
Okay, ladies and germs, so as you all know, we're here today to celebrate the life of
(watches Grady,
hopefully)
An-ge-la? Yep. Angela Grady, who tragically burned to death in a house fire as a result of her crippling fear of open spaces.

Ben looks as if he'll collapse in on himself.

Grady and the Mourners smile sadly. He's crying sentimental tears.

ROB (cont'd)
Death is always a difficult thing for us to tackle. I know that I myself have lost many in my time. I light a candle for every friend I've bid farewell to.

He takes a candle.

ROB (cont'd)
Which is why, as you may have noticed today, there are a hell of a lot of candles in the place.

REVEREND
Language.

ROB
Sorry, Rev. But as I was saying,
candles are here, not just for loss,
but all occasions. A man who invested
in candles could be sorted for life,
really--

Ben rushes to the mic.

BEN
Okay! Enough from us!

ROB
What are you doing?

BEN
Mr Grady, do you have anything you'd
like to say?

Grady takes the mic. Rob and Ben go back to the bar.

ROB
Molly, Harry, get some more stock.

Harry goes to complain but Molly drags him away.

GRADY
I always told Andrea not to play with
matches...

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

Molly drags Harry into the room. Both look around, shocked
by the amount of boxes.

HARRY
When he said he'd bought Massive
Rave's stock, I didn't think he meant
all of it.

MOLLY
Where do we even begin?

She walks over to a box.

MOLLY (cont'd)
This one says 'Tar Barrel.'

HARRY
That one there says 'Capri Sun' on
it.

They laugh, awkwardly.

MOLLY

Listen, I'm really sorry if I've been weird today.

HARRY

You're always weird, Mol.

MOLLY

It's just... Grady was talking about how he met whats-her-name and it made me realise that we haven't got many options apart from each other.

HARRY

(mock-emotionally)

That's the most romantic thing I ever heard.

She swats at the air between them.

They stare into each others' eyes, unsure.

MOLLY

Prick. I know it's not exactly Shakespeare but--

HARRY

I get it, Mols. They all off themselves in Shakespeare, anyway.

They kiss.

INT. BAR - DAY

Mourners amble about the room as the Reverend comforts Grady at the bar.

Ben tends bar while Rob drinks.

GRADY

You were a right bastard this morning, City Boy, but this was beautiful. Thank you.

He looks up to the Diamond Jubilee banner.

GRADY (cont'd)

She loved Liz and all. Proper classy show.

BEN

I'm just glad we could honour her.

Rob nods, emotionally.

Harry opens the back room door with his bum and him and Molly awkwardly shuffle in with their boxes.

ROB
What did you get?

They check their boxes.

MOLLY
Watermelon Sunrise...

HARRY
And a lovely bit of New Car Smell.

Molly plops her box on the bar.

ROB
We've got a captive audience, folks.
This is what it's all for.

He notices Grady.

ROB (cont'd)
And of course, to honour dear old...

GRADY
Andrea.

ROB
Yes. Angela. Of course.

Rob begins to pour himself a drink.

Beat.

He looks to Grady, with a sudden look of inspiration in his eyes.

ROB (cont'd)
Grady, old fella, how would you feel
about making an investment with all
that insurance money?

Grady chuckles.

GRADY
In candles? I'm not falling down that
hole again.

BEN
Again?

GRADY

Well, it's just...

BEN

Bloody hell it all makes sense now.

REVEREND

Language.

Ben practically vaults the bar and strides over to the mic.

He taps on the mic, getting feedback in response.

BEN

Ahem. Hey there, folks. We're here today to celebrate the life of Angela.

ROB

Angie!

BEN

But how many of you folks have actually met the poor old dear? Come on, show of hands.

Nobody raises their hands.

GRADY

She suffered terribly from her agoraphobia.

BEN

She suffered terribly from being bullshit!

Everyone gasps.

Ben takes the mic off the stand and walks to the tripod presentation board.

BEN (cont'd)

Grady, here, has invested in a scheme from local arsehole, Massive Rave.

He removes the stock image to reveal the THIS MAN IS A BASTARD poster. He harrumphs, and removes that to show the pyramid scheme pitch.

BEN (cont'd)

You got in too deep, didn't you, Grady? Spent all your money, like any idiot would.

ROB
Hey! That's not on!

GRADY
What are you trying to say?

Ben marches over to Grady, mic still in hand.

BEN
I'm trying to say that you burned
your own bloody house down, and
invented a woman to recoup on your
losses with the insurance money! I
bet Massive Rave sorted it.

GRADY
That's pure bollocks. Massive Rave,
tell him!

The door slams. Through the window, they watch Massive Rave
run to his car.

Everyone looks at Grady.

GRADY (cont'd)
You know what, I think I left the
stove on.

Grady bolts it, the same way Massive Rave did.

The Mourners mumble and file out of the pub.

ROB
Hope you're happy, Ben. There goes my
clientele.

INT./EXT. MASSIVE RAVE'S CAR - DAY

Massive Rave reaches his car. The driver's side window is
open.

He struggles with the door in a panic for a moment before
climbing in through the open window.

The interior of the car is gross. Faux leather is sun-
bleached and stained with god-knows-what, empty cans,
threadbare dice dangle from the mirror.

From the back seat it's clear that he sleeps in his car,
with a sleeping bag and pillow setup.

A shadow lurks in the foot-well behind the driver's seat.

Massive Rave struggles into a seating position behind the wheel. He looks into the rear-view mirror and freezes.

NADIA (O.S.)
This car is disgusting.

She rests a ring-clad knuckle on his cheek. He's scared for his life.

NADIA
Looks like that memorial service
wasn't very successful.

MASSIVE RAVE
Funny story that - turns out Grady
didn't even have a wife.

NADIA
Oh?

Using her ringed knuckle, she turns his head, forcing him to look at her.

NADIA (cont'd)
We could give them a body if they
want one.

Massive Rave gulps.

MASSIVE RAVE
What can I do for you, Nadia?

NADIA
Money.

MASSIVE RAVE
Money. Yep. Can do. There should be a
bag next to you, take what you need.

She lifts a bag for life from the foot-well and shows him.

NADIA
This one?

MASSIVE RAVE
That's the badger.

NADIA
Spasibo.

She pats his chin, roughly.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Harry and Molly stand awkwardly, a couple steps from each other. Molly fiddles with a crisp ladder display.

MOLLY
So Grady's story was a bunch of BS.

HARRY
Yup.

Beat.

MOLLY
So I guess that means...

HARRY
Nice while it lasted.

As if nothing happened, Harry heads for the kitchen, Molly for the bar.

INT. BAR - DAY

Rob leans his elbows on the bar as Ben pours him a drink.

ROB
Good job with your detective skills,
I guess.

BEN
All's well that ends well, eh?

ROB
What about the money?

Ben nods at the window.

They watch Nadia pick a candle from the bag for life and launch it through Massive Rave's back window, triumphantly.

BEN
Think she's got you covered.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK.

A picture of the stock image Woman.

SUPERED BELOW: IN LOVING MEMORY OF ANGELA/ANDREA/ETC. GRADY

CREDITS