

THE RESPONDER

Season Two
Episode Three

Written by

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Close in on Chris as he stares to the left out the windscreen (towards Tom's house which we can't see). A beat, then:

TILLY (O.S.)
I can't believe you haven't got a
cable in the car.

Chris wakes up and looks at her as we pull back.

CHRIS
What?

TILLY
What do you do when your phone goes
flat?

CHRIS
Don't use it.

TILLY
Because it's flat.

He looks at the house, then digs in his pocket and pulls out the money. He counts £570 quickly. He grabs the door handle.

CHRIS
Don't touch anything.

TILLY
Where are you going?

CHRIS
Quick message.

TILLY
What am I gonna do?

She holds up her flat phone. Chris pulls a flyer for the men's group out of the glovebox and tosses it to her.

CHRIS
Draw a picture.

TILLY
I'm not four.

Slam. He is gone. She studies the flyer, sighs, then turns it over before digging in her school bag for a pen.

Chris goes to knock then hesitates. Beat, deep breath, then he knocks a little too lightly. Fuck. He glances around, then at Tilly, then raises his hand, then stops as through the frosted glass, we see Tom approaching.

Chris stands at the door as Tom makes his way to his chair on his Zimmer. Tom speaks without looking round.

TOM

I was watching him off Pointless.

CHRIS

The posh one?

TOM

The lanky one.

Chris looks at the TV and sees it's switched off.

CHRIS

What was he on?

Tom flops into his seat, stares at the TV a beat.

TOM

Some shite or other.

Chris nods, stares at the silent TV awkwardly a beat, then:

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't see you for donkeys and then twice in two days?

CHRIS

I was worried about you. You being on your own...

TOM

Been on me own thirty years.

CHRIS

That's why I'm checking. [Beat] Do you wanna brew?

TOM

The girls will be here soon to do me tea and wipe me arse. [Beat, then soft] They're only kids.

Chris studies his dad, then looks towards the kitchen.

CHRIS

I could murder a brew.

Tom fixes him. Clock tick silence. Chris nods his head to the kitchen. Tom just stares until finally, he beckons Chris toward him. Chris hesitates. Tom appears to soften a little and beckons again. Chris approaches but stops just short.

TOM

Come here. [Beat] Come on.

Chris hesitates, Tom beckons. Finally Chris closes the gap.

CHRIS

What?

TOM

Closer.

Chris finally leans fully in with a nervous laugh. Tom strikes fast. He grips the back of Chris's neck and pulls him down until Tom snarls into his ear.

TOM (CONT'D)

Thief.

Fuck. Chris tries to pull back but his dad clings on.

TOM (CONT'D)

Dirty fucking thief.

Chris pulls at his dad's fingers.

TOM (CONT'D)

You make me sick.

Spittle on his cheek, Chris reels as he finally breaks free.

CHRIS

I was in the shit!

TOM

Always you. Thieving. Lying.
Bringing shame on your mother. On
Me. [Beat] Twenty years ago I would
have beat the living shit out of
yer. [Mutters] You put that uniform
on, but you're nothing but a thief.

Tom breaks off, shakes his head, then settles. The anger has blown through like a squall, leaving Chris shaken by old fears as the moment subsides. Beat, then Tom looks past him:

TOM (CONT'D)

[Soft and light] Hello darlin'.

Chris turns. Tilly, head round the door, smiling unsure at Tom, before looking at her dad with concern. What did she see? Chris looks back at Tom and then Tilly.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come and say hello to your grandad.

Chris looks at his dad. Fuck fuck fuck. Tilly hovers.

TOM (CONT'D)

Look at her. Like a little sparra'.
No need to hide love, come in!

Tilly smiles at Tom then cautiously slides into the room.

TOM (CONT'D)
Come 'ere. Come on.

Tilly looks at her dad then crosses to Tom. He takes her hand and gently ushers her round so that she's in front of him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Look at you! Seven?

TILLY
Nine.

Tom looks at Chris all smiles. The money seemingly forgotten.

TOM
Smasher. Just like her mother.

Chris nods. Tom looks back at Tilly.

TOM (CONT'D)
You won't remember me.

Tilly, still smiling but shy, shakes her head.

TOM (CONT'D)
Not even pictures?

No. Tom looks at Chris. Disappointment? Back to Tilly.

TOM (CONT'D)
Last time I saw you... [To Chris]
Our George's funeral?

CHRIS
Jimmy's.

TOM
You was this big!

Tom cups his hand like he is cradling an egg and then pretends to almost drop it. Tilly chuckles. Tom lightly touches her shoulder as he delights in her smile.

TOM (CONT'D)
Look at that! Wow!

She beams at Chris, despite himself, he smiles back.

CHRIS
We've got to get going.

TOM
Have a biscuit. Get her a biscuit.

CHRIS
Her mum will be wondering.

Tom looks at Chris whose smile has gone. He reads Chris. Tom's smile fades. Chris wants her away from him. A beat, then he lightly taps Tilly's arm.

TOM
Get yourself some pocket money.

CHRIS
No.

TOM
Go on, grab a tenner.

Tom looks at Chris and then deadpans.

TOM (CONT'D)
Your dad knows where the money is.

Chris shuffles. Tom watches, then back to Tilly with a smile.

TOM (CONT'D)
Get yerself some sweets and a comic.

TILLY
A comic?

TOM
Or whatever. I don't know. Kids.

Tilly looks at her dad.

TOM (CONT'D)
[To Chris] It's only money.

It's different this time. Is Tom reaching out? Chris nods and flicks his head to Tilly. She follows him into the kitchen.

4 **INT. TOM'S KITCHEN, DAY 3, 16:07**

4

We're in the kitchen as Chris enters followed by Tilly. He goes straight to the tea pot, takes it down then pulls a ten pound note out and holds it up, then leans in.

CHRIS
Say thank you, then go and stand by the front door. You hear me? Thank you. Door. Gone. Yeah?

She nods. He hands the money over. Then flicks his head. She goes. He watches, then pulls the cash out of his pocket and stuffs it into the pot and puts it back on the shelf. A beat, deep breath, and then he exits.

Chris enters the living room. Tilly is standing by Tom who is holding her hand. Fucks sake.

TILLY
It's all lace with pearls...

TOM
Wow.

TILLY
It comes out at the bottom and...

CHRIS
Tilly?!

She freezes, eyes suddenly on the carpet at the sound of Chris's raised voice. He's suddenly embarrassed. He looks at his dad who simply stares at him. Do they recognise the emotion they share. There's something between them but they don't know what. A beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
We need to get going. Say thank you to Grandad.

TILLY
Thank you grandad.

TOM
You're welcome my darlin'.

Tom lightly cups her cheek, then she heads for the door.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'll see you at the communion.
I'll put my posh dress on too!

Chris: WTF? She smiles, and exits with another glance and smile to Tom. She's gone. Tom looks at Chris.

CHRIS
I put the money back.

Tom waves him away like the matter is forgotten.

TOM
Bring her again.

Chris heads for the door. Tom holds out a hand.

TOM (CONT'D)
Bring her... please.

That stops Chris.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's lovely to see her.

Chris stares, then exits. Tom stares at the closed door and then settles back into the silence of the room for a beat until he picks up the remote. He flicks a channel, then:

TOM (CONT'D)
Nothing but shite.

6 **INT. CHRIS'S CAR, DAY 3, 16:13**

6

Silence as he climbs in. He's fuming. She risks a glance as he fights with his seatbelt and then goes to start the car, but breaks off and looks at her.

CHRIS
When I tell you to wait in the car,
you wait in the car.

TILLY
I was...

CHRIS
NO! You do as your told, alright?!?

She stares at him a beat, then nods and lowers her head. Like a wave running away from the shore his emotions ebb. Fuck. He feels terrible as Tilly stares at the floor. He deflates.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

TILLY
It's okay.

CHRIS
No. It isn't. I'm sorry mate.

She looks at him and nods. Friends. He manages a smile.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Me dad winds me up, but... I
shouldn't take it out on you.

She shows him the drawing. It's shit but he smiles.

TILLY
I drew us.

CHRIS
I'll put that on me wall.

TILLY
[Beat] I only went in to see what
you were doing.

He looks away. She's fidgeting with something. He looks back at her and then down. It's the burner. FUCK! He snatches it from her. He's furious. Barely contained.

CHRIS
I TOLD YOU DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING..!

He looks at the phone and then back at her to continue telling her off. She's looking away, clearly shocked and upset. He stares, fuck. He feels bad. He looks at the phone again and then fires up the screen. A text from Franny. **He opens it, shielding it from Tilly. WTF!** He waves the phone in her direction awkwardly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I've got to... I'm sorry.

A beat, then he gets out the car.

7 **EXT. TOM'S HOUSE/BUILDING SITE, DAY 3, 16:14**

7

Chris climbs out the car and dials and waits. He watches as two women stop outside his dad's place and wait as one of them takes a drag on a vape. They let themselves in. He watches as the door closes, then looks at Tilly. The call connects. Chris half turns away from the car.

CHRIS
Who's Vernon?

8 **EXT. ROAD ADJACENT TO A BUILDING SITE, DAY 3, 16:15**

8

Franny is wiping down his plasterer's float on a towel, his phone jammed under his chin. A builder's bucket of dirty water at his feet.

FRANNY
Alright mate.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Never mind 'alright'... What's this text?

FRANNY
Hang on.

Franny checks his float is spotless, then carefully places it next to the other, spotless tools in the van.

CUT TO:

Chris paces. Fuck me.

FRANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay. What?

CHRIS
Who the fuck is Vernon?

FRANNY (O.S.)
You don't worry who Vernon is. Just
do what the text says and find out
where he is from them two old
birds. Alright?

CHRIS
Why do you want him?

FRANNY (O.S.)
Doesn't matter.

CHRIS
Of course it fuckin' matters...

Chris checks himself, a glance at the car, then calmer:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
How do I know I'm not just leading
him... How do I know this isn't
another... you know... Look, is
someone gonna to die here?

FRANNY (O.S.)
Only of boredom listening to you
whinge.

CHRIS
I'm being serious. What
happened.... The other night?
Hodgkin? I don't want that on my...
I don't.

CUT TO:

FRANNY
Listen, that stuff, the heavy
stuff? That's not me.

CHRIS (O.S.)
You say that.

FRANNY
I mean it. It's not me that shit. I
fly low. Under the radar. No
ripples in the force. You get me?
That shit attracts attention. Which
is why you're going in uniform to
ask questions, and not big Billy
the Ball Basher.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Big Billy who?!?!?

Franny chuckles.

FRANNY

Figure of speech. Point is, you've got to trust me. My lads have been and got no sense out of them two old birds and the last thing I wanna do is escalate things. You can sort it with no ripples.

CUT TO:

CHRIS

Maybe they don't know where he is?

FRANNY (O.S.)

Lad, honest to god, you haven't met them. They know, but it's like talking to mud if they don't want to answer. They just need the right person to ask the question.

Chris is unsure. A beat, then:

FRANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This lad who you're looking for? He's gonna be okay. I promise you. I just need him found because he's got something of mine and I want it back. [Beat] He's just a knobhead.

CHRIS

Just a knobhead.

FRANNY (O.S.)

Aren't we all?

Despite himself, Chris smiles.

CUT TO:

Franny sits on the back step of the van.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Look, if you turn up, all bizzie in your bizzie car, they'll trust you and tell you. I promise.

Franny waits.

CUT TO:

Chris sighs and looks off. Beat, then:

FRANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You'll have your feet up on that CID desk before you know it.

Chris nods to himself, then turns to look at Tilly who looks at him and then away. A half beat, then she looks back and smiles. Friends again. He smiles and lifts a hand, then lowers it. A beat, then nods to himself.

CHRIS
I'll box it tonight.

FRANNY (O.S.)
You the man. Bell me.

Chris lowers the phone, stares at the house a beat. The front door opens. The carers emerge. Finished already? Chris looks at his watch. Fuck me. A beat, then he walks towards the car as the girls head off down the street to their next call.

9

INT. ST CEDRIC'S CHURCH, DAY 3, 17:30

9

A catholic church. A few kids are playing in a far corner to the left of the altar. There's a knot of parents, hushed voices, one eye on the kids. We pan until we see Chris, back to us, alone, sitting in a pew. Tiny under the high roof, separate to the other parents.

CUT TO:

Chris. He looks lost, staring just above the altar into space. He's miles away. A beat, we hear a door opening. Chris blinks, then re-enters the real world. He turns as Tilly emerges from the confessional, head bowed, taking things very seriously. He smiles just a fraction as he watches her enter a pew nearer to the altar and kneel. She dips her head and prays. He remembers what it's like to have faith and his smile fades. A beat, then Father Liam coughs off screen to catch his attention. It works, Chris looks at Liam who in turn gives a thumbs up. Chris nods, then goes back to Tilly. A beat, Liam coughs again. Chris looks, Liam beckons with a flick of the head. A beat, then Chris heads over. Fucks sake.

CHRIS
Alright father.

FATHER LIAM
Lovely to see you here.

CHRIS
Me mam used to drag me here when I
was a kid. We used to sit over
there.

Chris points to a far pew near the back of the church. A beat, then he looks at Liam.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
First time I've been here in years.

Liam smiles.

FATHER LIAM
I've not been here for long. My
home church is St Barabbas. I'm
covering here because Father David
has gone back to Africa.

CHRIS
Lucky him.

Liam smiles and looks over to the kids.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
We've met before father. Before the
men's group.

FATHER LIAM
We have?

Chris nods. Liam tries to remember but then shakes his head.

CHRIS
Six months or so ago.

Liam squints, the recollection is almost there but then:

FATHER LIAM
I used to drink... I don't always
remember everything.

CHRIS
It's okay father.

Liam stares, then nods. Does he remember? Chris moves it on.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I hope you haven't given her too
many Hail Marys father, I'm parked
on a yellow.

FATHER LIAM
She's very chatty.

Chris looks at him. Liam shrugs.

FATHER LIAM (CONT'D)
She told me you were upset.

CHRIS
I thought confession was secret?

FATHER LIAM
Confession. Conversation. Same
thing really.

Chris shakes his head and looks at Tilly.

FATHER LIAM (CONT'D)
She said you shouted at her, and
that you normally never shout at
her.

Boom. That hits Chris like a sledgehammer. He looks across to
Tilly for a beat, then back at Liam. He looks away again,
then back at Liam.

CHRIS
Pressure at work.

FATHER LIAM
Taxi driving.

Chris goes to nod, then looks at Liam. Has Tilly told him
that he is a cop? Liam is unreadable. A beat, then:

CHRIS
I'm not a taxi driver.

FATHER LIAM
No.

Liam smiles. A beat, then Chris looks back at Tilly.

CHRIS
I'm sorry I shouted at her.

FATHER LIAM
Tell her.

CHRIS
I have, but... I just don't want
to... [Beat] I shouldn't have to.

A beat, Tilly moves out of her pew and heads to the other
kids across the church. Chris watches her go.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
She might be moving away with her
mum. I'm trying to figure out a way
to make them stay in Liverpool.
[To Liam] Part of that is by not
being an arsehole but it's not as
easy as it looks.[Beat] I'd do
anything for that kid... but I'm
starting to think that might be the
problem.

FATHER LIAM
If it's meant to happen it'll
happen.

CHRIS
What if it doesn't?

Liam shrugs then points at the crucifix above the altar.

FATHER LIAM
Don't ask me, ask him.

Chris looks over to the altar. Off to the side, almost out of shot, there's a guy in a brown overall kneeling and pinning down some carpet by the communion rail. Chris stares at the altar for a beat, then looks at Liam.

CHRIS
The caretaker?

Liam doesn't get it, he looks over, sees the caretaker, then:

FATHER LIAM
No! Christ. The crucifix. Pray?

Chris considers a beat, then:

CHRIS
No offence, but I think I'd be better off asking the lad with the carpet father.

Liam shakes his head, then is about to leave but pauses:

FATHER LIAM
I remember we met before. [Beat]
You're not a bad man Chris.

CHRIS
There's plenty who'd argue the toss about that.

FATHER LIAM
Yeah, but there's only one person whose opinion matters.

Liam taps the side of his head and then walks away to quieten the children. Chris watches him go, then spots Tilly. She's watching him from the edge of the group. A beat, she lifts a hand. Chris smiles, waves back, stands, then taps his watch.

10

INT. MARCO'S FLAT TOILET, DAY 3, 17:30

10

We're looking down on Marco, clothed, as he sits on his toilet. Muffled sound, like we're trapped in an airlock, the sound of Marco's heart beating quickly and his breathing, short and shallow. Bath, sink, one towel draped over a rail, and Marco, hunched, hands pushed tight against his ears, staring down at cheap white lino on the floor.

CUT TO:

Front on, hands clamped, he lifts his head to look at us then after a beat, he lifts his hands a fraction from his ears. Adele urgently crying on the other side of the door. Marco clamps again and dips his head but we carry on hearing Adele.

A beat, then he is urgently up and at the door handle.

11

EXT. ST CEDRIC'S, DAY 3, 17:34

11

We join the parents heading to the church gate to collect their kids. We follow Kate and Mullen, eyes left and right looking for Ellie. They stop on the edge of the group of parents. A beat, a couple of people in front of them, they see Ellie waiting. Oh fuck. Half a beat, she glances to another mum with a smile that slips when she sees Kate. Ellie looks away. Another half beat, then something occurs to her and she turns round to look again and sees Ray.

If looks could kill. He tries to smile 'hello'. She looks away. Fuming. A beat, she turns back and edges towards them, indicating that they should move to the back of the group.

Once they are at the back, Kate glances to the churchyard where we see kids making their way out. We see Adam and Tilly chatting to each other, Chris tails behind, carrying their bags. Ellie hisses to Ray with barely controlled anger.

ELLIE

What are you doing here?

He points to the kids, Kate, who's dying. Ellie ignores her.

MULLEN

I'm here for Tilly.

ELLIE

You're not supposed to be here
unless I agree to...

MULLEN

It isn't about you.

ELLIE

I know it isn't about me you fuc...

She breaks off and looks at Kate, then the kids who are almost with them now. Deep breath, then:

ELLIE (CONT'D)

It's not about me and it's not
about you **Ray**, it's about Adam.

KATE

I'm sorry...

ELLIE

Don't... I mean it Kate... don't
get involved.

Ellie can barely contain it. She looks at the kids. Deep breath and she locks it down. She turns back to Mullen.

MULLEN
[Bristles] We might have to change
the arrangement soon anyway.

Ellie trains her guns on him and tilts her head.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
We're thinking about moving to
London...

Kate looks at him. WTF?

ELLIE
London?

MULLEN
Me, Kate and Tilly. A new start.

KATE
No. No it isn't.

He looks at her in shock. Kate shrugs to Ellie 'first I've heard.'

MULLEN
I thought...

Kate can see Tilly, Chris and Adam are almost with them.

KATE
I didn't think it was fair on
Tilly, and now that Chris is
confirmed with this new Debs' job.

ELLIE
So are you going or not?

MULLEN
What new...? I told you...

Kate really doesn't want to do this here. She squirms. Tilly, Chris and Adam arrive. Adam is sulky the second he sees his dad. Chris hovers on the edge. He can feel the atmosphere.

CHRIS
Alright.

Everyone pretty much ignores him. Tilly moves towards her mum as Ellie pulls Adam away. Kate holds out her hand and takes the bag from Chris, nods to Ellie and then heads for her car, leaving the others. Ellie walks away leaving Ray and Chris.

MULLEN
Women.

Chris hasn't got a clue. A beat, then:

MULLEN (CONT'D)
You got a day job with Deb Barnes?

CHRIS
[Beat] Yeah.

MULLEN
How?

CHRIS
Charm. You want to give it a try.

Chris walks away. Mullen watches him go, then glances over to where Ellie went, then follows Kate.

12

INT. CONSTABLE'S WRITING ROOM, NIGHT 3, 22:01

12

Rachel is sitting at a terminal typing her password. She glances at the door as she waits for the page to load. A beat, then we see that she is interrogating the crime reporting system. She enters Lorna's details into the system checking if she has reported crime in the last six months. A beat, then results come back: Negative.

She leans back in her chair. It should be good news but it isn't. She fires up the intel and is about to look at that when Phil enters, carrying a poster for the wall. Rachel exits the system and pretends all is well.

PHIL
Been looking for you.

RACHEL
I'm on nights.

PHIL
Bit late.

RACHEL
Ten o'clock?

PHIL
What happened to parading on fifteen minutes early?

RACHEL
There's nobody here to parade on to.

PHIL
I'm here.

RACHEL
You're not my...

She leans forward and makes a show of looking at his two chevrons and then leans back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
... acting sergeant.

He smirks and takes a seat next to her. A beat, then:

PHIL
What's up?

She shrugs 'dunno what you're on about?'

PHIL (CONT'D)
You've gone off the boil.

RACHEL
I was never on the boil.

PHIL
Off the simmer then.

She smiles. A beat, then:

PHIL (CONT'D)
I heard you failed your sergeants exam.

RACHEL
Anyone else not know???

Beat, then he digs in his pocket and throws her some keys.

PHIL
At least you've got your wings back. [Beat] Skin of your teeth. Eric covered for you, and the traffic investigator found some oil on the road.

She shrugs. He watches her a beat then leans forward.

PHIL (CONT'D)
[Whispers] There was no oil on the road. He's a mate of mine. [Beat] Slow the fuck down Rach.

She nods then writes in her notebook. He watches, then:

PHIL (CONT'D)
You alright?

RACHEL
It's just a shit week.

PHIL
It's not over yet.

She smiles and writes. He watches her a beat. She looks up.

RACHEL
What?

PHIL
You were great you know? Back then.
Can't you find that love for the
job again? It'll help.

A beat of staring from her, then she goes back to writing.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I know it's hard mate.

She considers, then nods thanks. He smiles, then slides the poster across to her.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Stick that up for us will you?. I'm
going home.

He taps her hand, then leaves. She watches him go, then looks at the blank screen of the PC, then goes back to writing.

13

EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK, NIGHT 3, 22:10

13

Chris doom-scrolling on his phone, then leans against his car with the boot open, arms folded, staring off. A beat, then Rachel heads over with her gear. He turns to face her and we see him pocket his phone. She stops just short.

RACHEL
They're letting me drive again.

CHRIS
Thanks for the warning.

She shakes her head at his shit joke. A beat, then:

RACHEL
Probably for the best. Me and you
in a car seems to equal trouble.

CHRIS
Yeah, you're a nightmare.

They stare at each other for a beat then he smiles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Can I get a head start? Just in
case.

RACHEL
[Smiles] Fuck off.

He nods, then pushes off the car, and they go on their ways. He's just climbing into the car when she calls out to him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
The thing that we...

She looks around, then:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
It's over yeah?

CHRIS
All sorted.

RACHEL
So we're out?

CHRIS
Yeah.

RACHEL
[Beat] And you're out?

CHRIS
All done. Finished. Forget it.

He gets into the car and slams the door. She watches him a beat, then walks away.

CUT TO:

Chris sits a beat then blows out his cheeks. He pulls his phone. Text off Franny: DONT LET ME DOWN LAD. He looks off to where Rachel went, then starts the car.

14 **INT. JODIE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT 3, 22:15**

14

Music in low, Jodie applying make up sitting at a dressing table. We hear a toilet flush and then Casey pads across the landing towards her room. She looks rough as she passes Jodie's door. Jodie glances at her then goes back to applying for a beat before breaking off, thinking, then shouting.

JODIE
Casey!

Beat, Casey looks round the door. She looks like she has flu.

JODIE (CONT'D)
What's up with you?

CASEY
Nothin'.

JODIE
Why aren't you ready?

CASEY
I'm getting ready.

JODIE
You've been the bog about five
times.

CASEY
I'm alright.

Jodie scopes her as Casey folds her arms and holds herself
tight. A beat, then:

JODIE
You rattling?

CASEY
No! [Beat] Yeah.

JODIE
When did you last shoot up?

CASEY
Yesterday.

JODIE
[Beat] Do you want to shoot up?

Casey shrugs pathetically. Jodie frowns, then opens her bag
and holds up a twenty. Casey fixes on it like a hawk.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Do. You. Want to shoot up?

A beat, then Casey reaches for the money but Jodie withdraws.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Feel free, but know this: If you
do, you're out this deal, this
house, and this job.

A beat, then she offers the cash again. Beat, then Casey
holds herself tight again. Jodie nods and lowers the twenty.

JODIE (CONT'D)
[Soft] I know it's hard.

CASEY
It's killin' me.

JODIE
You can't do drugs and deal drugs.

Casey nods. Beat then Jodie takes pity and opens her bag. She
rummages, then holds up a baggy of coke. Casey fixes on it.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Do you want a bump to help you over
the hump?

Casey, a little confused, nods.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Just one toot then.

She starts to clear a spot on the table as Casey watches her, slightly bemused by Jodie's drugs logic.

CUT TO:

Music cue: Girls Aloud, I Don't Speak French.

Jodie and Casey dancing to the music which is up loud. They are both off their heads on coke and loving it. The song is drawing to a close, as it does Jodie sits on the end of the bed, looks at her watch, kills the music via her phone. Casey, buzzing, sits down heavily next to her all smiles.

CASEY
One toot? We did the bag.

Jodie nudges her, then flicks at her hair and tousles it. A beat, then Jodie smiles, and settles, suddenly melancholy.

JODIE
This has got to fly tonight. We
need to be on it. We can't let them
fuck us about. I need this to work.
For Lexie.

Casey nods, Jodie darkens until Casey soothes her.

CASEY
It'll be okay. I'll make it okay.
I can sell. I'm brilliant... I'll
keep clean... if you need me clean
I'll keep clean.

She means it. She wants it. Jodie gets it and puts her arm around her and pulls her close. A beat of them sitting.

JODIE
Since Carl died... I've felt like
I've been on me own.

Casey grimaces out of sight of Jodie.

JODIE (CONT'D)
I miss him so much.

CASEY
Yeah.

Jodie squeezes, then looks at her. Casey looks back.

JODIE
Thank you.

Casey nods. Fuck. A beat, then:

JODIE (CONT'D)
Right, let's get ready and do this.

Casey nods, and off they go.

15

INT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK, NIGHT 3, 22:20

15

Weary Debs exits the station fumbling from pocket to pocket for her keys. She's still looking as she reaches her car:

MULLEN (O.S.)
Hey Debs.

She starts and turns. Mullen, in civvies, sitting in his car wearing the coat we see in episode 1. He is parked directly next to hers with his window rolled down. Debs finally finds her keys and hits the fob and the doors unlock.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
Got five?

DEBS
I'm going home...

MULLEN
Two then?

She tosses her bag in the car and is about to climb in when:

DEBS
What?

MULLEN
You've given Chris a day job?
[Beat] I saw him this avvie and he said...

A beat, then she looks up. Debs is rattled. A beat, then:

DEBS
What's it got to do with you?

MULLEN
It impacts on me. [Beat] Me and Kate.

She looks away and then back at him. A beat, then finally she leans down to the window and snarls.

DEBS
Discuss it with them then.

She gets in and slams the door hard. He doesn't flicker. She gives him a look which he ignores.

MULLEN
It just doesn't...

Chris hasn't got a fucking clue.

MADGE (CONT'D)
The cat! Are you daft? Why don't
you listen?

CHRIS
You said Rita.

Madge holds out a hand for Chris to help her up. He does, and it is a struggle. Has drink been taken? She leans in. It has.

MADGE
Cyril Fletcher. She's got an eye
like Cyril Fletcher.

CHRIS
What? Who's Cyril Fletcher?

She theatrically leans in and turns one eye. Chris hasn't got a fucking clue. He steps back, and then points at the house.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Do you live here love?

MADGE
[Proudly] I do.

CHRIS
Can we go in for a chat?

MADGE
Who are you?

He gestures to his uniform. She stares blankly. Eventually:

CHRIS
I'm the police?

MADGE
What? All of them?

He doesn't know what to say.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Nora will be sleeping.

Eventually, she looks at the house, then back at him.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Unless she isn't, but if she is,
you **do not** want to wake her.
[Whispers] She's a bitch.

She scratches at her head a beat, then:

MADGE (CONT'D)
Do you have identification?

Fuck me. He points at the police car. She looks, then looks back at him. So what? A beat, then he starts to dig in his pocket for his warrant card and flashes it. She leans in, taking hold of his hand and pulls it close to her face. A beat of squinting, she leans back, airs and graces forgotten:

MADGE (CONT'D)
I haven't got me glasses.
Come in while I find them.

She heads off. He looks around 'fuck me!' He takes a deep breath, then follows. She reaches the front door and spins and shouts, causing him to take a step back.

MADGE (CONT'D)
CYRIL?!?!?! Nothing but trouble
gingers. Nothing but trouble.

Chris follows.

19 **INT. MADGE AND NORA'S HALLWAY, NIGHT 3, 22:32**

19

Chris follows Madge into the hallway. It's dimly lit Victoriana. Deep greens. Thick dusty ruby red carpets and broad leaf potted plants in fat squat vases etc.

Madge leads the way as a cat dodges across their path (the place stinks of them). They head along the hall towards the kitchen at the rear of the property. Chris looks left and right, then up the stairs as he follows.

20 **INT. MADGE AND NORA'S KITCHEN, NIGHT 3, 22:33**

20

They enter the large kitchen lit by a tall old fashioned tasselled standard lamp, sat high on a heavy oak table in the centre of the room. Chris looks up at the lamp.

MADGE
The electrics have seen better
days. [Beat] But then, haven't we
all?

Is she fishing for a compliment? He doesn't know what to say. She waits, then spins away in a huff. She rifles through detritus in a cardboard box on the worktop, then heads towards him and hands over her reading glasses. He takes them, and looks at her in confusion as she exits the kitchen.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Nora!!! Cyril has got out again!

Chris places the glasses on the kitchen table, then follows.

Chris enters the living room, dimly lit by lamps. High ceilings. An electric radiator in the hearth instead of a real fire. Over-stuffed settees and chairs. Tapestries hang on the walls next to dusty landscapes and some bad modern art originals, plus many more paintings stack in corners etc.

On one of the sofas lies Nora (50's). She covered in blankets and coats watching an old 30" flat screen tv that is balanced on a coffee table at her feet. She lifts a grey withered hand out from under the coats and wafts it.

NORA
Must you shout?

MADGE
There's man here! Are you asleep? I
don't know when you're asleep!

Nora lifts her head as Madge looks Chris up and down.

MADGE (CONT'D)
He says he is a policeman but I
can't find my glasses.

NORA
They make you look old.

Nora studies Chris, then:

NORA (CONT'D)
But then we are all old.

Did she just insult him? A beat, then:

CHRIS
I'm looking for Vernon Hartley.

Nora shifts some coats off her and pushes at her thick hair as Madge bangs draws in a massive sideboard across the room.

MADGE
Have you seen my glasses?

NORA
Stop banging! She's always banging.
So much noise!

Nora is unpeeling herself from the piles of coats and getting up off the couch. She's wearing a too short nightie under a silk dressing gown. Chris looks away and addresses Madge.

CHRIS
You gave me them in the kitchen.

She tries to remember, then crosses and holds out her hand.

MADGE

Thank you.

CHRIS

I haven't got them.

MADGE

It's always so difficult. Difficult things happen to me all the time and I don't know why.

NORA

You should be in a home. She should be in a home. I'm an artist. Did she tell you I'm an artist?

CHRIS

Listen to me. This is important, I need to speak to Vernon.

Madge snorts. Nora has drawn close to Chris and offers her hand. He goes to shake it.

NORA

Not too tight, I have a condition.

He looks at the hand but doesn't shake it. She moves on.

CHRIS

Vernon? Where is he?

NORA

Have you seen Cyril? I paint her. She is my muse.

She points to one of the modern paintings. It looks nothing like a ginger cat. Chris stares a beat, then back to Nora.

NORA (CONT'D)

My meows... [To Madge, suddenly delighted] My meows! I made a joke!

Chris: Fuck me. He's had enough.

CHRIS

Hey! Vernon!! The lad could be in trouble. I need to know...

NORA

My son, and my sin. I carry the weight of that sin on my soul by way of my shame.

CHRIS

Where the fuck is he?

NORA
I dip my brush in that shame when I
paint, don't you know.

MADGE
And emulsion.

NORA
Do you see it in the strokes? It is
in the strokes. Do you see it?

MADGE (O.S.)
I can't see anything.

Another slam.

NORA
HOW CAN I THINK!!!!!!?!?!?!?!?

Chris flinches. Nora suddenly calm, looks at Chris.

NORA (CONT'D)
[Whispers] I detest this house.

CHRIS
Look, I'm trying to do him a favour
here. I just need to speak to him.

NORA
[Whispers] He takes the wacky
backy.

MADGE
My daughter is a prude.

Chris looks at Madge, then turns back to see Nora going back
to making her bed up on the settee.

Chris watches her, then wanders back towards the hall and
looks out before returning to the room. He looks at Nora. All
the blankets are on the floor now. This is going to take all
night. His phone buzzes and he takes it out. Debs. He turns
back to the women who are watching him and points to the
phone. Chris exits the room and answers the call.

CHRIS
Hello?

22 **INT. DEB'S CAR, NIGHT 3, 22:35**

22

Debs in a layby.

DEBS
The day job has gone out the window
and if Ray Mullen calls, tell him
you were lying to Kate about it.

CUT TO:

Chris is near the front door.

CHRIS
What the fu... If Ray calls? [Beat]
Listen, I need that job Debs, so
just tell Ray to fuck off. Nobody
gives a fuck about him.

DEBS (O.S.)
I give a fuck about him! He's
putting two and two together.

Madge comes out of the living room, shouting to Nora.

MADGE
We only have cider!!

She looks at Chris.

MADGE (CONT'D)
You've upset her.

Chris waves her away and turns to face the door.

CHRIS
That fucker couldn't put his lips
together when he breathes, so don't
worry about two and two. [Beat]
Look, I'm doing that thing for your
mate for that job, and I've told
Kate that I've got it, so I need
you...

CUT TO:

DEBS
No I'm sorry, I just can't risk it.
There's just too much attention.
I'm sorry Chris, I really am.

She kills the call.

CUT TO:

Chris.

CHRIS
Debs? Hello?

A beat, Chris looks at his phone. She's gone. He's furious.
He dials her back. Voicemail. Fuck. He's about to speak when:

MADGE

They were in the kitchen all along!

He spins. Madge, really close behind him. He stares a beat, then walks away without looking back. Madge watches him go. He opens the front door and Cyril runs into the house as Chris exits with a furious slam of the door.

NORA (O.S.)

Stop banging!!!!

Madge puts a hand to her brow and then follows Cyril.

23

EXT. MADGE AND NORA'S HOUSE, NIGHT 3, 22:36

23

Chris stalks down the path to the gate. He tries to pull it open but it catches on the latch. He pulls it again and then violently grabs it and finally yanks it open before storming off. The gate closes slowly behind him.

23A

INT. POLICE CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT 3, 22:40

23A

Mullen wearing police shirt, sergeants epaulettes, police trousers, and shoes, enters the control room on a mission. He heads straight for his station and fires up the CCTV. A beat, he thinks, then enters the date and time of the pub scene. He watches the scene play out and sits back.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sarge?

He holds up a hand dismissing them. He stays focussed on the frozen image. A beat, he taps the screen, scrolling forward a few frames then stopping again. He stares. He rewinds. He goes back too far and stabs at the mouse a couple of times until the screen freezes: Debs. In her car staring up at us.

MULLEN

[Soft] Fuck.

He stares a beat, then presses play and we see the Franny and Debs scene. He leans back. Fuck. He stares a beat, leans forward to look at the logo on the van. A couple of clicks, we're zoomed in on the logo. Another click, then he fires up google and checks out the company.

A few clicks and we're on the 'FS Plastering in the community' page. He scrolls. Pictures of Franny handing over cheques here and there. Kids and mum's groups, the local park group, and then there's Franny and a kids football team. It's a prize night and Franny is handing a random kid a small trophy. Caption reads: "Company Director Franny Sutton at the FS Plastering Under 12's end of 2018/19 season prize night."

A beat, then he fires up the police intel system. He glances at the screen and then enters Franny's name in to the system.

There's loads of stuff there. He speed reads and scrolls. No arrests except for 13 years ago : "accused on bail for four months. No charges after witnesses withdrew statements, and police evidence to aid prosecution lost." That intel entry is signed: OIC DC Deb Barnes and dated 13 years ago. A pattern is emerging.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sarge???

MULLEN

What?!?

OPERATOR

I've got a lad on hold here. He can't sign on for his bail in the morning. Says he's been throwing up all day and feels like shite.

MULLEN

Log it and tell him to bring a doctor's note next time he signs on at the front desk.

Mullen goes back to the screen. A beat, then it hits him. He grabs a phone and punches in a number.

23B **INT. POLICE ADMIN ARCHIVES, NIGHT 3, 22:41**

23B

The dimly lit 24-hour admin archive. A lone, end of service sergeant (EDWARDS) sits at a desk eating a sandwich and watching TV on a laptop. The phone rings. He answers.

EDWARDS

Archive. Sergeant Edwards.

MULLEN (O.S.)

Sgt Ray Mullen, Alpha area control room here. Can you check an old bail book for me please?

Admin Sarge rolls his eyes and then grabs a pen.

EDWARDS

Go ahead with the details.

24 **INT. NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT 3, 22:45**

24

Music thumping lights flashing, we stare at a set of double doors. They open, Casey and Jodie, looking like confident gunfighters, side by side pushing one each. They stop. Fuck.

The club is almost empty. Jodie looks like she is going to panic, but Casey, super cool, reads her and reassures her.

CASEY

It's okay. It's only early.

Casey walks off to a booth. Jodie slides in. Casey starts to slyly stash gear. A beat, then she looks at Jodie.

CASEY (CONT'D)

It'll be chokka by one, you watch.

Jodie relaxes a little. Casey goes back to business.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Who else is sellin' for us?

Jodie points across the room to Ian sitting at the bar sipping an orange juice, then flicks her head to Barry in the booth next to them with a pint. Barry stares back at them like he hates them, then looks away. A dancing lad thinks about approaching Barry who glares. The lad changes his mind.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Them two?

JODIE

Only ones I could get who don't
look like they sleep in a bin.
[Beat] No offence.

Casey leans back. The excitement knocked out of her. A beat, then she leans forward to Jodie and shouts over the music.

CASEY

We need someone better than them to
work the dance floor with me...

The music suddenly stops as Casey shouts.

CASEY (CONT'D)

... they look like a couple of
paedos!

Casey looks at Barry in the silence. Oops. A beat, then the music starts up again. Jodie laughs at what just happened. Barry stares at them both, he heard, he tilts his head toward Casey: 'I will kill you.' Fuck. A beat then Casey collects herself. She thinks it through, then looks around the club, then pulls her phone and rises.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a minute.

CUT TO:

The other side of the doors as they swing open and Casey, on the phone, finger in the other ear, comes through at speed.

Marco's bedroom. Dimly lit, he's backing away from his bed having just got Adele to sleep in a nest of pillows. His phone starts to ring. Fuck. He scrabbles it out of his pocket and answers without speaking. We hear the dull thud of the club as he exits the room .

CUT TO:

Casey in the corridor.

CASEY

Marco?? Are you there? Marco???

CUT TO:

Marco softly closes the door and answers.

MARCO

[Hisses] I'm putting Adele down!
What do you want?

CASEY (O.S.)

I need yer!

MARCO

I've just told yer I'm puttin' the
baby to bed!

CASEY (O.S.)

Have you heard yerself?

He shakes his head and makes for the living room.

CUT TO:

Casey.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm in the shit here. This
is me only chance and Jodie's got
Barry and Ian... look, I need yer.
Alright? I need you to help me. So
please come here and help me.

MARCO (O.S.)

I can't leave Adele.

She flops against a wall and almost sobs. A beat, then:

CASEY

Your brilliant at dealing Marco.
Please!!

(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
We can make some dough, then have a
dance and a bevy and *it'll be a*
laugh just one last time...

CUT TO:

He sits on the couch. He coming round, but is still torn.

MARCO
I've got social services coming
tomorrow and I'm dead stressed
about it.

CUT TO:

Casey sees her chance:

CASEY
That's why you need a break from
Adrian!!

MARCO (O.S.)
Adele.

CASEY
Whatever. You still need a break.

She leaves it hanging.

CUT TO:

Marco stares at the bedroom door a beat then smiles.

26 **EXT. BRENDA'S FLAT, NIGHT 3, 22:47**

26

Brenda's door. A beat, then Marco knocks. He waits a beat,
then knocks again. She opens up in her dressing gown.

BRENDA
What?!?

MARCO
I need baby food. I've got to go
out.

BRENDA
This is why I never used to speak
to yer. Give scallies an inch...

MARCO
I just need you to come in for ten
minutes honest.

Brenda stares.

MARCO (CONT'D)
She's asleep.

Brenda squints.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Swear down.

Brenda sighs, then pulls the door closed behind her. Okay.

27

INT. GARAGE SHOP, NIGHT 3, 22:50

27

Chris is at the counter with an apple Lucozade. He is trying to make small talk with the attendant who is staring back blankly. It's almost like, for the first time in his life, he doesn't want to be alone. He's lost everything with Debs taking the job and is desperate to avoid remembering that. He is on autopilot conversation mode.

CHRIS
I'm probably drinking about eight
bottles a week.

The attendant stares back blankly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Only way I can stay awake when I'm
on me own.

The attendant looks out at the forecourt then back at Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
How do you stay awake all night?

ATTENDANT
I stock up the crisps.

CHRIS
It's all go.

They stare at each other a beat then the attendant looks out across the empty forecourt. A beat, Chris follows his gaze, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You got kids.

ATTENDANT
I've got enough stress in me life.

Chris considers, then:

CHRIS
Yeah.

A beat, Chris turns away and walks off as a a customer approaches the service window.

ATTENDANT
What can I get you mate?

Chris stares blankly at the magazines a beat, then pulls his phone, considers, then holds it to his mouth for a voice note message.

CHRIS

Kate. Erm, I hope you're... you're probably asleep. I don't...

He looks over to the attendant who is still serving. Chris paces, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah erm... I'm sorry but... bit of bad news about the job...

He stops and shakes his head then ends the message. He looks at the screen. We see he's sent and then deleted several messages. He is lost. A beat, then he deletes the latest message. A beat, then his phone buzzes, Franny, text message: THE FUCK LAD?? YOU NOT DOING VERNON NOW???

Chris looks up, the attendant is staring at him. He turns away from him and replies: NO JOB NOW, SO NO POINT. I'M OUT, AS PER OUR AGREEMENT.

Chris hits send and goes back to picks up his bottle from the counter. He's trying to be cool. His phone pings almost immediately. He sets the drink down again and turns away and checks the message: FINE. DO IT MESELF AND WHAT WILL BE WILL BE.

Chris stiffens. A beat, then he dials Franny and walks away from the counter. It goes straight to an automated message: THIS NUMBER IS NOT AVAILABLE. Fuck. Chris paces a beat, then heads for the door urgently. It doesn't open. He steps back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Open the door please mate.

The attendant is stacking a shelf behind the counter.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

MATE?! OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!!

The attendant is a little surprised and hits the button. Chris charge out the shop. He needs to protect the women. The attendant watches Chris running to his car.

ATTENDANT

Weirdo.

27A **INT. POLICE ARCHIVE/POLICE CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT 3, 22:55** 27A

Sgt Edwards enters the office carrying a dusty A3 ledger. He drops it onto the desk and picks up the phone.

EDWARDS
You still there?

CUT TO:

Ray sipping a brew as he waits for Edwards, the phone on hands free. He almost jumps at the sound and grabs the phone.

MULLEN
Yeah yeah, go on.

EDWARDS (O.S.)
What dates we lookin' at?

Ray looks at the intel page.

MULLEN
Feb 2010 to the middle of April.
Francis Sutton. Every Tuesday and Thursday.

CUT TO:

Edwards opens the ledger and flicks through to February.

EDWARDS
And what are we looking for?

MULLEN (O.S.)
Anything.

EDWARDS
Anything?

Edwards shakes his head, turns a few pages then runs his finger down. Another page, then:

EDWARDS (CONT'D)
3rd of Feb, First one. Signed on at nine am exact.

MULLEN
Who signed him in?

EDWARDS
DC Barnes. Collar number A 875.

MULLEN
And then?

Another search, then:

EDWARDS
Thursday. 0900. Same bobby. Next one... How far back am I going back? I'm up the wall here...

He clearly isn't.

CUT TO:

Mullen. Thinks it through. It is pointless. A beat, then:

MULLEN
No that's great. I appreciate it.

CUT TO:

Edwards turns a page then smiles.

EDWARDS
Do you know this Barnes?

MULLEN
It's just general enquiry...

EDWARDS (O.S.)
Whoever it is, they got on well
with the bailee.

MULLEN
Yeah?

EDWARDS (O.S.)
Roses are red, violets are blue, if
I have to be on bail, I'm glad it's
with you.

MULLEN
What??

CUT TO:

We see the ledger. Franny has drawn all over one of the
entries. Debs has not responded to it.

EDWARDS
He's drawn love hearts with arrows
and all sorts on the ledger.

He turns one more page. More love hearts.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Full of love this lad. He was
loving it.

CUT TO:

Mullen. Fuck me. A beat, then:

MULLEN
Can you scan and email me that
over?

Franny sits on the edge of the bath phone in hand. He hangs his head on the back of the Chris exchange and the message he's just composed: LAD, GET GONZO AND GET BACK TO THEM OLD BIRDS RE VERNON. GLOVES OFF. MAKE THEM TELL.

His thumb hovers, he hits send. A beat, then he exits the bathroom and pads across the darkened landing towards Debs and his bedroom. He stops, looks at the light that is leaking out from under William's bedroom door. He smiles, then goes to the door, knocks lightly, then opens it a fraction.

FRANNY

Mate?

William, lying on his bed, holding a PSP type device. Franny sticks his head round the door.

FRANNY

See you next time I'm over...

William is engrossed in the game and ignores him.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

You're mum will batter you.

WILLIAM

I'm just finishing off.

He carries on. Franny enters the room and watches.

FRANNY

Off. School tomorrow.

WILLIAM

Nearly there.

Franny smiles. Eyes on the screen with William. A beat, then he takes the PSP out of William's hands.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Awww.

Franny starts to finish the level as William watches.

FRANNY

Budge over.

William makes space and Franny shuffles onto the bed next to him. William is watching the screen.

WILLIAM

Jump.

FRANNY
You can't jump.

WILLIAM
Jump! Press the X! Jump!

Franny smiles. This is great.

30 **INT. DEB'S BEDROOM, NIGHT 3, 23:02**

30

Debs in darkness facing the wall. We hear William cry out as his character dies. She isn't happy. A beat, then she shakes her head and tries to sleep.

31 **EXT. TREVOR AND MARY'S FLATS, NIGHT 3, 23:03**

31

Rachel, a carbon copy of Chris walking towards Trevor and Mary season 1 ep 1. She stops just short of Trevor's flat, and we turn to see Trevor standing by the balcony holding Mary's dog as he stares into space.

RACHEL
Trevor?

He didn't hear her approaching and looks at her, surprised.

TREVOR
You come?

RACHEL
You rang didn't you?

TREVOR
But you never come.

RACHEL
The operator was worried about you.

Trevor looks back out over the courtyard and then down, before turning to Rachel and showing her the dog.

TREVOR
Mary's.

RACHEL
Where is she?

TREVOR
Dead.

Rachel hand moves towards her gas. Trevor reads her.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
No, not me! She was sick and she...

Rachel lowers her hand and Trevor goes back to staring off. Rachel looks at Mary's flat for the first time and sees that the windows are tinted up. A beat, then:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

No one wanted Trixie, so I took her.

RACHEL

I thought you hated dogs?

TREVOR

I don't hate dogs, I just hate this one.

He strokes Trixie, then looks at Rachel.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

She had no one else so... and she's company.

Rachel nods. Heavy thudding music starts up from Mary's.

RACHEL

Who's that?

TREVOR

I can't take it anymore.

RACHEL

Who is it?

TREVOR

Pissheads. Three of them. They ripped the shutter off the door. The council bounced them out and fixed it, but they came back the next night, and then the one after that, and now they're just there 'cos the council have given up.

RACHEL

Why didn't you call us earlier?

TREVOR

I did! Nobody comes. Nobody cares.

Someone starts banging metal against metal.

RACHEL

I came, and I care, so go in your flat while I sort it for you.

She pulls her torch. She means it.

We're looking out from in. It's dark, the only light entering the hall coming from the bottom of the front door where a metal sheet has been peeled back to about waist height. Rachel's torch shines in, closely followed by Rachel.

The music thuds and we hear voices coming from somewhere inside. Rachel straightens, her baton held low, the torch held high. Glass crunches under foot as she looks to her left and sees the electricity meter box has been smashed open and bypassed crudely. She edges past us and deeper into the flat.

We watch as Chris's car speeds down the street and then come to a stop outside the house. He's out in a flash and through the gate as we follow him up the drive to the front door.

About to hammer on the door he hears Madge off screen.

MADGE (O.S.)

Have you got kids?

Chris stops, fist raised to the door. He looks to his left and we see Madge, wrapped in blankets, sitting in the shadows on an old garden bench that's been pushed up to the house. She has a half full pint glass of something and has been drinking. Chris has to peer into the gloom to make her out.

CHRIS

Where's Vernon? I'm not fuckin' about. Where is he?

MADGE

Do you have a cigarette?

CHRIS

I don't smoke. Where's Vernon.

MADGE

Have you not got any in the car?

CHRIS

No. Where's Vernon.

MADGE

You should have. One day someone might need an emergency cigarette and you won't have one.

CHRIS

Well if someone does, someone can go the emergency fucking shop to get some can't they? Where's Vernon?

She sips her drink. She's clearly melancholy. A beat, then:

MADGE
I asked you a question.

CHRIS
I haven't got any ciggies, I told you.

MADGE
I asked if you had kids?

He looks around, unsure whether to answer, then:

CHRIS
[Beat] Yeah. One. A girl.

MADGE
Are you any good?

He shrugs. She nods and sips, staring at him carefully.

CHRIS
[Beat] I do me best.

MADGE
[Scoffs] We all do our best! What I'm asking is, is your best any good?

CHRIS
[Long beat] No.

She grunts and looks away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
[Soft] There's bad people coming here... I want to protect you but you need to tell me where he is.
[Beat] If you don't tell me...

He looks around, searching for the words for a beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Look, if I can get to him first I can head them off, or get you somewhere safe... but you need to tell me where he is...

MADGE
So you're the good guy?

CHRIS
I'm a copper.

MADGE
And all coppers are good guys?

He shrugs. Fair point. She sips, then looks off:

MADGE (CONT'D)
You only get one go at it. It isn't
fair. You mess it up and that's it.
You had your chance and you blew
it.

She's deep in thought. A beat, then she looks at him.

MADGE (CONT'D)
It's so important, and if you get
it wrong...

She tails off. A beat, she looks at him suddenly very weary.

MADGE (CONT'D)
I failed.

He watches her. He doesn't know what to say. A beat, then:

MADGE (CONT'D)
Upstairs, back room. If he hears
you coming he'll hide behind the
wardrobe.

Chris nods, then pushes open the front door which was on the
latch. A beat, then he looks at her.

CHRIS
You've done the right thing
tonight.

She shrugs, staring into the shadows.

MADGE
Bit late now though isn't it?

He considers, then enters. A beat, Madge calls after him:

MADGE (CONT'D)
Watch out for our Nora!

No reply. She shakes her head and settles again.

34

INT. VERNON'S BEDROOM, NIGHT 3, 23:21

34

We're with Chris as he creeps down the hall towards the
stairs. The house is silent and he moves quietly with barely
a floorboard squeak. He looks towards the living room, and
then up the stairs. That's when he sees Nora. She's standing
at the top of the stairs and clearly worse for wear.

CHRIS
I know he's up there.

NORA
He's not!

Chris starts climbing.

NORA (CONT'D)
Where's your warrant!

Chris keeps climbing.

NORA (CONT'D)
Don't you dare! Don't you dare!

She raises her hand to strike him. He stares at her as he passes. The second he is gone, she starts to cry and then sits down heavily.

Chris checking left and right, then enters the back room of the house. On a single bed is a packed holdall. Chris grabs it, then heads to a dark wood wardrobe that stands against the wall. Chris stares at it a beat, then he grips the side and tips it forward onto the floor with a crash. *

We see Vernon, sitting in a door space. He stares at Chris in shock. Chris throws the holdall at him.

CHRIS
Up.

35 **INT. MADGE AND NORA'S STAIRCASE, NIGHT 3, 23:23**

35

Chris leads Vernon down the stairs holding his arm. Vernon, carrying the bag, looks beaten. Nora and Madge are at the foot of the stairs looking up.

NORA
My boy! My little boy!

Vernon looks at his mum as Madge consoles her. Chris ignores them as they pass and pulls open the front door as Gonzo and another heavy are about to knock. A beat, everyone frozen. Chris suddenly pulls Vernon back as he steps back a few feet, and pulls his gas and sprays the two men.

They both cry out and step back. Chris takes his chance and pushes through using Vernon as a battering ram. They are off.

36 **EXT. MADGE AND NORA'S HOUSE, NIGHT 3, 23:25**

36

Chris and Vernon running to the police car. Vernon slightly ahead dives in. Chris runs around the car and then pauses before climbing in. He digs in his pockets, finds the burner, looks at it for a beat, then throws it as far as he can.

Rach, torch extinguished, enters and finds three middle aged men sitting on deck chairs in the middle of the room. Two table lamps sit on the floor doing their best to chase shadows. Next to them, an old style ghetto blaster is playing nineties house. There's a fog of weed smoke. The men (EDDIE, JIMMY, ZED) have massive bottles of cider at their feet and are arguing loudly, unaware that she has entered.

ZED

Stole me banjo. Right from under me
while I was asleep.

EDDIE

Dirty bastards.

Jimmy reaches forward to get a drink. Rachel switches on her torch. He looks up. A beat, then the others react to her.

RACHEL

Music. Off.

They stare.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Now.

A beat, then Zed reluctantly turns off the tunes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JIMMY

Trespass is a civil matter.

RACHEL

Abstracting electricity and
criminal damage isn't.

ZED

Fuck all to do with us tha'.

RACHEL

Who asked you?

She shines her torch into Zed's face and he raises a hand of apology. A beat, then he lowers and turns back to Jimmy.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Did you do the meter?

He shakes his head.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Was it him?

She nods to Zed.

ZED
Fuck all to do with me tha'!

Jimmy shakes his head.

RACHEL
Get up.

The men look at each other, then back at Rachel. No. She stares at them a beat, then swings her baton from shoulder height, hard and fast, taking out one of the lamps and sending it spinning across the floor.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
GET UP NOW!!!

They rise.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Now get the fuck out, and if you
come back I swear to god...

The three men hover a beat, and then bend over to collect their belongings.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Leave it. Leave everything. Out.

ZED
Me sounds?

Rachel kicks the blaster across the floor into a corner.

ZED (CONT'D)
Hey!!! You can't...!

She levels the baton in his face. He freezes.

RACHEL
Out.

The men comply. As the last of them passes her:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'll know if you come back.

They go. She looks around, then pulls a multi tool and grabs one of the deck chairs and slashes it.

38 **OMITTED** 38

39 **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 3, 23:45** 39

Chris, eyes on the mirror, driving quickly as Vernon, flustered, and slightly affected by the gas, twitches and shifts nervously.

VERNON
They were gonna kill me!

CHRIS
Whose fault is that?

Vernon twists in his seat to look out the back window.

VERNON
I can't take much more of this.

CHRIS
What the fuck have you got of his?
[Beat] Do you know what... don't
tell me.

Chris glances at him then goes back to driving. Another
glance, then he takes pity.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'll have you at the coach station
in twenty minutes.

VERNON
I can't go. Not yet.

CHRIS
I've told you...

VERNON
I need to see our Stanley!

CHRIS
No! Look, I can't protect you from
these lads. You need...

VERNON
He'll be waiting for me. I told him
I was gonna say goodbye before I
did a runner. I can't let him down.

CHRIS
Can't you ring?

VERNON
You make a promise like that...

Vernon considers, then:

VERNON (CONT'D)
I fucked it up. Now it's him that's
gonna have to pay.

That hits Chris. He looks at Vernon who is lost in thought
for a beat until he speaks, eyes on the streets:

VERNON (CONT'D)
We do the crime, but they do the
time.

CHRIS
We?

Vernon looks at him.

VERNON
You might be wearing a uniform lad,
but we both know what you are.

A beat, then Chris nods.

CHRIS
Where are we going then?

CUT TO:

Outside the car as it pulls into the kerb at speed and then
pulls a U-turn and races off.

40 **INT. NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT 3, 00:15**

40

Packed club. Casey sees Marco enter. He looks around, then
waves. She is delighted.

41 **EXT. TREVOR'S FLAT, NIGHT 3, 00:17**

41

Rachel knocks on the front door and then watches two
emergency council operatives finish securing the flat next
door. We hear Trixie barking behind the door, before finally,
Trevor opens up, holding Trixie to his chest.

Rachel holds out a business card.

RACHEL
If they come back ring me.

TREVOR
I will yer, thank you.

She turns to leave, then looks back casually as she goes and
sees he is all over the place. A beat, then she returns to
him and stands in front of him. A beat, then:

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I miss her. She was always on about
me drinking, but it took her dying
to stop me. That would have done
her head in.

He chuckles.

RACHEL
I seem to remember she mostly just
screamed at you.

His smile fades.

TREVOR
That was just her way of talking.
You got used to it.

He gently ruffles the dog a beat, then looks at Rachel.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I hated her, but at least I had
someone keeping me going.

RACHEL
Living the dream Trev.

Rachel studies him a beat, then:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Are you definitely alright?

TREVOR
I've got Trixie to look after
now... I'll not... you know.

He flicks his head to the balcony and smiles. Rachel touches
his arm, then turns to go.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
It needed someone to break the
rules. [Beat] It's better than all
that other farting about. You just
got in there and sorted it.

RACHEL
Yeah. Yeah well, sometimes it's
best to just confront shit head on.

Trevor nods. She considers, then leaves.

CUT TO:

Rachel walking away as in the background, Trevor retreats
into his flat. As she walks, a smile spreads on Rachel's face
and there's a spring in her step. She is good at this.

42

EXT. VERNON'S HOUSE, NIGHT 3, 00:25

42

Chris pulls up outside Vernon's house. Vernon goes to climb
out but Chris stops him as he looks at the smart 70's council
house. A beat, then he twists in his seat to check the street
around them.

CHRIS
Who knows you come here?

VERNON
The world. I live here.

EMMA, dressing gown, sleepy hair, opens the front door.
Vernon and Chris. She stares at Vernon. Chris looks past her.

EMMA
What do you want?

VERNON
See our Stanley.

EMMA
You've not paid your rent.

She stares at him dead eyed. A beat, then:

CHRIS
He's going away love, it's only
fair you let them have a moment.

She looks at Chris, considers, then nods.

EMMA
I'll go get him. [To Vernon] But
you're not comin' in.

Vernon looks at Chris and beams. Chris nods and despite
himself, smiles. A beat, then a Staffie dog sprints to Vernon
who drops to his knees.

VERNON
STANLEY!!!!

Stanley goes crazy licking his face etc.

VERNON (CONT'D)
Me little boy!!!

Chris can't believe it.

CHRIS
A fucking dog?

VERNON
It's Stanley!

Chris looks at Emma who emerges from the darkness of the
hallway finishing a text message. Is he the only sane person
there? Vernon is rolling about with the dog.

EMMA
[To Chris] You his mate.

CHRIS
You're joking aren't you?

She smiles. Is she flirting? Chris looks at Vernon.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Vernon. Come on.

EMMA
You want a can or something?

He looks at her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Lager?

He indicates his uniform. She watches him a beat, then looks at the screen, then him. Something has changed.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Have a shot?

He twigs.

CHRIS
Vernon?

Vernon, rubbing the dogs belly, looks up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
We've got to go.

EMMA
Cider???

Vernon looks at Chris then Emma then he too twigs. He stands.

VERNON
Can't believe you. Grass.

EMMA
If you paid your rent I wouldn't have to.

Chris grabs Vernon's arm and drags him away.

VERNON
Stanley!!!

We follow them out onto the empty street and towards the police car as Chris scans left and right. Behind them we can hear Emma on the phone shouting.

EMMA
They're getting off! Hurry up!!!

Chris throws Vernon into the car and heads for the driver's seat at a jog. Time to go.

Finally the nightclub is booming. Lights down, music banging, drugs are passed this way and that by Casey as Marco shuttles back and forth.

We join them as Marco hands over a couple of wraps to two lads after Casey gives him a nod. Marco watches the lads go.

Marco looks at his phone. Eleven missed calls. Marco opens the gallery and starts to flick through the tens of photos of Adele. He stops at a selfie. Him, lying on the floor next to Adele, heads next to each other. She's gorgeous.

He then opens the messenger app. Brenda. He scrolls, they start off angry: 'WHERE R YER U RAT?' 'GET YER ARSE HOME TO LOOK AFTER THIS BABY!' 'THIS IS THE LAST TIME I HELP YOU!' 'TEN MINS YOU SAID! ITS BIN HRS NOW!' Then the last one: 'THIS IS SO SAD. THIS BEAUTIFUL CHILD NEEDS HER FATHER OTHERWISE SHE IS ALONE IN THE WORLD. I KNOW THAT YOU CAN DO IT MARCO. DON'T LE HER DOWN.'

Marco leans in to Casey.

MARCO

She's dead funny though you know. I was blowing farts on her belly and she was defo laughing.

Casey is staring at him intently.

CASEY

I knew you wouldn't let me down.

He doesn't hear her as he realises for the first time he misses Adele so much. A beat, then:

MARCO

I'd better get off you know. Social is coming in the mornin' and I want to be on it.

Casey is a little hurt he didn't hear her.

CASEY

You'll be alright. Have a bevy. It'll be sound.

MARCO

[Beat] No, I should be going. You don't need me here you're flying.

CASEY

No!

He smiles and heads for the booth. Casey panics slightly.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I'll pretend to be your bird!! When
the soc' come! I'll be your bird
and act like her Ma and tha! We can
pretend to be in love!

MARCO
Wha?

CASEY
It'll look really good. Happy
fambos?

MARCO
Me and you and Adele?

CASEY
I'll look normal and make a tea and
everything!

He smiles. It would be great. A beat, then he shakes his
head. It is madness, he makes to go. She grabs him and kisses
him hard. A beat, then he opens his eyes and looks into hers.

CASEY (CONT'D)
But only if you stay tonight.

His smile fades. He looks at the exit, then her, then nods.

44 OMITTED 44

45 **INT. RACHEL'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 3, 01:05** 45

Rachel pulls up and looks up at Lorna's flat. She looks up at
the building and sees a light on. She sits back. Deep breath.
Another look, then a smile, then she is out the car.

46 **EXT. LORNA'S HOUSE, NIGHT 3, 01:07** 46

Rachel steps back from the front door after knocking. She
blows out her cheeks. This is it. The light behind the door
flicks on. Another deep breath and then the door opens and
Lorna peeks around it.

RACHEL
Hi, I'm sorry to bother you so
late, I'm Consta...

Rachel stops, this isn't a job. She looks past Lorna into the
flat, then resets, human now:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'm Rachel, Steve's ex.

LORNA
I know who you are.

This causes Rachel to break off. A beat, then:

RACHEL
Look, I wanted to talk to you,
maybe help you? I'm sorry for
coming so late but I saw the...

LORNA
He said you'd come.

RACHEL
Is everything okay?

LORNA
He warned me about you.

RACHEL
I'm sorry?

LORNA
He told me you'd be round, but I
didn't believe it at first. I
didn't think anyone would be so
mad.

RACHEL
He warned you?

LORNA
Just go away.

RACHEL
I want to help you.

LORNA
That is **exactly** what he said you'd
say. I can't believe it.

RACHEL
I don't understand?

LORNA
He said you'd come round causing
trouble. Slagging him off. Making
him look like a psycho, when it's
you who's mad. I can't believe it,
but it is **exactly** what he said, and
here you are.

RACHEL
I'm not mad.

LORNA
So you went out of your way to find
out where and I live and then drive
past at one in the morning? Mad.

RACHEL
I'm not mad.

LORNA
You are mad. Now fuck off and leave
me alone.

Lorna goes to shut the door but Rachel pushes against it.
Lorna pushes, but she's no match for Rachel who pushes it
fully open. Lorna steps back into the hall.

RACHEL
I'm want to help y...

She breaks off when she sees Steve in the shadows. He's
frozen for a beat, then he gestures that Rachel should get
out, but instead she steps forward.

STEVE
Rachel, just...

RACHEL
Mad am I?

LORNA
Get out. Get her out Steve!

He holds out a hand to calm her. Rachel looks at Lorna.

RACHEL
You're in danger...

LORNA
Call the police.

RACHEL
I am the fucking police.

Steve gestures Lorna should move away, then turns to Rachel.

STEVE
You need to go.

RACHEL
What if I don't? What then? What
will you do Steve?

He's rising to it. Flashes of anger behind the eyes.

STEVE
Get out now.

RACHEL
Yeah?

STEVE
Yeah.

He moves quickly. Bang. She hits him with her torch. He goes down. Lorna screams. Rachel kicks him once, then stamps once, then goes to hit him again.

LORNA
No!!!!!! Help!!!!

Rachel goes to kick, but is snapped out of it by Lorna's scream. She freezes, then looks at Steve on the floor. Fuck. He groans. Lorna sobs. Rachel steps back. What has she done.

47 INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 3, 01:08

47

Chris driving. A beat, then:

VERNON (O.S.)
I never said he was me kid.

Chris glances at him.

CHRIS
Shut the fuck up Vernon.

Vernon shakes his head and sulks out the window.

VERNON
I never wanted it anyway.

CHRIS
Wanted what?

VERNON
What?

CHRIS
You said you never wanted it. What is *it*?

VERNON
The phone. Franny's phone. The one he killed Hodgkin over. Second gen Encro isn't it?

Chris stares, then pulls into the side of the road as Vernon digs in his bag, then produces Franny's phone.

VERNON (CONT'D)
It's probably got everything on it. Bank accounts. Where he gets his gear. Who he sells to. Who owes him, who he owes... everything.
(MORE)

VERNON (CONT'D)

Hodgkin gave it me and told me to
hide it.

Vernon is shitting himself. Chris studies the phone, figuring out how to fire it up. Vernon runs a hand down his face.

VERNON (CONT'D)

I don't wanna die.

Chris looks up from the phone. He notes Vernon's vulnerability. Vernon sniffs. Chris considers, then:

CHRIS

Look, just get out of town. Get on
a coach and get out of town.

Vernon sniffs, a beat, then he nods. Chris pockets the phone and starts the car.

48

INT. BOUNCERS ROOM, NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT 3, 01:09

48

We can hear the dull thud of club music along with the slide and slap of cash being counted. We pan, and settle on Jodie, sitting in the head bouncer's (MATTY) seat. Matty sits opposite her, taking in the eight grand or so on the table in front of them. Jodie leans back and holds out her hands.

JODIE

Eh? I told you.

He nods. She did. Wow. She slides one of the piles of notes toward him, and then starts to collect her own take.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Same again tomorrow, and there'll
be even more at the weekend.

There's a buzz. They both look up at a CCTV monitor. Barry and Ian standing outside the door. Jodie looks at Matty.

MATTY

There's a button on the right.

Jodie feels under the desk, and then we hear the click of the lock on the door and Barry and Ian enter. Ian is carrying a balled up carrier bag with the remainder of the drugs.

BARRY

It's still bouncing in there.

JODIE

I've got to pick Lexie up in the
morning.

BARRY

We haven't.

JODIE

And what?

She slaps him down. He looks at Ian with a shake of the head. She stares at him, then goes back to collecting the cash. As she reaches for the last pile, Barry puts his hand on hers. She looks up. WTF.

BARRY

Mine.

JODIE

I'll pay you when I'm ready.

They stare hard, then the penny begins to drop. Barry lifts her hand off the cash and then takes it.

JODIE (CONT'D)

You twat.

BARRY

I know.

He stares for a beat, then:

BARRY (CONT'D)

You're just not up to this.

He nods to Matty then heads for the door. Ian hovers, almost apologetically, unable to look at Jodie, she watches him. Barry calls him from the door.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, dickhead?

Ian follows. The door clicks shut behind them. Jodie looks at Matty who holds out his hands. She exhales. A beat, she sits, anger rising until she's up and out the door at a run.

49 **OMITTED49**

49

50 **EXT. NIGHTCLUB ALLEYWAY, NIGHT 3, 01:11**

50

We're looking at Barry and Ian through the windscreen of the van as they stare blankly, a half beat. We pan and see a panting Jodie stopping the van from pulling away. They just stare at her. She's fuming, like a bull scratching at the ground. Ian revs the engine but Jodie doesn't move.

JODIE

Get out here you pair of shit-houses. I'll rip...

The fire door bursts open and first Casey, then Marco erupt out of it. They both take in the scene, then Jodie speaks without taking her eyes off the van.

JODIE (CONT'D)
These two have robbed me.

A beat, Barry looks at Ian, then reaches down out of sight, before opening the door and climbing out with a rounders bat. Jodie steels herself.

He heads towards Jodie. Casey looks at Marco who hovers a beat, then launches himself at Barry. He doesn't come anywhere near landing a punch. Barry knocks him to the floor and raises the bat to hit him again.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Nooo!!!

She approaches Barry but stops when he turns to strike her with the bat too. A beat, then Jodie steps back.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Don't!

BARRY
Get out of my way then.

A beat, then Jodie steps out the way of the van. Barry looks down at Marco, then Casey, then casually gets back into the van. They drive off. A beat, then:

MARCO
Owwwww.

Jodie and Casey look down at him, and then off to where the van went. They are beaten.

51 **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 01:13**

51

Chris pulls into a bus station carpark. He looks at Vernon.

CHRIS
Go on. Fuck off.

VERNON
What are you gonna do with it?

Chris looks at the phone in the console, then picks it up.

VERNON (CONT'D)
Throw it away lad.

Chris looks at him.

VERNON (CONT'D)
It's a poisoned chalet.

CHRIS
Chalice.

VERNON
Although, you being a bizzie. You
might be able to crack it.

Chris stares. Vernon shrugs.

VERNON (CONT'D)
Money and that. Ticket to ride that
lad.

A coach pulls up across the road and they both look at it.

CHRIS
There's your ticket to ride.

Vernon nods, looks at Chris and holds out his hand to shake.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Get to fuck.

Vernon lowers his hand, shakes his head and gets out the car.
Chris watches him walk to the coach, then looks at the phone
lock-screen.

PASSWORD REQUIRED.

He considers, his thumb floating above keyboard. A beat, his
own phone starts ringing. He flinches, he looks: RACHEL WORK.

He sighs, then answers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm busy at the moment mate.

RACHEL (O.S.)
I've fucked up.

Chris looks at the Encro and raises an eyebrow.

RACHEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I need you Chris.

CHRIS
[Beat] Where are yer?

52 **OMITTED**

52

53 **INT. MARCO'S FLAT LANDING, NIGHT 3, 01:20**

53

Marco plods up the stairs and onto the landing. His eye
injured from where Barry hit him. He looks utterly beaten.

He's about to put his key in the door when it flies open.
Brenda, seething.

BRENDA
Taking the piss lad. You knock at
my...

She breaks off as she sees his face. He blinks away tears.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
What happened to yer?

He shakes his head. He can't speak for fear of crying. He looks away, then back at her.

MARCO
I just want to see Adele.

Brenda nods, guides him into the flat and follows him to his bedroom. He opens the door, the room is in half light from where Brenda has placed a tea towel over the bedside lamp.

Marco sits on the bed next to Adele as Brenda takes up station behind him. Marco reaches to touch the child's face, but then withdraws his hand.

He starts to sob. Brenda touches his back. A beat, then he turns to her and she holds him.

BRENDA
Poor baby.

He sobs. Trying to hold it in and failing. A beat, then muffled:

MARCO
I'm so sick of this. I can't take
much more.

Brenda shushes him and strokes the back of his head.

54 **EXT. LORNA'S FLAT, NIGHT 3, 01:25**

54

Rachel watches as Lorna holds a bloody towel to Steve's head as he sits on the front step, his head bowed.

LORNA
I'm calling an ambulance.

RACHEL
Do not move.

LORNA
You can't just let him bleed like
this.

RACHEL
Hold that on tight.

They both look up as they hear the sound of Chris's racing engine as he pulls into the kerb. Chris gets out and takes in the scene as he approaches.

CHRIS
What the fuck happened?

LORNA
She attacked him!

Chris doesn't even look at Lorna, he just keeps eyes on Rachel who holds out her hands by way of apology.

LORNA (CONT'D)
We were watching a film and she
turned up kicking off and...

A beat, then Rachel spins away and walks to the side of the house and leans her head against it. He glances from her to Steve and Lorna and back again. Lorna makes to speak to Chris but he holds up a finger. Half a beat then Rachel turns back, she's been sick. She wipes her mouth. He tilts his head and she nods 'I'm okay.' Lorna and Steve didn't pick up on it.

RACHEL
I'm so sorry.

LORNA
What is going on here? Has anyone
rang an ambulance.

The Encro starts to buzz. He pulls it, just a number ringing. He slips it back into his pocket.

RACHEL
Chris?

Chris barely hears her. He turns back to his car. Fuck.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Chris?!?

He doesn't hear her a beat, then he wakes up and looks back toward her. He stares at them. It's like a nightmare nativity scene. Fuck me. Rachel holds out her hands to Steve and Lorna.

CHRIS
What the fuck Rach.

Rachel just stares blankly a beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What are we going to do?

FADE OUT:

