

THE RESPONDER

Season Two  
Episode Four

Written by

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1

**INT. CUSTODY SUITE HOLDING AREA, NIGHT 3, 05:00**

1

Looking up into Steve's face from below. He's bleeding from a scalp wound which is roughly wrapped in a basic bandage and patch. He is blowing hard with occasional grunts as he tries to straighten up.

Chris and Rachel stand over Steve, who's seated on a bench, head between his legs, cuffed behind his back. Steve tries to sit back but Chris rests a seemingly casual, but actually forceful hand to keep him down.

CHRIS

You're alright mate.

Steve grunts and tries to push back. Chris's phone starts to buzz. One hand still on Steve, pats his pockets, then kills the call without taking the phone out. Steve tries to straighten again. Chris looks up to the CCTV camera monitoring the holding area. He flicks his head to a clearly flapping Rachel. She takes a step to the left to block the view of the camera. She's all over the place. He stares: 'Pull yourself together.' A beat, she nods, deep breath. Bernie shouts O.S.

BERNIE (O.S.)

Bring him in.

Chris grabs a handful of Steve's collar and drags him up as the gate buzzes and opens. Steve groans. As Chris pushes him forward Chris bounces him off the steel gate 'accidentally.'

CHRIS

Mind how you go now.

As Chris follows, his phone buzzes again. He kills the call.

2

**INT. CUSTODY SUITE COUNTER, NIGHT 3, 05:02**

2

Chris, Rachel, and bleeding Steve in front of the desk. Bernie types a beat, then wearily turns to look at them. He frowns when he sees Steve, then looks at Chris wearily. Chris shakes his head then nods to Rachel. Bernie lifts an eyebrow, then grabs a few tissues as he looks at Rachel. Rachel turns to Steve as she fumbles for her cuff keys.

RACHEL

Are you going to be okay if we remove your handcuffs?

STEVE

Fuck off Rachel.

Bernie notes Steve knowing Rachel's name but doesn't say anything. Chris is watching Bernie closely. Steve is disgruntled as he gingerly touches his head, then takes the tissues as Bernie offers them.

STEVE (cont'd)

She assaulted me. She's me ex girlfriend. She's been harassing me **now** girlfriend and she turned up tonight and battered me.

BERNIE

You'll get your chance to speak in a minute.

Chris's phone starts to buzz and he fumbles for it. Bernie looks at an embarrassed Rachel. She avoids his eye as Chris takes out his phone and kills it.

STEVE

I wanna make a complaint.

BERNIE

Hold your breath for now okay?

Bernie looks at Rachel.

BERNIE (cont'd)

Hospital?

CHRIS

Refused.

STEVE

No I never!!

Bernie stares at Rachel who is dying inside. A beat then:

BERNIE

Right, time, place and circumstances of arrest please?

Bernie turns to his computer. Rachel takes a breath.

STEVE

This'll be good.

Rachel shoots him a glance, then:

RACHEL

Sergeant, I have arrested this male for assault police.

STEVE

And which one of us is covered in blood? [To Chris] Hello?

Chris's phone buzzes, he pulls out his phone, wrong one, he shuffles, then pulls the burner and kills the call. They all watch him. Bernie raises an eyebrow.

CHRIS

[Soft to Steve] Look at the sergeant.

RACHEL

... At 01:10 this morning, I was on uniformed mobile patrol in a singly crewed car on Elgood Road when I heard the sound of screaming and shouting.

Chris's phone starts to buzz.

CHRIS

[Soft] Fucks sake.

Everyone looks at him. He pulls it out, Franny's image on Whatsapp, Chris kills it, nods to Bernie who stares.

BERNIE

Do you need to be somewhere?

CHRIS

Sorry sarge.

Bernie stares. Chris slips the phone back into his pocket.

BERNIE

Is it going to ring again?

Chris shakes his head. Bernie stares, then looks at Rachel.

BERNIE (cont'd)

Continue.

RACHEL

Erm, I stopped my vehicle, alighted, and approached the front door of number 16 Elgood Road in an attempt to ascertain what was taking place inside. [Deep breath] I then heard a distressed female shouting in a manner that indicated to me she was in danger.

Bernie is typing. Chris looks at her as Bernie raises an eyebrow at that line, but gives nothing else away. Steve can't take it anymore.

STEVE

Unbelievable. [To Bernie] I was on me Xbox in me birds gaff. You can tell she's lyin'... she knows it.

Rachel glances at him, that fucking Xbox, she continues. Bernie types then stares at Steve who subsides. A beat, then.

RACHEL

As I reached to press some of the intercoms, this male, who I now know to be Steven Taylor...

STEVE

You 'Now know'? You've known me for two years Rachel! We've literally shagged. You've still got one of me coats and now... [To Chris] You know she knows me. I know you know.

This is killing both Chris and Rachel.

CHRIS

Look at the sergeant.

Steve takes a breath, then looks at Bernie.

RACHEL

[Beat] As I reached for the intercom, this male... him... this male... burst out of the front door and charged towards me...

STEVE

Oh fer... no way. No chance.

Rachel picks up some speed. She's nearly home, she knows it.

RACHEL

... he charged towards me and assaulted me by striking me on the chest and pushing me backwards. For my safety, and to prevent further injury, and in accordance with Home Office approved guidelines, I struck him with my torch to subdue him. It was at this moment I was joined by my colleague Constable A147 who rendered assistance in further subduing the prisoner.

Bernie types in silence, then sits back, eyes on the screen contemplating, before finally turning to Steve.

BERNIE

Okay, I have decided there is sufficient grounds for your detention...

STEVE

[To Rachel] You think you're going to get away with this don't you?  
[To Bernie] That is the biggest load of shit, and you know it is.

BERNIE

[Calm] Put him in M12.

STEVE

I'm a fire fighter! I'm not...

The bobbies pull the reluctant Steve away.

STEVE (cont'd)

Rachel you are gonna be so sorry.  
Honest to god you're gonna be so  
sorry.

He's gone. We hear him complaining as he goes, then silence.  
Bernie sits, they're on him, his eyes on the screen as he  
thinks. A beat, then:

BERNIE

Doctor's room. Now.

Chris closes his eyes. Fuck.

3

**INT. CUSTODY SUITE DOCTOR'S ROOM, NIGHT 3, 05:04**

3

All three enter the room with Bernie in the lead. Chris leans  
against a treatment table, folds his arms and looks at the  
floor. He knows what is coming. Bernie waits for Rachel to  
close the door, then speaks softly to her.

BERNIE

Is that your ex?

RACHEL

I didn't know it was him until...

Bernie rolls his eyes then turns to Chris.

BERNIE

Why were you there?

CHRIS

Me and her had lined up a gab. We  
didn't get chance to chat on parade  
so we were going to have a catch up  
and...

BERNIE

Do you two think I was born  
yesterday? [Beat] His **new**  
girlfriend is in the front office  
kicking off wanting to make a  
complaint. Karen rang me just  
before you brought him in.

Chris and Rachel: Fuck. Bernie thinks it through, then:

BERNIE (cont'd)

Square your statements off. I mean it. No gaps, no nothing and no soddin' gab. [Beat] If he'll have it, I'll kick him with a caution in the morning before I go off.

RACHEL

[Loud] A caution?? He assaulted...

BERNIE

[Quietly intense] How do you think all this looks eh?

Rachel stares back defiantly. A beat, then:

BERNIE (cont'd)

Do you really want him telling his story in court, while you sit on the witness bench next to his new girlfriend who has made a complaint against you?

Rachel looks at Chris who nods. She deflates.

BERNIE (cont'd)

No. I thought not. Dope. [Beat] I'll make sure he takes the caution. I'll lay it on that he needs to, to save his job.

A beat, then Chris wearily takes Rachel's arm and leads her out. Once they've gone, Bernie leans against the desk.

BERNIE (cont'd)

[Soft] Give me strength.

He picks up the phone and starts to punch in a number.

4

**INT. CUSTODY SUITE KITCHEN, NIGHT 3, 05:15**

4

Chris enters the kitchen as Rachel passes the door wearily.

CHRIS

I'll knock us up a brew.

She doesn't respond. He watches her go, then pulls his phone with one hand and swings the door shut behind him with the other. He leans his back against the closed door to hold it shut as he fires up his phone.

9 missed calls. He flicks over to Whatsapp and scrolls through the Franny chat. Message after unanswered message: 'WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU???' being the general theme.

A beat, then a voice message from Franny. He considers, then flicks on the kettle before leaning back against the door.

He stares at the kettle a beat, it starts a noisy build to boil. He stares at the multiple voice notes, his finger hovering.

5

**INT. FRANNY'S VAN, NIGHT 3, 05:17**

5

Franny is in the van with Vernon, who is bloodied, beat up and scared as he sits in the passenger seat, as close to the door as is possible. They are creeping forward as Franny holds the phone to his ear and speaks.

FRANNY

Nothing good comes with avoiding calls and texts. [To Vernon] Does it Vernon?

VERNON

No.

FRANNY

No it fucking doesn't. [Beat]  
Confront your demons and all that.

Franny looks at Vernon. Vernon looks away. Franny thinks it through, then to the phone:

FRANNY (cont'd)

You need to give me that phone back Chris. I know it's hard for you. I get it, you're a bizzie, but listen, honestly, don't even think about doing anything other than giving me it back. Because if you...

Franny stops at a drive-through intercom.

FRANNY (cont'd)

[To phone] Hang on a min.

DRIVE THROUGH INTERCOM

Welcome to Maxie's. Can I take your order please?

FRANNY

You doing breakfast yet love?

DRIVE THROUGH INTERCOM

Yeah we are.

FRANNY

I'll have erm, two bacon roll meals, one with orange juice and one with a latte please.



DRIVE THROUGH INTERCOM  
Certainly, can I get you anything  
else?

Franny looks at Vernon. He seems shrunken now.

FRANNY  
Do you want anything?

Vernon is confused a beat, then tentatively:

VERNON  
A cheese burger?

FRANNY  
It's breakfast.

VERNON  
They might have one left.

FRANNY  
It's breakfast. They won't do you a  
burger.

VERNON  
Ask them for us?

FRANNY  
Don't. Fuck me. About.

VERNON  
[Beat] Just a sausage thing please.

Franny turns to the intercom.

FRANNY  
[Brightly] Sausage and egg meal  
with an orange as well please.

VERNON  
Not orange.

Franny ignores him.

DRIVE THROUGH INTERCOM  
Is that all?

FRANNY  
Yes thanks. [beat] Not orange  
though.

Franny looks at Vernon who nods thanks.

DRIVE THROUGH INTERCOM  
Nine fifty, drive round please.

Franny puts his window up and puts the phone back to his ear.

FRANNY

[To phone] Point is Chris. You hold onto that phone. You throw away that phone. I will fucking kill you ten times over. Now, God forbid, if you hand that phone in. I'll destroy you. Honestly, you'll go to prison for ten years even if it means I've got to plant ten kilo of drugs on your bird lad. And when you wake up in jug, I'll make sure someone is waiting on the other side of that cell door every morning, and god forgive me... you'll wish you were fucking dead.

Vernon is staring at Franny. A beat, then Franny looks at Vernon. Vernon looks away.

FRANNY (cont'd)

Just give me it back. Do the right thing. Preserve the status quo and lets go back to doing what we were doing a week ago. [Beat] Call me.

Franny looks at Vernon. He is death. Vernon pushes back even further against the door. A beat, Franny holds up his phone and snaps a picture of Vernon, inspects it, sends it, then tosses the phone onto the dash of the van. A beat of silence and absolute stillness, then Franny launches across the seat and punches Vernon ferociously five times so quickly it is like a snake striking. Vernon reels and then folds as Franny settles back in the driving seat. A beat, then:

DRIVE THROUGH INTERCOM

Can you pull round please?

Franny clears his throat, grabs a gear and they move off.

FRANNY

I bet you wish you'd got on that coach now don't you?

Vernon slumps lower in his seat.

6

**INT. CUSTODY SUITE KITCHEN, NIGHT 3, 05:20**

6

Chris listens in disbelief to the voice note.

Chris lowers the phone just as the photo of the cowering Vernon comes through. He stares at the picture a beat then rests his head back against the door just as the kettle starts to boil and the Encro phone starts to buzz again. He closes his eyes. Buzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz. Then it stops. The kettle clicks off. Silence.

7

**INT. MARCO'S FLAT LIVING ROOM, DAY 4, 09:05**

7

Marco enters holding Adele to his shoulder, closely followed by KIRSTY (40 something, social worker). Marco is nervously wittering as Kirsty quietly scopes the flat.

MARCO (O.S.)

... That bag 'ed's been living on the stairs for months. He's alright 'cept he keeps shitting by the bins.

Marco realises he might have fucked up by.

MARCO (cont'd)

He cleans up though!

He thinks it through, fuck fuck fuck, then:

MARCO (cont'd)

He loves kids. [Beat] Although I wouldn't let him near her! But he loves them... not dodgy though! Football and tha.

They stand and stare at each other, then he panics again.

MARCO (cont'd)

Sit!

She smiles, then sits. He hovers, this is already a disaster. She starts to unpack, then looks up and smiles.

KIRSTY

Marco, please, just relax okay? I'm a social worker but I want this to work for you and Adele today. Okay?

He nods. She smiles.

KIRSTY (cont'd)

Okay, just relax then.

MARCO

I'm just nervous.

KIRSTY

I know.

MARCO

It means a lot to me.

KIRSTY

Of course it does.

MARCO

I just don't want anything to go wrong.

She smiles. The door opens and Casey, still wearing the clothes from the night before enters. Marco flinches.

CASEY

He's shit by the door again.

Casey realises Kirsty is there. Her face drops for a beat, she half turns to go. Deep breath, she turns and beams at Kirsty, then Marco, then:

CASEY (cont'd)

Anyone wanna brew? [To Marco] Got any stuff for a brew?

He can't speak. A beat, then Casey looks at Kirsty:

CASEY (cont'd)

I'm his girlfriend and I love kids.

Marco smiles, he thinks that's great and he points at Casey. 'Look!' Kirsty can't help but smile. Casey bounces out.

8

**INT. MARCO'S KITCHEN, DAY 4, 09:08**

8

Casey turns the kettle on and then looks around the tiny kitchen. Beat, then she starts searching cupboards looking for mugs and tea. She tries every cupboard, faster and faster until finally, frustratedly, she gives up and rests her back against the counter. She surveys the kitchen. It's clean and tidy. She runs a finger over the worktop and inspects it. Spotless. She frowns, suddenly awkward, as if Marco's domesticity highlights her own perceived deficiencies. She wraps her arms around herself and then looks at the dress she is wearing. She's out of place and unsure.

She spots some bread rolls on the counter and pokes one. Fresh. She frowns. She digs in her pocket and pulls out a wrap of coke and is about to snort a pinch off the back of her hand when she spots some baby food on the counter. She stops and stares at the food, then picks it up, studies it, then looks at the door. Guilt? She snorts the coke.

Marco enters as Casey straightens up.

MARCO

What you doin'?

Casey spins, wipes her nose and puts her hand over the gear.

CASEY

Nothin'.

MARCO

(Hisses) Are you doing coke?

CASEY

Just a bump. Do you want some? Calm  
your nerves, stop you actin' weird?

He is aghast. He closes the door and advances on Casey.

MARCO

Don't! Please! I'm beggin' yer.  
Please don't mess this up.

CASEY

It was just a bum nugget! Cool your  
box!

She's buzzing. He sees the baggie on the worktop and snatches  
it up. She grabs at his arm.

CASEY (cont'd)

Giz it you scruff!

He tries to pull away. It is chaos.

9

**INT. CHRIS'S PRIVATE CAR, DAY 4, 09:10**

9

Chris driving, stifles a yawn as Tilly natters away.

TILLY

So I said to Leah that whatever  
Jamie says, you can't believe  
him...

She notices his yawn and breaks off.

TILLY (cont'd)

You should go to bed.

CHRIS

I'm alright.

TILLY

Mum could have took me.

CHRIS

I wanted to take you.

TILLY

You shouldn't drive when you're  
tired.

CHRIS

I'd never leave the house mate.

He smiles at her but she frowns disapprovingly.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I wanted to take you because I want  
to show you something on the way.

TILLY

What?

CHRIS

You'll see.

He winks at her. A beat, then she cottons on.

TILLY

My dress? For communion? Is it here???

CHRIS

[Laughing] I'm not telling you!

TILLY

It's my dress!

He's buzzing off it. It is the happiest we've seen him. He slows, drawing near to the kebab shop.

TILLY (cont'd)

Have you unwrapped it? What does it look like?

CHRIS

Terrible.

She punches his arm. He laughs. They drive on.

10      **INT. JODIE'S KITCHEN, DAY 4, 09:12**

10

Jodie, chin in hand, staring down at the phone as she sits at the kitchen table. She's wearing the same clothes as she had on the night before, but now she looks tired, beaten. She puts her head in her hands and groans, then suddenly rises from the table and heads out the room, phone in hand. We follow her as she enters the living room and flops down on the couch, phone to her ear. Beat, then a ring tone.

11      **INT. BARRY'S MUM'S KITCHEN, DAY 4, 09:20**

11

Barry sits glumly in an armchair staring into an old gas fire. His phone buzzes and he pulls it out:

CARL'S JODIE.

He closes his eyes, kills the call, goes back to staring at the fire. Unseen by us, his mum (BETTY, 80's, homely) enters.

BETTY (O.S.)

Your tea's made.

Barry starts, then looks at his watch, then his mum.

BARRY

It's only quarter past nine?

Betty is placing a chicken on the table. She stares at him a beat, then the chicken, then him.

BETTY

Your dinner then.

She exits the room. He goes to the table and looks at the chicken. It's raw. Uncooked. Sitting on a plate, pink and lonely. He touches it, cold, then looks up as his mum enters the room carrying a bowl of raw new potatoes.

BETTY (cont'd)

Spuds.

He stares at her a beat, then smiles sadly.

BARRY

Yeah, lovely.

He sits as she plops a few potatoes onto his plate. He smiles at her, a loving son.

BETTY

Help yourself and I'll get the gypo and the peas.

BARRY

Smashin'.

His mum turns to go to the kitchen. A beat, he can't take it, he touches her arm.

BARRY (cont'd)

Aww do you know what? I've just remembered, I've got to go back the lock-up.

BETTY

But I made you...

He's already half up.

BARRY

Make us a plate up and I'll take it with me. I'll warm it up and have it there.

She smiles, heads to the kitchen. He shakes his head.

12

**INT. JODIE'S LIVING ROOM, DAY 4, 09:22**

12

Jodie, phone in her lap. She closes her eyes and rests her head back. She feels beaten.

13

**INT. CHRIS'S PRIVATE CAR, DAY 4, 09:30**

13

Chris pulls up a line of cars outside of the kebab shop, and is about to reverse park.

TILLY

Olivia's dad bought her a pony but  
she doesn't even bother riding it.

He's hardly listening as he reaches for reverse when he spots two heavies sitting in one of Franny's vans. He freezes.

TILLY (cont'd)

She said she was going to take  
everyone to see it but she didn't.  
I said to Leah I bet she hasn't  
even got...

Tilly tails off and looks at her dad. A beat, then she looks over her shoulder.

TILLY (cont'd)

There's nothing coming.

Chris watches the heavies. They've got eyes on the kebab shop. Are they there for him?

TILLY (cont'd)

Dad?

He looks at her, then the heavies, then grabs first and accelerates away. A beat, then Tilly realises and swivels in her seat to look at the shop, then him.

TILLY (cont'd)

Where you going?

CHRIS

We'll get it later.

TILLY

What?

CHRIS

I just remembered something?

TILLY

I don't... I want to see it.

CHRIS

We'll be late.

TILLY

But I want to see it!

CHRIS

The time.



He's seriously thrown. She's confused, then angry.

TILLY  
I want it now.

CHRIS  
You can't have it.

TILLY  
I want it now!!!!

Eyes on the mirror.

CHRIS  
I said no!

TILLY  
[Tantrum] You always do this!

CHRIS  
What?

He glances at her.

TILLY  
You always mess it up! It's always  
the same! I want to get the dress  
and take it to my house!

CHRIS  
Hey!

TILLY  
IT'LL STINK OF KEBABS! EVERYTHING  
STINKS IN YOUR FLAT!

CHRIS  
Tilly!

TILLY  
Kebabs and socks and dirt! I want  
it in mum's where it is clean.

He's stung. He glances at her a few times as she realises she  
has really hurt him and deflates slightly. A beat, then:

CHRIS  
I'm sorry.

She folds her arms and looks away. He's heartbroken as he  
drives, eyes on the mirrors, Tilly, then the mirrors again.

TILLY  
[Sulks] Take me home.

He looks at her. She looks away. A beat, then he nods.

14                   **INT. RACHEL'S FLAT, DAY 4, 09:40**

14

Rachel in sweatpants and tee, at the window of the flat staring out. A beat, then she turns and looks at the piles of white shirts and the board behind her. She stares, then a tiny shake of the head as she goes back to the window.

A beat, she can't resist, another glance at the shirts, then she heads over to the board and grabs one. She smooths it onto the board. Once, twice, struggling to get it to lie **exactly** the right way for her, even though it looks perfect. She smooths again, and then suddenly pulls the shirt off the board and throws it across the room and exits.

15                   **INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM, DAY 4, 09:46**

15

Rachel enters the room. We see the bed with its thrown back quilt. It looks like she's already tried to sleep and failed. She eyes the clock, then climbs into the bed and pulls the quilt over her head. A long beat of silence and not moving, then the quilt is thrown back. She can't take it any more. She grabs her phone off the night-stand and dials. Rachel sits on the edge of her bed. Deep breath, then:

RACHEL  
Erm, hi sarge. It's Rachel  
Hargreaves, E Block. I had one in  
last night...

CUT TO:

16                   **INT. CUSTODY SUITE COUNTER, DAY 4, 09:47**

16

Sgt Brown hands the phone to Inspector Johnson and mouths 'Hargreaves.' He rolls his eyes and takes it.

JOHNSON  
What sort of fuck up was that?

RACHEL  
I'm sorry?

JOHNSON  
It's Geoff Johnson.

CUT TO:

Rachel puts a hand over her eyes and lies back on the bed.

RACHEL  
Sir.

JOHNSON (O.S.)  
Well then, go on.

She exhales, then parrots the mantra.

RACHEL

I didn't know it was him boss. I  
heard shouting and...

CUT TO:

Johnson, weary:

JOHNSON (O.S.)

[Bored] Oh do you know what? I  
don't want to know. Fuck it. He's  
been bailed.

CUT TO:

She struggles to sit up shocked.

RACHEL

What? Bernie said he was getting a  
caution??? Why's he been bailed?  
Are we charging him now?

JOHNSON

Christ no, we're not charging him.  
What I'm trying to do is make this  
go away!

CUT TO:

Johnson, exasperated.

JOHNSON (cont'd)

*Look, we need this complaint  
dropping so you can keep your job  
and we can keep this shit show out  
the papers. [Beat] The only way we  
can get it dropped is to have him  
think he's going to end up in court  
if it doesn't. That way he goes  
home and tells his girlfriend to  
drop it or else and this gets filed  
in the bin.*

CUT TO:

Rachel stands. Fuck fuck fuck.

RACHEL

No! No you... no! You can't...  
he'll... no!

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Don't worry, she'll withdraw, he  
said he'll make her.

Rachel is walks through the flat as she tries to keep calm.

RACHEL

Sir I really don't...

He interrupts.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Trust me, you of all people don't  
need a complaint this week.  
Especially one that stinks as much  
as this.

She looks at the ceiling, deep breath, then:

RACHEL

Thank you sir.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Yeah you're welcome. Cakes on my  
desk next time you're on days.

He kills the call. She looks at her phone and then slaps her  
hand against her forehead a few times before she turns to go  
back to the bedroom. She stops. The cupboard stares back at  
her. She speaks softly to herself.

RACHEL

Fuck.

She heads to the bedroom.

17

**INT. CHRIS'S PRIVATE CAR, DAY 4, 10:40**

17

Silence. We're in the car passenger seat staring out the  
windscreen at a quiet industrial estate. We pan slowly around  
and see that Chris, driver's seat reclined a few inches, sits  
with his arms folded, his head back, eyes closed, immobile.

A truck thunders past and shakes the car and he starts and  
opens his eyes.

CHRIS

... the fu...

He looks around, fixes on the tip wagon heading off down the  
road. A beat, he settles, closes his eyes, a beat, it happens  
again. Another truck shaking his car as it rattles past.

He sits watching the truck head off. A beat, then the Encro  
phone starts to buzz in his pocket. We just hear the buzz,  
insistent and irritating. He just stares off until it stops.  
He looks shattered. Another truck passes. He deflates. A  
beat, then he starts the engine as he rubs at his eyes.

18

**INT. JODIE'S HALLWAY, DAY 4, 11:10**

18

We're on the front door when we hear a solid knock. A beat, then a clearly tired Jodie, wearing massive slippers and a comfy dressing gown shuffles down the hall and pulls open the door to a bleary eyed Chris.

CHRIS

Can I get me head down here?

JODIE

Has someone put a bed and breakfast sign in my front garden?

Chris glances at the drive and then back at Jodie confused.

CHRIS

Wha?

JODIE

What's up with your gaff?

CHRIS

They're doing work in the shop.  
Banging and tha... I'm on nights.  
Shattered.

She shakes her head and steps out of his way.

JODIE

Couch.

He nods thanks, enters, passes us, and then Jodie slams the front door.

19

**INT. JODIE'S LIVING ROOM, DAY 4, 11:12**

19

Chris enters, looks at the couch and sees there is a bright pink unicorn quilt on it. Jodie enters. He looks at her.

JODIE

I was having a nap.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. I can...

JODIE

I'll go upstairs. You get your head down here.

She collects a few things off the coffee table.

CHRIS

Thanks Jodes.

JODIE

If you're gonna fart open the window.

He smiles and shakes his head as she exits. He sits down heavily on the couch. He is shattered. A beat, then he tosses his car keys onto the table, the two phones, his wallet.

He exhales and lies back onto the settee and pulls the quilt over him. His eyes settle on the family photo of Lexie, Jodie and Carl. He smiles, adjusts himself, he looks at the picture again and the smile fades. Guilt? He pulls the quilt higher, then closes his eyes.

JODIE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Here's some water just in...

He looks up, Jodie with a bottle, she tilts her head.

JODIE (cont'd)

Why've you got two phones?

He looks at the phones, then Jodie. A beat, then:

CHRIS

Work phone, my phone.

She puts the water down and then picks up the encro.

He reaches for the phone but she pulls it away and fires it up. She sees the lock screen is different from Android and iPhone then looks at him. He sits up.

JODIE

Encro.

He blinks.

JODIE (cont'd)

Why've you got an Encro?

A beat, then:

CHRIS

Don't ask.

JODIE

I am asking.

CHRIS

You don't want to know.

JODIE

Asking is literally the definition of wanting to know dick head. Why've you got an Encro? [Beat] This is why you can't go home isn't it? {Beat} Is my house safe?

CHRIS

Nobody knows I'm here.

JODIE

You robbed it?

He shakes his head and looks away. She considers, then:

JODIE (cont'd)

What you gonna do?

CHRIS

I'll be alright once I get to work.  
I'm safe in me uniform and I'll be  
able to think. I just need to get  
my head down.

He stares at her a beat. He can't see the screen but she has  
fired up the phone again and is staring at the password lock.  
A beat, then she hands the phone back to him.

JODIE

Get your head down.

She goes. He watches her leave, stares at the phone, then  
lies back down on the bed. We watch him a beat, eyes closed.  
In seconds, he starts to deep breathe.

20

**INT/EXT. LORNA'S HOUSE, DAY 4, 11:20**

20

She goes for the door handle then withdraws her hand. A deep  
breath, she is out the car, eyes left and right as she goes.

She goes to ring the bell but hesitates, she moves to the  
window. Another check around and she eases around the edge of  
the window to look in. The room is empty. Fuck. She thinks it  
through, then heads around the back of the flats. We follow  
her down the side of the house. She reaches the corner, then  
cautiously checks around it. Satisfied, she goes to the back  
window: Lorna Sitting at the kitchen table, her back to us.

Rachel pulls back. She thinks it through, a deep breath, then  
she gently taps on the window. Inside, Lorna starts, WTF???  
She rises, heads to the window and shouts through it.

LORNA

Are you mad? Go away! I'll call the  
police!

RACHEL

I just wanted to check you were  
okay Lorna! I'm worried about you.

LORNA

Go away!!

RACHEL

Has Steve been home yet?

Lorna straightens. She stares a beat, then:

LORNA

Just go away.

RACHEL

Can you open the door so we can talk?

LORNA

Just go.

Rachel thinks it through, then makes to leave. A beat, then she stops and looks back.

RACHEL

I know him.

They stare at each other for a beat. Lorna stares, deep breath, then she starts to crumble:

LORNA

I'm locked in.

RACHEL

You can't open the door?

LORNA

It was an accident that's all... he took my keys... the door.

Rachel stares a beat, then:

RACHEL

Let me in.

A beat, then Lorna opens the kitchen window. Rachel nods.

21

**INT LORNA'S KITCHEN, DAY 4, 11.25**

21

Rachel finishes climbing through the window and drops onto the floor. Neither of them know what to say. A beat, then:

LORNA

He's gone to his mums. [Beat] He kicked off when he came home...

Lorna shrugs. Rachel looks around the kitchen, and then notices something on the floor under the table. Lorna follows her gaze and we see it is a broken dish. Lorna sees it too and looks away.



LORNA (cont'd)

I thought going the police station  
would help him... it just made him  
go off on one.

Rachel looks away. Fuck. A beat, she looks back at Lorna who is staring at the floor holding her left forearm. A beat, then Rachel reaches for Lorna's long sleeve. Lorna tries to pull away but Rachel catches her hand. A beat, then:

RACHEL

[Whispers] I know.

They stare at each other a beat, then Rachel very gently lifts her sleeve. Within an inch or two recent injuries are exposed. Lorna sob/gulps, trying to hold the tears back. Rachel tries to hold her but Lorna pulls her arm away. A beat, then she gives in and the dam breaks.

22

**INT. JODIE'S LIVING ROOM, DAY 4, 11:35**

22

Chris on the couch, his back to us, facing the back of the couch. He's uncomfortable, but he is still, his breathing deep. The door opens, super slowly. Jodie looks around and down at Chris. He shifts and groans. She takes a half step back, eyes on him, the door closing slightly. He settles.

She's like a snake. She slips into the room, smoothly picks up the Encro and slips out again silently. A beat, he coughs, and turns his head a little so that he is almost looking at us. He's half awake, disturbed but he doesn't know what by. He calms, and goes back to facing the back of the couch.

23

**INT. JODIE'S KITCHEN, DAY 4, 11:36**

23

Jodie leaning against the counter stabbing at the password screen. A notification flashes:

PASSWORD FAILED. TWO ATTEMPTS REMAINING BEFORE THE HANDSET IS  
LOCKED FOR THIRTY MINUTES.

Fuck. She drops the phone to her side and stares at the ceiling. Then the phone rings. She looks at it. Her thumb hovers, she answers and listens to the silence. A beat, then:

FRANNY (O.S.)

Give me my fucking phone back now.

Jodie swallows, glances at the door, then she steps outside through the patio doors and into the garden. :

JODIE

Who are you?

FRANNY (O.S.)

Who the fuck are you?

Jodie hangs up in shock. She looks at the phone uncertain what to do next. She walks down the garden. Fuck fuck. She sits on a garden bench, looking around, then back at the phone. A beat, then it rings again.

Jodie stares at the phone a beat. Fuck. She stands and takes a pace away from the house as the phone vibrates. She looks around, deep breath, then answers.

JODIE

New phone. Who dis?

She tries to laugh at her little joke but it falls flat.

FRANNY (O.S.)

Don't fuck about. Who are you and where are you?

She paces. Fuck. This is heavy. She looks at the house, then:

JODIE

Is this your phone?

Silence on the other end of the line. Jodie nods to herself.

JODIE (cont'd)

You panicking?

FRANNY

You should be. [Beat] Where's the other fella?

JODIE

On me couch asleep.

FRANNY

Are you his bird?

JODIE

You havin' a laugh? [Beat] No, I'm just someone who's got something you sound like you really really want.

Deep breath. Fuck. She looks around. A beat, then:

FRANNY (O.S.)

What do you want for it?

JODIE

I want people.

FRANNY (O.S.)

People?

JODIE

Someone's robbed something off me,  
and I need people to help me get it  
back.

FRANNY (O.S.)

I know that feeling.

She paces. Fuck. A beat, then:

FRANNY (cont'd)

Yeah whatever. I just want to speak  
to him and I want this phone, and I  
don't want fucking about. You get  
me? So what's the address?

Jodie stares at the house a beat:

JODIE

Have you got a pen?

She's doing it.

24

**INT. MARCO'S FLAT, DAY 4, 11:36**

24

Marco, on the floor with Adele as Kirsty watches from the  
armchair, and Casey doom scrolls on the couch. Marco sits  
back triumphantly after fitting the nappy. He beams at Kirsty  
who smiles back.

KIRSTY

Brilliant! Well done.

MARCO

Just practice.

He scratches his cheek as he looks down at Adele. When he  
looks back up, we see he has poo on his cheek.

KIRSTY

You've got a little bit of...

Kirsty indicates her own cheek. Marco looks at his hand then:

MARCO

Oh no... I've got... it's on me  
hand...

He stands and holds up his hand to Kirsty. She smiles, he  
exits. She coos to Adele and then watches Casey doom scroll.  
A beat, then Casey looks up, realising Marco has gone. She  
looks down at Adele, then Kirsty, then the door. Fuck.

A beat, then she lowers her phone.

CASEY

The baby.

Kirsty nods. Casey hesitates, then slides off the couch cautiously and kneels next to Adele. A beat of staring at the baby as Kirsty watches her. Casey hasn't got a clue what to do. She stares at Adele who coos back. Casey gently touches Adele's chest, then lightly rubs her cheek with her finger. There's a hint of a smile. She looks up at Kirsty who smiles back. A cloud passes across Casey's face. Marco re-enters. He's surprised to see Casey next to Adele. His smile widens.

Casey looks at the baby. A millions thoughts passing through her mind before she suddenly stands and steps back.

CASEY (cont'd)

I've gotta go.

MARCO

Wha? Why?

CASEY

I need to go. I'm late or somethin'  
I dunno.

She looks at Kirsty who is a little confused. A beat, then Casey exits. Marco looks at Kirsty.

MARCO

What was tha?

Kirsty shrugs. Marco looks at Adele, then the door. Is he going to follow Casey. A beat, then he picks up the baby. He stares at the door, all the time watched by Kirsty, before he finally sits. Casey is gone. He is now with Adele.

24A **EXT. MARCO'S FLAT, BALCONY, DAY 4, 11:38**

24A

Casey exits the flat and pulls the door shut behind. A beat, she leans back against it. She's leaving Marco in the shit and she feels bad. Fuck. A beat she looks to her left. A homeless guy sitting against the wall staring into space thirty feet away. She shakes her head, then walks away.

25 **INT. JODIE'S HALLWAY, DAY 4, 11:50**

25

Chris trudges down the stairs. He's been the bog. He is heading towards the living room half asleep when he sees Jodie sitting with a cup of tea at the table.

CHRIS

Drank too much coffee.

She looks at him then away. He tilts his head: 'Bit weird?' He then turns to go back to the living room, stops, then looks back and sees the Encro on the table in front of her. He frowns. She puts a hand over the phone. Is she ashamed? He tilts his head, then someone hammers on the front door.

He spins, eyes on the door, then back to Jodie.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
What the fuck have you done?

He's suddenly wide awake. He stares at the door. We can see hulking shadows. He looks back at Jodie.

JODIE  
Chris I... I had to I...

He makes for the phone, she pulls it away and shouts.

JODIE (cont'd)  
Come in!

He grabs her wrist and pulls it out of her hand as someone kicks at the door.

JODIE (cont'd)  
It's open you fuckin'...!!!!

He runs to the living room and grabs his shoes as Jodie dash for the front door. He runs back to the kitchen, shoes in hand.

He freezes when he sees two goons looking through the kitchen window. He spins and heads for the front door. Jodie pulls it open so he darts left and up the stairs as two more goons enter the hall and push past Jodie.

They see him on the stairs. Chris runs most of the way up.

GOON 1  
Lad!

Chris stops to look down the stairs. Two goons are crowded onto about the third step frozen, reaching towards him.

GOON 1 (cont'd)  
Just give us the phone and you can go. We're not going to hurt you.

Chris spins and speeds up the stairs. The goons sprint after him. A beat, the Chris spins back and leaps at them feet first sending them sprawling. One of the goons cracks his skull against the wall and is half out cold. A few kicks and punches from Chris to the other and he is out the front door.

26

**EXT. JODIE'S STREET, DAY 4, 11:53**

26

Chris running past the goons' vans towards his car. He stops, looks around. He then runs to his car, jumps in, and screams off.

27           **INT. JODIE'S HALLWAY, DAY 4, 11:54**

27

Goon 1, blood running from a cut above his eye, drags groggy Goon 2 off the floor and they head out.

JODIE

Where you going? You're supposed to  
work for me for the day!

They look at her dismissively and wobble out of the house. On Jodie: Fuck fuck fuck.

28           **OMITTED**

28

29           **INT. LORNA'S LIVING ROOM, DAY 4, 12:00**

29

Lorna in the living room is calmer now. She's holding a tissue, but the tears have stopped. Rachel has made her a tea. Rachel sits opposite her, holding a mug also. The silence is painful. A beat, then Rachel's text notification splits the air. Chris:

CAN I GET ME HEAD DOWN IN YOURS?

Rachel shakes her head then pockets the phone. She looks up, Lorna watching. Rachel smiles, then sips her drink. A beat:

RACHEL

You can't let him do this to you.

Lorna shakes her head, unable to look up.

RACHEL (cont'd)

This isn't your fault.

Lorna chews a lip, but keeps her eyes down.

RACHEL (cont'd)

We can help you. The police can  
help you. [Soft] You can't just let  
this carry on.

Lorna finally looks up.

LORNA

What do you know?

RACHEL

He ruined me.

She's never said it to anyone and it catches her throat.

RACHEL (cont'd)

He's a twat and I don't...

A look around, a shake of her head, then matter of fact:

RACHEL (cont'd)

I'm not sure I'll ever get past what he did to me. [Long beat] He left a stain on me. He took me away from me, and I can't get me back.

Lorna looks at the floor. A beat, then:

RACHEL (cont'd)

Don't let him take you too.

Lorna sits a beat, then looks up:

LORNA

I'm not making a complaint.

RACHEL

What about the other women? The ones he hasn't met yet.

LORNA

You make it. I just want him gone.

RACHEL

[Beat] After what happened last night... I... if I do... I just can't.

She runs out of steam as Lorna watches her. A beat, then:

RACHEL (cont'd)

I need you to be strong.

LORNA

I'm not.

They sit in silence a beat, then Rachel nods.

RACHEL

No. You're right. Forget the complaint. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have... It's wrong.

Lorna shrugs and sips her tea. A beat, then:

LORNA

He'll be home soon. You should go.

RACHEL

I shouldn't leave you.

Lorna shakes her head. Rachel stares at her a beat, then:

RACHEL (cont'd)

I can't leave you here. I couldn't live with myself... I need to do something or... I just can't leave you alone.

Lorna looks away with a shake of the head. Rachel watches her a beat, then softly:

RACHEL (cont'd)  
A friend helped me.

Lorna looks at her.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
Let me be your friend?

Lorna looks at her drink. A long beat, then:

RACHEL (cont'd)  
He's going to fucking batter you  
Lorna. It isn't going to just stop.  
Wake up.

Lorna lifts her head.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
I mean it. Come on. Don't be  
stupid.

Lorna nods. A long beat, then:

LORNA  
I need to pack a bag.

Rachel leans in, hands on Lorna's arms.

RACHEL  
You said he'll be home soon.

Lorna nods.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
Well let's go.

Rachel almost pulls Lorna out of the chair.

30      **INT/EXT. LORNA'S HOUSE, DAY 4, 12:15**

30

We're outside the open kitchen window. A beat, then a carrier bag flies out, followed by Lorna, who struggles to get through. Behind her, we can see Rachel pushes and urging.

RACHEL  
Put your foot...

Lorna is stuck a beat. She's suddenly desperately hopeless.

LORNA  
I can't do this.

Rachel adjusts Lorna's foot on the worktop.



RACHEL

You're nearly there. Just a little...

31                   **INT. LORNA'S HOUSE, DAY 4, 12:16**                   31

We're in the flat behind the front door. We hear a jangle of keys.

32                   **INT/EXT. LORNA'S KITCHEN, DAY 4, 12:16**                   32

Rachel and Lorna, both looking back into the flat. A beat, they panic, both desperate to get out. Lorna almost tumbles through the window. Rachel is a lot more agile, and is up onto the worktop and out of the window in a flash. Rachel is on her feet quickly. She pushes the window silently closed behind her as we hear Steve in the flat.

STEVE (O.S.)

Lorna?!?

He enters the kitchen as both women push back against the wall keeping their heads down. They are frozen as Steve approaches the window and looks out without opening it. A beat, then he turns and leaves.

STEVE (O.S.) (cont'd)

LORNA???

A beat, then Rachel grabs Lorna's hand and drags her away.

32A                   **INT. STEAMY CAFE, DAY 4, 12:30**                   32A

Half empty, lunchtime building cafe. Chris, at a formica table nursing a mug of coffee and a bacon sandwich. He looks shattered and stressed.

A beat, the door opens. Two big lads, eyes left and right searching as they wait at the threshold.

Fuck. Chris drops his head and focuses hard on the sandwich. Half a beat, he looks up a fraction, the lads still scanning until one of them points at an empty table and they enter. They are just punters.

Chris breathes and shakes his head. He pushes away the plate, appetite gone. A beat, then he gives up and leaves the cafe.

32B                   **INT. JODIE'S LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY, DAY 4, 12:40**                   32B

Jodie, quilt across her legs, sits motionless and dejected staring at Homes Under Hammer. A beat, there is a hammering on the front door. Jodie barely moves.

Then there is hammering on the window. Jodie turns her head to look. Casey, hands cupped to the glass, staring in. She hammers again.

CASEY

Jodie!

A beat, then Jodie wearily rises and exits the room into the hallway and opens the front door. Casey makes to enter but Jodie doesn't move aside.

JODIE

Go away.

CASEY

Where?

A beat, then Jodie shakes her head and heads into the living room. Casey, taking note of a bloody towel that is lying on the floor, follows her into the living room where Jodie is already back under the quilt and staring at the TV.

CASEY (cont'd)

What we gonna do?

Jodie stares at the TV. Casey looks at the TV a beat, then:

CASEY (cont'd)

We need to do something.

Jodie finally reacts.

JODIE

What?

CASEY

I dunno. Something.

With a shake of the head, Jodie goes back to the TV.

CASEY (cont'd)

So you just give up?

JODIE

Go home.

CASEY

I haven't got a home.

JODIE

Just go away then.

Casey stares a beat, then makes to leave before turning back to Jodie.

CASEY

I thought you were better than that.

JODIE

What am I supposed to do eh???

Jodie goes back to staring at the TV. Casey hovers, then flops down next to her. They sit a beat in silence until.

CASEY

We should go and see Ian. Ian's alright, it's Barry who is the knobhead.

JODIE

What if he kicks off and batters us?

CASEY

What if he does? You tellin' me you've never been battered?

Jodie considers a beat, then nods to herself.

JODIE

I'll get me coat.

She exits. Casey rocks and smiles. Action at last.

33

**EXT. DEBS' HOUSE, DAY 4, 12:50**

33

A stressed Mullen leans on the door bell and then steps back. He wipes a hand down his face, looks around, then leans on the doorbell again. A beat, he's about to ring again when the door opens. Indignant Debs suddenly changes to surprised.

DEBS

Ray?

He nods. Deep breath, then gestures they should go in.

DEBS (cont'd)

What do you want?

MULLEN

We need to talk.

DEBS

Go on then.

MULLEN

Inside. [Beat] Please.

A beat, then she steps back and gestures he should lead the way. He goes, and it's her turn to check the street.

34

**INT. DEBS' KITCHEN, DAY 4, 12:51**

34

The kitchen. She leads the way in as he follows. She points to a chair but he remains standing. A beat, then:

MULLEN

I know what's going on.

She shrugs. No idea. He nods, deep breath, then:

MULLEN (cont'd)

Franny Sutton.

DEBS

[Beat] Never heard of him.

MULLEN

Don't.

DEBS

Don't what?

MULLEN

Alright then... Suspected player, never proven, but he's got an intel file a mile wide. Named over and over again as a top level wholesale dealer with connections all over the world. [Beat] Proper OG.

He's laid it all like a gambler flipping his final card. She stares a beat, then doesn't bite.

DEBS

We've all got a password for the intel system Ray.

MULLEN

And I saw you with him on CCTV at the Rising Sun pub the other night?

She shrugs. He paces, then gets his second wind.

MULLEN (cont'd)

And... I saw the bail book from fourteen years ago.

She stares.

MULLEN (cont'd)

Roses are red? He was writing you fucking love poems!

DEBS

You've never had a prick mess about in the bail book??? [Beat] I think it's time you left.

He shakes his head and paces. He knows he is sooooo close but he just can't make it land. A beat, then he sees a laundry basket with William's football shirt on the top. He tilts his head. He can half make out the sponsorship logo. He grabs the shirt and holds it up, then spins it so that she can see it.

MULLEN

He sponsors your son's footy team  
for Christ sake!

That hits, just a flicker on her face and then she manages a shrug: 'so what?' Mullen is confused. He just can't make it work in his head for a beat until he suddenly looks up.

MULLEN (cont'd)

Fuck.

DEBS

What?

MULLEN

Your lad.

DEBS

What?

Mullen almost laughs. He can't believe it. A beat as he thinks it through again, then:

MULLEN

You shagged him. Your lad is his  
son. Fucking hell... you daft...  
you shagged him?

DEBS

Get out.

Mullen laughs. He tosses the shirt back into the basket.

MULLEN

I can't believe you biffed him and  
got pregnant. Why didn't you get  
rid? You must have known he'd have  
it over you...

She stares long and hard for a beat, suddenly furious. A beat, then she turns away suddenly and picks up the kettle. He watches as she, back to him, fills the kettle and drops two mugs on the counter heavily.

On Debs face, staring out the window. A beat, then she spins to face Mullen.

DEBS

I'll give you Chris.

MULLEN

What?

DEBS

I'll give you him. A file. Enough to do whatever you want to do to him. [Beat] Carl Sweeney. It's what you wanted so you can have it.

MULLEN

I was right?

DEBS

No me though. Nothing. I'm out. No William, no relationships, no history, no nothing. I'm out. You get what I have on Chris, but you give up on me. [Beat] Remember, I can ruin you just as much as you can ruin me. Rachel and the business last year? If anyone finds out where you got the information... all that comes out and you go down too.

MULLEN

I don't want you.

She watches him a beat, then she nods, then passes him on her way out the room. Mullen shakes his head: 'Fuck me.'

35

**OMITTED**

35

36

**INT. TOM'S HOUSE, DAY 4, 14:01**

36

We're behind Tom as he limps to the front door. He reaches it and we can see a distorted figure on the other side of the glass. Tom slides a bolt or two, then pulls the door open to reveal Chris on the step. He looks exhausted.

TOM

What's up with you?

CHRIS

Can I get me head down here? Just a few hours? I'm shattered.

TOM

You must be if you're coming here.

Chris stares: 'Please don't make this harder than it already is.' Tom, frowns, then nods and steps back.

TOM (cont'd)

The little room at the back. The bed might...

CHRIS

Give us a shout at seven.

Tom goes to speak but Chris cuts him off and steps past him and trudges up the stairs.

TOM  
[Mutters] Bleedin' hotel.

Tom closes the door.

37

**INT. TOM'S SPARE ROOM, DAY 4, 14:05**

37

A bedroom from the seventies. It's old and tired, dusty with a single bed pushed against one of the walls, an old quilted blanket laid across it and an old red mattress with no cover.

Chris enters the room and looks around. Aside from the bed there is a large chest of draws, a ton of dust and a picture of the sacred heart on the wall.

Chris flops onto the squeaky bed face down. He doesn't move a beat, he slowly rolls onto his side lets out a long sigh. Another beat, he pulls both phones out his pocket and looks at the screen. 40 missed calls and texts between both phones.

He slips the phone under his pillow, then rolls onto his side where he gives into exhaustion. A beat, then he is moving again. He pulls the phone from under the pillow and shoves it under the edge of the mattress before settling with a groan. His face half buried into the quilt and super close up. A beat, then his eyes snap open totally alert. He lifts his head and looks at the chest of draws and sees it:

A framed photo of him as a child. He stares at the picture a beat, then closes his eyes and drops his head back onto the bed. A beat of his eyes closed, then he is up and across the room to pick up the picture and look at it.

Chris is happy in the picture. He lays back down on the bed, slowly and thoughtfully this time.

A beat, then he gets back up, looks at the picture again, and then lays it face down on the top of the chest of draws.

He goes back to the bed and flops down. A beat, eyes closed, then he groans and gets off the bed and goes back to the picture, picks it up and places it under some bedding in one of the draws before slamming it shut.

He stares at the closed draw, before turning and flopping back down onto the bed.

He groans, then closes his eyes. A beat, then he tosses to the other side and punches his cushion into shape violently before settling, his back to us.

38

**INT. MARCO'S FLAT, DAY 4, 14:30**

38

Kirsty is packing away her papers and making ready to leave as Marco, packs away some nappy cream and knots a nappy bag.

MARCO

You can put in your report that  
there's nothing wrong with her bum.

Kirsty smiles.

MARCO (cont'd)

That should get me a good mark  
yeah?

KIRSTY

It not an exam Marco.

He looks up. He wants to say something but can't, a beat,  
then he looks back at Adele:

MARCO

I never got any good marks.

Kirsty looks up. He is suddenly vulnerable. He looks at her.

MARCO (cont'd)

At school like.

KIRSTY

No.

MARCO

I was a meff.

KIRSTY

I'm sure you weren't.

He fusses Adele and speaks softly to her.

MARCO

I was good at shapes.

He looks up at Kirsty suddenly and speaks very quickly.

MARCO (cont'd)

I'll be good at it... being a dad.  
I know I can do it.

She nods. A beat, then he steps aside then follows Kirsty to  
the front door. Kirsty opens the front door, but then turns.

KIRSTY

Casey's not your girlfriend Marco.  
[Beat] You shouldn't lie to me.

He looks at Adele, then the floor. Kirsty softens.



KIRSTY (cont'd)

You're trying your best and I can see you love Adele, but you're out of your depth.

MARCO

Honest. I'm sound.. I can do it.

Kirsty speaks softly.

KIRSTY

You need help.

MARCO

There's Brenda...

KIRSTY

She's a pensioner and she's just a neighbour.

MARCO

No, yeah, fair enough.

KIRSTY

I've stayed here twice as long as I should have to see if you could make this work, but I'm going to have to recommend emergency foster care unless there's there someone experienced who can give you some support before my report is submitted...

He looks at the floor, Adele tight to his shoulder. A beat:

KIRSTY (cont'd)

I can give you a day or two.

He looks devastated.

KIRSTY (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

A beat, then he nods then goes into his flat and closes the front door. Kirsty shakes her head sadly, then heads off.

39

**INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT 4, 19:00**

39

Chris plods down the stairs looking exhausted. Tom, who is watching TV looks up.

TOM

Did you sleep?

CHRIS

I dunno... no.

TOM

I saved you some tea. The girl  
brought mince and onions. Make a  
cup of tea and get it down you.

Chris thinks about leaving, but after a glance at his dad,  
who has gone back to watching TV, plods into the kitchen.

40

**INT. TOM'S KITCHEN, NIGHT 4, 19:02**

40

There's a plate with a metal catering cover on top of it,  
sitting on the table. Chris lifts the lid. Tom has divided  
the meal almost exactly down the middle. Chris thoughtfully  
shakes his head. He doesn't know what to make of the gesture.

TOM (O.S.)

Whack it in the microwave for two  
minutes!

Chris stares at the food, then replaces the lid. He isn't  
going to eat it. He exits the kitchen.

41

**INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT 4, 19:03**

41

Tom looks up as Chris heads for the front door.

TOM

Where you going?

CHRIS

Work.

TOM

Your tea.

CHRIS

I'm not hungry dad.

TOM

But you haven't eaten.

CHRIS

So?

TOM

I'm worried about you.

Beat, Chris eyes narrow. He looks at the door then his dad.

CHRIS

Why is the one picture of me in  
this house hidden in the one room  
nobody goes into?

Tom is confused.

CHRIS (cont'd)

The photo, in the bedroom?

TOM

I put it in your room.

CHRIS

My room??

TOM

Yeah, your room.

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

I didn't have a room here because I  
never come here.

TOM

It's not my fault you didn't come.  
That was your mother.

CHRIS

It was yours you old twat!!!

Silence. Chris barely containing himself, Tom shocked. A  
beat, then Tom looks at the fire, then the TV. He settles,  
then shakes his head as he watches the screen.

TOM

I wanted you to come but she  
wouldn't let you.

CHRIS

[Scoffs] You never wanted me here.

Tom rounds on Chris. We see the old fire in the man.

TOM

***I did!!! Don't you dare say I  
didn't because I did.***

Chris shifts a beat, Tom goes back to the TV, then looks at  
Chris. He softens a little, almost pleading.

TOM (cont'd)

I wanted to see you. I made the  
room nice for you and everything.

He drifts a beat at the memory.

TOM (cont'd)

I went round the house to ask her:  
'Let the lad visit. It'll do him  
good.'

There. He's said it. All those years. Tom looks up. Embarrassed? He looks away. Chris doesn't know what to do. A beat, then he turns for the door, then turns back.

CHRIS

[Soft] I wouldn't have wanted to come anyway.

That kills Tom. He looks away, suddenly fragile beyond belief. Eyes back on the TV, watched by Chris, his mouth moves as he searches for the words then he speaks softly, gathering pace as his defence mechanisms kick in.

TOM

How many times has Matilda heard shouting in your house eh?

Chris shakes his head and turns to go.

TOM (cont'd)

Eh? How many times has Matilda stayed in your place since you and Kate split up eh?

Tom nods as he takes in Chris's face. A beat, then:

TOM (cont'd)

Harder than it looks being us isn't it?

Chris doesn't know what to say. Tom stares, then looks back at the TV. A beat, then he speaks softly.

TOM (cont'd)

I don't drink anymore.

A beat, then he looks up.

TOM (cont'd)

You can change you know? I've changed. I know I have.

He breaks off, back to the TV. Chris stares at him and turns to go. He's halfway opening the door when Tom speaks softly.

TOM (cont'd)

I'm ashamed.

Chris stops but doesn't look around. A beat, then he steals a glance at his dad who is staring at the TV. A beat, then he closes the door. Tom looks at him.

Wanting something but not knowing what. Chris thinks it through, eyes on the TV. A beat, he heads to the kitchen to get the meal. Tom glances towards the kitchen door then nods his head, and turns to the TV as we hear a microwave door.

TOM (cont'd)

There might be a packet of mash in  
the cupboard.

He listens to the banging coming from the kitchen as  
cupboards doors open and close. A beat, he speaks softly:

TOM (cont'd)

Two minutes.

42

**INT. IAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS LANDING, NIGHT 4, 19:15**

42

Jodie stares at Ian's grey front door and then at Casey.

CASEY

We just need to ask. That's all.

Jodie shakes her head and looks at the door again. She's  
unsure. Fuck this. Casey leans in and bangs on the door.  
Jodie takes a half step back and looks at her. Casey shrugs.  
(HANNAH, 30s, tracksuit like Ian wears but not identical,) opens up.

Hannah looks a LOT like Ian. Jodie and Casey stare at her for  
a beat in surprise as she looks the pair of them up and down.

HANNAH

Yes?

CASEY

Is Ian in?

Hannah turns to look into the flat. Casey pushes past her and  
goes into the flat

HANNAH

Where...?

Jodie hesitates, then follows Casey leaving a shocked Hannah  
in her wake.

43

**INT. IAN'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT 4, 19:16**

43

Casey enters a pure white living room, the only exceptions  
are the grey floor, grey lamp and grey settee. The place is  
monochrome, it's effect emphasised by Ian's white tracksuit.

Ian is sitting on the couch reading a book. On a massive tv  
on the wall, CNN is playing silently. Ian looks up in shock  
as Casey enters. He is just getting to his feet as Jodie  
enters followed by Hannah who is confused.

HANNAH

They just walked in!

Ian just stares at Jodie and Casey. A beat, then:

HANNAH (cont'd)

Should I phone the police?

Case she tilts her head.

CASEY

Should she though?

Ian stares at Casey, then Jodie, then:

IAN

No.

Jodie nods. A beat, then:

JODIE

You've sat at my kitchen table and eaten my food. Carl looked after you. Lexie loves you. And then you go and do what you did.

Anger is building in Jodie. Casey glances at her.

HANNAH

Who the hell is Lexie?

Ian ignores the question, his eyes on Jodie. A beat, then it's Casey's turn.

CASEY

Can I ask you a question?

Ian looks at her.

CASEY (cont'd)

Have you not heard of colour? It's like a fucking X-ray in 'ere.

HANNAH

It's contemporary.

Casey looks at her.

CASEY

It's cunt-emporary.

Hannah bridles. Jodie hasn't took her eyes off Ian.

JODIE

Where's me drugs?

HANNAH

Drugs?!?! What drugs???

Ian closes his eyes. Jodie addresses Hannah but watches Ian.

JODIE

Your brother robbed my drugs.

HANNAH  
He's my boyfriend.

CASEY  
Go way!! He's the image! You sure  
you're not related?

HANNAH  
What!?!?

CASEY  
Yers look so... [Beat] Mad tha'.

JODIE  
You backed the wrong horse.

It's like Jodie and Ian are alone. Jodie getting stronger by  
the second.

JODIE (cont'd)  
Barry's a knobhead. I shouldn't  
really have to say much more than  
that, but just to make it clear:  
He's always been a number two and  
there's a reason for that, and that  
reason is: He's a knobhead.

She speaks softer.

JODIE (cont'd)  
And now you're a knobhead for  
following him. But there's a way  
back if you do the right thing  
right now.

He stares.

JODIE (cont'd)  
Where's me drugs?

Hannah looks from Ian to Jodie and back and again.

HANNAH  
Ian?

JODIE  
[Soft] Fuck Barry off and work with  
me. Be a partner, not a number two.

Casey looks at her. What? She thought...

JODIE (cont'd)  
This can be an opportunity.

A beat, then Ian finally moves.

IAN  
What about her?

Jodie looks at Casey as if she's only just noticed her. She shrugs. Casey is shocked, but swallows it down. A beat, then:

IAN (cont'd)

Alright.

Jodie exhales, then holds out a hand. Ian shakes it.

HANNAH

Are you three drug dealers?

They all look at her.

44

**INT. RACHEL'S FLAT, NIGHT 4, 21:00**

44

Lorna sits against the arm of a settee. The TV is on, next to Lorna is an uneaten sandwich. She looks uncomfortable.

Rachel enters. She is getting ready for work and is already wearing a shirt and trousers. She's threading a belt as she watches the tv behind the settee for a beat.

RACHEL

Listen, just help yourself to anything in the fridge.

Lorna nods.

RACHEL (cont'd)

A bath would be nice. I've got all sorts of stuff in the there. I can light a few candles? Bit of music?

LORNA

Honestly I'm fine.

Rachel turns to head to the bathroom.

LORNA (cont'd)

I just want to go home really.

Rachel stops. A beat, then she sits next to Lorna.

RACHEL

You can't. Honestly, if you go back there... what if he is waiting?

Lorna shakes her head.

LORNA

He'll be worried about me.

RACHEL

He only worries about himself.

Rachel watches Lorna closely as she stares at the floor.



RACHEL (cont'd)  
[Soft] You can't go home.

Lorna eventually nods. A beat, then Rachel, brightly:

RACHEL (cont'd)  
Let me go run that bath. Okay?

Lorna nods. Rachel holds her hand a beat, then heads off.

45

**INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, NIGHT 4, 23:00**

45

The car is parked on a big, empty, public car park . Chris is slowly eating a sandwich, mindless chewing as Rachel stares out the front window in a similar state of mind.

A car crawls by. They watch it closely before settling back to staring. A beat, then completely out of nowhere:

RACHEL  
Thanks for letting me ride with you tonight.

He nods. Slowly chewing away. A beat, then:

RACHEL (cont'd)  
I couldn't face it tonight. Driving round on my own. [Beat] No sleep, and a shitty day.

He nods. A beat, then she looks at him.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
You okay?

He stares straight ahead for a beat, then looks at her like he's only just noticed she is there.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
Are you okay?

CHRIS  
[Beat] Yeah. Sound. Shattered that's all.

RACHEL  
I feel that.

They go back to staring off. He looks at the sandwich like he's only just noticed it, and then at her. He goes to speak, then changes his mind. A beat, then:

CHRIS  
I've got that dickhead's Encro phone.

She looks at him.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Franny. I've got his phone.

He stares off a beat, then looks at her.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
I went to my old fellas this avvie.

RACHEL  
Your dad?? I didn't know...

CHRIS  
Long story. Don't.

He shakes his head, then:

CHRIS (cont'd)  
I just need to hand the phone in.  
If I want to look Tilly in the eye,  
I need to hand it in and face the  
consequences. [Beat, then soft] I'm  
just so fucking tired.

She shifts, then she joins him in staring out the window.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
I can't think. [Beat] What would  
you do?

She chuckles sadly with a shake of the head.

RACHEL  
I'm not the person to be asking.

They sit. He looks at the last of his sandwich, then:

CHRIS  
Should I hand the phone in? Say I  
found it? I think that's the only  
way back for me.

She nods. He tosses the sandwich out the window and opens an  
apple Lucozade. They sit in silence for a beat, then:

RADIO  
Delta Romeo Four Seven.

CHRIS  
Go 'ed.

RADIO  
Can you take a look at a report  
of criminal damage marked IR IR  
for me please Chris? Offender on  
scene.

CHRIS  
Apprehended?

RADIO

Roger. It's a neighbour dispute.

Chris looks with Rachel: 'Fucks sake', then replies.

CHRIS

Yeah, en-route.

46

**EXT. CRIMINAL DAMAGE HOUSE, NIGHT 4, 23:20**

46

Chris crouching down looking at a small cracked pane of glass in a porch door. A middle aged man and woman (GRAHAM AND JANE), are standing on the driveway behind him. Chris touches the crack gingerly, then stands up to face the complainants.

CHRIS

And it wasn't cracked before?

He points to a camera doorbell. Chris rolls his eyes, then looks back at the crack.

JANE

It was definitely not cracked before.

Chris looks at the window a beat, then back at Graham.

CHRIS

And you want to make a complaint of criminal damage?

GRAHAM

The landlord will want the money from us if we don't.

CHRIS

Her locked up, and you going to court?

JANE

When he does his inspection he'll want it fixing, and we can't afford to get it fixed and neither can she.

Chris straightens up.

CHRIS

Alright then. Leave it with me.

Chris turns away. He takes a couple of steps and steps over the low wall that separates the houses. Next door is open, he goes straight into...

46B

**INT. CRIMINAL DAMAGE HOUSE, NIGHT 4, 23:21**

46B

...where Rachel standing in the hallway alone.

RACHEL  
[Softly] What did they say?

CHRIS  
Complaint.

RACHEL  
Do they know she's on licence?

CHRIS  
No choice. Rented property.

Rachel looks at the ceiling, then shakes her head.

RACHEL  
She seems alright.

CHRIS  
Kicked a door through.

RACHEL  
Haven't we all?

CHRIS  
Fair point. What's she said?

RACHEL  
  
Rachel nods. He closes his eyes a beat, then:

CHRIS  
Where is she?

Rachel flicks her head and leads the way into a tidy living room. We see FAITH (early 30s) sat next to the fireplace. She looks up.

FAITH  
I shouldn't have gone out to them. It's just my kids playing. She come round kicking off and I followed her out. She's a pain in the arse but I didn't mean to break the glass.

CHRIS  
But you did.

For the first time he notices a framed photo on the wall. Mum, boy and little girl. He points to it.

FAITH  
Yeah.

She shakes her head and looks away.

CHRIS  
Can someone come and get the  
kids?

FAITH  
We're on our own.

CHRIS  
You must have someone?

FAITH  
Would I say I didn't if I did?

Chris hangs his head. He's about to speak, when a 12 year old  
boy appears at the door (TOMMY.)

CHRIS  
Hey mate.

Faith goes to rise from the couch. Chris points.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Sit. Hammer time.

Chris looks at Rachel and nods his head to Tommy.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
You alright while I...?

Rachel nods. Chris turns to Tommy.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Come 'ed mate.

Tommy leads the way up the stairs as Chris follows. They  
reach the landing at the top of the stairs, it's in gloom.

TOMMY  
Is me mum going to prison?

CHRIS  
She'll have to come with us,  
yeah.

TOMMY  
It isn't fair.

CHRIS  
No.

Chris looks away a beat before looking back at him.

47           **INT. MARCO'S, BALCONY, NIGHT 4, 23:25**

47

The pram is next to Marco as he sits on a camping chair. We see Adele, wrapped up snugly against the cold and is asleep. Marco is scrolling through his phone. We see his call list:

Dirty Benny - Barry the Laugh - Snide Nige - Debbie Big Arse - Town Centre Casey.

He stops scrolling. Fuck. He shuts his eyes. Adele stirs and gives a little grumble. He leans over to the pram and looks in, and then speaks softly in a sing song voice.

MARCO

Even I must know someone who would  
pass a DBS check mustn't I BaBa?

Adele sighs. He smiles sadly, then goes back to scrolling.

48           **OMITTED**

48

49           **INT. ENQUIRY OFFICE, NIGHT 4, 00:05**

49

Karen emerges out of her office to the front counter as Chris heads towards her.

CHRIS

I put the kids in the interview  
room with two bags of crisps.

KAREN

What did you get me?

He pulls a choc bar out and the brew. She eyes them, then takes them.

KAREN (cont'd)

I'm not changing nappies.

CHRIS

They don't wear them.

KAREN

I'm not mopping the floor then.

Karen smiles with relief as GAIL arrives.

CHRIS

Sorry for dragging you out.

GAIL

Nights innit.

GAIL (cont'd)

Custody suite said you've got two  
kids needing sorting?

He flicks his head to the interview room.

CHRIS  
Mum breached her licence.

GAIL  
They scruffs?

CHRIS  
No.

GAIL  
And you locked her up?

CHRIS  
Not up to us.

GAIL  
What happened to discretion?

CHRIS  
It went out around the time CCTV  
came in.

She picks up the folder and makes to head to the office.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
[Soft] Where they gonna go?

She stops and looks at him.

GAIL  
The system.

CHRIS  
No emergency foster care?

GAIL  
I've already used them tonight.

CHRIS  
Fuck.

It kills him. She watches, then:

GAIL  
It's not your fault she breached  
her licence.

CHRIS  
Yeah I know.

She taps his arm, nods to Karen, then heads for the office.  
They watch her go, then:

KAREN  
I'm keeping the chocolate.

She turns to go and then realises he hasn't answered. She looks at him. He is upset.

KAREN (cont'd)  
I said I'm keeping the chocolate.

He looks at her. He can't speak. Karen sees it.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Don't start crying.

CHRIS  
Fuck off. [Beat] The girl's nine.  
Same as our Tilly.

He nods. She watches him a beat, then:

KAREN  
I'll get them some paper so they  
can do a card for their mum.

He smiles and nods. A beat, then:

CHRIS  
Mug.

Karen smiles, a moment between them she leaves.

He exhales and goes to the other side of the counter and flops down into a plastic seat. A beat, then Rachel enters the enquiry office, sees him, and heads over. She flops down next to him.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
You done the file?

RACHEL  
Most of it. Just statements to be  
added. You rang the social  
worker?

CHRIS  
She's in there with them now.

RACHEL  
Fuck.

CHRIS  
Yep.

They sit staring at the counter for a beat. He glances at her, looks away, then looks again.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
[Whispers] If I hand that phone in,  
that'll be me in that room saying  
goodbye to Tilly.



RACHEL  
Tilly has Kate.

CHRIS  
But she won't have me.... And I  
won't have her.

Rachel nods. They both stare off. A beat, then:

RACHEL  
Or you just give him it back and  
life returns to normal?

He shakes his head, then lowers it.

CHRIS  
I really hate this job.

She nods, and leans back in her chair.

50      **EXT. THE LOCK UP, NIGHT 4, 00:40**

50

Jodie, driver's seat, Ian, front seat and Casey sit in  
Jodie's car watching the lock up from down the street.

JODIE  
How much longer?

IAN  
His Ma goes to bed around eleven.

CASEY  
He comes here every day to get away  
from his Ma?

Ian shrugs yes.

CASEY (cont'd)  
God.

They freeze as Barry emerges from the lock-up, gets in his  
car and drives away. A beat, then they all climb out the car.

51      **INT. THE LOCK UP, NIGHT 4, 00:42**

51

Ian moves a pile of old tyres and pulls out the holdall of  
drugs. He turns to Jodie and holds it up. Casey hovers behind  
Jodie, looking from one of them to the other then back again.

JODIE  
Has he taken any?

Ian looks in the bag, and then looks at her and shakes his  
head. He almost manages a smile. Casey can't take it anymore.

CASEY

Am I partner too?

They both look at her.

CASEY (cont'd)

I got them off the docks. I did

that. I got the nightclub too.

[Beat] I deserve it. I worked hard.

Ian looks at Jodie as she ponders. A beat, then she nods.

JODIE

No, yeah, you did. [Beat] I

think... yeah. You're a partner.

IAN

She is?

JODIE

She deserves it.

IAN

She's a bag head.

CASEY

I'm getting better.

IAN

You can't trust her.

JODIE

She's earned it.

IAN

So I've got to split my money with  
her?

JODIE

Yes.

A beat, he looks from Jodie to Casey, then back to Jodie.

IAN

[Flat] She's the reason Carl's  
dead.

Jodie stunned. A beat, then she turns to Casey

IAN (cont'd)

She caused it. She robbed the gear  
that got him killed. She could have  
stopped it... but she didn't.

Jodie stares, then suddenly grabs for Casey who darts away.

CASEY

I didn't!

Jodie grabs at her again but Casey is gone.

52           **EXT. ALLEYWAY, NIGHT 4, 00:43**

52

Casey is running for her life. She dodges into an alley and running along it, pushes the back gates, testing them, one gate swings open and she ducks inside just as Ian runs past the end of the alley.

Casey looks around the dimly lit back yard of the property. It is full of old bin bags. She's back where she started. She closes her eyes. She's failed again.

53           **INT. MARCO'S KITCHEN, NIGHT 4, 00:45**

53

Marco is preparing a bottle for Adele at the sink. His phone buzzes in his pocket and he pulls it out. Casey.

MARCO

[Soft] You can fuck off.

He kills the call and carries on with the bottle.

54           **INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM, NIGHT 4, 01:30**

54

Lorna sitting on the edge of the unmade bed, puts on her trainers, throws a few items into her bag and exits the room. We follow her as she moves through the flat to the kitchen.

She places a folded note on the counter by the kettle. We see it is addressed to Rachel. A beat, then Lorna picks up the note and props it against the kettle. Satisfied, she walks to the front door.

She glances round, satisfied all is well, turns the handle. Locked. She frowns. She tries it again. She scans around for a key somewhere. There isn't one. Fuck. She quickly heads to the living room. We follow her, close, looking over her shoulder as she pulls open the heavy drapes and tries the handle of one of the windows. Locked. She tries another. Locked. She checks the windowsill for a key and comes up short.

LORNA

[Soft] No.

She turns and exits the room heading to the bedroom. We follow to the hall and wait. She emerges from the bedroom, almost running now, and heads to the kitchen. We wait. A beat, then we hear draws being pulled open and rummaged. A beat, then she re-emerges and goes to the front door.

She's upset. She pulls on the handle a few times and checks around again for keys.

LORNA (cont'd)

Please no.

No keys. She looks at the front door and then raises her hand as if to hammer on the door. A beat, then she lowers it and stands defeated before it as we stare at her back. She lowers her head, then turns and slides down the door until she is sitting on the floor. A beat, then she starts to sob.

55

**INT. RACHEL'S POLICE CAR, DAY 5, 07:05**

55

Through the windscreen we see Rachel walks out of the station in a civvy jacket at the of her shift. She looks shattered. She climbs to the car and sits a beat.

She sighs, then leans over and opens the glovebox and takes out her phone. It's been in there all night. She left it there deliberately. She sits staring at the black screen, then finally opens Whatsapp. Deep breath, then she opens the Lorna chat which is the most recent.

Voice notes. At least ten of them. She taps one of the early ones and we hear Lorna's voice:

RACHEL, WHERE'S THE KEY FOR THE FRONT DOOR?

Rachel closes her eyes as the next message plays, and then the next, and then the next:

I WANT TO GO HOME WHERE'S THE KEY?

I NEED THE KEY!

I'M LOCKED IN YOUR FLAT RACHEL!!!

Rachel pauses the messages. This is agony. She looks around, then goes in again:

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'VE DONE THIS TO ME. I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING TO HELP ME! YOU SAID YOU WERE MY FRIEND!!! GIVE ME THE KEY!!!

A beat, then Rachel types:

YOU CAN'T SEE IT YET, BUT THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

A beat, then she deletes the message before sending. She tries again:

I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU.

A beat, then she deletes that too. She sits a beat, then shakes her head and starts the car.

56           **EXT. NEW BUILD FLATS, DAY 5, 07:30**

56

Chris pulls up in the car and looks up at a low block of luxury apartments in a nice leafy area. He looks around and sees Franny's van parked in a car park adjacent to the apartments. He blows out his cheeks, then kills the engine and opens the door.

57           **OMITTED**

57

58           **INT. SMART APARTMENT, DAY 5, 07:34**

58

Chris wanders through the immaculate flat. It's furnished in a beautiful modern style. He heads into the living room and looks out the window onto open land, then turns to face Franny as he enters behind him.

FRANNY

Nice innit?

CHRIS

Lovely yeah.

Franny waits. A beat, then Chris hands over the phone. Franny stares at him, then nods thanks before punching password. Bat, then he enters a second password. The phone fires up.

He flicks through a few apps and then finds the photo gallery. Chris watches as he scrolls through the photos on the phone. They are shots of shipments of drugs. Partially hidden on trucks, boats, and even a light aircraft.

He looks up at Chris.

FRANNY

Proof of delivery. Sometimes it comes in handy.

CHRIS

Not if you lose your phone it doesn't.

Franny smiles and nods and keeps on scrolling a beat then stops. Four pictures of him, Debs, and William. He taps on the first picture and it fills the screen. A family at a beach. All smiles and squinting arms length selfie. A beat of regret, then he holds it up for Chris to see. WTF? Chris watches as Franny takes another look at the picture sadly, then deletes it, and then the others, before finally locking the phone and slipping it into his pocket. He looks at Chris.

FRANNY

Stupid. I should never have put them there.

CHRIS

That's what this was all about?

FRANNY

Mostly that, yeah.

CHRIS

You was gonna kill me over a phone?

FRANNY

I get a bit emotional sometimes.

He winks. Chris doesn't buy it.

CHRIS

Hodgkin? Over fuckin' photos?

That stings Franny. It isn't a joke. Someone died. A beat, then he tries to justify his actions.

FRANNY

Fuck Hodgkin. He nearly cost William his mum and dad for a decade. There was no way that was gonna happen. You understand that don't you?

CHRIS

Debs' lad is your son???

Franny shrugs.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Do I want to know that?

FRANNY

What you gonna do about it?

Chris considers, then shakes his head. He can't do anything. Franny shrugs. Matter of fact. Chris breaks away and wanders to the window and leans on the windowsill as he looks out. A beat, Franny joins him.

FRANNY (cont'd)

That view.

Chris nods.

FRANNY (cont'd)

Just finished it, ready for rent.

Chris looks at him.

FRANNY (cont'd)

You've got me all wrong you know. I just wanna a quiet life.

CHRIS  
So did Hodgkin.

Franny doesn't react. A beat, then:

FRANNY  
I'm where I am because I don't like noise. I like shit to go smooth, no fuss, just money... No 'emotional'.

He looks at Chris.

FRANNY (cont'd)  
Plus, having a bizzie on the books helps smooth things.

CHRIS  
No.

FRANNY  
[Soft] You love it though. Things being a bit mad every now and then. I know you do.

CHRIS  
No.

FRANNY  
You do. I know it and you know it. And listen, I'm a good boss. A fair boss. I'll weigh you in well. I'll show you how to Bitcoin. That way when you retire you won't have to end up working in B&Q or being an undertaker like every other fucker in your job.

Chris looks at him.

FRANNY (cont'd)  
You'll be able to set your kid up. No working her way through university. Just study time and fun time, like the posh kids. [Long beat] That's why we do it isn't it? Kids?

Chris looks away. Franny shakes his head.

FRANNY (cont'd)  
Fair enough. I asked you to give me the phone and you've done that so...

He holds up a hand for Chris clasp. A beat, then Chris does so. In a flash Franny pulls him close and claps him on the back in half a hug.

Chris does the bare minimum and then pulls back. Franny still has his hand. A beat, then he turns it, and drops a set of apartment keys into it.

CHRIS

No.

FRANNY

Just a kip. Fucking hell. I just want you to sleep. You look like shit.

Chris looks at their hands pressed together.

FRANNY (cont'd)

Cost two grand that mattress.

Chris wavers.

FRANNY (cont'd)

Just. A. Kip.

A beat, then Chris nods and takes the keys. Franny slaps his arm, smiles, then goes.

FRANNY (cont'd)

Stay as long as you want.

Chris goes to protest, but Franny just walks away.

58A      **INT. LOCK-UP, DAY 5, 08:25**

58A

Ian and Jodie. She's pacing, he's at a table ending a call.

IAN

Yeah, yeah, whatever... keep on it.

He puts the phone down. She looks at him. He shakes his head.

Jodie paces. She is fuming. Ian, trying to avoid her gaze is keeping his head down and pushing around a bowl of cereal. A beat, she looks at him.

JODIE

Are you going to eat them or what??

Ian thinks, then slides the bowl away and looks at her.

JODIE (cont'd)

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

He considers, then shrugs. She turns away in frustration, a few paces, then she stops.

JODIE (cont'd)

My Carl? She killed my Carl. Don't you understand?



He nods.

JODIE (cont'd)  
Why aren't you out there then?  
Finding her?

IAN  
We've been out all night driving.  
There's no point in just driving.  
There's only two of us. What the  
fuck are we going to do?

She stares at him. She is furious and barely containing herself. A beat, then he nods, stands up and exits. She sits. This is a nightmare. A beat, then it occurs to her. She pulls her phone and dials Franny. Half a beat, then the call picks up, but nobody speaks. Jodie waits a beat, then:

JODIE  
I'll give you everything if you  
find Town Centre Casey for me.

CUT TO:

58B      **INT. FRANNY'S VAN, DAY 5, 08:28**

58B

Franny parked in his van with a brew. A beat, then:

FRANNY  
How much is everything?

59      **EXT. RACHEL'S FLAT, DAY 5, 08:30**

59

Rachel pulls up at her flat and climbs out the car. She stopped on the way home and has bought some breakfast for her and Lorna, plus a bag from a clothes shop.

She juggles the bags and breakfast as she walks towards the flat and then stops dead. A smashed window.

Rachel spins and looks around the car park. WTF? A beat, then she drops the clothes on the floor and sets down the breakfast on her car bonnet.

RACHEL  
Stupid fucking bitch.

She pulls out her phone.

60      **INT. SMART APARTMENT BEDROOM, DAY 5, 08:35**

60

Darkened modern bedroom. Chris in tee shirt and shorts, pulls back the thickest of duvets wrapped in a pure white cotton cover, then slides under and pulls it over his head.

CHRIS

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

His hand snakes out, kills the light next to the bed, and then drops his phone onto the night stand. Bliss.

A beat, we stare down at the phone. The screen lights up:

TOWN CENTRE CASEY.

He groans. His hand snakes out again, picks up the phone and snakes back under the duvet. We stare at the duvet. We can't see his head, and can only hear his voice.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Hello?

CUT TO:

Casey, eyes left and right as she shuffles along. All the progress she has made has been swept away in one night.

CASEY

Chris? It's Casey! She's gonna kill me Chris! She's scary and she's gonna kill me! What should I do??

A beat of looking at the duvet, then:

CHRIS

Fuck off.

The hand snakes out with the killed call phone. Chris wafts it near the night stand and then gives up and drops it on the floor. A beat, then:

CHRIS (cont'd)

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

FADE OUT.

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