

1

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 16:59

1

It's dark as the camera moves slowly over a softly snoring figure. We track across a man's back to the LED alarm clock which tells us it is 04:59.

We stare at the alarm clock, close in; it sits on a bedside table where we also see a full glass of water, a half-drunk bottle of beer, and a bottle of pills. The clock flicks over to 05:00.

A hand appears and slaps it off after two failed attempts. The hand snakes out again and fumbles the open bottle of anti-depressants. Tablets fall to the floor with the bottle.

CHRIS

Fuck's sake.

We watch the hand collect some pills then disappear.

We then see CHRIS pad across the bedroom towards the curtains and pull them open. The sun streams in, it is 5pm, not am, and down in the garden his wife, KATE, and daughter, TILLY (7yrs), are playing on some swings. Chris watches them impassively.

2

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH, LYNNE'S OFFICE, 17:30 / [FLASHBACK]

2

We are staring at a kid's plate of sausage and mash. A chair pulls back and we see the top of Tilly's head as she sits down to eat her tea. CHRIS joins holding a bowl of Coco-Pops.

Chris and TILLY smile at each other as they eat. KATE passes behind Chris, gently touching his shoulder before she takes a seat at the table with a salad and her phone.

KATE

Sausage and Mash again?

CHRIS

She likes it.

TILLY

I like it.

KATE

She had it last night.

TILLY

Beans last night, peas tonight.

Kate checks her phone before she starts to eat. Chris notes the phone but says nothing. Kate clocks his look.

KATE

It's work. It's a five grand order
of analgesics.

She's excited by her job and wants to share.

CHRIS

That's a lot of drugs.

KATE

Tony Montana me.

CHRIS

Hannah Montana.

She smiles at him. Despite himself he smiles back.

KATE

[to Tilly] She's going to turn into
a sausage.

TILLY

No I'm not!

Long beat.

KATE

How was the counsellor?

CUT TO:

CHRIS opens his eyes - he's with his therapist, LYNNE, in her
office the previous day.

CHRIS

I just don't know. I just don't
know what to do. I love them but...
but I'm scared...

He looks at Lynne.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I don't know how to stop what's
happening.

Chris rocks back, frustrated. He closes his eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I think I need to leave them.

He looks at her for an answer.

CUT TO:

The kitchen.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Same old same old.

KATE

Really?

He shrugs and goes back to eating.

KATE (CONT'D)

Did you ask about trying to book a few more sessions?

CHRIS

They only give you six.

She wants to speak, but is frustrated by Chris's silence and the presence of Tilly. She hovers a beat.

KATE

We can chat later, yeah?

He nods but is unenthusiastic. She watches him for a beat.

Her phone buzzes and Tilly reaches for it. Kate is quicker. She smiles at Tilly, it's a little game they play - who can pick up the phone first. Kate opens the text and her face falls. Chris looks up and reads her change in mood. Kate deletes the text, then forces a smile.

KATE (CONT'D)

Work.

He shrugs and goes back to eating.

KATE (CONT'D)

[To Tilly] Eat.

Tilly does as she is told.

KATE (CONT'D)

[To Chris] The door? Upstairs?

CHRIS

[Sheepish] I just knocked it.

She doubts his explanation but accepts it.

KATE

It's ok, don't worry, I'll call someone to fix it.

Chris can't look at her.

TILLY is lying in bed and CHRIS is snuggled in as he reads a story in the half-light of a bedside lamp.

CHRIS
'Fee, fi, foe, fum' said the giant
as he hunted for Jack.

Chris looks at the cover of the book and then at Tilly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Who bought you this?

TILLY
Nanny.

CHRIS
Do you like it?

TILLY
It's okay.

CHRIS
It's not Pixar though is it?

TILLY
No.

CHRIS
It's boring.

TILLY
Read it though, please?

CHRIS
It's rubbish.

TILLY
I know, but I like you reading it.

CHRIS
Where were we?

Tilly points at the page.

TILLY
The fee fi bit.

CHRIS
So, the giant is coming after Jack
and he's gonna kick his head in.

Chris suddenly pulls Tilly in close and squeezes her tightly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Fee fi fo I'm going to batter you
you little....!

They laugh, and Tilly snuggles in closer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So Jack, being a bit of a coward if
truth be told, does a runner...

Chris looks up, KATE is at the door watching and smiling.
Chris's good humour fades, he glances at the book, collecting
himself. A beat, Chris looks up, Kate is gone. He thinks,
then tries again, this time a fraction subdued.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So Jack runs to the beanstalk...

4 **INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, BATHROOM, 21:00**

4

CHRIS is shaving in a bathroom mirror. We start to pull back
to reveal a hole in the bathroom door behind him. His eyes
wander towards the hole as his shaving slows.

4A OMITTED

4A

5 **INT. FLATS, CONCRETE STAIRWELL/LANDING, 22:30**

5

CHRIS is plodding up the stairs, his equipment rattling as he
climbs. We can hear shouting, but Chris just keeps on
plodding until he reaches a maisonette landing.

TREVOR and MARY, are at front doors that face each other.
Both drunk. Mary is holding a small dog, and it is yapping at
Trevor as he edges towards Mary.

TREVOR

One of these days I swear I'll...

MARY

Touch him and I will swing for you!

TREVOR

He poo'd all over the landing! I
could taste it while I was having
me supper!

MARY

Supper? Who do you think you are?

Mary sees Chris and immediately heads for him.

MARY (CONT'D)

He threatened me!

CHRIS

He didn't.

MARY

You heard him!

Chris holds up a hand to stop her approaching.

CHRIS

Get the dog away from me Mary.

TREVOR

I've threatened nobody! I was just having my supper and her dog...

MARY

(to Chris)

I want to make a complaint about him.

CHRIS

Nobody is making a complaint.

MARY

He's a paedophile.

Both Chris and Trevor stop dead, until Trevor explodes.

TREVOR

I'm not a paedophile!

Mary holds up a hand to silence him. It doesn't work, as both Trevor and the dog kick off in unison.

MARY

He sits there all day on his computer wanking.

TREVOR

I do not!

CHRIS

I don't care if he does.

MARY

God knows what he's looking at.

Chris's phone starts to ring. He fumbles for it.

TREVOR

I'm not wanking!

MARY

With his bog roll and his underpants round his ankles! Wank wank wank!

Trevor grabs Chris's body armour as he pulls out his phone. Chris slaps his hand away, looks at the screen, then cancels the call.

CHRIS

Mary, get the dog in the flat
before I throw it through that
window.

MARY

I want him kicked out for being a
paedo!

Chris levels a finger at Mary's front door. She pauses then
finally heads for her flat before slamming the door.

TREVOR

All day she leaves it out here...

CHRIS

I know what she does Trevor. You
told me last night, and three times
last week.

TREVOR

I can't take it mu...

CHRIS

Why are you doing this to me?

Trevor looks confused.

TREVOR

What?

CHRIS

Answer the question Trevor.

TREVOR

I... I don't know what...

CHRIS

I'm only on duty for five minutes,
and here I am again.

Trevor points at the dog turd.

TREVOR

But... Poo.

CHRIS

Do you think I enjoy it?

Trevor wafts a hand at the dog shit, then shrugs.

TREVOR

No.

CHRIS

Finally.

Chris takes a breath then leans in close to Trevor, just as his phone pings with a message - he ignores it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'd get more sense out of that dog
than I would with her. But you, you
are just this side of normal.

Trevor looks at the floor.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm struggling here. Do you
understand?

TREVOR
But the poo...

Chris leans in close and holds up a finger, silencing Trevor.

CHRIS
One more time, and you are dead.

They stare at each other for a beat, then Chris exits.

6 **EXT/INT. FLATS/CARL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, 22.40**

6

CHRIS leaning against his car. We can hear soft radio chatter, and in the distance the sounds of the night. Kids shouting, dogs barking, traffic in the distance etc.

Chris's phone starts ringing. CHRIS back in the moment as he takes the call.

CARL (O.S.)
Have you seen her?

CHRIS
Who?

CARL (O.S.)
I told you in the text. Casey.

CHRIS
I'm in the middle of working here.

CARL (O.S.)
I need to speak to her.

CHRIS
Who?

CARL (O.S.)
Who'd you fuc...

CUT TO:

We're with CARL SWEENEY. He's sitting with his daughter LEXIE, (8yrs) on the couch watching a film on TV. She is snuggled in and Carl pauses, conscious of swearing in front of his daughter. He gets up and moves to the doorway.

CARL (CONT'D)

You've got me swearing in front of Lexie.

Lexie twists to smile at him and he smiles back.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Say hello from me.

CARL

Say hello yourself, *after* you've found Town Centre Casey.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Mate, I can't do that.

CARL

Sort it for me.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I'm not picking anyone up for you.

CARL

I need to speak to her.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I'm working, Carl. I thought we had an understanding that when I'm working we leave it alone?

CUT TO:

Chris, scanning, keeping an eye on his patch as he talks.

CARL (O.S.)

Understandings are out the window lad. I just need Casey.

CHRIS

What's up?

CARL (O.S.)

Nothing to do with you.

CHRIS

You asking me to find her is making it to do with me.

CUT TO:

CARL
She owes me.

CUT TO:

CHRIS
I'm a debt collector now?

CUT TO:

Carl, super-stressed but conscious of Lexie.

CARL
[Hisses] Why're you making a song
and dance?

CHRIS (O.S.)
I'm not making a song and dance,
but this isn't what our thing is,
our thing is...

CARL
Jesus Christ! You've got more song
and dance than Sammy Davis Junior!
Just help me out mate, do me a
favour, yeah?

CUT TO:

CHRIS looks at the screen as Carl kills the call.

CHRIS
Piss. Off. Carl.

A teenage kid [MARCO] cycles past behind him pulling a
wheelie. Chris watches him, then climbs into the car.

7 OMITTED

7

8 **EXT/INT. FLATS/MULLEN'S CAR, 22:42**

8

Two men, RAY MULLEN and COLIN, are sitting in their car
watching CHRIS from a distance. On the dash in front of
Mullen is a steaming cup of coffee, whilst Colin is taking a
sip of his own. We see Chris pull away. Colin passes his brew
across and fires up the car.

COLIN
Just as I pour. Bleedin' typical.

9 **INT. CARL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, 22:43**

9

Carl's wife, JODIE SWEENEY, enters the living room and stares
at the screen for a moment before speaking.

JODIE
She shouldn't be watchin' this
Carl. It's got killing in it.

LEXIE
I'm alright!

CARL
It's not real killing.

JODIE
She's too young.

LEXIE
I'm nearly nine.

CARL
She's nearly nine and it's just
daft.

JODIE
Carl?

CARL wearily presses pause on the remote.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Go brush your teeth.

LEXIE looks to her dad for support but he shrugs and gestures
to the door. She grumpily gets off the couch and heads out.

CARL
Hey, kisses.

CARL (CONT'D)
(To Jodie)
I've gotta go out babe.

Lexie kisses her dad and sulks past her mum out of the room.

JODIE
Why tonight?

CARL
Because there is no rest for the
wicked girl. You of all people
should know that.

Carl snatches up a set of car keys and exits. Jodie takes his
place on the couch and unfreezes the television. Carl pops
his head back around the door behind her.

CARL (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be watchin' that,
it's got killin' in it.

Jodie smiles at Carl.

JODIE
Just go knobhead.

CARL
I love you.

JODIE
I love you too, so be careful.

10

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE, 23:00

10

CHRIS has stopped MARCO, (scrawny, 18yrs) whose bike is lying on the floor. Chris has penned Marco close to the car.

CHRIS
Give me the weed.

MARCO
I haven't got any weed!

CHRIS
Just give me the weed.

MARCO
I don't smoke it no more man!

CHRIS
Piss off Marco, empty your pockets.

MARCO
This is bang out of order this.
Honest, bang out of order.

CHRIS
Don't make me put my hand up your
arse.

Marco unhappily tips his belongings onto the bonnet of the car as Chris watches. When Chris sees that there is no weed, he points at the stuff on the bonnet.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Where's the weed?

MARCO
There isn't any weed! Why don't you
believe me?

CHRIS
Because you're a liar, it's what
you do.

MARCO
[Sulks] Shit this.

Chris rummages through Marco's stuff using the end of a pen. He finds some money, scrunched into a ball, and picks it up. He unfolds it and counts one hundred in ten pound notes.

CHRIS
Where did you get this money?

MARCO
It's me dole.

Chris swipes Marco across the head.

CHRIS
Where did you get this money?

MARCO
You asking me and then hitting me
isn't going to make me tell you.

CHRIS
Don't tell me how to do my job,
I've had years of training.

MARCO
This is bol...

Chris hits him again.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Stop 'ittin' me!

Chris subsides.

CHRIS
Christ's sake Marco.

Marco leans back against the car, folding his arms.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You know Casey?

MARCO
Town Centre Casey?

CHRIS
Where is she?

MARCO
Town centre probably.

Chris goes to swipe him but Marco dodges.

CHRIS
I swear to God...

MARCO
She's dosses round the shops.

CHRIS
Which shops?

MARCO
The derelict shops.

CHRIS
They are all frigging derelict,
narrow it down dickhead.

MARCO
The town centre ones.

CHRIS
[Exasperated] Get in the car.

Chris shoves the money into Marco's chest then points to the stuff on the bonnet. Marco collects his belongings, and Chris grips his arm and leads him to the front passenger door. Marco opens the back door of the police car.

MARCO
Only pigs and grasses in the front.

Marco drops into the backseat and slams the door shut. He then bangs on the window and points to his bike.

MARCO (CONT'D)
What about me bike?

Chris picks up the bike and unceremoniously throws it into the front garden of the nearest house. Marco slumps back.

11 **EXT/INT. HOUSING ESTATE/MULLEN'S CAR, 23:01**

11

MULLEN and COLIN are watching as Chris gets into his car. Mullen is writing on a paper log, fastened to a clipboard. Colin watches him - Mullen looks up and Colin looks away.

MULLEN
(re: Marco)
Locked him up.

COLIN
Shitbag.

Mullen writes something as we see Chris pull away in the distance. Colin, a little exaggerated, stretches.

COLIN (CONT'D)
We should be getting back you know?

MULLEN
It's only early.

Colin isn't happy. He lifts his coffee. Mullen tosses the clipboard over, causing Colin to almost spill his drink.

COLIN

Why are we even on this again?

Mullen blanks him.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You got him demoted, Ray.

MULLEN

He should've been sacked.

COLIN

That's not really your concern
though is it?

Mullen starts the car.

MULLEN

Toss your coffee.

COLIN

I just don't understand why you
hate him so much.

MULLEN

I'm starting to hate you.

Mullen waits for Colin to toss the coffee. He doesn't. A
beat, Mullen softens.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Just another couple of hours?

COLIN

Nah, I'm done. Drop me at my car.
I'm finished for the night.

Mullen sees he's pushed Colin too far.

MULLEN

Alright.

11A **EXT/INT. STREETS/CARL'S AUDI, 23:03**

11A

CARL is driving as he speaks in an agitated tone on his
phone.

CARL

It's not my fault lad... yeah I
know... listen, you getting a cob
on with me isn't going to... no...

He stops talking as whoever is on the phone kicks off.

CARL (CONT'D)

No... no you're right...I'm being
disrespectful. I'm sorry.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

I'll find her and get you the money. I promise... yeah I've got the copper I own on it... yeah man... he'll fix and I'll box you I promise... yeah yeah yeah... ta ra.

Carl hangs up super stressed, and continues driving.

12

EXT/INT. STREETS/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 23:05

12

The radio is chattering softly as CHRIS drives and MARCO slumps low in the back seat, staring off out of the window.

CHRIS

You not dealing Marco?

MARCO

As if I'm going to tell you.

CHRIS

How else you making a hundred quid?

MARCO

I got skills man.

CHRIS

You've got one hundred quid and you're a thick twat.

MARCO

I done a man a favour.

CHRIS

What man? What favour?

MARCO

You trying to be a detective again lad?

Chris eyes him in the mirror. Marco takes the hint.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Between us yeah?

Chris checks Marco in the mirror, and then shakes his head.

CHRIS

Whatever.

Marco perks up.

MARCO

You know Snide Nige?

CHRIS

No.

MARCO

I sat on some gear for him.

CHRIS

Gear?

MARCO

Jarg clothes. Nothing heavy.
Trackies and that. Good copies
though. Hey! I can get you one if
you want? Nice tracky and trabs?
Smarten you up dead cheap lad!

CHRIS

What do you want to do with your
life Marco? You must have some sort
of plan?

MARCO

Is this where you talk to me like
you're me dad?

CHRIS

You haven't got a fucking dad.

Marco bridles for a beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's just so pointless.

MARCO

What is?

CHRIS

You.

MARCO

Aar eh!

CHRIS

I'm not being rude.

MARCO

You are being rude. Seriously lad,
you're the absolute definition of
rude, everybody says it.

CHRIS

Everyone?

MARCO

Yeah man! You are rude to everyone
out here. We all hate you.

Chris makes eye contact in the mirror.

CHRIS

We?

MARCO

Not me like.

Chris maintains the eye contact for a moment.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(Mutters)

But you are rude though.

CHRIS

Don't take it personal. All I'm saying is that your life, you know, there's just no point in it.

MARCO

I got me kid.

CHRIS

You've got a kid?

MARCO

Yeah man.

CHRIS

Get lost. How old are you?

MARCO

Eighteen.

CHRIS

You look about forty!

MARCO

There you go again. Rude.

Beat.

MARCO (CONT'D)

She lives with her mum.

CHRIS

What?

MARCO

Me kid, she lives with her Ma'.

CHRIS

Do you see much of her?

MARCO

Nah.

CHRIS

Why not?

MARCO

She's a slag.

CHRIS

Your kid?

MARCO

Her Ma! You bell end!

Chris smiles to himself as Marco shakes his head.

CHRIS

You should see your kid.

MARCO

I ain't got time.

CHRIS

What else you doing you lazy
bastard?

MARCO

You got kids?

Chris's mood changes.

CHRIS

A daughter.

MARCO

You see her?

CHRIS

She lives with me.

MARCO

And your bird?

CHRIS

Yeah.

MARCO

Do me head in that.

CHRIS

Living with your girl?

MARCO

Living with anyone.

CHRIS

I don't think you need to worry.

MARCO

I wouldn't mind a house with a
garden and that though, so me
baby's Ma and her could stay
sometimes.

Chris's eyes drift to the mirror to watch Marco. He's uneasy
with the direction the conversation is going.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Me Da' never lived with us as kids,
so it would be good to be like a
family. Maybe go for walks, down
the beach even...

CHRIS

Marco?

MARCO

Yeah?

CHRIS

I'm not really arsed to be honest.

Marco slumps back down and speaks softly to himself.

MARCO

Rude him.

12A **EXT/INT. STREETS/CARL'S AUDI, 23:07**

12A

CARL driving in his car calling Chris.

CARL

Answer your phone!!!

Carl super-frustrated, gets an incoming call from Ian. He quickly swaps lines.

CARL (CONT'D)

[Excited] You found her?

IAN (V.O.)

She's shadows lad.

CARL

Where's the other fella?

IAN (V.O.)

He's with his bird I think? I'll
bell him.

CARL

No lad, I'll tell him! You keep
looking!!!

Carl hangs up.

13 **EXT. TOWN CENTRE, ALLEYWAY/BACKYARD/DERELICT BUILDING, 23:08**

Chris's car pulls up and he gets out. CHRIS looks into the alleyway and then pulls a torch out of his belt. He glances at MARCO in the back of the car.

CHRIS

Stay.

Chris peers into the alley again before entering.

We're close behind Chris as he picks his way down the alley. It's dirty and full of rubbish. He stops, bends down and picks up a smoking butt. He flicks it away and moves further along until he comes to a backyard. Chris scans the yard with his torch as he moves on, stops, then goes back to the yard. He scans it again with the torch, slower this time, then enters. Chris leans into the derelict building shining his torch. He scans, then settles the beam on a pile of bin bags.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Out.

A beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Come out or I'll send the dog in.

A beat, then CASEY pushes a bin bag off herself. She's pathetic but frustrated at being found.

CASEY

You haven't got a dog.

CHRIS

Woof.

Casey stands up and brushes herself down.

CASEY

There aren't no warrants out for me.

CHRIS

Nobody wants you but me. Come on.

Chris kills the torch and turns away.

14 **EXT/INT. TOWN CENTRE, ALLEYWAY/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 23:09** 14

MARCO sees CHRIS and CASEY emerging from the alleyway and slumps down even further in the seat.

MARCO

Lad!

Chris pushes Casey towards the car and pulls open the backdoor. She sees Marco who jumps out the car.

MARCO (CONT'D)

He made me bring him Casey.

CASEY
Bad grass you.

CHRIS
Empty your pockets for weed.

CASEY
I want a woman to search me.

CHRIS
(to Marco, exasperated)
Give me the money.

MARCO
Wha?!

CHRIS
I'll pay you back!

Chris glares at him. Marco huffs, then hands it over as he mutters to himself.

MARCO
Never pays...

CHRIS
(To Casey)
You want this?

Casey considers the cash and then nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Empty your pockets then.

Casey shoves her hand down her jeans to rummage around by her groin. Chris looks away until she produces some weed.

CASEY
How much?

CHRIS
What've you got?

CASEY
Thirty.

CHRIS
Done.

MARCO
Thirty?!

CHRIS
Shut up.

MARCO
Don't believe this.

Chris unscrews the cash, passes across thirty pounds, then pockets the weed. He looks at Marco and pockets the rest of the cash. Marco watches exasperated as Casey takes the money.

CASEY

That it?

CHRIS

Why not go to the hostel?

CASEY

It does my head in there.

CHRIS

Better than bin bags.

CASEY

What would you know?

CHRIS

You fell out with someone?

CASEY

No. What've you heard?

CHRIS

You're lying low.

Chris opens the backdoor of the car.

CASEY

You're talking to the wrong people.

Casey starts to back away.

CHRIS

Where you going?

CASEY

Places to be, people to see.

CHRIS

No, you haven't.

Suddenly, Casey turns and sprints away. Chris makes to follow but then stops after a few half-arsed steps. She's gone. Fuck it. He walks back to the car.

MARCO

I heard Carl Sweeney is looking for her.

Chris stops, then looks at Marco until Marco gets worried.

CHRIS

See you Marco.

Chris turns back to the car.

MARCO

Prick.

Marco wanders off.

CUT TO:

Chris watches Marco walking away.

RADIO (V.O.)

Delta patrols to respond to a
serious RTC on the Main Lancs Road
please?

Chris sighs and reaches for the radio.

CHRIS

Four seven.

14A **EXT. SIDE OF MOTORWAY/DUAL CARRIAGEWAY, 23:30**

14A

The aftermath of an accident. CHRIS, and a line of POLICE and FIREMEN are searching a grass embankment. One of the police officers, three people away from him, holds up a hand.

HAND BOBBY

Found it!

HAND BOBBY heads down the embankment towards a paramedic with an ice box followed by everyone else except Chris. He watches them go and then turns away to look across open farmland next to the motorway. He struggles a beat, the madness of the situation almost overcoming him. He collects himself and turns to head back to his car but then notices another bobby [STEW] standing by the fence. Stew is crying and trying to hide it. Their eyes meet. Chris gets it. Stew looks away. Chris leaves him to it and heads back to the car.

15 **EXT/INT. RUNDOWN FLATS/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/CHRIS'S HOUSE, BATHROOM/LANDING, 23:40**

15

The police car is parked outside a rundown block of flats. CHRIS is sitting with his eyes closed - his mobile rings and his eyes open immediately, totally alert.

CHRIS

Hey.

KATE (O.S.)

Can you talk?

CHRIS

Yeah, I'm just sitting off.

CUT TO:

KATE looking at the hole as she cleanses her skin.

KATE

Busy?

CHRIS (O.S.)

Same old same old.

CUT TO:

Chris's phone vibrates. He looks - a message from Carl. "Call me NOW!!" He's caught off-guard, but then collects himself.

KATE (O.S.)

Chris?

CHRIS

Yeah? Sorry. [Beat] You okay?

CUT TO:

KATE

Tilly got up as soon as you left.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Why?

KATE

I keep telling you. Lately she's getting out of bed and getting into ours as soon as you leave.

CUT TO:

Chris flinches. That's what he used to do as a kid when his father left the house.

CHRIS

Sorry.

CUT TO:

This is hell for Kate.

KATE

You were talking about your therapy?

CHRIS (O.S.)

Was I?

KATE

At dinner? It was the last session.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Yeah.

Beat, this is hard for her to say.

KATE

I was thinking... maybe if we paid for some more?

CHRIS (O.S.)

I can't get more.

KATE

No. Private sessions? Maybe we could both go? It could do us...

CHRIS (O.S.)

No.

KATE

But...

CUT TO:

CHRIS

No. [Beat, then he softens] Listen, I don't think it's for me... Sitting there, talking... it feels like I've wasted my time, her time.

KATE (O.S.)

There are other types of therapy Chris, it isn't all the same. She's just a talking therapist, you could maybe see a psychiatrist? I really don't mind paying...

That stings.

CHRIS

No.

KATE (O.S.)

If you are prepared to give it a try it could be really helpful for us.

CHRIS

I gave it a try and...

KATE (O.S.)

Did you though? Did you really? Because what I'm hearing is you shutting it down without giving it a real chance.

CHRIS

I gave it six chances.

CUT TO:

Kate frustrated. Silence between them.

KATE
[Soft] Well talk to me then?
Please?

CUT TO:

CHRIS. He wants to talk to her but he can't.

KATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
[Flat] Alright then, if you're not
arsed, I'm not arsed.

CUT TO:

Chris's radio interrupting the conversation.

RADIO (V.O.)
Alpha one four seven Delta.

CHRIS
(To radio)
Go ahead.

RADIO (V.O.)
Can you handle a report of a sudden
death for me please?

CHRIS
Kate, I've got to go. Goodnig...

But Kate has already killed the call. He looks at the screen
and then starts the car.

16 OMITTED

16

17 **EXT/INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, LANDING/BEDROOM, 23:41**

17

KATE at a window looking out. We can see a few cars parked
but mostly the darkness outside. She stares, a bit of solace,
or is it guilt on her face? She turns and pads down the
landing and pushes her bedroom door open and looks in. We see
TILLY asleep. Her face saddens, then she enters the room.

CUT TO:

We're in the road looking up at Chris's house. MULLEN is
watching the upstairs window as he sits in the car. The
window darkens as Kate puts off the bedside lamp. Mullen sits
in silence. Eyes still on the house with his coffee, alone.

18

EXT/INT. LAP DANCING CLUB/CARLS'S AUDI, 00:05

18

CARL sees a man [BARRY] emerging from the club. Barry heads to the car. Carl winds down the window.

BARRY
Everyone is looking for her.

CARL
And yet you're in there.

Barry looks at the lap dancing club and then shrugs.

BARRY
The whole crew are lookin'.

CARL
I said everyone. Yer fucking' Ma,
the fuckin' postman, the cat, them
girls in there... every-fuckin-one.
Including you.

Carl burns holes in Barry with his eyes.

BARRY
No, yeah... fair enough.

Carl puts the car in gear and screeches off.

18A

EXT/INT. STREETS/CARLS'S AUDI, 00:06

18A

CARL driving, still looking for Casey. His phone starts to ring, and he answers.

CARL
Not fuckin' now Marco!

MARCO
How's it goin'?

CARL
Lad I'm busy here!!

CUT TO:

MARCO casually walking.

MARCO
Casey was just with the Bizzie ya
know? He let her go.

CUT TO:

CARL, suddenly focussed processing this information.

CARL
[Really interested] And what?

CARL (CONT'D)
Wha? Where is she now?

MARCO
God knows lad. Any channy of a
lift?

Marco looks at his phone. Carl's gone. He carries on.

18B **EXT. NIGHT TIME STREET, 00:07**

18B

CASEY is walking quickly. She glances over her shoulder and then watches a car pass. A cigarette butt catches her eye on the floor. She bends to pick it up, inspects it as she walks and then throws it away with another glance over her shoulder.

19 **EXT/INT. MRS ROBINSON'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, 19
00:16**

A street full of tiny terraced houses. CHRIS approaches a GROUP OF PEOPLE who are consoling a teenage boy, LIAM. A woman, IRIS, breaks away to meet Chris.

IRIS
It's Mrs Robinson.

CHRIS
You? Or in there?

IRIS
Her, in there... the living room.

Chris studies the group, then enters the house. He pauses, listening, staring up the stairs. His phone starts to vibrate insistently. He pulls it out - "CARL" - then kills the call. He looks back up the stairs, listens, and then heads into the living room.

The TV is softly chatting in the corner. Fireplace. Pictures. Ornaments. Coffee table with a cup of cold tea and some cigarettes with a lighter. We see the corpse of MRS. ROBINSON for the first time. Head tilted back, staring at Chris.

He picks up the TV remote and kills the sound, before moving forward to check for a pulse. Silence except the tick of a clock on a mantle. He stares a moment more, then exits the room.

We see through a doorway into the kitchen where Chris is putting a china teapot back on a shelf. He pulls a few more trinkets down and examines them, then crosses to the back door, tries the handle, it is locked.

He finds a biscuit tin shakes it, then opens it. Paperwork. He flicks through it quickly, puts it back and returns to the living room. He stands over Mrs. Robinson before letting out a long sigh.

CHRIS

At least you're in your own home
love.

He stares at her for a beat, then points to the cigarettes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

He picks up the pack and slips them and the lighter into his pocket. He then exits back into the hall.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I won't be long.

20

INT. MRS ROBINSON'S HOUSE, STAIRS/BEDROOMS/BATHROOM, 00:23 20

We follow CHRIS on a landing. He checks one room, then the next. We can see him opening a handbag and checking its contents. He heads for the bathroom, checks a few pill bottles. He studies one bottle, then tips out most of its contents into his hand before pocketing the drugs. He stares into the mirror. He runs the tap, splashes some water on his face then dries himself. He looks back in the mirror, he looks rough. He heads downstairs whilst talking on the radio.

CHRIS

Alpha one four seven.

RADIO (V.O.)

Go ahead Chris.

CHRIS

Confirmed, one elderly female
deceased. No sus circs, but I'm
going to need the doctor to come
out.

RADIO (V.O.)

I'll give him a shout Chris. Do you
need supervision?

CHRIS

Negative.

RADIO (V.O.)

Good, because you haven't got any.

21

EXT. GRUBBY NIGHT TIME STREET, 00:25

21

CASEY is walking down a street full of kebab shops. She's on a mobile, doing the kind of fast twitchy walk that only heroin addicts do. She dodges around a gang of LADS, one of whom throws a chip as she passes. She is wearing a backpack.

CASEY

How the hell do I know what that is in inches? Didn't you go to school? Do you know a massive box of washing powder? No! The really big ones?...Well like about three of them...No, I'm not takin' the piss!

The person hangs up. Casey hits the wall in frustration.

CASEY (CONT'D)

[to man] Got a ciggie mate?

The man ignores her. She closes her eyes, breathes deep.

21A

EXT/INT. STREETS/CARLS'S AUDI, 00:26

21A

CARL's anger is building as he drives.

CARL

Where are you, you rat?

Frustrated, he pulls out his mobile to phone Chris again.

22

INT. NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY, 00:30

22

CHRIS and LIAM are sitting opposite each other when IRIS opens the door.

IRIS

Tea?

CHRIS

No.

Chris gives Iris a stare. She retreats, gently closing the door. He looks at Liam and smiles softly. Liam smiles back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Was your Nan ill?

LIAM

Bad heart...

He is on the verge of crying.

CHRIS
How old are you mate?

LIAM
Sixteen. Me mum, she's on her way
over from work.

Chris's phone starts to vibrate, he impatiently pulls it out
studies it, then kills the call.

CHRIS
We can leave it if you want? I can
speak to your mum when she gets
here...

Liam looks up hopefully.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
But I do have a lot of work to be
doing so...

LIAM
'salright.

CHRIS
You sure?

LIAM
Yeah.

Chris's phone starts to buzz again. He curses and pulls it
out.

CHRIS
I'm sorry about this. Do you mind?

Liam shrugs so Chris steps out into the tiny hallway pulling
the door closed behind him.

23 **INT/EXT. NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/STREETS/CARL'S AUDI,** 23
00:31

The hallway is in semi-darkness and claustrophobic as we
squeeze into the space with CHRIS who is whispering.

CHRIS
What?!?!

We cut to CARL who is driving.

CARL
Why you dodging me?

Back to Chris.

CHRIS
I told you, I'm at work for
Christ's sake. So I'm not in the
mood for you ringing me every two
minutes moaning.

CUT TO:

Back on Carl, suddenly intense.

CARL
Get in the mood dickhead. Alright?
Get in the mood and get in it now.

CUT TO:

Chris straightens up as Carl's tone darkens.

CHRIS
Alright! Jesus!

CARL (O.S.)
Where's Casey?

CHRIS
I don't know. I...

CARL (O.S.)
[Ice] You do know.

CUT TO:

Back on Carl.

CHRIS
I don't?!

Carl explodes.

CARL (O.S.)
You fucking do! I know you do
because I've been told you do!

CHRIS
Marco... [Chris silently curses]

CARL (O.S.)
You're lying to me? After all the
years? I thought we were mates?

Chris is shocked. He stands blinking in the shadows. Silence.

CUT TO:

Carl, trying to contain himself, takes a few breaths.

CARL (CONT'D)

After all I've done for you. Helped you out, given you free money...

CHRIS (O.S.)

It isn't free money.

CARL

Why are you saying that, eh?

CUT TO:

Chris is confused by this suddenly calm Carl.

CHRIS

I'm not saying you haven't been good to me, I'm just saying I've done my bit. It's just that this isn't my thing mate. I'm just down for the odd number plate check. I'm not Dog the Bounty Hunter.

CARL (O.S.)

How hard can it be to catch a bag 'ed?

CHRIS

You seem to be struggling.

CUT TO:

Beat as Carl breathes deeply, then speaks slowly, like ice.

CARL

You let me down lad, and the thing is, I can't figure out what the problem is. This problem between us now.

CUT TO:

Chris rubs his forehead with his eyes shut.

CHRIS

There isn't a problem.

CARL (O.S.)

Is it the mental thing?

CHRIS

Oh come on mate.

CUT TO:

Carl is weary, he takes a breath, then puts in one more effort to explain.

CARL

Look, I don't want to say this you know... We're mates and all that, but you're making me say it.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Say what?

Beat.

CARL

You don't have a choice.

CUT TO:

Chris is aghast.

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

Do you hear me?

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah I hear you.

CARL (O.S.)

Alright then, get on finding her so we can put this to bed.

The call ends. He collects himself, then turns to the door.

23A **EXT. CARL'S HOUSE, 00:33**

23A

CARL is in his car as he puts his phone back in his pocket. He suddenly explodes, hitting the steering wheel.

He deflates, his anger abated. He looks around and then gets out of his car to head towards the house.

24 **INT. NEIGHBOURS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, 00:33**

24

CHRIS re-enters, distracted, LIAM gives him a watery smile. Chris takes out his notebook and pen.

CHRIS

Sorry, where were we?

LIAM

You okay?

Chris flounders, touched.

CHRIS

Yeah... yeah I am.

LIAM

I want to be a copper.

CHRIS

I don't.

LIAM

It must be sound, lockin' up house
robbers and dealers and all that?

Chris's smile falters as Liam's words hit home.

CHRIS

So, your nan, she wasn't well?

LIAM

Yeah, erm, she had cancer you know?
And angina. But erm, she's been
feeling rough for a week or so.
Sleeping and that.

A beat, then Liam's head dips again.

LIAM (CONT'D)

That's why I was bringing her some
soup... from me ma.

Liam points to the bag on the floor between them. Chris leans forward and pulls out a flask and sets it next to the bag.

CHRIS

Did she like soup?

LIAM

Yeah.

Chris leans forward, so that Liam looks up, wiping at his face again. Chris smiles, warm, caring.

CHRIS

What was her favourite?

Liam sniffs, smiles and wipes. He nods his head to the flask.

LIAM

Pea and ham.

CHRIS

You've got to love a bit of pea and
ham.

Liam smiles, then sobs as the dam gives way. Chris watches for a beat, initially impassive, and then softening.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's alright mate, come here.

Chris pulls Liam up, and then holds the boy as he sobs.

LIAM

If I'd come earlier I could have helped her.

We close on Chris's face as he holds Liam close.

CHRIS

She was already gone mate. You're not to blame. Nobody's to blame.

Chris hugs Liam closer and then closes his eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

People get old, and then they die. Nobody's fault, so let it out, because life's shit and there's no harm in crying about it once in a while.

Chris is struggling to hold it together himself.

25

INT. OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH, LYNNE'S OFFICE [FLASHBACK]

25

We're close in on Chris's distraught face.

CHRIS

I don't think you understand what I'm saying here... I really need this, please... I'll pay you.

LYNNE

You can't.

CHRIS

I'll go private.

LYNNE

It doesn't work like that Chris. I work for the police same as you. I can't moonlight.

CHRIS

I'm not ready... I need you. I can't do it alone.

We pull back and see LYNNE sitting across from him.

LYNNE

Budgets are tight Chris, and there are lots of your colleagues who also need to see me.

She feels for him. He is desperate.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

The coping techniques we talked about? Remember?

(MORE)

LYNNE (CONT'D)

If you can care for yourself,
support yourself and, most of all,
be kind to yourself. That will
help.

CHRIS

The job wanted me fixed and here I
am obviously not friggin' fixed.

LYNNE

It's a long road.

CHRIS

And you're dropping me off and
driving away.

LYNNE

I've given you tools.

CHRIS

I can't keep going home to them
like this... the job has broken me.

LYNNE

It's important work.

CHRIS

People think it is, but it's not.

Lynne leaves the silence to fill the room until he breaks it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's just, it's just whack-a-mole.
Except the moles wear trackies.

LYNNE

You need to try to focus on the
good things you do.

CHRIS

I can't remember the last time I
did something good.

LYNNE

I'm sure that's not true.

CHRIS

It is.

LYNNE

What are you going to do then?

We are close on CHRIS's face. The sound of the tv can be
heard as he stares impassively, lost in the flashback.

He is sitting next to MRS. ROBINSON. Liam's flask is in front of him, and he is holding the steaming cup.

He turns to look at her, as if suddenly remembering she's there. He looks at the TV. It is a TV recording list full of travel and escape shows. As he scrolls, we see that Mrs Robinson has recorded many "escape" shows. He looks at her.

CHRIS

You didn't get too far did you
love?

There is a knock on the front door. Chris looks back at Mrs. Robinson, places the cup down, then leaves the room. We stare at Mrs. Robinson before he re-enters with DOCTOR SUTHERLAND.

SUTHERLAND

Is this her?

CHRIS

Well... yeah.

SUTHERLAND

Age?

CHRIS

81.

Sutherland touches her face, her neck, and then her hand.

SUTHERLAND

She's been here a while.

CHRIS

I know how she feels.

SUTHERLAND

It's a busy night.

Sutherland looks around, and then places his medical bag on the coffee table next to the flask. He looks at Chris, the flask, then Chris again.

CHRIS

Pea and ham.

SUTHERLAND

You think that's appropriate?

CHRIS

I think it's home made.

Sutherland frowns. A beat then Chris shrugs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You said it yourself Doc, it's a
busy night.

27

EXT/INT. STREETS/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/PHIL'S POLICE CAR, 02:30

CHRIS is filling in paperwork with his phone cradled between his chin and shoulder. He's speaking to a contact. The cup of the flask of soup on the dashboard.

He squints as a police car approaches slowly.

CHRIS

Shit.

It draws to halt, driver's window to driver's window. PHIL driving. RACHEL HARGREAVES in the passenger seat.

PHIL

Alright?

CHRIS

Yeah.

PHIL

How was the sudden death?

CHRIS

Dead as fuck.

Chris looks past Phil towards Rachel who lifts a chin of acknowledgement.

PHIL

Rachel needs a sudden death.

CHRIS

Don't we all.

Phil and Rachel share a glance before Phil tries again.

PHIL

For her training.

CHRIS

Yeah mate... I know.

Phil half-smiles. A dog starts barking in the distance. All of them look off in the same direction, listen, and then all is quiet. Phil glances at Rachel, then looks back at Chris.

PHIL

How's your mum?

CHRIS

Still hanging on.

PHIL

Shit.

CHRIS

Yeah.

Phil drums his fingers on the steering wheel, squirming as Chris's phone starts to buzz loudly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I need to crack on mate.

PHIL
Yeah mate, same here. Stay safe.

CHRIS
You too.

Chris waits for them to move off and then grabs the phone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah?

He listens a beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
A tenner... I'll give you a tenner.

Beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Because... Yes, I promise... Yes...
Now? [Excited] You sure? You're
looking at her now? I'll be there
in five. Don't you dare move, do
you hear me? Stay!

Chris kills the call, grabs a gear, relieved, and pulls away.

28 **EXT/INT. STREETS/PHIL POLICE CAR, 02.31**

28

PHIL is driving with RACHEL.

RACHEL
He's a bit weird isn't he?

PHIL
Chris?

She nods.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I've worked with worse.

He shoots her a look and she smiles. They drive a beat.

RACHEL
Do you like him?

Phil has to give it thought.

PHIL

It doesn't matter if I like him.

RACHEL

He's pretty rude.

PHIL

[Genuine concern] Has he done anything out of order to you?

RACHEL

Is ignoring me out of order?
Because if it is... he has.

Phil goes back to driving.

PHIL

He's just quiet.

RACHEL

[Beat] I heard stories about him.

PHIL

From who?

She shrugs.

RACHEL

The nick.

PHIL

Coppers are worse than old women.

RACHEL

Are they true?

PHIL

Part of the job is working with people who... who you wouldn't want to be friends with if you met them in real life.

RACHEL

Real life?

Phil gestures out the window.

PHIL

Out there. [Beat] He was a cracking bobby, back in the day.

She looks at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

A good sergeant too... If he'd not gone for another promotion...

RACHEL
What happened then?

PHIL
It's complicated.

RACHEL
My love life is complicated Phil,
how hard can work be?

PHIL
You've not been here long have you?

Phil won't go there. Rachel smiles, then looks off out the window.

28A **INT. TAKEAWAY, 03:50**

28A

Close in on CASEY's face as she stares up at a menu board behind the counter. She looks miles away. A beat, then someone takes her arm. It is CHRIS and he is no nonsense.

CHRIS
Come 'ed.

CASEY
But...

He walks her out by the arm.

29 **EXT/INT. STREETS/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 04:00**

29

CHRIS driving. CASEY is looking out the window.

CASEY
I'd just got warm...

CHRIS
I know. You've been telling me for
the last ten minutes.

Beat, then she starts as a thought occurs.

CASEY
I'm not shagging you.

CHRIS
Who mentioned sex?

CASEY
Where you taking me then?

CHRIS
On a message.

Beat as Casey figures it out.

CASEY

You're workin' for Carl Sweeney
aren't you?

Chris looks at her in the mirror.

CHRIS

What do you know about Carl
Sweeney?

CASEY

I know he's a blert and he's gonna
kick me head in. Is that where
you're takin' me?

CHRIS

Nobody is going to kick your head
in.

CASEY

You sure about that?

CHRIS

What's he going to do to you if I'm
there?

CASEY

He'd walk right through you.

Chris bridles.

CHRIS

I'm a copper. Nothing is going
happen.

He watches Casey in the mirror and she isn't buying it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How long have you known me?

Casey stares off out the window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Come on, how long?

CASEY

Four year or somethin'?

CHRIS

Have I always been fair with you?

CASEY

No.

Beat.

CHRIS

Yeah well... nobody is going to get a kicking. Okay?

Beat.

CASEY

[Flat] Everyone says he owns a copper. I should have known it was you.

Chris studies her in the mirror.

CHRIS

Why should you have known it was me?

CASEY

Because you're mad aren't you? You're a friggin' loon.

CHRIS

No I'm not!

CASEY

You always look like you're going to start crying.

CHRIS

I don't.

CASEY

You do! You cried that time that Jumbo jumped off the car park.

CHRIS

I didn't!

CASEY

You did. Everyone saw yer. [Beat, to self] He wasn't even dead. He only broke his leg.

CHRIS

I'm not who you think I am.

CASEY

You don't even know what I think about you.

CHRIS

I do my best.

CASEY

You're working for a drug dealer mate.

Chris looks at Casey in the mirror as it hits home.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Don't feel bad about it. Gotta do what you've gotta do. [Resigned] He is going to batter me though.

30

EXT/INT. CAR PARK/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 04:03

30

CHRIS pulls off into an empty car park. An Audi is parked next to a Transit Van with the side door open and the interior light on. We see two thugs alight from the van (BARRY and IAN) as CARL climbs out of the Audi.

CASEY

I. Am. Fucked.

CHRIS

Why's he so angry with you?

CASEY

Because I robbed his cocaine.

CHRIS

Just pay him then.

CASEY

No... I robbed ALL his cocaine.

Chris looks at CASEY and she nods. A beat, then Chris slams on the brakes and swivels round to look at her.

CHRIS

How much?

Casey holds up her hands as Chris watches in the mirror.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the hell were you going to do with that much coke, Casey?

CASEY

I was just at Willo's gaff. He was stoned and I robbed it. I didn't really think it through.

CHRIS

Well you should have!

CASEY

I'm a smack 'ed! Thinking shit through isn't a strongpoint!

Chris faces front again.

CHRIS

Give it him back.

CASEY

I can't.

CHRIS

Why not?

CASEY

'Cos it got robbed off me.

CHRIS

Who by?

CASEY

God knows, I was off me cake.

Casey shrugs and goes back to looking out the window.

CASEY (CONT'D)

And now he's going to kill me cos I
can't give him it back.

Chris watches Carl hold out his hands and then beckon him.

CHRIS

If I'm here he won't hurt you.

CASEY

We've already discussed that.

Carl starts walking towards the police car. Casey pulls the door handle a few times in a languid attempt at escape.

CASEY (CONT'D)

[Matter of fact] I am dead.

Barry and Ian shuffle about, and then as Barry adjusts position, Chris sees he is carrying a hammer and a sack.

CHRIS

Cocaine?

CASEY

Yeah.

Chris looks back at Carl, their eyes lock for a moment.

CUT TO:

We're with Carl as he starts walking towards Chris.

CARL

[Quietly] Don't do it. Don't you
fucking dare do...

CUT TO:

Chris watches Carl a beat then jams the car into reverse.

CUT TO:

The engine revs and then pulls back from Carl who starts running as Chris pulls a J turn before driving out of the car park at speed. Carl stops.

CARL (CONT'D)

You are dead! Do you hear me? Dead!

Carl heads for his car as he pulls out his mobile. He sees Barry with the hammer as he waits for the call to connect.

CARL (CONT'D)

What're you doin' with that?

Barry shrugs as the call goes to answerphone.

CARL (CONT'D)

Jesus!

(into phone)

Chris? Call me. I don't know what she's been tellin' you, but call me, yeah?

Carl kills the call and turns a frustrated circle.

IAN

Is that it then?

CARL

I'm not just going to let a million quid's worth of blow drive out my fuckin' life am I?

He presses call on his phone again.

31 **EXT/INT. STREETS/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 04:05**

31

CASEY is looking out the back window.

CASEY

They aren't following us.

CHRIS doesn't reply as down in the centre console his phone starts to vibrate.

We see "Carl" on the screen, Chris looks at Casey in the mirror, his eyes saying it all. A beat, then he takes the call on speaker.

CARL (V.O.)

Are you mental?

CHRIS

A hammer?

CARL (V.O.)

Lad, I swear down, I didn't know he had it.

Chris driving, eyes on the rear view mirror.

CHRIS

Piss off Carl. Why didn't you tell me what was going on?

CARL (V.O.)

I told you she owed me and she owes me. What else do you wanna' know?

Chris frustrated, as much with himself as anyone else.

CHRIS

Bang out of order, do you hear me? This isn't my game, this isn't what we do!

CUT TO:

Carl takes a few steps away from the lads and lowers his voice.

CARL

Lad I need that gear. I've gone in large, and if I can't pay what I owe I'm up shit creek.

CHRIS

How is that my problem?

CARL

It's your problem when it is...

CUT TO:

Chris kills the call and blows out his cheeks.

CASEY

[Beat] Thank you.

CHRIS

Is there anywhere you can go?

CASEY

Take us back to town.

CHRIS

You can't go back to town, Casey. He's going to be looking for you in town.

Chris's phone fires up again, the noise of the vibration filling the car as they both try to ignore it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where can you go that's far away?

CASEY

Me aunty Kath lives in Leeds, but I ain't got any money or nothing.

CHRIS

What happened to the money I gave you tonight?

CASEY

Spent it.

CHRIS

Already?

CASEY

I've got overheads. [beat]
Liverpool's a small place when you're tryin' to hide isn't it.

Chris eyes her.

CHRIS

You're an idiot.

CASEY

Not my fault.

She slumps back a little defeated. The phone starts to vibrate again. Chris looks at it, then away, stress building.

31A **EXT. STREETS, 04:07**

31A

Chris's police car drives through Liverpool at night.

32 **EXT/INT. RAILWAY STATION/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 04:40 [NIGHT]** 32

CHRIS is parked outside a railway station as a few COMMUTERS come and go. He digs in his pocket and pulls out thirty pounds and hands it over to CASEY who takes it eagerly.

CHRIS

That's enough for the tickets. You go to Lime Street, and then the Leeds train leaves on the hour.

CASEY

Can I have something for a butty?

CHRIS

You're a smackhead, you don't eat.

CASEY

Please, I'm starvin'.

Chris considers, then passes over another ten pounds.

CHRIS
I know you're taking the piss.

CASEY
Thank you.

CHRIS
I'm not a mug.

CASEY
I know, and I mean it, thanks.

Casey means it and that makes Chris uncomfortable. He gets out the car and opens the (locked) door for her. She smiles, then walks away.

CHRIS
Casey!

She stops and looks back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Care for yourself, support
yourself, and be kind to yourself.

CASEY
What?

Chris is embarrassed.

CHRIS
I dunno... someone said it to me
the other day and I thought... Fuck
it, do what you want.

She looks at him confused for a beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Not a word about this. Yeah?

CASEY
You talking bollocks?

Chris smiles despite himself. She gets serious.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You should come with me. Carl's not
just gonna stop you know?

CHRIS
What's he going to do? I'm a
bizzie.

CASEY
Are you?

Casey heads for the station. Chris watches her pass through the doors and out of sight. His phone starts to vibrate in the console.

On the screen, we see "Carl, 24 missed calls."

CHRIS listens to the vibrations for a beat then slams the door angrily, shutting off the noise. He leans back against the car and closes his eyes.

RADIO (V.O.)
Delta Romeo four seven, Delta Romeo
four seven?

Chris opens his eyes. He swears under his breath and answers.

CHRIS
Go 'ed.

RADIO (V.O.)
Can you take a job marked instant
response? Sorry to say it is 24b
Venning Avenue again. There's
sounds of screaming and reports of
a weapon involved.

CHRIS
I was about to clock off Delta.

RADIO (V.O.)
Sorry Chris, instant response.

He wearily walks around the car and gets in.

33 OMITTED

33

34 **INT. FLATS, CONCRETE STAIRWELL/LANDING/TREVOR'S FLAT, LIVING
ROOM/BATHROOM, 05:20 [NIGHT]**

CHRIS is running up the stairwell this time. Above him we can hear screaming. His urgency is a contrast to the earlier call as we follow him through onto the landing. MARY is inconsolable as she bangs on Trevor's front door. She's drunk, sees him and charges over.

MARY
He said he is going to kill Trixie!
He's got a knife and he is going to
kill her!

CHRIS

Did you see a knife?

MARY

She's only a little thing.

CHRIS

Did he have a knife?

MARY

He's going to kill her.

CHRIS

Does he have a knife!?!?!?

Chris is getting no sense from Mary so he takes her forcibly and pushes her inside her flat before pulling the door shut. Silence for a beat until Mary's door reopens and she half emerges, still shouting. Chris gives her a hearty shove.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Get in!

He slams the door shut again, and is alone. We can still hear Mary shouting as Chris bangs hard on Trevor's door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Trevor? Open this door!

No reply. Chris kicks at the door, then bangs again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I am sick of this shit Trevor, so
open the frigging door now!

Silence. Chris hammers on the door, then steps back and kicks at it hard. It shudders in the frame but doesn't open. He curses, the kick hurt his foot. Mary has emerged again. Chris spins and advances a few steps towards her as he shouts.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If you don't get back in that flat
I will punch you back into it!

Mary retreats as Chris's mobile starts to ring in his pocket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Fucking hell!

He pulls it out, kills the call, then bangs with the flat of his hand on Trevor's door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Trevor!

The phone starts to ring again. Chris kills the call, highly agitated now as Mary reappears.

MARY

He said he's going to...

CHRIS

Get in the flat!

Chris has lost it. Mary retreats. Chris spins and launches a furious kick at Trevor's door. The effort of the kick hurts him again, and he takes a step back with a limp.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Trevor if you don't open that door...

TREVOR

(from inside)

Who is it?

CHRIS

You know who it is! Open the fucking door you fucking nonce!

There is silence for a moment, so Chris hammers again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Open the door!

TREVOR

I don't want to!

Chris is incensed.

CHRIS

Open the door Trevor or I'm coming through it, and then I'm coming through you!

Chris is blowing hard as he lines up to kick the door again. His preparations are interrupted by the sound of a key in a mortice, and then a chain dropping followed by a few bolts. Trevor opens the door an inch. Chris barges the door open. We see TREVOR, a blur, he is scared, backing away. Chris is fast and furious, one vicious chop of a jab hits Trevor hard in the face, and sends him stumbling down the narrow hallway. Trevor lands on his back. Chris, furious, lands a kick.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where's the dog?

TREVOR

Ooooh!

Chris lands another half-kick, half-stamp into Trevor who cries out, more in fear than pain.

CHRIS

Where's the dog?

Chris throws open the door to his left, and sticks his head in. Trevor tries to rise, but Chris stamps down and forces him back to the floor. We catch a glimpse of blood on Trevor's face as Chris looms over him again, fist pulled back.

TREVOR

Toilet! She's in the toilet!

Chris brutally grabs Trevor by the collar and drags him along the floor to the toilet, then throws open the bathroom door. Trixie runs down the hallway and out of the flat. Chris suddenly stops, a little shocked as he turns to watch her go. Trevor moans. PHIL and RACHEL appear at the end of the hallway as the dog runs past. They watch it, and then turn and look at the scene in the hallway. Chris deflates.

CHRIS

She said he...

Chris runs out of a steam as his mobile starts to ring. Trevor moans in pain and reaches for Chris's belt. Chris slaps Trevor's hand away, eyes on Rachel and Phil. He gives Trevor a nudge with his boot to be quiet as the call ends.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

...a knife.

RACHEL

Where?

Phil puts a hand on Rachel's arm to silence her. She shakes her head and walks away.

PHIL

You'd better sort this shit out.

Phil taps the side of his head, gestures at the mess in the flat, then exits just as Chris's mobile starts to buzz again.

35

INT. TREVOR'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM, 05:30 [DAWN]

35

Every inch of the room is filled with Wild West memorabilia and ornaments. Over a two bar electric fire hangs a massive gaudy painting of John Wayne. Underneath the picture is an ornamental Winchester rifle hanging off two crude hooks. The couch TREVOR is sitting on has an embroidered throw with the face of an American Indian on it, whilst on the floor is a huge rug with a wolf's head. In the far corner of the room next to a stand full of video cassettes, there is a two seat dining table with some cutlery and a dirty plate on it.

CHRIS is taking it all in as Trevor dabs at his nose with a tea towel, a half-full pint glass of cider at his feet, whilst at the end of the couch sit three empty litre bottles of cheap cider. Trevor looks pathetic as Chris speaks.

CHRIS

She said you were going to stab the dog.

Trevor carries on dabbing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Trevor?

Trevor looks up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You alright?

TREVOR

I wouldn't have done it.

Chris crosses the room and flops down next to Trevor on the couch. Trevor goes back to dabbing as they both sit staring.

CHRIS

How's your nose?

He is repentant and looking for a solution to the problem. There's a little bit of manipulation to get where Chris wants to go.

TREVOR

It's not broke... it'll be alright.

Chris feels terrible.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

CHRIS

I'm sorry too.

TREVOR

I wouldn't hurt Trixie.

Chris looks at him and then away.

CHRIS

Have a drink Trevor.

Trevor looks around the floor, sees his cider, takes a gulp, then offers Chris the glass. Chris looks at the glass, then Trevor, then waves it away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What am I going to do here?

TREVOR

I'm sorry for causing you trouble.

CHRIS

Stop saying sorry.

TREVOR
I won't say anything.

CHRIS
You can say what you want... except
sorry.

Trevor nods.

TREVOR
It was my fault though.

CHRIS
I over-reacted.

TREVOR
She said I had a knife. I did tell
her I had a knife... I suppose I
did have a knife, but it was for my
beans.

Trevor looks at Chris.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I won't say you hit me if you don't
arrest me.

CHRIS
I shouldn't have hit you.

TREVOR
She's not a bad dog.

Chris looks at Trevor who takes a sip of cider then dabs his
nose.

36

EXT. FLATS, CONCRETE STAIRWELL, 05:45 [DAWN]

36

CHRIS speaking on his radio. PHIL and RACHEL are waiting for
him.

CHRIS
Sorry about that. He kicked off so
I had to drop him.

RACHEL
Why isn't he under arrest then?

Chris ignores her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
If he assaulted him, he should be
under arrest shouldn't he?

She looks at Phil who wags a hand to shush her.

PHIL
He didn't kick off.

CHRIS
Mate you saw the way...

PHIL
We didn't see anything, we're
already back at the nick getting
ready to go home.

CHRIS
He kicked off.

RACHEL
He's a mess.

CHRIS
Who asked you?

RACHEL
You're supposed to be a police
officer.

Chris gestures to Rachel, his eyes on Phil who just shakes
his head

PHIL
You need to sort yourself out mate.

Chris doesn't reply. He watches Phil and Rachel walk away,
and then his phone buzzes. He closes his eyes.

37 **EXT/INT. FLATS/POLICE CAR, 05:50 [DAWN]**

37

The last vestiges of night fade as dawn breaks. RACHEL is
seething as she closes the door of the police car.

RACHEL
You just shut me down?

He ignores her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Just like that you shut me down.

He ignores her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I don't have a voice here?

PHIL
Time and a place.

RACHEL
Really? That's what your saying?

PHIL

You want to lose him his job?

Rachel can't believe it.

RACHEL

He shouldn't be in the job Phil.
Look at the state of him.

PHIL

He's under a lot of pressure and
you kicking off at him, or making
unfounded...

RACHEL

Unfounded? We saw the man on the
floor holding his face! You even
said he was out of order.

PHIL

I know what I'm talking about.

RACHEL

And I don't?

PHIL

No.

RACHEL

It doesn't take someone to have
twenty years in the job to be able
to see what's excessive force or
not, Phil. You know that, so don't
insult my intelligence by telling
me I don't know what I'm talking
about.

PHIL

[Soft] Jesus Christ. [Beat] Look...
you have to dial it back when
you're outside, that's all I'm
saying. If you've got a problem
with a fellow officer, save it
until you're back at the nick.

RACHEL

You're supposed to be teaching me
how to do the job properly.

PHIL

And I am.

RACHEL

No. Honestly Phil, you're really
not.

They separate as they exit the door.

38 **EXT. NURSING HOME, CAR PARK, 08:00**

38

We see CHRIS pull onto the car park of a posh nursing home in his own car. He gets out, birds are singing, the world is waking up. He pauses, coming to terms with the night he has just had. He walks to the front door and hits the buzzer.

39 **INT. NURSING HOME, CONSERVATORY, 08:01**

39

CHRIS walking through the conservatory on his way to see his mother. A MEMBER OF STAFF calls to him.

STAFF MEMBER (O.S.)

Mr. Carson?

He closes his eyes and then turns and smiles. The staff member is holding an envelope apologetically. He takes the envelope, smiles and walks outside before putting the it in his jacket pocket.

40 **EXT. NURSING HOME, BEACH, 08:02**

40

CHRIS sees his mother [JUNE] seated in a wheelchair overlooking the beach. She is unable to turn to see him approaching.

CHRIS

Hey Mum.

JUNE

Here's my hero policeman.

He smiles and puts his coat down on a bench. Her face lights up to see him.

CHRIS

How you doing?

Chris kisses her tenderly on the forehead, and then sits to her side on the bench.

JUNE

You're late?

CHRIS

Busy night. Did you sleep?

JUNE

It's you who should be worrying about sleep. You should be getting home to bed. Coming round to see me every morning. Kate and Tilly will want to see you before school.

CHRIS

They know where I am.

JUNE

They'll think you don't want to go home.

Chris is patting his pockets ignoring the question. June feels like she has to change the subject.

JUNE (CONT'D)

They popped in yesterday.

He is now looking for papers.

JUNE (CONT'D)

She brought me lovely flowers.

She hates seeing him like this.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You look shattered. I wish you'd get some decent sleep.

CHRIS

I will when you do.

JUNE

I'm scared I won't wake up.

CHRIS

You're not dead yet, I want to get my money's worth out of this place, it costs enough.

June smiles at him as he digs again. He glances around, checking nobody is about, then produces the pack of cigarettes he stole and some Rizla papers and the envelope from the care home. His mother sees the letter, but before she can comment, he slips it back into his jacket.

JUNE

How was your night?

CHRIS

It was okay, you know, the usual.

Beat, then Chris breaks off from preparing their joint.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Actually... I did a good thing.

JUNE

Isn't that what you're supposed to do anyway?

Chris smiles at her and then sets about the joint again.

JUNE (CONT'D)

What was it? The good thing?

CHRIS

Oh, it was just a thing for someone who normally doesn't matter.

JUNE

Everyone matters.

CHRIS

They don't mum, not really.

JUNE

So what made this someone matter this time?

CHRIS

She's in a hole... I pulled her out [Smiles]. I maybe made a difference for a change.

JUNE

You're not just my hero after all.

June smiles and then coughs. A rattle, wet enough to make Chris break off and look at her.

CHRIS

Okay?

She nods, a little struggle for breath and then she smiles.

JUNE

I'm fine.

CHRIS

It's cold.

JUNE

It's nice, I like it, the breeze.

CHRIS

You still want to?

Chris holds up the half-finished joint. Then digs again, and brings out a baggy with the weed he got from Casey earlier. He holds it up to his mum and smiles.

JUNE

You could get in trouble.

CHRIS

Trouble is my middle name, you worry about you.

JUNE

Your middle name is Perry, and I have to worry about you because you don't worry about yourself.

Chris goes back to rolling the joint. He is thoughtful.

CHRIS

Do you remember when I used to roll
cigarettes for dad?

June doesn't respond. She just watches him, seeing that little boy rolling his Dad's cigarette all those years ago. It isn't a good memory.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you remember, Mum?

She stares at the cigarette. He looks at her, a little desperate maybe.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Remember when I dropped the bag of
baccy?

JUNE

No.

CHRIS

You do. You must do?

JUNE

I don't. If I did... If I did, I'd
say I did, but I don't.

Chris looks at the joint, then his Mum, then the joint. A beat, then he continues to roll in silence.

41 **INT. TRAIN STATION, 08:03**

41

CASEY is slumped on a platform bench as the train pulls out. She watches it go and then pulls out her phone and dials.

CASEY

Do you want to buy some drugs?
[beat] Coke... loads [beat] Ten
grands worth [beat] Yes I'm
serious! [beat] I AM! [beat] Today.
No. Money first because you're a
blert and I don't trust you. I'll
come to yours.

She hangs up, shuts her eyes, then stands and exits the station at a fast walk.

41A **EXT/INT. CARL'S HOUSE/CARL'S AUDI, 08:04**

41A

CARL pulls up outside his home. He looks vulnerable, even scared, as he sits pensively at the wheel of his car.

42

EXT. SCHOOL, GATES, 08:30

42

MULLEN pulls up with his son [ADAM] in the back seat.

CUT TO:

We're in the car, Mullen casual, distant with his son.

MULLEN

See you later.

Adam gets out. Mullen is about to pull away but sees KATE and TILLY on the other side of the street and jumps out the car.

CUT TO:

Adam and a few other KIDS are halfway across the road as a Lollypop Man holds up the traffic. Mullen looks towards Kate and then shouts to his son.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Adam!

Adam glances over his shoulder. Mullen glances at Kate then Adam, who has stopped halfway across the road.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

[Louder] ADAM COME HERE MATE!

Everyone looks, including Kate, who sees Mullen and flinches. Adam heads back towards his Dad a little confused. Mullen crouches and gives the boy a massive hug.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

You have a smashing day, yeah?

Mullen takes Adam's hand and walks him proudly towards the gates. He arrives just as Kate is exiting.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

[To Adam] You be a good boy yeah?

Kate smiles at Adam who runs into the school. Kate turns to Mullen and is furious but straining to contain it.

KATE

What the hell are you doing texting me at teatime?

He's like a little boy. He takes a step back, his smile gone.

MULLEN

I'm sorry... I was just... I just wanted a chat.

KATE

So you text me out the blue while Chris is sitting opposite me?

MULLEN

I didn't think... I'm... I was just a bit fed up and I thought you might want to talk too... I dunno.

KATE

I was sitting having my dinner with my husband and daughter Ray.

He kicks the floor and looks around.

MULLEN

If you hadn't been having dinner?

She shakes her head. Her turn to take a breath.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

I know you're as fed up as I am.

She stares off down the road a beat, then turns to him.

KATE

I love my husband Ray.

MULLEN

Yeah.

She walks away.

43

INT. RACHEL'S FLAT, KITCHEN/BEDROOM, 08:40

43

RACHEL, still in work clothes, is preparing breakfast. She hears the front door - her boyfriend, STEVE, big guy (late 20s) enters and tosses his keys onto the counter.

STEVE

Alright?

Steve heads to the kettle and tests its weight watched by an aghast Rachel. He glances at her.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Want one?

She shakes her head as he switches on the kettle and exits, taking off his coat as he goes. Rachel looks at the kettle in disbelief and then heads out after Steve to the bedroom. Steve is sitting on the bed kicking off his trainers.

RACHEL

What you doing?

STEVE

Taking off my trainees. Why?

She simply stares. He shakes his head, takes off his last shoe, then stands and passes her, heading back to the kitchen. Rachel follows and watches while he makes tea.

RACHEL

I thought we said you weren't
sleeping here for a few days?

Steve puts the milk back into the fridge and then slams the door. As he passes her on his way back to the bedroom he doesn't look at her as he speaks.

STEVE

Don't be daft.

Rachel watches him go before sitting at the table defeated.

44

EXT/INT. NURSING HOME/ROADS/CHRIS'S PERSONAL CAR 08:41

44

CHRIS climbs into the car and looks at his phone. There's a voicemail from Kate.

KATE (V.O.)

[Fragile] Hey baby? Erm, I'm
guessing you're with your Mum?
Erm... listen... I'm really sorry
about last night... what I said...
so... sorry... [Beat] I'm going to
buy some danish and stuff now...
hopefully see you soon. I love
you... bye.

He kills the call and hangs up. He sighs, it has been a long night. His phone vibrates. He looks, a text from Carl: "*WHEN I FIND U, U R FUCKIN DED*"

He stares at the text and then deletes it, before taking out the envelope from the care home.

We're on him as he pulls the letter out. We see in bold black writing: 'OUTSTANDING FEES' (£7200) and his name in full: 'Christopher Perry Carson'.

He slides the letter back inside the envelope without reading on, then he opens the glovebox. We see a flash of a few other envelopes in the glovebox before he tosses in the one he's holding. He then pulls out the cigarettes and weed and throws them in too.

He slams the lid, then pulls out of the car park. He is calm, just driving until suddenly the dam breaks and he starts to sob uncontrollably. He pulls over, still sobbing but now trying to get a grip on things. Seconds tick by, it eases, he wipes his nose, looking around, embarrassed.

It has passed. He looks in the mirror, sorting himself before he grabs a gear.

CHRIS
Fucking Perry.

FADE OUT: