

1

INT/EXT. CHRIS'S CAR/THE BEACH, CAR PARK, DAY - 13:59

1

We pan close to the grain of a car dashboard until we settle on the clock: 13:59. A beat, then 14:00. Suddenly a PARKING ATTENDENT bangs on the window.

CUT TO:

CHRIS wakes suddenly, flinching.

ATTENDENT
[Muffled] Time!

Chris is groggy and confused as the attendant knocks again.

ATTENDENT (CONT'D)
You're over your ticket!

Chris digs in his pocket, and produces his warrant card.

CHRIS
Fuck off.

The attendant studies the card, and then leaves. Chris tosses his warrant card and looks around the car, it is a tip. Wrappers, a milkshake cup, bottle of coke, and a half-smoked joint. He stares out the windscreen a beat then gets out.

CUT TO:

He's outside the car looking around the almost empty car park and then out to sea. He breathes deep, then starts to cough the cough of someone who has smoked too much weed. He sees a caravan selling coffee and burgers and heads off wearily.

2

EXT. THE BEACH/COUNTRY LANE, DAY - 14:15

2

CHRIS sits centre of the frame, his back to a concrete sea wall that towers above him. He pulls his coat tight and sips from a coffee. We close in, he stares back at us, impassive.

CUT TO:

Boom, we're in the middle of Carl's death. Close in, scrabbling feet and gasping for breath.

CUT TO:

We're still moving in on Chris, impassive, the only splash of colour against the concrete.

CUT TO:

CARL, trying to grab the knife as it slams into him again.

CUT TO:

Much closer on CHRIS, we can see his mind working.

CUT TO:

CARL, panicking, gasping and whelping, losing the fight.

CUT TO:

CHRIS gasps then snaps out of it. He looks down, he's spilled coffee. He looks around then wipes at the spill. We turn our gaze out to the sea which smudges the horizon beyond a plain of sand and the Gormley statues. A ferry heads out of the Mersey as wind turbines spin slowly in the distance.

CUT TO:

CHRIS pulls out his phone, gives it some thought, then dials, eyes on the horizon. Kate picks up.

KATE (O.S.)

Where are you?

He looks around.

CHRIS

Nowhere.

KATE (O.S.)

I've been worried about you.
How're you doing?

CHRIS

I'm okay.

CUT TO:

KATE, sitting in her car, has clearly been crying.

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

How's Tilly?

KATE

She was asking about you this morning.

CUT TO:

CHRIS, staring off out to sea, lets out a sigh.

CHRIS

I wanted to say I'm sorry.

KATE (O.S.)

You don't have to apologise.

CUT TO:

KATE (CONT'D)

About Ray...

CHRIS (O.S.)

No Kate, please.

KATE

No Chris. I *have* to.

She listens, he is silent. A beat, then:

KATE (CONT'D)

I know I've hurt you before with this... I know I said I wouldn't do it again with him and I have, but he made me feel happy again. Just in the moment I felt loved and loving, and I really needed that. I wish I didn't need that, and I really wish it wasn't him who was the one who gave it to me...

She breaks off, the thought of what she's done so painful.

KATE (CONT'D)

I just need to tell you that I'm sorry it was Ray...

CUT TO:

He's struggling, not angry, but struggling all the same.

CHRIS

[Softly] Fucking Ray.

KATE (O.S.)

I know what you think he did to you at work...

A long beat, the line on the horizon they just can't reach.

CHRIS

I can't think about this now.

KATE (O.S.)
But I think we need to.

CHRIS
I don't have it in me Kate. Not
now. I'm not angry with you, I'm
just beaten.

CUT TO:

She hates herself. She looks up and listens.

KATE
I wish you were angry. [Beat] Can I
hear seagulls?

CUT TO:

CHRIS
No.

We can plainly hear seagulls.

KATE (O.S.)
[worried] Are you at the beach?

CHRIS
Don't worry about where I am.

CUT TO:

KATE looks off across fields for a beat.

KATE
Is this it?

CUT TO:

CHRIS closes his eyes and then opens them.

CHRIS
I think so yeah.

KATE (O.S.)
Oh Chris...

CHRIS
It isn't you Kate. I can barely
live with meself, so why should you
have to?

CUT TO:

She's destroyed. She blinks away a tear.

KATE
But I love you.

CHRIS (O.S.)
And I love you too, but I'm no good
for you.

She listens but can't reply.

KATE
Is that it?

CHRIS (O.S.)
I think so.

CUT TO:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm going to go now.

He kills the call and settles back to stare at the sea.

3 **INT. COFFEE SHOP, TOILET/LOCK UP, DAY - 14:20**

3

JODIE, sits in a city centre coffee shop. She is flicking from her phone to the door and back. She's a bag of nerves.

CUT TO:

A toilet cubicle door crashes open. JODIE, fighting back tears, leaning back against the door and pulling out a baggy of coke. She snorts, messy, desperately cleaning up, she sobs, then hangs her head, she's pathetic.

CUT TO:

JODIE retakes her seat in

\[the coffee shop. She's more collected, but not herself. She places a fresh coffee on the table. She flicks her hair, twitchy, but getting better. She exhales, she can do this. She takes out her phone and dials.

CUT TO:

The lock up. BARRY, sitting reading a newspaper, IAN, who is making a pot noodle, looks down at his phone as it rings.

IAN
Her again.

BARRY
Bin her off.

IAN
We can't just bin her off.

BARRY
What you gonna say to her then?

IAN
[Beat] I dunno.

BARRY
There's your problem right there
then lad.

Ian kills the call and goes back to stirring.

CUT TO:

JODIE places the phone down. She rattles her fingernails on the table. A CUSTOMER glances across. Jodie forces a smile and then takes a sip of coffee.

4

EXT. THE BEACH, CAR PARK, DAY - 14:30

4

CHRIS is at the boot of the car digging through a sports bag. It's raining, the wind is blowing off the sea. He takes out some underwear and a washbag and hides them under his fleece. He sees a police car entering the car park. He looks back in the boot, trying to hide his face as it passes him slowly. We see a flash of the POLICEMAN's face looking at him as it passes. Chris digs deep in the boot trying to hide.

He glances at the car, we see a flash of brake light. Chris sticks his head back into the boot. He grabs a tyre iron, then shocked with himself, throws it deeper into the boot. He looks again as the police car drives on. Chris's body sags as the tension leaves it.

5

INT. THE BEACH, PUBLIC TOILETS, DAY - 14:35

5

CHRIS enters the toilets, they stink. He heads for a sink and looks in a dirty mirror. He stares at himself for a beat. Is that what he has become?

He turns a tap. Nothing. He tries another. Nothing. He stares at the mirror again, dead eyed before turning and trying a cubicle door. Locked. 20p. He balances his stuff in the crook of his arm and fishes for money. Nothing.

He drops his head, a beat, composing himself before suddenly kicking the door open. He balks at the smell, then enters.

CUT TO:

We're with CHRIS in the cubicle. He's sitting, head low in the gloom, misery personified. He reaches for the toilet roll. Empty. He stares, then sets about smashing it off the wall furiously.

6 **EXT. THE BEACH, PUBLIC TOILETS, DAY - 14:36**

6

We're outside in the grey wind and rain as the sound of Chris's breakdown emanates from the toilets. Smashing shouting and banging and then sudden silence. A beat, then he emerges and heads to his car and out of shot.

7 **EXT. RACHEL'S FLAT, CAR PARK, DAY - 15.00**

7

RACHEL sits in her car with the radio playing softly. With a deep breath she gets out, slamming the door behind her. We follow as she marches across the carpark of a smart, leafy, block of flats.

She enters a block and jogs up a flight of stairs, and then makes to knock on the door of one of the flats. She hesitates, her hand an inch from the door. She produces a key and timidly slips it into the lock. She tries it, it doesn't budge. She frowns, pulls the key then stops.

RACHEL

Steve?

She listens nervously, her head cocked.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Open the door please Steve.

This is hard, she glances around and then moves in close to the door, her cheek almost resting against it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

[Whispers] You can't just lock me out. This is my flat.

She listens, ear to the door, silence, then a little firmer:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I could have you arrested.

The silence is unbearable as she tries to figure out what to do next. The door behind her opens and a middle aged neighbour [JOHN] looks at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
John. Sorry, I'm just... We're...

John rolls his eyes and closes the door. Rachel hangs her head, then turns back to her own flat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Steve?

Silence.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I pay the mortgage... It's my flat.

Deep breath, a glance at John's and then a little louder:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'm not putting up with it.

The door flies open and Rachel almost falls into the flat as STEVE stands there, face like thunder, daring her to speak. Rachel steps back, her resolve gone.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I just...

She crumbles, he closes the door quietly and is gone. She's embarrassed and then suddenly near to tears. Beaten, she heads down the stairs, the door closing softly behind her.

8 **EXT/INT. SURGERY, GALLAGHER'S ROOM/FIRE EXIT, DAY - 16:00** 8

GALLAGHER descends the escape toward BARRY and IAN. Gallagher acknowledges Ian and then takes a seat a few feet above him. She offers a cigarette to Ian. He passes. She lights up. He sits down a few steps below her, as though he is sitting at her feet. She takes a drag. Barry goes back to looking at his phone as Ian waits.

GALLAGHER
I spend all day telling people they shouldn't smoke, and then I sit here where they can all see me from the car park.

They sit in silence as she takes another drag then exhales.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about your friend.

Ian looks at her, then away. Barry finally slips his phone into his pocket but doesn't look at her. She watches them.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
What happened had to happen.

This is hard for her, she takes another drag.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
The first thing I want you to do is
clean up after this morning.

Barry looks at Ian who stares back for a beat.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
And then I want you to get me the
policeman. Alright?

She stubs the cigarette and stands and holds out her hand. Ian stands and goes to take it. Instead, she hands him the cigarette butt and turns away. He looks at the butt then her.

IAN
What about the gear?

She reaches the door and looks back at him.

GALLAGHER
The policeman *is* the gear.

Barry and Ian exchange a confused look.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
I'm not saying he *has* it. I'm
saying he knows *who has* it. Or at
the very least who had it last.

Barry thinks it through as Ian stares at him a beat.

IAN
Casey.

GALLAGHER
Who?

BARRY

The bag 'ed who started all this.
She will have switched it because
there's no way the copper would
have turned up with jarg coke...
She might still have it.

GALLAGHER

Well she won't be selling it
because *nobody* is selling it. It's
ours, and people know it is ours.

Gallagher thinks a beat, then fixes on Ian.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

Find her. Find the copper.

Ian nods, a little chastised. She turns away then turns back:

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

And get me my drugs back.

She goes back into the surgery. Ian turns wearily and heads
down past Barry who eventually follows.

CUT TO:

GALLAGHER, in her office, her head in her hands. Beat, she
collects herself, then hits the intercom.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

Send the next one in please,
Denise.

She starts to type again.

9

INT. NURSING HOME, JUNE'S ROOM, DAY - 17:00

9

CHRIS sits with JUNE in her room. He is eating her evening
meal, dead-eyed, slow chewing as he stares into space. She is
asleep on the bed, softly snoring with an oxygen pipe under
her nose. She falls silent, we can hear the hiss of the
oxygen. He notices, lowers the fork, eyes on his mother for a
beat before he looks to the door and then back to his mum.

CHRIS

Mum?

Just the hiss. We listen, she snores softly, it's rhythmic,
calming, he settles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
[Soft] What am I going to do.

He stands and crosses to the window and looks out.

He's agitated, unable to settle. Panic attack building. He glances at his mother who looks asleep. Hand on his head, he looks out the window again. Fuck. He turns back. She is looking at him. He jumps, he thought she was asleep.

JUNE
Christopher?

CHRIS
Sorry... I didn't mean to wake you.

She isn't buying it. She stares. He breaks. She aches for him but can't reach out to him. He hovers, then sits.

JUNE
Not there... come here.

He's in bits. He hesitates then crosses to the chair by her.

JUNE (CONT'D)
Take my hand. [he does] Shush now.

He falls forward and sobs, his face against her arm.

JUNE (CONT'D)
It's going to be okay... come on.

CHRIS
I'm trying to keep it all in...
trying so hard but I can't do it.

JUNE
Shush now, come on.

CHRIS
Me and Kate... I've ruined it.
Tilly. [sobs] it's all gone...

JUNE
Come on now, nothing's gone.

CHRIS
I don't know what to do.

JUNE
Hold me.

It is breaking her heart she can't hug him to make it better.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Please.

He gets on the bed and lays his head on her chest. It's a physical struggle for her, he lifts his head, scared of hurting her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

It's okay.

He shifts position, to accommodate her.

CHRIS

Carl's dead.

JUNE

Carl Sweeney?

CHRIS

I could go to prison.

JUNE

His poor Mother. [Beat] Prison?

CHRIS

He was me mate Mum, but he wasn't a good guy, he was mixed up in stuff.

JUNE

Carl? Prison?

Chris nods. We're on his face, is he going to tell her?

CHRIS

So am I.

JUNE

What?

CHRIS

Mixed up in stuff.

JUNE

Christopher?

CHRIS

What have I done? Oh god...

JUNE

I wish I could hold you.

He sobs.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Come on now, this isn't you, you're better than this.

CHRIS

Tell me what to do...

JUNE

You fight, that's what you do. You fight and you keep fighting and then you can't be beaten.

He nods as he wipes tears away, affected by his Mum's words.

10

EXT. NURSING HOME, CAR PARK, DAY - 17:15

10

CHRIS exits the nursing home. He heads towards his car purposefully, his phone to his ear.

CHRIS

Roads Policing please.

He hits the fob and gets in the car. A beat.

STATION ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Roads Policing.

CHRIS

Hey offs, sorry to bother you, can you do me an ANPR check?

STATION ASSISTANT (V.O.)

You can do your own number plate checks mate.

CHRIS

Yeah I know, but I'm out and about at the mo. You know the score.

STATION ASSISTANT (V.O.)

I'll need authorisation.

CHRIS

I'd email it but me and my colleague are standing here waiting to do a front door and...

STATION ASSISTANT (V.O.)

I need the chitty.

Chris grimaces.

CHRIS

If we don't go now this guy's walking... It involves kids mate... you know?

STATION ASSISTANT (V.O.)

What's your name and what's the VRN?

CHRIS

I'm DC Mike Symmes and the VRN is [gives number plate]. I need to know if it was anywhere near Calderstones this morning between seven and nine?

As Chris gives the VRN we slowly pull back to see it is the number plate on the front of his car.

STATION ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Stand by.

Chris sits, tense.

STATION ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Closest I've got it pinged is a mile and half away at 0750, then the same camera twenty five minutes later going the other way.

CHRIS

But not at the park?

STATION ASSISTANT (V.O.)

No, mile and half away. Do you have a log number for this job?

Chris hangs up.

CHRIS

Okay then.

He starts the engine and pulls away.

11

INT/EXT. CARL'S AUDI/SIDE STREET, DAY - 17:45

11

We're in the car in a side street. IAN climbs in and feels around on the floor for the keys. He produces them and starts the car. He adjusts the mirror then glances over his shoulder to pull away. He looks down. Carl's body bundled facedown on the floor. All Ian can see is an arm and his back.

IAN

Jesus!

He's shocked, panicked almost. He is pained. His mate. A beat, he collects himself and drives away.

12

EXT. MULLEN'S HOUSE, DRIVE, DAY - 17.50

12

KATE sits in her car on Ellie's driveway. She glances at the house and then steadies herself, two hands on the steering wheel even though the engine's off.

She is dreading seeing Ellie. She wearily opens the door and heads up the drive. She's halfway there when the door is opened by an ashen ELLIE who steps outside to meet her.

ELLIE

Are you fucking my husband?

Kate reels, then:

KATE

It's not... it's complicated... I wanted... I wanted to tell you but...

Kate runs out of words.

ELLIE

Your marriage is gone so you thought you would take mine?

KATE

No... I never...

ELLIE

I can't believe it. I carried you... helped you... You do this to me? [whispers] I was your best friend.

Kate is in agony. She reaches a hand towards her Ellie, then pulls it away as ADAM and TILLY run down the stairs behind.

Ellie turns and sees the kids who stare back. Kate lifts a hand to her mouth as Ellie turns back to look at her.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

[Without taking her eyes off Kate]
Tilly, get your stuff.

Tilly starts to gather her things as Adam stays by the door watching the two women outside. Kate and Ellie stare at each other. No words, just eyes. Tilly reappears holding a limp coat and her bag. Ellie looks at her and then steps back into the house before gently ushering her out. Ellie then closes the door quietly.

Tilly stares at her Mum a beat until:

TILLY

I didn't mean to... I'm sorry. I
heard you and Daddy last night...

Kate is devastated. She kneels and holds her daughter tight.

KATE

It's not your fault... it's never
your fault.

13

EXT. CAR PARK, DAY - 18:00

13

CHRIS stands on the spot where Carl was murdered. He searches the ground with his eyes before looking up and around, scanning for CCTV - he doesn't see any. The park is busy with evening EXERCISERS and DOG WALKERS. Life goes on.

A chill runs through him. He catches the eye of a WOMAN chatting on her phone in her car. She's watching him, he looks suspicious standing between two parked cars. He smiles at her then drops the water bottle he was holding. He bends to pick it up, but squeezes the bottle hard and splashes the scene heavily before standing up again.

He pulls his phone and pretends he is receiving a call as he slides his foot around, spreading and scraping the water.

CHRIS

Simon? How you doing?

He turns a slow circle as he pretends to listen, eyes on the ground.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No, mate... just at the park.

He toes something on the floor. Blood? He drops the bottle again and bends down.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah mate... Friday.

He crouches, scratches the stain, we can't see it until he lifts his finger tip and we see a dot of red on it. He panics, grabbing the bottle and splashing the spot, phone call forgotten. He rubs, inspects his palm, then looks up. The woman, standing nearby, watching him closely.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I... I dropped my bottle.

He splashes more water, imagined blood? He turns so that the woman can't see what he is doing. He looks weird, panicked. He looks up, a MAN waiting to get into his car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I dropped my bottle.

The man just stares. Chris looks around, waking up to his behaviour, the man gestures he wants to get into his car. Chris steps away. The door slams and Chris flinches, he looks at the woman, she is still staring as she talks.

He turns away as the car starts, then sees a MAN ON A BIKE in almost the exact place where Barry was that morning. Chris stares. The man stares back. He looks at the guy in the car who is watching him and then the woman. The whole world's watching. He takes a breath. He looks at the guy and bike. The start of a panic attack?

Head down and conscious of how weird he is behaving, Chris walks quickly back towards his car. Once there, he fumbles with his keys and then glances back to the man and the woman - but they've gone. He exhales deeply. Calm calm calm.

He looks around the scene one last time: a private CCTV camera. Fuck. The other side of the road staring right at the car park.

14

EXT. CAR PARK/HOUSE, DAY - 18:05

14

CHRIS walks up the driveway opposite the car park. He stops once he is under the camera. It's quite old tech. He scopes its view, then knocks at the door. No answer. He looks through the windows then heads around the back of the house.

CUT TO:

CHRIS looking though the kitchen window, then he heads to the back door and tries the handle. Locked. He picks up a stone and is heading for the patio windows when he sees an OLD MAN walking in next door's garden. Chris thinks, then slowly puts the stone down, straightens, takes a few steps and calls out.

CHRIS
Excuse me?

Chris flashes his warrant card as the old man turns.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Nothing to worry about.

The old man approaches the fence warily.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Next door?

NEIGHBOUR
I don't get involved.

CHRIS
You know when they're back?

The old man nods to his house.

NEIGHBOUR
She'll know.

CHRIS
Could you ask her?

NEIGHBOUR
She's not in.

CHRIS
Have you got a number for them?

NEIGHBOUR
We don't get involved.

CHRIS
Do you know if their CCTV works?

The old man looks at the house and then back at Chris with a shrug.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'll be back.

NEIGHBOUR
We don't get involved.

CHRIS
Yeah. You said. Thanks for your help.

NEIGHBOUR
You're welcome.

The old man wanders off as Chris looks up at the back of the house, noting the old CCTV, then heads off.

15

EXT/INT. RACHEL'S CAR/MULLEN'S DRIVEWAY, DAY - 18.45

15

RACHEL is sitting in her car outside her flat. She's been crying, angry, with herself. She has her phone in her hand as she listens to music on the radio playing softly. A beat, she dials Steve. She's determined but then hangs up. She screams in frustration and then balls her fist against her forehead. She dials again, she is taking back control.

CUT TO:

MULLEN has just pulled on the drive, he is collecting his stuff as the phone rings on Bluetooth.

MULLEN
Yeah?

RACHEL (O.S.)
It's me.

MULLEN
I know it's you, what do you want?

CUT TO:

RACHEL in her car.

RACHEL
What's happening?

MULLEN (O.S.)
Nothing's happening. Why are you ringing me?

RACHEL
Because I want to know what's happening.

MULLEN (O.S.)
Have you got something for me?

RACHEL
No, I just... I gave you the number Chris is using and I want to know what you're doing with it.

Rachel is already regretting the call.

MULLEN (O.S.)
What do you think I'm doing with
it? You only give me it this
morning.

Rachel closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

Eyes on the house.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
Listen, nothing's going anywhere,
not yet.

RACHEL (O.S.)
I thought you'd have your team
working on it?

MULLEN
This stuff takes time and I'm a
busy man.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Well give me the number of someone
else, so I can chase stuff up.

MULLEN
I'm your contact.

CUT TO:

Rachel considers, something is wrong.

RACHEL
Who's your boss?

MULLEN
I'm your contact.

RACHEL
Shouldn't I sign something?

CUT TO:

MULLEN one hand squeezing his eyes.

MULLEN
Look, I'm on your side and you're
on mine.
(MORE)

MULLEN (CONT'D)

We're doing the right thing and
it's going to pay off for both of
us.

He looks up, Ellie at the front door waiting for him. He
lifts a hand. She stares back.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Just trust me. I won't let you
down.

He kills the call and turns to pick up his briefcase. The
driver's door opens and ELLIE leans into the car punching him
furiously.

16

INT. JOE AND ELIZABETH'S HOUSE, BATHROOM, NIGHT - 20:00

16

Close in on CASEY staring at us. Hair washed, a little make-
up, she looks better than we've seen her before. A beat of
blank stare and then she reaches up and opens the bathroom
cabinet. She has been staring into her reflection.

CUT TO:

We are staring over her shoulder as she looks at assorted
medicines. She starts to sort through them. She isn't as well
as she looks. She's getting more and more frantic as she
pulls various bottles out, inspecting them before putting
them back. Finally, she finds what she's looking for, she
tips the contents into her hand. About ten pills. She slips a
few back into the bottle and then necks the rest with a
mouthful of water out of the tap. She replaces the bottle and
closes the cabinet door on us.

CUT TO:

Casey steps onto the landing where she bumps into Joe.

JOE

Alright?

CASEY

Yeah.

JOE

Sure?

CASEY

You?

JOE

You look tired.

She frowns. He feels bad, he's said the wrong thing. She passes him and goes downstairs.

17 **INT. JOE AND ELIZABETH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, NIGHT - 20:10** 17

MARCO sits at the kitchen table upon which sits the bag of drugs. ELIZABETH is at the sink washing dishes pensively. CASEY enters followed by JOE.

Elizabeth brushes his shoulders. He turns and looks at her, he's a little vulnerable, eyes locked on his. She gives him a tiny nod 'you can do this', he gives her a nod back. Casey and Marco are unaware of what just happened.

JOE
[To Casey] You ready?

She nods and Marco stands and reaches for the bag.

JOE (CONT'D)
You can sit down.

Marco sits.

CASEY
He's my partner.

Marco looks at Casey surprised.

JOE
I don't care if you're Derek
Acorah, and he's your fucking
spirit guide. He's not coming.

A beat, then Casey looks at Marco.

CASEY
Get up.

Marco does as he is told.

CASEY (CONT'D)
He's coming.

JOE
This fella, the man we're going to
meet? I've had to convince him to
see us. This is dangerous. People
are looking for this stuff and this
guy is taking a chance. We take him
with us... it's disrespectful. The
state of him?

Everyone looks at Marco who looks down at his tracksuit.

18 **EXT. POLICE STATION, CAR PARK, NIGHT - 21:50**

18

CHRIS is in his car watching UNIFORM OFFICERS coming and going, and police cars pulling up all around him. We look down, he has one hand on the handbrake and another on his keys. He is twitchy, eyes everywhere. A police van pulls up and blocks him in. Six UNIFORM OFFICERS get out, all of them with their eyes on him. One of the officers gives him a thumbs up and taps on the side of the van and it pulls away. Chris just about manages to give the copper a thumbs up in return before they walk away.

CHRIS

Fuck's sake.

He digs in the glovebox and pulls out a pill bottle, necks a couple, then gets out. We stay in the car as we watch him head into the station.

19 **INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM, NIGHT - 22:00**

19

CHRIS, in uniform, sits in front of a PC terminal in an empty room. He glances at the door then logs on. Another check of the door and then he is into the "command and control" system that details all the jobs received to the force.

He searches "MURDER-OPEN INCIDENTS" and hits enter. Someone walks past the door. Chris stiffens, they don't look in, he settles, he looks at the screen. "NO RESULTS" He types again. "BODY FOUND". "ONE RESULT." He leans forward and clicks on the link, dread on his face. We see a brief outline of the job, it relates to an elderly woman found in the street. Chris leans back. He blows out his cheeks and shuts down the system, a look of relief on his face. On the wall opposite are posters. Stop and Search guidelines, domestic violence etc, his eyes scan them and then stop on a knife dripping blood.

CUT TO:

Back in the murder, scuffles, sounds, flash of the blade.

CUT TO:

CHRIS glassy eyed on the poster. RACHEL enters and drops her bag on the table. He jumps.

RACHEL

Evening.

He looks confused a beat, she watches him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You're early.

CHRIS
It's ten o'clock.

RACHEL
Like I said.

She sits and takes out her notebook.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Anything decent?

He's confused. She nods to the computer behind him.

CHRIS
Just shite.

RACHEL
Where did you end up sleeping?

CHRIS
The beach.

RACHEL
Jesus.

CHRIS
Beggars can't be choosers.

RACHEL
How was it?

CHRIS
I smashed up a shit house.

RACHEL
Who?

CHRIS
Not a '*shit house*' a 'shit house.'
A place where you shit.

RACHEL
Ooof. [Smile fades] Are you
serious?

He stares at her a beat. He is. She doesn't know what to say.

CHRIS

Did you kip at your Mum's?

Rachel rolls her eyes.

RACHEL

Can't you tell? I think I've put
half a stone on already.

He smiles.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Better than a car I suppose.

He nods.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And smashing up shit-houses.

He smiles. The Station Enquiry Officer [KAREN] pops her head
round the door and addresses Chris.

KAREN

Someone at the front desk for you.

CHRIS

Who?

KAREN

How should I know?

Karen exits, Chris sighs and stands. He makes to leave the
room then turns back.

CHRIS

You spoke to Steve?

RACHEL

[Weary] No.

He sees through her and gets it. He makes to leave and then:

CHRIS

If you want to talk about it.
Sometimes it helps you know? A
mate? [Smiles] I mean, not to me
like. What the fuck do I know?

She smiles, he nods back, he does mean it. She watches him
go, is she doing the right thing with Mullen? Chris isn't a
bad bloke.

20 **INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR/FRONT OFFICE, NIGHT - 22:08** 20

We follow CHRIS down a narrow corridor. He stops at a tiny office and pops his head in. KAREN is eating a sandwich and reading a magazine. She points to the outer reception desk.

KAREN

Blond.

We follow Chris to the front office. There's various CHARACTERS dotted around on plastic benches. They all look at him hopefully. He ignores them as he searches. JODIE stands up at the back of the room. Chris sees her, it's a shock.

They stare at each other for a beat, and then he lifts the flap on the counter and beckons her through. He waits as Jodie approaches and then passes through. He gestures she should lead the way, and we follow them down the narrow corridor without a word said between them. Chris stops at a door, opens it, then hand on the knob, waits for Jodie to enter. He checks the corridor and then enters. We follow, he closes the door. Jodie has taken a seat at a battered table.

JODIE

I didn't know what else to do.

He takes the seat opposite and leans in close, his voice low.

CHRIS

What are you doing here?

JODIE

Carl hasn't come home. Has he called you?

CHRIS

Why would he call me?

JODIE

I know what you do for him Chris, I know what you are.

Chris is stunned, he doesn't know what to say.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Did you kill him?

CHRIS

No! Fucking hell! [Beat] Who says he is dead?

Her eyes brim.

JODIE

I don't know what to do. He was scared. He told me to pack bags and then he went to meet someone, and never come home.

A beat, almost as if he hasn't heard a word she said.

CHRIS

Did you tell Karen your name?

JODIE

Who?

CHRIS

On the front desk, the woman, did you tell her your name?

JODIE

No. I phoned Ian and he wasn't interested.

Chris stares, then shakes his head confused.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I don't matter anymore. Carl's gone, and I know he's gone because I don't matter. Do you understand?

They stare at each other.

CHRIS

I can't get involved.

JODIE

I've got no money. He's left me with nothing.

CHRIS

I'm sorry Jodie but... my job.

She leans forward and whispers.

JODIE

I need money and you're going to get it. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

A beat, the he nods. She stands and heads for the door. Chris stays seated. She looks at him.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I'll not mention your name unless I have to, but I've got a daughter to look after, and I fucking will look after her.

Chris nods. She exits. Chris reels.

CUT TO:

CHRIS exits the interview room as JODIE, down the corridor passes a UNIFORM OFFICER, going the other way. The officer looks at Chris.

OFFICER

Who's that?

Chris snaps onto him.

CHRIS

Why?

OFFICER

Fit.

The officer goes on his way, Chris sighs.

21

EXT/INT. POLICE STATION, CAR PARK/POLICE CAR, NIGHT - 22:45

RACHEL is sitting in the passenger seat of the police car, silently staring straight ahead. The hatch at the back of the car suddenly opens startling her. A beat, it slams, she flinches, then CHRIS gets in.

RACHEL

Who was in the front office?

CHRIS

Just an old job.

He fires up the engine, reverses out of the space and then pulls out of the station. There is silence, they both have their minds on other things until:

RACHEL

Where you sleeping tomorrow?

He looks at her, then shrugs and half-smiles.

CHRIS

God knows.

They drive a beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You going back at your mum's full
time?

She shrugs. They drive a beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Fucked aren't we?

She looks at him, he smiles. She shakes her head then smiles
back before going back to looking out of the side window.

22 **INT. DINGY PUB, NIGHT - 23:00**

22

JOE, CASEY and MARCO enter an almost empty pub. A few sticky
tables are dotted around, and an unwatched silent television
quiz show is showing on a massive screen. It's been a while
since Casey's last hit and she is starting to scratch.

Marco is wearing one of Joe's shirts, a pair of slacks and a
sports jacket. He looks a twat.

Joe scopes the room. It's pretty grim. He looks at Casey.

JOE
Get me a scotch, get him a
lemonade, and get something for
yourself.

MARCO
Do you want me to sit outside with
a bag of crisps as well?

JOE
Clear head dickhead.

MARCO
But you can have a scotch?

JOE
I know what I'm doing son, you
don't.

Marco looks hurt. Joe walks away. Casey goes the bar.

23 **EXT/INT. HIGH STREET/POLICE CAR, NIGHT - 23:05**

23

CHRIS is at a cash point on a deserted high street as RACHEL waits in the car. We hear the bleeps of the machine as he enters his pin and checks the empty street.

CUT TO:

We look at the screen. He is £1470 pounds overdrawn and has £30 available to draw. He slumps. The grimness of being constantly skint. A beat, then he withdraws the £30 and puts it into an empty wallet.

He hears a car approaching, engine racing. Chris glances towards the sound and then takes out his card before heading back to the police car. His senses are tingling at the sound of the car engine. He stops at the driver's door and looks off towards where he can see car headlamps approaching. The sound of the racing engine getting closer.

The car approaches and then bounces up onto the kerb and grinds to a halt. Rachel gets out and they both stare at the car that has parked half on/off the kerb, engine revving madly.

A beat, they look at each other, then walk towards it.

24 **EXT. HIGH STREET, NIGHT - 23:10**

24

FATHER LIAM is out of the car which is now parked on the kerb, engine off. He's stood by a nearby wall. CHRIS stands in front of him, one hand on Liam's chest, the other holding up his trousers. Liam is just about compos mentis.

CHRIS

What's your name?

LIAM

Liam... Father Liam.

RACHEL

Hold your trousers up Liam.

LIAM

What's the point?

RACHEL

We don't want to see your knob.

CHRIS

Liam look at me. Have you been drinking, or are you ill?

LIAM

[Belligerent] I'm leathered...
absolutely leathered. I've drank a
bucket full of vodka and I don't
give a fuck.

A beat, Liam slumps forward. Chris pushes him back and then half-turns him smoothly and takes his wallet out the back pocket of his trousers (which fall down.) Chris tosses it to Rachel, then lowers Liam to the floor where he sits.

CHRIS

Check him for warrants.

CUT TO:

CHRIS searches the car. We watch him from inside as he rummages around. He holds up a 750cl empty bottle of vodka. He pulls his torch and continues the search. He rummages then lifts a condom up. He's disgusted. He throws the condom away, then shines the torch into the back seat. We see a torn A4 envelope. Chris picks it up and inspects the contents. £250 cash. Chris glances at LIAM whose head is hanging low. Chris looks down on the floor and there is another £30. He picks it up, it's sticky, he pulls a disgusted face, then stuffs the money into the envelope and into his body armour.

The front passenger door opens and RACHEL looks in. Chris freezes, one hand in his body armour, the other shining the light into Rachel's eyes. She recoils, he takes his hand out of his armour. Wipes it on the driver's seat, then steps out of the car to speak to her.

RACHEL

Father Liam Neeson.

CHRIS

Liam Neeson?

RACHEL

St Barabbas's in Holt Lane. No
previous no warrants.

CHRIS

That's only round the corner.

Rachel shrugs as Chris looks over to Liam who is now lying on the pavement. They approach Liam.

LIAM

I'm a weak man.

CHRIS
Aren't we all.

LIAM
I do terrible things.

CHRIS
Join the club.

LIAM
I meet young men and give them
money to wank me off.

CHRIS
Everybody has to have a hobby.

Liam starts to cry.

RACHEL
Come on now.

LIAM
The misery of it all. I can't take
it. It's just empty pews as I bury
the pensioners who used to sit in
them... I can't take it.

Chris glances at Rachel who is watching Liam closely.

LIAM (CONT'D)
The things I've done...

Chris crouches down in front of Liam.

CHRIS
Nobody cares.

LIAM
I care. Don't you see? I care. I
was supposed to be a good man.

Suddenly, Liam takes hold of Chris's arm.

LIAM (CONT'D)
I'm a lie. Everything about me is a
lie. What kind of man is that?

Chris tries to pull away.

LIAM (CONT'D)
What good is a man who has no truth
in him? He's just a shell. There's
nothing of value left.

Liam starts cry. Chris is transfixed.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I just want it to be over. Arrest
me. Stop this lie.

The words hit Chris hard. He's lost for words as Rachel notes the impact of his words. Liam places a hand on Chris's chest. Chris is lost. Rachel snaps him out of it.

RACHEL

I'll clear the jail for one coming
in, drink driving.

Chris looks up at her, desperately.

CHRIS

No.

RACHEL

What?

CHRIS

Look at him.

RACHEL

He's pissed.

CHRIS

He's having a breakdown.

RACHEL

He could have killed someone.

LIAM

I could have.

CHRIS

Shut up, Liam. [To Rachel] What's
to be gained?

RACHEL

He's a drink driver.

LIAM

I'm a drink driver.

CHRIS

[Flounders] We've all done it.

RACHEL

What?

CHRIS
[Shrugs] I mean... In the old days.

LIAM
I should go to jail.

CHRIS
What's the point of ruining his
life?

LIAM
I have no life.

CHRIS
He'll not do it again.

LIAM
I probably will.

Chris is kneeling before her.

CHRIS
He's under pressure and he's made a
mistake. You can't destroy a man's
life because he's fucked up in the
middle of a breakdown. Look at the
kip of him? [Beat] Mate, I just
haven't got it in me to ruin the
guy's life tonight... I really
haven't.

Chris means it. She considers as she looks at Liam. He is
pathetic. She's torn.

RACHEL
Well what are we going to do then?

RADIO (V.O.)
Delta Romeo Four Seven?

They stare at each other, she nods, Chris keys the radio.

CHRIS
Go ahead.

RADIO (V.O.)
Can you take a look at a report of
a car on fire please?

He stares at Rachel. She nods, then turns and heads for their
car.

CHRIS
[To radio] Will do.

Chris gets to his feet, goes to Liam's car, pulls the keys and throws them off down the street before following her without looking back.

LIAM
Am I under arrest or what?

They drive off leaving a confused Father Liam in the road.

25 **INT. SUPERMARKET, NIGHT - 00:15**

25

MULLEN, black eye, walking down a supermarket aisle scanning the shelves with an empty trolley. He stops, he looks dodgy as a WOMAN leans across.

WOMAN
Excuse me.

Mullen shuffles out the way and collects himself. He looks up again and sees what he is looking for.

MULLEN
Col!

COLIN looks up, sees Mullen, and walks away, pace quickening as Mullen chases him. He catches up at the end of the aisle.

COLIN
What the are you doing here?

MULLEN
You tailing someone?

COLIN
[Hisses] I'm a store detective, I'm tailing everyone, it's me job. What happened to your grid?

MULLEN
Ellie.

A STAFF MEMBER in a shirt and tie walks past, eyes on Mullen's face. Colin flinches as his boss walks past. Colin goes to move off but Mullen holds him back.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
He's bought a burner phone.

Colin can't believe what he is hearing.

COLIN

And what's that got to do with me?

MULLEN

Your mate, the one who works for
the mobile company?

COLIN

Oh no, no, just piss off will yer.

MULLEN

Go on.

COLIN

No.

MULLEN

Mate, I've waited years for this.

Colin stares as Mullen holds out a piece of paper.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Please... calls to and from.

Colin angrily snatches the paper then walks away.

26

INT. DINGY PUB, NIGHT - 00:30

26

JOE, MARCO, CASEY sit in a booth. A few empty glasses on the table in front of them. Marco is nursing a lemonade. Casey looks tired. She's withdrawing and irritable.

Marco thinks about speaking but doesn't. He sneaks a glance at Joe, then Casey. He shuffles about. Joe looks at him.

JOE

Can't you sit still?

Marco settles with his lemonade. A beat, then:

MARCO

All this sugar lad. I'm off me
tits.

CASEY

[Beat] They're late. Text them.

JOE

You don't rush things. I know what
I'm doing.

MARCO

[Beat] Was you a dealer lad?

Joe can't believe what he is hearing. Indignant, he ignores the question and goes back to staring.

CASEY

He was a burglar.

JOE

A safe cracker. A good one too.

Marco nods, still not completely certain what he means.

CASEY

Burglar.

JOE

Not houses.

They all sit a beat.

JOE (CONT'D)

Unless there was a safe in them.

CASEY

If you was that good, why did you spend so much time in prison?

JOE

It wasn't *that* much time.

CASEY

Fifteen years?

JOE

[Bridles] Not all at once.

She watches Joe. He's been hurt by what she said and is nursing his drink sullenly. A beat, then he snaps at her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Go get the ale.

He goes back to his phone. She stares at him. Then angrily leans over and takes his wallet off the table.

CASEY

Whatever.

The relationship is souring in front of our eyes as old arguments bubble under. Marco and Joe watch her go.

JOE

Just like her mother. [Beat] Always
with the mouth.

MARCO

Where's her Ma' now?

JOE

Nobody knows and nobody cares.

Marco sips his lemonade and sinks down in his seat a little.

CUT TO:

CASEY at the bar. She's irritable. The BARMAN is on his phone. He nods to her 'one sec.' She feels like shit and looks it. She opens the wallet. It's rammed with £20 notes. She stares at the money, glances over to Joe, then deftly pulls a few of the twenties and pockets them casually.

She looks up, a LAD, tracksuit, up the other end of the bar, eyes on her. He knows she's an addict and she knows he's a dealer. He nods to her. She nods back. A microscopic tilt of his head. She looks around, then back at him. He rubs his fingers together 'money?' She nods, he nods back.

Casey casually turns away from the bar and heads to the toilet. A beat, then the dealer follows.

27

EXT. FIELD, NIGHT - 00:35

27

CHRIS and RACHEL stand behind a burning car in the middle of a ploughed field, their own car behind them, blue lights flashing. They both stare for a beat.

Chris takes a few paces forward as Rachel thumbs her radio.

RACHEL

Delta, do we have an ETA for the
fire brigade?

Chris keeps walking, and we follow him as he wanders up to the back of the car where we can see Carl's personal plate.

Chris stares, frozen to the spot, before snapping out of it and turning around to see if there is anyone watching him. There isn't. He turns back to the car.

He is panting now. He steps forward then stops again. Is this a panic attack? He looks back at Rachel who is watching him. He turns away quickly, trying to slow his breathing, his face lit by the flames.

He moves around the side of the car, panicked as he holds his hand up to protect his face from the heat. He stumbles a little, then stops. We see what he can see, a slumped body (CARL) in the driver's seat.

CHRIS

Oh god.

Rachel approaches holding a small extinguisher it would be pointless using. She sees the registration.

RACHEL

We know this car, don't we?

Chris stares at her, then looks back at Carl. Rachel sees the body and is shocked.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It was at the rave the other night.
I spoke to the driver, he said he
knew you.

Chris reacts. He looks at her. She shrugs. He turns back. Rachel glances at him again, and then walks away.

28

INT. DINGY PUB, NIGHT - 00:45

28

We're looking through Casey's stoned eyes at the toilet door as it swings open and she exits into the bar. MARCO is looking at her from across the room. He lifts a drink letting her know he has got her one then nods his head to BILLY and his two lads [ANDY & PADDY] who are sitting opposite him.

Our view is dreamlike and dazed as she wobbles across to. The sound is a little muffled as she sits down heavily next to Marco and opposite Billy and his lads who are staring at her.

CUT TO:

We're back in the pub as everyone stares at Casey. Joe goes back to business with Billy who is a little old man.

JOE

[Loudly] I'm trying to remember the
last time I saw you Billy.

BILLY

What?

JOE

I'm just saying, it's been a while
since we had a drink.

BILLY

Eh?

Joe looks at Andy and Paddy who stare at him blankly.

JOE

Are these your lads Billy?

BILLY

Are they me what?

JOE

Your lads! Your sons?

BILLY

Masons?

Joe holds out his hands to Andy and Paddy.

ANDY

He won't wear his hearing aid.

JOE

[To Billy] PUT YOUR HEARING AID IN!

BILLY

I don' wear it, it's shite, you
can't hear anything with it.

MARCO

You can't hear anything without it.

Billy eyes Marco, then rummages in his pocket for his hearing aid. He fiddles with it. An awkward old man struggling with technology. Eventually he puts it in. We hear a whine as he turns it on and focusses an eagle on Marco who shrinks.

BILLY

What did you say?

MARCO

Nothing.

BILLY

I saw your lips move.

Billy stares, Marco starts to squirm.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You speak again you little bastard,
I'll have one of these two take you
outside and set you on fire.

Silence, then Billy points at Casey.

JOE
She's got flu.

BILLY
She's friggin' flying.

Joe looks at Marco and then flicks his head towards Casey. Marco gets the hint and helps her up and walks her away. Joe watches them go and then looks at Billy.

JOE
[A little desperate] We don't even want wholesale...

BILLY
I'm not buying.

JOE
It's free money.

BILLY
I know who it belongs to, and the only reason they aren't here is that I've known you a long time.

JOE
Billy I...

Billy removes his hearing aid and picks up his pint. Joe stares, then sags, then picks up his own beer.

29

EXT. FIELD, NIGHT - 00.50

29

RACHEL stands the safe side of a line of police tape with Detective Inspector DEBBIE BARNES. Barnes is on her game, professional, eyes like a hawk as she takes it all in. Rachel is intimidated by Barnes as she reads off a clipboard.

RACHEL
So we drove onto the track and pulled up behind the car, the fire was really well underway.

Barnes turns to look at the FIRE CREW who are clearing up.

BARNES
Anyone else bar the fire brigade been near it?

RACHEL
Just me and Chris so far.

Barnes looks over to where we can see Chris standing alone, staring at the smouldering car.

BARNES
And the radio room say it was
called in by a passing motorist?

Rachel nods. Barnes lets out a long sigh as she stares at the car. A beat, then she turns to look at Rachel.

BARNES (CONT'D)
You okay?

RACHEL
Ma'am?

BARNES
You've just seen someone on fire in
a car.

RACHEL
I hadn't given it much thought.

BARNES
You will, so be ready for it.

Rachel nods and smiles. Barnes heads for the car.

RACHEL
Ma'am?

Barnes looks back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I know this car. [Beat] I spoke to
the driver the other night. He knew
Chris... assuming that's him in the
car of course.

Barnes glances over to Chris who is still staring at the car.

CUT TO:

We're with CHRIS, the FIRE CREW are packing up. He looks impassive as he stares at the still smouldering body of Carl.

CUT TO:

We're looking through flames, watching through Chris's eyes as we hear his heart pound his breath coming in short bursts. He's having a panic attack.

CUT TO:

On CHRIS's face, he's fighting back tears.

FIREMAN (O.S.)
You alright mate?

Chris spins to look at the fireman.

CHRIS
Smoke.

He wipes. The FIREMAN isn't buying it but can't be arsed.

FIREMAN
It's all yours then.

Chris nods, he's unsettled, he takes a breath and then looks over towards Rachel and Barnes talking. They both look at him. Chris starts to walk towards them quickly.

CUT TO:

BARNES
Did they speak?

RACHEL
I don't know.

BARNES
You didn't see them together?

RACHEL
No.

BARNES
But he was shady?

RACHEL
[Sheepish] He kind of said he was a drug dealer.

BARNES
What?

Barnes stares at her, Rachel looks at the floor, embarrassed for allowing a drug dealer to push her around.

RACHEL

Sorry... I should have... sorry.

They look at Chris who is jogging and stumbles in the field.

BARNES

What do you know about Chris?

RACHEL

Only what DS Mullen told me.

BARNES

Ray Mullen?

RACHEL

From Professional Standards?

BARNES

[Chuckles] Ray organises cycling proficiency tests and lollypop men.

RACHEL

[Shocked] What?

BARNES

What's he had you doing?

Rachel is reeling and doesn't know what to say.

BARNES (CONT'D)

I don't want to know.

Barnes watches Rachel try to collect herself then intervenes.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Ray Mullen has had a feather up his arse about Chris ever since the squad got disbanded. He thinks Chris cost him his career.

Rachel can't believe it.

RACHEL

Kids on bikes?

BARNES

They call him Willy Wonka. Whatever he's had you doing, I'd stop if I was you.

Chris reaches them. Barnes turns to him as Rachel quickly walks away - what has she got mixed up in? Fuck fuck fuck.

BARNES (CONT'D)
[To Chris] You've got mud on your
trousers.

He looks down at his trousers, then Barnes.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Come show me what we've got.

Chris looks at Rachel as she nears the car. A beat, then
Chris follows Barnes.

CUT TO:

We walk with CHRIS and BARNES.

CHRIS
What's she told you?

Barnes ignores the question.

BARNES
How you doing Skip?

CHRIS
I'm not the Skip anymore. You are.

BARNES
You'll always be my Skip.

CHRIS
I wish you'd tell my payslip. What
did she tell you?

BARNES
That you know the car and the buck
who owns it.

CHRIS
[Beat] She's right.

BARNES
Did you know he was a drug dealer
too?

Chris looks at her.

CHRIS
We weren't mates. I just know him.
From school years ago. I see him
around, the gym, across a bar if
I'm out. Just hello or a nod or
something.

They arrive at the car and both stare at the body.

BARNES
Not anymore.

CHRIS
[Beat] No.

BARNES
Nothing else you want to tell me?

CHRIS
No.

Barnes studies him, and then looks back at the car.

BARNES
How's Kate?

CHRIS
Good.

BARNES
Your girl?

CHRIS
Great.

BARNES
Watch yourself Skip.

CHRIS
I'm alright.

BARNES
You said that last time.

They stare at each other as the fire engine moves off.

BARNES (CONT'D)
We'll take it from here and inform
the next of kin. You get back out
on patrol.

He nods, then walks away. Barnes watches him go.

CUT TO:

RACHEL is at the tape as CHRIS approaches. She lifts it up expecting him to speak, but he carries on walking. She quickly passes the incident log to a COMMUNITY SUPPORT OFFICER and jogs to catch up with Chris.

RACHEL
What did she say?

CHRIS
We're going to notify next of kin.

Rachel casts a glance back to BARNES. It is obvious Chris is pissed off. She follows him.

30

INT. DINGY PUB, ANTE ROOM, NIGHT - 01:00

30

Another room of the pub on the way to the exit. We're staring at two double doors. Silence, then they burst open. Joe leads the way as he heads for the exit.

JOE
[To himself] Humiliated.

Joe stops and looks at Marco and Casey as they come through the door behind him.

JOE (CONT'D)
Fucking humiliated.

MARCO
Me?

JOE
The pair of yer! One chance you get with people like that. One chance and you two...

Joe spins away in anger and takes a few more paces to the door.

JOE (CONT'D)
Smacked off her face? I'm having a meeting and she's sitting there twisted?

He turns back.

JOE (CONT'D)
How does that make me look? My own granddaughter?

CASEY
What did he say?

JOE

NEVER MIND WHAT HE BASTARD SAID!
I put my reputation on the line for
you! People in this city respect
me! And you... You're no better
than your whore of a mother.

CASEY

She wasn't a whore!

JOE

She was a fucking whore, and you're
no better than her.

He pulls out his keys turns for the door again. Casey steps forward and grabs his arm making him turn again. He turns, she punches him on the side of the head. He barely flinches, then punches her and knocks her down.

Bang. Marco knocks him down with one punch out of nowhere. Joe sprawls as Marco looms. Marco turns to Casey and helps her up. She's hurt and angry. She resists launching into the old man on the floor but only just. She looms over him.

CASEY

You think I happened by accident?
Hey? Do you think that she took the
road she did because she wanted to?
You made us!

JOE

I never put that shit in your
veins.

CASEY

You put the shit in our heads! You
made her, and she made me.

JOE

She let us down.

CASEY

YOU LET US DOWN!

Casey kicks at him then steps back. Joe holds up his hands to protect himself. She leans forward he cowers. She picks up the keys that he's dropped then walks past him towards the exit.

JOE

I can help you!

She walks away. Marco watches her go and then looks down at Joe.

MARCO

Dickhead.

Marco follows Casey as Joe watches them go.

31 **EXT. PUB, NIGHT - 01:02**

31

MARCO catches up to CASEY in the carpark as she heads for the car. He walks behind her in silence. She reaches the car and presses various buttons. A beat, then the boot opens. She leans in, pulls out the bag and throws it to Marco before throwing the keys onto the floor.

MARCO

What are we going to do now?

Casey, still upset, walks away not slackening off her pace, holds up Joe's wallet. Marco can't help but smile.

32 **EXT/INT. SUBURBAN STREET/CARL'S HOUSE/POLICE CAR, NIGHT - 01:30**

32

Chris and Rachel driving through the suburbs.

RACHEL

Are you upset because I told her
you knew the guy in the car?

Chris glances at her then goes back to driving a beat until:

CHRIS

I'm upset because you told her I
was mates with a drug dealer.

Rachel frowns and stares off out the window a beat.

RACHEL

I'm sorry.

He glances at her, she means it, he looks away.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Were you though?

He finally blows.

CHRIS

This is what happens. This is what I was talking about... The minute something goes off everyone looks at me. What's Carson been up to now!? Jesus Christ almighty. And now you? You've only known me two minutes and now you're doing what everyone else does.

RACHEL

I was only saying what I saw.

CHRIS

What you saw... Jesus...

He drives on, seemingly still angry as she looks out the window until finally she shoots him a glance.

RACHEL

It's just...

They draw to a sudden halt. He grabs his hat off the dash, shoots her a look, then gets out and slams the door. She sits confused, then grabs her hat and gets out too.

CUT TO:

CHRIS and RACHEL walking up the drive of Carl's house. This is the first time we see Chris in his hat.

CHRIS

[Terse] You have to get to the point quickly, tell them outright.

Chris stops at the front door, his hand raised, frozen before the knock. Rachel clocks his hesitation.

RACHEL

Chris?

She wants to speak. He stops and looks at her.

CHRIS

He's got a daughter, same age as Tilly.

RACHEL

Shit.

That takes the wind out of a Rachel. A beat, then Chris turns and knocks hard on the door. We see a hall light click on. Chris speaks to Rachel without looking at her.

CHRIS

Don't hug or touch them if they
start crying.

The door opens. JODIE stands in pyjamas.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Mrs Sweeney?

Her eyes flick from Rachel to Chris and back again. She nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Can we come in please?

Beat, she tries to figure it out. She steps back, they enter.

33

INT. CARL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, NIGHT - 01:45

33

JODIE, crying, is seated next to RACHEL as CHRIS sits on a dining room chair in front of them.

CHRIS

All we can say for certain at this
time is that it's his car, and that
there was someone in the vehicle
who is now deceased.

Jodie sobs at the information. As he speaks, Chris is watching Rachel who is watching Jodie.

RACHEL

We don't know for certain if it was
your husband in there just yet.

JODIE

I know it's him.

RACHEL

Why do you say that? Was Carl in
danger, suicidal? Was he having
problems?

CHRIS

(to Rachel)

Tea.

Rachel looks at Chris.

JODIE

Tea.

Jodie sobs. Rachel nods then stands and leaves the room. No sooner is she out, he turns to Jodie who lifts her head. Her face tearful, but she is back on it. He pulls out the cash.

CHRIS

This is all I could get you.

She looks at the paltry amount.

JODIE

I NEED money for Lexie, Chris.

CHRIS

[Whispers] Why do you think I was working for him in the first place? I haven't got any money.

JODIE

You were working for him because you're bent.

CHRIS

Jodie I...

JODIE

No. NO. This is about my daughter. You WILL get me more money. [Beat] Oh God, the thought of him knowing he hadn't provided for our Lexie.

She looks at Chris.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Do you think he knew what was happening when they... when it...

Chris stares, she drifts.

JODIE (CONT'D)

He would have wanted to see her. Say ta-ra properly. Oh god, he loved her so much. Imagine it was your little girl waking up the morning to this?

CHRIS

I can't.

Chris is rocked. Rachel re-enters and stands by the door and watches them. They both clock her.

JODIE

[To Rachel] You'll hear about him
later and think he was a bad man.

Rachel shakes her head.

JODIE (CONT'D)

You will. Drug dealer. Wide boy.
[shrugs] He was but he did bad
things for good reasons. He was a
man who just wanted to provide for
his family... it was all he had.

Chris watches as Jodie softly cries, then he looks at Rachel.

RACHEL

[Unsure] Milk?

34

EXT. CARL'S HOUSE, NIGHT - 01:55

34

We're on the drive as we watch figures approach the
frosted/bubble glass of the front door. The door opens and
RACHEL steps out. She turns to JODIE.

RACHEL

So someone is coming over?

Jodie nods.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

CID will be here soon. They'll want
to talk to you, but if you're not
feeling up to it...

JODIE

I know how to deal with the Jacks,
love.

Rachel manages a smile then walks away as we see Chris
walking down the hall carrying his hat. He steps past Jodie,
eyes on Rachel, making sure she is out of earshot.

CHRIS

I'm sorry Jodes.

JODIE

I know. He was your mate.

Chris nods and plays with his hat.

CHRIS

Knobhead.

She smiles and nods. He turns to walk away then looks back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

When CID arrive... We weren't here,
yeah?

She nods, he makes to leave.

JODIE

[Whispers] Chris? I really hope
you're not mixed up in this.

He manages to shake his head.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Alright then, don't forget me, and
I'll forget you.

She means it. She's a fighter. He stares, nods, then leaves.

35 **INT. HOTEL ROOM/GALLAGHER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT - 02:00** 35

MULLEN is in a darkened hotel room with several empty cans and a sandwich wrapper next to him on the table. He's in a daze, watching TV but miles away.

We hear the buzz of his phone as it lights up next to the cans. He reaches across and looks at the screen:

'Colin: Download File?' He hits the accept button and sits on the edge of the bed. He watches the screen, it takes a beat, then 'download complete.' He opens the document, it's the print out for the phone numbers called and received by Chris's burner phone.

Three numbers called [Dom, Terry, and Rachel], one received [Gallagher]. His finger traces the second one.

MULLEN

[Soft] Rachel.

He cuts and pastes the received number into his phone and hits call then wanders over to the window.

CUT TO:

We're looking down onto a bedside table. Two phones, next to each other alongside a bottle of tablets and a half-smoked joint in an ashtray.

The burner phone starts to vibrate. A beat, it buzzes and rattles. We hear a groan, then a hand snakes out.

CUT TO:

We're looking down at GALLAGHER. She has her eyes shut and is groggy as she holds the phone to her ear.

GALLAGHER

Gallagher.

CUT TO:

MULLEN freezes. He's still at the window, his face reflected in the glass.

MULLEN

I'm sorry, who is this?

GALLAGHER

Doctor Diane Gallagher, who's this?

Mullen can't believe it. He turns away from the window and wanders across the room.

MULLEN

This is... Chris Carson.

CUT TO:

We're still looking down at Gallagher. Her eyes open as she snaps awake. She looks at the phone. Shit, it's not her work phone and she has said her name. She collects herself.

GALLAGHER

I'm sorry... about Carl.

MULLEN

Okay.

GALLAGHER

You understand why it happened?

MULLEN

Yeah yeah... sure yeah.

GALLAGHER

I've been wanting to talk to you.

MULLEN

Why?

GALLAGHER

You know why.

She's a little cautious. She sits up.

CUT TO:

Mullen paces the room.

MULLEN

Are you going to give me money?

He grimaces, he knows that was shit. Silence.

CUT TO:

Her senses are tingling, something's wrong. She hangs up. She looks at the phone in her hand. What has she done? The phone screen lights up again. Incoming call. She throws it onto the bed like a hot coal and stands staring at it, before she grabs it again and kills the call.

CUT TO:

MULLEN's holding the phone to his ear. We can hear an automated message.

MESSAGE (V.O.)

...try again later.

MULLEN hangs up. He doesn't know what to do with the information he's just learned. He prowls the room hands on head. He stops, crosses to a laptop and launches Google. He searches Gallagher's name. He scrolls until he finds a headline in the local paper dated 2012: "GP SISTER OF NOTORIOUS DEALER RELEASED WITHOUT CHARGE"

MULLEN

Shit.

Mullen sits back and blows out his cheeks.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

You bastard.

He smiles.

37 **INT. GALLAGHER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM/PRISON CELL, NIGHT - 02:45 37**

GALLAGHER sits in a dressing gown agitated. Suddenly, we hear a phone vibrating, she almost spills her tea.

GREG (O.S.)
What's up?

GALLAGHER
Somebody called me!

CUT TO:

GREG GALLAGHER in his darkened cell, lying in bed.

GREG
Who?

GALLAGHER (O.S.)
He said he was the copper Carson
but he wasn't, I know he wasn't. I
was half-asleep and said my name
Greg, he knows my name.

Greg is wide awake now. His cellmate stirring too.

GREG
What did you do that for?!

CELLMATE (V.O.)
Middle of the night lad.

GREG
Shut up dick 'ed.

GALLAGHER
I'm scared Greg...

GREG
Don't be scared. It's gonna be
alright, I'll sort it. Give that
phone to David. He'll be at yours
soon.

Greg drops down out of the top bunk and paces the cell. He tries to think, but it's all coming too fast.

GALLAGHER
You're always doing this to me... I
don't want to be involved and I...

GREG

Give the phone to David... It'll be okay. Do you hear me?

CUT TO:

She hangs her head as she listens and then nods.

GALLAGHER

Yeah, alright.

She hangs up and carefully places the phone down. A beat, then she turns it over so that it is face down.

38 **EXT/INT. POLICE STATION, CAR PARK/POLICE CAR, DAWN - 06:45** 38

CHRIS sits alone in the police car park. It is silent as he stares straight ahead. He closes his eyes. We see the burning body of Carl close up.

Chris shocks back into reality with a gasp. He runs his hands through his hair. He's losing it, and it is getting worse.

He lifts his face as another car pulls into the carpark. BARNES climbs out. She heads towards the building but then she stops, squinting towards Chris's car. She takes a few paces towards the car, trying to see into it.

Chris doesn't move, his eyes fixed on Barnes who seemingly stares back. A beat, then she turns away and heads into the building. Chris closes his eyes and exhales deeply.

The passenger door opens and he starts. RACHEL sits down but doesn't close the door.

RACHEL

I put the kettle on.

He nods. They sit a beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You can come to ours today if you want? My Mum and Dad's? I've got something to do first but I could meet you there later?

He looks at her, a little touched.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Of course you'll have to put up with my Mum force feeding you but, other than that...

He smiles, then looks away.

CHRIS
Thanks, but no thanks.

She nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What about you and erm...

RACHEL
Steve.

CHRIS
The lovely Steve.

RACHEL
That'll settle down when it settles
down. It always does.

He looks at her a beat until she looks at him.

CHRIS
You don't have to be unhappy
Rachel.

RACHEL
Says you.

He smiles, they both look straight ahead.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Maybe you should bell her. Maybe
she'll have you back.

CHRIS
She shouldn't have me back.

RACHEL
Better than the beach.

He nods.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You know what Chris, you're not as
much of a twat as you think you
are. [Beat] I'll go make the tea.

CHRIS
[Chuckles] Don't forget the milk.

Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL

What?

CHRIS

You, before, milk.

She smiles.

RACHEL

I didn't know what to say... I felt
a proper arse.

He nods to her, he means it:

CHRIS

You did great.

She's grateful. She needed it. She smiles and exits. He
watches her go.

39

INT. POLICE STATION, CID OFFICE, DAWN - 07:00

39

BARNES enters a darkened office and crosses the room to a
kettle and a tray of cups. She lifts the kettle, swills it,
then switches it on.

She sits and skims through a few sheets of the A4 cardboard
case file. She stops at Carl's registration then opens up the
ANPR and enters the registration. We see six hits that day,
one of them being near Calderstones Park. She prints the
info, pulls the sheet out of the printer and attaches it to
the file.

A beat, she considers, then enters 'Chris Carson' into the
PNC. She clicks on his car registration and enters it into
the ANPR system. The screen shows eight hits. She scrolls
until we see many of the same hits we saw for Carl, but then
Chris stops short of the park for half an hour before heading
off in the opposite direction. She clicks the screen, we see
a map. She leans in, tracing her finger until she stops at
the road Chris last pinged. She traces her finger to the
park, it isn't all that far. She leans back, eyes on the map.
The kettle clicks. She hits print.

40

EXT. POLICE STATION, CAR PARK, DAWN - 07:15

40

CHRIS getting into his personal car pauses as he sees BARNES
approaching. He straightens, unsure as he watches her.

BARNES

Mind how you go Skip.

CHRIS

You too Debs.

She walks past him heading for her car. He watches her go, then calls after her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Debs? What did the wife say?

BARNES

Husband's shady but she is giving nothing away. She's been around too long for that.

CHRIS

Grasses get slashes.

BARNES

Exactly. My guess is he's either topped himself after getting para on gravel, or he's been ended for pissing on someone's chips. Shame, the kid and all that, but that's the game he was playing.

CHRIS

Yeah.

BARNES

Go to bed Chris, you look like shit.

CHRIS

Yeah... you too.

They both get into their cars. She pulls away with a wave. He waves back with a smile, and watches her go and then suddenly, almost frantically fires up his car and pulls out the carpark like a bat out of hell.

41

INT. CAFE, DAY - 08:00

41

MULLEN sits nursing what might be a hangover in a crash bang steamy café. He has a pot of tea and two cups in front of him. RACHEL appears before him and he perks up.

MULLEN

I got you a tea.

Rachel stays standing.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

What's up?

RACHEL

You lied to me.

MULLEN

No I never.

RACHEL

Willy Wonka?

He flinches, she knows, shit.

MULLEN

He's bent! I've got proof now!

RACHEL

You used me! I could lose my job!

MULLEN

[He stands] I thought you had something about you but you're just a stupid...

She grabs a plate with toast off the table from another diner [TERRY] and throws it at Mullen.

RACHEL

I AM FUCKING SICK OF BEING LIED TO!

Beat as she tries to calm down.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

There's something wrong with you. You're just a liar. You can't see past what happened when you lost your job. Willy fucking Wonka? Jesus...

He's in shock. She stares at him a beat, then leans in.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Don't call me again understand? If I ever hear off you again I'll make sure you get sacked. Yeah?

He makes to speak but doesn't. A beat, then she exits the café leaving everyone staring at the humiliated Mullen.

TERRY

You owe me two pieces of toast lad.

42 **EXT/INT. CHRIS'S CAR/CAR PARK/CHRIS'S HOUSE, DAY - 08:10** 42

CHRIS sits in his car staring up at the Calderstones house.
He looks at his watch, then his phone. A beat, then he dials.
It rings.

KATE (O.S.)

Chris?

He opens the door and starts to walk up the path.

CHRIS

Is he using you?

KATE (O.S.)

What?

CHRIS

Ray. Are you sure he's not using
you to hurt me?

KATE (O.S.)

What?

CHRIS

Ray. He hates me, he wants to hurt
me. I think that maybe he's trying
to get to me through you.

KATE (O.S.)

It's not always about you Chris.

Despite himself, Chris almost smiles.

CHRIS

No... no you're right.

Chris knocks hard on the front door and then looks around
before going to the front window and looking through it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

...I just don't want you getting
hurt.

KATE (O.S.)

Thanks for thinking about me.

He goes to speak then stops. A beat. He looks at the ground.

CHRIS

I love you, that's all.

KATE (O.S.)
I love you too.

CHRIS
I just wanted to say it.

CUT TO:

KATE in the kitchen, TILLY at the counter behind her.

KATE
Yeah.

She means it.

CHRIS (O.S.)
I never wanted to hurt you.

KATE
I never meant to hurt you either.

She listens. Nothing.

KATE (CONT'D)
Chris?

Kate looks at the phone, then Tilly.

CUT TO:

CHRIS at the back of the house staring at MARCUS and DAVID who've just exited the patio door. Chris lowers his phone.

DAVID
CCTV lad?

Chris nods dumbly.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Thirty years old... black and white
shite lad.

Chris nods, he's confused and unsettled. A noise behind him, he turns and looks. Barry and Ian.

Chris is trapped, he looks from one to the other.

MARCUS
Someone wants to meet you.

Ian holds a finger to his lips and flicks his head.

IAN

Come 'ed.

43 **EXT. HIGH STREET, DAY - 08:12**

43

RACHEL walking down the pavement, shaking with rage. She stops, turning into the end of an alley, it hits her. A beat, she pulls her phone and dials, pulling herself together to leave a voicemail.

RACHEL

Hey, Chris, it's Rachel. I need to speak to you pretty urgently. I've done something wrong. Can you call me when you get this? I'm so sorry...

44 **EXT/INT. DAVID AND MARCUS'S CAR/STREET, DAY - 08:12**

44

We're close in on CHRIS's face. A million different thoughts as we pull back to see he is seated between BARRY and IAN.

He is in deep shit.