

Puppy Love

By

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OVER BLACK:

SINGER (V.O)

And on the seventh day, God created...
rock n' roll!

A wilting guitar powers in. Ba-doom-da! Drums follow, and we launch into a head-bobbing, feet-shuffling rock number --

INT. THE RITZ - FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

On stage, beneath a "GET YA' FIX, IT'S '66!" banner, a ROCK N' ROLL BAND, 20s, light up the room. It's fast. It's funky.

The room is crammed with New Year's Eve REVELLERS. Dressed to the nines. Everyone dancing. Everyone off their faces.

The crowded dance floor parts like the Red Sea. Within its midst, a single figure garners all of the attention --

FELICITY YORK, 27, cuts loose. A demon on the dancefloor.

MALES watch her hips sway from side-to-side. A tennis match with eyeballs. On the periphery, FEMALES glower, jealous.

Felicity's hair is cropped in a stylish bob. A yellow polka-dot cocktail dress clings to her svelte frame. She's the fancy of the swinging sixties. It's siren. It's queen.

Song done. DRUNK BLOKES descend on Felicity, who humours them with charm, wit and a well-rehearsed cutesy giggle.

As the Men try and woo her, Felicity slides a newspaper cutting from her handbag: "BILLY EAGLES' PROPERTY EMPIRE SOARS." A photo of a stout, gruff looking man.

Through the crowd of admirers, Felicity spots her target --

Sat at a table, in a tailored tux, is BILLY EAGLES, 35. He turns to Felicity. She winks. His eyes light up. Game on.

INT. THE RITZ - ELITE SUITE - NIGHT

The size of a small house. The décor is pure class.

QUICK CUTS:

- A vinyl falls onto a record player. A ROCK SONG blasts on.

- ZHRRRRPH! Felicity expertly rips Billy's belt out from his trousers. His trousers fall down. He goes to pull them up... but Felicity pushes him onto the bed, in total control.

- Three other belts are pulled out of a handbag, followed by a bottle of whipped cream and a punnet of cherries.

- Leather belts SNAP. Whipped cream SQUIRTS. Billy THROBS.

In his underwear, Billy is now tied spread-eagled (pun intended) to the bed posts by the belts. Cherries sit on top of whipped cream on his nipples, above a cream smiley face.

Stood over him, Felicity nods, impressed by herself. She eats a congratulatory squirt of cream. The rock song finishes.

FELICITY

D'you want your cake with a lil' extra
sauce, sugar?

Right on cue, the most SEDUCTIVE SONG ever begins.

In time with the music, Felicity launches into a sultry strip tease. She strides up and down the room, commanding the area.

As she dances, Felicity scans the room for anything of value. Target acquired. She loses a glove... while gaining a diamond necklace. Smooth. She drops the loot into her handbag.

Tied to the bed, Billy is mesmerised by her, none-the-wiser.

Goodbye, stocking one. Hello, gold ring. Goodbye, stocking two. Hello, emerald earrings. A tasty haul accumulates.

The song builds to its crescendo. Felicity drops her dress. Billy's eyes burst from his skull.

BILLY

Oh, shag me now, sweet-tits!

FELICITY

Ah, the mating call of the common,
lesser-girthed cockney-doodle-do.

In just her underwear, Felicity appears to be reaching her grand finale/reveal. Her hips thrash from side to side.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

You know what really gets me off?

BILLY

Uh, me?

Felicity unclasps her bra, holds it against her bosoms.

FELICITY

The look on the man's face...

Entranced, Billy salivates.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

...when he realises...

Felicity turns her back to him and removes the bra. Billy wheezes like a deflating balloon - so ready for this!

The seductive song finishes and "DANCING IN THE STREET" by MARTHA REEVES bursts on. The mood dies. Billy reacts.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

...that I've screwed him before he screws me.

Billy's brow cocks - "eh?" Felicity turns around to show she has nipple covers that say "screw" and "you" on them.

Felicity puts her bra back on and grabs her handbag. Confused, Billy tries to get up... but the belts hold strong.

BILLY

Hey! Where ya' going?! Private pistol is cocked, locked and ready to rock!

FELICITY

Don't worry, when I leave the room, I'll be sure to act completely ravished. Maybe, I'll throw in a limp? Perhaps, I can procure a wheelchair?

Hurrying across the room, Felicity slips the vinyl back into her bag. She catches a glimpse of her haul. Crikey!

FELICITY (CONT'D)

It's gonna be a good year!

Felicity smiles, salutes Billy and goes to pick up her dress, which is crumpled on the floor across the room --

-- when the door flies open. SALMA, 40, tumbles in, wearing the largest most ostentatious wedding dress you've ever seen.

Salma's distraught. Make-up a mess. If Felicity is the fancy of the 60s, then Salma was the curvaceous pin-up of the 50s.

Felicity startles. Salma looks at the half-naked woman... then turns to Billy who lies on the bed - half-naked, cherries on nipples. Felicity covers herself with her bag.

Breaking down, Salma unleashes a shrill, ear-piercing shriek:

SALMA

BBIIILLYYY?! ONNN OUUUURRR
WEEEDDDIIINNNGGG NIIIIGGHHHTT?!

Billy tries to get free, but can't. Salma crumbles to the floor, in tears... right on top of Felicity's dress.

Awkwardly, Felicity tries to retrieve her dress, but Salma's wedding dress is too large. She is unable to get to it.

FELICITY

Congrats and happy consummation. I've warmed him up for ya'. Be careful, I think the trigger only needs a tickle to go off. Can I just get my dress?

Again, Felicity makes a move for her dress on the floor... but again Salma gets in the way. Goddammit!

SALMA

When we met two weeks ago...

Shocked, Felicity mouths - "two weeks?!"

SALMA (CONT'D)

...I told you I'd never loved anyone as much as I loved you. Then when we said our vows two hours ago...

Felicity winces - "ouch!"

SALMA (CONT'D)

...we swore to stay faithful until "death does us part." But, then when I walked in two minutes ago I find you about to consummate our marriage with some back-alley council trollop...

FELICITY

You're aggrieved. I get it.

SALMA

...some flea-ridden beatnik whore...

FELICITY

Can we nix the insults? A girl's self-esteem can only take so many jibes.

SALMA

...some dirty, disgusting, unwashed, unloved butcher's daughter...

FELICITY

Is that even an insult? Plus, I've never met my Dad, so you look stupid!

SALMA

I'm gonna take it all, Bill. The money. The houses. And, the business.

The business?! Billy pales. Shit just got real.

BILLY

Well, you ain't got no proof! It's my word against yours! And in a battle of the sexes, the fella always wins!

FELICITY

He's gotta point. In my experience,
the bloke does always come first.

Salma goes over to a plant pot sat on the chest of drawers opposite the bed, and REVEALS a hidden camera. Very bulky. It is the 60s after all. Seeing it, Billy deflates.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Advantage woman! Viva la queendom!

SALMA

I wanted to film us so that years from
now we could sit our grand children
down and they could witness the
burning passion of our first embrace.
My how they would have marvelled.

FELICITY

My how they would've been bankrupted
by the therapy bill that followed.

SALMA

But now I have proof that you prefer
to shack up with flat-chested hussies.

Salma bursts into tears. Felicity grunts, tired of the digs. She finally manages to grab her dress and slips it on.

FELICITY

On that note, I'll follow my self-
esteem out. Congrats on the divorce.

Handbag in hand and fully-dressed, Felicity opens the door... and walks into BRUCE, 40, a double-wide fridge-freezer of a man. He lumbers into the room, pushing Felicity back inside.

BRUCE

Mr. Eagles, boss? Your Mum is about to
leave the reception and she wanted to
congratulate you on your marriage.

BILLY

Oh, Mumsey! Bruce, get ya' fat arse
over here and free me!

Bruce frees Billy. As he gets dressed, Billy moves towards Salma, who bursts into tears. Felicity flinches at the sound.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Don't leave. I love you. I do. We can
work this out. We always have before.

Billy runs out of the room. Left alone with the distraught bride and Bruce, Felicity goes to sneak out of the door --

SALMA (O.S)
(calmly)
Leave the jewellery on the side.

Confused, Felicity turns back. Salma has stopped crying.
Bruce steps in front of the door. Felicity clocks on.

FELICITY
Was that a swindle? Bravo! So, all of
those names you called me, they were
just part of the act? Right? Please?

Salma stares, stone-faced. Felicity grunts, takes out two
pieces of jewellery. Salma's stony façade is impenetrable.
Deflating, Felicity takes out all of the jewellery she stole.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Sorry, I didn't have time to wrap your
wedding present.

SALMA
Those earrings are gorgeous.

Felicity stutters. She touches her pearl earrings.

FELICITY
They're my Mum's. I borrowed them...
without her knowledge. I stole them.
Please have mercy on this disgusting,
unwashed back-alley trollop whore.

Felicity begs. Stony-faced, Salma doesn't move. Bruce nods.
Shit! Felicity places the earrings next to the loot.

SALMA
Unlike you, Felicity York...

FELICITY
How do you know my name?!

SALMA
...who talks and talks. I screw men
without them knowing they've been
screwed.

FELICITY
I guess that makes us both loose-
lipped then.

SALMA
Let me speculate. "Only The Tip" Tip-
Off Tony tipped you off that a locked
and loaded mark would be here tonight?
It must've seemed too good to be true?

FELICITY

Wait, you tipped-off "Only The Tip" Tip-off Tony about your own fella, so another bird could fleece him?! Like some kinda weird criminal cucking?!

SALMA

I required some tramp to bed the furry gnome so I could win my impending divorce. You've made some noise on the scene, and I knew you'd be cheaper than a prostitute. Both literally and figuratively. You see, I've been denying him certain marital privileges until the big day but unfortunately came down with a severe case of fictional thrush this morning. All that loaded scrotum needed was a bony arse to wiggle at him, and it was game over. Plus, I thought I could kill two birds with one stone.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Bruce opens the door for a COPPER, 40s. Felicity's body sags. The policeman grabs Felicity.

FELICITY

Fine, I'm due a holiday! I'll get out in six months! I've got savings! I've got a Covent Garden flat! I'm golden!

Salma laughs, robotically... ha... ha... ha... ha...

FELICITY (CONT'D)

That's a fake laugh! When they pumped in the silicone, did they take out every ounce of emotion to make room?

SALMA

Bless her. She still doesn't know when she's been screwed.

The life is sucked from Felicity.

SALMA (CONT'D)

This game is only big enough for one dame. While you were trying to steal a fraction from me, I stole everything from you. You rent the flat from my soon-to-be ex-husband's company, which is now owned by, well, me. As for the savings, hiding all your money under the third floorboard from the bed is hardly Fort Knox, is it, dear?

Gobsmacked, Felicity turns to the Copper.

FELICITY

Arrest her! Protect the innocent!

Salma picks up Felicity's Mum's earrings from the side and slides them into the Copper's top pocket.

SALMA

Burt, these would look gorgeous on Vera, don't you think?

COPPER

Much obliged, Miss Sissinghurst.

Salma acts surprised.

SALMA

Miss Sissinghurst? Oh, wow, I suppose it is once more. Such a shame. I was just getting used to being "Mrs Eagles." Oh well, onward and upwards. Burt, take out the rubbish, darling.

Copper drags Felicity to the door, as she kicks and screams.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, I left your mutt. Can't stand the vermin. Toodle-oo.

As Copper drags her out, Felicity's face drops - "bollocks."

TITLE: PUPPY LOVE

EXT. HMP HOLLOWAY - DAY

The rusty steel doors to the prison GROAN open.

SUPER: "One prison sentence later."

Felicity steps out. She holds a cardboard box of belongings. Her sharp bob has grown into a wavy mess. In her civvies, she is in stark contrast to the glamorous woman we met earlier.

FELICITY

Hello, world. You bastard.

Across the street, HOUND, a scruffy beagle, sits beside a Volkswagen beetle, which speeds off. Felicity waves.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Bye, Mum. Can't chat? No sweat. When do you next wanna meet up? At your funeral? Bit morbid but save me a pew.

Excited, Hound runs over. Thrilled to see each other, the pair hug. Best mates reunited. Felicity stands. A free woman.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Well, Hound, looks like it's us
against the world again, boy.

Hound barks - confident. Felicity exhales - less so.

EXT. EAST END - SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The Bow Bells chime. A row of unspectacular terraced houses.

From out of a top floor window, Felicity's SEDUCTIVE SONG
plays... but it keeps getting st-st-st-st-stuck.

INT. EAST END TERRACED HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The arm of the record player bobbles on the vinyl.

Half-dressed, Felicity tries to fix the problem.

MAN (O.S)
Leave it! I'm house sitting! We ain't
supposed to be up here! Hurry up!

FELICITY
As a wise woman once said, you can't
rush great art or great arse. You're
getting both, so shut ya' pie hole

Delicately, Felicity sets the vinyl down and the song picks
up again. She smiles, then turns to --

ARTIE, 30, who is tied to the bed. Bad boxer bad looks. Half-
naked, whipped cream and cherries. You know the drill.

The routine may be the same but this room couldn't be any
further from the Ritz suite. It's a cramped, bland bedroom.

Every aspect of the con is on a budget. For instance, instead
of belts to bind Artie, Felicity has used tatty stockings.

With minimal space to work in, Felicity has to get inventive
with her prowl/steal/strip routine.

As she goes, Felicity drops the pitiful loot in her battered
handbag. A cheap-looking AVIA WATCH. It'll have to do.

On the bed, Artie is about to burst. Felicity drops her dress
to the floor. Artie whimpers.

ARTIE
Oh, shag me now, sweet-tits.

FELICITY
(sotto)
Why does everything in this room sound
like a broken record?

In just her cheap underwear, Felicity flutters her eyelids.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
You know what really gets me off?

ARTIE
Uh, me?

Felicity scoffs, unclasps her bra, holds it against herself.

FELICITY
The look on the man's face...

Entranced, Artie salivates.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
...when he realises...

Felicity turns her back to him, removes the bra. Artie wheezes like a balloon deflating - sooooo ready for this!

The seductive song finishes... and "DANCING IN THE STREET" by MARTHA REEVES plays... but starts to sk-sk-sk-skip --

Startled, Felicity trips, knocking her bag onto the floor --

The haul spills out.

Seeing the loot, Artie's face redden. With a powerful tug, he rips through one of the stockings.

Felicity's face falls - "oh, shit!"

EXT. EAST END - SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The front door of the house flies open. In just her underwear, clutching her handbag, Felicity sprints out.

A few moments later, Artie, half-naked with whipped cream on his nipples, follows.

Weaving in and out of people, Felicity spots some BOBBIES ON THE BEAT. Yes! She runs over to them. A damsel in distress.

FELICITY
Officers! That brute is trying to maim
me, a poor, defenceless woman!

The Bobbies stand in front of Felicity, defending her.

ARTIE
She just robbed Mrs Kray's bedroom!

Mrs Kray?!! Full of dread, Felicity pulls out the Avia watch from her bag and sees an inscription on the back: "Happy Birthday Mum, Love Ron & Reg." Oh, crap! Felicity runs off.

The Bobbies turn... and chase after Felicity with Artie.

BOBBY #1

Hey! Stop, thief!

Barrelling around a corner, the Bobbies and Artie storm past a pair of HOMELESS MEN, 20s, sat on a bench beside a shopping trolley that is full of all of their worldly possessions.

From within the trolley, Felicity's head pops out. In the clear. A relieved sigh. One of the Homeless Men laughs.

FELICITY

Cheers Harry, you saved my skin.

HOMELESS HARRY

No worries, Felicity. I owed ya' for that time you stopped me from gettin' expelled back in school. I dread ta' think where I'd be now if that happened.

Felicity tries to clamber out of the trolley.

HOMELESS HARRY (CONT'D)

Back then ya' always had these grand plans. You made ya' millions yet, Lis?

Felicity falls out of the shopping trolley, half-naked.

Felicity groans. She jumps up, and finds a mangy looking long coat that has dropped out of the shopping cart.

FELICITY

I'm still in the planning stages. Ya' mind if I borrow this? I think the weather man lied to me today.

Homeless Harry smiles. Felicity forces a smile back.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN CAFE - DAY

SPLAT! A can of brown slop is poured into a dog bowl. Hound stares at it, unimpressed, before diving in.

In the mangy long coat, Felicity sits outside a café as the HIP and the BEAUTIFUL of the Swinging Sixties surround her.

FELICITY

Hound, boy, you know you're the only fella I'll ever trust. Be honest. Should I just go straight? I gotta bounce from London. The Krays will be sniffing me out, and I stink. Both literally and figuratively. Maybe, viva la queendom was a lie. I tried

(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D)

being an independent woman, but perhaps it's time to do what all pretty, supple girls my age do. Get married. Get drunk. Get fat. Get miserable. Get cheated on. Get divorced. Get a bit richer. Get a bit fatter. A lot drunker. Get a toy boy. Get married again. Get cheated on again. Get divorced again. Get poorer. Get dead. Ya know, the circle of wife.

Hound shakes his head. Felicity groans.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

I don't need that negativity! I need ideas. Come on, brainstorm with me.

MOD GIRL #1 (O.S)

Ninety seven million pounds!

Like a pair of meerkats, Felicity and Hound turn to where that ludicrous sum came from --

A couple of MOD GIRLS, early 20s, sit at the table behind. They giggle over an article in that day's Daily Mail.

MOD GIRL #2

Who would leave a fortune to a dog?!

Felicity's brow raises, piqued. On another table, she finds a discarded newspaper. Seeing the front page, her eyes widen.

ON NEWSPAPER: "DEAD BARONESS LEAVES ENTIRE £97m FORTUNE TO HER BEAGLE." A photo of a pampered and preened beagle, PRINCESS SOFIA IV, on a sun soaked French beach.

Felicity reads the article, disgusted by it.

FELICITY

This dog has a property portfolio. I barely have cutlery. Listen to this Hound: "Princess Sofia IV dines every night on food prepared by her own Michelin starred chef and regularly enjoys the company of Hollywood and European royalty."

Hound looks at the gruel he has been munching. Turning to the next page of the article, Felicity's jaw drops.

ON NEWSPAPER: A black and white photograph of Princess Sofia on her private yacht... and sunbathing in the b.g is Salma!

FELICITY (CONT'D)

That butcher's daughter! Looks like
(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Salma Sissinghurst has graduated from
 fleecing rich gnomes to fleecing rich
 pets! But, how? She can't gold-dig
 this rich bitch without the stigma of
 bestiality. That's even too far for
 her. Probably.

Ding! An idea. Felicity's eyes widen.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
 I may just be a genius! Chomp up, boy!
 Mama's got some research to do!

Hound looks at the gruel and pushes the bowl away. Felicity
 nods - "good" - then jumps up and struts off. Hound chases.

EXT. LONDON PARK - DAY

A SEEDY LOOKING MAN, 38, in a long trench coat, lurks behind
 a bandstand. Felicity and Hound approach.

FELICITY
 "Only The Tip" Tip-off Tony, long
 time. You better have come through?

TONY
 Sorry 'bout the bum tip last time,
 love. Maybe, this'll make up for it...

Tony flashes open his trench coat to expose a huge... stack
 of papers. He passes them over to Felicity.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Page 67. Section 15B.

ON PAPERS: "The last will and testament of Baroness Rita Von
 Rutter." Felicity turns to page 67 and reads.

FELICITY
 "In the event of Princess Sofia IV
 giving birth to a litter, the litter's
 father will be eligible for half of
 the estate, with the Board of Trustees
 retaining control over the other
 half." That's like fifty million quid!
 It's confirmed, Hound! I am a genius!

Felicity jumps for joy. Tony grins a toothless smile.

TONY
 Another satisfied customer. I'll be
 taking my payment now, love.

Felicity stops jumping. She looks sick. Tony leers at her.

TONY (CONT'D)
Come on, babe. Only the tip...

Disgusted, Felicity reaches out one of her fingers... and Tony sucks on it. His eyes roll back. Felicity gags.

EXT. CODFINGER FISH & CHIP SHOP - DAY

The sign is a cartoon fish dressed as James Bond.

Wiping her finger on her coat, Felicity strides into the fish & chip shop. Hound is hot on her heels.

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE CODFINGER - DAY

A studio apartment. An archaic kitchenette. A bed, and a small makeup table. A cramped bathroom is in the corner.

Felicity is on her knees, pleading to Hound who lies on the bed, not keen on her proposal.

FELICITY
All I'm asking you to do is get a bitch pregnant. Come on, boy. I've seen you plough inanimate objects for the entire duration of Lawrence of Arabia, only stopping for the intermission. You almost woodpecker'd a hole into my suitcase. You can put your lipstick in a purse with a pulse for once, can't you? For Mama?

Hound buries himself beneath the sheets. Sighing, Felicity sits on the bed. She pulls the sheets down and strokes Hound.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
What's up, mate? You worried that hot piece of posh-totty isn't gonna fall for your mangy mutt self?

Hound nods. Felicity tickles him. Hound waggles his tail.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
That's why we're gonna change literally everything about you!

Annoyed, Hound jumps off the bed. Felicity grunts.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Hey, come on, Hound! What has our dream always been, eh?

Hound groans.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Bingo! Me and thee sizzling skins on
(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 our own private beach. A palace behind
 us and a smorgasbord of cocktails in
 front of us. I get the cock, you get
 the tail. We'd finally be straight,
 which would make us so very gay. No
 longer would we have to worry about
 what's over our shoulder, we get to
 just focus forward. That's what money
 means to me. Not to mention we'd be
 getting one over on the wicked witch
 who tore us apart for six long months!

Hound whimpers, not sure. Felicity leans in closer.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
 Plus, d'you know the cherry on top of
 the whipped cream on top of the
 nipples of this entire scheme? We
 won't have to commit a crime to do it.

Hound considers... then jumps on the bed and bundles on top
 of Felicity. She hugs him, laughing.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
 I now pronounce you King Rupert!

Hound barks at Felicity.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
 What d'ya mean I gotta sort myself out
 as well?

Felicity picks up her cracked compact mirror. She stares at
 her reflection: Hair a mess, cheap clothes. She sniffs her
 armpit and almost pukes. A grumble - fair enough.

A kick-ass '60's ROCK N' ROLL jam begins, something cool like
 "GET OFF OF MY CLOUD" by THE ROLLING STONES.

As we launch into --

FROM "PAW-PER" TO PRINCE MONTAGE:

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE CODFINGER - DAY

Pinned to the wall of the studio apartment is the cut-out
 photo of Princess Sofia IV. Felicity studies it.

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE CODFINGER - BATHROOM - DAY

In the bath/shower, Felicity stands under the shower head,
 washing herself. She lathers up some soap and scrubs under
 her armpits. Sniffs. Nope, needs more. She scrubs extra hard.

The plug for the bath is in. The tub fills with mucky water.

CUT TO:

Felicity tries to wrestle a reluctant Hound into the bath.

FELICITY

Hey! Come on! Water costs money! It's
kinda fresh! I'm not that dirty!

They both fall into the bath. SPLASH!

FELICITY (CONT'D)

I retract my last statement.

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE CODFINGER - DAY

Felicity sits in front of Hound. She puts a throw rug on the floor. Hound doesn't flinch. Good.

Felicity switches the throw rug for a chair. Again, Hound doesn't move. Felicity nods, impressed.

She switches the chair for a suitcase, which already has an indent and small hole in it. Like a lion, Hound pounces on the suitcase and humps the shit out of it. Felicity groans.

INT. FANCY HAIRDRESSERS - DAY

Hair done. CHIC HAIRDRESSER steps back. He looks at a reference photo of Jean Shrimpton, and then looks at --

CHIC HAIRDRESSER

My miracle.

Felicity and her new tousled blowout with fringe hairdo. Wow.

FELICITY

Hot like fire. But as Jesus said, what
is one miracle if you can do two?

Chic Hairdresser raises an eyebrow. Felicity looks back at Hound, who sits in the waiting area. Fluffy post-wash fur.

CHIC HAIRDRESSER

But... he's a dog?

FELICITY

Miracles aren't just for men.

Chic Hairdresser looks daunted.

CUT TO:

Chic Hairdresser struggles to cut Hounds fur, as the dog keeps trying to bite him.

In the waiting area, Felicity circles images in a woman's

fashion magazine.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - DAY

A topless CHUBBY MAN, 35, screams as two cigars are put out on his nipples --

MESSENGER (O.S)

Uh, Mr Kray, sir?

-- pull back to REVEAL the man wielding the cigars is none other than RONNIE F'IN KRAY, 33. He puts them down.

MESSENGER nervously approaches with a photograph of Felicity.

Taking the photo, Ronnie grabs some jumper cables, and clips them to the Chubby Man's crotch, electrocuting his genitals.

The Messenger winces as the Chubby Man begs for him to help.

Ronnie hands the photograph to REGGIE F'IN KRAY, also 33, who is sat on a beach chair, reading a book, calmly.

REGGIE KRAY

This the broad who conned our old Mum?
Bring her to us. Piece by piece.

Reggie hands back the photo to the Messenger, who walks away, locking eyes again with the Chubby Man who again begs for him to help as his balls continue to sizzle. Messenger runs off.

INT. CODFINGER FISH & CHIP SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

Felicity wades through a heap of greasy old newspaper pages that had been used as fish wrapper.

She finds what she was looking for --

ON GREASY NEWSPAPER: "BILLY EAGLES LOSES PROPERTY EMPIRE IN DIVORCE." A photo of Salma, covering her face with a scarf, leaving court. Felicity nods.

FELICITY

So, that's your game, eh.

EXT. CARNABY STREET - DAY

The Mecca of the Swinging Sixties bubble. The trendy boutiques runneth-over with the cool and carefree.

Felicity soaks in the place. Her new haircut fits with the crowd... but her drab outfit does not.

FELICITY

Mama needs a new wardrobe.

Sat outside a trendy café, a YOUNG MUM picks up her NEWBORN and enters the shop... leaving the baby's stroller unguarded.

Felicity's brow raises. A plan concocted.

INT. FASHIONABLE CLOTHES SHOP - CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Felicity comes out of the changing room in a stylish dress. She looks great. The SHOP WORKER nods, impressed.

SHOP WORKER

Wow! I mean, you can barely tell that you just had a kid!

Felicity glares... then turns back to the stroller, which sits in the changing room with her.

She picks up her "baby" who is wrapped up in a blanket and holds them/it close to her chest.

FELICITY

Do you think Mama can get you a new Daddy looking like this?

The "baby" sickens up on the new dress. A pale-orangey splodge. Felicity gasps. The Shop Worker's eyes widen.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Oh, no! It's just a bit of sick!

The "baby" poops on the new dress. The Shop Worker grimaces.

Felicity lays the "baby" back in the stroller. Horrified, Shop Worker tries to clean the stains, but they're in deep.

SHOP WORKER

It's, uh, fine. I'm sure it'll come out with some hot water and soap.

FELICITY

Do they not teach this stuff at school anymore?! Baby poop is corrosive. If we don't get this to a professional in the next hour, then it's a goner.

SHOP WORKER

Bummer! I'm the only one on shift!

The pair of them panic... then Felicity calms. Plan made.

FELICITY

Okay. You go to the dry cleaners a couple of streets down, and I'll man the shop. It's the least I can do.

Shop Worker stutters... then nods - "okay."

INT. FASHIONABLE CLOTHES SHOP - DAY

Back in her drab clothes, Felicity waves the flustered Shop Worker off, as she runs out with the soiled dress.

Across the street, Felicity spots the Messenger showing a couple of YOUNG GIRLS, 20s, the photograph of Felicity. The Girl's nod, saying they think they've seen her.

Shit! Felicity quickly shuts the shop door and flips the sign from "open" to "closed."

Felicity rushes to her stroller, pulls the blanket off of her "baby" to REVEAL a bunch of old greasy newspapers wrapped around bottles of Codfinger tartar and brown sauce.

Felicity takes in all of the expensive clothes. Checks a dress. Nice. She folds it up, and puts it in the stroller.

EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

In a hurry, the Shop Worker goes to open the door... but it's locked. A sign in the door: "Closed for lunch: 1pm-2pm."

Shop Worker peers through the glass and can see the DRY CLEANER, 40s, sat at the counter eating a cheese sandwich.

BANG! BANG! Shop Worker hammers on the window.

SHOP WORKER

Please! I gotta get back to the shop!

From inside, the Dry Cleaner gestures to his sandwich, then checks his watch. He motions: 40 mins.

The Shop Worker groans... and waits.

SHOP WORKER #2 runs over, with a single soiled dress. She sees the sign, grunts and waits behind Shop Worker #1.

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE CODFINGER - DAY

- Felicity shows Hound how to walk like a posh dog. Head-up, no slouching. Hound just runs off, wildly.

- Felicity mimes pissing on a flower plot. She shakes her finger - "no." She points to the toilet in the bathroom. Felicity turns back and Hound is pissing on the flower pot.

EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Another three SHOP WORKERS have joined the queue outside of the dry cleaners. Each of them holds a single dress.

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE CODFINGER - DAY

Hound stands in front of the throw rug, chair and suitcase (now with a huge hole in it.) His body shakes... but he doesn't try and hump any of them. Felicity applauds him.

EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Lunch over. The Dry Cleaner unlocks the door to find --

-- queued around the corner, FIFTEEN SHOP WORKERS, all early 20s, each holding a single dress. He looks confused.

The Messenger approaches Shop Worker #1 and shows her the picture of Felicity.

SHOP WORKER

That's the nice lady whose baby had a couple of accidents on this dress.

Hearing that, all of the other Shop Worker's look at their dresses. All with identical sick and poop splotches. Crap!

Realising they've all been duped, the Shop Worker's all rush off. The Messenger follows.

The Dry Cleaner's shoulders sag at the lost business - "oh."

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE CODFINGER - DAY

An entire catalogues worth of expensive clothes, jewellery and accessories are scattered on the bed and around the room.

Dressed in a trendy new outfit, Felicity lies on the bed, swimming in her new wardrobe. Hound bounces about.

FELICITY

Goodbye Krays, hello Cannes!

Felicity and Hound celebrate.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. CANNES TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

HONK! HONK! Steam billows onto the platform. The train doors open and out steps a dark green designer high-heel --

Dressed to the absolute nines, Felicity stands on the platform with three mammoth suitcases and Hound who wears a cute little outfit that makes him look like Austin Powers.

FELICITY

We're not in Balham anymore, boy.

The bright sun beams onto Felicity's face. Surrounded by the

rich and the beautiful, she throws on large sunglasses.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

A Queen and a King need a castle.

Felicity and Hound stride off, ready to attack the world.

EXT. PLUSH VILLA - BALCONY - DAY

An exquisite French villa. The balcony looks out over Cannes. The sea glistens in the distance, down a steep hill.

Wind flowing through her hair, Felicity stares out, nodding.

FELICITY

This'll work.

Felicity turns to a FRENCH ESTATE AGENT, 43, who tries to peel Hound off a sofa inside of the house.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Coming back inside, Felicity does a harsh WHISTLE, that startles the Estate Agent. Hound grumbles and jumps off the sofa, rebuked. Felicity smiles at the Estate Agent.

FELICITY

You said the owners are away for six months, right? Why and where?

FRENCH ESTATE AGENT

Oui. Uh, Monsiuer and Madame Giroud are on their honeymoon in London.

Felicity claps excitedly and then raises an imaginary glass. Confused, Estate Agent awkwardly raises an invisible glass.

FELICITY

To the new Monsieur and Madame Giroud?

Felicity drinks from the invisible glass. Compelled, Estate Agent follows suit. Felicity scrunches her nose.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Ohhh much too tart.

Bewildered, the Estate Agent looks down at his fake glass.

With the Estate Agent distracted, Felicity gives Hound a wink. The dog bumps into Felicity... who jolts forward and "spills" the invisible liquid over her dress.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Oh, blasted dog! Dress after dress!

In a state, Felicity tries to clean the invisible stain off

her dress. Confused, the Estate Agent runs over to help.

As the Estate Agent uses his handkerchief to dab the "stain," Felicity lifts the key to the property out of his pocket.

EXT. PLUSH VILLA - UP THE STREET - DAY

At a phone box, Felicity speaks in an exaggerated French accent. The villa in the b.g. Out front, a "For Rent" sign.

FELICITY

'Ello, dis is Madame Giroud! We a'
coman' home! London is a' hell hole!
Da' English stank! Ah, such bad teeth!
We will be back tonight! Cancel all
viewings! Au revoir!

Felicity hangs up the phone. She turns to Hound and smiles.

EXT. PLUSH VILLA - LATER

The "For Rent" sign is taken down. It is loaded into the back of a truck, which drives away.

Hidden around the corner, Felicity wheels her three suitcases up to the house, as Hound scampers behind.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sprawling. A four-poster bed. Crisp white linen. Perfect.

With her hair in a towel and wearing a fluffy robe, Felicity walks around the room, sipping wine. In her element.

On a chaise, Hound stretches out, loving life.

FELICITY

Word on the street is Princess Sofia
is throwing a lavish birthday party
tonight. One of seven she hosts
annually. Snooty tart.

Felicity goes to her new Givenchy handbag, rummages.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Also in my research, I discovered that
the little pooch's tail goes waggy-
waggy for lavender, so...

Felicity pulls out a new DOG COLLAR, that says "King Rupert."
Behind the medallion, is a small vial of purple liquid.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Ta-dah. Hello horny heiress.

Felicity smiles. Hound barks.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - NIGHT

This place looks like if Jay Gatsby's mansion had a baby with Xanadu. Set upon the most pristine sandy beach. It's epic.

A BIG BAND plays jazz standards as the ELITE GUESTS sip champagne, nibble caviar and engage in pretentious chit-chat.

Entering the party, Felicity takes this whole place in - absolutely in awe. Hound looks around, over-stimulated.

A maid, AMANDINE, 55, approaches with a tray of champagne.

AMANDINE
Champagne, Madame?

FELICITY
As a wise woman once said - if it's
free, it's me. That was me. I said
that. I'm the wise woman.

Felicity takes two glasses. Amandine goes to protest, but Felicity moves on. Double-fisting the drinks, she spots --

On a balcony above, sat upon the most luxurious doggy bed you've ever seen, PRINCESS SOFIA IV surveys the festivities.

Sinking the drinks, Felicity smirks. Target acquired.

Another maid, CELIA, 22, walks past with another tray of champagne. Felicity swipes a couple more glasses.

A young butler, CLAUDE, 23, comes the other way with some hor d'oeuvres. Felicity takes a handful. Throws some to Hound.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

In her high-heels, and full of food, Felicity struggles up the spiral stairs. Also stuffed, Hound runs in front of her.

FELICITY
What kinda inconsiderate asshole
gives out unlimited free food and
drink? This'll be easier downhill.
Mama can roll home. Wait! Boy! Here!

At the top, Felicity peers through a door window --

On the balcony, Princess Sofia sits. Her nostrils flare, smelling something. She looks to the door.

Felicity opens the door. Hound and Sofia lock eyes. Smelling the lavender, Princess Sofia jumps up and runs over --

MAN (O.S)
Excusez moi!

RAYMOND (Ray-mon) PAQUETTE, 30, appears.

A tall, handsome man in a tuxedo. He closes the door... just as Sofia and Hound were about to meet(cute.)

Taking Raymond in, Felicity nods approvingly. Raymond stares at her, deadpan. Hound jumps into his posh-dog pose.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Madame, no pets were invited to the party. May I see your invitation?

FELICITY

Would you believe me if I say that my dog ate it?

RAYMOND

Princess Sofia is not meeting guests at this time. It's been a busy day.

Felicity gestures to the sound of Princess Sofia WHINING on the other side of the door. Raymond stutters, confused.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - BALCONY - SAME TIME

Princess Sofia gives up and returns to her bed.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - STAIRCASE - SAME TIME

Seeing Sofia retreat through the window, Felicity curses - "damn." Raymond turns to Felicity, relieved.

FELICITY

Oh, really? A busy day doing what? Chasing sticks and sniffing bottoms?

RAYMOND

I assure you Princess Sofia neither chases sticks nor, um, sniffs bottoms.

FELICITY

Yeah, right, and I bet you don't believe in female masturbation either?

RAYMOND

I, uh, don't have an opinion on that.

FELICITY

Damn right, you don't! Viva la queendom! A woman can do to her body what she wants to do to her body. And a man can do to a woman's body what the woman wants the man to do to her body. What I'm trying to say is, do you fancy doing something to my body?

RAYMOND

Uh, I'm at work...

FELICITY

When do you get off? You can get me off five minutes after.

Felicity winks. Raymond goes bright red.

RAYMOND

Madame...

FELICITY

Countess Gloria Finkel. So, what're you? The Jeeves to her Woofster?

RAYMOND

I am Raymond Paquette, Princess Sofia's personal valet.

FELICITY

Ah, so, you sniff her bottom for her!

Raymond doesn't bite at the dig.

RAYMOND

Countess, Princess Sofia's break is almost over. She has a meeting with her Board of Trustees now. So, please return to the party.

Felicity stares at Raymond... then smiles.

FELICITY

I'm so sorry for being rude. I'm British, we're polite. But, when in France, as they say. Of course, we'll go. Send my love to the Princess.

In her high-heels, Felicity ungainly walks back down the stairs and around the corner. Hound scurries after.

Raymond opens the door and puts a leash on Princess Sofia's collar. He leads her down the stairs, past another door.

Once Raymond and Princess Sofia are out of sight... the door opens, and Felicity pokes her head out.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The walls are lined with gaudy portraits and priceless art.

Raymond leads Princess Sofia down the corridor, and into a room at the end, through a set of large oak doors.

Close behind, Felicity and Hound appear. She grins.

Felicity gestures for Hound to follow her to the large oak doors. They peek inside of the room --

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - MEETING ROOM - SAME TIME

Around a table, the BOARD OF TRUSTEES sit. All portly men in their 50s, apart from the lanky, weasel-faced MR. MALKIN, 45.

At the head of the table, sits Princess Sofia. On a stool behind her, out of the loop, Raymond sits.

The Board all TITTER between themselves, nursing whiskeys and gorging on a feast of expensive finger food.

Across the room, another door opens --

WOMAN (O.S)
Gentlemen!

The Board all rise, for... Salma.

THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR

Seeing Salma, Felicity's blood boils. Hound lightly growls.

AT THE TABLE

Coming over, Salma greets each of the Board with a couple of continental kisses... ignoring Raymond.

With pleasantries exchanged, Salma takes her place across the table, directly opposite Princess Sofia.

BOARD MEMBER #1
Princess Sofia, you remember Salma
Sissinghurst, the property expert we
hired to diversify your portfolio. She
has been scouting properties across
the Riviera for us to invest in.

THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR

Watching, Felicity seethes. She whispers to Hound.

FELICITY
I knew it! Get ready to woo, boy!

Hound snaps into his posh-dog pose.

AT THE TABLE

Salma hands out several files for the Board to browse. Each file is for a different huge, pricey beachside property.

SALMA
I've arranged several viewings for
(MORE)

SALMA (CONT'D)

when we arrive in Monaco tomorrow.
But, we must act quickly. A new pipeline has been discovered off the coast of Bahrain, and there's a group of Arabs whose oil-soaked thawb's are throbbing to invest. And, do we really want those foreigners coming over here and stealing our dog's homes?!

The Board all watch Salma, mesmerized by her. Raymond reaches over and takes one of the files that sits on the table.

Seeing the "Guide Price," Raymond blanches.

RAYMOND

Uh, Miss Sissinghurst?

Annoyed by the interruption, the Board sneer at Raymond. Salma maintains her cordial guise.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Apologies for the interruption. It's just, Princess Sofia agreed that you'd look for properties between one and two million. Well, this one alone is three million... and that one's five, and that one's... a castle?!

MR. MALKIN

Do pipe down, boy! The board has acquired and given all the relevant legal approval necessary. My apologies, Miss Sissinghurst.

SALMA

You are forgiven, Mr. Malkin.

Tail tucked between his legs, Raymond shuts up.

At the head of the table, Princess Sofia's nostrils flare.

THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR

Felicity clocks this. She looks down to Hound, and winks.

FELICITY

Fetch boy.

Hound bursts into the meeting room. Seeing him, Princess Sofia excitedly runs over and plays with the other dog.

Everyone at the table jolts. Salma grunts. Felicity enters the room, "chasing" Hound.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
King Rupert! Come here, boy!

SALMA
What is it now?!

Salma turns... and the colour drains from her face as she sets her eyes on Felicity, who throws her a smirk.

Running over, Raymond guides Sofia back to her chair.

RAYMOND
I'm very sorry for the interruption.
Continue, please.

But, Princess Sofia wants to go to Hound. Raymond holds her back. The Board of Trustees all share a look.

BOARD MEMBER #1
Raymond, who is this woman?

RAYMOND
Uh, this is Countess Gloria Finkel.

Hearing that, Salma's brow raises. Felicity instantly looks at her - is she going to say something?

Raymond rings a small BELL, calling a member of staff.

SALMA
Countess Finkel, eh?

FELICITY
Is that Salma Sissinghurst?! I didn't recognise you with all of those wrinkles. My God, it's been so long.

RAYMOND
You two know each other?

Salma goes to speak... Felicity gets there first.

FELICITY
I knew her ex-husband. A true cad.
Horrible little weasel. That's where Miss Sissinghurst got her company from, isn't it? In the divorce?

The Board Members turn to Salma, who explains.

SALMA
Well, yes, that is so. There is always light, even on your darkest days.

FELICITY
Yes, yes, it was such a dark day. And,
(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D)

well, you've had others, haven't you?
Dark days, I mean. To have six dark
days in under two years and to come
out of those six dark days with six
prosperous companies. I'm in awe of
this woman. You must have quite the
con... nections. Quite the
connections.

Salma blanches. Smugly, Felicity smiles.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Or, am I mistaken?

Knowing Felicity has outplayed her, Salma seethes... and then
she plasters a huge smile on her face.

SALMA

You are mistaken, Countess Finkel. But
it's fabulous to see you again, dear.
Last I heard you'd gone away for six
months. I take it you had a wonderful
time? Your arms do look much firmer.

Salma goes over and gives Felicity the double continental
kiss. As they kiss, both of them pinch each others arm.

FELICITY

Truly splendid, darling. You must go
some time. I'll send you. My treat.

In their hug/clinch they whisper to each other.

SALMA

You're out of your league here, whore.

FELICITY

May the best lady win.

SALMA

There's only one lady here, you trout.

The door opens across the room... and Bruce enters, in a tux.

RAYMOND

Monsieur Bruce. Board, this is, uh,
Princess Sofia's personal chauffeur.

Seeing the massive oaf, Felicity's jaw drops - "bollocks."
It's Salma's turn to look smug. Bruce glares at Felicity.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Monsieur Bruce, can you please show
Countess Finkel back to the party.

Bruce moves towards Felicity... who grabs Raymond.

FELICITY

I want you to show me back.

RAYMOND

Uh, the meeting is still going on.

The Board all grumble at the extended interruption.

BOARD MEMBER #1

Just show the Countess back, Raymond!
We want to be done before dinner!

Board Member #1 chomps on some finger food from his loaded plate. Raymond relents.

RAYMOND

Of course, Countess.

Raymond ushers Felicity and Hound out. As she is escorted away, Felicity and Salma give one another a hateful glare.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Flustered, Raymond leads Felicity and Hound out of the room. He wipes the sweat from his brow.

RAYMOND

What are you doing here?!

FELICITY

We were guided by true love. Did you not see how happy Princess Sofia was to meet King Rupert? Didn't that warm the cockles of your cold French heart?

Inside the meeting room, Raymond notices Princess Sofia at her chair, pining for Hound. Star crossed lovers.

Sighing, Raymond closes the door. He turns to Felicity, then looks at Hound, who whimpers at the door, cut off from Sofia.

Raymond gestures for Felicity to follow him. She whistles at Hound, and he reluctantly scampers after them.

RAYMOND

Okay. Princess Sofia has to finish the meeting with her Board of Trustees, and then mingle with her guests, but once they have all left, it is in her schedule for some down time. And, I suppose, your dog may accompany her.

FELICITY

Are you asking me on a date, Ray-Ray?

RAYMOND

No, I'm asking your dog on a date.

FELICITY

Well, I accept your date.

Raymond goes to protest, but gives in. Felicity beams, winks at Hound. Raymond leads them through a set of doors, into --

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - RECEPTION ROOM - SAME TIME

The SOCIAL ELITE guzzle champagne. CLASSICAL MUSIC plays on a record player. Felicity and Hound follow Raymond inside.

FELICITY

Not a bad little soiree, eh, Raymond?

RAYMOND

Dinner will be lobster.

Felicity grimaces. Raymond turns to her. She smiles. At a buffet table, Hound spots a plate of ham. He runs off.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

I'm sure you'll already be acquainted with a number of our guests.

FELICITY

Oh, they're big into the Balham beatnik scene, are they?

RAYMOND

They're all British dignitaries. I assume you run in the same circles?

Felicity's jaw drops - "oh, crap." Raymond has lead them over to a pair of posh guests - EARL JOHNSON & COUNTESS WESSEX.

RAYMOND

Bonsoir. Please may I introduce Countess Gloria Finkel.

Amandine, the maid, walks by with a tray of champagne. Felicity goes to reach for one... Earl Johnson intercepts her hand and kisses it. She instantly wipes it on her dress.

EARL JOHNSON

Good evening. I'm Earl Brian Johnson.

FELICITY

Earl-Brian? A double barrelled first name? That's the wrong way round for us poshies, isn't it? It's usually, first names double-barrelled - council estate. Surnames double-barrelled - country estate. There's no in between.

(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Plus, I knew an Earl once, ate worms.

Countess Wessex and Earl Johnson share a look. Even Raymond cocks his brow at Felicity, who smiles, awkwardly.

COUNTESS WESSEX

No, dear. His title is "Earl." As in, the husband of a Countess.

It hits Felicity. Damn. She laughs it off.

FELICITY

Well, duh! Of course I knew that.

RAYMOND

So, does that mean the Earl who ate the worms is your husband?

FELICITY

Well, uh, I mean you guys eat snails, so get off your high horse. Horse! You eat them as well! So, you're weirder!

Earl Johnson and Countess Wessex share a look. Felicity turns to Raymond.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Erhmn, Raymond, I seem to remember you saying something about champagne?

RAYMOND

Did I? Uh, I'll fetch you a glass.

Raymond walks off. Felicity smiles at the posh pair. Then clicks her fingers, remembering something:

FELICITY

Oh, drat! I totally forgot! I'm two years sober. I better go and stop him. Once I have one glass it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle until I spew, spew, spew. Lovely meeting you both.

Felicity hurries after Raymond... who is returning with the champagne. Felicity swipes it from him. Raymond is confused.

The BELL rings for dinner.

ANDRE

Dinner is served.

Hound walks past with a mouthful of ham. Felicity glares at him, jealous. Hound goes outside. Felicity forces a smile.

FELICITY
Lobster! Gnash, gnash! Can't wait.

Felicity sinks the champagne in one and walks off.

Raymond stutters, not sure what just happened.

EXT. PRIVATE BEACH - NIGHT

The palatial estate leads onto a perfect private sandy beach on the Bay of Cannes. Stars twinkle magically overhead.

Raymond and Felicity walk. Up ahead, Princess Sofia and Hound splash about in the water, enjoying each other's company.

A couple of BURLY SECURITY GUARDS turn away YOUNG COUPLES and FAMILIES who want to get onto the beach.

FELICITY
I could get with this. At a Blighty beach, you've gotta swim through a sea of riff-raff before you can even get to the ocean. Plus, half the beaches are pebbled. What kinda Beelzebub bollocks is that?

Raymond glances over at a DISAPPOINTED CHILD who is forced to walk away from the beach with his FAMILY. Raymond sighs.

RAYMOND
I take it lunch was to your liking?

FELICITY
Usually I have my lobster a tad rarer. A lot rarer. But, it did the job.

Raymond nods. Felicity looks out over the ocean.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
You got the winning ticket, didn't ya', Ray-Ray?

RAYMOND
Uh, pardon?

FELICITY
This gig with the rich doggie. It's the ultimate swindle. You get the private beach, gourmet food, to live in a Goddamn palace! And, all you gotta do is pick up some dog poo and take her for walkies.

RAYMOND
It's a little more than that. Plus, the staff don't get the food. We must
(MORE)

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
bring in our own packed lunches.

FELICITY
What?! I peeped the pantry, and you've
got enough food down there to make
Henry VIII's gouty gams tingle.

RAYMOND
The Board forbid it. The food and
drink is just for Sofia and "official
board meetings." Most of the food goes
off before it's eaten so we throw it
out. Plus, we are not allowed to live
in the "palace," as you say, either.

FELICITY
They've really got you slumming it,
eh? You think Princess Sofia is gonna
complain about her favourite human
occupying one of the nine million
bedrooms in her castle?

RAYMOND
I suppose not. But, it is the Board of
Trustees who decide the rules. Plus, I
can't complain, I am very fortunate.
Especially coming from where I did.

FELICITY
You gotta tale of woe, eh, Romeo?

RAYMOND
I guess I was one of those "riff
raffs," as you call them. But, I
wouldn't want to bore someone of your
status with my drab upbringing.

FELICITY
We can't just walk in silence. The
sexual tension would be unbearable.

Raymond furrows his brow. Felicity smiles.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
That was a joke. It's polite to laugh.

Raymond doesn't. Felicity shrugs, suit yourself. They walk in
loaded silence for a couple of steps... Raymond cracks.

RAYMOND
My family come from a small village
three hours outside of Paris. My
great-grandfather worked tirelessly to
amass a small sum, and put all his
money in livestock. Then all the cows
(MORE)

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

died. So, my grandfather worked tirelessly to amass a small sum, and put all his money in crops. Then the crops died. So, my father worked tirelessly to amass a small sum, and put all his money into building a new school...

FELICITY

Don't tell me the children died?!

RAYMOND

No. The war began. When I was five, Father went off to fight and never returned.

FELICITY

He died?

RAYMOND

No, he met a prostitute in Belgium. He sent a postcard, saying he loved the world outside of the village and would never return. You see, we had no prostitutes in our village. The closest thing we had was Easy Elaine.

FELICITY

She got around the village then?

RAYMOND

No, not really. She only had one leg. But it was always open. After Father left, the village felt like a prison.

FELICITY

Well, at least you got five years. I never knew my Dad. I used to dream he was someone of prestige, you know.

RAYMOND

Oh, so you married your Father?

FELICITY

What?! I'm not Latvian!

RAYMOND

No, I mean, you thought your father was a man of prestige, so you married a man of prestige - Earl Finkel?

FELICITY

Oh. Well, uh, actually, all of that talk with the other guests was hogwash. I'm not married to an Earl.

Shocked, Raymond turns to her. Felicity stutters.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

...anymore. I was married to an Earl, hence why I am a Countess, but we, uh, are separated. Divorced actually. It was the worms. Freaked me out.

RAYMOND

So, that's why you were acting so peculiar around the other Earls and Countesses?

FELICITY

Uh, yes, you got me. It was quite embarrassing really.

RAYMOND

I'm sorry for putting you in such an uncomfortable position.

FELICITY

Stop it, Ray-Ray. I'm fine with you putting me in uncomfortable positions. I don't even need a safe word.

Felicity stops and watches Princess Sofia and Hound play with each other on the sand. She warms seeing Hound so happy.

Seeing Princess Sofia happy, Raymond sighs.

RAYMOND

The Baroness didn't like Princess Sofia socialising with other dogs. She said they were beneath her.

FELICITY

Out of every single thing in the world, that guy is the best thing.

Out the corner of her eye, Felicity glances at Raymond... who gets caught doing the same. They look away quickly, to see --

Princess Sofia sniffing Hound's butt.

Raymond's eyes widen. Felicity smirks - "knew it."

RAYMOND

Well, uh, on that note, I think it's time for the Princess's bedtime.

FELICITY

So, Jeeves, what does your schedule say after you've put her royal houndness to beddy-byes?

RAYMOND

Uh, nothing. I'm off, I suppose.

FELICITY

Perfect. Then you'll walk us home?

Raymond cocks a brow. Felicity flashes a smile.

EXT. PLUSH VILLA - NIGHT

Fur matted from the sea water, Hound leads the way up the hill from the beach to the villa.

Behind, Raymond and Felicity follow, trapped in that same loaded silence as before.

Arriving at the villa, Felicity opens the door and Hound runs inside. Felicity and Raymond stand outside for a looong beat.

FELICITY

We should do this again. Princess Sofia and King Rupert, I mean. How does the schedule look for tomorrow?

RAYMOND

I'll check... oh, wait, we can't do tomorrow.

Felicity palms herself in the forehead.

FELICITY

Of course, silly me. You and Miss Sissinghurst are taking Princess Sofia to Monaco, right? To look at the ludicrously expensive houses?

Raymond's brow creases.

RAYMOND

Uh, how did you know that?

FELICITY

Well, erhm, my ol' pal Miss Sissinghurst, of course! She was all "Countess Finkel, you should come with us." But, then I was like "I dunno, that snooty valet fella would probably kibosh the idea." And, then she wept. She's a very emotional being, you see.

Raymond considers... then has an idea.

RAYMOND

Well, then, in that case... why don't you and King Rupert join us?

FELICITY

Hold up. Are you inviting me on an all-expenses paid holiday, Raymond?

RAYMOND

No. I'm inviting your dog on an all-expenses paid holiday.

Raymond smiles. Felicity's eyes widen in shock.

FELICITY

Wait, was that a joke?!

Proud of himself, Raymond nods.

RAYMOND

Oui, it was.

FELICITY

Bravo, sir. Well, King Rupert and I would be honoured to join you.

Raymond nods. Again, they stand in silence for a loaded beat.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

So, you got off fifteen minutes ago. By my watch, you're running ten minutes late in regards to the whole "getting me off" thing.

RAYMOND

I-I never said that, you said that.

FELICITY

I said I'd get you off? Geeze, you're just like all other men, aren't you?

RAYMOND

No, no, I don't want to get off.

FELICITY

Well, hunny, when I get on, you won't have much of a choice I'm afraid.

RAYMOND

I-I should be getting off... I mean, back. I should be getting back.

FELICITY

Ray-Ray, be honest with me. Do you not find me attractive?

RAYMOND

No. I mean, it's not that. Yes, I find you attractive, in a way.

FELICITY

Obviously. I find you acceptable. And, well, I give you consent. What more do you want? Do you want it in writing?

RAYMOND

No, I don't want it in writing.

FELICITY

Great! Our love's not confined to a piece of paper, is it, baby? It's the passion! So, get inside, get your kit off and then let's both get off, okay?

Felicity gestures inside the villa. Raymond stutters.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door bursts open. Clinging to each other, Felicity and Raymond fall inside the room, lips-locked.

They tumble onto the bed, clawing at each others clothes.

FELICITY

Not to put any pressure on but I've heard Frenchmen are phenomenal lovers.

Raymond freezes - daunted. Felicity stops, laughs.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Another joke? Right? Right?

Raymond lets out a strained laugh. Felicity shrugs, then mounts Raymond, kissing him hard.

Felicity strips Raymond's shirt off and then yanks off his belt, dropping his trousers to the floor.

In his underwear, Felicity takes in his toned body - "nice."

Using his belt, Felicity ties one of Raymond's arms to one of the bed posts. Raymond wriggles, uncomfortable.

RAYMOND

Usually, I like to talk before, you know. Really get to know the person before we go to that special place.

FELICITY

Well, I let my body do the talking. And, this bitch never shuts up.

Felicity yanks the belt extra-tight. Raymond yelps.

RAYMOND

Uh, Countess?!

FELICITY

Shhh, no titles in the bedroom. For tonight, don't think of me as a member of British aristocracy. Think of me as, I dunno, a sexually liberated commoner from a single-parent council flat in Balham with open legs and an open mind. For tonight, I'm first name double-barrelled, not last name.

Jumping off the bed, Felicity goes to her closet. It is stuffed full of all of her expensive outfits.

From one of the drawers, she takes out not one... not two... but three designer leather belts. She CRACKS them.

Raymond's eyes bulge at the sound. Felicity smiles. Coming over, she straps Raymond's remaining limbs to the bed.

Stepping back into the centre of the room, Felicity grins. From her handbag, she pulls out her trusty vinyl.

Seductively, Felicity goes to the record player in the corner of the room and puts the vinyl down.

The SEDUCTIVE SONG blasts on, and instantly, Felicity snaps into her striptease routine.

RAYMOND

Uh, Gloria? You don't need to...

As the song progresses and Felicity loses more items of clothing, Raymond gets more and more transfixed.

A master at work. Felicity savours his reaction. Big finish incoming. She prowls into the middle of the room, and drops her dress. Ta-da! Seeing her body, Raymond stares in wonder.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You are beautiful.

The music continues... but in Felicity's mind there's a halting record scratch. RAAEEHHH! What did he just say?!

FELICITY

Come again?

RAYMOND

You truly are gorgeous.

All of a sudden, Felicity's sultry façade crumbles. She feels ultra self-conscious.

The seductive song ends and "DANCING IN THE STREET" by MARTHA REEVES blasts on.

Felicity covers her body with the dress, slams the music off.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Are you alright, mon cheri?

Felicity stutters and stumbles.

FELICITY
Yes! I, uh, just need to uh... toilet.

RAYMOND
Well, could you untie me first? I'm
losing feeling in my hands and feet.

Covering her body with the dress, Felicity unties Raymond
before scurrying to the en-suite and slamming the door shut.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - ENSUITE - SAME TIME

In turmoil, Felicity slaps herself in the face.

FELICITY
Come on, girl! Viva la queendom! It's
just another face. And another body.
And another penis.
(sighing)
But, whatta face. And, whatta body.
And, whatta...

Felicity stares at herself in the mirror, coming to the earth
shattering realisation - "Oh, fuck. She actually likes him."

INT. PLUSH VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Raymond jumps out of bed. He finds a bunch of roses in a vase
on the side. He takes them and sprinkles petals on the bed.

Going to the balcony curtains, he opens them just enough to
let the most magical ray of moonlight come in.

On a shelf, Raymond finds a row of vinyl records. He sifts
through, finding the most ROMANTIC ONE. Bingo. He puts it on.

Rose petals, moonlight, mood music. Chef's kiss.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - ENSUITE - SAME TIME

Hearing the romantic music, Felicity's face drops.

FELICITY
No! No! Dirty tactics, Frenchie!

She beats her hands against her body. Psyching herself up.
Ready, she rushes to the door and throws it open.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The door SLAMS against the wall.

Under the petal covered sheets, Raymond startles, seeing --

-- Felicity. In just her underwear, she stands in the doorway, with the most seductive look imaginable.

Raymond's face drops. He's never seen such beauty.

The petals, moonlight and music. Felicity has to reinforce her stony exterior. She hurries to the bed, and slides under the covers. She discards of her bra and her knickers.

RAYMOND

I found some condoms in your drawer.

FELICITY

Really? Who leaves condoms in... Uh, I mean, yes, they are my ex-lovers. He was, uh, an athlete. A fine specimen.

Raymond takes a condom out from a box, and opens it --

-- and the condom unravels. It's fucking huge. XL Magnum.

Seeing the huge condom, Raymond and Felicity's eyes bulge.

RAYMOND

What did he run, the hundred metres or the five furlongs?!

Daunted, Raymond takes the massive condom. He reaches under the sheets and struggles with it. The romantic song finishes.

FELICITY

I could just nip to my bag and get a more modest one? It's five steps away.

RAYMOND

No! If it's good enough for your ex, it's good enough for me. Just a sec...

Growing frustrated, Raymond aggressively wrestles with the condom... and tumbles out of bed. Felicity gasps.

Jumping to his feet, Raymond raises his hands in celebration.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

It's on!

Felicity's eyes bulge. His regular penis in the huge condom.

FELICITY

It looks like a cocktail sausage in a
(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D)
shopping bag.

Humiliated, Raymond covers his modesty with a pillow.
Felicity feels instant guilt.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Raymond! No, no. That was a joke. Like
we practised. Laugh. Ha. Ha.

RAYMOND
My penis and laughter should never be
in the same sentence!

Raymond throws the condom on the floor. SPLAT! He gets his
clothes, clumsily gets dressed and storms out of the room.

FELICITY
Raymond?!

The front door SLAMS. Felicity's shoulders sag. Shit. She
lies down on the bed and sighs.

Seeing the box of XL magnum condoms, Felicity grunts. She
opens the bedside drawer and throws them inside.

Inside the drawer, Felicity finds a photo frame which is
lying face down. She takes it out and turns it around.

ON PHOTO: A DWARF, 20s, and an ELDERLY WOMAN, 80s, in a
wheelchair, pose outside the villa. A huge smile on her face.

Seeing the dwarf, Felicity double-takes. Clocking the smiling
elderly woman in the wheelchair, Felicity nods - makes sense.

Felicity throws the photo back in the drawer and shuts it.
She lies back down on the bed, and stares at the ceiling.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
(as Raymond)
No. I'm inviting your dog on an all-
expenses paid holiday.

A smile creases Felicity's lips. The moonlight on her face.

INT. SALMA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

KNOCK! KNOCK! In her bathrobe, sipping a glass of wine, Salma
opens the door for Bruce, who instantly ogles her cleavage.

SALMA
Eyes up, brute.

Bruce looks at the ceiling.

BRUCE

The mutt's valet has invited that bird and her mongrel on the Monaco trip. He said that she said it was your idea.

Salma boils. Staring at the ceiling, Bruce massages his neck. Salma has an idea.

SALMA

Bruce, darling. I think you're long overdue a promotion, don't you?

BRUCE

You're giving me a promotion? Fantastic. Maybe now would be a good time to mention some issues I wanted to raise with HR, about potential bullying in the outfit?

SALMA

Not a promotion from me, you brain-dead lardy goblin. With the dog.

Salma turns away from him. Bruce sighs. She goes over to the telephone and dials. Bruce's neck is in agony now.

The phone is answered. Salma puts on a seductive, breathy voice ala Marilyn Monroe:

SALMA (CONT'D)

Mr. Malkin. Sorry to call so late. I was just soaking in my bubble bath when I thought of you...

INT. PLUSH VILLA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Felicity sits on the floor, beside the bathtub, as she washes the sand and salt water from Hound's fur.

FELICITY

That Frenchie is a dope, amirite? Of course I am. I mean, he spends every waking minute with a dog. Whatta loser. He must be socially inept.

Hound barks at her. Felicity scoffs.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

He doesn't actually like me. It's part of my scam. I know how to entice the suckers. It's like you and the Princess. She only likes you because you smell like her favourite scent...

Felicity lifts up Hound's collar... to find the vial of lavender is no longer there. She is shocked.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Wait, what?! It must've fallen off in the sea. Which means... right on, Houndy-boy! You lil' love dogs!

Excited, Hound splashes Felicity who laughs.

EXT. POSH HOTEL - OUTDOOR BAR - DAY

THROUGH BINOCULARS: A slender YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, in a bikini plays with a ball on the beach.

Binoculars raised, Mr. Malkin ogles from a table which overlooks the beach, salivating at all of the bare flesh.

SALMA (O.S)

Monsieur Malkin?

Binoculars still raised, Mr. Malkin turns... and gets a close up look at Salma's ample bosom. He almost has a heart attack.

Lowering the binoculars, Mr. Malkin greets Salma. She sits down and glances at the woman he was leering at.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Is that considered "sexy" nowadays? The malnourished girl is slighter than the Yanks hopes of reaching the moon by the end of the decade.

MR. MALKIN

Well, Miss Sissinghurst, I've always been fond of a more curvaceous body.

Salma gives him a seductive gaze, pushes out her bust. Mr. Malkin tenses, in the palm of her hand.

SALMA

A potential stumbling block has arisen in our plan. The valet - Monsieur Paquette. He could rumble us. I'd just feel much more comfortable if we had our own Mr. Bruce in that role. You want me to be comfortable, don't you?

Salma leans over. Malkin ogles... then snaps out of it.

MR. MALKIN

What?! Bruce?! You know I'd love to help. It's just Princess Sofia is so fond of Raymond. And, he excels at every aspect of his job. The other board members would smell a rat. And, even if they went for it, all of the Board's major decisions still need to go through a chain of lawyers and

(MORE)

MR. MALKIN (CONT'D)
other red tape. It won't work.

Salma starts to "sob." Mr. Malkin feels terrible.

MR. MALKIN (CONT'D)
However, there was some talk, awhile
ago, about getting Raymond an
assistant to ease his workload...

Salma's brow raises - "that could work."

INT. PLUSH VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

In an all white ensemble, Felicity checks herself out in the mirror. She smoulders.

FELICITY
Hot like fire. Grace Kelly time, baby!

On the bed, her three suitcases sit, stuffed with all of her clothes. Her wardrobe is empty.

Kneeling down, Felicity pries open the third floorboard from the bed. Inside, stacks of Francs. She piles all of her money into one of the full suitcases. She struggles to zip it up.

EXT. YACHT - DECK - DAY

A clear blue sky overhead. With her three suitcases, Felicity and Hound step onto the mega-yacht. Wow!

At the front of the boat, Princess Sofia lounges as Raymond stands close by. Salma sips a cocktail, sunbathing.

Seeing each other, Princess Sofia and Hound run to one another and bundle onto the floor, playing.

A HELPER takes Felicity's suitcases. Felicity and Raymond catch each others eye. He looks away. Felicity sighs, hurt.

As the dogs disturb her peace, Salma grunts.

SALMA
(sotto)
Goddamn fleabags!

Felicity approaches the sun loungers where Salma lies.

FELICITY
This one free, Miss Sissinghurst?

Felicity grins, smug. Salma forces a smile.

SALMA
Why of course, Countess Finkel. So
(MORE)

SALMA (CONT'D)
glad you could make the trip.

Felicity lies down. Turning to the walkway that leads onto the yacht, Salma spots something that makes her grin --

Bruce steps onto the yacht, uncomfortable in his ill-fitting valet tux. Raymond spots him, confused. He goes over.

RAYMOND
Uh, Monsieur Bruce? I believe we do
not require a chauffeur for this trip.

Bruce slaps a letter into Raymond's chest. Ouch! Taking the letter, Raymond reads. His face falls, shocked.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Wait, I never asked for an assistant!

Bruce lumbers past Raymond, ignoring his protests.

Smugly, Salma turns to Felicity whose jaw has hit the floor.

EXT. YACHT - DECK - LATER

The yacht powers across the ocean. The sun beams down.

On the deck, Princess Sofia and Hound lounge.

Raymond approaches the dogs with a tray of fancy food - caviar, lobster. He places the food down... just as Bruce slops a can of brown dog food into a dog bowl beside it.

Hound goes over, considers the fancy food - "ew!" He laps up the brown dog food.

Princess Sofia considers the fancy food... but she chooses to join Hound with the brown slop.

Bruce winks at Raymond, who is shocked by Princess Sofia.

INT. YACHT - CABIN - DAY

The toilet door opens. Felicity exits, wiping her hands... and instantly runs into Salma, who had been lying in wait.

FELICITY
Christ! What did you just hear?!

Salma moves in closer, in this cramped space. Struggling for room, Felicity feels uncomfortable.

SALMA
Miss York, I don't know what crime you
and that mangy mutt are planning...

FELICITY

No crime here. Unless canine love is a crime. Your scheme on the other hand. Well, I smell something fishy, and that's not because I just left half of last night's lobster in the toilet.

SALMA

This life clearly disagrees with you. Nothing illegal here. My hands are clean. I pray yours are.

FELICITY

I just washed them. Now, can I go, because the lobster after-smell is burning my eyes?

Felicity wriggles past Salma, who seethes... and then winces at the disgusting smell that comes from the toilet.

EXT. MONACO PORT - DAY

The yacht is harboured. Felicity and Hound step onto the dock, getting their first glimpse of the ultra-glamorous principality of Monaco. Grace Kelly's Monaco. Holy shit!

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

The hotel of choice for visiting royalty and rock stars.

The grand double doors open. HOTEL MANAGER, 40s, leads in Princess Sofia, Raymond, Bruce, Salma, Felicity and Hound.

HOTEL MANAGER

All of your rooms will be on the eighth floor while Princess Sofia has the penthouse suite.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - FELICITY'S SUITE - DAY

The door opens and Felicity and Hound step inside. A sprawling, splendacious room. Felicity is astounded.

FELICITY

Mama likes. Mama likes a lot.

Excited, Hound barks as he runs around the room. Felicity leaps in the air, ecstatic. Hound bundles her to the ground.

In fits of giggles, Felicity and Hound wrestle on the floor.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Caught up in their playful tussle, Felicity doesn't see the ajar door be eased open.

Poking his head in, Raymond catches the pair playing on the floor. Despite himself, he smiles.

Turning around, Felicity spots Raymond... and almost jumps out of her skin, in shock. Raymond wipes his smile.

Hopping to her feet, Felicity rubs her dress-down, composing herself. Hound snaps into his posh-dog pose.

RAYMOND

I'm sorry about last night.

FELICITY

So, am I.

RAYMOND

I should never of kissed you.

FELICITY

What? No. I just meant about the
"cocktail sausage..."

Raymond flinches, keeps his composure.

RAYMOND

The reason I came here was to tell you
that we are going to visit properties
this afternoon, then Princess Sofia
requests King Rupert to join her this
evening for some play time?

Hound bounces around, excited. Felicity nods, accepting.

Raymond bows. Felicity awkwardly bows too. He exits. Closing the door, Felicity sighs... then forces herself out of it.

FELICITY

Head in the game! Salma is up to
something, and with her out for the
day, I'm gonna find out what it is.

Hound nods. Felicity hurries off, determined.

EXT. RUN-DOWN OLD MANSION - DAY

A PHOTOGRAPH of a beautiful beachfront estate.

RAYMOND (O.S)

This is worth five million Francs?

Holding Princess Sofia's lead, Raymond looks from the photo... to a crumbling estate. The carcass of what is shown in the photo. Salma stands with Bruce.

SALMA

I know! A bargain!

Confused, Raymond glances back at the decaying building --

CLICK! CLICK! Raymond looks down to find that Bruce has detached Princess Sofia from the lead in his hand, and attached her to his own lead.

With the dog, Bruce follows Salma inside.

RAYMOND

Hey! I'm lead valet!

Raymond hurries after Bruce.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - SALMA'S SUITE - DAY

Someone FIDDLES with the lock. KA-CLICK! The door opens. Felicity slides inside. She puts her trusty hair pin back in.

EXT. ROUGH LOOKING APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

The structural embodiment of GBH. This place is rough.

Shocked, Raymond shakes his head. Bruce struggles with Princess Sofia. Salma smiles, then sees Raymond's face.

SALMA

What? It's a penthouse, darling!

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - SALMA'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY

Felicity snoops in Salma's wardrobe. Stuffed with expensive clothes. She glares at the dresses and shoes, jealous.

Hidden beneath a stack of large hats, Felicity finds a safe.

FELICITY

Well, whatta we got here?

Kneeling down, Felicity puts her ear to the safe, twiddles the lock back and forth. CLICK! The safe unlocks.

Inside, Felicity finds some jewellery. Considers stealing it... but decides against it. Also she finds a heap of files.

Sifting through, each file is for one of six businesses - "Smith Furniture," "Jones Auto," "Taylor Audio," "Brown's Shoes," "Williams Metal" and "Eagles Properties."

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Geeze, I need to get myself one of these dark days.

Felicity finds files that she recognises - the properties that Salma is visiting with Princess Sofia.

Felicity also finds what she thinks are duplicates of the

property files... only these copies all say at the top:
 "Owned by Eagles Properties."

Comparing the "Guide Prices" that were shown to Princess Sofia and the Board earlier, against the "Actual Prices" on the "Eagles Properties" documents, the variance is huge.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

I knew something was up! You're buying
 your own properties at crazy inflated
 prices, with the pooch's money!

Also in the safe, she finds a telegram from "Mr. Malkin."

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Mr. Malkin! He's in on it too!

Felicity smiles at the proof. Taking out a 35mm CAMERA from her handbag, she snaps photos of the files with the inflated "Guide Prices." KA-CHICK! KA-CHICK!

She goes to photograph the "Actual Price" files, when --

-- the main door UNLOCKS. Salma has returned.

Felicity's eyes widen. She looks at the files with the "owned by Eagles Properties" on them, and the camera. It's too loud.

Felicity throws everything back in the safe, and locks it.

Glass of wine in hand, Salma enters the room --

-- to find no one there. The wardrobe door closed. The window wide open. Salma grunts. She goes over and closes the window.

As Salma is turned towards the window, the wardrobe door silently opens... and Felicity tip-toes out of the room.

Window now locked shut, Salma turns back to find the wardrobe door now open. She double-takes, confused.

Going over, Salma opens the wardrobe, and unlocks the safe, finding the documents carelessly shoved inside. She growls.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - FELICITY'S SUITE - NIGHT

Felicity makes sure Hound's bow-tie is on straight. He is all dressed up for his date with Princess Sofia.

FELICITY

I told you that Salma was up to no good. But, it's cool. You just gotta up your game now. Start using your moves. Or if that doesn't work, just mount her and burrow 'til you hit Australia. Put a bun in that oven!

KNOCK! KNOCK! Felicity clips on Hound's lead.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Good to know you learned how to knock.

Felicity opens the door --

-- to find Bruce stood there, with Princess Sofia. Felicity startles. Bruce gives her a toothy grin.

BRUCE

The board have given Raymond the night off. They put me in charge for tonight and promoted me to co-lead valet as I've been doing such a bang up job.

Felicity's face drops. Bruce takes Hound's lead from her. Hound instantly smooches with Princess Sofia.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Oi! We'll be having none of that!

Bruce pushes Hound away from Sofia. Hound growls. Bruce walks off with the dogs. Felicity's body sags - crap!

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

A BAND plays mundane, pedestrian background music.

At the bar, Raymond drinks an extravagant cocktail. He looks depressed. The first time we've seen him not in "valet" mode. It's quite sad. From across the room, Felicity hurries over.

FELICITY

Geeze, who piddled in your puddle?

Clearly a little drunk, Raymond nods to her, then sinks the rest of his drink. He gestures to the BAR MAN - "another."

RAYMOND

I take it you're aware, as of this afternoon, I am now the "co-lead" valet? Which means I have an evening off for the first time in four years.

The Bar Man lays the new drink down. Raymond sips, solemnly. Feeling bad, Felicity gestures to the Bar Man for a drink.

FELICITY

Let me take a stab in the dark. The wire came from Mr. Malkin?

Raymond cocks a brow - "how does she know?"

The Bar Man lays one of the fanciful cocktails down. Felicity double-takes it, then shakes her head and sinks it in one.

Raymond's eyebrows raise, impressed. He looks at his drink, tries to down it in one, but spits most back in the glass.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Take me out.

RAYMOND

We agreed to not go there again.

FELICITY

No, we agreed we wouldn't get each other off. No one said anything about taking each other out.

Raymond finishes what is left of his drink, and gestures to the Bar Man - "another."

RAYMOND

I'm comfortable here.

The Bar Man lays down the fresh cocktail on the bar. Felicity snatches it and again sinks it in one. Raymond groans.

FELICITY

Then I guess we're having a night in.
Bar keep. Two more. Merci.

Felicity slams a banknote on the counter. Raymond goes to protest... but the Bar Man puts the cocktails down.

Across the room, Salma watches them, before slinking away.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - FELICITY'S SUITE - NIGHT

Someone FIDDLES with the lock. KA-CLICK! The door opens.

Salma swans inside, nodding to the HOTEL STAFF MEMBER who has just opened the door for her.

The Hotel Staff Member goes to speak. SLAM! Salma shuts the door in his face, and then turns to the room. An evil grin.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

On the stage, the Band now plays a funky ROCK song. They've completely let loose. The previously reserved BAR CLIENTELE all huddle around the stage, intoxicated and enraptured.

At the bar, Raymond cheers, off his face.

On the stage, Felicity dances like Jagger, singing along to the song. The star of the show. She fuckin' rocks.

The song finishes. The crowd erupt. Felicity stage dives, and is crowd-surfed back to Raymond at the bar.

RAYMOND

Where did you learn how to do that?

FELICITY

From Mighty Mick himself. I've learnt a lotta things from a lotta talented brutes and broads. All each talent costs me is some notches on my bedpost. But, then I just steal their wallets and buy a new bed.

Felicity laughs. In time, Raymond catches on and cracks up.

RAYMOND

A joke?! I get it!

Felicity raises her eyebrows - not a joke. Raymond finishes his cocktail in one. He smiles, proudly. Felicity laughs.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Thank you. I was all set on drowning my sorrows. It's pathetic, I know, but, I love that dog.

Felicity moves in closer. Raymond tenses.

FELICITY

What if I have seen proof that Mr. Malkin is working with Miss Sissinghurst to defraud Princess Sofia out of a huge amount of money?

RAYMOND

What?! I knew something was up! That's why they're trying to oust me!

FELICITY

We'd just need to expose Mr. Malkin in order to protect the money, right?

RAYMOND

No, no. That won't work. Exposing a member of the Board would discredit the entire Board and, as per the Baroness's will, the power of attorney then reverts to Princess Sofia's valet, which as of this afternoon...

Both of their bodies sag.

FELICITY

...is you and Bruce. Damn! That will really does cover everything.

Felicity's eyes widen.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

I know what she is doing. She is going to get you sacked, have Bruce as the sole lead valet, then discredit Mr. Malkin so that all decisions are made by Bruce, thereby cutting Mr. Malkin out of the picture. That evil genius.

RAYMOND

We can't let this happen!

Felicity nods, agreed. She offers her hand. Raymond stutters.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Why do you care so much about protecting Princess Sofia?

Felicity searches for an excuse... finds one.

FELICITY

It's less Woofster I want to protect, and more Jeeves. Plus, if they've stolen all the money, how can I?

Raymond stares at her... then cracks up laughing again.

RAYMOND

Another joke! I'm getting good at spotting them, no?!

Felicity forces a smile. Raymond offers his hand. Felicity shakes. A clear electricity between them. They lock eyes.

FELICITY

Do you know what I've been fantasising about ever since I saw my hotel suite?

Heart thumping, Raymond swallows. Emotions are soaring.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

How out of this world... and magical... and ginormous... Princess Sofia's suite must be.

Raymond's face drops - "what?"

FELICITY (CONT'D)

All I want is a peek.

Felicity finishes her drink seductively. Raymond tenses.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - PRINCESS SOFIA'S MEGA SUITE - NIGHT

The grand double doors open. Raymond lets Felicity inside. Seeing the room, her face falls --

FELICITY
Holy schnitzel!

This place is truly out of this world. If Felicity's room was five-stars, this is ten. It's a bit too much, in all honesty.

Felicity gazes out the huge windows at the glittering lights of Monte Carlo below. In the doorway, Raymond fidgets.

RAYMOND
You've had your peek. Come on.

An idea comes to Felicity. She turns and looks at Raymond, sultrily. Seeing the look, Raymond tenses.

FELICITY
Now, we can't come to Monte Carlo and not gamble a little, can we?

Raymond checks his watch, then looks at her, intrigued.

RAYMOND
What do you have in mind?

From her handbag, Felicity takes out a pack of playing cards.

FELICITY
You did say you liked to get to know a person before you went to that special place. What better way to get to know someone than by peeling back their layers. One by one. Strip blackjack?

Raymond's jaw hits the floor. Interest aroused.

At the table, Raymond sits down opposite Felicity. She shuffles with staggering dexterity. Wow!

RAYMOND
(re: her shuffling)
Did that talent cost you a bedpost?

FELICITY
No, a whole four-poster. A quarter post for the shuffling, three and three quarters because the guy really knew what to do with his hands.

Raymond laughs. Felicity deals.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Socks and leggings. Stick or twist.

Raymond checks his cards. Taps the table - "twist." Felicity passes him another card. Raymond considers, taps the table.

Felicity passes another card. By his poor poker face, it is obvious Raymond has a good hand.

RAYMOND

Stick.

Felicity checks her cards. She draws another card. Checks her hand. She draws another. Checks her hand. Nods - "stick."

Smiling, Raymond lays his cards down. $5 + 3 + 8 + 5 = 21$.

Impressed, Felicity nods. She lays her cards down. $5... + 3... + 8... + 5 = 21$. Raymond is gobsmacked.

FELICITY

What now? Do we both lose the socks?

RAYMOND

I guess so.

Raymond takes off his socks, throws them on the floor. Felicity slowly peels off her leggings.

Seeing her bare legs, Raymond is mesmerized. Felicity folds the leggings neatly and puts them on a chair beside her.

FELICITY

Second hand. Should we say your shirt, my cardigan? I'll go first.

Felicity again shuffles the deck expertly. And, then deals them each a pair of cards. Without looking, Felicity says:

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Stick.

Raymond is shocked. He checks his cards. His eyes widen in glee. A terrible card player.

RAYMOND

I'll also stick. You first.

Coolly, Felicity flips her cards over: Jack + Ace.

Raymond double-takes. He turns his cards over: Jack + Ace. He shakes his head in disbelief.

FELICITY

Sacré bleu. Rules are rules.

Felicity takes off her cardigan, folds it and lays it on the chair. Raymond unbuttons his shirt and drops it on the floor.

RAYMOND

My trousers, your dress.

The tension builds. Felicity shuffles, deals. Raymond stares into her unblinking eyes, and before he has even looked --

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Stick.

Felicity smiles. Also having not looked at her cards.

FELICITY

Stick.

Felicity flips her cards: Queen + Ace. Raymond nods, then turns his cards: Queen + Ace. He chuckles to himself - "of course." Felicity acts surprised.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Whatta the chances?

Raymond stands, undoes his belt and lets his trousers drop off. He kicks them across the room. Now just in his boxers.

Felicity looks him up and down, liking what she sees.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Could you lend me a hand?

RAYMOND

But, your hands have been so perfect
all night...

Felicity stands and turns around. Raymond unzips her dress, letting it fall to the floor.

Seeing her in just her underwear, Raymond is in awe.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

That word again! Felicity's impulse is to tense... but then she allows herself to soak in the compliment. It warms her.

They both return to the table. Felicity shuffles again.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Wait. Mind if I deal?

Felicity raises her brow... then passes Raymond the deck. He shuffles the cards himself. Much less impressively.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

The finale. For the underwear.

Raymond deals them both two cards. Again, Felicity doesn't look at her cards, eyes fixed on Raymond.

FELICITY

Stick.

Raymond is so aroused. Felicity stares at him. The heat between the pair is intense. Without looking at his cards:

RAYMOND

Stick.

Raymond flips his cards: King + Ace.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Wait, that's five aces?

FELICITY

No...

Felicity turns her cards over: King + Ace.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

...six.

Raymond breaks down into laughter. Felicity giggles.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Well, rules are rules.

Felicity stands, takes off her bra and pulls down her knickers. Seeing her naked, Raymond's heart flutters.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

In your own time.

Raymond stands and pulls off his underwear. Felicity checks him out and gestures to the sofa.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Wanna use one of my condoms this time?

Raymond smiles. Felicity takes out a condom from her handbag.

It. Is. On. They pounce on each other and fall onto the sofa.

Raymond builds up a rhythm. Felicity starts to get into it. Her eyes look shocked at the pleasure she is receiving.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Oh, Christ! Face, body and...

Raymond's confidence builds and builds.

RAYMOND

Flip over.

Excited, Felicity turns onto her hands and knees and Raymond re-inserts himself, doggy-style.

Felicity buries her face into the pillow, in ecstasy. Raymond tilts his head back - the king of the world.

FELICITY

Pound me like you're trying to get the
last dollop of ketchup out the bottle!
Here it comes! Dollop! Dollop! Dollop!

Felicity is getting closer... and closer... and closer --
-- and then she notices, on the floor, a throw rug.

FLASH: Hound humping a throw rug, doggy-style.

Felicity turns away... and sees a chair.

FLASH: Hound humping a chair, doggy-style.

Felicity then looks and spots a suitcase in the corner.

FLASH: Hound humps the shit out of the suitcase.

Felicity looks at Raymond behind her. Doing her doggy-style. Weirdered out, she spins around. Raymond startles.

RAYMOND

What're you doing?! The dollop was
almost out!

Raymond tries to turn Felicity back around, but, she kicks him off the bed --

FELICITY

Stop trying to screw me like a dog!

BOOM! Raymond lands on the floor, hard.

Felicity and Raymond both jump to their feet --

-- when the door opens and Bruce arrives back with Sofia.

Shocked, Felicity puts a hand over her groin, and one hand over her chest. Raymond dives behind a sofa. Bruce smirks.

BRUCE

Ya' missed a bit.

REVERSE ANGLE: The hand over Felicity's groin is not big enough to cover the sheer enormity of her 1960s bush.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Hurriedly dressed, clothes askew, Raymond and Felicity bundle into the waiting elevator on the top floor. He panics.

Felicity reaches out to Raymond... but he pushes her away.

RAYMOND

Will you just get off!

Felicity is hurt by the rejection.

FELICITY

You've had a couple stabs at it, not sure just asking me will do the trick.

The doors close and the elevator starts going down.

RAYMOND

That's the last time we try and make love. We just have to admit, maybe the puzzle doesn't fit?

FELICITY

Maybe that's because there's something wrong with one of the pieces?

RAYMOND

There is nothing wrong with my piece!

DING! The doors open. They both storm out of the elevator and head their own way down the corridor to their rooms.

Felicity finds Hound outside her room, lying on the floor.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - FELICITY'S SUITE - SAME TIME

The door opens. Felicity enters. Hound runs over to a throw rug on the floor and starts humping it. Felicity grunts.

FELICITY

You strike-out too then, eh?

Kicking off her shoes, Felicity goes over to the bed, and her eyes widen --

-- the third floorboard from the bed has been pried open.

In a panic, Felicity lifts up the floorboard, to find only a single note inside. Pulling out the note, Felicity pales.

SALMA (V.O)

Payback's a bitch and so am I. Hardly Fort Knox. Good luck keeping up appearances now. Ps. A Countess caught stealing would be a scandal. Pps. I've improved your wardrobe.

Felicity opens her wardrobe... to find that all of her clothes have been slashed to pieces and insults have been painted on them - "hussy, jezebel, butcher's daughter etc."

The life drains from Felicity's body. She looks at the outfit

she has on. Her one final outfit. Bollocks.

Felicity frets... then she forces herself to calm. She looks at the decimated designer outfits in the wardrobe.

She pulls out an orange jumper. Finds an untouched piece of fabric. She then finds a green jumper. Finds another small piece of untouched fabric.

Putting the two untouched pieces of fabric together, Felicity's eyebrow raises.

FELICITY

I need a sewing machine.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

Sheepishly, Raymond waits in reception, anxious how to handle what happened the night before. A CONCIERGE comes over.

CONCIERGE

Monsieur Paquette? There is a call at reception for you.

Raymond follows Concierge to the desk. He picks up the phone.

RAYMOND

Mr. Malkin! Oh, bonjour.

Across the reception, Salma and Bruce, with Princess Sofia, step out of an elevator.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Last night! Oh, it was really just a big misunderstanding. No, yes, I was there somewhat with the Countess Finkel. No, yes, we were both somewhat undressed. No, yes, I did somewhat have an erection. No, yes, there is no misunderstanding. Somewhat.

Bruce and Salma spot Raymond and wave. The gesture would be friendly... if it wasn't so smug. Raymond forces a wave back.

Across the room, something makes Salma take off her sunglasses and glare in disdain --

-- in a hodgepodge DIY orange and green jumper/dress, Felicity struts across the reception with Hound.

As she passes, numerous WOMEN look at her, liking the style.

Seeing this, Salma seethes. Reaching them, Felicity grins.

FELICITY

I'm not late for the yacht am I?

(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D)
 Couldn't decide what to wear.

SALMA
 You may be able to throw together an outfit but can you throw together a meal? Be warned, if I even get a sniff that you're stealing from bins, the police will be on your bony arse faster than you can say "I'm a trampy trampy whore whore."

Salma storms off with Bruce and Princess Sofia.

Victorious, Felicity spots Raymond put the phone down. He looks devastated. Felicity feels like shit.

EXT. YACHT - DECK - DAY

On the open seas. At the head of the boat, Salma sunbathes.

Raymond sits on a bench, glaring at Bruce as he tends to Princess Sofia, while trying to keep her away from Hound.

Felicity approaches Raymond. He jumps up and flees into the cabin, away from her. She follows.

INT. YACHT - CABIN - TOILET - DAY

Trying to get away, Raymond crams himself into the tight toilet, but, before he can close the door --

-- Felicity squeezes herself inside, and locks the door.

FELICITY
 Fancy a chat?

RAYMOND
 Haven't you heard? They won. After our dalliance last night, the Board called this morning and I've been demoted to an assistant. All they have to do is discredit Mr. Malkin, and Princess Sofia's financial future lies in Bruce's sausage fingers.

Felicity curses... then has an idea. She shakes her head, she shouldn't. Raymond gives her a look. Felicity sighs.

FELICITY
 You're wrong. Not about all of that. Or the sausage fingers. But there is a way to stop them getting control.

Raymond cocks his brow, intrigued.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

What if there was, somehow, I dunno, a line of succession?

RAYMOND

You mean a puppy litter?

FELICITY

Bingo! The daddy's owner would have a claim to half the money, right?

RAYMOND

What, no. That wouldn't be allowed.

FELICITY

It sorta would. Page 67 section 15B of the Baroness's will.

Raymond gasps, amazed.

RAYMOND

Really?! Wow. I take it one of your bedposts went to Harvard law school?

FELICITY

He's a court veteran, yes. And, well, for this task, I offer King Rupert.

RAYMOND

King Rupert?! I mean, he's not exactly a thoroughbred is he.

FELICITY

A dog's gestation period is two months. How long would the legal proceedings to discredit the board and move power to the valet take?

RAYMOND

Around... two months.

FELICITY

It's gotta happen this week then. We don't have time to find a dog that doesn't sniff it's own arse.

RAYMOND

Bruce will be stuck to Princess Sofia like glue until they have power. How do you expect King Rupert to have the, uh, opportunity, to get the job done?

FELICITY

If there's one thing that boy knows, it's how to hump things. And, if there's one thing you know, it's

(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Bruce's new job role.

Raymond's brow cocks - that is true.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Time to prove that your job is more
than just picking up dog poo and
taking her for walkies. Are you in?

Felicity reaches out a hand. Raymond considers then shakes.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The grand double doors are opened by Andre. Princess Sofia is
led inside by Bruce. Andre goes to close the door --

ANDRE
Monsieur Bruce! Where is Raymond?

BAM! The door hits Raymond, who drops all of the luggage.
Apologising, Andre hurries to help him.

Amandine, Celia and Claude enter the room, having heard the
noise. They are all shocked to see Bruce with Princess Sofia.

BRUCE
Things are gonna change 'round here.

All of the staff share a concerned look.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - KITHCEN - DAY

Holding her stomach, Felicity opens up the fridge. Hound runs
through her legs, hungry... only to find it is empty. Damn.

FELICITY
Mama's never let you go hungry before,
boy. She ain't starting now.

EXT. MICHELIN STAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The eloquent neon sign flashes. The elite Michelin star
sparkles. Outside, WEALTHY CLIENTELE dine beneath the stars.

Dressed in her DIY best, Felicity weaves in and out of the
tables as she performs an intricate routine.

She taps a FAT MAN on the shoulder. He turns and she swipes a
basket of bread from his table, slides it into her bag.

Next table. She drops a coin, gestures to a WEALTHY WOMAN who
bends over to pick it up. Felicity takes the steak from the
woman's plate, adds it to her haul.

Going from table to table, Felicity acquires a feast.

Bag full, Felicity smiles... and then she spots, across the street, Salma sits in a taxi, nursing a glass of wine.

Felicity deflates and pours the food from her bag into a bin. Shoulders sagged, Felicity sulks away.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

A BUTCHER serves a FRENCH MAN. His market stall is crammed with juicy looking meats.

A row of sausages slips off the table, into one of the plastic bags which hang on the side of the table, and then onto the floor. The bagged sausages are pulled out of sight.

At another stall, Felicity barterers with a FRUIT SALESMAN. She points at various items to frustrate the Salesman.

As he is distracted, she loads her pockets with produce. Exasperated, the Salesman turns back... to see Felicity gone.

Across the market, Felicity steals a plastic bag from another stall, and then unloads her fruity haul into the bags.

From beneath the tables, Hound appears with the bag of sausages. Felicity smiles, picks up the other bag.

Someone CLEARS their throat. Felicity and Hound turn --

Sat in a rickshaw, Salma sips on another glass of wine.

Caught, Felicity groans. She throws the plastic bags in the bin. Hound whimpers. Felicity walks off. Hound follows.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reaching the front of the queue, Felicity puts out her plate and the SOUP DISPENSER slops in an unappetising orange mush.

Felicity's face falls. The Soup Dispenser passes Felicity one piece of stale bread.

FELICITY

Could I get a second for my dog?

SOUP DISPENSER

I'm sorry. There's not enough.

Felicity takes the bowl of soup and stale bread and sits down at one of the busy tables, beside hungry HOMELESS PEOPLE.

Felicity prods at the "soup," disheartened. Beside her, a FRIENDLY HOMELESS MAN, 50s, offers his piece of bread.

FRIENDLY HOMELESS MAN

For your friend.

Friendly Homeless Man gestures to Hound. Felicity sighs, nods her thanks, takes the bread and feeds it to Hound.

Looking across the street, Felicity spots Salma sat outside an expensive restaurant with a huge steak and a glass of wine. Smiling, Salma raises her glass to Felicity.

Turning away, Felicity forces herself to eat the "soup."

OUTSIDE OF EXPENSIVE RESTURANT

Salma waves over a WAITER.

SALMA

May I make a call?

The Waiter walks off, and then returns with a landline phone, the wire stretches from inside the restaurant.

Sipping on her wine, Salma dials on the landline. She clears her throat. The phone is answered.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Hello, is that Spicy Young Escorts? I would like you to send four girls to 56 Avenue de Vallauris. Merci.

Salma hangs up the phone. Sips her wine. Then dials another number. Again she clears her throat. The phone is answered.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Hello, is that the Cannes police department? I would like to report some suspicious activity at my neighbours address. The address is 56 Avenue de Vallauris. Merci.

Salma hangs up. She finishes her wine and smiles.

EXT. 56 AVENUE DE VALLAURIS - NIGHT

The door opens. Mr. Malkin stands in his pyjamas. His jaw drops. On his doorstep, are FOUR STUNNING YOUNG WOMEN.

STUNNING YOUNG WOMAN #1

You sent for us?

The Women stare seductively. Mr. Malkin's eyes explode.

INT. SALMA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

A newspaper is slid under the door. Sipping on her morning wine, Salma picks it up and smiles.

ON FRONT PAGE: A photo of Mr Malkin being arrested. "PAMPERED POOCH'S MONEY MAN FOUND WITH PROSTITUTES AND IMAGES OF

BESTIALITY IN HOME. CLAIMS HE'S BEING FRAMED. ENTIRE BOARD OF TRUSTEES IN JEOPARDY."

INT. PLUSH VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

In a pair of DIY pyjamas, Felicity reads the same article. Her stomach rumbles. Beside her, Hound whines.

FELICITY

I know. I'll get us food. I promise.

Felicity grabs the landline and dials.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

You've seen the paper? Salma's made her move already. Operation Pooch Penetration has gotta go today. Good. I'll be there. Oh, wait, I've got a couple more requests...

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - PANTRY - DAY

The large room is stocked with huge amounts of food.

In stealth mode, Raymond sneaks inside with two black sacks. He sweeps a shelf full of cantaloupes into the sacks.

Shelf empty. Raymond then digs in his pocket and pulls out a piece of paper with a scrawled shopping list on it.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - BATHROOM - DAY

A luxurious freestanding bath fills with water. Amandine and Celia sprinkle in fragrances and soaps. An exact science.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - PANTRY - DAY

Claude enters the pantry, and heads straight for the --

-- empty shelf. No cantaloupes. Huh?

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andre enters to find Bruce asleep on the chaise longue, while Princess Sofia lies in her spacious doggy bed.

Seeing the snoring man, Andre shakes his head. He taps Bruce's shoulder. He doesn't wake. Annoyed, Andre kicks Bruce's leg. The large man yelps and falls off the chaise.

ANDRE

I didn't wake you, did I?

Rubbing his sore leg, Bruce jumps to his feet. He pulls a scrunched up schedule from his pocket.

BRUCE

(trying to read schedule)
No, I, uh, weren't sleeping. I know
it's time for, uh, her bath, right?

ANDRE

A slight change of plan. Amandine and
Celia will take care of the bath. You
must head down to the market and get
some cantaloupes for the Princess.

BRUCE

What's a dog gonna do with a horse
with antlers?

ANDRE

Monsieur Bruce, you do know what a
cantaloupe is, don't you?

Bruce stutters... then has a brain wave.

BRUCE

Yeah, it's, uh, like a melon.

ANDRE

Congratulations. You win... nothing.

Bruce smiles, feeling smart.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

The Princess has one after every bath.
Monsieur Paquette always insisted that
it was the Princess's valets job to
personally select every piece of food
that goes into the Princess's body.

Bruce grumbles. Amandine enters the room with a dog lead.

AMANDINE

The bath is ready. Is the issue with
the cantaloupes resolved?

Amandine and Andre turn to Bruce, who grunts.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Amandine leads Princess Sofia towards the bathroom.

From the other direction, Raymond walks, holding the black
sacks. Amandine smiles. Raymond smiles back... then stops.

RAYMOND

Oh, Amandine, you're not giving
Princess Sofia a bath are you?

AMANDINE

Of course. It's 4pm on Tuesday.

RAYMOND

Did Monsieur Bruce not tell you? He bathed her on Sunday, while we were in Monaco. You shouldn't over clean her.

Annoyed, Amandine grunts.

AMANDINE

I'd love to say that was the first thing Monsieur Bruce let slip through the net but I'd be a bloody liar.

Amandine goes to walk back. Raymond stops her again.

RAYMOND

Wait! I can take her! It would be a shame to waste a perfectly good bath.

Amandine looks at the bath. It does look enticing. She hands Raymond the lead then jumps into the bathroom and closes the door. Raymond strokes Princess Sofia who is happy to see him.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - SECOND BEDROOM - DAY

Raymond steps inside with Princess Sofia and the black sacks.

The room has rose petals and ostentatious heart decorations all over it. A true love-nest.

Felicity stands with Hound. She has fashioned another DIY outfit. Looks pretty chic. Quite an accomplishment.

FELICITY

I thought I'd set the mood.
(re: black sacks)
Oh, is that my order?

RAYMOND

I threw away the cantaloupes. Is this food part of the plan to get them to, you know, reach the special place?

Felicity takes the black sack. Inside, it is filled with food. She devours an iced bun. Mouth full:

FELICITY

Oh, no, uh, I've had this insatiable appetite since we got back from Monaco. I think I might be pregnant.

RAYMOND

What?! But I didn't... you know. There was no dollop, so to speak.

FELICITY

Yeah, weird. Probably best not to mention it again. Don't wanna jinx it.

Felicity swallows the bun. Yum. Hound barks.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

D'you really think you should eat before a big game?

Hound grumbles. Felicity slings the black sack over her shoulder. Raymond notices her outfit, furrows his brow.

RAYMOND

That outfit...?

FELICITY

Cute, right?

Raymond decides against saying anything. He unties the leash, and Princess Sofia instantly runs over to Hound.

RAYMOND

So, uh, are we just going to watch?

FELICITY

We can't stand outside the room. Someone might see me.

Raymond nods, agreeing. They both think.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - WARDROBE - DAY

Felicity, Raymond and the sacks are crammed inside the wardrobe. The sounds of the dogs outside. Could be sex. Could be fighting. It's rabid. Raymond tries to make out the noise.

RAYMOND

Do you think that's it?

Felicity takes some ham from the black sack. Chomps on it.

FELICITY

Nope, he's not even started.

Sweating, Raymond checks his watch.

RAYMOND

Well, he might want to hurry up. It'll take eight minutes for Bruce to get to the market, five to purchase the fruit and then eight minutes back. Which by my calculations means King Rupert has... 30 seconds to finish!

Raymond panics. Felicity chuckles at his agitation. She takes

out a carrot from the black sack. Nibbles on it.

FELICITY

You forgot to include the amount of time it'll take that knucklehead to realise they don't sell cantaloupes at Le Tourcoing market.

RAYMOND

What? He'll go to Forville. It's just around the corner. Plus, of course they don't sell cantaloupes. Tourcoing is a fish market.

Confused, Raymond turns to Felicity who smirks.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - DINING ROOM - DAY
(FLASHBACK)

At the breakfast table, Bruce sips a strong tea as he reads the days paper. He laughs at the front page of Mr. Malkin.

From a golden bowl at the head of the huge table, Princess Sofia eats her breakfast, while wearing her pyjamas.

Bruce flips to the sport pages... and a flyer falls out.

ON FLYER: Amateurish. "AMAZING DEAL! HALF PRICE FRUIT! VISIT LE TOURCOING MARKET!" Pictures of fruits (strawberries, grapes, apple.) Front and centre is a cantaloupe.

Bruce scoffs, rips the flyer up and goes back to his paper.

EXT. TOURCOING FISH MARKET - DAY

Stall upon stall of fresh fish. Bruce angrily tries to talk with a MARKET SELLER who doesn't speak English.

BRUCE

Where. Are. The. Cantaloupes?!

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - WARDROBE - DAY

Back to scene. Raymond laughs. Felicity smiles.

RAYMOND

So, that extra time will give us...

A WEIRD sound comes from the other room. Like a motor failing to start. Felicity shushes Raymond, listens. Hearing, Raymond winces. The sound stops suddenly. Felicity smiles.

FELICITY

Looks like we only needed the thirty seconds after all.

RAYMOND

Wait, that was King Rupert?!

Raymond opens the wardrobe doors --

-- King Rupert lies fast asleep in the doggy bed, spent, while Princess Sofia stares at him, unimpressed.

Raymond is amazed. Felicity smiles with a mouthful of food.

EXT. PROMENADE DE LA CROISSETTE - DAY

The busy iconic boardwalk. A NEWSIE holds a stack of the morning's papers.

NEWSIE

Millionaire dog pregnant!

INT. SALMA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

A newspaper is slid under the door. Sipping her morning wine, Salma picks it up, and drops the glass, in shock. SMASH!

INT. PLUSH VILLA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The newspaper sits on the sofa. Felicity and Raymond jump around the room in glee. Hound barks, joyfully.

She is in the most outlandish ensemble made from pieces of her ruined outfits yet. Usable materials are scarce now.

In the excitement, they fall into each other. A heated moment. They both force themselves to step away.

RAYMOND

There were journalists at the house today asking who the Father is. Every newspaper in the world wants to do a story on you, Gloria.

Felicity goes cold. She flattens her dress. Seeing the outfit, Raymond goes to speak... but stops himself.

FELICITY

Interest will pass.

RAYMOND

Why've you gone shy all of a sudden?
Do you not want your face on the front
page of every paper in the world?

Felicity frets. Needs something to change the subject. She grabs Raymond and kisses him... and he kisses back.

FELICITY

When I'm with you, I get this weird
(MORE)

FELICITY (CONT'D)

feeling in my stomach. And, not like the feeling you get when you've eaten too many jellied eels. But, like, a good feeling. Like when you've eaten too many Yorkshire puddings.

RAYMOND

British cuisine truly disgusts me.
But... we shouldn't, should we?

Both of them desperately want to. Felicity steps away.

FELICITY

The plans not over yet. Princess Sofia needs to push out the pups. They need to be healthy. But, I don't see why, after that, we shouldn't celebrate?

Felicity kisses him. Smiling, Raymond exits.

Hound barks at Felicity. She has a heavy look on her face. So unsure. Her stomach rumbles. Hound comes over. She hugs him.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

This is still the right thing to do, yeah? Salma will steal the money if we don't. And, he prefers me, right? We've sort of had sex. Twice-ish.

Felicity looks to Hound, barely any conviction in her words. Hound just stares. Felicity deflates. Her stomach rumbles.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - BALCONY - NIGHT

On the balcony, Princess Sofia lies with her LITTER of puppies. A VET, 50, delivers a speech.

Below in the courtyard, the WORLD'S MEDIA snap photos.

VET

At 06:12pm on July 17th, Princess Sofia gave birth to a litter of five healthy puppies.

The staff all stand in a line behind the dogs. Bruce grunts and heads inside. Seeing him go, Raymond smiles.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - SAME TIME

The courtyard below. At the back of the crowd, Felicity stands with Hound, who pines for his children.

Felicity's hair is a wild, unkempt mess. Her outfit is a psychedelic mishmash of garish colours and patterns. Her fabric options now supremely limited.

FELICITY

It's okay, bud. We'll see them tomorrow when all the cameras go away. Come on, we'll celebrate with the two day old leftovers back at home.

Felicity drags a reluctant Hound away.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

The front door opens. Felicity and Hound return home. The room is pitch black, but a light is on in the living room.

Felicity tenses. She gestures to Hound to be silent. Slowly, she takes off her flip-flop and creeps towards the room.

INT. PLUSH VILLA - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Felicity turns into the room, wielding her flip-flop --

-- to find Salma sat in the corner. Legs crossed. A large glass of red. Felicity scowls. Hound barks. Salma startles.

SALMA

Control that beast!

Felicity nods to Hound, who pipes down.

FELICITY

He's actually got a lot to shout about. He became a father today. It's in all the papers.

Salma calms and laughs at Felicity's almost feral appearance.

SALMA

Darling, you look like you have rabies. It's hurting my eyes.

FELICITY

I've sorta had to become a hippie outta necessity. But, it's cool. I don't have to shave my legs or wash and I'm kinda rocking this outfit.

SALMA

I must commend you. Using that sappy valet to help with your ploy. Genius. Implicating the only person who would be able to rumble you. I guess you finally learnt how to screw people, without them knowing they're the one being screwed after all.

Felicity tenses.

FELICITY

I assure you, there has been no screwing. Literally or figuratively.

Salma lays a briefcase out on the coffee table and pops it open. Inside are large stacks of banknotes.

SALMA

Five million sterling.

Felicity's eyes glow. She's never seen so much money.

FELICITY

For what?

SALMA

Oh, nothing much. Just your mutt.

Felicity shakes her head. She closes the briefcase.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Be smart. What's to lose? You'll be giving your best friend a better life, and you'll never go hungry again.

FELICITY

I don't know if you heard, but we're about to get fifty million.

SALMA

True. But, how long is it going to be until you can actually get your hands on any money? You ruined my plan. I've had to pivot. Right now the police are discovering that Mr. Malkin was set up. The Board of Trustees will be reinstated. They'll fight this. Take it to court. If I was taken to court, my lawyers would win that case. You don't even have the money to pay for a sandwich, let alone a defence. And, if you do win, then we're talking, what, three to four years from now you'll be able to get your hands on the money. How're you going to keep this sham up until then, eh? You're running out of fabric and it won't be long until lover-boy ponders "why am I paying for all of the uber-wealthy Countess's meals?" Give the boy some credit. You're going to have to do what you've always done. Grift. And, I've memorised the Cannes Police Department's number. All three digits.

FELICITY

You can't starve us out! Now the pups are here we'll just move in with Princess Sofia. She'll insist. We'll be having feasts every damn night!

SALMA

Maybe. But, going to court means you will be exposed to the public as the father's owner. And, a little birdie tells me that a couple of burly brothers in the East End are dying to meet you. Not only will they find you, they'll find you neck deep in a very lucrative scam. And, to save said neck, you'll have to let them in. They'll take everything just to prove that you don't mess with the Krays.

Felicity pales. It's true. She looks at the money.

SALMA (CONT'D)

You played a great game, Felicity. Your plan was better. Less red tape. If my plan worked, I'd still have to pass everything through lawyers and what not. Whereas, with your plan, you get your whore-ish hands on the money straight away. I concede the battle to you. Now, concede the war. Five million. No questions. Your mutt leads a better life with his family. You lead a better life. It's win win.

Felicity looks at Hound, who stares at her with his big puppy dog eyes. It kills her that she is even considering this.

FELICITY

I-I can't...

Salma sits up in her chair, growing tired of all this.

SALMA

Let me sweeten the deal. Five million, and I won't expose you to the valet? He deserves to know the truth.

The colour drains from Felicity's face.

FELICITY

What?!

SALMA

A courier is waiting at a payphone outside Princess Sofia's estate right now, and if he doesn't receive a call
(MORE)

SALMA (CONT'D)
in the next...

Salma checks her watch.

SALMA (CONT'D)
...two minutes, he will go inside and
inform Monsieur Paquette of
everything. Tick tock, honey.

FELICITY
We had an understanding! If you expose
me, then I'll expose you!

SALMA
For what? No money exchanged hands,
unfortunately. My hands remain clean.

FELICITY
Well, so are mine!

SALMA
That won't matter to lover-boy,
though, will it? You lied to him. He
trusted you to protect his prized
pooch, and all this time you were just
trying to rip her off.

That kills Felicity. Salma nudges the briefcase across the
table. Felicity is in absolute turmoil.

SALMA (CONT'D)
Give me the dog and you get to live
happily ever after with the man of
your dreams and a fortune of your own.
It's just a stupid dog.

Felicity turns to Hound. Her eyes are full of so much sorrow.
She turns back to Salma, who wills her to take the money.

She can't do it! Felicity knocks the briefcase to the ground.

FELICITY
No deal!

The smile is wiped from Salma's face. She shakes her head,
disappointed. Hound growls. Standing, Salma growls back at
Hound. Picking up her briefcase, Salma walks to the door.

SALMA
Have it your way. Toodle-oo.

Salma exits. Felicity hurries to the landline, dials. No
answer. Crap! She runs out of the villa. Hound barks.

EXT. CANNES STREET - NIGHT

Like a mad woman, Felicity runs into the middle of the road to wave down a TAXI. She jumps in. The Taxi speeds off.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

BANG! BANG! Andre opens the door.

Hair a mess, exhausted, Felicity stands before him.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - SERVANTS QUARTERS - NIGHT

At the table, Raymond sits, devastated, as he reads a letter. Full of guilt, Felicity walks into the room.

Tears dribble down Raymond's cheeks as he turns to Felicity, who sees the letter in his hands. Bollocks.

FELICITY

I-I...

RAYMOND

Who are you?

FELICITY

My name is Felicity York, and...

Felicity gestures for the letter. Raymond hands it over. She reads it, nodding along in confirmation.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

This is all pretty much correct,
except the bit where she called me a
bucket-fannied skank. She gets some
kinda sick pleasure from insulting me.

Heartbroken, Raymond stands and leaves. Felicity goes to chase him... but the door closes. Her face crumbles.

EXT. PLUSH VILLA - NIGHT

Emotionally and physically spent, Felicity walks up the hill towards the villa, when she sees --

-- outside of the villa, are TWO POLICE CARS.

FELICITY

Come on world! Give me a break!

Up the street, POLICE OFFICERS & SKETCH ARTISTS talk with neighbours. They compose sketches of Felicity and Hound.

WOOF! WOOF! Felicity turns to a nearby bush, where Hound hides. Thank God! She grabs him and they run off.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - ENTRANCE - DAY

In his civvies, suitcase in hand, Raymond says goodbye to Andre, Amandine, Celia and Claude. They're all distraught.

AMANDINE

The Board can't sack you! How were you to know she was a con-artist?!

Raymond turns to Bruce, who stands on the staircase.

RAYMOND

Won't you please allow me to just say goodbye to Princess Sofia?

BRUCE

As her personal valet, I feel it is not in her best interests.

That hurts. Raymond puts on his hat and exits.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - DAY

Walking away from the estate for one last time, Raymond takes a moment to let it sink in. It kills him.

With a tear in his eye, Raymond hails a TAXI. Just as he is about to get in the car --

FELICITY (O.S)

Raymond?!

Outfit dirtied from a night of sleeping rough, Felicity and Hound, run over. Raymond jumps in the taxi. Felicity stops him from closing the door.

RAYMOND

They fired me because of you. I'm going back to my village.

FELICITY

Raymond. Please. I-I'm sorry for lying to you, alright. Truth is, my lineage is as tragic as yours. Only, instead of poor business choices we have the curse of ovaries and runaway baby daddies. You see, my great grandmother worked to qualify as a neurosurgeon, then she got pregnant. Fella bolted. Career done. And, then, my grandmother worked to qualify as a doctor, then she got pregnant. Fella bolted. Career done. And, then, my mother worked to qualify as a nurse, and then...

RAYMOND

...she got pregnant?

FELICITY

No, she got lucky having me. But, that's beside the point. We've been blessed with fertile loins and scumbag blokes, all at an ever diminishing return on personal success. By the time my ovaries were up to bat, the family well was dry. Barely enough money to get a free education. So, what's a girl to do? Grifting was the only way out of that life.

Raymond considers. Felicity flutters her puppy-dog eyes.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Please, Raymond. I've never felt this way about someone. Before, I was scared. I used to run away before a man screwed me. Literally and figuratively. But, not you. I don't want to run anymore. I-I think I might, just, sort of, maybe, perchance, possibly love you. Perhaps.

RAYMOND

You don't hurt someone you love.
Goodbye, Felicity York.

Raymond slams the door. The taxi drives away. Watching him disappear into the distance breaks Felicity's heart.

Hound barks, excitedly. Felicity turns. On the balcony, Hound has spotted Princess Sofia and their litter.

Seeing this, Felicity pulls Hound behind a wall, out of sight. Looking at her dog, her face drops in realisation.

FELICITY

I've gotta get outta France, but... I can't take you with me.

Hound whimpers. Tears trickle down Felicity's cheek.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

I'll never be able to give you the life that you'll get here. I'm never going to be able to stop looking over my shoulder. You can. I said that we'd be living like Kings and Queens, well, I'm glad if it had to be only one of us, it's you. You deserve it.

Crushed, Hound rubs his nose against Felicity's face. She

hugs him. Her tears soak into his fur.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - SERVANTS QUARTERS - DAY

Still reeling from Raymond's exit, Amandine washes dishes in the sink. From out of nowhere, Felicity appears with Hound.

FELICITY

Hey there?

Startled, Amandine lifts up a pan like a baseball bat, ready to attack. Seeing who it is, she scowls.

AMANDINE

Haven't you caused enough damage?

FELICITY

I can't talk long. But, I have something I need to tell you. This is my dog Hound. And, well, he's the father of Princess Sofia's litter.

AMANDINE

I know.

FELICITY

You know?!

AMANDINE

We all do. He's the only dog that girl has ever allowed within two feet of herself. Any other dog she'd yap-yap-yap, but not your dog. Not... "Hound." Christ, is that really his name?

FELICITY

Why didn't you tell the press?

AMANDINE

We liked you. Raymond really liked you. If you're here for the money...

FELICITY

No money. I just want you to promise that you'll make sure Hound and Princess Sofia are together. Hell, I didn't have a dad around growing up, his pups deserve to. And this guy is gonna be the best dad in the world.

Seeing the genuine emotion on Felicity's face, Amandine sighs and then nods - "okay."

Felicity hands over Hound's lead to Amandine. Seeing this, Hound barks, struggles. Felicity kneels down to him.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

This lady is gonna keep you safe,
okay. Caviar every night. Baths once a
week. You're gonna bloody hate it.
But, you got your lil' lady upstairs,
and your pups. This is where you
belong. I love you, boy.

Felicity hugs Hound. They both cry.

INT. SALMA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

RING! RING! Salma answers the phone, sipping from a glass of wine. Her face drops.

SALMA

Bruce? What do you mean Felicity
dropped off the mutt and revealed he
is the father?! She's going for the
money! What do you mean she didn't
want any money?! So, what, those two
pooches are just going to play happy
families while living a life of
luxury?! Not under my watch!

In a rage, Salma slams the phone down. BAM!

INT. KENNELS - DAY

Two rows of cages. Inside are a variety of different breeds.
Mostly strays. Mostly a little feral.

Salma is lead down the aisle by the KENNEL OWNER.

KENNEL OWNER

When you called, I said, oui, we have
the perfect doggy.

They stop outside one of the cages. Seeing the dog, Salma
removes her sunglasses, and smiles.

SALMA

Do you offer discounts if I give you a
similar dog in part-exchange?

The Kennel Owner looks at her. Salma turns back to the dog --

A MANGY BEAGLE lazily lounges on the ground.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - SECOND BEDROOM - DAY

Depressed, Hound lies on the floor, staring longingly at the
wardrobe where Felicity and Raymond hid earlier.

Behind him, Bruce tip-toes closer... and then pounces on
Hound, forcing a muzzle over his face and subduing him.

From his pocket, Bruce takes out a syringe, and proceeds to take a vial of the dog's blood... before dragging him away.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

At the window, Claude and Celia gaze through the curtains, snooping. Amandine comes into the room and catches them.

AMANDINE

Oi, the pair of you, get back to work!

CELIA

Miss, there must be a hundred of them!

Confused, Amandine hurries over, and gasps.

AMANDINE

What on earth...?!

OUT THE WINDOW: A crowd of JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS snap photos of Salma and her new beagle (LORD ALBERT.) Bruce approaches and guides Salma and her dog inside.

Hearing the front door open and close, Amandine looks to Claude and Celia. All three of them hurry to the entrance.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Salma looks around the amazing house. Lord Albert sits on the floor, tired. Bruce takes Salma's coat.

Amandine, Claude and Celia run into the room. From the other room, Andre joins them, also confused by the hoopla.

ANDRE

What is going on out there?

BRUCE

This is Miss Salma Sissinghurst, and her dog, Lord Albert, who is the father of Princess Sofia's litter.

Amandine, Andre, Claude and Celia all share shocked looks.

AMANDINE

Uh, Monsieur Bruce, we already know the father of the litter.

(to Celia and Claude)

Celia, Claude, go and fetch Hound.

They run off. Salma approaches Amandine, nose turned up.

SALMA

Tell her, Monsieur Bruce.

BRUCE

The puppies were conceived during the trip to Monaco, on which Miss Sissinghurst brought Lord Albert. One night of passion later... woof woof.

Amandine and Andre shake their heads at this. Celia and Claude return... without Hound.

CELIA

We can't find him anywhere, Madame.

SALMA

Oh, dear. The crook dog must've fled like his crook owner. I weep.

Amandine and Andre share a look.

WOOF! WOOF! From the top of the stairs, Princess Sofia runs down, seeing Lord Albert, who jumps up and barks back.

Salma flinches at every bark, like she's being shot. Amandine turns to Bruce, gestures to the hostility between the dogs.

BRUCE

They like it rough.

Bruce smiles. Amandine, Andre, Celia and Claude can't believe it. Salma drags Lord Albert away from Princess Sofia.

EXT. POSH HOTEL - OUTDOOR BAR - DAY

The Board of Trustees sit around a table.

BOARD MEMBER #1

The Baronesses' will allows this?! We shall take this to court!

BOARD MEMBER #2

We will lose!

BOARD MEMBER #3

There must be a way to prove beyond any doubt?!

Ostracized at the other end of the table, Mr. Malkin raises his hand. The other Board Members glare at him.

MR. MALKIN

Uh, well, I read an article about a genius Swiss veterinarian called Dr Hermann Schulz who has developed a revolutionary new test called a paternity test. Maybe, he could help?

BOARD MEMBER #1

A test that proves if a male is the
father of a female's offspring?!

BOARD MEMBER #2

It doesn't work on humans does it?!

Every Board Member looks at Malkin in abject horror.

EXT. CANNES PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY

A small PRIVATE AIRCRAFT sits on the tarmac. The plane door
opens, and the stairs descends down.

From out of the aircraft, steps DR. HERMANN SCHULZ, 50s. A
wild shock of white hair. The thickest glasses known to man.
The true embodiment of a mad scientist.

Fleet footed, Dr. Schulz dances down the stairs.

On the tarmac, the Board Members wait beside their limousine.
Seeing this eccentric fellow, they all turn to Mr. Malkin,
who smiles and then greets Dr. Schulz.

EXT. CANNES TRAIN STATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

A WANTED POSTER with Felicity's likeness hangs on a wall.
Felicity hurries past the poster. She double-takes it.

FELICITY

Wow. They really captured my essence.

From a rack outside of a shop, Felicity swipes a large hat
and sunglasses to use as a disguise. She enters the station.

INT. CANNES TRAIN STATION - TICKET COUNTER - DAY

A RADIO plays the FRENCH NEWS in the office behind.

The TICKET MAN, 40s, looks up at Felicity, who tries to cover
her face as she talks. POLICEMEN lurk near the barriers.

TICKET MAN

Where to, Madame?

FELICITY

Uh, when's the next train to Genoa?

TICKET MAN

In ten minutes, Madame.

On the radio behind, a story catches Felicity's ear:

BOARD MEMBER #1 (V.O)

To verify Miss Sissinghurst's claim
that her dog, Lord Albert, is the

(MORE)

BOARD MEMBER #1 (V.O) (CONT'D)
 father of Princess Sofia's litter, we
 have brought in the eminent Swiss
 veterinarian Dr. Hermann Schulz to
 carry out a revolutionary assessment
 that we're calling a paternity test.

Felicity freezes.

BOARD MEMBER #1 (V.O) (CONT'D)
 Due to the international interest in
 this story, the paternity test results
 will be revealed outside Princess
 Sofia's estate tomorrow afternoon at
 4pm, and you are all invited.

Felicity's face drops in horror. A queue has formed behind
 her. The Ticket Man gestures to her.

TICKET MAN
 Madame? The train is boarding now.

The world slows down. Felicity looks behind her. More
 Policemen arrive. The wanted poster for her on the wall.

Mind whirring, Felicity steps out of line.

Frantic, she runs over to a payphone. Takes a moment. Is she
 going to do this?! Then, she dials. The phone is answered.

FELICITY
 Hey, there. This is Felicity York...

A POLICEMAN walks near the bank of phones. Felicity tilts her
 hat to cover her face. She whispers into the phone, too low
 for us to hear. The Policeman walks off. Phew!

In the clear (for the moment,) Felicity hangs up the phone.
 She goes to run... but has a thought. She makes another call.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
 Uh, Madame Paquette? Is Raymond there?

INT. SALMA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Wine in hand, Salma opens the door. Dr. Schulz marches inside
 with the Board. Salma offers her hand, Schulz ignores and
 walks over to Lord Albert who is lounging on the floor.

Dr. Schulz clicks his fingers. One of the Board Members
 passes him a syringe. He takes Lord Albert's blood.

Conspiratorially, Salma and Mr. Malkin share a look.

Blood taken. Dr. Schulz passes the vial to one of the Board
 to keep safe. Out of sight, Salma nods to Mr. Malkin.

Dr. Schulz heads for the door. As the Board Member with the vial goes to follow, Mr. Malkin bends down in front of him, to tie his shoelace. The Board Member stumbles --

-- which creates a moment of confusion, which is all Salma needs to slip the vial out of the Board Members pocket, and replace it with the vial of blood Bruce took from Hound.

Mr. Malkin apologises. The Board Members exit with Dr. Schulz. Salma waves goodbye, then closes the door, smiling.

EXT. CANNES TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

A newspaper stall has the lead story: "DOGGIE PATERNITY TEST TODAY!" Behind the stall, the wanted poster for Felicity.

A train pulls into the station. The doors open. Full of determination, Raymond jumps off the train and hurries away.

From another carriage, a pair of black shoes step onto the platform, rising up the man's body we REVEAL --

Billy Eagles. Behind him, two towering men exit the train. Ronnie & Reggie Kray. Holy. Fucking. Shit.

EXT. CANNES TRAIN STATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

Raymond hurries out of the station. Someone WHISTLES from a waiting cab.

Ducked down inside the cab, Felicity waves him over. Raymond gets in the cab.

FELICITY (O.S)

Raymond, I just wanted to say...

RAYMOND (O.S)

Save it. I'm only here for Princess Sofia. Let's go.

The cab drives off.

Billy and the Krays exit the station. They jump in another waiting cab, which drives off in the opposite direction.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - DAY

The media circus is in full swing. A stage has been erected in the courtyard. A huge tent behind it. JOURNALISTS and the PUBLIC cram themselves in, eager for this momentous event.

In the crowd, HAWKERS sell hastily created commemorative t-shirts, mugs etc. It feels like a royal event.

INT. BACKSTAGE TENT - SAME TIME

Behind the curtain, Salma giddily stares out over the huge crowd. Lord Albert lies on the floor, disinterested.

Across the backstage area, Amandine and Andre watch Salma.

AMANDINE

This doesn't feel right, Andre.

Hating this, they both walk off to carry out their duties.

INT. KENNELS - DAY

The Kennel Owner walks Raymond and Felicity down the aisle, quickly. They stop at Hound's cage.

KENNEL OWNER

I should have probably inquired as to
why she wanted to exchange dogs...
but, you know, when in Rome.

RAYMOND

We're not in Rome. And that's stupid.

Seeing Felicity, Hound jumps up. Felicity reaches through the bars and hugs her best mate.

FELICITY

Mama would never leave you here!

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - DAY

The Board, including Mr. Malkin, and Dr. Schulz come out onto the stage. Cameras flash. Journalists raise microphones.

BOARD MEMBER #1

Good afternoon and thank you all for
coming here today. Please welcome Miss
Salma Sissinghurst and Lord Albert.

Salma swans onto the stage, lapping up the attention. Behind her, Amandine and Andre drag Lord Albert onto the stage. He instantly just lies down.

CLICK! CLICK! The Photographers snap photos of Salma, who poses willingly for them, ensuring they get her best side.

Holding the fateful envelope, Dr. Schulz approaches the microphone at the front of the stage.

The crowd goes silent. They await with bated breath. Salma plays up the moment. "And the Academy Award goes to..."

INT. BACKSTAGE TENT - SAME TIME

At the curtain, Bruce looks out at the stage. He holds Princess Sofia who growls at Lord Albert, on stage.

BRUCE

I'm sorry, girl, but we all don't get to choose who we spend the rest of our lives with. Look at me and Miss Sissinghurst. D'you think I like being belittled every second of me' life? It's just a necessity at this time. Like you and that mutt.

Two large and one small shadow casts over Bruce.

Turning around, Bruce sees a smirking Billy and the Krays.

BILLY

Hello, Brucey. Long time, eh?

Bruce shits himself. The Krays grab Bruce and haul him away.

Left alone, Princess Sofia watches, barking happily.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - SAME TIME

At the front of the stage, Dr. Schulz opens the envelope.

DR. SCHULZ

After analysing the blood samples, I can confirm that Lord Albert...
(pause for effect)
...is the father.

The crowd erupts. Camera bulbs flash. Journalists explode in a tidal wave of questions. The Board Members (excluding Mr. Malkin) all clap through gritted teeth.

Salma jumps up and down like she has just won the lottery (which she kinda has,) totally ignoring Lord Albert.

Glumly, Board Member #1 goes to the mic.

BOARD MEMBER #1

There it is. Monsieur Bruce, please bring Princess Sofia onto stage so we can have a photo of the new family...

FELICITY (O.S)

WAIT!

Felicity, Raymond and Hound burst on stage. The crowd all turn to them.

Lined up at the back of the stage, Andre, Amardine, Claude

and Celia all silently fist pump - "yeess!"

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Salma Sissinghurst cheated the test!
That dog is not the father of those
puppies, because this dog is!

Felicity points to Hound. The crowd gasp.

Seeing Hound, Princess Sofia runs on stage... past Lord Albert... and straight to Hound. They bundle each other, reunited. Soaking this in, the crowd look around, confused.

Salma shouts at Andre, Amardine, Claude and Celia.

SALMA

Excuse me! Are you going to do
anything about this?!

The staff all shrug. Salma marches to the microphone and snatches it from Board Member #1.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Security! Please get these trespassers
off the stage! The results are in!
Now, let us get on with the photos!

Salma goes over and tries to pull Princess Sofia away from Hound. Both dogs attack her. Salma falls over dramatically.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Wild beasts!

Princess Sofia and Hound resume their playing, while Lord Albert lies there, not bothered. The crowd start to catch-on.

CROWD MEMBERS

Those dogs are in love!/He must be the
father!/There's gotta be a retest!

A chant builds steam: "RETEST! RETEST! RETEST!"

Felicity and Raymond stoke it, until it roars around the entire venue... even the staff join in, discreetly.

Salma stumbles to her feet. She can't believe what is happening. As everything falls apart, she goes to flee --

-- but Claude and Andre grab her.

ANDRE

Madame Sissinghurst, leaving so soon?
I thought you wanted your photo taken?

AMANDINE

It's just a case of if it will be with
(MORE)

AMANDINE (CONT'D)
the Princess, or with the Police.

Restrained, Salma seethes. Amandine loves this.

Dr. Schulz takes in the thunderous chant of "RETEST!" He strides to the microphone, and declares:

DR. SCHULZ
Get my equipment! We test again!

The crowd cheers. Journalists and Cameramen jump into action.

Felicity and Raymond celebrate with Hound and Princess Sofia.

CUT TO:

A table is set up in the centre of the stage. Dr. Schulz's equipment is placed on it.

NEWS REPORTERS from around the world deliver their reports.

AUSTRALIAN REPORTER
Looks like we're in for an all-nighter here in Cannes! The story of the pampered pooch and her new litter has taken a turn for the absurd as a second prospective puppy papi has come forward. It's dog vs dog in this lottery of life. But, who will come out as the top dog? Stay tuned!

Stroking Hound, Felicity looks through the curtain at --

INT. BACKSTAGE TENT - SAME TIME

-- Dr. Schulz as he takes a blood sample from Princess Sofia, while Raymond soothes her. Dr Schulz shakes the vial of blood and puts it safely in a bag behind him.

All done. Raymond leads Princess Sofia back out onto the stage... passing Felicity as he goes.

Seeing her at the curtain, Dr. Schulz nods to Felicity who leads Hound backstage. Dr. Schulz readies a new syringe.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - NIGHT

TIMELAPSE: The sun goes down. The moon comes up.

As time passes, the crowd sit on the floor. They're exhausted but no one leaves. On the stage, Dr. Schulz works tirelessly.

Felicity leans into Raymond.

FELICITY

I'm just gonna go to the loo.

Felicity slips backstage.

CUT TO:

The sun starts to rise. Felicity returns to stage. She re-joins Raymond, who sits on the floor beside the dogs.

In the centre of the stage, Dr. Schulz stands.

An audible ripple goes through the crowd. Everyone clambers to their feet. All cameras start to roll. Results imminent.

Dr. Schulz goes over to the microphone.

DR. SCHULZ

After re-examining the samples, I can confirm that Lord Albert is...

Time appears to slow down. Salma puts her head in her hands, knowing exactly what is going to happen.

DR. SCHULZ (CONT'D)

...not the father!

The crowd explodes in gossip. Andre and Amandine smile at Salma. She glares at Felicity across the stage, furious.

Dr. Schulz moves to the next set of results.

DR. SCHULZ (CONT'D)

And, the results of Hound's sample, confirms that Hound is...

The crowd all inhale. Felicity looks to Raymond.

FELICITY

Ray-Ray, do you trust me?

Raymond scrunches his nose, confused. He nods. Felicity reaches over and takes Raymond's hand.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Good. Because I trust you.

DR. SCHULZ

...also not the father.

What?! The crowd all gasp. Absolute pandemonium breaks out.

Raymond is in shock.

RAYMOND

W-what? No! That's not true! I was
(MORE)

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

there for the conception! I can never
not hear those sounds!

Raymond turns to Felicity, who is surprisingly calm. She leans over and whispers something to him. His eyes widen.

As people flood the stage, Felicity heads towards the backstage tent.

Amandine and Andre are shocked. Salma uses this as a chance to break free and run towards Felicity to berate her.

SALMA

Ha! Looks like we're both going down!
But, when we get out, you'll still be
a penniless dirty trout, while I'll
still have my empire. You lose again!

A smile creases Felicity's face.

FELICITY

Ah, bless. You still don't know you've
been screwed, do you? Like a wise
bitch once said, this game is only big
enough for one dame. Viva la queendom.

Salma scoffs. Felicity smiles. From within the crowd, Salma spots POLICEMEN fighting to get to the stage to arrest them.

Spotting her chance, Salma flees backstage --

INT. BACKSTAGE TENT - SAME TIME

-- right into Bruce.

SALMA

There you are you hefty buffoon! Where
the hell have you been?! We've been
rumbled! Come on, let's go now!

BRUCE

Salma, there's a couple of blokes who
wanna talk to you.

Salma turns, and the life is sucked out of her --

Ronnie and Reggie Kray, in all of their monstrous glory,
stand before her. Behind them, Billy pops out. Huge grin.

BILLY

Hello, wifey. Hope ya' well.

SALMA

Ronnie, Reggie, what brings you both
to Cannes?

RONNIE KRAY

A lil' birdie called us. Turns out
someone has been mugging us off.

SALMA

The woman you're looking for is on
that stage - Felicity York. Now, if
you'd excuse me, I'm in a hurry...

Salma goes to run off... but the Krays block her way.

RONNIE KRAY

It turns out, Salma, that you've had
ya' fingers in a few of our pies.
Something that Mr. Bruce here has been
more than happy to corroborate.

Salma shoots Bruce a withering look.

SALMA

You backstabbing warthog! Without me,
you are nothing but a tub of lard!

BRUCE

For my co-operation, Mr. and Mr. Kray
have offered me a position in their
operation. And, they've got HR. All I
wanted was the bullying to stop.

RONNIE KRAY

We've been checking the books. Looks
like every divorce you've pulled over
the last two years has involved one or
another of our businesses.

SALMA

I-I well... I-I'll pay you back.

BILLY

They're taking it all, hun.

Billy cackles. Salma looks like she's just been shat on.

From the stage, Felicity arrives.

RONNIE KRAY

What the hell happened out there? You
promised us we'd get a percentage?

FELICITY

I guess it turns out that mutt slut
pounced on any dog that moved.

Salma seethes at Felicity... who winks at her.

INT. KENNELS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

At the front of the kennels, Raymond and the Kennel Owner sign some documents at the desk.

Behind them, Felicity stands with Hound.

Discreetly, she gets a syringe out from her handbag, and then she looks at a FERAL DOG in one of the cages.

INT. BACKSTAGE TENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dr. Schulz takes Hound's blood. Felicity watches as Dr. Schulz puts the vial safely in his bag.

As she leaves, Felicity slyly swipes up the vial of Hound's blood, and replaces it with another vial. They exit.

INT. BACKSTAGE TENT - DAY

Back to scene. Ronnie grumbles... then offers his hand. Salma's face drops. Felicity smiles, and shakes.

RONNIE KRAY

Since ya' helped us plug our biggest leak and returned what ya' stole, I guess your debt is settled.

SALMA

No! You can't take everything from me and let her get off!

FELICITY

What're they gonna take from a penniless butcher's daughter who's gonna spend the next six months doing bird, eh? The clothes off my back? Someone's already done that.

RONNIE KRAY

Enjoy the slammer, ladies.

Billy smirks at Salma.

BILLY

I won't write.

The FRENCH POLICE burst through the curtain and grab Salma and Felicity. The Krays, Billy and Bruce have vanished.

Both women are cuffed. Felicity is lead off calmly... while Salma struggles and SCREAMS bloody murder.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - NIGHT

On the stage, it is pure mayhem. The Board of Trustees,

including a very sheepish looking Mr. Malkin, approach Raymond who is with Princess Sofia and Hound.

BOARD MEMBER #1

It appears as though everything is back to normal then, Raymond.

RAYMOND

Well, not everything, sir. I still don't have my job back.

Across the courtyard, the Board and Raymond spot Bruce jump into a cab with The Krays and Billy and then drive off.

BOARD MEMBER #1

It appears as though the position has just opened up. If you're interested?

Raymond smiles, strokes Princess Sofia who barks excitedly.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - SERVANTS QUARTERS - DAY

A stack of mail sits on the table. Raymond, back in his valet tux, sifts through the envelopes, until he finds one.

Raymond opens the letter, and pulls out the contents.

ON LETTER: It is the correspondence between Mr. Malkin and Salma and also the "Guide Price" and "Actual Price" files for the properties in Monaco.

EXT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Everyone waits while Dr. Schulz re-does the tests. Felicity leans in to Raymond.

FELICITY

I'm just gonna go to the loo.

Felicity slips backstage.

INT. SALMA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The place lies in darkness. A RATTLE at the door. KA-CLICK!

INT. SALMA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Felicity opens the wardrobe door, moves a stack of hats out the way... and finds the safe. Felicity grins.

FELICITY

Hardly Fort Knox, eh.

EXT. CANNES STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Checking her watch, Felicity runs through the streets, while

sliding the evidence into an envelope. She posts it into a letter box. She checks her watch and runs off.

INT. CANNES COURT ROOM - DAY

At the plaintiff's desk, Raymond sits with Princess Sofia. The Judge delivers his closing statement.

JUDGE

Therefore, as per the last will and testament of the late Baroness Rita Von Rutter due to the discrediting of the elected Board of Trustees, control of Princess Sofia's finances will transfer to the dog's personal valet, Monsieur Raymond Paquette.

Raymond and Princess Sofia celebrate. In the crowd, Andre, Amandine, Claude and Celia cheer.

The judge brings the gavel down... BANG! BANG! BANG!

MATCH CUT:

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - SECOND BEDROOM - DAY

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The sunshine beautifully comes through the silk curtains, and gently shimmers off the marble floor.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Scattered on the floor are a pair of socks... a pair of leggings... a cardigan... a shirt... trousers... a dress...

RAYMOND (O.S)

Here comes the dollop!

...a pair of boxers... a pair of knickers and a bra...

SUPER: "Another prison sentence later... plus five minutes"

In the huge four-poster bed, Felicity and Raymond lie entwined in each others arms. They pant. Hair a mess.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Looks like the puzzle fits after all.

FELICITY

So, finally you fulfil your promise of getting me off. You are late, so interest has accrued.

They both crack up laughing. Felicity touches the soft bed.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

I gotta say, I'm a fan of the new rules. I always saw myself living in a palace.

RAYMOND

Well, I'm also a fan of the ideas that you've brought to the table. You continue to surprise me.

Felicity kisses Raymond.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Was there a small part of you that feared I'd just shut the door and lock you out while you were away?

FELICITY

Yeah, sure... but this girl knows how to pick a lock or two.

Raymond kisses Felicity.

RAYMOND

Felicity York you are by far the craziest, most off-the-wall, insane person I have ever met. And, I think I might, just, sort of, maybe, perchance, possibly love you. Perhaps.

FELICITY

A call-back gag?! You're really getting the hang of this joke thing!

RAYMOND

I'm a fast learner. You got anything else to teach me?

FELICITY

Let's see. We've got four bedposts in here, times by thirty-one rooms. Yeah, I think you've got enough for tuition.

Felicity and Raymond roll around in bed, kissing.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - CORRIDOR - DAY

With a skip in her step, Felicity walks down the corridor. As she passes by one of the bedrooms, she waves inside at --

Amandine and her HUSBAND who play with their CHILDREN.

FELICITY

Bonjour.

Felicity keeps walking on. Andre walks the other way, wearing

beach shorts and a silk shirt. They nod at each other.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Enjoy your day off, Andre.

She passes another bedroom, which has a "do not disturb" sign on the door.

The door opens... and Claude stumbles out. He is shocked to see Felicity, who raises her brow.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Isn't that Celia's room?

Claude stutters, busted. Felicity winks and walks on.

INT. PALATIAL BEACH SIDE ESTATE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Felicity comes down the grand staircase, to REVEAL --

The ground floor of the estate has been converted into the best SOUP KITCHEN and HOMELESS SHELTER imaginable.

FOOD DISPENSERS carry huge amounts of delicious food from the kitchen, into the dining room where HOMELESS PEOPLE eat.

At the table, the Friendly Homeless Man from earlier has a full plate. He waves at Felicity who smiles back.

Homeless Harry sides up to Felicity, taking in the mansion.

HOMELESS HARRY

Ya' did alright, didn't ya', Lis?

Felicity smiles.

FELICITY

I'm surviving.

Harry smiles and then goes into the dining room to eat. Felicity heads outside.

EXT. PRIVATE BEACH - DAY

The sun shines.

Felicity approaches a sun lounger. She lies down.

On the lounger beside her, Hound sits with his litter. They both look out over the ocean and smile.

Raymond approaches with Princess Sofia. They sit down at their own sun loungers beside Felicity and Hound.

RAYMOND

The final piece of the property
(MORE)

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
portfolio has been sold. Which leaves
just this old place. Shall we have a
cocktail to celebrate?

Felicity smiles, nods. Raymond runs off. She looks at Hound.

FELICITY
A private beach, you got the tail, I
got the... you know. A palace behind
us, and we're looking forward. As a
wise woman once said, I'm a bloody
magician. It was us against the world,
boy... and we won.

Hound barks, excitedly. Felicity beams.

Raymond returns with a pair of cocktails.

REVEAL the beach is no longer private. Only a small section
is cordoned off for Felicity, Raymond, Sofia and Hound's sun
loungers. COUPLES and FAMILIES enjoy themselves.

As she sips her cocktail, Felicity takes in Raymond, Princess
Sofia and then Hound. One big happy family.

CUE "PUPPY LOVE" by PAUL ANKA, as we FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.