

# **SALVATION HOUSE**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Police cars speed around Marble Arch, SIRENS BLARING.

DRUNK PEOPLE stagger past Selfridges, with traffic cones on their heads.

HOMELESS FOLK bed-down in doorways.

EXT. SALVATION HOUSE HOSTEL -- NIGHT

Police SIRENS BLARE in the distance.

As SID, (spiffy suit, way too small for him, 50's) and TOMMY, (would-be gangster, 20's) struggle up the steps of a massive building, with a battered refrigerator.

SID

Easy will yer? You'll mess with the electrics.

On the top step, slumps a straggly, bonkers, indifferent gentleman, (WALLY, 60) muttering to himself.

The sign above him reads: SALVATION HOUSE.

INT. SALVATION HOUSE HOSTEL - ENTRANCE HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Sid and Tommy tiptoe the fridge towards a giant staircase.

As VOICES RING OUT.

WOMAN'S VOICE - RUBY (O.S.)

We can't keep playing musical beds.

And Sid and Tommy back sharply into a doorway.

WOMAN'S VOICE - ANNABEL (O.S.)

But these two are going to kill each other!

WOMAN'S VOICE - RUBY (O.S.)

All of them want to kill--

A door SLAMS.

SID

C'mon!

And Sid and Tommy heave the fridge up the stairs, past a sign on the wall: HOSTEL RULES.

NO DRUGS.

NO ALCOHOL.

NO VIOLENCE.

OR UNAUTHORISED ELECTRICAL ITEMS.

INT. SALVATION HOUSE HOSTEL - OFFICE -- NIGHT

ANNABEL STANLEY-RODGERS, a well-bred confection of bohemian chic, (32) trots past higgledy, over-stuffed files marked: SERIOUS INCIDENTS, DEATHS, DRUGS, ALCOHOL and MENTAL HEALTH.

ANNABEL

Mikey O.D'd again, but he's fine.

And gathers up a blood-stained duvet with perfectly manicured fingers.

As RUBY, a wily, East-End matriarch, (50) hangs up her coat.

...By a shelf overloaded with bottles and cans of lager, cider and spirits - all with sticky labels attached, such as: TOMMY, VINCE, DONALD.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

And I said, "yes"!

She shimmies into a salsa...

And flourishes an engagement ring at Ruby.

As SQUARKS and HOLLERS, SCREECH OUT.

And Ruby skids to the reception hatch, looming into a ramshackle common room--

To see a RAGTAG OF TIKES, spurring-on TWO PUNKS as they batter seven-bells from each other.

RUBY

(SCREAMING to the punks)

Cut that out and play nice!

And swivels back to Annabel - grabbing her ring finger.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Well, well, well.

(Pause)

'Bout time the pair of you's calmed down.

EXT. SALVATION HOUSE HOSTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Annabel clips down the hostel steps.

And knocks back a miniature bottle of vodka.

INT. TUBE TRAIN -- NIGHT

Annabel rides the tube, playing with her engagement ring.

INT. ANNABEL'S STUDIO -- NIGHT

Annabel skips into a vibrant studio-flat, makes straight for the fridge and pulls out a bottle of wine.

Pouring a glass, she raises it to the wall - that is emblazoned with numerous photos of herself and a roguishly handsome man.

As her MOBILE RINGS.

ANNABEL

(Into phone)

Perfect timing, lover-boy. ...What problem?

EXT. LONDON, TRAFALGAR SQUARE -- NIGHT

BARRY WOODS, rough around the edges, but dangerously magnetic, (40) scratches his head at a motorbike parked on the pavement. And talks into his mobile.

BARRY

(Into phone)

Good question, my princess.

(Inspiration)

Flat tyre!

The tyres look fine. Nothing wrong with the bike.

Though there's definitely something not quite right with Barry.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

I'm sorry baby.

A little shakily, he pulls a bottle of vodka from his pocket and swigs.

As a red bus sails past Trafalgar Square.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

I'll get a bus.

He watches a couple clink glasses outside a pub ...And finds himself weaving towards the entrance.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

Bloody spark plugs!

INT. ANNABEL'S STUDIO -- CONTINUOUS

Annabel gulps at her wine, phone to her ear.

ANNABEL

(Into phone)

I thought it was the tyre?

She puts her glass down.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

No of course I haven't been  
drinking.

She dumps the phone and pulls a face at Barry's photograph.

And studies the wine glass. Then the wine bottle. Thinks  
for a moment, (fuck it) and pours herself some more wine.

And turns on the television. It is the Ten O'Clock News.

TELEVISION PRESENTER

And in a special report tonight,  
we ask--

EXT. GLASGOW STREET -- NIGHT

"GLASGOW, THE FRIENDLY CITY" is painted on the side of a  
green and yellow bus, as it glides through the city centre.

INT. GLASGOW - MRS O'REILLY'S COUNCIL FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

JIMMY O'REILLY, (30) a (usually) upbeat, Scottish, dreamer  
with a raffish style about him, sprawls on a chair in a  
trilby hat, watching the Ten O'clock News.

TELEVISION PRESENTER

...What can be done about our  
growing homeless population.

On the screen, a YOUNG LAD inside a red telephone box,  
smokes crack from a miniature bottle of vodka.

TELEVISION PRESENTER (CONT'D)

As concerns escalate over a flood  
of crack-cocaine and heroin on the  
streets.

A sweet-faced woman (MRS O'REILLY, 70) is in the chair  
next to Jimmy.

MRS O'REILLY

(Broad Glaswegian  
dialect)

I'm so glad you got yerself offa  
that horrible stuff.

JIMMY  
 (Glaswegian dialect)  
 Aye.

MRS O'REILLY  
 Yell hardly remember yerself once  
 ye start yeh new job tomorrow.

Jimmy throws a glance to the suit on the back of the door.

MRS O'REILLY (CONT'D)  
 That London will soon be forgotten.

Jimmy jumps up.

MRS O'REILLY (CONT'D)  
 Jimmy?

The front door SLAMS.

INT. GLASGOW PUB -- NIGHT

Belting rock music BLARES.

Jimmy is rammed up against the bar, in a scrum to get last orders.

As a CHEERFUL BARMAID, (20's) hands him a pint.

CHEERFUL BARMAID  
 (Shouting with  
 Glaswegian dialect)  
 So whit's it like in London, Jimmy?

JIMMY  
 (Shouting)  
 Big!

CHEERFUL BARMAID  
 Bet there's loads aye drugs!

Jimmy winks.

CHEERFUL BARMAID (CONT'D)  
 When are we gonnae git tae meet  
 yeh lassie?

Jimmy smiles, but it's not a happy smile. He's miles away.

EXT. LONDON STREET -- NIGHT

Barry wheels his motorbike up the street. And stops to spray his mouth with breath freshener.

INT. ANNABEL'S STUDIO -- NIGHT

An empty wine bottle lies on the bed, beside Annabel. As THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS.

And Annabel lifts her head with a start.

INT. ANNABEL'S STUDIO -- MOMENTS LATER

Barry crashes in, all smiles.

BARRY

Got the washers, I can fix that tap.

Annabel SLAMS the door.

ANNABEL

Fuck the tap.

BARRY

(Embracing her)

Well then.

He carries her to the bed.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What is it that you're looking for my gorgeous?

ANNABEL

You being on time Barry! I'm on early shift tomorrow.

BARRY

(Unbuttoning her top, kissing her neck)

That's what you want? To live to work?

ANNABEL

(Jumping up)

I want some damn respect!

BARRY

I'm sorry baby, bastard bike.

ANNABEL

You could have called.

BARRY

I did call.

ANNABEL

Less than an hour you said!

BARRY

Relax honey, I'm here now.

He pats the bed beside him. She doesn't move.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Oh don't let's spoil the evening, Annabel.

ANNABEL  
 (Screaming)  
 You're three hours late!

BARRY  
 (Shouting)  
 Oh put a fucking cap on it!

He leaps up, grabs her mouth and shoves her against the wall.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
 I was getting you a present.

He waves a bottle of wine in Annabel's face.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
 Your life's so effin simple innit?  
 Out there saving the world every  
 day, getting drunk every night.

Annabel is frozen. Terrified.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
 You mind if I open this?

He collects two glasses and opens the wine.

ANNABEL  
 You don't...

Barry pours out the wine.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
 ...Drink.

BARRY  
 Cheers.

He downs his glass in one.

INT. GLASGOW - MRS O'REILLY'S COUNCIL FLAT -- MORNING

Mrs O'Reilly holds a breakfast tray as she KNOCKS on a door.

MRS O'REILLY  
 Wakey wakey, today needs a proper  
 breakfast!

She peeps into the room, flicking on the light.

To see on the bed, a note of one word: SORRY.

INT/EXT. LORRY ON MOTORWAY -- MORNING

A HAIRY TRUCK DRIVER, CROONS to a LOVE SONG on the radio.

As Jimmy wakes up in the passenger seat. And surveys the lanes of automobiles streaming towards London.

They pass a sign reading: HAMMERSMITH 2 MILES.

INT. ANNABEL'S STUDIO -- MORNING

Annabel gropes her way out of bed, tripping over empty wine bottles.

ANNABEL

We've just got engaged for fucks sake!

She heads to the bathroom.

As Barry, fully dressed, on the floor of Annabel's kitchenette, painfully opens his eyes.

BARRY

I can give you a lift if you want?

The bathroom door SLAMS.

INT. SALVATION HOUSE HOSTEL, OFFICE -- MORNING

MUSIC PLAYS on a radio. As BRIAN, (a high flyer in a suit, 37) counts out piles of coins into envelopes.

And Ruby drops the phone.

RUBY

Annabel's running late. Can I get outta here now?

BRIAN

And leave me without any staff?

He taps a 'KEY CLIENTS' LIST on the wall, headed by the names: ANNABEL, CLIFF, FIFI, GEORGE and RUBY.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Where the hell is Cliff?

EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET -- MORNING

CLIFF, (black, street-smart urban warrior, plenty of bling, 35) strides smartly through a community of Chinese restaurants, talking into his mobile.

CLIFF

(Into Phone)

I'm working Lizzie. Can't this wait? I said I was sorry didn't I?

Turning around, he gestures for Jimmy (carrying a rucksack) to hurry up.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

(Into Phone)

I'm telling you it was a blood bath. They all had knives. Then we had to hang around and give statements.

JIMMY  
 (Shouting to Cliff)  
 Doncha just love London!

CLIFF  
 (Into Phone)  
 Where's all this coming from?  
 ...It's my job honey, innit?

He breaks into a run - with Jimmy hurrying after.

JIMMY  
 (Shouting to Cliff)  
 All these greet 'initiatives' in  
 place, tae keep us scruffy toe-  
 rags oofa the streets and ootta  
 sight of the tourists!

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- MORNING

Annabel and Barry speed along the Embankment on his bike.

INT. SALVATION HOUSE HOSTEL - INTERVIEW ROOM -- MORNING

Cliff strides out of the room.

CLIFF  
 Any trouble, hit that.

Jimmy, seated, stares at a giant panic button on the wall.

...As Annabel flies in, wearing a crash helmet and hurls a pile of paperwork on the table. She shakes out her turbulent hair.

And Jimmy smiles. Impressed.

ANNABEL  
 Jimmy, is it?

He nods. And they lock eyes for a moment.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
 Well, Jimmy. Welcome to Salvation  
 House. More than eighty ranting  
 men, all thrown together and all  
 of them riddled with demons.

Heinous SCREAMING off screen.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting above the  
 din)  
 You'll be sharing a room, God knows  
 who with--

CLIFF (O.S.)  
 (Shouting)  
 Skinhead! Put him down!

ANNABEL

(Shouting)

But if you think there'll be help  
when you get into trouble, forget  
it. There's not enough staff.

She picks up the paperwork and hands him a form and a pen.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Sign here.

JIMMY

(Signing)

Jesus.

ANNABEL

Now you can't come whinging to me  
later.

(Retrieving the  
form)

So, how long have you been sleeping  
rough?

JIMMY

Well I...

ANNABEL

Less than six months?

JIMMY

Aye.

She ticks a box.

ANNABEL

And where did you say you were  
sleeping?

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. BUILDING SITE -- DAY

Bricks, rubble and discarded shop fittings. A recently  
demolished shopping arcade in the centre of London. The  
ashes of a fire, some items of clothing, a great many empty  
cans and bottles of super-strength cider...

And RAB. A tough, hard-drinking Glaswegian, (48, but looks  
much older) wearing a dirty blanket around his shoulders.

RAB

(Glaswegian accent)

Whit are ye doing?

JIMMY (O.S.)

Whit does it look like?