

IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU'RE A LITTLE PUSSY BITCH MAN WITHOUT VALUE OR HOPE

Written by

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Photograph: Valéry Hache/AFP via Getty Images

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He circles round, leans forward.

WELCH

(hushed)

Just keep the fuck away from me,  
PLEASE.

**EXT. ESPLANADE - FRENCH RIVIERA - DUSK**

The sky is wide, blackened by the kind of rain clouds that come *but once in a lifetime*.

The esplanade is open, free of too many cyclists, the water hustling at its shore, an anxious froth, running from the storm out there *at sea*.

WELCH (V.O.)

I don't even know why you brought me here, I really don't. You trying to make sure I don't lose my shit or something? Well, *guess what* -

At the edge of the esplanade, at the railings, is **KARL** (50s, a long-sleeve-black-T man, spot of balding and a tanned neck), the water skipping up onto the toes of his comfortable shoes.

Karl looks through a set of expensive binoculars, the strap round his neck, safe.

He's looking out to the storm at sea.

**And it's black**, rain coming down at all angles into the water, some light left in the sky, enough to make clear the line of the horizon.

Karl watches through his binoculars.

WELCH (V.O.)

You've done it now, you have. I'll give you that. You've properly gone and done it. No escaping it. And here, of all places -

**INT. TEA ROOM - THE HEX HOTEL - LONDON - AFTERNOON**

A slick re-write of an old English tradition is deconstructed on a white tablecloth in front of Jessica and Welch, who are lost for the salmon and the bread squares, but thankful for the salt shaker shaped like a Koi carp.

Jessica leans in, calm, looks around, looks at Welch, smiles -