

THE RESPONDER

Season Two
Episode Two

Written by

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1 INT. CHRIS'S FLAT, DAY 2, 13:00

1

We're looking down at Chris as he lies on his back half under a thin quilt on the extended sofa bed. His eyes are closed, limbs splayed at awkward angles. It's almost like he has fallen off the ceiling onto it. A beat, then we hear a HGV turning alert: **CAUTION THIS VEHICLE IS TURNING LEFT. CAUTION, THIS VEHICLE IS TURNING LEFT.**

Chris groans. A beat as the message plays again, then:

CHRIS
Just fuckin' turn will yer.

We hear the truck drive off and a relative silence returns. A beat of staring down at Chris. He shifts. The metal framed sofa bed pings and creaks under him loudly. He shifts again then settles. Silence, then his phone alarm kicks off. He groans, then kills the alarm. A beat, then he opens his eyes and stares at us.

2 INT. CHRIS'S FLAT, DAY 2, 13:15

2

Chris on the folded bed with his Everton mug scrolling. We see **MERSEYSIDE REGION POLICE JOBS PORTAL**. He sees a role: **Crime Prevention Officer, days, Monday to Friday 8:00-16:00**. He perks up and hits it. We see: **ESSENTIAL CANDIDATE REQUIRMENTS: 1. THE ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE AT A HIGH LEVEL WITH ALL MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY.**

He frowns. A beat, then fuck it. He's beaten, he shuts down the phone and sips his coffee.

2A INT. DOLLY'S DREAM GOWNS

2A

Dolly is packing the dress as Chris counts out the money he stole from his Dad onto the counter.

DOLLY
Thought you weren't coming back.

Chris ignores her and carries on counting the cash.

CHRIS
That's 105. That's it yeah?

Dolly takes the money and counts the cash into the till.

DOLLY
She'll be made up.

CHRIS
Yeah.

DOLLY
She's an angel that one.

Chris nods, picks up dress, he can't get out of there quick enough.

3

INT. CHURCH HALL, DAY 2, 14:30

3

Gloomy church hall. Light is shafting through the windows and dust hangs lazily in the beams. We pan across a few bored faces, until we settle on Father Liam.

BEN (O.S.)

... Self help! Like I said last week. I don't read books, but this one... like I said... blown away... blown right away by erm... no... no hang on, that's not true. I read them by that fella who used to be in the army. What's 'is name?

SOL

McNabb.

BEN

No... no the other fella?

CHRIS

When does this work?

Everyone is surprised. We see it's Chris speaking. Liam, relieved at the interruption, holds out a hand: Continue. Chris slumped, eyes on the floor. They wait. Nothing.

FATHER LIAM

Chris?

Chris shrugs, everyone waits, exchanging glances. Chris looks up, almost like he didn't know he was speaking out loud.

FATHER LIAM (CONT'D)

Do you want to...?

CHRIS

Sorry. [Beat] I just... I don't know. I'm tired.... Working last night.

He tubs his eyes. They wait, he looks up. Fuck. They want more. He wavers, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I've tried this, us, and I've tried therapy. [Beat] I even bought a fuckin' book in a charity shop the other day. I mean I'm trying, but when does it kick in?

FATHER LIAM
[Beat] You've only done a few
sessions and, whilst I'm sure a
book will be helpful, this...

CHRIS
Sitting looking at me dad
yesterday...

Liam brightens. It feels like a moment developing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
[Looks up] I went to me dad's
yesterday.

Chris drifts at the memory. A beat, then:

SOL
Why yesterday?

Chris focusses. A beat, then:

CHRIS
I dropped off a fare in his road.
Opposite his house and I thought...
First time I've been there in
years. [beat] He's a gobshite.

The lads all nod. Liam tries to quell them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
He's just sitting there, an old man
now like, but he hasn't changed,
not really. [Beat] It was just the
same as when I was a kid... he
can't even wipe his own arse and
yet I'm still scared of him.

He folds his arms and slumps again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I don't even know why I went...
well I know why I went. I went
because I'm a dickhead, I just wish
I hadn't.

He looks off a beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I could have just drove off.

Chris looks at Liam, he thinks it through, then no.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Same fuckin' mistakes over and over
again. I start moving in the right
direction and then...

Chris tightens his arms and buries his chin in his chest. He's shutting down. Liam tries to maintain the momentum.

FATHER LIAM

At least you're recognising those mistakes.

CHRIS

Recognising it doesn't stop me making them though does it?

FATHER LIAM

Maybe not this time, but understanding... the same mistakes... I... I get that.

Liam considers, then he looks at Chris:

FATHER LIAM (CONT'D)

What I'm trying to say is that self reflection isn't staring into a mirror where you can see all the wrinkles and bags under your eyes...

Chris touches the bags under his eyes.

FATHER LIAM (CONT'D)

It should be like looking into a pond as the ripples fade. It takes time.

Everyone looks at Liam. WTF? A beat, then he shrugs. Maybe not. Chris goes to add something but doesn't. They all wait.

CHRIS

Me old fella always used to say I just liked causing trouble for meself...

Chris stares into space, they all watch him a beat, then:

SOL

Who was it who said 'they fuck you up your parents?'

Silence a beat as they all think, then:

BEN

Andy McNabb!

SOL

I said McNabb!

Liam watches Chris as the group breaks down in banter which he doesn't join in.

Rachel enters the kitchen, flicks on the kettle, digs out her phone and starts a doom scroll. A beat, she stops, then fires up Whatsapp and scrolls to Chris Dickhead Work. Her thumb hovers, then she types quickly: **DID YOU SORT IT?**

A beat, she stares, the ticks turn blue. A beat, then: **YEAH, ALL DONE, NO WORRIES. RELAX.**

She stares, still tense, a beat, then she relaxes a fraction.

Rachel enters the living room carrying a brew. She looks tired. She fires up the TV and curls up on the couch. A beat, she watches TV then her eyes drift to the ironing board in the corner. She frowns. No. She flicks with the remote: headlines, weather, a documentary. She stares at the screen. Watching but not watching. Beat, then she picks up the mug, heads to the window and stares out. A beat, then 'fuck this'. She puts the mug down, grabs her car keys and exits.

Parents around the edge of a playing field watching a kids' football match. We pan the line until we reach Kate, she's watching Tilly whilst glancing at her phone a little bored. Chris joins her, taking up station next to her. Kate looks up from her phone at him and smiles, he shrugs and smiles back.

CHRIS
Who's winning?

KATE
I've been looking at my phone.

Kate pockets her mobile and watches the game. They watch the match a beat, then she looks at him without him noticing. Then back to the game. A beat of awkward silence then she looks at him again. She speaks without looking at him:

KATE (CONT'D)
Had your start date?

CHRIS
Sorry?

KATE
The job?

He blinks, then points at the game.

CHRIS
There! No! Useless.

He shakes his head, a pause then looks at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
No start date as yet, but not long.

KATE
I got the London job.

He's stunned. He points at the pitch and Tilly, then looks at Kate. She feels for him. He's devastated. He stares the game.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm going to say no.

CHRIS
Yer wha?

She looks off a beat, this isn't easy to say and once she says it, there's no taking it back.

KATE
Tilly and you... It's too important to her.

He flounders a beat, then:

CHRIS
But you really wanted it.

KATE
You trying to talk me into going now?

CHRIS
No! No I'm... I'm just... you know?

KATE
[Beat] You've got your new job now. It's a new start for you with her and that's good for her.

She shrugs. Fuck. He's trapped in the lie. He looks away.

KATE (CONT'D)
I thought you'd be happy.

CHRIS
No... I'm... I mean I am. I'm just a bit... I thought and now...

She shakes her head and goes back to the match. He stares at her a beat. Is he going to tell the truth? A beat, then he nods and looks away. A beat, then to her:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Thanks.

She shrugs. The whistle blows and they both start to clap. A beat, then he looks at her. Is he going to tell the truth:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Did they win or what?

She smiles as they carry on clapping. He swallows. Fuck. As they watch Tilly make her way towards them Kate glances round at a few other parents, then spies Jodie, dressed in black and wearing high heels wobbling towards them.

KATE
[Hushed] I said I was going to ring her after the funeral.

Chris doesn't understand and looks around. He sees Jodie. He smiles as Tilly jogs over just as Jodie arrives.

JODIE
Hiya loves! [To Tilly] Did you win?

TILLY
We got beat seven one.

JODIE
Aww, maybe try golf or somethin'.
[To Kate] I love that coat. [Beat]
You can't beat a bargain.

Kate looks down at her battered windcheater, then at Jodie's glamour, then smiles thinly and points at Tilly.

KATE
She's got homework.

Jodie smiles and nods. Chris leans down and hugs Tilly.

CHRIS
Love you mate.

Tilly enjoys the hug and then manages a smile to Jodie. Kate touches Jodie's arm with another half smile, nods to Chris, then they head off. Chris looks at Jodie.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You watchin' Lexie?

JODIE
What?!?! Christ no. Jesus. She wouldn't put up with this.

Jodie lifts a foot a few inches out of the mud then pulls her coat tight.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Let's walk.

A beat, then he nods and off they go.

Jodie and Chris walking in silence towards the distant car park until:

JODIE

She won't come since Carl...

Chris doesn't understand. She links him.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Lexie. It was their thing the footy. She took down all her Liverpool pictures and everything after he died.

CHRIS

So it wasn't all bad then.

She smiles.

JODIE

Freezin'

Chris and Jodie walk in silence. She suddenly stops. He looks at her, she exhales, then:

JODIE (CONT'D)

I need you to go on the docks and get some drugs for me.

CHRIS

[Beat] What?

JODIE

I need you to go get me some drugs off the docks because Barry and Ian can't get them and I'm desperate and I'm skint and I'm gonna lose everything.

She shrugs.

CHRIS

How the fuck are you skint?

JODIE

I bought the dessert shop with the stuff you give me, but that money is gone and the shop is shit and I hate the fucking kids... I can't... it's just a disaster.

There's a sudden flood of emotion that catches her unawares. She turns away a beat. He watches as she collects herself and then look back. Deep breath and then she continues.

JODIE (CONT'D)
One off, easy job, I promise.
There's money in it for you as
well. Decent money.

Chris looks around the empty field, then turns back to her.

CHRIS
No.

JODIE
No?

CHRIS
No.

JODIE
I need it.

CHRIS
I don't care.

JODIE
But...

CHRIS
No! I said no! [Soft] This fucking
life...

JODIE
[Beat] It'll take you ten minutes.

CHRIS
How do I get better? Everyone
asking me? Day after day? Shit
after shit?

He walks away and then turns back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You just saw Tilly standing there.

Beat, then he walks off. She watches him go. A beat, then:

JODIE
[Soft] Sorry.

He's gone. She looks around, suddenly vulnerable. A beat,
then she inspects her shoes and becomes 'Jodie' again.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Mud!

She follows him towards the car park.

Chris gets in, pulls his phone as he watches Jodie head to her car. He scrolls, we see GRAHAM KENNEDY. He calls. It barely rings, goes to voicemail. He chews a lip, what to say? A beat, then:

CHRIS

Alright boss. Erm Chris Carson here. Sorry to bother you but...

Chris looks off a beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I feel daft, but I wondered... I know what you said last night and I get it, but I wondered if you'd reconsider? Or even if you knew of something else? [Beat] I really need a fuckin' job. [Beat] Sorry. [Beat] Anyway, alright then... drop me a message or a call or whatever.

He hangs up and slumps. Fuck.

We're looking down the stairs that lead to Chris's flat from his front door. A beat, then he appears at the bottom and starts to make his way up. Two steps, he looks up and stops.

CUT TO:

Rachel, waiting, sitting on the top step looking down at him.

RACHEL

Where've you been???

The door opens and Chris enters followed by Rachel.

RACHEL

I just wanted to check... The gun?

CHRIS

Woah! Jesus! Shut the fuckin' door.

She does so and then heads to the centre of the room. He takes off his coat and tosses it as Rachel surveys the flat. It's a shithole. She looks at Chris in the kitchenette.

RACHEL

It stinks of kebab in here.

CHRIS
You hungry? I've got some Pitta?

She's confused.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I've not been the shops.

He gestures to the kitchen we see a pile of pitta.

RACHEL
Chris? We need to plan. Think
through what might come back on us.

CHRIS
It's gone. I chucked it in the
canal.

RACHEL
You think just throwing it away
makes it go away?

He shrugs 'well yeah'. He drops two pittas in a toaster.

CHRIS
Just forget it.

RACHEL
We need to be better than that...

He turns to her.

CHRIS
No. It never happened. Move on.

RACHEL
What about CCTV?? Door bell
footage? Did you think of that?

He stares at her a beat, then:

CHRIS
Nobody knows we were there, so
nobody is checking footage.

RACHEL
They guy who left it there knows we
were there.

CHRIS
Oh right! Yeah you're right! I bet
he's down the nick right now
reporting it missing.

He shakes his head and picks up the kettle. Beat, she nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Just forget it.

She sits down on the folded out bed. She watches him as he searches for a mug for her. A beat, then:

RACHEL
(trying to be upbeat)
This is nice.

CHRIS
It's the bloody Ritz [Shrugs]
Splitting half me money with Kate.
Tilly and the mortgage. Plus me
mum's funeral.

RACHEL
Nightmare.

CHRIS
Tell me about it.

She nods. He goes back to making the brew.

He rattles a few more cupboards, then:

RACHEL
I can't believe we got mixed up
with a gun...

CHRIS
Did you not hear me?!?!?

RACHEL
No I did... just... fuck, you know?

He watches a beat, then sits next to her. The bed almost tips as it creaks. They steady themselves. She shuffles an inch away. The pitta pops behind them. He looks at the toaster and then nods his head towards it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
[Beat] Thought you'd never ask.

He smiles, then taps her knee, then stands to make the brew. She takes a deep breath. She's cool. He's right.

10 **INT. KEBAB SHOP, DAY 2, 18:15**

10

We're in the shop looking towards the counter from the door. There's a couple of customers dotted eating as Rachel, followed by Chris, emerges from the back of the shop.

CHRIS
... the chicken ones are alright.

FRANNY (O.S.)
Chris.

Chris glances down. Franny, kebab in hand, all smiles.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
How you doing man?

Chris stops, confused. Rachel opens the door and then looks at Chris. She reads him and looks at the back of Franny's head. Chris makes eye contact with Rachel. 'No idea?' Franny follows his gaze and smiles at Rachel.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
Rach. Sit down.

Rachel stands confused at first, then a look of concern. Something is majorly wrong. Franny eyes on her, warm.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
I'm not asking.

CHRIS
[Soft] Who the fuck are you?

Franny turns to Chris, he sizes him up, then:

FRANNY
Alright then, standing up. Where's
me gun dickhead?

Fuck. Chris looks at Rachel. She lets go of the door. Franny holds out his hands to the chairs opposite. Beat, then Chris sits. Rachel is flapping, she takes a moment longer, then she too sits. A beat, then Franny holds out his hands. Well? Neither of them have a clue. Franny sighs and leans in.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
Do I have to say it again?

CHRIS
[long beat] What you on about?

Rachel looks at Chris, her heart is pounding. Chris senses it and places his hand on her forearm. Both her and Franny look down at his hand, then Franny speaks to Chris:

FRANNY
We acting daft now? Feels like
we're acting daft and I can't be
arsed with acting daft.

He looks from Rachel to Chris, then:

FRANNY (CONT'D)
Alright then, fuck it, if you
didn't know what I was talking
about you wouldn't have sat down
would you?

Neither of them reply. Franny drops the kebab and leans back.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Right, okay, fuck it. You owe me ten grand then.

RACHEL

Excuse me??!?

FRANNY

I've had to pay someone to deal with Hodgkin, plus I'm out of pocket for the strap, and that all adds up to about ten grand, so...

RACHEL

[To Chris] Who's Hodgkin?

CHRIS

[To Franny] Deal with him?

Franny is almost smiling at the double act on the other side of the table. He looks at Chris, the smile suddenly fades.

FRANNY

Yeah. *Deal with him.*

Chris leans back. It dawns on Rachel.

RACHEL

[Soft] Oh my god.

FRANNY

[Shrugs] Last thing I wanted, but if you two had done what you were supposed to...

Chris leans in and hisses.

CHRIS

What do you mean 'done what we were supposed to!?' We did what we were supposed to but some... you... it was supposed to be drugs.

His eyes dart to the counter and back to Franny.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

A fuckin' gun???? Nobody said nothing about a gun.

FRANNY

I wouldn't have needed to plant the gun if you hadn't fucked up the stop.

Rachel is dumbfounded.

CHRIS

He didn't have anything! What was I...

Franny holds up a hand. He's running out a patience. He fixes Chris, suddenly ice. A beat, then:

FRANNY

Whatever happened then happened, but what is happening now is **fucking happening**. So you owe me ten grand, and don't start arguing the fucking toss or it'll be fifteen by the time you finish the sentence.

Chris blinks. He looks away, then leans in, we see the lion in Chris. Fuck you. He speaks softly.

CHRIS

Listen to me dickhead. I don't give a fuck about what...

Franny slides his phone across the table. Franny taps the screen and a video starts to play. It's the scene from ep1 of them conducting the search of the garage filmed from Franny's car. The video ends. The fight has gone right out of Chris. Fuck. Rachel puts a hand to her forehead. They both get it. They are fucked. Franny pulls the phone back. Beat, then:

FRANNY

So that's fifteen grand by the end of the week. Alright then? Sorted.

Franny stands, then points at the food.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

You can have that.

He nods goodbye, then exits. They watches him go, then both looks at the kebab then the door. A beat, then Chris is on his feet. Beat, then he looks at Rachel who is in shock. He heads back to the table and sits. A beat:

RACHEL

Do you think he means it? Do you think he's killed Hodgkiss?

CHRIS

Hodgkin, and yeah.

She's struggling to process it. He watches her, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

[Soft] It's not on us Rach. We did the right thing.

RACHEL
[Long beat] What have you got me
into?

CHRIS
I asked you if you could smell gas
Rach.

RACHEL
Someone died Chris. Fucking hell...

CHRIS
A drug dealer killing another drug
dealer? Fuck him.

He doesn't believe what he is saying and neither does Rachel,
but they both decide to cling to it. A beat, then she shakes
her head and looks away, then back.

RACHEL
Have you got money to pay him?
I can probably get it, but it'll
take a few weeks.

CHRIS
You think if we give him the money
that's it?

A beat, then she realises. They sit a beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'll speak to Debs, see if there's
a way we can sort this.

RACHEL
We'll speak to her.

CHRIS
You're not coming. She doesn't know
you're involved. We should keep it
that way. Keep you out as much as
we can.

She isn't happy.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Pointless being a fucking hero
about it Rach. It's just daft to
drag you deeper in.

A beat, then she nods. They sit a beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Alright then, go get some kip or
something and I'll give you a bell.

A beat, she isn't happy. She finally nods. Rises and exits. He sits a beat suddenly weary. He rubs his eyes, then stands. He takes a handful of the kebab and follows.

11 **INT. LAUNDERETTE, DAY 2, 18:30**

11

Staring at a washing machine as laundry churns inside it. Marco sits open mouthed watching the washing. An old lady who is an employee of the laundry is folding clothes behind him. A beat, Marco's phone rings. He ignores it, still staring at the machine. The phone rings and rings. The old woman looks at him. A beat, then Marco finally pulls the phone out:

MARCO

'Yerlo.

A beat, then his face drops and he straightens in his chair.

12 **INT. COURT HOLDING AREA, DAY 2, 18.30**

12

Moira in the holding area of the courts with a landline pressed to her ear. Behind her prisoners are being processed.

MOIRA

I got eight weeks.

MARCO (O.S)

WHAT?!?!?!?! Why?!?!?!?!?

MOIRA

Because the magistrate's a dickhead.

CUT TO:

Marco places a hand on his forehead and closes his eyes.

MARCO

I can't...

He looks at Adele who is in her push-chair fast asleep.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I can't look after her for eight weeks. I mean it. I don't know what I'm doing. I haven't got a clue.

MOIRA (O.S.)

It's not my fault.

MARCO

[Explodes] Whose fault is it Moira? You beat up a paedo!

The old lady stops folding and looks over. Marco gestures to his phone: 'can you hear this?' He looks at Adele and she stirs a little. He holds a finger to his lips, willing her to stay asleep. She does. Thank fuck.

CUT TO:

Moira leans into the phone.

MOIRA

Turns out he wasn't even a paedo.
[Beat] He'd just moved up here from Cornwall.

CUT TO:

Marco, utterly amazed, looks at the old lady.

MARCO

I don't believe this.

MOIRA (O.S.)

Chill your beans. Me brief said the magistrate fucked up sending me down. He said that because of Adele I should have only got a suspended sentence. He's gonna get me out.

MARCO

When?

MOIRA (O.S.)

Few days or something?

Marco rests his head against the industrial washing machine.

MARCO

[Soft] What am I going to do?

MOIRA (O.S.)

You said you wanted to spend more time with her.

MARCO

I meant taking her to Maccies! Not having her paying rent! [Beat] I don't even know what she eats.

Moira lowers her voice. She's gentle with him.

MOIRA (O.S.)

Just take a deep breath.

Marco pushes off the washing machine.

MARCO
I can't do this. [Beat] I'm gonna
have to ring the social.

CUT TO:

Moira is stone cold.

MOIRA
Hey! Listen to me. If that child
goes into care Marco, I will
fuckin' stab you. Do you hear me?

Beat, she looks around then soft:

MOIRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I fucked up, but that baby... you
can't let anything go wrong here.
She has to stay with you, you know
that.

She waits.

CUT TO:

Marco considers, then soft:

MARCO
But I haven't got a clue Moira.

CUT TO:

We hear pips. Moira, suddenly desperate.

MOIRA
Marco, just listen to me. Okay? A
social worker will be in touch for
a visit. You cannot let that child
down. I mean it. It's too
important.

More pips. She panics.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Give her a cuddle from me and tell
her I love her. Make sure you tell
her I'm sorry and that I...

The call ends. A beat, then Moira leans her head against the
wall. That call killed her.

CUT TO:

Marco goes to speak but she's gone. Fuck fuck fuck. He looks
down at Adele, then the old woman.

MARCO
Do you know anything about babies?

She carries on folding without looking over.

OLD WOMAN
I know I wouldn't have one with
you.

Adele starts to cry. Marco puts his hands on his head. Fuck.

12A **INT. CHRIS'S CAR, DAY 2, 18:53**

12A

Chris kills the engine and makes to open his door. He's angry. A beat, there is a bang on the window. NEIGHBOUR 1 (male, seventy) shouts on the other side of the glass.

NEIGHBOUR 1
My wife won't be able to get past
this.

Chris stares. WTF?

NEIGHBOUR 1 (CONT'D)
I said 'my wife will have to walk
in the road!'

CHRIS
I heard you.

NEIGHBOUR 1
Parking on the pavement.

Chris stares a beat, then blows.

CHRIS
[Ferocious] I'll park on your
fucking head in a minute. Wind your
neck in and fuck off!

The neighbour is shocked. A beat, then he walks away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
[To himself] Prick.

Chris throws off his seat belt and exits the car.

13 **INT. DEB'S KITCHEN, DAY 2, 18:55**

13

Debs at the oven taking out a pizza for tea as William enters. Debs is about to speak as Chris follows him in.

WILLIAM
He was walking up the path.

Silence, then Debs looks at William and smiles.

DEBS
You okay sorting this pizza Will?

Debs puts the pizza down and heads out without making eye contact with Chris. Chris follows. William watches.

14

INT. DEB' S LIVING ROOM, DAY 2, 19:02

14

Chris is barely able to contain himself. He waits for the door to close, then hisses.

CHRIS

What the fuck have you got us in to?

DEBS

You come to my house kicking off?

Chris almost blows but manages to keep his voice low.

CHRIS

Trust me, this isn't kicking off. Kicking off is coming though, so hang around...

He takes a breath and collects himself a little. A beat, then he turns back to her. Deep breath, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Your mate Hodgkin is dead.

DEBS

What???!?! Who told you that?

CHRIS

Some dickhead pulls me at me gaff, tells me he's dead, and then says I owe him money for a gun and a fucking hitman. Who the fuck is this fella calling the shots Deb?

DEBS

Gun?

CHRIS

[Hushed fury] The gun in the fuckin' garage you had us search!!

DEBS

The search was for weed?

CHRIS

And we found a gun! Keep up!

DEBS

A gun?

CHRIS

Earth calling Orson???

She's confused. He takes a breath and turns away. He leans against the mantel for a second and then turns back. Calmer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He told me Hodgkin's dead and that
I owe him fifteen grand.

DEBS

He killed Hodgkin???

CHRIS

What the... Focus! Will you please
get in the room? [Beat] What's he
got on you? Who is he? And how do I
sort this out?!?

DEBS

I don't...

CHRIS

Come on! Floppy hair, bit scrawny,
my height. I mean he's a good
looking fella. Good eyes like.
There must be something? What's he
got?

Debs tries to focus, then:

DEBS

Just pay him the money then.

He's incredulous.

CHRIS

Me paying him isn't going to fix
it! Fucking hell! Once I'm on the
hook...

He trails off and paces as she considers, her mind racing. A beat, then she pats her pockets and pulls a burner phone. He notes the phone and watches. She weighs up her options and then looks at him.

DEBS

I'll get you out of it.

CHRIS

What?

DEBS

I can get you out. [Beat] I'll get
you out.

She fires up the phone then stops. Beat, then to him:

DEBS (CONT'D)

But if I do get you out you just
walk away, yeah?

CHRIS
Walk? I'll make a fucking hole in
that wall as I run, but you
can't...

DEBS
I can.

CHRIS
Mate, it isn't that simple.

DEBS
I'll get you out.

CHRIS
But...

DEBS
Just shut the fuck up.

He does. She thinks, then types: I WANT CHRIS OUT OF THIS.
HE'S DONE. OUT. TEXT HIM AND TELL HIM, OR ME AND YOU... She
looks up. Chris watches. She crosses to the window. A beat,
then adds: GET HIM OUT OKAY? OUT.

A beat, then she sends the message to a burner number. A
beat, she stares at the phone as Chris watches her. A beat of
silence, then his phone buzzes. They both react. He pulls it
out. A text, Franny's number. They look at each other, she's
almost as nervous as him. He opens the message: 15K THEN UR
OUT. She watches him, then he lifts his phone for her to see.

CHRIS
Where the fuck am I getting fifteen
grand from?

DEBS
Jesus Christ Chris! Just find it!

He considers, she can't believe it.

DEBS (CONT'D)
It's a good deal.

A beat, then he nods. He shuts down his phone.

DEBS (CONT'D)
Right, now go. You wanted out and
I've got you a way out.

A beat, then he nods. He heads for the door then pauses and
looks back at her.

DEBS (CONT'D)
Go.

He nods and exits. A beat, we hear the front door. She
watches him walk down the drive and sits.

She's super stressed fires up a text to Franny and types:
HODGKIN??? WTF??? Her finger hovers over send. A beat, she
chews a lip then deletes.

She paces, then texts: DID YOU GET IT FROM HIM?

A beat, she hovers, then deletes again. This is hell. She
turns as the door opens. William looks in. They stare at each
other a beat as she swallows it down. A beat, then:

WILLIAM
Pizza's burnt.

She deflates a fraction and then smiles.

DEBS
I'll sort it.

He goes, a beat, then she follows.

15	OMITTED	15
16	OMITTED	16
17	OMITTED	17
18	OMITTED	18
19	OMITTED	19
20	INT. KATE'S KITCHEN, DAY 2, 19:40	20

Ray is at the stove, staring intently at a recipe on his
phone, as Kate enters the kitchen, calling to Tilly. He looks
at her, a little nervous.

KATE
A proper shower. You're filthy!

MULLEN
I made a tahdig. It's Iranian. It
was in the paper on Sunday. I
thought you might like it.

KATE
Sounds great.

Mullen wipes a hand on his trousers.

MULLEN
Did she win?

KATE

No.

A beat, he's awkward, then:

MULLEN

I would have come you know?

KATE

Aww, but she likes her dad there.

A beat, then he picks up a tea towel twists it.

MULLEN

No yeah, fair enough. I see that.
[Long beat] He tell you about the
job?

KATE

Yeah, he mentioned it.

MULLEN

Gutted for him.

KATE

Gutted?

MULLEN

I believe Kennedy basically told
him everyone in the job hates him
to his face, and that there was no
way he was getting the gig. Bang
out of order.

KATE

What?

Mullen is almost regretting it now. A beat, then:

MULLEN

That's what I heard...

KATE

He **didn't** get the job?

MULLEN (O.S.)

I thought you said he mentioned it?

Mullen knows he's fucked up. He watches her a beat as she
seethes, then picks up her phone off the counter. She goes to
dial, then puts the phone back down. A beat, then she pulls
out her laptop and fires it up.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I thought...

She starts typing. He watches her unsure whether to speak.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
What you doing?

KATE
[Doesn't look up] I'm accepting the
job.

MULLEN
You got the London job?

We see she's about to reply to the job offer on the screen. She stares at the laptop a beat, then slams the laptop. She's clearly very angry. A beat, he looks at the laptop then her. He's shocked and unsure. She looks at him flatly. He blinks, then:

MULLEN (CONT'D)
Did you...?

She stares at him. She is seething. A beat, then he turns to pot and stirs the meal. Fuck.

21 **INT. CHRIS'S CAR/ OUTSIDE THE DOCKS, DAY 2, 19:45** 21

Chris, parked in his car watching the dock security hut. A van is at the window of the hut as a port cop (not Gavin) checks paperwork. A beat, then we watch as the port cop emerges from the hut, putting on a hi-viz and his hat as he juggles a clipboard. He climbs into the van and they head onto the dock as the barrier falls behind them.

He thinks it through a beat, then comes up with an answer in his head. He picks up his phone. A final think, then he suddenly texts Jodie: **15k AND I'LL DO IT**. He stares at the screen. A beat, then she replies: **2NITE. IT AS (sic) TO B 2NITE. DOCK 7**.

He stares, then: **FINE**.

He tosses the phone and stares at the gate.

22 **INT. RACHEL'S PERSONAL CAR / MELLING MANOR GOLF CLUB CAR PARK, DAY 2, 19:50** 22

Rachel sits in her car which is parked outside a posh golf club/hotel. She is staring at the entrance to the reception. A beat, then she looks at her phone and we see she is looking at a photo of Lorna on Insta. She zooms in on her polo shirt, which has the logo of the golf club on it.

23 **INT. MELLING MANOR GOLF CLUB CAR PARK, DAY 2, 19:51** 23

Rachel enters the foyer and looks around. People are milling this way and that. She doesn't know what to do. She turns her head and fixes on LORNA who is behind the reception.

Lorna looks happy tending to a client, all smiles and customer service. Someone edges past Rachel and she snaps out of it. She looks back at Lorna with a different, less daydream expression. A beat, doubt, she can't do it. She exits.

24

INT. RACHEL'S PERSONAL CAR, DAY 2, 19:35

24

Rachel driving. She looks beaten. A beat, then her phone rings. She looks at it: "Chris Dickhead Work". She rolls her eyes and answers. Chris speaks immediately.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Don't come in tonight, just say
you've got the shits.

RACHEL
What?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Ring in and say you've got the
shits, so I can go and do a thing
that'll sort things out for us.

RACHEL
What are you on about?

24A

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DOCKS, DAY 2, 19:53

24A

Chris sitting watching the gate. He's weighing up what they need to do. He barely knows himself.

CHRIS
Just say you've got...

RACHEL (O.S.)
Are you stupid?

CUT TO:

Rachel.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Mate it's dodgy, but it'll sort our
problem. I'll box it on me own...

RACHEL
Chris! You thinking you can do
stuff on your own keeps causing
this shit to happen! Fuck. Look,
I'm coming in, and whatever it is,
we sort it together. Okay?

CUT TO:

Chris considers then deflates. She's right.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah alright.

CUT TO:

Rachel driving. She nods. A beat then:

CHRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You okay?

RACHEL
No. Not really. But hey, who cares?

She hangs up and pushes on.

25

INT. CASEY'S HOSTEL ROOM / CORRIDOR, DAY 2, 20:00

25

Casey is getting ready for her meeting. The room is small, two door wardrobe, single bed, sink, and a tiny desk and chair. Her hair is wet and she is searching for something.

There's a knock at the door.

CASEY
What????!?

Marco pops his head in. She goes back to searching.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I haven't got time Marco.

MARCO
What do you know about babies?

He pushes Adele into the room.

CASEY
What's that?!?!?

MARCO
A baby! [Beat] I don't even know
how to look after meself let alone
her.

Casey goes back to her search.

CASEY
What do you think I know?

MARCO
You're a girl!

Casey can't believe what he said. A beat, she goes out into the corridor.

CASEY
Who robbed me hairdryer!?

Silence. She harrumphs, then ducks back into the room.

MARCO
And I've lost me job as well.

CASEY
It was a shit job anyway.

MARCO
Don't swear in front of the baby.

CASEY
Shit isn't swearing!

Marco frowns and rocks the baby a fraction. A beat, then Casey gives up her search.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Can't have nothing in here.

MARCO
Any of the women 'ere got kids?

CASEY
They eat kids in here. That wouldn't last two minutes.

MARCO
Adele.

CASEY
What about her?

MARCO
That's her name. Adele.

CASEY
Does Adele have a hairdryer?

MARCO
No.

CASEY
Well then I'm not interested.

He looks pathetic and scared. Casey goes to the wardrobe and throws open the doors. It's empty. All the clothes are on the floor. She drops to her knees and starts digging in the pile.

MARCO
Casey? [Beat] CASEY!?

She looks at him.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Please?

Casey stares at him a beat, then:

CASEY

I told you not to biff her.
Remember? The party? 'Don't biff
her' I told you. And what did you
do? [Points at Adele] You ruined
your life.

MARCO

Don't say that. [Beat] She hasn't
ruined me life, and don't be
slagging her Ma off while she's
sitting there as well.

CASEY

Where is her Ma?

MARCO

[Beat] Prison.

CASEY

Right then. There you go. [To
Adele] Your Ma is ace mate. Happy
days.

Casey shakes her head and goes back to the search. Marco
stares at Adele utterly dejected. A beat, then she comes out
of the wardrobe and looks at him.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh god, don't drag me down Marco.
Not tonight. Tonight's big for me.
Alright?

MARCO

What do you mean?

CASEY

The meeting.

MARCO

What meeting?

CASEY

[Super excited] Didn't I tell yer?
[Sits] Get on it lad. I'm going the
club with Jodie. Proper big-time
drug dealer now me you know?

MARCO

Sellin' stripes in a shit club
isn't big time.

CASEY

It will be the way I'm gonna do it.

He focuses on Adele. Casey watches him a beat:

CASEY (CONT'D)
Look, once I box the meeting, I'll
bell you and we'll sort Amy then.

MARCO
Adele. And you won't, 'cos you'll
go and get off your head instead.

CASEY
I promise.

Casey stares at Adele a beat, then:

CASEY (CONT'D)
I won't let you down.

He looks at Adele, and then:

MARCO
I don't wanna mess this up.

She nods, tries to smooth her hair, then opens the door.

CASEY
I've gotta go.

MARCO
Lad?

CASEY
I've promise. Now let's do one.

He sighs, then stands and heads out of the room with Adele.

26 **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 2, 22:57**

26

Chris driving. Rachel looking off. A beat, then she looks
back at him:

RACHEL
So you thought you'd just drive on
and tell him he can't come with
you?

CHRIS
I'm a bizzie.

RACHEL
He's a bizzie!

CHRIS
He's a sea bizzie! Who gives a fuck
about...

RACHEL
It's his patch!! You have to listen
to him! Fucking hell...

She looks off again. He glances at her. A beat, then he drives on until:

CHRIS
Alright then, you go in and distract him. Just give him a bit of flannel. Keep him talking and I go on the dock and do the do.

She looks at him. A beat, he looks at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You got a better plan?

He waits, she considers, then shakes her head.

RACHEL
It's such a shit plan.

CHRIS
I didn't say it wasn't a shit plan.

RACHEL
[Beat] Alright.

CHRIS
Yeah?

RACHEL
[Flat] Yeah.

CHRIS
Fuck.

He wavers, then nods. She's right. He looks at his watch.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Alright then, let's do it.

They speed up a fraction as she stares off out the window. Beat, then she is suddenly alert:

RACHEL
Stop.

CHRIS
What now?

RACHEL
Reverse. Two streets.

They stop. He grabs a gear, eyes in the mirror as she swivels in her seat, they pull back then stop.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Him, on the right.

He cranes her neck and then sees NEIL, mid fifties, dressing gown and pyjamas with bare feet, standing, staring up at a street lamp. They watch a beat. Chris nods.

CHRIS

Weird.

A beat then Chris turns into the road slowly.

27

EXT. TERRACED STREET, NIGHT 2, 23:00

27

We're looking at Chris's car front on as it slows to a stop. Chris and Rachel climb out and approach NEIL cautiously.

Neil, staring up at the lamp, oblivious to them. Rachel places her hand on her gas, and then calls out to Neil.

RACHEL

Excuse me?

Neil seems to wake up. He looks at them then points at the light. Chris and Rachel look up at the light, then at Neil.

NEIL

Where's the sun gone?

RACHEL

What?

Neil points at the light again, and then lowers his hand.

NEIL

I thought that was it but...

He looks around the street, then back at them both.

NEIL (CONT'D)

It isn't.

Rachel shakes her head as Chris deflates. FFS. Rachel approaches Neil cautiously, holding out a calming hand as she does, the other hand on her baton. Chris looks around the street and then steps off to Rachel's right, ready to cover her if Neil kicks off. He doesn't. Instead, he stands like a child watching her.

RACHEL

What's your name mate?

Neil considers the question for a beat and then manages a smile to cover his confusion.

NEIL

I dunno.

RACHEL

Do you know where you live?

He stares at her, the smile fading. A beat, then he points at the streetlight before dropping his hand to his side with a shrug. A beat, then:

JOAN (O.S.)
Excuse me!

All three of them turn to look at a woman in a dressing gown standing watching a short distance up the street. Chris tosses the car keys to Rachel, then heads towards the neighbour as Rachel waits with Neil who looks at her.

NEIL
I woke up and it was dark.

He looks up into the sky, then at the lamp, then Rachel.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Where's the sun gone?

RACHEL
[Soft] It's night mate.

Neil stares at her as she takes her hand off her baton.

CUT TO:

Chris approaches Neighbour 1 who pulls her dressing gown tight around her and points up the street.

JOAN
It's Neil. I'm his neighbour. I was getting the cat in when I saw him walking out the house.

CHRIS
Where's the house?

JOAN
Round the corner. I was going to ring you... I don't know the right way of saying it, but he's not all there...

Chris sighs. Fuck me. Here we go again.

CHRIS
What's up with him?

JOAN
They keep themselves to themselves, him and his wife. So I don't know much about what happened other than that a few years ago he was in a coma, and since he came out the hospital... he just sort of resets every few minutes or so.

CHRIS
Resets?

JOAN
He just forgets everything and
starts again.

They look at Neil.

JOAN (CONT'D)
His poor wife has her hands full of
him.

CHRIS
You okay to jump in the car and
show us his house?

She nods. Chris gestures she should lead the way to the
police car, then follows wearily after a glance at his watch.

28 **INT. NEIL'S HOUSE, NIGHT 2, 23:08**

28

Chris enters the hallway.

CHRIS
Hello?

She looks down the hall to the kitchen, then up the stairs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hello police??!!

Nothing. He starts a search.

CUT TO:

Rachel ushers Neil into the house where Chris is waiting for
them. Chris closes the front door after they enter. As it
closes he sees that there is a heavy unlocked padlock on the
door and a number of written notes. Chris reads as Neil
loiters unsure in the kitchen.

'YOUR NAME IS NEIL.' 'DON'T OPEN THE DOOR.' 'IF YOU CAN'T SEE
ME, I'M PROBABLY JUST UPSTAIRS, WAIT FOR ME OR CALL MY NAME
LISA'. Chris pulls one blu-tacked note from the door:

'IF IT IS DARK, DON'T PANIC, IT IS JUST NIGHT. THE SUN WILL
COME BACK IN THE MORNING.'

Chris reads the note, then looks at Neil.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Neil? [Nothing] Mate?

Rachel and Neil looks at him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Your name's Neil, and this is your house.

Neil's unsure. Chris holds out the note to Rachel. She scans it, then passes it to Neil who takes it and reads it. A beat, then he looks at Rachel.

NEIL
Can I keep this?

Rachel nods. Neil reads the note again, lowers it and smiles.

NEIL (CONT'D)
It's night.

Chris nods and studies him for a beat, then softly:

CHRIS
You wanna a cup of tea Neil?

Neil stares, until Chris ushers him gently into the kitchen.

29 **INT. NEIL'S KITCHEN, NIGHT 2, 23:15**

29

Neil sits at a kitchen table. He's self contained, hands cupped around a steaming mug of tea. Chris, holding his own mug, is leaning against the counter top as Rachel enters.

RACHEL
You make me one?

It hadn't occurred to Chris. She walks over and whispers:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I spoke to a few of the neighbours.

CHRIS
And?

RACHEL
One saw the wife leaving about an hour ago in her car.

CHRIS
Where to?

RACHEL
Dunno. I've circulated the car for obs and they're checking hospitals for her.

CHRIS
All we need.

She nods and looks around the kitchen then crosses to the table where Neil is sitting. She sees a black notebook on the floor, picks it up and flicks through.

RACHEL
Is this yours Neil?

NEIL
Is it?

She hands it to him. Chris leans over to look at the book as Neil flicks through it. It's full of scruffy handwriting detailing a million moments. At the top of the first page is:

"YOU ARE NEIL AND YOUR MEMORY HAS GONE."

Neil traces a finger across this and then turns the page. We see the heading again. The writing slightly different but still his. He flicks through the book. Sometimes the writing is frantic and others it is neat and tidy. It's a reflection of his panic/mood. He reaches the last page and we see it is only half completed, but there, at the top is Neil's mantra.

NEIL (CONT'D)
[Looks up] My name is Neil and my
memory has gone.

Chris offers Neil a pen. Neil takes it and starts to write.

RACHEL
What are we going to do about the
other thing?

CHRIS
We can't leave him. [Beat] We've
got all night for the other thing.

She looks at Neil a beat, then nods. Chris waggles his mug to her, and then turns to make her a brew.

NEIL
My name is Neil and my memory has
gone.

Neil is writing at the top of a blank page. Chris rolls his eyes and then turns and flicks the kettle on.

30

INT. BOUNCERS ROOM, INFINITY NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT 2, 00:18

30

The thud of distant dance music leaching through breeze-block. MATTY sits at a crappy desk in front of a rough wall that is painted matt black. An old PC monitor and keyboard etc. He's staring right at us, his face implacable. He leans back on the squeaky chair, thinks a beat, then:

MATTY

So what you're saying is: you wanna
come into my club, and sell drugs?

Casey and Jodie, sitting on mismatched dining chairs.

JODIE

In essence, yes.

MATTY

Do you think I'm a dickhead?

We pull back a little and see that behind the two women, on
either side, stand Barry and Ian like bookends. Barry folds
his arms. Matty looks at him, and then back at Jodie.

JODIE

[Calm] Look, if you let us into
your club to do our job, it'll be
good for all of us.

CASEY

Very good.

JODIE

Very good.

MATTY

It's against the law.

JODIE

Now who's being taken for a
dickhead?

Matty frowns. Casey senses an impasse, so she leans forward.

CASEY

Mate, the only reason we're here
is because you're shit at selling
drugs. Let us do it for yer and
you'll be minted.

Matty bridles.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Look, the other night, when I was
dragged in here and made to empty
me pockets. Why didn't you ring the
bizzies? [Beat] My gear is sitting
in that draw making nobody nothing.
Now we all know that your bouncers
are shit at selling shit because
the first time I come here, they
tried to sell me ket on the door
and who tries to sell Ket on the
door?? It puts you to sleep! Some
nightclub that!

MATTY

If any of them lads out there are
sellin' they are sacked.

BARRY

Lad. Stop chattin' shit.

Barry means it. Matty stares a beat until Barry's phone buzzes. Everyone looks at him as he pulls it out, ignoring them completely. He looks at the cracked screen: CAPTAIN BUJAR. He goes to show the phone to Jodie who scowls and gestures impatiently that he should go outside. A beat, then he does. Jodie looks at Matty again.

JODIE

Look, everyone here just wants to
make some money don't they?

A beat, then Matty nods.

MATTY

So how much is in it for me?

Casey beams and looks over her shoulder as Barry re-enters the room. He dead eyes her and the smile falls away and she quickly faces forward again.

31

EXT. INFINITY NIGHTCLUB BACK ALLEY, NIGHT 2, 00:25

31

Barry is waiting in the alley as Jodie, and then Ian emerge. Barry rounds on Jodie who is about to give Casey a hug.

BARRY

Don't be celebratin'. I was trying
to tell you, that was Bujar.

Casey looks confused.

BARRY (CONT'D)

The captain of the ship with our
lemo on. Which is the ship that's
sailing on the high tide because
they can't keep pretendin' their
engine is knackered. [To Jodie]
You've made us look like fuckin'
idiots.

JODIE

[Reels] What time is the tide?

IAN

One thirty.

Jodie and Casey look at Ian. WTF?

IAN (CONT'D)

Shipping Forecast.

Jodie stares at him a beat 'weirdo'. She turns to Barry.

JODIE
Relax. The bizzie is gonna get it
for us. He's on his way right now.

Everyone is stunned. Jodie puffs out her chest.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Yeah. I've got a plan, so go and
get the friggin' van and stop
moaning.

Barry and Ian look at each other and then head off together.
No sooner have they left than Jodie crumples a fraction.

CASEY
We're relying on mad Chris Carson?

JODIE
What else do I do?????

Jodie looks off to where the lads went, pulls her phone, then
follows them. Casey shakes her head, then follows too.

32 **INT. NEIL'S HALLWAY, NIGHT 2, 00:28**

32

Chris in the hallway, phone to his ear. In the background we
can see Neil talking to Rachel.

CHRIS
One thirty?

He looks at his watch, then around at Neil and Rachel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm at a job, I can't just leave!

33 **EXT. INFINITY NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT 2, 00.29**

33

Jodie is across the road from the nightclub as Barry and Ian
pull up. She turns away from them as she speaks.

JODIE
... You'll have to, because that
boat is sailing and unless you know
someone with a submarine...

CHRIS (O.S.)
Can't one of the crew leave the
bags somewhere?

JODIE
The port police are all over
them!!!
(MORE)

JODIE (CONT'D)

Besides, they can't get off the boat because they don't have visas! It's now or never, and I'm telling you now, if it is never, it will be **forever never**. So if you want your money, get your arse down to the port now.

CUT TO:

33A INT. NEIL'S HALLWAY, NIGHT 2, 00.30

33A

Chris. FFS. Chris stares at Neil a beat, then:

CHRIS

I'll bell you back.

He hangs up and heads to the kitchen. Rachel is ending her call and looks up.

RACHEL

Still no answer from the wife.

Rachel reads his face. Neil is oblivious.

CHRIS

The boat with the gear on is gonna sail at 1.30.

Oh fuck. They both look at Neil who stands up and approaches the cooker. They look at each other and whisper.

RACHEL

We can't leave him... a job's a job. Remember?

CHRIS

I can't do it on me own, I told you, I need you to...

He tails off. She gestures to Neil 'what can we do?' A beat, then Chris subsides a fraction and nods. Neil presses the ignition button on the cooker. Rachel rises and guides him back to his seat. He thanks her with a nod.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

[Idea forming] Place of safety.

RACHEL

What?

CHRIS

He comes with us and he's in a place of safety.

RACHEL

You're taking him the docks?

CHRIS
Remember? Back of a police car is a
temporary place of safety?

RACHEL
Yeah but he's in a place of full
time place of safety right now!

CHRIS
What else do we do?

She looks at Neil. He makes to head to the cooker again and
she places a hand on his arm and he settles again. Beat:

RACHEL
I suppose it's only twenty minutes.

He nods. A beat, then they both look at Neil:

34

INT. MARCO'S FLAT LANDING, NIGHT 2, 00:30

34

We're staring at Marco's front door. The muffled sound of
Adele. A beat, then BRENDA'S hand comes into the frame and
hammers on the door. Beat, then Marco opens it and stares at
us. He looks shattered and upset, in tee shirt and pyjamas.

MARCO
I'm not smoking weed so don't be
kicking off.

BRENDA
Whose is that baby?

MARCO
Mine.

BRENDA
Since when did you have a baby? The
only girl who's been in that flat
was a bizzie with a search
warrant...

Marco slams the door. Brenda shakes her head is about to turn
away when the door opens again. She turns back. Beat, then:

MARCO
I don't know what to do.

A beat, then Marco chokes a sob. Brenda stares at him.

BRENDA
Have you fed her?

He nods.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Nappy?

He nods.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Wind?

He nods.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Cuddle?

A beat, then he breaks.

MARCO
She hates me.

Brenda stares, then shakes her head. FFS. She nudges to let her in.

BRENDA
Go on, get yer kettle on.

MARCO
She can't drink tea, she's only 11 months!

BRENDA
For you dickhead.

They head into his flat.

35 **INT. MARCO'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT 2, 00:45**

35

Marco is kneeling on the floor finishing changing a contented Adele. On the settee sits Brenda with a mug of tea, watching.

BRENDA
Make sure the frills are out.

Marco has his tongue out, he is concentrating so hard.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Both legs.

MARCO
She keeps moving.

BRENDA
What do you want her to do?

Marco finishes the nappy and beams at Brenda.

MARCO
Easy.

BRENDA
Practice isn't it? [Beat] You just
need to put some cream on to stop
her bum getting sore.

He's like a kid as he holds up a tub of E45 she's given him.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
She needs the proper stuff really.

He nods, and then packs up the changing bag, looking up.

MARCO
You got kids?

BRENDA
Three, and five grandkids.

MARCO
This is me first.

BRENDA
Go 'way.

Marco looks up and sees she is teasing. He smiles, then looks
back down at Adele.

MARCO
I wanna be a good dad.

BRENDA
[Soft] You'll get the hang of it
lad. You just need to keep an eye
on the nappy every hour or so.

MARCO
Every hour???

BRENDA
Give or take.

He looks at Adele concerned, then back at Brenda.

MARCO
I've only got that one left.

BRENDA
The supermarket is open all night.
I'll watch her, but hurry up.

He looks at Adele, then back at Brenda.

MARCO
Bren, I love you.

In seconds, he's up and out the door. Brenda watches him go,
smiles and then leans down to fuss over Adele.

**INT/EXT. CHRIS' POLICE CAR/ DOCK SECURITY OFFICE, NIGHT 2,
01:03**

Chris, Rachel, with Neil on the backseat, are driving on the Dock Road. Chris is eyeing Neil in the mirror as he stares out the window at the night sky, and then tracks the passing street lamps. Chris looks worried.

RACHEL
We nearly there?

Chris glances at her. Their eyes meet. He blows out his cheeks and she nods. Fuck. 'What are we doing here?'

NEIL
Where's the sun gone?

RACHEL
It's okay Neil.

She turns around and taps his knee. It's okay. He nods.

CHRIS
Neil? We've got something going on
in a min so you need to be quiet
now.

Neil hasn't got a fucking clue.

RACHEL
Write in your book?

He looks in the book, and then starts to write.

Chris slows, then turns into the dock gate and looks up at the Port Policeman, GAVIN, who is sitting at a desk writing in a ledger in the brightly lit glass office.

Chris flicks the police lights. In a heartbeat he is on his feet and rushing to the window. Chris glances at Rachel. She shakes her head. Another look at Gavin who is staring up at the spotlights. Gavin opens the window.

GAVIN
Morning officer, what can I do for
you?

Chris points into the port.

CHRIS
Enquiries on the docks mate.

Gavin follows the point and then looks back at Chris as he picks up his cap, and closes a folder in front of him.

GAVIN
Whereabouts? I'll have to escort
you.

Chris and Rachel feign searching for paperwork as Neil leans across the back seat to look the bright lights of the office.

CHRIS
I've got it here somewhere...

Neil pushes his face up the window and squints at the lights. Gavin looks at him a little confused.

GAVIN
Who's this?

Chris looks up, then behind him a Neil. Shit.

CHRIS
DS Neil.

GAVIN
Is he... alright?

CHRIS
Do us a favour mate, pop the barrier and I'll pull in and search the boot for the name of that...

Chris points the barrier. Gavin isn't sure. Chris points just beyond the hut. Gavin looks at Neil just as he is eased away from the window by Rachel. A beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
There.

Gavin nods and raises the barrier. Chris drives through the barrier. Then stops and looks at Rachel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Alright?

She shakes her head, a beat, then nods and exits.

37 **OMITTED** 37

38 **INT. DOCK SECURITY OFFICE, NIGHT 2, 01:06** 38

Gavin grabbing his cap and coat as Rachel enters. He's a little surprised but she smiles and calms him.

RACHEL
Nice and warm in here.

GAVIN
Heater under my desk.

She smiles and sits on the edge of his desk.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
I'll just get my clipboard and...

RACHEL
They've gone.

GAVIN
What??!

RACHEL
They won't be a minute.

GAVIN
But I'm supposed to...

RACHEL
What's your name?

GAVIN
Gavin.

Rachel looks at the PC.

RACHEL
You got your own command and
control system?

He wavers, then answers.

GAVIN
Yeah, it's linked into your system.

RACHEL
Of course it is.

He nods. Swelling a little.

GAVIN
Well yeah.

She looks around

GAVIN (CONT'D)
I really need some sort of log
number.

He glances over to where Chris has gone, then:

GAVIN (CONT'D)
It's just that it's against port
policy just letting you guys on
here without me updating my
records.

RACHEL
Mmm hmm.

She looks up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Do you have any water?

He looks about, then drops his coat and heads to a cooler.

39 OMITTED 39

40 OMITTED 40

41 **INT/ EXT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/ DOCKS, NIGHT 2, 01:18** 41

Chris driving/creeping through the port looking at the phone instructions.

CHRIS
I need you to stay in the car Neil,
okay?

Neil stares at him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Write it in your book so you know.

Neil nods and writes. Chris watches a beat, glances at a nearby warehouse and then stops at some bollards. He can drive no further. He looks back to Neil:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'll be super quick, I promise.

NEIL
[Soft, scared] Where's the sun
gone?

CHRIS
How many times??? It's night.
Fuckin' hell.

Neil nods unsure. Chris harrumphs, then gets out. He taps on the window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Stay. Yeah?

Neil nods. In a beat Chris is gone. Neil watches him go, looks around, shuts the book, holds it to his chest, then opens it and looks in it again. A beat, then he looks out the window and cranes his neck and nervously mumbles.

NEIL
Ooooooh.

Gavin is staring at a CCTV screen flicking through cameras looking for Chris to no avail.

GAVIN

Ring him.

RACHEL

He'll be back in a min...

GAVIN

Ring him. Ring him now.

She looks at him. He gestures to her. His stress has washed away his professionalism.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Fuckin' ring him.

She tilts her head. He's had enough and stands and grabs his high-viz and cap. Rachel stands.

RACHEL

Why are you hassling us?

GAVIN

I'm just doing my job.

RACHEL

And we're trying to do ours.

[Beat] Proper policing.

That stings, a beat, then he grabs a clipboard and taps it.

GAVIN

I've got policies to follow.

He holds up the clipboard.

RACHEL

It's not a fucking riot shield
Gavin, put it down.

Gavin wavers, then does as he is told.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Been doing security for long Gav?

GAVIN

It's not security, it's police.

RACHEL

It's not though is it? Not really.

He looks at his clipboard, then her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Put the kettle on Gav, they'll be
back in a minute.

A beat, then he places the board down and heads to the
kettle. She watches, then silently exhales.

43

EXT. DOCKS, NIGHT 2, 01:30

43

Chris comes round the corner of a warehouse at a jog. He
looks left and right and then at an empty quayside. He slumps
and walks slowly to the dockside.

He is standing on a white painted number 7 staring out at the
space where the ship used to be. Fuck. He is totally beaten.
We stand behind him and watch his shoulders slump and his
head drop. Half a beat then Casey walks up from behind the
camera to take up position next to him. She is carrying the
bag of drugs A beat, then he looks at her. She smiles at him.

CASEY
Hiya!

He is incredulous. He looks around, then down at the bag,
then at her.

CHRIS
Is that...?

She smiles and nods. A beat, then he grabs her and holds her
tight as she laughs and pushes him away. He can't believe it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What? How?

CASEY
I just bunked in over the wall and
asked the captain.

Chris is all smiles.

CHRIS
But...

CASEY
I spend me life doing this shit.
It's easy.

CHRIS
It isn't.

She shrugs. She's shy. It wasn't easy but she isn't used to
bigging herself up. She looks away, then back at him.

CASEY
Not seen you in a while?

CHRIS
Good thing bad thing?

She gives him a Casey smile and he smiles back. A beat, he makes to pat her arm affectionately but it is too awkward for both of them and he pulls back. They shuffle instead, until she points towards the car.

CASEY
Where's your mate going?

Chris, still smiling, turns to look at his police car which is stuck behind some safety bollards a distance away. Neil is wriggling out the window of the backdoor. Chris's face falls.

44 **EXT. DOCKS, NIGHT 2, 01:32**

44

Chris jogging, sees Neil walking towards a quayside, notebook out, eyes upturned to a bright white security light.

CHRIS
Neil!!

Neil keeps walking. Chris catches him, then gently leads him to the car.

45 **EXT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 2, 01:35**

45

Chris approaching the car holding Neil's arm realises Casey isn't there. He looks around, suddenly stressed.

CHRIS
Where's she gone?

Neil looks around like he is looking for her too. Chris ushers Neil towards the car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
[Soft] Casey?

He pushes Neil closer to the car and then in his state of stress, lets go of his arm and takes a few steps away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Casey??

Neil watches him go when his attention is grabbed by a spotlight beyond Chris. Neil starts to walk towards it and away from Chris who is himself walking away across the dock.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
CASEY!!!

Chris stops. FUCK. He looks left and right, then remembers Neil and looks towards the car. Neil is walking away again. Furious, Chris jogs three or four steps and grabs him as Neil points at the lamp.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I told you to...

Neil almost stumbling, tries to point at the lamp again.

NEIL
The sun.

CHRIS
It's night you fuckin'... Over and over and over... the same thing.

He shoves Neil closer to the car, looking round for Casey.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Try something new.

He shoves Neil head down as he pulls open the back door of the car, but then freezes when he sees Casey looking up from where she is lying across the floor. She looks at Neil.

CASEY
Hiya mate!

NEIL
[Flat] Hello.

Chris can't believe it. A beat, then he pushes Neil into the back seat as Casey scrambles to slide out of the way.

46 **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 2, 01:40**

46

Chris slams on at the security hut. Rachel sees him through the window and races out, shouting over her shoulder.

RACHEL
Barrier! Open it!

Rachel jumps in and slams the door as Chris leans on the horn. A beat, Gavin hits the button angrily. They pull away and turn out onto the dock road.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Did you get it?

He's about to speak when Casey pops up causing Rachel to start. Casey beams, then recognises Rachel.

CASEY
Hiyaaa!

RACHEL
What the fuck is she doing
here????!?

CHRIS
Don't ask.

RACHEL
Where did she... How?

CHRIS
Mate, honestly? [Beat] It's sorted.
Okay? It's sorted.

Rachel is unhappy but says no more. Casey settles a little,
then looks at Neil.

CASEY
Hiya mate!

NEIL
Have you seen the sun?

She looks out the window and then back at him.

CASEY
I haven't you know.

She leans over to look out of his window with him. A beat, he
looks at her and she gives him a big smile. He smiles back.

Chris driving. A beat, he glances at Rachel and manages a
smile, she shakes her head and smiles back. We did it. Chris
is about to speak when his phone rings. He checks it COLIN
STORE DET. He thinks about ignoring it, thinks again.

CHRIS
Col, I'm busy here mate.

47 **OMITTED**

47

48 **INT. SUPERMARKET SECURITY OFFICE, NIGHT 2, 01:47**

48

Colin is sitting on the desk on his mobile.

COLIN
I'm sorry, but listen, someone is
in the shit here and they've asked
for you...

We see Marco on a wooden chair in the corner of the room,
sulking, nappies and baby food on the floor at his feet.

CUT TO:

Chris, phone to his ear, slumps.

Colin sits at his desk staring at Marco who is still sulking.

COLIN

I was thinking that you'd either
got better at robbin', or that
you'd gone straight. It's been
months Marco.

He looks at the nappies on the floor, then Marco.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You obviously haven't got better at
it, so you must have gone straight.

Marco shrugs.

COLIN (CONT'D)

So why tonight?

MARCO

[Beat] Why should my baby have a
sore arse because I'm poor?

COLIN

What?

MARCO

You heard me. I picked up them
cheap nappies and they felt like
they was made out of sandpaper, but
these ones here? These feel like
little fluffy clouds. [Beat] So why
shouldn't my kid shit on a little
fluffy cloud?

COLIN

Cos you can't afford cloud.

MARCO

It's not me kid's fault I can't
afford cloud! Why should she pay
for me being skint?

Colin thinks it through, then shrugs. Marco nods to himself
and sits back.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Fuckin' Tories.

He goes back to sulking as Colin rolls his eyes and settles
back in his seat. A beat, then a heavy knock at the door next
to Colin. He opens the door without getting up and Chris
enters. Chris immediately fixes on Marco.

CHRIS
What are you doing robbing nappies
dickhead?

MARCO
Don't start.

CHRIS
I'll start on your head in a
minute.

Marco goes into a sulk. Chris looks at Colin.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Why am I here?

COLIN
He needs to get home.

COLIN (CONT'D)
[To Rachel] His baby. He needs to
get home to the baby. I couldn't
let him go because the night
manager saw him robbing. But if you
two street bail him...

Chris stares at Marco like he wants to kill him.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I couldn't ask anyone else Chris.

Chris finally shakes his head. A beat, then:

CHRIS
Get up dickhead.

Marco gets up sulkily.

50

EXT. SUPERMARKET CARPARK, NIGHT 2, 02:07

50

Chris, Marco are walking back to the police car. Marco has
his hands in his pockets and his head down.

CHRIS
I'll drop you this one time at
home, but get this straight: I'm
not doing it for you, I'm doing it
for the baby. Alright?

MARCO
Whatever.

Chris gestures for Marco to get in the back seat with Neil
and Casey. Marco squeezes in. He nods hello to Casey, when:

COLIN (O.S.)
Chris?

Colin jogging towards them, bin bag in his hands. He gets to the car and opens the bag and shows it is stuffed with baby goods. He passes the bag to Marco.

COLIN (CONT'D)
You're barred from the shop.

Marco looks in the bags and looks like he is about to cry.

MARCO
Lad...

Colin is already heading back to the shop. Marco looks back into the bag.

A beat, we're looking at the three of them on the back seat.

NEIL
[To Marco] Have you seen the sun?

MARC
Don't read that shite lad.

Marco goes back to the bag. Neil frowns, then looks out the window and up as Chris climbs into the car. He starts the engine just as the radio bursts to life.

RADIO
Delta Romeo 27?

CHRIS
Oh for fucks sake!!! [Beat, then he
keys radio] Go'ed Delta.

RADIO
Just received a call from our
colleagues in Lancashire. They
found your missing wife and are
transporting her back home as we
speak. ETA fifteen minutes.

Chris looks in the mirror at Neil and then Rachel. FUCK!

51 **EXT. JODIE'S HOUSE, NIGHT 2, 02:15**

51

A darkened street until we hear an engine racing, getting closer. Chris's car skids to a halt outside Jodie's house at an angle. Chris is out in a flash, pulling Casey, with the holdall, out of the car just as Jodie opens the front door. Chris pushes Casey up the path ahead of him. Jodie looks past him to Rachel who meets her gaze, then looks away.

CHRIS
Don't ask.

Jodie indicates Casey should go in. Chris stops her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Me money?

Jodie looks left and right and then opens the holdall and digs. Beat, then she passes him a half brick of coke.

JODIE

That'll cover it.

CHRIS

What's this?

JODIE

No wonder they kicked you out of CID.

CHRIS

I need money! What do I do with this?

She tilts her head just as he realises Casey is staring. He indicates that she should go into the house.

JODIE

Sell that and you'll be well over.

She turns on her heel and slams the door. Fuck.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Chris?

He turns. Rachel and Neil staring at him from the car.

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

The wife?

A beat, then he nods and heads for the car.

52

INT. NEIL'S BEDROOM, NIGHT 2, 02:25

52

Chris is frantically pulling Neil's pyjama bottoms up.

NEIL

Have you seen the sun?

CHRIS

It's night time.

Satisfied that Neil looks okay, Chris grips his arms.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where've we been tonight?

NEIL

What?

CHRIS
Where. Have. We. Been. Tonight?

Neil tries hard to remember. A beat, then:

NEIL
The sun?

CHRIS
Correct answer.

He pats Neil on the arm, he's about to turn him towards the door when their eyes meet. Neil is scared and confused. Chris manages a smile that isn't exactly reassuring. Neil looks vulnerable. Chris suddenly feels shame. A beat, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You're okay mate. This is home.

Chris looks around and sees the notebook and pen on the bed. He makes to hand it to Neil, then realises something. He opens the book and flicks through until the final few pages. He runs his finger down the page speed reading garbled words until: DOCK. DRUGS. BAG. Fuck. Chris rips the page out, and then looks up at a clearly shocked Neil.

Chris looks at the torn page, what has he done. He looks back at Neil.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry...

He hasn't got words. He offers the book and the pen. Neil takes them and nods, as much to himself as Chris, before he opens then next page of the book and writes: POLICE.

Chris blinks. Fuck. He shakes his head and folds the torn sheet and puts it in his pocket before making to guide Neil out the room. He pauses, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Neil, mate, I'm sorry... tonight.

NEIL
The sun?

CHRIS
You're asking the wrong bloke mate.
I haven't seen the sun in years.

Neil smiles then leans in and whispers.

NEIL
I'm scared.

It hits Chris. A beat, he gently hugs Neil, then softly:

CHRIS
We're all scared mate. Now come on,
your wife's downstairs.

Neil manages a smile and then nods. They exit.

53

INT. NEIL'S KITCHEN, NIGHT 2, 02:32

53

Lisa is sitting with her head in her hands as a traffic bobby writes on a clipboard at the counter. He looks up as Rachel enters, nods to Lisa behind her back, then closes his clipboard and exits. Rachel hovers a beat, then sits.

RACHEL
You okay?

Lisa lifts her head. Rachel smiles and slides a tea across. Lisa lowers her head again.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
My colleague said you were sitting
in a layby in Skem?

Lisa nods without looking up. A beat, Rachel watching her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Nice view?

Lisa looks up as Rachel smiles.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I've been to Skem, I'm not being
funny...

A beat, then Rachel almost smiles, then cups her hands and then looks around the kitchen for a beat, then:

LISA
I had to get out.

RACHEL
Yeah.

LISA
Place gets like a prison.

Rachel nods. Lisa stares at her tea a beat, then to Rachel.

LISA (CONT'D)
He's stuck in a moment and I'm
stuck with him.

They stare at each other a beat, then Lisa sighs and looks at her tea. A beat, then Rachel leans in and speaks softly.

RACHEL
It's your life Lisa, you don't have
to live it like this... you're in
control.

Lisa looks up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Just because this is how it is, it
doesn't mean it's how it always has
to be.

Lisa shakes her head, not daring to dream as tears well.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You deserve a life. You deserve to
be happy

LISA
We were happy.

RACHEL
And now you're not, but *you* could
be.

Lisa looks away, then back at her. A beat, then she nods.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Promise me you'll look at places
for him?

Lisa wipes away a tear as Rachel rests a hand on hers.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
[Super soft] Things can change.

Lisa nods. Rachel nods and smiles. Neil, in pyjamas, enters
with Chris. The second Neil sees Lisa there is a flicker
there. She rises and holds him. A beat, then he closes his
eyes and pulls her close.

NEIL
I was scared.

LISA
I know. It's okay now.

To Chris.

NEIL
The sun went away but it's back
now. I thought I'd lost it.

She sobs, he sobs, they hold each other tightly.

Jodie is stuffing the last of the bundles of drugs into bags from where they were piled on the kitchen table as Barry, Ian and Casey stand around.

JODIE
I want all this out of here before
Lexie comes down...

She zips the bag, then:

CASEY
Can I have some money?

JODIE
Do I look like I've got money on
me?

CASEY
I don't... well... yeah.

JODIE
Well I haven't.

CASEY
But I set it up, I got the gear...

Jodie stares at her a beat, then she nods. Jodie opens a cupboard and pulls out a soup can. Jodie unscrews the top of the can and reveals a couple of hundred quid inside. She counts out five twenties and hands them over to Casey whose eyes widen and she holds out both hands.

JODIE
Hundred. Don't be stupid with it.

CASEY
I won't.

JODIE
You will.

Jodie goes to screw the lid on the can then thinks better of it and takes the rest of money out, eyes on Casey with a nod.

LEXIE (O.S.)
Where's me shirt!!!!

Jodie shakes her head then exits as Ian picks up the drugs. Casey stares at the money a beat, smile wide before it fades a fraction. She can do this. She folds the money and is about to slip it into her pocket when:

BARRY (O.S.)
Hey.

Barry towers over Casey. A beat, then:

BARRY (CONT'D)
Everything you make out of her, you
give to us.

CASEY
Wha?

BARRY
You heard me.

CASEY
Behave.

BARRY
Every penny.

Casey smiles, then looks at Ian. He just stares. A beat, then she looks at Barry, this time a little confused.

BARRY (CONT'D)
If you don't, we tell her you're
the reason Carl's dead.

Casey looks towards the hallway, then back to Barry.

CASEY
What you on about?

BARRY
She'll kill you.

IAN
Properly kill yer as well.

BARRY
So pay up, and we shut up.

Casey stares at him, nods and hands over the money. A beat, the lads exit. Casey is beaten, a beat, then she follows.

55 **INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/ POLICE STATION YARD, DAY 3, 06:55**

Chris and Rachel in their police car in the station car park. Rachel, buzzed, watches the morning shift arrive, as Chris texts Franny: SEND ME A LOCATION AND LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.

A beat, he presses send and drops his hand into his lap and exhales. Rachel looks at him,

RACHEL
You think it'll work?

He shrugs, exhausted. Rachel watches him then smiles. He sees something in Rachel's eye - a glint of enjoyment- and clocks that he's maybe created a monster. She sucks a breath and then goes to get out the car but stops.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You going to see him now?

CHRIS
Sooner the better.

RACHEL
I'll come with you.

CHRIS
I'll sort it, and then it's done
and we're done.

A beat, then she nods and smiles. He manages a smile back. Rachel is gone in a flash. He sits alone a beat, then makes to follow when his phone pings. He rolls his eyes and pulls his phone. Kate, text message: I'M TAKING THE LONDON JOB BECAUSE YOU'RE A LIAR.

Wtf??? He makes to answer the text then stops. A beat, then he makes to ring her but then kills the call. He looks around. Fuck. A beat, then he exits the car quickly.

55A **INT. KATE'S HALLWAY, DAY 3, 07:40**

55A

Kate walks to the front door. We can see Chris's shadow on the other side. She pauses. Deep breath, then she opens it. He was about to knock again. He's a little agitated but doing his best to bottle it up. They stare at each other a beat, he tilts his head, she steps aside and he enters.

55B **INT. KATE'S KITCHEN, DAY 3, 07:41**

55B

Chris enters, thin lipped, suppressed anger. He paces once or twice until Kate enters. She is calm. She passes him without looking at him and leans against the worktop. Beat, then:

CHRIS
Who said I lied?

She considers her next words carefully, then:

KATE
Ray told me.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Fucking Ray... here we go... that
twat...

KATE
Don't swear. You swear too much.

He stares, then nods, then paces a beat before looking up.

CHRIS
I'm sorry.

She nods. He's really trying to keep a lid on it. A beat, then she continues.

KATE
He's got no reason to lie Chris.

CHRIS
Hasn't he? Because...

She stares blankly at him. She isn't rising to it. He tails off. Deep breath, then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Well anyway... he's wrong.

KATE
[Flat] He's wrong?

He shrugs. It's all he's got. A beat, then:

KATE (CONT'D)
So you did get the job?

CHRIS
I got a different job.

KATE
What the hell is going on Chris?

He looks around the kitchen, then moves to the worktop and leans against it himself.

CHRIS
I was gonna tell you. It's an office management role working for Deb Barnes.

KATE
Deb Barnes?

CHRIS
She offered me it this week.

KATE
Why?

CHRIS
Why what?

KATE
Why now?

CHRIS
I'm assuming because she needs an office manager but...

He lifts his hands and shrugs. Kate stares hard at him, trying to read him. A beat, then he tries again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Does this change your plans?

She stares, he waits, then:

KATE (O.S.)
If you're telling the truth...

CHRIS
I'm telling the truth.

KATE
If you're telling the truth then...
I suppose... Well yes.

He smiles.

KATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But if you're...

CHRIS
I'm not.

KATE
If you are... I mean it Chris.

KATE (CONT'D)
Ring me when you've got the start
date.

CHRIS
Will do.

She stares. He nods. A beat, then:

KATE
I've got to get Tilly up. Do you
want to...

CHRIS
I'd love to but...

He points to the door.

KATE
She'd love to see you.

He considers, then shakes his head.

CHRIS
I can't.

KATE
[Beat] Alright then.

CHRIS
Yeah.

Franny looks back in the bag, then wraps it carefully before placing it behind him and picking up his mug again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So that's me and Rachel off the hook?

Franny considers, then:

FRANNY

You're off, and by the sounds of it, I owe you five grand.

CHRIS

Five seventy.

FRANNY

Five seventy what?

CHRIS

Five hundred and seventy quid. That's all I want.

FRANNY

You're not very good at this are you?

Beat, then Franny looks around for his coat and takes out his wallet. It's stuffed with twenties. Everything is covered in plaster dust. The notes are bailed in £100 bands. He counts six, then holds them out to Chris. Chris takes them, and then pulls one twenty pound note out of the wrap and passes it back before patting his pockets.

CHRIS

I've got a tenner here somewhere.

Franny, bemused, watches as Chris counts out some loose change, then looks at Franny as he offers it across.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I've only got seven twenty.

FRANNY

Are you for real?

Chris shrugs. Franny waves him away.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

One weird cat you.

Chris doesn't get it. Franny elaborates.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

You owe me fifteen grand and you turn up the next day with twenty and you don't want five grand back?

(MORE)

FRANNY (CONT'D)
[Smiles] Off yer head, but you're
also good.

Chris shrugs. Franny stares a beat, then:

FRANNY (CONT'D)
Why not work for me? I'll make you
rich.

CHRIS
I don't wanna be rich.

FRANNY
Well you're going about that the
right way.

They stare at each other, then Franny puts his wallet back.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
Well I'm told that concludes our
business so... see you round
copper.

CHRIS
The video?

FRANNY
Gone. I told you. We're done.

Franny makes to get back to work but Chris doesn't budge. A
beat, then Franny looks at him: 'what?'.

CHRIS
[Beat] The day job that Debs
offered me? Can you deliver it?

FRANNY
I can deliver anything.

CHRIS
What would I have to do? Just me.
Just enough for the job, nothing
else, no wages, nothing. Just the
job as soon as.

Franny stares as he tries to figure out Chris. A beat, then
he drops a trowel back into the mix:

FRANNY
I need you to speak to two old
ladies. Get something back for me.

Chris's eyes narrow. It's a trick? A beat then:

FRANNY (CONT'D)
Trust me, it sounds easy, but it
isn't.

A beat, then Chris shrugs.

CHRIS
Alright then.

Franny pulls a burner out of his back pocket and passes it across.

FRANNY
I'll text you the details.

Franny wipes his hand on his jeans and offers it to Chris. A beat, Chris shakes, then exits. Franny returns to his mix for a beat, then shouts down the stairs.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
Don't forget me tenner you
mingebag!

Franny chuckles, then picks up a trowel and sets to work.

FADE OUT: