

1

**INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, DAY - 15:10**

1

The soft snoring of deep sleep as we pan across a bed towards an alarm clock. CHRIS is still wearing his towel from Ep 2, and the toy car that Tilly was building is by his side.

Sudden start. Eyes open. He holds up the police car, a little confused and then he rolls over and looks down to something on the floor.

CHRIS

Shit.

He rolls onto his back and stares at us. We see the drugs bag on the floor, unzipped with some of the contents showing. He ponders his next move and rolls out of bed. The police car smashes to the floor unnoticed as he exits.

2

**INT. SURGERY, WAITING ROOM, DAY - 15:15**

2

CARL, wearing white shorts, white tee, white socks and sliders, is seated between two older, almost identical, WOMEN. We hear a shrill buzzer and all three look right.

RECEPTIONIST

[VOS] Mister Sweeney please.

The women deflate, shooting Carl evils as he wearily gets up.

3

**INT. SURGERY, GALLAGHER'S ROOM, DAY - 15:16**

3

DIANE GALLAGHER, (30s) middle-class Liverpool, is updating a patient's records on a PC as we hear a soft tap on the door.

GALLAGHER

Come.

CARL pushes the door open a few inches and looks in.

CARL

Doctor Gallagher?

GALLAGHER doesn't look up from her typing.

GALLAGHER

Mr. Sweeney, if you could go behind the curtain and remove your clothes for me please.

Carl glances at the curtains before doing as he is told. We lose sight of him as he struggles to get the curtains to close completely.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
[Disinterested] How've you been?

CARL  
[Behind curtains] Not too bad you  
know doctor.

GALLAGHER pulls on a pair of surgical gloves, then approaches  
the cubical.

GALLAGHER  
Decent?

She enters the cubicle without waiting for a reply.

CARL, in just a pair of small briefs, has his back to the bed  
and his hands folded over his groin. GALLAGHER is very close  
as she pulls the curtains closed. She turns to face him  
causing Carl to lean back even further in discomfort.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
Underpants too.

Carl stares at her, then resigned, removes his pants. She  
stares as he cups himself.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
Raise your arms.

Carl obliges, she inspects.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
Keep them raised and turn around.

He does as he is told, she looks him up and down.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
Bend over.

Carl leans over the bed and she bends down to inspect him.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
Face me.

He turns. This is killing him. She indicates he should step  
aside, so he does, cupping himself again. Gallagher picks  
each of Carl's possessions off the bed and inspects each one  
forensically. Once finished, she looks at him flatly.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
You've been hiding.

CARL  
I haven't.

GALLAGHER  
Don't argue with me.

Carl subsides, hanging his head like a scolded child.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
You told us you were going to make  
everyone money, and then you ran  
away.

CARL  
Someone took it from me courier.

GALLAGHER stares, this is agony for Carl.

CARL (CONT'D)  
He got smashed... Sorry.

Her silence is killing him. He can't look at her.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I'm going to get it back...

GALLAGHER  
Do you have any security?

CARL  
I've got Barry and Ian but...

GALLAGHER  
I mean collateral, Carl. Cash.

CARL  
I'm all in. I never thought...  
Sorry.

He's pathetic. She stares, making up her mind.

GALLAGHER  
It's okay. We'll take it from here.

He looks up.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about it.

Carl squints, this isn't what it seems. The truth dawning.

CARL  
No... no... no, I can fix this. I  
swear to god... I just need...

She rests her hand gently on his arm.

GALLAGHER

It's okay. Get dressed. Go home to your family and learn from this.

CARL

[Insistent] Are we alright then?

GALLAGHER

Just go home to your family.

She exits, leaving Carl stunned.

CARL

[silently] Shit, shit, shit...

4

**INT. SURGERY, GALLAGHER'S ROOM, DAY - 15:22**

4

GALLAGHER is typing as CARL emerges from the cubicle. He hovers, unsure, and then opens the door and makes to leave.

GALLAGHER

Mr. Sweeney?

CARL looks at Gallagher who is engrossed in the PC screen. She clicks, then he jumps as the printer spits a prescription. She signs, then holds it out to him.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

Psoriasis. On your back. Stress probably. I've given you a steroid cream to apply morning and night.

She goes back to the computer. Carl studies the script then:

CARL

I just need a week.

She looks up with a smile.

GALLAGHER

Wear a tee shirt to bed. We don't want your wife shouting at you for ruining the sheets.

GALLAGHER hits the desk buzzer then goes back to typing.

4A

**EXT/INT. STREET/CHRIS'S PERSONAL CAR, DAY - 15:40**

4A

CHRIS driving, he is a million miles an hour in his head. He glances down at the drug bag in the footwell, checks his watch and mirror almost sailing through a red light.

Irritated, he turns on the radio. We hear a local radio DJ then the opening beats of TOUCH MY BUM by The Cheeky Girls.

He glances at the radio, then looks down at the bag again. He then looks at the traffic light - we close in on the red light as his phone starts to vibrate against the console and the beat pounds. Chris's breathing comes harder, he's drifting into a trance. The phone rattle gets louder. We're closer on the light. Rattle. Light. Rattle. Light. The red light goes out. Rattle. Black light. Rattle.

A horn blares. Chris pulls away, then kills the radio.

5

**INT. CAFE, DAY - 15:45**

5

RACHEL is listening intently as we pan around to see MULLEN, dressed cool and casual, holding a coffee, sitting opposite.

MULLEN

...I mean it, something like this could catapult you forward in your career and set you on the way.

RACHEL

I just want to do what is right.

MULLEN

Of course you do.

RACHEL

It's just I don't know if I'm the right person to do it.

MULLEN

Come on Rachel, you've only got to work with him one night to know that something is off... You of all people should know that.

She mulls, she knows EXACTLY what he means.

RACHEL

As long as you're sure it is corruption, I mean, I'm on board if it is something like that but... I have heard about him having other issues... and he obviously does... you know?

MULLEN

If he's bent he's going to be struggling to cope.

(MORE)

MULLEN (CONT'D)

But the corruption came first, I  
can absolutely say that for  
certain.

RACHEL

It's just... I'm not sure...

He stares at her, exasperated. A beat, then he tries again:

MULLEN

What we're supposed to do as police  
officers is find the truth. If he's  
corrupt, we find that truth. If  
he's not corrupt and is just a  
bit... unstable, we'll find *that*  
truth [beat] I mean obviously he is  
corrupt, but you see the point I'm  
making.

He stares, she nods.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

You're just helping me find out the  
truth.

RACHEL

Okay, yeah, yeah, alright.

He leans back relieved.

MULLEN

Good... yeah... brilliant.

She nods, but is a little pensive about what she's just  
agreed to. He can't believe his luck.

6 OMITTED

6

6A INT. OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH, LYNNE'S OFFICE, 16:05

6A

LYNNE is seated at a desk. She flicks through a file as CHRIS  
enters. He takes a seat, the bag of drugs on his lap almost  
completely obscuring him. She glances at him and smiles.

LYNNE

Put your bag down.

He stares at her defensively. A beat, then he struggles out  
of the chair, places the bag down and sits again.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your wait.

She slides a tissue box closer. He eyes it.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
How've things been?

He shrinks, chin in hand, palm over his mouth.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
That bad?

CHRIS  
That bad.

LYNNE  
Bad at home, or bad at work?

CHRIS  
Both.

She scans the file.

LYNNE  
How's Helen?

CHRIS  
Helen?

LYNNE  
Your wife?

Chris shrugs. Confused, she looks at the front of the file.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
James? [Beat] You're not James.

Lynne closes the file quickly, she's messed up.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
Oh god, you're four aren't you? I  
looked at the clock... I'm running  
late. I feel like such a...

Lynne starts to furiously dig through the papers on her desk.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
[Apologetic] There's so many of  
you... I'm swamped. There used to  
be two of us.

He watches her flicking through folders.

CHRIS  
I'm dying in front of you and you  
don't even know me name.

Lynne glances at him, then finally finds his file.

LYNNE

Oh Chris the car park. The boy who fell...

CHRIS

I'm not here because he fell, I'm here because I cried when he fell.

LYNNE

I remember now. I'm sorry. Let's try again with the time we have left?

Chris stares at the bag, his hand clamped over his mouth.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Please?

CHRIS

Alright.

Chris exhales. She waits. He holds out his hands.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm falling apart.

LYNNE

Keep it simple.

CHRIS

I don't know what is right and wrong anymore. It's as simple as that.

She stares at him until he continues.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I thought I was doing something good this week and now it's got me fucked.

Beat. Then he squeezes his temples.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This is so hard. [Beat] How do you even know until you've done something whether it's right or not? Whether it is right for you? Right for them? Or right for someone you've never even met? Jesus Christ... I'm spinnin' here.



LYNNE

Right and wrong is quite a binary  
concept when you break it down.  
It's pretty much the first thing a  
child learns.

He nods.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

If you can see through the fog, try  
to clear your mind in the ways  
we've discussed, you'll know what  
is right and what is wrong, and be  
able to apply that decision to the  
issue in hand.

He nods. He's taking it in. A beat, then he looks at the bag.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Does that help?

He looks at her a beat, then the bag again. He's made his  
decision. He jumps from his chair, grabs the bag and heads  
for the door. He's halfway out when he looks back at her.

CHRIS

Thanks for that.

He's already turned away by the time she shrugs a reply. The  
door closes.

LYNNE

[resigned] I fucking hate this job.

She leans back in her chair, then closes his file wearily.

7 OMITTED

7

7A **EXT. OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH, DAY - 16.15**

7A

CHRIS approaches the car with the bag of drugs and opens the  
boot. We can't see anything but the boot until he slams it.

Suddenly, Chris sees CARL reflected in the back window and  
spins. They stare at each other for a beat until Carl shrugs.

CARL

I'm in the shit lad.

Chris stares in disbelief and then erupts in a hushed rage.

CHRIS

You go to my house? My house, and  
you threaten my wife?

CARL

Oh come on lad, you know I'm not  
going to hurt Tilly or Kate. I love  
the bones of them.

Chris is furious but aware he's on police premises.

CHRIS

Just fuck off Carl.

CARL

Out of order... fair enough lad...  
Out of order and I'm sorry.

Chris makes to get in the car, desperately followed by Carl  
until they both see A BOBBY approaching. As he passes, the  
Bobby nods to them. They watch him walk away and then Chris  
turns back to Carl.

CHRIS

Are you following me?

CARL

Who's that knobhead?

Carl leans against the car, close to the boot. Chris eyes him  
and then where the drugs are.

CARL (CONT'D)

Where've you been?

CHRIS

To see my counsellor. What do you  
want?

CARL

You crackin' up again? You're gonna  
end up like your 'arl fella.

Chris ignores the dig. He steps away from the car.

CARL (CONT'D)

Weird... but if you want to talk?

CHRIS

I'm late to pick up Tilly, so what  
the fuck do you want Carl?

CARL

Is it money? I can try and sort you  
some if you need it?

CHRIS

You. Threatened. To. Kill. My wife.

Carl lifts a hand of apology, embarrassed.

CARL

I'm in the shit.

CHRIS

I don't care.

CARL

She did a runner from the other two  
dopes.

CHRIS

Who?

CARL

Casey... She's still got me gear.

They stare at each other.

CARL (CONT'D)

*I need you... I know you can find  
her. I'll double what I pay you.*

Chris stares at him and then turns away. He leans with his hands against the boot. Is he going to hand the bag over to Carl? All this could be over. A beat, he drums his fingers, decisions, decisions. He leans off the car and looks at Carl.

CHRIS

Fuck you, fuck your drugs, and fuck  
Casey.

Carl suddenly cracks, emotions barely controlled.

CARL

Mate, honest to God, if you don't  
help me, I'm a dead man... I've got  
a family too you know?

CHRIS

Oh, you've got a family now?

CARL

I'm not messin' lad. You knob me off, you are making me bird a single mother because I will be dead.

A moment of doubt for Chris, then resolve.

CHRIS

No Carl. A widow. I'll be making her a widow. Now do one.

Chris gets in the car. Carl watches him leave devastated.

8

**EXT. SCHOOL, GATES, DAY - 16:30**

8

CHRIS pulls up in his car outside the school and jumps out. He has the drug bag in his hand but stops dead as he sees MULLEN, TILLY and ADAM waiting for him.

Tilly lights up when she sees her dad.

TILLY

We did painting today!

Adam is loitering with his dad who smiles at Chris.

MULLEN

Running late? I normally see Kate here...

Chris eyes him, then nods and taking Tilly's hand turns away.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

How's the counselling?

CHRIS

[Reeling] What?

MULLEN

Is it helping?

Mullen is smiling. Tilly hasn't picked up on it but Adam is watching Chris.

CHRIS

She told you I was doing counselling?

Mullen shrugs. Chris looks down at Adam before turning away, still holding Tilly's hand.

MULLEN

I bet Response is mad busy.

Chris stops.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Mad bizzie? Ha.

Mullen says it lightly, like he's just got the gag.

Chris turns. Mullen is fronting him. Chris is fast, he lets go of Tilly's hand and moves in close, catching Mullen by surprise who steps back. Chris follows, face in close, desperate for the fight. A beat, then:

MULLEN (CONT'D)

In front of the kids Chris?

Chris blinks, then looks at Tilly.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

TILLY

Daddy? [Beat] Let's go.

Chris looks at her then Adam. He's ashamed. They leave.

9

**EXT. POLICE STATION, ENQUIRY OFFICE, DAY - 17:00**

9

CHRIS enters with TILLY carrying the drug bag. KAREN, the enquiry officer, looks up from her desk and then at Tilly.

CHRIS

Can you watch her for a minute?

KAREN

I thought they'd taken that sign down?

He tilts his head.

KAREN (CONT'D)

The one saying creche?

CHRIS

I've got something to do... important. Two mins?

Karen shakes her head and looks at Tilly.

KAREN

Can you type?

Tilly smiles. Chris exits.

10      **EXT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDORS/FOUND PROPERTY ROOM, DAY - 10  
17:05**

We follow Chris as he ducks into a room at one end of which sits a steel cage filled with the objects that make up a police property locker. On the cage is a sign saying "FOUND PROPERTY STORE, ALL ITEMS MUST BE BOOKED IN WITH ID. NUMBER AND NAME."

A young uniform officer (PAUL) is filling in the property ledger surrounded by garden gnomes of various sizes. Paul looks up as Chris dumps the bag. They exchange nods. Paul goes back to writing. Chris looks around at the gnomes as he waits for Paul to get up and leave.

CHRIS  
You gonna be long?

PAUL  
Few minutes.

Chris sits down, his back to the wall, next to Paul. Chris stares into the face of a large gnome. It unsettles him. He sighs. Paul looks over, then goes back to writing. Chris goes back to staring at the gnome and starts to drift as he focuses on the eyes. The room fades as the eyes overcome him.

STEW, the older bobby who cried at the embankment in Ep 1, walks in. CHRIS snaps out of it and blinks a little confused. Stew nods to Chris, then looks over Paul's shoulder.

STEW  
How much longer?

Paul sags, then looks up.

PAUL  
Few minutes?

Chris watches them, then looks at the gnome opposite and turns it away. Stew flops down into a seat. He saw Chris turning the gnome. He gets it. He stares at Chris for a beat.

CHRIS  
What?

STEW  
[Quiet] The other night?

CHRIS  
Sorry?

STEW

On the embankment... with the hand?

Chris shrugs.

STEW (CONT'D)

When I was standing... you saw me?

He glances at Paul, who has his back to them, then waggles his finger next to his eye and pulls a sad face.

STEW (CONT'D)

I'm playing the game. You know?

I'm not...

He glances at Paul again.

STEW (CONT'D)

I'm working me ticket... playing the mad card?

CHRIS

I get it.

Chris knows Stew wants him to believe the lie. Stew is relieved, then he leans back with a glance at Paul and then Chris. Stew sees that Chris obviously isn't 'right' either.

Stew can't take it. He stands, looks around at the gnomes and then back at Chris. He is suddenly fragile.

STEW

Fucks you up doesn't it?

Chris nods.

STEW (CONT'D)

It's not worth it.

Stew finally exits. Chris watches him go and then looks around the room before watching the young and enthusiastic Paul writing away. Chris feels a million miles from Paul.

PAUL

No way I'm ending up like that.

CHRIS

That's what I said.

PAUL

Do you want this?

Chris doesn't understand. Paul offers him the property book. Chris stares at it then takes it. Paul nods, then exits.

Chris sits, weighing up where he is in life. His phone starts to vibrate in his hand. He looks down: 'Carl'

Chris answers, eyes back on a gnome.

CARL (V.O.)

Hello?

Chris stares at a gnome, then the book, then the bag, then the door. He then lifts the phone.

CHRIS

Thirty grand.

11      **INT. CARL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, DAY - 17:30**

11

CARL rifling through his wardrobe until he finds a shoebox. He rips it open and his face falls as he sees a few piles of notes - £3500. JODIE enters carrying a pair of expensive shoes and an empty suitcase which she throws on the bed.

CARL

Where's the money?!?!?

Jodie opens the case.

JODIE

Am I packing or not packing?

CARL

If you tell me where the money is?

Carl looks at her a beat.

JODIE

It's gone... we spent it.

CARL

On what?

She gestures around the room with the shoes and then shrugs.

JODIE

Life.

He shakes his head and then sits down.

CARL

Christ's sake.



12

**EXT. TOWN CENTRE, ALLEYWAY, DUSK - 19:00**

12

CASEY and MARCO are walking towards the end of her alleyway. She's leading the way at a fast "smackhead walk". She enters the alleyway but he stops. She looks back.

CASEY

Come on.

MARCO

You're not going to have me whacked are you?

CASEY

What?

MARCO

I had no choice Casey, honest.

CASEY

What you on about "whacked"?

MARCO

I watched Goodfellas on ITV 4 the other night.

CASEY

Boss film.

MARCO

Boss film.

Marco looks into the darkened alleyway, and then back at her.

CASEY

I'm just gettin' me bag.

MARCO

He was going to give me a grand.

CASEY

A grand?

Marco nods, then looks at his feet. Casey stares. Marco digs in his pocket and pulls out a Wham bar and offers it over.

MARCO

I got you a Wham bar.

CASEY

You bought me a Wham bar?

MARCO

I robbed it, but... yeah. I was gonna give you half the dough.

CASEY

You was going to give me five hundred quid, but instead you got me battered and robbed me a Wham bar?

MARCO

He didn't pay me.

CASEY

A Wham bar though?

Marco nods. Casey sighs, takes the bar and then heads down the alley. He watches her go, then follows nervously.

13

**INT. COUNTRY PUB, NIGHT - 22:00**

13

A busy country pub, fire burning. KATE shoves a crisp into her mouth and then swigs some gin. ELLIE is making her laugh.

KATE

Stop! Oh god!

ELLIE

So he keeps getting it wrong and I'm shouting: 'she went to the Caribbean!' and Ray's shouting "don't spoil the joke!" with a full on cob on!

They both are laughing now, a beat, then:

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, everyone just fell about while he's giving me that look that he does.

KATE

That face!

ELLIE

All dozy and confused!

They both laugh. Kate pulls the dozy and confused face. They howl, then Ellie watches her, enjoying her friend's laughter.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

You should have come.

Kate sobers a little, still smiling with a shrug.

KATE

On my own? And Chris won't... you know?

ELLIE

Yeah.

They smile at each other. Ellie gets it.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Well we're here now aren't we?

KATE

Yeah.

Kate looks off, silent mulling for a beat.

KATE (CONT'D)

I needed to get out tonight.  
Just to... breathe... you know?

Ellie nods.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's so intense at the moment.

She smiles at Ellie.

KATE (CONT'D)

You don't want to hear this.

ELLIE

I'm your best friend.

KATE

You're my only friend.

ELLIE

That's not true.

Kate smiles, then stares into her glass.

KATE

I'm a bit drunk.

She looks at Ellie.

KATE (CONT'D)

I only laugh when I'm with you  
these days, and I've gone and  
spoiled it now.

ELLIE

No you haven't.

KATE

[Soft] What am I going to do?

Ellie watches her concerned.

KATE (CONT'D)

It isn't good Ellie... home... he is all over the place and... I want to be there for him but there's only so much I can do. [Beat] I have to think of Tilly.

ELLIE

You do.

Kate looks off. Ellie watches her and then leans in.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

There's nothing to be gained from just limping along...

Kate looks at her.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Chris spends half the time worrying about making you unhappy, maybe it's time for one of you to make the decision?

KATE

Maybe it is.

She takes a drink and smiles thinly.

KATE (CONT'D)

I bet you're sorry you came out.

Ellie smiles, then shrugs.

ELLIE

Mates innit!

She smiles at Kate who smiles back.

CHRIS and RACHEL driving slowly. Rachel is scanning side streets left and right, but Chris is staring straight ahead.

RACHEL  
You look shattered.

He doesn't respond.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Chris?

CHRIS  
What?

RACHEL  
I said, you look shattered.

CHRIS  
Thanks.

RACHEL  
[Quietly] About last night...

CHRIS  
Don't sweat it.

RACHEL  
No really Chris, I want to say... I  
was out of order.

He stops, gives it some thought.

CHRIS  
I was out of order for leaving you.

RACHEL  
Yeah, you were.

He frowns, she smiles, he smiles.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Mates?

Chris looks at her for a long beat, is he about to open up?

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Stop that's them!

15

**EXT. TOWN CENTRE, SIDE STREET, NIGHT - 22:11**

15

Three middle-class lads (RYAN, MARK, JASON) are messing around. Mark is tossing bits of kebab at his mates as they scuffle. He turns at the sound of the police car reversing.

RACHEL and CHRIS get out of the car. Chris starts heading towards the lads, but Rachel heads to the boot and opens it.

Chris immediately stops and walks back to the boot, one hand ready to slam it shut.

Rachel is pulling at her coat, which is sitting on top of the bag of drugs.

CHRIS  
What you doing?

RACHEL  
Getting my coat. That alright?

Chris watches her pull on her coat then slams the boot shut.

16

**EXT. TOWN CENTRE, SIDE STREET/ALLEY, NIGHT - 22:12**

16

The lads are backed up against a wall. RACHEL stands in front of them as CHRIS watches on. He's blinking, trying to clear his head. He glances back to the car every now and then.

RYAN  
It wasn't us.

RACHEL  
Your descriptions match what the  
pub landlord told me, and that  
gives me grounds to search you. If  
you've nothing to hide you've  
nothing to worry about.

Chris turns and watches as a PEDESTRIAN passes the car. A beat, then he turns and sees an Estate Agent window. He stares, then is drawn towards it, trance-like.

CUT TO:

We're looking at Chris through the window. He's miles away, staring at the ads for houses and flats.

JASON (VOS)  
You're havin' a laugh aren't you?

Chris wakes and looks back towards Rachel and the lads.

CUT TO:

CHRIS, embarrassed that he's taken his eyes off his partner charges over and takes control.

CHRIS  
Turn around.

Chris shoves MARK backwards into the wall. Rachel steps back, pissed off with him taking over. Mark complies.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Face the wall with your arms out.

Chris searches quickly until he holds a baggy of coke up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Unlucky.

He looks at JASON and then points at the wall.

JASON

I'm clean.

CHRIS

I'm not arsed lad.

Chris, still pointing, waits. Jason does as he is told.

CUT TO:

RACHEL angrily steps away. CHRIS notices but carries on searching. Rachel sees movement off to the side in an alleyway. She glances at Chris, who is still busy searching RYAN, and then walks slowly toward the alley. As she reaches the opening she flicks on her torch - there's someone hiding.

RACHEL

[Drawing baton] Show yourself.

Another noise, she goes further into the alley hand on her baton, leaving the street behind. She jumps as a figure pops his head around the corner of the bin.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

And now we see that it is her boyfriend, STEVE.

STEVE

I'm having a piss.

RACHEL

You were hiding, Steve.

STEVE

Why'd you ask then?

Steve walks past her and sneaks a look towards Chris and his mates then takes a step back.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
He's locking them up!

CUT TO:

CHRIS is handcuffing MARK. He looks up and around for Rachel.

CHRIS  
[To Ryan] Where's she gone?

RYAN  
How do I know?

CHRIS  
Rachel?!

Chris pulls Mark off the wall and walks him a few steps out into the street as he searches left and right for Rachel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Rachel?!?

CUT TO:

RACHEL and STEVE in the alley, their argument escalating.

RACHEL  
You were taking drugs in a pub.

STEVE  
[Laughing] We weren't.

RACHEL  
Chris found them on your mate.

Steve steps back from her, the smile slips a fraction.

STEVE  
Really? You're serious about this?

RACHEL  
Steve it's my job now.

STEVE  
You're locking him up?

RACHEL  
He's got drugs on him.

STEVE  
[Stone cold] You weren't arsed  
about drugs when we were at  
Kayleigh's wedding!



Rachel looks around, worried someone might have heard.

RACHEL  
Don't say that here.

Steve smiles at her, he's almost enjoying this.

CUT TO:

CHRIS looking around frantically for Rachel, bundles MARK into the car as RYAN and JASON crowd him.

MARK  
Argh! You're hurting my wrist!

RYAN  
You're going to break his arm!

Chris shoves Mark in then slams the door. In one movement, he draws his baton and screams into the face of Ryan who is closest to him.

CHRIS  
Get back!

The force of the shout causes Ryan to jump back. Chris is a bit confused by his own explosion. He collects himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Touch that car and I'll kill you.

They both nod.

CUT TO:

Back with RACHEL and STEVE in the alley.

STEVE  
You're going to arrest your own boyfriend?

RACHEL  
You smashed up a pub and you're on coke!

STEVE  
Think hard.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
[frantic] Rachel!?

Steve leans in close.

STEVE

If I lose my job, you lose yours.

Rachel is stunned.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Rachel?

They turn, CHRIS, a little confused, is watching them.

17

**EXT. TOWN CENTRE, NIGHT - 22:20**

17

CHRIS and RACHEL talk by the police car as RYAN, JASON and STEVE watch. Through the back passenger window we can see MARK staring up at them.

RACHEL

This is a nightmare.

CHRIS

Just make a decision and  
I'll back you.

Rachel breaks off and looks at him surprised.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're my partner.

RACHEL

I could kill him.

CHRIS

Rachel, look at me.

She does.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's just a street bail. It's a bit  
of coke for God's sake, it isn't  
genocide. He's your boyfriend.

He takes a breath then shakes his head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Listen to me, the job's not worth  
it.

She nods, she sees it. Chris opens the back door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Get out dickhead.

MARK starts to get out as Chris's phone starts to buzz. He points to Mark's handcuffs and Rachel starts to roughly remove them.

Chris checks the screen on his phone: "Lisa Babysitter" before answering.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Lisa?

He listens and glances at his watch as Rachel lines up the lads, sans Steve, for a lecture.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You've called her?

As he's listening, he gets Rachel's attention and taps his watch. She looks at the lads and then defeated, waves them away. Steve turns to follow them. Rachel runs after him.

RACHEL

Steve!

Rachel grabs his arm.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Go to your mum's tonight. I don't want to see you in the morning.

STEVE

Piss off Rachel, you go to your mum's... or maybe your new fella's?

Steve nods towards Chris, their eyes meet.

RACHEL

Shut up Steve... I just work with him.

Steve pulls away. Rachel watches him go and then turns back to the car. Chris, still on the phone, watches her approach but then turns away. She opens the boot and wearily pulls off her coat and folds it. She glances to Chris, he's still on the phone, a little irate. She reaches into the car for one of the three black bags in the boot. Absentmindedly, she half-unzips the bag of drugs.

Chris, off the phone, leans in suddenly causing her to start.

CHRIS

Other bag.

RACHEL

What?

CHRIS

Other bag.

He points to her bag and watches her stuff the coat in then walk away. He zips the bag and slams the boot.

CUT TO:

RACHEL is by the car as CHRIS comes around. He's softened.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You okay?

She nods. He holds up the bag of coke.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'll bin this.

Chris stares at her. It is hitting home, he turns away.

RACHEL

Chris, I appreciate this.

He looks back, it's all he can do to nod.

CHRIS

Don't mention it.

RACHEL

If you ever need...

He turns and moves in close, his voice low.

CHRIS

No. Seriously. Don't mention it,  
but don't forget it either.

She nods, he walks away.

18 **EXT/INT. CARL'S HOUSE/CARL'S AUDI/GREASY LOCK UP, NIGHT - 18**  
**22:40**

CARL sitting in his car on his driveway. He has a can of energy drink and is screaming to Ian on speakerphone.

CARL

All this because some shitty arsed  
smackhead robbed me gear [Beat]  
fuck me...

He takes a breath, then pitches his idea.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Listen... If you two can sub me  
thirty grand I can sort this.

IAN  
Thirty grand?!?!

CARL  
The copper says he can get me the  
gear, but we've got to give him  
thirty K.

CUT TO:

The lock-up. BARRY and IAN sit on two old, office chairs. Barry, is sipping out of a huge mug, as Ian eats a yoghurt, Tupperware lunchbox next to him. Ian's mobile phone is on speakerphone. Neither of them speak.

CARL (V.O.)  
Hello?

IAN  
You shouldn't be paying him lad,  
you should be knocking him down. If  
he knows something we should take  
it, not buy it.

Barry nods.

CUT TO:

CARL closes his eyes again.

CARL  
How the fuck do I knock him down?

IAN (V.O.)  
Kick the shit out of him. Piece of  
piss lad. Me and Baz will go round  
there, no bother...

CARL  
You *can't* lad. He's a bizzie.

BARRY  
[Under his breath] He's your mate.

CARL  
What?!?!?

CUT TO:

Barry leans forward to speak. Ian tries to stop him but Barry continues, much to Ian's dismay.

BARRY

There's no respect for you anymore  
lad.

CARL (V.O.)

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TALKING TO  
YOU CHEEKY TWAT!?! I'll come round  
there and show you fuckin'  
respect!!

Barry stares impassively at the phone. A beat, then he looks at Ian confused by the sudden silence.

CUT TO:

CARL is looking out of the driver's window. LEXIE, is there in her nightie. She smiles and gives him a little wave. Stunned, he drops the window.

LEXIE

You okay daddy?

CARL

Yeah baby, I'm fine. Go back to  
bed. I'm just talking to Uncle  
Barry and Uncle Ian. I'll be up in  
a minute.

LEXIE

Okay... Goodnight Uncle Barry,  
goodnight Uncle Ian!

BARRY [O.S.]

Night night darlin'!

IAN [O.S.]

Goodnight God bless!

She smiles and then heads back into the house. He watches her go, almost choking with emotion.

CARL

You two have done nothin' for me.

BARRY

Thing is lad, all you've got left  
is tin legs you can't stand up on.

Carl doesn't know what to say. He kills the call.

CUT TO:

BARRY takes a drink of tea, as IAN scrapes his spoon around the yoghurt. Ian licks the pot, then puts it down.

19 **EXT/INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/CARL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT - 22:45**

The police car pulls up and CHRIS alights phone to his ear, as RACHEL follows.

CHRIS  
I've rang four times now, where the hell are you?

The front door opens. LISA stands waiting, Chris hangs up.

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

LISA  
I've got college in the morning.

Chris takes out forty and offers the notes, unsure. Lisa takes the money, smiles at Rachel, then exits.

CHRIS  
Make yourself a brew and grab something out the fridge while I go check on Tilly.

Rachel nods as Chris's phone starts to vibrate. Chris lifts the phone to his ear and walks back down the drive as Rachel goes inside.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Where are you?

CARL [O.S]  
I can't get the money.

Chris glances at the house and then drops his voice.

CHRIS  
What do you mean you can't get the money?

CUT TO:

CARL is surrounded by dirty laundry with his hand in a sock. He pulls out a small roll of tens and is disappointed.

CARL  
What do you think I fucking mean?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Open a shoe box or dig in the  
garden or something?

CARL  
I'm not Pablo Escobar you tit. I  
haven't got it. I've got outgoings,  
bills to pay, when I have money  
lying around like that, it's there  
to pay suppliers. I make a cut I  
spend a cut. It's how it is.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
So you're skint?

CARL  
That's why I was steppin' up.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
So you can't pay me?

CARL [O.S]  
Give me the gear and I'll weigh you  
in when it's moved.

CUT TO:

CHRIS is dumbfounded.

CHRIS  
I'm not an idiot.

CARL (O.S.)  
You need to think. If you know  
where it is, ask yourself: 'what  
the fuck am I going to do with it?'  
Because it is worthless to you  
without me. You need me, same as I  
need you.

CHRIS  
Piss off Carl. Just sort it out.

He hangs up and heads towards the house.

20

**INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/STAIRS, NIGHT - 22:50**

20

CHRIS enters the house. He looks towards the kitchen and then  
the stairs where he sees TILLY sitting near the top.

CHRIS  
Why aren't you in bed?



TILLY  
Where's mum?

CHRIS  
She's out with Ellie.

TILLY  
It's late.

Chris climbs the stairs.

TILLY (CONT'D)  
I don't like people being out.

CHRIS  
Lisa was here.

TILLY  
Nobody is ever here.

CHRIS  
Of course they are.

TILLY  
You weren't this morning.

That hurts Chris. He kneels and smooths Tilly's hair.

CHRIS  
I had work stuff.

TILLY  
Everybody has always got stuff.

Chris pulls Tilly tight towards him just as Rachel appears at the bottom of the stairs. Tilly sees her and smiles.

CHRIS  
That's Rachel, she's my friend.  
Rachel, this is Tilly.

TILLY  
Hi Rachel.

RACHEL  
Hi Tilly.

Chris nods to Rachel and then leads Tilly to bed, leaving Rachel considering the word 'friend.'

21      **INT. COUNTRY PUB, NIGHT - 22:55**

21

KATE is sitting on her own with Ellie's handbag. Mullen flops into Ellie's seat holding his car keys. Kate looks up.

MULLEN

Sorry.

He shows her his car keys with a shrug.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Ellie phoned and... I had to.

KATE

It's okay.

MULLEN

Good night?

KATE

Yeah.

MULLEN

She tell you about me getting the  
Jamaica joke wrong the other night?

Kate smiles and nods. He smiles too and shakes his head.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Thought I was having a stroke.

She laughs, they stare at each other a beat.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

I miss you.

She pulls back and looks off towards where Ellie went.

KATE

[Hisses] Don't say that.

MULLEN

I do.

KATE

You can't say that.

MULLEN

I know you miss me.

KATE

No. No... don't.

He looks up as Ellie re-joins them. Kate doesn't know what to do. She looks away and then back at Mullen. He holds her gaze. Kate shakes her head. 'DON'T!'

Ellie smiles at Mullen, Kate watches them.

ELLIE

Ready?

Kate knocks back her drink and stands.

22

**INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, NIGHT - 23:00**

22

CHRIS is standing by the window, phone in hand, staring at the car, before looking at his phone again. RACHEL is sat on the sofa uneasy, drinking her tea.

RACHEL

Lovely house.

CHRIS

What?

RACHEL

The house, it's lovely.

A beat, he doesn't understand, then:

CHRIS

Yeah... she pays for it all.

RACHEL

Your wife?

CHRIS

Last five years or so. It's not really mine anymore.

He shrugs. Awkward silence that Rachel must break.

RACHEL

I was looking at your pictures. In the dining room. The wall?

Chris checks his phone, then looks at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I saw the wedding photos. You looked like Borat.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

You used to get issued with them  
moustaches when you joined the job.

She smiles. Chris softens, another glance out the window, a thought, then back to Rachel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

When I got demoted...

Rachel acts confused.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You know about it. Someone will  
have told you.

Someone has, she smiles and nods shyly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I wasn't bent Rachel. I know they  
all say it, but I wasn't.

She doesn't know what to say.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I was a lot of things, but they  
were wrong about me being bent. I  
never took a penny.

She nods. He looks back out the window again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Kate carried me then, and she's  
been carrying me since. I haven't  
got a pot to piss in.

Rachel watches him, she can't figure him out at all.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

[To self] Where is she?

23

**EXT/INT. ROADS/MULLEN'S CAR, NIGHT - 23:40**

23

MULLEN driving, ELLIE passenger. KATE, tipsy in the back, looks down at her phone: CHRIS FIVE MISSED CALLS, THREE VOICEMAILS. She looks out the window, then back to the two in the front.

ELLIE

Did you iron his shirt for school  
and drop it at my Mum's?

MULLEN

All done.

ELLIE

I bet you didn't do the dishes.

MULLEN

You'd lose your money.

She reaches across lovingly, and strokes his cheek. He smiles across at Ellie, then remembers Kate is in the back. He looks up the mirror. Kate stares back at him.

ELLIE

Well done for remembering the way  
to Kate's.

Mullen shoots Kate another look in the mirror. Kate holds his gaze. Ellie looks at Mullen. It's suddenly gone very quiet.

KATE

He's been loads of times.

Mullen eyes Kate in the mirror. She looks away then back.

KATE (CONT'D)

Ellie thinks I should leave Chris.  
What do you think Ray?

Ellie looks at Kate.

ELLIE

Kate!

KATE

What? I just thought I'd get a  
man's opinion.

Mullen looks at Ellie then Kate.

KATE (CONT'D)

After all, Ray knows him better  
than anyone.

MULLEN

I'm not sure I do.

Ellie looks at Mullen. She thinks it might be a good idea.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

I don't know the ins and outs...  
but if it isn't working? I mean...

Kate leans forward and places a hand on his shoulder.

KATE

Starting again. Scary on your own  
though isn't it?

He looks at her, then Ellie, a beat, Kate, touching him,  
testing him. He fails.

MULLEN

His Mum and all that... is it the  
right time?

Mullen glances at Ellie and then Kate. Kate withdraws her  
hand and looks away. Mullen has bottled out of commitment.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

[To Ellie] I don't know do I?

ELLIE

Kate has to think of herself and  
Tilly.

KATE

[Terse] Yeah, maybe I do.

They drive on.

24      **INT/EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM, NIGHT - 23:50 24**

CHRIS sees headlamps outside and exits the house onto the  
drive. A beat, then Rachel appears at the door behind him.

Chris approaches the car as KATE climbs out, eyes on Chris as  
she bangs on the driver's window.

It lowers as Chris draws near and he sees MULLEN.

KATE

Thank you, *darling*.

She reaches through the window and touches Mullen's face. He  
pulls away, eyes on Chris who stares back.

Kate laughing looks at Chris, hand through the window. Mullen  
tries to pull away. Nobody else finds it funny.

CUT TO:

RACHEL sees MULLEN who catches her eye, but quickly looks  
away. Rachel, shocked, retreats back inside the house.

CHRIS heads for the car, eyes on Mullen who grabs reverse and  
pulls off. Chris watches before turning back to KATE.

CHRIS

What's he doing here?

KATE

He's Ellie's husband.

CHRIS

*Here though?*

KATE

He picked us up.

CHRIS

You could have got a taxi.  
Where've you've been anyway?  
Tilly's on her own and...

KATE

Where've I been?!? How dare you ask  
where I've been? Where've YOU been?  
Tonight, today, yesterday? You're  
never here and now you've got a  
mark on because for once, just this  
once, you've had to be a Dad for  
five minutes!

She walks a step and then turns back.

KATE (CONT'D)

Ray was nice enough to pick me up,  
and that is more than you'd do.

CHRIS

Did you talk to him about me going  
to counselling?

KATE

What?

CHRIS

Standing outside the school and  
that gobshite is telling the world  
I'm cracking up...

KATE

I never told him nothing.

CHRIS

Somebody did.

KATE

Half the job know you're losing it  
Chris! Anyone could have told him.

He's stunned. She regrets it, then turns away and walks into the house closely followed by Chris. She heads for the kitchen where Rachel is hiding. Kate sees Rachel and closes the door on her and turns back to Chris. She squeezes past him, and heads for the living room.

CHRIS

Don't just walk away.

KATE

I've been walking away for years  
Chris, it's just you haven't  
noticed.

KATE (CONT'D)

[To self] The madness of it?  
Walking away from someone who isn't  
there.

CHRIS

Keep your voice down.

KATE

Keep my voice down?

Kate walks towards him and leans in close.

KATE (CONT'D)

Shall I go as quiet as you do when  
you lose your temper? Should I go  
quieter than that? Or should I go  
as quiet as when you sit there  
silent for hours staring at the  
wall?

She is super-close, whispering.

KATE (CONT'D)

Which one?

She stares, the anger fades, just sadness now. He's in pain and ashamed.

KATE (CONT'D)

[Soft] When it was just sadness,  
when it was just that... I thought  
I could get close to you and help  
you. We talked, but now you won't  
let me in Chris. You're gone. I  
can't have this around my daughter.  
It isn't good for her. For us.

Chris is anguished. He nods. She gently touches his face.



KATE (CONT'D)  
You understand?

CHRIS  
I'm trying to get better but it  
swamps me.

KATE  
I know, I know you try, and I'm  
sorry. I know, you love us and we  
love you too... but this? This  
isn't good for any of us.

They stare at each other, both confused and hurt.

KATE (CONT'D)  
[Soft] You have to leave.

He nods.

CHRIS  
Tilly.

KATE  
No... all of us. I'm sorry.

She watches him leave. He stops at the door and looks back.

CHRIS  
Can I ask? [Beat] Have you been  
with Ray?

She can't hide it. She half nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Oh for fucks sake Kate...

She never wanted to hurt him but she isn't going to  
apologise. He weighs it up as he looks at the floor, then  
her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
It's alright.

He turns and walks away. The sadness overwhelms her.

25

**INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/STAIRS, NIGHT - 00:00**

25

CHRIS is heading up the stairs as RACHEL appears. We catch a  
glimpse of TILLY darting out of sight at the top of the  
stairs. She has been listening to her parent's argument, but  
Chris doesn't see her leave.

RACHEL  
What's happening?

Rachel doesn't know what to do or say.

CHRIS  
I won't be long.

26

**INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT - 00:03**

26

CHRIS placing clothes into a holdall. He zips the bag, lifts it off the bed and turns to leave. TILLY is behind him.

TILLY  
Dad?

Chris stares at his daughter. A beat, then he takes her in his arms. He holds her tight. He releases her, strokes her face, stands, and picks up the bag.

CHRIS  
Be good for your Mum.

TILLY  
Where you going?

Chris is lost for a beat. He doesn't know.

TILLY (CONT'D)  
You coming back?

CHRIS  
I'll see you soon.

TILLY  
Is it my fault?

Chris drops to his knees and holds her tightly again.

CHRIS  
No. No, it isn't your fault. I just need to go and get better.

TILLY  
Please don't.

Chris is dying. One last hug, then he pulls back, stares at his daughter and manages a smile before standing up.

CHRIS  
I've got to go to work.

Tilly watches him leave, climbs on the bed and under the covers.

27      **EXT/INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE/POLICE CAR, NIGHT - 00.10**

27

RACHEL is in the car watching CHRIS head down the drive with an overnight bag. He heads for the boot, opens it and tosses the bag in next to the drugs. Rachel closes her eyes.

CHRIS glances at the house, then closes the boot fighting back tears. He wipes his face, looks at the house again, and then heads around to the drivers door and climbs in.

They both stare straight ahead. She looks at him.

CHRIS  
Just leave it.

He can't talk about it. He starts the car.

28      **EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY, NIGHT - 00:45**

28

RACHEL is folding her fixed penalty book as the car she has just given a ticket to, pulls back onto the dual carriageway. She watches it go and then turns to see CHRIS sitting on the embankment. He has his hands over his ears and his head down, almost between his knees. She watches him for a moment, confused, and then a little concerned.

CHRIS stares at the grass between his boots. There is a cacophony of noise and voices being swamped by something that sounds like a jet engine. We can hear his heartbeat. The red trails of car lights hang in the air like con-trails. We can hear his breathing and on the edge of it all we hear Rachel.

RACHEL  
[Muffled] Chris?

It's a like a dream. He turns to look at her, slow, blurred lines as he turns his head heart hammering in the background.

RACHEL has walked toward CHRIS and crouches down. She gently touches his shoulder.

Suddenly the air rushes out, heartbeat fades then stops. He looks at her. She is close, he wakes up, looks at her hand on his shoulder and then her face.

CHRIS  
My head is battered.

She doesn't know what to say.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Tonight... Kate... me mum dying.

RACHEL  
Your mum?

CHRIS  
Motor neurone.

Rachel is unsure.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
That Stephen Hawking thing.

RACHEL  
Fuck.

CHRIS  
Yeah.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Care home fees are killing me...

He rubs his eyes, tired and trying to clear his head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
She just won't fucking die.

Rachel hasn't got a clue what to say. He senses it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm just saying I've got a lot on,  
and on top of that... I'm homeless.

She's worried. He nods, then looks off down the road.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I feel like just driving until I  
run out of fuel sometimes, then  
getting out and walking away. [To  
Rachel] Do you know what I mean?

RACHEL  
Yeah.

CHRIS  
Really?

She nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Be a bin man or something.

RACHEL  
[Wistful] Trawlerman.

He looks at her with half a smile. She looks at him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I don't even like fish. I just  
fancy it.

CHRIS  
How long have you and Steve been  
together?

RACHEL  
Too long.

He watches her, sensing that there's more than her casual  
comment. The radio interrupts.

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

He nods that she should answer.

RACHEL  
[to radio] Go ahead Delta.

RADIO (V.O.)  
Can you speak to Mrs Jones at  
twenty-seven Crossbridge Avenue  
regarding her daughter please?

RACHEL  
Roger, twenty-seven Crossbridge.

Rachel holds out a hand to Chris.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Time to go?

He stares off down the road a beat then looks at her.

CHRIS  
Yeah, yeah maybe it is.

He takes her hand. She pulls him up and they walk to the car.

RACHEL  
You'd make a great bin man you.

He's miles away.

CHRIS  
Yeah... yeah I would.

RACHEL  
I am joking.

He realises, smiles at her, then opens the door.

CHRIS  
I need to get a drink from the  
garage.

29     **EXT/INT. PETROL STATION, FORECOURT/POLICE CAR, NIGHT - 01:00**

CHRIS and RACHEL pull up on the forecourt.

RACHEL  
Can you park any further away?

CHRIS  
The walk will do you good.

Rachel lets out a sigh and climbs out. Chris watches her go a few paces before quickly jumping onto the in-car Intel system. As it boots, he glances at Rachel inside the shop.

Chris types into the search bar, and the screen throws up a series of names of known drug dealers the first one being Dominic Carver, the second being Terry Ayers. He jots down telephone numbers onto a scrap of paper.

Chris is writing as the passenger door suddenly opens and Rachel drops into the seat. Chris quickly exits the intel and folds the paper and shoves it into his pocket as Rachel watches him puzzled. A beat, then she offers him an orange Lucozade.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Orange?

RACHEL  
It's what you wanted last night.

CHRIS  
I wanted apple.

She gives up and goes to exit the car with the drink.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'll get it. I need a burst anyway.

Rachel watches him go, and then turns the Intel screen towards her. What was he doing?

30

**EXT/INT. PETROL STATION, FORECOURT/POLICE CAR/MULLEN'S HOUSE,  
BEDROOM/BATHROOM, NIGHT - 01:10**

RACHEL watches as CHRIS enters the shop, and then she pulls her phone out. She presses call.

CUT TO:

MULLEN is lying in bed next to a snoring, sleeping ELLIE. His phone lights up on the bedside table. He picks it up.

MULLEN

Hello.

RACHEL (O.S.)

What were you doing at his house?

Mullen in a flash is out of bed and heading down the landing into the bathroom where he turns on the light.

MULLEN

My wife knows his wife. Nothing to do with our operation.

CUT TO:

RACHEL

You should have told me. [Beat]  
I'm not cool with this.

MULLEN (O.S.)

What?

RACHEL

This... it's weird. You being mates, it's a conflict of interest.

MULLEN (O.S.)

We aren't mates. I told you. This is professional. What our wives do together has nothing to do with what your job, and my job, is.

She isn't buying it and is reluctant.

RACHEL

Besides, he's not well. I don't think he's dodgy I just think he's not well.

MULLEN

[Scoffs] That's what he wants you to think. It's what he does Rachel.

RACHEL

You haven't seen him.

MULLEN

I need you to trust my experience here. I've been doing this for years.

She listens, she's unsure but being won over.

31      **INT/EXT. PETROL STATION, FORECOURT/POLICE CAR, NIGHT - 01:31**

The CUSTOMER in front of CHRIS turns and passes him after paying. Chris places a bag of crisps on the counter and holds up the Lucozade. The ATTENDANT starts scanning.

CHRIS

You got no apple?

ATTENDANT

Just what's on the shelf mate.

Chris nods. The panel next to the attendant starts to bleep as someone tries to draw fuel. He presses a few buttons but the bleep continues. Chris darts a look out the window at the forecourt and then RACHEL, talking on the phone.

CUT TO:

We're looking at Rachel as she talks. She turns to watch Chris, slightly craning her neck to keep an eye on him.

CUT TO:

The bleeping in the shop is insistent. The ATTENDANT gets on the intercom.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Put it back in! The nozzle!

CHRIS scans the shelves and his eyes fall on the mobile phones. Cheap throwaways.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Eighty mate.

CHRIS

Them phones charged?

ATTENDANT

Yeah, but they are a bit shit.



CHRIS

I'll have one with a £10 credit.

CUT TO:

RACHEL watches as the attendant takes a phone from the shelf and CHRIS starts to rip open the box.

CUT TO:

CHRIS slides the empty box across, and shoots a glance to RACHEL who is now looking away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You got a toilet I can use?

32

**EXT/INT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT/POLICE CAR/MULLEN'S HOUSE<sup>2</sup>  
BATHROOM, NIGHT - 01:13**

RACHEL still on the phone, watches Chris walk towards the back of the shop.

MULLEN (O.S.)

Listen, if you're not up to this,  
you need to tell me now.

RACHEL staring at the shop.

RACHEL

[Flat] I'll let you know.

She kills the call and ponders.

CUT TO:

MULLEN looks at his screen. A beat, then he starts to rage in silent frustration. Has his relationship with Kate blown it? He subsides then sits back down on the toilet, head in hands.

33

**INT. PETROL STATION, TOILET, NIGHT - 01:14**

33

CHRIS sits on the toilet, phone in one hand, scrap of paper in the other. It's stark, bright white. He dials, his hand slightly shaking.

DOM (V.O.)

Yeah man?

Chris straightens up. He doesn't know what to say.

DOM (V.O.)

Who's this?

Chris, a little panicked.

CHRIS  
You don't know me.

DOM (V.O.)  
I don't know anyone who rings this  
phone dickhead, what do you want?

Chris pauses. Is he going through with this?

CHRIS  
I've coke to sell, a big bag of  
it... cheap.

DOM (V.O.)  
What?

CHRIS  
Thirty grand.

DOM (V.O.)  
Iggy?

CHRIS  
No. You don't... Look, I've come  
into possession of a bag of coke. A  
big... I...

DOM (V.O.)  
Lad, stop chattin' shit and give  
yer head a wobble will yer?

Dom hangs up. Chris looks at the phone - that went badly. He looks at the piece of paper with numbers on it. He's halfway through dialling another number when he hears the door open outside. He stands up, flushes the toilet and quickly exits.

34

**EXT. MELOVE AVENUE, NIGHT - 01:50**

34

CASEY and MARCO are walking down the central reservation. Casey is in the lead, backpack on her shoulder as Marco plods behind her.

MARCO  
Imagine having a gaff round 'ere?

Casey keeps walking. Marco jogs a few paces to catch her up.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Boss ken's round here lad.

CASEY

You couldn't live in one of these.

MARCO

If I won the lottery...

CASEY

Even if you won the lottery, and by the way, you don't do the lottery...

MARCO

I do scratch cards.

CASEY

Even if you won the lottery that you don't do, you couldn't live round here.

MARCO

Why not?

CASEY

Because.

MARCO

Why?

CASEY

Because you're thick.

MARCO

I'm not thick!

CASEY

Who would you talk to?

MARCO

I'd have a bird if I lived round here.

CASEY

Aside from the bird that you haven't got, who would you talk to?

Marco considers.

MARCO

Next door.

CASEY

Round here they'd be doctors or solicitors or something. What would you talk to them about?

MARCO

I talk to solicitors!

CASEY

It's not the same thing dickhead.

They walk on a few paces and then Marco jogs off to out of shot. A beat, then he returns holding a three foot branch. He waves it, holding it up, and then swinging it around as he walks.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Carl, the money... I would have done the same.

MARCO

Would you?

CASEY

Yeah. Grands a grand innit?

Marco goes back to swinging. A beat then:

MARCO

Where we goin'?

Casey ignores the question. A beat, then he goes back to the stick as they trudge along.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I was good at shapes at school.  
Miss Connolly said I was good at shapes.

Marco swings the stick hard and it flies off out. They both stop and watch the stick fly away into the darkness. Marco looks at Casey and smiles like a naughty boy. She shakes her head, smiles, then she starts to walk again.

CASEY

Knobhead.

35

**EXT/INT. CROSSBRIDGE AVE/CARL'S HOUSE, DAWN - 06:00**

35

Through the glass of a front door, we can see the shape of RACHEL coming up the path. She knocks. A woman's hand [MRS JONES] opens the door to reveal Rachel and CHRIS who is standing by the car entering a phone number off the piece of paper.

RACHEL

Mrs. Jones?

MRS JONES  
She's in the bin.

Mrs Jones points to her wheelie bin which is off to the side.

RACHEL  
I'm sorry?

MRS JONES  
My daughter, Alana. She's  
schizophrenic. I can't take it  
anymore. She keeps coming back. I  
keep kicking her out but she just  
keeps coming back. She needs help,  
proper help, but she won't take her  
tablets and they won't take her. I  
can't keep doing this.

RACHEL  
She's in the bin now?

She turns to Chris, and gestures for him to join her. He  
waves her off as he talks to another dealer. She watches as  
he stops speaking and looks at the phone a little desperate.

MRS JONES  
She was shouting that the Sheriff  
of Nottingham is after her. I just  
can't do this anymore.

Rachel turns back to her.

RACHEL  
Who's after her?

MRS JONES  
Sheriff of Nottingham.

RACHEL  
Sheriff of Nottingham?

36

**EXT. CROSSBRIDGE AVE, DAWN - 06:05**

36

RACHEL is crouching in front of a wheelie bin holding the lid  
open just an inch, like a black letterbox.

RACHEL  
...It's only us here.

ALANA  
I know what's going on.

RACHEL  
What's going on?

ALANA  
He can't afford to have me running  
around knowing what I know. I'm a  
threat to him.

RACHEL  
Your mum says you've not been  
taking your tablets Alana, and I  
think that means you need to speak  
to someone.

ALANA  
He wants me to take them. He knows  
they mess with me head. I'm in  
peril here.

RACHEL  
Peril?

ALANA  
Fucking. Peril.

Rachel gives it some thought and tries again.

RACHEL  
There's nobody here who is going to  
hurt you Alana. You have my word...

The bin is suddenly dragged away from a shocked Rachel.

CUT TO:

Still crouched, a shocked RACHEL watches CHRIS drag the bin  
down the drive towards the open back door of the police car.

37

**EXT. BROUGH CLINIC, CAR PARK, DAWN - 06:30**

37

The police car pulls up and RACHEL and CHRIS get out. Chris  
shucks off his body armour and chucks it into the boot, as  
Rachel helps ALANA out. Chris hits the buzzer as Rachel,  
gently holding Alana's arm, stands behind him.

INTERCOM (V.O.)  
Hello?

CHRIS  
Police. We've brought Alana back.

The door clicks opens. Chris heads in but Rachel stops.

RACHEL

Give me the keys, I'll grab some  
change and get us a coffee.

He tosses the keys to her and heads into the building with Alana. Rachel watches the doors slide shut before hitting the remote and dashing back to the car.

The boot opens and Rachel leans in. She moves the bag of drugs to grab Chris's body armour, and checks the pockets before finding the burner phone. A glance around and then she sends herself a text message. She checks the number and then deletes the message and slams the boot shut. Darkness.

38

**INT. BROUGH CLINIC WAITING ROOM, DAWN - 06:35**

38

CHRIS and ALANA are sitting next to each other on plastic chairs under a few dog eared posters about mental health. Both look like shit. Chris is catatonic, Alana stares at him.

CHRIS

What?

ALANA

You alright?

CHRIS

I'm having a bad night.

ALANA

I know the feeling.

CHRIS

Schizophrenic?

ALANA

Yeah. You?

CHRIS

Anxiety and depression.

ALANA

Bummer. What you on?

CHRIS

[Sighs deeply] Setraline.

ALANA

[Chuckles knowingly] What dose?

CHRIS

100 mil.

ALANA

You might want to up it.

CHRIS

I might.

ALANA

Panic attacks?

Chris stares at her.

ALANA (CONT'D)

[Soft] People have no idea do they?

Chris softens and shakes his head.

ALANA (CONT'D)

My advice? Take some time off work.

Alana leans in close.

ALANA (CONT'D)

And get some sleep, you look like  
shit.

CHRIS

You live in a bin.

ALANA

[Shrugs] Take it or leave it.

RACHEL returns, carrying three coffees. She passes them out  
and then someone begins to wail off-screen.

RACHEL

Jesus Christ.

ALANA

You get used to it.

RACHEL

[To Chris] Feeling better?

ALANA

I told him he needs to take some  
time off.

CHRIS

Stay out of it Alana.

Alana holds up a hand of apology.



39

**EXT. POLICE STATION, CAR PARK, DAY - 07:00**

39

Chris's police car pulls into the empty car park. He and RACHEL alight and unload the boot. Rachel grabs her stuff and heads to the station - Chris hangs back.

CHRIS

Rachel?

She turns.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Tonight, it's between us, yeah?

RACHEL

Of course.

CHRIS

Thanks.

RACHEL

Just get somewhere to sleep today,  
because you're not coming to mine.

He smiles and turns to pick up the bag of drugs and his bag of clothes. After a few paces, Rachel turns back to him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Why did you buy a phone at the  
petrol station earlier?

He looks at her, weighing up the question.

CHRIS

You spying on me?

RACHEL

No!

CHRIS

So?

She stares, she wants the 'truth'. He thinks.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I want a new number away from Kate.

RACHEL

You looked at the intel system in  
the car.

CHRIS

My job?

RACHEL  
You hid it though...

He stops. A beat.

CHRIS  
I looked after you tonight.

She considers. She's compromised. She turns and goes and then looks back again.

RACHEL  
You can always talk to me you know?

He doesn't know what to say.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
If you're struggling... I really mean it.

He looks at the floor as she waits, but he won't look at her. She shakes her head and walks away. He watches her go, then looks up into the sky and closes his eyes.

40      **INT. POLICE STATION, FEMALE LOCKER ROOM/MULLEN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY - 07:10**      40

RACHEL sits in front of an open locker. A beat, then she dials a number.

CUT TO:

MULLEN is getting some breakfast. ELLIE and ADAM in the background. Mullen's phone starts to vibrate on the counter.

ELLIE  
Yours.

He crosses, sees it is Rachel and heads out the room.

MULLEN  
Hello?

RACHEL (O.S.)  
He interrogated the intel system and then bought a burner phone last night.

MULLEN  
Yeah?

RACHEL (V.O.)  
From a garage.

MULLEN

Tell me you have the number?

CUT TO:

RACHEL leans forward and rests her head in her hand.

RACHEL

[Beat] Yeah.

41

**INT. JOE AND ELIZABETH'S HOUSE, DAY - 07:15**

41

An old man, JOE, is on the landing looking down the stairs as his wife, ELIZABETH, stands behind him. They hear a muffled voice from downstairs. Elizabeth grips tightly onto Joe who shrugs her free.

He lifts a cosh and creeps down the stairs until a stair creaks. We hear a noise from the kitchen. He glances back to Elizabeth and then leans over the banister. A light is on in the kitchen. He steels himself, and carries on downstairs.

A few paces and then the downstairs toilet door opens and light floods the hall. Joe lifts the cosh ready to strike as MARCO comes out of the toilet with the Liverpool Echo.

CASEY (O.S.)

Grandad!! No!

Joe spins round to see CASEY stood in the open kitchen door. Joe blinks. Casey smiles then pulls a face of disgust and looks at Marco who gestures to the toilet.

MARCO

I'd give it five minutes lad.

Marco heads off to the kitchen as Casey and her grandfather look at each other in shock.

42

**INT. POLICE STATION, LOCKER ROOM/GALLAGHER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 2  
DAY - 07:16**

CHRIS struggles into the locker room carrying the bags and his kit. He throws his kit on the floor and pulls open his locker door. A gnome stares back at him out. He takes it out, studies it, and then furiously throws it out of shot.

CUT TO:

CHRIS sits on the bench opposite his open locker. He is wearing civvies and tying the laces on a pair of boots. He pulls the lace tight but then it snaps.

He explodes, pent up rage, kicking out at the locker a few times and making it rock just as the burner phone starts to vibrate. He looks up, staring at the locker, then he is on his feet in a flash.

CHRIS

Yeah?

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

You want thirty thousand?

CHRIS

Who's this? What?

CUT TO:

GALLAGHER in her kitchen wearing a dressing gown.

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

A friend of mine called to say that he'd spoken to you about something that belongs to me. So if you want money, I'm the person who is going to give it to you, assuming you are telling the truth.

CUT TO:

CHRIS stands, suddenly animated. He checks around to be sure the locker room is empty, and then speaks softly.

CHRIS

There's a lot, coke, I don't think it's been cut, it's in a sports holdall, a big one.

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

Why only thirty?

CHRIS

It's all I need.

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

You haven't been doing this for long have you?

CHRIS

It's what I need.

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

Eight o'clock, Calderstones Park.  
The carpark off Yew Tree.

CHRIS

I know it.

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

Near the fitness equipment. Bring it and you get your money, don't bring it, and you'll be sorry.

CHRIS

I won't... I promise.

The call ends. Chris stands in shock. He looks at his watch, then throws his gear quickly into the locker, grabs his coat, the drugs bag, then exits.

43

**INT. GALLAGHER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/CARL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, DAY 43  
07:20**

CARL fully clothed, is lying on the bed next to JODIE who is cuddled in asleep. Suitcases are lined against the wall. In his hand is a battered old revolver. His mobile begins to buzz - he looks at the screen and answers the call.

CARL

Yeah?

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

I spoke to him.

CARL

Who?

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

Your policeman.

Carl sits up. Jodie wakes, although Carl doesn't notice.

CARL

Why?

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

He's reached out to Dom Carver last night trying to sell my drugs. Carver rang me and now I'm fixing your mistakes.

CARL

*He's got them?!?!?*

Carl shakes his head, rolls off the bed and stands, still holding the revolver.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna kick the shit out of him.

GALLAGHER (O.S.)  
David and Marcus will be there.

This resonates with Carl. He realises Chris is in deep shit.

CARL  
No hang on... I'm not... I'll sort him out. I know him. I'll let him know he's out of order.

GALLAGHER (O.S.)  
Calderstones at eight.

She hangs up. He exhales and then looks at Jodie who is looking back at him.

CARL  
You've drooled on me shirt 'ere.

JODIE  
Save me washin' it.

He smiles at her and leans back in for a massive hug and a kiss. A beat, then he jumps off the bed a changed man. She rolls over pensive.

44      **INT. JOE AND ELIZABETH'S HOUSE, DAY - 07:30**

44

MARCO and JOE sit at the dining room table.

JOE  
You her boyfriend?

MARCO  
I'm her mate.

JOE  
That's a relief.

The door opens and CASEY enters. She's changed into a t-shirt and jeans and looks better. Marco's eyes follow her as she crosses to Elizabeth who is making breakfast.

CASEY  
Can I help Nanna?

Elizabeth smiles at her warmly. There is real love there.

ELIZABETH

You're as bad a cook as your mum  
was. Go and sit love, it won't be  
long.

Casey smiles. It's domestic bliss. Casey heads over to the table. Elizabeth watches her go, then turns back to the counter and with her back to the others, the smile slips. She takes a tea pot off the shelf and deftly removes a roll of notes (couple of hundred) and stuffs it in her dressing gown.

45      **INT. SMART SUBURB, DAY - 07:46**

45

We're with CHRIS driving down a street in his personal car. Eyes flicking left and right. He sees what he needs and pulls in to the kerb. He picks up a small paper bag off the seat next to him, takes out a packet of double sided self adhesive pads and rips it open.

He leaps out the car, looks around, then darts across to a similar Ford Focus and rips off the plates. He runs to his car, crouches down and using the pads, attaches the plates over his own.

He quickly gets back in and pulls away again. Job done.

46      **EXT/INT. CAR PARK/JOE AND ELIZABETH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY - 07:58**

CHRIS pulls into a car park. He scans around and sees a 4x4 parked up at one end - is that who he's meeting? A few spaces away, he sees a white Transit van with two men inside [BARRY and IAN].

He watches the 4x4 for a beat, then realises what he is doing is madness. He's about to leave when the passenger door flies open and CARL sits down.

CARL

Alright dickhead.

Chris slumps. He scans the carpark and sees Gallagher's men (MARCUS and DAVID) getting out of the 4x4. Chris sees them for what they are straight away.

CARL (CONT'D)

Chill your beans, you're alright.

CHRIS

What the hell are you doing here?

CARL  
Saving your life. What the fuck  
were you thinking?

CHRIS  
What? I...

CARL  
You're a bizzie.

CHRIS  
They know?

CARL  
'Course they do.

Chris scans the others and then turns back to Carl.

CARL (CONT'D)  
They won't hurt you.

CHRIS  
Why?

CARL  
[meaning it] You're me mate. [beat]  
Where's the gear?

Chris looks at Carl, then Marcus and David. He's beaten. He exits the car, goes to the boot, and takes out the bag. Carl holds out his hand for the bag.

CHRIS  
The money?

CARL  
Walk away.

CHRIS  
I need this Carl.

CARL  
You think you do, but you don't.  
I'll box you off a few quid when  
this is over, but come 'ed lad,  
there's no way you're getting  
thirty off these.

Marcus and David start walking towards Chris and Carl. Chris weighs up his options. Chris surrenders, Carl takes the bag.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Get in your car and go home. You've  
just dodged a bullet and a half.



Chris moves to get back into his car. Marcus and David stop walking and watch him as Carl approaches with the bag held out, smile on his face.

CARL (CONT'D)

Bingo.

Barry and Ian make to get out of the van but Carl signals for them to stay put. They do as they are told.

Marcus stares past Carl, eyes hard on Chris.

MARCUS

That the Bizzie?

Carl shrugs, then proffers the bag to Marcus who takes it.

Marcus returns to his 4x4 followed by Carl and opens the boot. He throws the bag in, then unzips it, does a quick inventory, then takes out a knife and splits a package, and takes out a drug testing kit.

David joins him, holding a phone to his ear. Marcus sprinkles a little of the gear onto a slide and then drips a few drops of liquid. He waits. Nothing happens. He gingerly tests the drugs with his little finger, then rubs it on his gums. He looks at David who speaks softly into the phone.

DAVID

Just a second...

CUT TO:

CASEY hefts her backpack onto the table watched by everyone. She indicates that JOE should open it and he tentatively takes out a brick of coke. He looks at her, then the others, then her again.

JOE

What have you done?

CUT TO:

CHRIS in his car, head on the steering wheel. He looks up and sees MARCUS and DAVID both look at CARL.

CUT TO:

MARCUS stabs at another package, then brings out a small amount of coke on his knife. Carl's smile is fading. Marcus holds the blade toward CARL.

MARCUS

Try it.

Carl, unsure, takes a snuff pinch of the drugs. We can hear David narrating softly what is happening on the phone.

DAVID

Marcus is asking him to sample it.

Carl sniffs the coke. It doesn't go down well.

CARL

Jesus!

Carl bends double and claws at his face.

CUT TO:

BARRY and IAN exchange glances in the van. Something is wrong. Barry opens his door but Ian touches his arm. 'Leave it.'

CUT TO:

CARL blows his nose roughly with his fingers.

CARL (CONT'D)

Fuck is tha?

MARCUS

Washing powder.

DAVID

[Softly to phone] Washing powder.

CARL

What?

He pulls out another package, rips it open, pinches some 'coke' and touches it to his tongue, then spits. Stunned, he spins and looks at Chris.

CUT TO:

It is clear something is wrong with the drugs. CHRIS straightens in his seat, then starts the car. Carl looks into his eyes. Chris holds up his hands - 'what's the problem?'

CUT TO:

Noise of the park. CARL looks at MARCUS.

CARL (CONT'D)

I didn't...

DAVID

[To Marcus, softly] Kill him.

CARL

Woah!

Marcus lunges forward and grips Carl around the back of the neck and stabs him in the chest, pulling him onto the knife. They struggle.

CUT TO:

BARRY and IAN both jump out the van and move towards the struggle. CARL looks towards them but they stop as they meet David's sombre gaze.

CUT TO:

MARCUS is stronger than CARL and pulls him onto the knife. Carl grunts, then the fight becomes sudden and fast with Carl losing.

CUT TO:

Air rushing out the airlock. CHRIS sits bolt upright. He sees what is happening and reaches for the door handle. He watches the two men locked together, as MARCUS stabs quickly, again and again, until they both drop to their knees between the two cars. Chris drops the clutch and pulls away at speed.

CUT TO:

DAVID watches CHRIS go and then turns to see CARL, who is now reaching around his back for his gun. David calmly clamps his hand over Carl's as MARCUS stabs silently. David looks to BARRY and IAN who are in shock. David holds up a hand - all four stare at each other until Marcus releases Carl who lifelessly falls onto the tarmac.

DAVID

Do we have a problem?

They look at each other and then Ian shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Put him in the boot then.

Barry and Ian look at each other, then do as they are told.

47

**EXT/INT. ROADS/CHRIS'S PERSONAL CAR, DAY - 08.10**

47

CHRIS is blowing hard as he drives. He's in shock, checking the mirror, the road, the mirror, adjusting his seatbelt, eyes still searching. He's hyper-ventilating. He tries to calm himself a little but can't.

He suddenly pulls over in a nice residential street. He takes out the burner phone. He's struggling to pull it apart until finally he smashes it against the steering wheel a few times. He gets the battery off and attacks the sim card.

He checks all around and then gets out the car. We follow him as he checks the nearby houses and then sets to ripping off his false number plates.

He's focussed as he heads back to the driver's seat. A final beat of checking just before crouches and then we watch as he drops the plates and the broken phone down a grid in the gutter.

He gets back in the car. Quick check again then a deep exhale. He drives on.

FADE OUT.