

THE RESPONDER

Season two  
Episode one

Written by

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1

**EXT. SEVENTIES HOUSING ESTATE ALLEYWAY, DAY 1, 14:15**

1

We're behind a BMX as it is peddled furiously down orange bricked alleyways. We hear the fizz of the tyres and chain, the gasps of breath from its rider DANNY, lollipop in mouth.

2

**INT. CHURCH HALL, DAY 1, 14:20**

2

A church hall, dimly lit, we're tracking past the backs of a group of men seated in a horse shoe.

DAVE (V.O.)

Hours of it... silence. Just the sound of blood in me ears. Unless I put Talk Sport on. But even then nobody's talking to me. [Beat] I'd be better off with the blood.

We pan the group, some bored, some distracted but mostly listening until we hit Chris. He's listening hard, focussed, eyes flicking from Dave to Father Liam. We pan to DAVE, deep in thought, he looks up.

DAVE

Time I get to work I'm going off me head. I start babblin' to the cuzys coz I haven't spoke to no one since the night before. I can't shut up once I start.

He trails off. Everyone with eyes on Dave. Chris looks around the group, gauging their interest, then back to Dave. Liam notices Chris being engaged.

DAVE (CONT'D)

When I had the flu, I didn't speak to anyone for days. Just me and four walls... I ended up phoning Babestation.

Liam winces as a few of the other lads perk up. Chris smiles.

DAVE (CONT'D)

[Soft] Twenty quid just to talk about the weather.

SOL

You rang Babestation and talked about the weather?

DAVE

I didn't know what else to say to  
the girl. I couldn't even bring  
meself to look at the telly.

Silence as everyone stares into space except Liam, until:

LIAM

Thank you Dave...

DAVE

[Urgent] I'm lonely Father!

LIAM

As I say, thanks so much.

DAVE

[Soft] Twenty frigging quid.

A beat, then Liam indicates Chris, offering him the floor.

LIAM

Chris?

CHRIS

No thanks Father.

LIAM

Liam.

CHRIS

Yeah, but no though.

LIAM

Been a few weeks and I thought you  
might..?

Chris stares, then shrugs a 'no.' Liam smiles, he gets it:

LIAM (CONT'D)

It's just good to have you here.  
It's a big step walking into a  
group like this... that's an  
achievement alone.

Chris nods and smiles. Liam awkwardly keeps talking.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Searching for friendships...

Chris stares, his smile slipping: Please don't go on.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Baby steps turning into big steps.

Liam, all smiles, leaves a gap that turns into a chasm. Everyone is watching Chris. A beat, then:

CHRIS  
I just saw a leaflet.

Liam beams, breakthrough! Chris simply shrugs. Liam deflates.

LIAM  
But I thought that while Dave...

Chris considers, looks around the group, then to Dave:

CHRIS  
Well...

Liam beams. This is it! Everyone watches closely until:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you just ring Talksport?

DAVE  
I'm banned.

Liam rolls his eyes. The rest of group smile. Chris nods, then sits back.

3 EXT. THE BUILDING SITE, DAY 1, 14:23

3

The deserted building site. It's ninety percent mud with a new-build house, three-quarters finished in the centre. Pallets of bricks, sand and timber lie around. Danny pulls up to the gate. He suddenly looks like the kid that he is. He looks around, then gets off the bike and wheels it in.

4 INT. NEW BUILD HOUSE EXTENSION UNDER CONSTRUCTION, DAY 1, 4  
14:30

Staring at a breeze block wall. A beat, then a float full of bonding plaster scrapes a mix across the block noisily.

A plasterer (FRANNY), old pair of jeans, work boots and tee shirt spattered in plaster, reaches into a builder's tub. He pauses as he hears footsteps on the dusty timber stairs behind him. He turns and watches as Danny cautiously enters.

DANNY  
I was told to come 'ere.

FRANNY  
Yeah?

DANNY  
Yeah.

Franny stares. Danny doesn't know what to do. A beat, then:

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Do I give it to you?

FRANNY  
Take the lollipop out your mouth.

Danny does as he is told. He goes to throw it but then realises Franny would disapprove and doesn't. Beat, then:

DANNY  
I don't know what to do.

FRANNY  
[Softens] What were you told to do?

DANNY  
Bring it here.

FRANNY  
Well?

DANNY  
I 'ave.

Franny gestures he should continue. Danny doesn't know what to do. A beat, then:

FRANNY  
[Soft] Come on mate, you can do it.

DANNY  
[Beat] Leave it?

Franny smiles and nods. Danny looks around, then lifts his tee shirt. We see he has two shrink-wrapped blocks of coke approx. 30 cm's square taped to him. He gingerly peels off the coke and then points to a pile of breeze block. Franny tilts his head. Danny considers, then points to a backpack in the corner of the room. Franny smiles and nods. Danny is incredibly relieved and moves quickly to put the gear in the bag. He then looks at Franny proudly.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
That it?

FRANNY  
Looks like.

Franny nods. Danny hovers a beat, puffs his chest at a job well done. He puts the lollipop back in his mouth and nods to Franny who smiles. Danny exits. Franny shakes his head, gives the plaster a stir. He picks up a mug of tea, takes a slurp and studies the wall like it's art work.

4A **INT. DOLLY'S DREAM GOWNS, DAY 1, 17:15**

4A

Chris sitting on a chair looking at the curtain of a changing room. Dolly is hovering nearby.

CHRIS

What time's this fashion show start  
then?

The curtain is pulled back to reveal Tilly in her communion dress. She smiles at him, she's beaming. Chris is overwhelmed.

TILLY

Can you see the beads?

CHRIS

They real pearls?! Wow!

TILLY

Etta's doesn't have that.

CHRIS

You look beautiful darlin'.

TILLY

She'll be gutted when she sees me.  
When can we take it home?

DOLLY

It just needs taking in a bit more  
and you'll be perfect.

Chris checks the time.

CHRIS

Right, we've gotta get going. Get  
that off before you ruin it.

Tilly disappears back into the changing room. Chris turns to Dolly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'll be back in tomorrow morning to  
pay the balance Dolly. Forgot me  
wallet, twat, that I am. That OK?

The phone in the shop rings, Dolly heads back behind the counter to answer it.

DOLLY

No worries my love, we open at nine.

CHRIS

Perfect.

DOLLY

(answering phone)

Hello, Dolly's Dream Gowns.

CHRIS

(to Tilly)

Come on you, let's get you home.

5

INT. CHRIS'S FLAT, DAY 1, 16:00

5

We're looking at Chris's stainless steel draining board. A hand (CHRIS) plonks an old chipped Everton football club mug down. We stare at the mug, then we hear the crack of a coke can being opened, beat, then the coke pours with a hiss.

We're on TILLY. She's sitting on the edge of a battered, folded sofa bed staring at a kebab in an open polystyrene box. She looks up as her dad hovers into the shot with the mug and his own kebab. Tilly smiles.

Chris manages a smile, but this ain't great. He looks at Tilly, then the mug, then Tilly again.

CHRIS

I'm a rubbish dad.

TILLY

No you're not... you're just poor.

CHRIS

I'm just settling in.

TILLY

Mum said.

CHRIS

Your mum said I'm poor?

TILLY

She said you're settling in.

Chris suspiciously nods. A beat, then he proffers the mug.

CHRIS

They've only just filled the fridge  
downstairs, so it's a bit warm.

Tilly takes in the mug and sip then smiles, then he smiles:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't tell your mother.

TILLY

Too late, I told her you bought me  
a can and a lolly ice last week  
when we went the park for a kick-  
about.

He chuckles and sits.

CHRIS

I haven't got any glasses yet.

TILLY

It's your Everton mug.

She loves it. This isn't as bad as he thought it would be.

CHRIS

Try and drink out the other side.

A beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You know, even if I was poor, which  
I'm not, but even if I was, there's  
nothing wrong with being poor. You  
know that don't you?

TILLY

We collect for foodbank at school.

CHRIS

I don't need foodbank.

TILLY

You need a mug-bank though.

He nudges her. She picks up her kebab and digs in.

CHRIS

If I get my day job and you're here  
every night you're not having coke.

TILLY

[Excited] Did you get one?

CHRIS

**If.** [Beat] I'm applying though.

He points to a coffee ring stained envelope on the coffee table. She subsides a little.

TILLY

Can I stay of a night?

CHRIS

When I get the chance to sort the flat...

They pick at the food for a beat until she looks up brightly. He smiles in anticipation of something good about to be said.

TILLY

You've got no pictures of us.

It strikes him. Fuck. He looks around then back at her.

TILLY (CONT'D)

You've got them on your phone.

CHRIS

Yeah.

TILLY

Loads of them.

He nods. Yeah. She goes back to eating. A beat, then he looks round the flat, then starts his own kebab.

6

**INT. RACHEL'S FLAT LIVING ROOM, DAY 1, 16:30**

6

We're in Rachel's flat staring at the TV. We can hear gameshow music over the hiss and slosh of a steam iron. We pan round the flat. It's immaculate. Scatter cushions at exactly the right angles etc. In the background, the iron slamming onto the ironing board doing its thing until finally, Rachel, glassy eyed, ironing a police shirt.

Next to her is a basket of freshly laundered white shirts. Rachel stops and stares at the shirt on the board, then carefully uses the iron to flatten a tiny crease. A beat, she picks up the shirt and holds it to the light. Bright, white, perfect. She stares, raising it above her head.

Her arms drop and the shirt hangs limp in her hands. Beat, she grabs a hanger and puts the shirt on it, before hanging it on the picture rail behind her. We see she's ironed far too many shirts for the week. She pulls another out of the basket, puts it on the board, then reaches for the iron.

She stops, hand outstretched. Beat, then her finger extends and slowly, ever so slowly, reaches for the base of the hot iron. We see her face, eyes on the iron, in a trance. The finger now, close and getting closer. Is she going to do it?

The iron belches. She snaps out of it and withdraws her hand. Fuck. What was that? A beat, then she smoothes the shirt on the board and starts to iron again like it never happened.

7

**INT. CHRIS'S FLAT, DAY 1, 17:15**

7

Chris and Tilly watching TV on the now folded out sofa bed. They are super comfy, Tilly leaning into him, flicking through his phone, Chris reading a sheaf of A4 papers, a pen gripped in his teeth. In front of them on the coffee table lie half eaten kebabs on plates. A beat, then we hear a phone alarm. Tilly cancels it and looks at her dad. He leans forward and picks up a daily dose pill box and takes out a tablet. He necks it, takes a sip of coke, then they both settle back and resume their positions. Beat, then Tilly smiles at him, then goes back to flicking through his phone. He goes back to the paperwork and we see it is an unfilled application for the role of Crime Prevention Officer (DAY ROLE). A beat, then she lifts the phone for him to see.

TILLY

Can you see the beads?

He looks at the phone, we see a £290 communion dress.

CHRIS

Yeah.

TILLY

Etta's doesn't have that.

He nods. She goes back to scrolling. A beat, then:

TILLY (CONT'D)

She'll be gutted when she sees me.

He looks at the phone over her shoulder. £290, fuck. He goes back to the form for a beat, before giving up and slipping the paperwork back into a tea stained envelope.

TILLY (CONT'D)

What's that?

CHRIS

Nothing.

He throws the form onto the table, already defeated by it.

TILLY  
When can I see the dress?

CHRIS  
When it's ready.

TILLY  
They need to measure me.

CHRIS  
They already have.

TILLY  
[Mutters] I might have grown.

She keeps on scrolling. He swallows. Shit. A beat, then there's a knock at the door. She leans off, but he doesn't move. He just stares. A beat, then there's another knock. She looks at him and he holds a finger to his lips. A beat, he smiles with a shake of the head: 'Just playing a joke.'

MOE (O.S.)  
Chris? I need rent tomorrow! Okay?  
I need the rent, and stop taking  
coke out the machine! You hear me?  
Rent and no more coke!

Chris pulls a face at Tilly. She knows something is amiss. A beat, then we hear Moe stomp off down the stairs. Tilly sits a beat, then Chris points to the screen.

CHRIS  
They real pearls?

She settles. He looks at the form, then closes his eyes.

8 **EXT. ROW OF SHOPS, DAY 1, 19:55**

8

A row of run down shops. Late night bookies, kebabs, off-licences. Scallies loitering on the pavement in the gloom. Marco is cycling his mountain bike with a flat tyre, carrier bag hanging off his handlebars. He lifts a chin to the lads and a couple of them acknowledge him then go back to loitering. Marco turns into an alleyway and out of sight.

9 **EXT. ALLEYWAY, DAY 1, 19.56**

9

We're in the alleyway. Marco, up to something in the gloom burying his bike behind some bins, looks around then opens the carrier bag. A car horn. He freezes, eyes on the end of the alley. A beat, he digs in the bag, pulls something out.

Marco pops his head out of the alley and looks left and right, then emerges dressed in a chicken shop brown nylon uniform clutching the carrier bag. He darts, super quick into the shop before anyone sees him.

Chris and Tilly pull up outside Kate's house. She leans over and gives him a peck on the cheek then she's gone, leaving him hanging. He watches her go, before he too climbs out and walks to the foot of the path as she looks for her door key in her school bag. A beat, then the door opens. Kate. Tilly waves to him then darts past and into the house.

KATE

Hiya. [Beat] How's things?

CHRIS

I'm alright... I'm good. You?

KATE

Good.

CHRIS

Great.

They both look off for a beat. She sneaks a glance, then:

KATE

How many cokes did you give her?

CHRIS

I meant to tell you...

He looks at her, she's winding him up. They both smile.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Just the six pack.

She laughs. A beat, Kate watches him, then:

KATE

She loves seeing you, being with you, and I know you're working so hard at... You know? [Beat] New Chris?

CHRIS

New Chris?

KATE

You know what I mean.

He kicks a stone, then smiles and nods. He points to the car. She smiles and nods, he heads off then turns back.

CHRIS

I meant to say, you heard about the job yet?

KATE

Yeah actually, it's looking good.

CHRIS

Yeah? Brilliant.

It's awkward but nice. A beat then he turns to go.

KATE

Chris? If I get it.[Beat] It'll mean us relocating. Me and Tilly. London.

CHRIS

London?

KATE

Yeah.

CHRIS

No.

KATE

If I get it we can talk, but...

CHRIS

No. Defo, not. Tilly and me... No. No. It's not happening.

KATE

It's better for me, for her.

CHRIS

No!!! End of. You can't... no.

KATE

If I get it, we're going.

She shrugs. Simple as that. He is stunned. She softens.

KATE (CONT'D)

I might not get it, but...

She shrugs. He simmers. He looks off to collect himself. Beat, then he looks at her.

CHRIS

It's not fair. [Long beat] I know why we split up and I know it had to happen. [Beat] I know I caused it... me messin' about and the...

KATE

Messing about?

CHRIS

You know what I mean.

KATE

You lied to me and I lied for you.

He nods. He gets it. A beat, then both look away, then:

KATE (CONT'D)

With your shifts, you only see her one week out of three as it is.

CHRIS

I got a day job.

KATE

You've got a day job?

CHRIS

Last week.

KATE

You didn't tell me.

CHRIS

I was gonna surprise you.

KATE

Well that worked out. What...

He doesn't give her a chance for questions, he jumps in:

CHRIS

I can see more of her now. Be with her. After school. Weekends. It's really good, I'm excited... or I was.

Kate stares a beat, then soft:

KATE  
I wanted to leave Liverpool.  
[Beat] Last year. Carl. The  
trouble... Chris... I want to get  
away. I don't want to live here...

CHRIS  
[Beat, then soft] Please don't take  
her away from me. She's the only  
thing I've got left.

That kills Kate. They stare at each other. A beat, then:

MULLEN (V.O.)  
Evening all.

Chris spins. Mullen. Hands in pockets, a sheepish smile.

MULLEN  
Mate.

A beat of staring then Chris nods.

CHRIS  
Ray.

It's painful as both men look at Kate, then each other. Mullen rocks, then nods to Kate, then the house, then mimes drinking a cuppa. Kate manages a smile and nods. Mullen looks at Chris then shrugs apologetically before heading off. Chris watches him go, then looks at Kate. He stares, a beat then:

KATE  
I'm sorry.

A beat, then he takes a few steps to the car.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Good luck. The new job. When do you  
start?

CHRIS  
I'm waiting for the date.

A beat, she indicates she should go in the house. He nods. We stay on Chris as we walks to his car relaxed. He climbs in.

He fumbles the keys as he glances to the house. Kate's gone. He has to look down at the ignition to line up the key and it rattles around before it slips in. He collects himself. Eyes closed, deep breath. A beat, then he swallows it down.

A beat, then he reaches for the handbrake then stops. A beat, another breath, then he is suddenly:

CHRIS  
Evening all? Twat.

He kills the engine and gets out the car.

13 **EXT. KATE'S HOUSE, DAY 1, 20:02**

13

Chris paces towards the house winding himself up. Furious now. A few steps then a shake of the head before he slows. He stops. Another shake of the head. Eyes on the house. Fucking hell. He wipes his mouth and looks around.

A deep breath, then he turns and looks at the house. Tilly is at the upstairs window watching. Fuck.

He looks away, then back at her with a smile and a wave. She lifts her hand hesitantly before disappearing. He stares at the empty window, then walks back to the car, beaten.

14 **INT. THE RISING SUN, NIGHT 1, 22:30**

14

Franny sits at a table in a slightly run down, not too busy pub. A glass of sparkling water with a bottle next to it on the table in front of him. He's unmoving, eyes on the door, back to the wall (on the wall a poster advertising a pub quiz at THE RISING SUN). Calm.

A beat, the door opens. Hodgkin enters. He immediately sees Franny, but instead of approaching the table he looks left and right, checking his safety, before returning to Franny who shows the palms of his hands in a 'take it or leave it' gesture. A beat, then Hodgkin takes a seat opposite him.

Hodgkin is not nervous/jumpy, he is totally switched on to his surroundings. Franny is much stiller. A beat, then:

HODGKIN  
So?

Franny reaches down and places a distinctive rucksack/bag on the table. Hodgkin takes the bag, looks in, then at Franny.

HODGKIN (CONT'D)  
The fuck is this?

FRANNY  
Product. Fifty. As agreed.

HODGKIN  
Cash was agreed.

FRANNY  
I don't keep money lying round lad.  
That shit gets you into trouble.  
Just sell that and you're laughin'.

Hodgkin looks like he could blow. Franny simply stares back.

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
So hand it over.

Hodgkin stares, then leans in.

HODGKIN  
Now it's 100 grand **cash** tomorrow.

Franny isn't intimidated, but he does blink. 100k?

HODGKIN (CONT'D)  
Chat shit? Get banged.

Hodgkin stands, then picks the bag up off the table.

HODGKIN (CONT'D)  
An' I'm keepin' this for me  
trouble. Alright?

Franny looks off a beat. He's suddenly weary until he tries to make Hodgkin see some sense.

FRANNY  
Mark, lad, I'm tellin' you now,  
this is a mistake but we can stop  
it. We can talk, but what you're  
doing here? It's a mistake.

HODGKIN  
100k cash, tomorrow.

Hodgkin stares a beat. He's not intimidated. A beat, then he turns and leaves. Franny watches him go, then shakes his head and takes a sip of water, then wipes a hand down his face.

14A OMITTED

14A

15 EXT. SIDE STREET COUNCIL ESTATE, NIGHT 1, 22:45

15

We're close on JERRY, 30 something, cerebral palsy, drug addict, scruffy in black tracksuit.

JERRY  
Leave me alone!!!

He stops suddenly and bends down out of shot, then reappears and holds up a dog turd.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Do you want this again?

We pull back. Chris and ERIC, fifty something, 'pursuing' Jerry, stop. Eric pulls his baton but Chris doesn't. It's like Olympic fencing as we stare at them, the backdrop a high Victorian brick wall. Jerry takes a step towards them, the turd outstretched. Both bobbies take a step back, maintaining the distance between them.

CHRIS  
Put the dog shit down you prick.

JERRY  
Do you want it?

CHRIS  
Of course I don't fuckin' want it  
you fucking knobhead. Put it down.

Jerry takes another step towards them. Eric shouts.

ERIC  
Drop the turd!

CHRIS  
He drops that on the street I'm  
reporting him for fouling.

JERRY  
I'll put it in your mouth you twat.

CHRIS  
I'll put my boot up your arse  
first.

JERRY  
You tried that last time and it  
didn't go well then did it? You mad  
bastard.

CHRIS  
I'm the mad bastard when you're the  
one who's got a piece of shit in  
his hand?

JERRY

Why do you think I've got it in me hand? It's to keep you away from me!

CHRIS

Oh fuck off Jerry.

Jerry takes another step. Eric raises his baton. Jerry retreats. Both cops take a step in. Chris takes a breath. A beat, he looks around, and then holds out a calming hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Look, [Beat] come on mate, this is getting us nowhere. What's the point of turning a nothing job like this into assault police?

JERRY

I'm sick of yous ruining my life.

ERIC

Stop robbin' from fuckin' cars then!

JERRY

I didn't!

ERIC

You did you fuckin' dope! The witness followed you!

Eric points to a guy (WITNESS) on the other side of the road a safe distance away. Jerry shouts to him.

JERRY

I know where you live you twat!

WITNESS

No you don't you dickhead.

Jerry turns back to the cops.

JERRY

What else do I do? They stopped me money. They said I was too mobile and I wasn't entitled.

CHRIS

You did pick that shit up alright.

JERRY

Very funny.

Chris holds up a hand of apology for the joke.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I'm starvin' here!

ERIC  
Get a job you lazy bastard.

JERRY  
Look at me! [holds up the turd]  
Who's gonna give me a job?

Eric shakes his head. He isn't buying it. Chris is a little more sympathetic.

CHRIS  
Just put the shit down Jerry. Let's get this sorted.

Jerry considers, then:

JERRY  
I'm fuckin' starvin'.

CHRIS  
We'll get you a microwave thing at the nick.

JERRY  
Not them chicken ones though.

CHRIS  
Lasagne.

Jerry considers. Eric takes a half step forward, pre-empting Jerry's decision. Jerry half turns, raising the turd, but not super aggressively, to ward him off. Half a beat then he is hit in the face with CS Spray. Jerry lifts his hands to his face as he recoils and cries out.

CUT TO:

Eric incredulous looking at Jerry who is moaning then towards Rachel who is holding her CS canister out. Both Chris and Eric are feeling the slight effects of the spray.

ERIC  
Where the fuck did that come from?!?!

Rachel shrugs, then pulls her cuffs. Jerry, hands to his face, sobs:

JERRY  
I've got shit on me face now...

Chris shakes his head, then pockets his baton and pulls a pair of rubber gloves out as Rachel advances on Jerry.

16 **EXT / INT. SIDE STREET COUNCIL ESTATE / RACHEL'S CAR, NIGHT 1, 22:50**

Rachel is stuffing Jerry into the back of her car as Chris waits next to it. Jerry grumbles away and resists a little so she pushes him harder. She slams the door and looks at Chris.

RACHEL  
What?

CHRIS  
You okay?

RACHEL  
[Shrugs] Yeah.

Rachel walks around the car, gets into the driver's seat. Chris sees she's gone, looks at Eric and holds his two fingers to his own eyes to point at her: 'Watch her.' Eric touches the side of his head: "she's mad", and climbs into the car.

16A **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 22:50**

16A

Chris climbs into his police car. His phone rings: DEBS. He answers.

CHRIS  
Hey mate.

17 **INT. DEBS'S CAR, NIGHT1, 22.51**

17

DEBS, driving as she speaks on Bluetooth, she's stressed.

DEBS  
I need you to stop a car for me.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Where are you?

Debs is about three cars back from a black Range Rover as she drives through the city centre. We watch the car through her front windscreen as she speaks.

DEBS  
Town, on The Strand.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Give us a commentary and I'll give  
it the bells.

18 **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 22:52**

18

Chris driving, his phone on Bluetooth.

CHRIS  
What you driving?

DEBS (O.S.)  
White 16 plate VW CC.

CHRIS  
The target?

DEBS (O.S.)  
Black 21 plate Range Rover.

CHRIS  
Isn't it always?

Drops a gear, eyes left and right, then he accelerates again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
What's the story?

CUT TO:

Debs is directly behind the Range Rover. Deep breath, then:

DEBS  
I was going into the Rising Sun...

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Rising Sun?

DEBS  
The Pub? The Rising Sun in town?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
What you doing in that shit hole?

DEBS  
Meeting a mate. What's important is  
that afterwards I saw a Head called  
Mark Hodgkin. Know him?

CUT TO:

Chris passing another junction with a quick left and right.

CHRIS  
No.

DEBS (O.S.)  
He's heavy, right up the chain.

CUT TO:

Debs.

DEBS (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I'm sitting there and I see  
him acting dodgy with another bloke  
who looked like a player.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Do you know him?

DEBS  
No, but next thing a bag changes  
hands under the table and then  
Hodgkin leaves like he's won the  
lottery. I follow him out and he  
jumps in his car, and here I am.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
And the radio room had nobody for  
that? That's a brilliant stop.

DEBS  
I didn't ring them [beat] I've had  
a bevy.

CUT TO:

Chris. WTF? A beat, then:

CHRIS  
Oh mate... Are you pissed?

DEBS (O.S.)  
I'm driving.

CHRIS  
I didn't ask you that.

DEBS (O.S.)  
I'm alright.

CHRIS  
Fuckin' hell Debs.

DEBS (O.S.)

[Beat] We still on?

CHRIS

[Long beat] Where are you now?

19

**INT. NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT 1, 22:55**

19

Banging tunes. It's like we've dropped a tab as we watch Casey have the night of her life. She looks amazing and is dancing, snogging, hugging, dancing again. It's like a 90's rave as lads and girls cling onto her and the music pounds. She's happy, in a great place, and loving life.

A lad comes up behind her (DARREN) and grabs her arm and playfully spins her round. It's like they've known each other all their life. He leans in and shouts in her ear.

Casey, laughing, sizes him up before moving in again. She nibbles on his ear and then steps back. Both of them, young lovers having the night of their lives. He leans in again, his hand rising to her waist, she places hers over it, steps back, still holding his hand. They part, still laughing. He spins away, she watches him go, all smiles, she turns, still raving as we close in and see her check the cash in her hand and then slip it into her waistband.

CUT TO:

Casey's dance starting all over again with another punter.

20

**INT / EXT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR / CITY CENTRE STREET, NIGHT 1, 23:05**

Chris turns a corner, blue lights off, and sees Debs up ahead. He flicks his main beam.

CHRIS

That you in front of me?

DEBS (O.S.)

That's me.

CHRIS

Drop back and I'll give him a tug.

DEBS (O.S.)

Roger... be careful.

He swoops past her and hits his blue lights. Through the windscreen we see the Range Rover pulling into the kerb. Chris draws up behind it and watches it for a beat.

He pulls the car terminal towards him and does some one finger tapping. We watch the VRM slowly be entered. Halfway through, there's suddenly aggressive hammering on the window.

Chris flinches and looks up at HODGKIN, thirty something, hard bodybuilder type, holding up a recognisable empty bag.

HODGKIN  
Do you think I'm stupid!?

Chris fumbles then collects himself and lowers the window.

CHRIS  
I'll be with you now mate, so...

HODGKIN  
Tell him I'm ten steps ahead of him  
alright?

CHRIS  
Hey, mind who you're talking to!

Hodgkin throws the bag at Chris [it's the bag we saw earlier at the building site]. Chris reaches to open the door. Hodgkin violently pushes back. Chris squeezes the bag. It's empty. He looks in the mirror towards Debs then back at Hodgkin who reads him.

HODGKIN  
I'm not fuckin' stupid lad, I  
handed it off. Tell him he can have  
his bag back.

A massive hand that reaches in through the window and pulls his epaulette to read the number.

HODGKIN (CONT'D)  
You wanna be careful... Alpha 147.

He releases his hold, then snaps a picture of Chris out of the blue with a flash of the phone. Chris blinks in the bright flash, then Hodgkin walks off back to his car. Chris sits in shock a beat, then is suddenly all action.

CHRIS  
[To himself] Cheeky fuck.

Chris in the road following Hodgkin.

CHRIS  
Where you going dick head?

Hodgkin turns and looks at Chris who stops. They stand like gunfighters for a beat, then Hodgkin tilts his head.

HODGKIN  
They set you up as well?

Chris puts his hand on his baton. Hodgkin smiles.

HODGKIN (CONT'D)  
You need to be askin' for a bigger  
envelope if you're thinking of  
trying to use that on me lad.

Hodgkin stares at Chris for a beat, then turns and heads for his car. He holds his phone up high as he goes for a beat. Chris watches the big man get into his car and drive away.

Silence. Chris turns to look at Debs. She's already in her car. A beat, then she swings it around and races off. Chris stands alone on the damp cobbled street, breathing hard. He takes a few deep breaths to steady himself. A beat, then he looks over his shoulder towards where Debs was, then off to where Hodgkin has gone. What the fuck was that?

22

INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 23:15

22

Chris flops into the driver's seat and runs a hand down his face and sits a beat. A beat, then he suddenly switches on and cranes his neck to look up and around. It isn't good enough, he then gets out the car and looks up and around for CCTV. None. He gets back into the car. He sits a beat, pulls his phone and dials Debs. Answerphone.

DEBS (V.O.)  
[Answerphone] Leave a message.

CHRIS  
Where the fuck did you go? You left  
me... I've got some fucker takin'  
me photo and acting like I'm bent  
and you just fuck off? [Beat] Do I  
put this in me notebook or what?

He exhales, suddenly searching for words, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Ring me.

He kills the call. He sits mulling a beat before pulling at his armour around his throat. A beat, he lets out a loud sigh. A beat, a tug, gently this time, he starts the car. Beat, he pulls away.

Jodie is behind the counter of a brightly lit, pink and neon dessert shop. She's staring dead-eyed at a sixty five year old female customer (NAN) and her annoying child (KID).

KID

I want another scoop of honeycomb.

JODIE

You get three scoops and a topping.

KID

[To Nan] Get me four.

NAN

I'm not made of money.

KID

[To Jodie] Can I have a flake then?

JODIE

No.

KID

You said I could have a topping.

JODIE

A flake isn't a topping. It's an insert.

KID

[To Nan] Can I have an insert?

NAN

Just get your topping.

KID

[SULKY TO JODIE] Raspberry.

Jodie squirts the raspberry sauce on, hands the ice cream over, then looks at Nan.

JODIE

Two eighty.

NAN

Give us some hundreds and thousands as well.

JODIE

She's got her topping.

NAN  
No. Hundreds and thousands.

Nan offers a folded £20. Jodie stares and drops out of sight.

Jodie below the counter, shifts a couple of ice cream tubs and finds the one she is looking for. She opens it and pulls out a sandwich bag and digs in producing a wrap of coke. She inspects the bag. It is empty. She tosses the tub and stands.

Jodie takes the twenty and hands over the coke smoothly. Nan heads for the door as the kid licks her ice cream.

JODIE  
Hey!

Nan looks back as Jodie holds up a flake in some tongs.

JODIE (CONT'D)  
Free flake with hundreds and  
thousands.

Kid takes it without saying thanks. They exit as Jodie scowls, inspects the sandwich bag again before tossing it. She looks toward a bored member of staff wearing a garish pink tabard with *CAKEY BAKES AND SHAKES* embroidered on.

JODIE (CONT'D)  
Am I the only one working here?

The staff member looks at her in a surly manner, then starts to wipe the counter. Jodie stalks off pulling her phone.

24                   **INT / EXT. BARRY AND IAN'S VAN/DOCKS, NIGHT 1, 23:21**           24

Ian sits utterly impassive staring out the windscreen as Barry squints into the distance for a beat, then looks at Ian, then goes back to squinting off. A beat, then he looks back at Ian who carries on staring straight ahead.

BARRY  
We just sit here?

Ian barely moves an eyebrow. Barry folds his arms in frustration. This is killing him. A beat, then Ian turns to look at him but is cut off by Barry's phone ringing. Barry is suddenly all action as Ian watches him. Barry finally pulls out the phone, looks at it, then shows the screen to Ian: J.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

JODIE (O.S.)  
You got it?

Barry, a ball of frustration has a silent fit for a beat, then puts the phone back to his ear.

BARRY  
No. No we haven't got it because like I told you last night, and the night before that, we can't get on the dock to get it.

CUT TO:

We see the van sitting next to a fence and industrial area.

25           INT. DESSERT SHOP, NIGHT 1, 23:21

25

Jodie, sitting, the phone pressed to her ear.

JODIE  
Is he on again?

BARRY (O.S.)  
Same as last night, same as the night before. A new guy and no sign of Arthur.

JODIE  
Have you rang Arthur?

CUT TO:

Barry rolls his eyes: 'This fucking woman.' Ian looks away.

BARRY  
I told you all this.

JODIE (O.S.)  
I KNOW YOU'VE TOLD ME! I'm just trying to think.

CUT TO:

Through their van window we can see the dock security hut, a smartly dressed security guard, GAVIN, forty something, slim, immaculate, writing on a clipboard as he checks his watch.

CUT TO:

Jodie. Angry, but keeping it in.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Right, because you two have fucked  
up we've got nothing to sell.

She hangs up. They are fucked. Beat, then she groans.

CUT TO:

Barry going nuts in the van, flailing around in frustration. Ian sits like a statue as the van rocks. A beat, then Barry settles back to silent frustration before he shakes his head.

BARRY

I fucking hate working for a bird,  
but I **really** hate working for **that**  
bird. [Long beat] Take me home.

Ian starts the van.

26      **INT / EXT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR / DEBS'S HOUSE, NIGHT 1, 23:30**

Chris cruising slowly down a nice suburban street of new build houses. He pulls into the kerb and looks up at the nearest darkened house and then at Debs's car on the drive. He gets out and heads up the drive. As he passes the car he looks in, then up at the house.

27      **INT. DEBS'S HOUSE, NIGHT 1, 23:31**

27

The darkened bedroom with Debs in the shadows. The curtains are half open. She can just about see the police car below. We hear knocking downstairs. She flinches but doesn't move.

28      **EXT. DEBS'S HOUSE, NIGHT 1, 23:32**

28

Chris, face to the frosted glass in the door trying to see inside. He steps back and looks up to the room where we know Debs is watching. He stares at the darkness.

29      **INT. DEBS'S HOUSE, NIGHT 1, 23:33**

29

Debs pulls back a few inches deeper into the shadows as Chris stares, before turning away and walking back to his car. He climbs in, then drives off. She closes her eyes and exhales.

**INT. NIGHTCLUB OFFICE, NIGHT 1, 23:40**

Dingy office. We hear the muffled thump of the music as we stare at four male bouncers and one female in various states around a desk. It looks like Rembrandt's 'Syndics of the Draper's Guild' as they stare at us with heads like Easter Island statues balanced on bomber jackets. On a desk in front of them sits a fair quantity of drugs and clumped cash.

Casey, sat on a wooden dining chair looking like a cross between a ballroom dancer and an obstinate schoolgirl in a headmaster's office. The eldest bouncers, (MATTY, mid fifties) leans back, then:

MATTY

Sellin' drugs in my club.

CASEY

I wasn't.

MATTY

What's this?

CASEY

I dunno.

Matty tilts his head.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Whatever.

Matty leans back in his seat, then looks at the bouncers.

**EXT. NIGHTCLUB BACK ALLEY, NIGHT 1, 23:45**

We're staring at a damp darkened cobbled back alley filled with weeds and bins. We can hear the muffled beat from the nightclub. A beat, then a shaft of light makes the cobbles sparkle before Casey is sent sprawling onto them. She spins.

CASEY

Knob head!

She lies still for a beat, then wearily gets to her feet, inspects her dress, then walks away.

**INT. RACHEL'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 23:50**

Rachel is driving. She doesn't look happy as Eric drones on.

ERIC

Two years ago I could stretch to  
tenor but recently I'm hovering  
down by bass baritone.

Eric sees something out the corner of his eye and twists in  
his seat to watch it go by. Rachel notices, she's interested  
in what caught his attention.

RACHEL

What?

He misunderstands as he turns to face forward again.

ERIC

I said I've dropped to bass  
baritone. It pretty much shuts me  
out when it comes to leads.

RACHEL

No. What did you see?

ERIC

When?

She gives up. He continues.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's a shame because Pirates of  
Penzance is one of my favourites.

RACHEL

[Soft] Do you know what, I'm not  
really fuckin' interested.

He looks at her then out the window and starts to hum.

33 OMITTED

33

34 INT. RADIO ROOM, NIGHT 1, 00:05

34

Chris enters a busy control room carrying a garage sandwich  
and a bottle of apple Lucozade as he licks the application  
form envelope. He heads for the first operator (OP 1) who is  
in the middle of a call, but acknowledges Chris with a raised  
finger as she speaks to whoever is on the line.

OP 1

Listen to me... can you listen to  
me please? The police are on their  
way but... Mate... Listen to me...

Chris catches her attention and whispers:

CHRIS  
CCTV?

The operator points to a raised dais over on the far wall. Behind Chris OP 2 starts to speak. He turns to look.

OP 2  
I understand what you are saying to me sir, but is your mate drinking your cider really a police emergency? [Beat] Well if he's been sick you've got some of it back haven't you?

Chris nods to OP2 as he walks across the dais and takes a seat behind a bank of monitors. The end two are filled with small squares showing CCTV views. He pulls the keyboard nearest the CCTV screens closer. It's confusing and he's out of his depth. He looks at the operators. OP1 catches his eye.

CHRIS  
Do we have a camera covering the Rising Sun in town?

OP1  
[Mutes mic] We've got one on the street, but I don't think it covers the boozer.

OP2 mutes their mic and looks over.

OP2  
It does now. There's a load of disorder down there at the moment so they turned the cam the night before last. Camera 28.covers the entrance I think.

Chris nods thanks, searches for the camera, then clicks on it to show the Rising Sun taking up most of the screen.

Happy days. Chris checks the time the call from Debs came, then types **ten minutes earlier [22:40]** into the CCTV. The picture changes to that time. (n.b. In the background parked outside the pub, we can see Franny's van with its logo visible on the side, it is unobtrusive and doesn't stand out in anyway.) Chris glances around, then we start to roll forward. Chris stops when he sees Franny standing outside the pub with the recognisable bag we saw earlier with Hodgkin. Chris leans in to look at Franny and frowns. No idea.

Chris hits play. We watch as Deb's car pulls up near to Franny. She pulls down her window and she does a shoulder check exposing her face to the camera.

CHRIS  
[Soft] Debs?

Fuck. Franny approaches Debs' window and they speak fleetingly and he points off screen. She drives off screen. Franny watches her go and then enters the pub.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
[Soft] You liar...

Fuck. He looks around. Fuck. What does this mean?

MULLEN (O.S.)  
Alright mate.

Chris clicks and the screen disappears as he looks up.

MULLEN (CONT'D)  
What you looking at?

CHRIS  
I checked with...

MULLEN  
I don't mind! I just thought... I  
can help.

CHRIS  
Just a job.

MULLEN  
Do you want me to?

CHRIS  
No. I got it.

MULLEN  
I don't mind.

CHRIS  
Honestly.

They stare at each other a beat, Mullen makes to speak but Chris grabs his sandwich and drink and stands. Ray picks up the application and points to an internal mail tray.

MULLEN  
Do you want me to...

Chris snatches the envelope.

CHRIS  
It's alright I'll...

It's an awkward a beat of silence, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Best crack on mate.

MULLEN  
Yeah, sound. Have a good night.

Chris exits the room. Mullen watches him go and then looks around. OP 1 is watching him. Mullen manages a smile which OP 1 doesn't return before going back to his screen. Mullen sits. Fuck. A beat, he stares at the CCTV windows, then clicks on the minimised screen that Chris was looking at. It's just the front of the pub. He's about to pick up his mug but Franny emerges from the pub. Looks off down the road, then climbs into his van. Mullen watches him, then shrugs and resets the screens. A beat, then he adjust the mug in front of him before going back to the screen. He stares, chews a lip, then shakes his head and kills the screen and picks up the mug, looks into it and stands.

35

**EXT. POLICE YARD, NIGHT 1, 00:15**

35

The back doors of the station. A beat, then they open and Chris emerges he's on his phone.

CHRIS  
[To phone] Debs you gotta call me.  
I've seen CCTV of the pub.

He kills the call and stressed, is about to take a hit from his drink when he sees D.I. KENNEDY heading to his car across the yard.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Boss!

Kennedy looks over, keys in hand, a few feet from his car. He squints, then nods to Chris flatly. Chris heads to him.

KENNEDY  
Late off. Paperwork, end of the month. You know?

He gestures to the car. Chris fumbles in his bag and pulls out the coffee stained envelope.

CHRIS  
Me application boss.

KENNEDY  
So you're going for it then?

CHRIS  
I want off response. Get some  
fuckin' sleep.

KENNEDY  
It should really be via email.

CHRIS  
I wanted to put it in your hand. So  
I know... you know.

KENNEDY  
Good, yeah, well... great.

Kennedy finally takes the envelope. Chris smiles. He's done it, making a move at last.

CHRIS  
G'night then boss.

KENNEDY  
Go safe Chris.

Chris, turns and heads for his car as Kennedy gets into his. We stay on Chris, Kennedy's car in the background as Chris smiles. He takes another drink. We suddenly see brake lights on Kennedy's car. Chris keeps walking unaware.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Chris!

Chris turns. Kennedy holds up the envelope as he approaches.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
I can't. [Beat] Look, I don't want  
to mess you round. It isn't fair.  
Mate, this is a waste of time.

CHRIS  
Wha?

KENNEDY  
I could go through HR and all that  
but I don't want to leave you  
hanging for no reason. [Beat]  
You're not going to get the job.  
It's just not going to happen.

Chris is dumbfounded. Kennedy has a beat, then:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry but... you know why.

Chris hasn't got a clue. Kennedy stares, then looks around, then looks back at him and exhales.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
[sympathetically] Everyone thinks  
you're a knobhead.

Chris stares. WTF? Kennedy tries to mitigate.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
You know. You do. Why else do you  
drive around all night on your own  
with your butty and your Lucozade?

Kennedy indicates Chris's car and then the sandwich. Chris looks at his car and then back at Kennedy. A beat, then:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
I just don't want to waste your  
time. [Beat] I'm sorry.

CHRIS  
No. Yeah.

He looks away, then back at Chris to offer the form again.

KENNEDY  
Just take it back. Alright? I won't  
tell anyone. See out your time on  
Response, it's what you do best.

CHRIS  
Boss... I really need a day job.

Kennedy offers him the envelope.

KENNEDY  
Well, I hope you manage to get one.

A beat, then Chris takes the envelope. Kennedy taps his arm then walks away. Chris watches him go, then watches the car pull away before looking down at the envelope in his hands. A beat, then he turns and heads to his car but then stops.

A dejected Chris sits in his car. The passenger door opens. Chris, startled, turns to look. Debs. A beat, then he blows.

CHRIS

What the fuck was that all about?  
And why didn't you answer the door  
when I knocked!?!?

DEBS

[Beat] Can I get in?

He stares. A deep breath, then she does and closes the door.

DEBS (CONT'D)

Look...

CHRIS

Never mind 'look'. I watched the  
CCTV. Outside the pub. You lied.

DEBS

Just forget what happened, what you  
saw or didn't see. Alright? No harm  
done. It's gone.

CHRIS

Forget?!?!? Wha...

DEBS

I need you to search a house.

CHRIS

What??!?!? Are you for real??

DEBS

No listen...

CHRIS

I don't know what you're into Debs  
but you can keep me the fuck out of  
it...

DEBS

I know you were involved with Carl  
Sweeney, and his murder. I've got a  
file, evidence, good evidence.  
Don't make me use it.

He stops dead. She stares a beat, then:

DEBS (CONT'D)

Yeah, so shut up and listen.

He stares dumbfounded. She pushes.

DEBS (CONT'D)

You're going to do a search of  
Hodgkin's house tonight. It's  
nothing you haven't done before...

CHRIS

Fuck off.

DEBS

You search the garage. Find weed.  
Lock him up.

CHRIS

Get out me car.

DEBS

Do the search.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Stop!!

He holds up a hand. She stops. A beat as he thinks, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're outside a pub talking with  
someone who you claim you don't  
know, who then plants coke on a  
player. And then you drag me into  
doing an illegal stop and search.  
**AND THEN** you're sitting here  
blackmailing me??!!

He looks off a beat before turning back to her a bit calmer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You need to stop this. You need to  
go to C&D and tell them what the  
fuck is going on.

DEBS

Chris...

CHRIS

No. No. Trust me. You need to go to  
C&D. [Beat] Listen to me. I know.  
Go the job and tell them what the  
problem is because if you don't...

DEBS

I can't. I need you. Chris **I need**  
**you. Please. Just Do this.**

CHRIS

Fuck off out me car.

DEBS

I'll give you a day job.

He stares.

DEBS (CONT'D)

You want a day job? I'll create one for you. Nine to five. Flexi if you want it. My office. Filing. Anything. I'll get the budget and get you the job.

RADIO

Delta patrol to take a look at sus cirlcs, possible confrontational burglary on 19 Ardennes Street?

Chris stares at her but tunes into the radio, she makes to continue and he holds a finger to his lips.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Say again, Delta Patrol for 19 Ardennes Street. Confrontational burg. Any patrol?

Debs looks at his radio then him. She goes to speak but he holds up a finger again, his other hand rising slowly towards the radio. Debs is weirded out by this. This call matters.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Four seven. Put us down for that.

RADIO

Thanks Rach, much obliged.

Chris lowers his hand. Eyes still on Debs who nods 'can I speak?' He nods. She takes a breath.

DEBS

[Calm] I know you're thinking of applying for the gig in Tom Kennedy's office. I also know there's no way you're getting it.

He looks at the envelope he'd thrown on the dashboard.

DEBS (CONT'D)

You can work whenever you want. Just do this search. [Beat] I know you need a day job and I can make it happen.

She stares. He is torn. Back and forth. He needs it so badly.

CHRIS

Get out me fucking car now.

He stares at her. She can see it in his eyes. She blinks, then complies. He watches her walk away, looks at the envelope again, then faces front.

37

**INT. CHICKEN SHOP, NIGHT 1, 00:30**

37

Marco is in a brown waistcoat, brown shirt, brown tie and brown baseball cap behind a chicken shop counter. In front of him stands a half pissed thirty year old bloke [ALAN] perusing the menu as he struggles to hold onto the counter.

Casey enters the otherwise empty shop. Marco grimaces as she leans half over the counter and looks him up and down.

CASEY

You look like a shit with a hat on.

Marco shakes his head and goes back to staring at Alan.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Gis a chicken burger.

Marco gestures to Alan. Alan just wobbles.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Go 'ed, gis one.

Alan looks at her, then goes back to the menu. Marco ignores her as she lolls on the counter, then turns to watch Alan.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You alright mate?

It takes Alan a beat to focus on her.

ALAN

Sound girl yeah, smashin'.

CASEY

(To Marco) Go on, gis a burger.

MARCO

Three eighty.

Marco stares at her. His supervisor [SHELLY] sticks her head out of the kitchen, scopes Casey, then disappears.

ALAN

Do you do gravy?

MARCO

That's the other place.

CASEY  
I've got no money.

MARCO  
I'm not giving you a burger.

Marco shushes her, glances towards the kitchen then back.

CASEY  
[Whines] I got beat up and they  
took all me money Marco, please???

ALAN  
Three pieces lad.

MARCO  
[To Alan] Spicy or Southern?

ALAN  
With gravy.

MARCO  
We don't do gravy.

ALAN  
Sound yeah.

CASEY  
Pleeeeeaaaaasse?

Marco is struggling. He enters Alan's order into the till slowly, searching like it's the first time he has used it. Casey lolls. She is doing his head in. He looks at Alan.

MARCO  
Do you wanna drink?

ALAN  
I've had a few yeah.

MARCO  
No. Do you want one with this?

ALAN  
Yeah.

MARCO  
What?

ALAN  
What?

MARCO  
Coke.

ALAN

Sound.

CASEY

Gis a burger.

The door to the shop opens and MOIRA enters. She is wearing a long coat over a onesie as she heads for the counter. She is a formidable sight as she squeezes Casey out of her way.

MOIRA

[To Marco] I need you to look after our Adele tomorrow mornin'.

Marco, still searching on the touchscreen looks up in shock.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I'll drop her at yours at nine so be up. Make sure you feed her.

MARCO

Why can't you take her your Ma's?

MOIRA

*I can't take her me Ma's* dickhead. She'll be in court with me.

MARCO

But I'm workin' late, and then I'm back in tomorrow avvie!

MOIRA

You said you wanted to be her dad didn't yer?

MARCO

Why'd you think I'm working in this shit hole? [To Alan] The chicken's sound though.

Alan nods, wobbles, then goes back to waiting.

MOIRA

You wanna be Adele's dad? Tomorrow's where it starts.

Moira looks away for a beat, then back a little calmer.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Look, we'll only be in court till dinnertime. I'll come and get her as soon as I get out.

Marco, defeated, goes back to the till.

CASEY  
What did you do?

MOIRA  
The bizzies said we beat up the  
paedo at the top of our road.

CASEY  
Did yer?

Moira stares. Casey looks away. Shelly comes out of the kitchen. She eyes what's going on Marco. Moira shouts to her.

MOIRA  
He won't be in until half one  
tomorrow. [To Marco] Tell her.

Marco looks at the screen and gives a tiny nod. Satisfied, Moira exits. Silence, then:

ALAN  
Gis gravy with that lad will yer?

Marco looks like he is going to cry.

38                   **EXT. 19 ARDENNES STREET, NIGHT 1, 00:35**

38

Terraced street, on which is Rachel's police car. Chris pulls in behind her car, gets out and approaches Rachel who is leaning against a doorframe fed up.

CHRIS  
Alright?

She rolls back slightly, tilting her head back into the house before shaking it. She is clearly fed up. Chris looks past her into the living room where we can see Eric and TOM. Eric is slotting another French Fancy as Tom natters away.

RACHEL  
[Flat] Lonely old fuck talks to  
lazy fat fuck about a cat knocking  
over a milk bottle.

Despite himself he smiles. She wearily pushes off the door and heads for her car as she pulls the keys out her pocket.

39                   **INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT 1, 00:37**

39

A cosy living room. Two armchairs by the fire, Eric and Tom sit in them, two teas and cakes between them. They look up as Chris enters.

CHRIS  
[To Eric] Alright?

ERIC  
All good, we're just...

Both their radios break the quiet.

RADIO  
Delta Patrol to attend a call  
marked IRIR. Auto alarm, Hastings  
Fabrics, Denning Road Industrial  
Estate. Call marked IRIR.

A beat, then we hear Rachel on the radio.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Four Seven. Put us down for that.

Eric lets out a sigh. Tom looks at him. A beat, then.

ERIC  
[Pained] Sorry Tom, gotta go.

TOM  
Oh...

ERIC  
It's all secure so...

TOM  
Take a cake.

Eric takes two, then nods to Chris, then stands.

ERIC  
My colleague will...

Eric runs out of steam, then exits the room. Chris watches him go, then turns back to Tom. There's an awkwardness. Beat:

CHRIS  
Alright Dad.

TOM  
[Beat] What the fuck do you want?

CHRIS  
I was just checking you weren't  
dead but whatever.

Chris shakes his head and turns to go. He reaches the door, opens it, then looks at Tom who stares back defiantly. A beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
[Soft] Me Mam's dead.

Tom stares. No reaction. Chris watches, then turns to go with a shake of the head. He's about to leave when he looks back. Tom has sat back in the chair and looks stunned. He is staring into space. Suddenly an old man. Chris watches him a beat, then looks out into the street at his car, then back at Tom. Beat, then Chris closes the door wearily and stays.

40

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT 1, 00:50

40

We move slowly round the room. Cheap ornaments, a ticking clock, hissing gas fire, and then Chris in one of the armchairs, his body armour up under his chin as he stares into the black screen of the TV as Tom stares at the fire.

TOM  
Cake there if you want it.

Chris looks, then shakes his head. A beat of silence, then:

TOM (CONT'D)  
She was a good woman.

Chris looks at his dad a little surprised. Tom looks up.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What?

Chris goes to speak. Tom dares him to disagree. Chris shakes his head and looks away and Tom nods. Tom stares at the fire. Chris looks around the room, taking it all in. A beat, then:

CHRIS  
There's no pictures.

TOM  
What?

CHRIS  
There's no pictures of me.

Tom looks around like he's only just noticed, then:

TOM  
Why should there be?

CHRIS  
What??

TOM  
I never knew you.

CHRIS  
You didn't know me?? I'm your son!

TOM  
You and mother left I never saw  
yer!

CHRIS  
**We** left?

TOM  
[Sulks] Your mother kept you all to  
herself. I didn't get a look in.

He's lost for a moment. Chris watches. Tom speaks to himself:

TOM (CONT'D)  
You never knew me and I never knew  
you.

The old man shifts, eyes still on the fire. A beat, then:

TOM (CONT'D)  
I missed you though. Both of yers.

Chris is incredulous. A beat, then he can't take it anymore.

CHRIS  
Fuck off dad.

TOM  
What?

CHRIS  
Fuck off. You weren't interested.  
And when you were around you made  
our lives a fucking misery!

TOM  
I pulled my guts out for yous two!  
I worked like a dog for yer!

CHRIS  
You were in the pub!

TOM  
I went the pub because I had  
nowhere else to go!!! When I went  
home she was in to me. 'Where've  
you been? Have you been drinkin'?'

CHRIS  
You had been fucking drinking!!!

Tom makes to argue then subsides and goes back to the fire.

TOM  
I was lonely...

He looks up.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Same as you.

That lands with Chris. He looks at his Dad for a beat then breaks away. He sits, then shuffles, then:

CHRIS  
I'm going.

TOM  
How are they?

CHRIS  
Who?

TOM  
Kate, Matilda?

Chris stares. A beat, then:

CHRIS  
Tilly. And we've split up.

TOM  
Spare room upstairs.

Chris looks at his dad incredulous. His dad smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Jokin'.

Chris shakes his head and is about to speak when his phone vibrates. He pulls it out. Debs: DAY JOB. THINK.

A beat, then he kills the screen. He looks at his dad who is watching him. Beat. Chris shakes his head and stands.

CHRIS  
I'm going.

Tom holds out a hand in vain to stop Chris who is already heading for the door. Chris pulls it open when Tom calls out.

TOM  
I loved yers!

Chris stops and looks at the old man, WTF? A beat, then:

CHRIS  
[Soft] You loved us?

TOM  
Yeah.

Beat, Chris looks at the door, then back at his dad.

CHRIS  
Loved us?

Tom nods. Chris crosses the room back to his dad who cowers a fraction as Chris leans in, suddenly snarling.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You put her head through a fucking  
door because I dropped a bag of  
tobacco on the lino in the kitchen.

Tom's mouth opens then closes. A beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
[Soft] Yeah.

Beat, Chris turns and leaves, slamming the door so hard the house shakes.

41           **EXT. 19 ARDENNES STREET, NIGHT 1, 00:55**

41

Chris exits the house in a fury. On his way he kicks over two milk bottles that roll across the pavement. He fumbles as he picks them up and replaces them. One of the bottles falls again and he picks it up and launches it down the street. A beat and we hear it smash.

He's already walking to the car.

42           **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 00:56**

42

Chris climbs into the car furious. He pulls at his armour as he eyes the house. A few breaths. Fuck this. He dials Debs. He looks back at the house, still angry, then Debs picks up.

CHRIS  
What's the address?

DEBS (O.S.)  
Tonight, yeah?

CHRIS  
Just give me the fuckin' address  
Debs.  
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'll do it now, but listen to me, I mean this... don't mess me about re that day job. Alright? That's the deal. No messin'. Yeah?

DEBS (O.S.)

That's the deal. I promise.

CHRIS

[Beat] Address?

DEBS (O.S.)

I'll text it.

He hangs up, opens the door and climbs in.

43 OMITTED

43

44 INT. FRANNY'S CAR, NIGHT 1, 01:02

44

Franny in a battered old car looks at his phone and we see an open text message on the screen: HE'S DOING IT. He shuts down the phone, then looks up at Hodgkin's house up the street, before looking down onto the passenger seat where an old battered revolver lies on top of an envelope. A beat, then he exhales a deep sigh, then he rips the back off the burner and takes out the sim and snaps it in half.

45 INT / EXT. RACHEL AND ERIC'S CAR / STREETS, NIGHT 1, 01:05

We crash into Rachel driving fast. Blue lights, the sound of her siren as she threads her way through the night time streets. Eric, arms folded, sits next to her looking left and right at junctions, then ahead as she accelerates.

He reaches up to the grab handle. Through a junction at speed. She's quick, confident, but Eric is nervous.

ERIC

We're no good to them if we don't get there.

She shakes her head and presses on. She has to adjust quickly, causing the car to rock. He shoots her a glance.

RACHEL

Fuck off Eric. If you'd got off your arse instead of eating cake...

ERIC  
Eating cake is part of the job.

She glances over. He nods: 'keep your eyes on the road.'

ERIC (CONT'D)  
That fella needed a voice in the night. He's on his own and he's lonely and needed a bit of our time. Eating cake is part of the job. [He grimaces] You're going too fast.

Rachel swings a hard right then accelerates again.

CUT TO:

We're behind Rachel and Eric as they enter some S-bends bordered on both sides by high limestone walls. We're looking through the windscreen as the blue lights bounce off the walls. They clear the first bend but as they enter the second, brake lights ahead. A small car, stopped in the road.

CUT TO:

Their car clips a kerb, goes into a spin then ploughs through a wall and into the field beyond. Silence.

46                   INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 01:08

46

Chris is driving at speed through the town.

RADIO (O.S.)  
Delta Romeo 47, 47 Delta?

CHRIS  
Go 'ed Delta.

RADIO  
You free Chris?

CHRIS  
Not really no mate.

RADIO  
It's just Delta Romeo 47 has been subject to a RTC. Fire Service and Ambo are on route, but we wondered if you could support until we can find some supervision please?

CHRIS  
Injuries?

RADIO

We've spoke to Rach, and we're  
waiting for an update re Eric.

Fuck. Chris pulls to a stop. A beat of staring, then:

CHRIS

Right yeah, send us the location  
please Delta. I'm en-route.

He pulls a fast U-turn and speeds off.

47

**EXT. RACHEL AND ERIC'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 01:09**

47

Rachel and Eric staring straight at us through the windscreen. Their car which is now parked in the middle of a field where it has come to a stop, engine off. Blue lights still turning. A beat, then Eric looks at Rachel and beams.

ERIC

You just bought me a new  
conservatory.

She looks at him. He rubs his hands together gleefully.

48

**EXT. ALLEY AT THE BACK OF THE CHICKEN SHOP, NIGHT 1, 01:15**

Casey eats a burger on the back step of the shop as Marco leans against the wall with a coke with a straw in it.

MARCO

Did they batter you?

CASEY

They just chucked me out and robbed  
me gear and me money... two grand.

MARCO

Shit.

CASEY

Yeah I know. Devvo'd.  
[Beat] Thing is, they could be  
making wedges a night in there.  
Them bouncers haven't got a clue.  
They're just floggin' what they  
confiscate when they could be  
making proper money if they had a  
supplier with decent graft.

MARCO

They've made decent money tonight.

CASEY

[Ignores him] If I could get some stuff and someone to scare off them dickheads, I'd make a fortune.

Beat as Marco considers long and hard, then looks at her:

MARCO

I might know someone.

He's about to speak. Shelly appears and glares. Marco slouches past Casey into the shop. She watches, then studies the burger then tosses it into a bin and walks off.

49

**EXT. FIELD AT SCENE OF CRASH, NIGHT 1, 01:15**

49

Firefighters struggling to cut off the roof of the car. Eric inside, lit by spot lamps, wearing a neck brace. PARAMEDIC crouches by the door. The firefighters rock the car slightly.

ERIC

Argh!

We pull back and see that Rachel is standing behind the group watching. She can't believe the act that Eric is putting on. She heads for the road where we can see a fire engine and ambulance with blue lights flashing. A senior firefighter PRICE is walking towards the car. He nods, she ignores.

PRICE

Excuse me?

Rachel turns. Price has stopped a few paces away.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Steve's ex? [Beat] Came the station? Kicked off? How you doing?

RACHEL

[Stunned] Erm... Good.

PRICE

You not injured?

She looks away a beat, collecting herself, then:

RACHEL

No. My colleague... well, he's takin' the piss to be honest, but what can you do?

PRICE

It's alright, we love getting the gear out and cutting off a roof.

She manages a smile, then turns away. He calls after her.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Can I ask why you didn't make a proper complaint?

She doesn't understand.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Steve. I couldn't suspend him because you didn't put pen to paper, so I had to offer the prick support and counselling.

RACHEL

[Beat] Are you blaming me?

PRICE

Well if you'd made a complaint I could have got him sacked...

RACHEL

You **are** blaming me.

PRICE

I'm just sayin' that if you'd made a formal complaint I wouldn't have to spend every night worrying about his new girlfriend.

RACHEL

He's got a girlfriend?

PRICE

Yeah, a few months now.

Rachel stares, then looks away. Price watches her.

RACHEL

[Soft] It's not my problem.

A beat, then she walks away.

Rachel sits on the pavement, notebook in hand, staring off into space. A beat, she shivers then settles. She stares off. A beat, then she starts to shudder. Shock. Her hands and breathing are suddenly all over the place. Fuck.

Deep breath, fuck, she folds her arms and drops her head. Another deep bone shudder then it eases a bit. She struggles, wrapping herself up to contain herself. A beat, then:

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Mate?

She looks up, her eyes wet, still coming out of it. Chris. He's concerned but smart enough to know that digging is only going to make it worse. He speaks softly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Bit of shock mate.

She nods, takes a deep breath and looks at him again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
One of them nights?

A deep breath from Rachel, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
How's you partner?

RACHEL  
Don't.

Chris pulls at his armour, beat, then:

CHRIS  
Radio room rang me. Duty Super's been on. You're grounded pending the investigation.

She looks away. Fuck. He watches her, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You've got to jump in with me for the night.

RACHEL  
Oh fer fu...

CHRIS  
I'm not made of wood you know.

She shakes her head. She can't look at him. A beat, then:

RACHEL  
I've spent six months trying to avoid you and now I'm back in the car with you. I can't believe it.

CHRIS  
[Beat] You could say you've got  
whiplash.

RACHEL  
I'm in enough shit.

CHRIS  
True.

RACHEL  
One minute I've got the shittest  
copper alive, and then next I've  
got the angriest.

CHRIS  
And I got the fuckin' rudest.

She shakes her head and despite herself smiles. Beat:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You sure you haven't got whiplash?

RACHEL  
I wish I did.

She walks off. A beat, then he follows.

51      **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 02:00**

51

Chris texting: DELAYED. I WILL DO IT TONIGHT THO. Hits send  
just as the boot slams behind him making him wince. Rachel  
drops into the car. They sit a beat in silence then:

RACHEL  
Fucking Eric. [Beat] Winding me up  
while I'm driving.

He nods. She simmers. A beat, then:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
God, I so want to get off Response.

He listens, giving her space. A beat, then:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Fucking failed the sergeant's exam  
too.

CHRIS  
[Soft] I know.

RACHEL  
[Surprised] You know?

CHRIS  
I heard.

She watches him a beat, then:

RACHEL  
If I'd passed I was on for a gig in  
CID to get me some experience.  
[Beat] Fucking Eric.

Silence, they drive, we watch her lost in her thoughts until:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Have you ever wanted to touch a hot  
iron?

WTF? She shrugs and looks away.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I just thought with all your...  
**issues...**

CHRIS  
[Beat] An iron? A hot iron?

RACHEL  
No a golf iron. Of course a fucking  
hot iron!

CHRIS  
Are you fuckin' mental? [Beat] Have  
you?

RACHEL  
Recently? [Beat] Yeah.

CHRIS  
[Soft] Jesus Christ Rach, why?

RACHEL  
[Beat] I think I'd rather burn my  
hand with an iron than come in here  
and do this shit with you lot every  
night. [Long beat] I **need** to get  
off Response Chris, it's doing my  
head in.

CHRIS  
I'll be honest mate, you're asking  
the wrong person about getting off  
Response.

He looks at his watch, then a long beat of silence, then:

RACHEL  
If I could get in the morning  
briefings. So that the bosses start  
to notice me a bit... Couple of big  
jobs. Become a star...

He's watching her closely. She tails off. She's wasting her time. He goes to start the car. Beat, then he takes his hand off the keys and stares again. A beat, then she looks at him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What?

He stares.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What?

CHRIS  
You want a good job?

RACHEL  
I **need** a good job.

CHRIS  
[Beat] I might have a good job.  
Major player. Good intel. Drugs.

RACHEL  
[Beat] Where's the intel from?

CHRIS  
You don't need to know.

She tilts her head, suddenly cooling. A beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Deb Barnes, but we can't mention  
her in the write up.

RACHEL  
Why?

CHRIS  
Do you want this or what?

Rachel considers a beat, then turns her head to watch Eric being put in the back of the ambulance as the blue lights strobe across the field. A beat, then she looks at Chris.

RACHEL  
Yeah.

He stares at her a beat, then nods, then starts the car and starts to put on his seatbelt as she pulls on hers.

CHRIS

You might want to speak to someone about that iron thing you know?

RACHEL

You might want to just drive the fucking car.

He smiles and grabs a gear.

52

**INT. CHICKEN SHOP STAFF ROOM, NIGHT 1, 3:30**

52

Marco enters a tiny staff room. A table and chair, kettle and stacks of chicken boxes. He looks shattered as he removes his cap and stuffs it into his carrier bag as Shelly enters.

SHELLY

I'll need you in at one tomorrow.

MARCO

I've got me kid. Her ma... I can't...

SHELLY

You've been here three weeks Marco, and I'm not seeing commitment.

MARCO

I put chicken in boxes girl. I mean, commitment wise...

SHELLY

As your supervisor...

MARCO

There's only two of us.

SHELLY

Look, you're not happy and we're not happy. I'm going to speak to Raj. I think it's time we let you go.

MARCO

[Beat] I'm not even arsed.

He is. He exits. A beat then she exhales and sits exhausted.

Chris and Rachel creeping up the drive of Hodgkin's house. They nervously approach the garage and stop in front of it. Nervous, Chris tests the handle, the door opens a fraction.

CHRIS  
Can you smell gas?

She looks at him, he looks at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
If we can smell gas. We'll need to enter this property to protect life and limb. [Beat] Can you smell it?

A beat, then she nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
We might not be able to get this door shut again.

RACHEL  
I can smell gas.

He stares, opens the garage door quietly as he pulls out his torch. The garage is cluttered but on the floor, right in front of them, is a jiffy envelope. Chris and Rachel look at each other, Chris opens it. The gun.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Wow.

CHRIS  
Fuck.

RACHEL  
What?

He drops the gun back into the envelope and puts it back down and ushers her out the garage.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What you doing?

He holds a finger to his lips, and points to their car.

She watches confused as he pulls the garage door shut, and then walks quickly to their car. A beat, then she follows.

Chris in the car. Rachel climbs in. He starts the engine.

RACHEL

What's going on?

CHRIS

You wanted a job that'll kickstart  
your career, not kill it.

RACHEL

A gun? That's got to be good!

He grabs a gear but she grabs the handbrake.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

We found a gun! It's a gun!

CHRIS

[Beat] You smell gas and find a bit  
of weed or some coke? That's a good  
job. You smell gas and find a load  
of coke or a weed farm? That's a  
great job. You smell gas and find a  
fucking gun? That's a fucking shit  
show ready to blow up in your face.

She shakes her head. She doesn't understand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Bit of weed bit or coke, they're  
going guilty for a reduced  
sentence, but no fucker is ever  
going to go guilty on a gun.

RACHEL

What's that got to do with us?

CHRIS

We'll get ripped apart in the  
witness box. Smelling gas won't  
stand up, and me and you are going  
down burglary, misconduct in a  
public office and perverting the  
course of justice. Ten years,  
that's 10 years right there.

Beat. Fuck. She lifts her hand off the handbrake and nods. He  
releases the brake but doesn't drive off.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit.

55

**INT. HODGKIN'S GARAGE, NIGHT 1, 03:49**

55

We're in the garage as the door opens silently. Chris reaches in, grabs the envelope, then closes the door.

56

**INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 1, 03:50**

56

Chris gets in the car with the envelope. Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL

I thought you...?

CHRIS

We can't leave it there can we?

He nods his head to the garden. A child's trike.

RACHEL

What are you going to do with it?

CHRIS

I'll get rid.

She nods. A beat, then:

RACHEL

I'm in the car with you for two minutes...

They drive off.

57

**INT. FRANNY'S CAR, NIGHT 1, 03:50**

57

Franny finishing filming Chris on his phone. He's captured the entire scene. He lowers the phone and ducks down as we watch Chris's car through the windscreen as it drives past us and away. Half a beat then Franny sits up in the car and looks through the rear window after where Chris has gone. A beat, then he starts his engine and drives away.

58

**INT. JODIE'S LIVING ROOM, DAY 2, 08:00**

58

Casey and Marco enter. Casey flops onto the couch as Marco hovers. He looks at her disapprovingly and is about to tell her to stand when Jodie enters. Her eyes go straight to Casey. A beat, then she looks at Marco.

JODIE

You come here to talk business?

MARCO

I just... I'm trying to help her out and I thought it would be good for you too and that maybe...

JODIE

What?

MARCO

Introduction fee? You know? Like when I send people the shop?

JODIE

Cheeky fuck.

MARCO

I've just lost me job!

Jodie shakes her head and then turns to Casey.

JODIE

Quick, before me daughter comes down.

CASEY

[Beat] I know a gaff where no one else is working and the bouncers are dopes. It gets packed with loads of cuzzies and all I need is something to sell there, and back up to keep them off me back.

JODIE

[Long beat] How many cuzzies?

CASEY

Looooooooooooads of them.

JODIE

[Beat] How long you known her?

MARCO

Donkeys. She's sound.

Casey looks at him a beat, then Jodie who chews it over.

JODIE

Do you wanna cup of tea?

Casey nods. Jodie stares a beat, then exits. Casey excitedly looks around. A beat, then she sees the family portrait on the wall. Carl smiling back at her. It hits her hard. FUCK.

JODIE (V.O.)  
Sugar?

Casey, aghast, looks at Jodie by the door. Beat, then she nods. Jodie picks up on Casey's change of demeanour. She watches her a beat, then exits. The second she is gone Casey leans forward and whispers to Marco frantically.

CASEY  
Is she Carl Sweeney's missus?

MARCO  
Yeah.

CASEY  
You brought me here!!?!?!?  
I robbed his drugs!!!

MARCO  
It's alright, he's dead.

CASEY  
[Dumbfounded] I kicked it all off  
though!

Casey is all over the place. Marco thinks it through for a beat, the seriousness of what she is saying kicking in:

MARCO  
Just don't tell her.

CASEY  
Like I'm gonna tell her!?!?

Lexie appears, eyes on Marco, then Casey. A beat, then:

LEXIE  
Me mum said do you want toast?

MARCO  
Lovely that, yeah, sound.

Lexie exits. They look at each then the door. Fuck.

59           **INT. JODIE'S KITCHEN, DAY 2, 08:02**

59

Jodie is dropping tea bags into mugs. We pan as Lexie enters, and see Ian by the kitchen door for the first time.

LEXIE  
Yeah.

JODIE  
Great, now go get ready for school.

Lexie spins away with a smile for Ian who beams back at her. A beat to let her go, and then:

JODIE (CONT'D)  
Where's Tweedle Dum?

IAN  
Parking the van.

Jodie looks for a spoon as Ian watches her. A beat, then:

IAN (CONT'D)  
But we haven't got any drugs.

Jodie, facing away from him, considers a beat, then:

JODIE  
We need our bizzie.

IAN  
Carson? He won't wanna do it.

JODIE  
He'll do it.

Ian looks down the garden a beat, then at Jodie's back, then stares off implacably again.

60

**EXT. STANLEY ROAD, BOOTLE, DAY 2, 08:40**

60

A wide road over a canal next to a sixties concrete shopping centre. Chris pulls up. A few shop staff pass on their way to work with a few early morning rising pensioners.

Chris (civvies) gets out the car with a quick left right look as he walks quickly, towards a footpath down to the canal.

We follow him down the path. The sound of the road fading away. Grim industrial semi dereliction flanking the sides of the black water. Chris stops on the deserted towpath and stares at the silence. He enjoys the silence, then smoothly tosses the gun into the water where it lands with a splash. A beat. Regret? He stares at the ring of bright water. A beat, then he turns and trudges back to his car.

61

**INT. RACHEL'S FLAT, DAY 2, 08:45**

61

Rachel gets home. She looks shattered by the night's events. She tosses her keys, then heads to the cupboard.

She pulls the handle and the door sticks. She takes a breath and gives it a tug. It doesn't open. She tries again, still stuck. Suddenly, she's furiously yanking the door until it flies open. She stands before it, into the blackness, then looks down to the floor of the cupboard, then back up again. A beat, then she pulls her phone and launches Facebook as she walks to the kitchen. We follow her as she takes a seat.

A beat, then she unblocks Steve. Fuck. She drops the phone like it is hot. A beat, then she tentatively picks it up:

**IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH LORNA McPHARLAND.**

Rachel chews her lip and then clicks on Lorna's profile.

62

**INT. DOLLY'S DREAM GOWNS, DAY 2,09:00**

62

Chris in the shop as DOLLY, 40 something, glam, is pulling off her coat behind the counter.

DOLLY

I was getting worried.

CHRIS

I've been up the wall sorry.

DOLLY

You want to try working here during Communion season.

She pulls out a card machine.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

So 290 less the fifty deposit you paid last month.

She keys the amount in as he pulls his warrant card.

CHRIS

If I can throw 75 on this card...

He pulls a high interest 'bad credit' credit-card.

DOLLY

75?

CHRIS

Please.

He's holding his warrant card and is flashing his badge as he searches for another card which he places next to the first.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
And sixty on that.

She stares at the two cards a beat, raises an eyebrow, then enters £75 into the machine. He taps the first card, then flashing his badge again, slips it back in. Dolly eyes the warrant as she enters the £60 on the machine. She offers the machine to tap. He takes the card but doesn't tap it straightaway. He instead holds it next to his badge.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Any chance I can pay the rest at  
the end of the month?

She looks at the warrant card, then him.

DOLLY  
No.

CHRIS  
But the communion is on Saturday.

DOLLY  
I know.

CHRIS  
I'm good for it.

He proffers the warrant card. She looks at it, then him.

DOLLY  
That's not going to pay my rent.

Dolly takes the other card from his hand and taps it. He looks at the machine then the card. She hands it back.

CHRIS  
It's for me daughter.

DOLLY  
£105 to pay by Saturday and we  
close at 11. Do you want a receipt?

A beat, then he nods. Fuck.

63                    OMITTED

63

64                    EXT. DEBS'S HOUSE, DAY 2, 09:07

64

Franny waiting at Debs's front door. A beat, it opens. Debs.

FRANNY

Hey...

DEBS

Not now.

He's about to speak when WILLIAM, 14, pushes past in school uniform with barely a nod. Debs ushers William out the house and exits herself. She closes the door looks at Franny. She follows William who is getting into the car. A beat, then she turns back to Franny and approaches him.

DEBS (CONT'D)

[Hushed] Where are we at?

FRANNY

We're fucked because your mate is a fucking idiot. [Beat] he didn't get it at the stop, and then he did the search but didn't do the arrest so I couldn't step in and get it then either.

DEBS

So Hodgkin's still got it?

Franny shrugs 'yes.' She mildly flaps.

DEBS (CONT'D)

[Whispers] I can't go to prison  
Franny!

FRANNY

I know.

DEBS

You need to get it. You need to  
sort it.

FRANNY

I will. I will.

Fuck. Debs glances at the car then back to Franny.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

[Soft] It'll be okay.

She stares a beat, then nods. He smiles, he touches her arm. She looks at his hand, smiles sadly. She heads for the car, gets in, and starts to pull away. William looks at Franny through the open window and half smiles. Franny lifts a hand:

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Love you mate!

William nods as they pull away. Franny lowers his hand.

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
[Soft] Love you too dad.

He glances round, then pulls his phone and composes a text message as he walks to his van.

65

**INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM, DAY 2, 09:10**

65

Chris stands at the door watching his father make his way to the high-backed chair by the fire. His phone buzzes as Tom flops into the chair and looks at him. Chris pulls his phone and looks at it: YOU IDIOT. YOU'VE FUCKED IT. GIZ ME GUN BACK. Fuck. Chris stares a beat, then looks up and realises his dad is watching him.

TOM  
Trouble?

Chris shakes his head and shuts the door. A beat, then:

CHRIS  
I came to erm... last night...

Tom's waiting. Chris spots a blanket by the fire.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Did you sleep down here?

TOM  
By the time I get up them stairs  
it's time to come down them again.  
[Beat] Besides, the telly is here.

Tom points at the silent TV. It's tragic. Chris hovers, then:

CHRIS  
Wanna brew?

Tom nods, eyes on the TV. Chris heads for the kitchen.

TOM  
Christopher?

He looks at Tom who stares at him. He's about to say something until he lowers his eyes and looks back to the TV.

TOM (CONT'D)  
There's cakes in the tin.

Chris stares, then nods, then goes into the kitchen.

Chris stands in the centre of the kitchen. He slowly scans cupboards, draws. He crosses to the dresser and pulls open a draw. String, tape, pens, lost keys. Fuck. He closes the draw and is about to silently open the next one when his eyes settle on a teapot on the top shelf. He stares a beat, then lifts the pot down and looks in it. Money. A glance at the door, and then he reaches in, and takes a wad of 10/20s. He sets the pot down and quickly counts out the money for the dress and his rent. He goes to put the rest of back in the pot. A beat, he pauses, then peels off another fifty quid then pockets all the cash. He carefully puts the pot back on the shelf. He stands a beat, then exhales before turning and filling the kettle.

FADE OUT: