Brown and White

by

Steve Langridge

"Brown and White"

FADE IN:

INT. SCOTT BROOKES' BATHROOM - NIGHT

An exposed light bulb illuminates the crack pipe and blood that stain the bathroom floor tiles.

SCOTT BROOKES, mid-twenties, good looking but painfully thin, is slumped in the once white bath.

His sunken eyes focus on the needle that he holds.

A sharp intake of breath, Scott screws up his bloodied face as the needle pierces his ankle.

A loud bang echoes around the bathroom.

SCOTT

Not now.

The briefest smile as Scott drifts into oblivion.

SUBTITLE - THREE DAYS AGO

INT. TEE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

A soiled saucepan simmers upon a hob of equal filth.

Rubber gloved hands use a wooden spoon to stir the cream coloured paste within.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

The sound of a shower disturbs the figure, wrapped in a duvet cocoon on the double bed.

INT. TEE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Rubber gloved hands drain the saucepan to reveal a block of cream coloured, wax-type substance.

The hands belong to TEE, a young black male who wears a protective mask over his mouth.

Tee places the saucepan on a table where JERMAINE sits, his teenage face also obscured by a mask.

With great care, Jermaine uses a plastic spoon to weigh a brown coloured powder onto small digital scales.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

To the shriek of a hairdryer, Scott emerges from beneath the duvet and watches the cause of the disturbance.

At the foot of the bed sits JODIE, who wears only a towel as she dries her hair.

Jodie hums to herself as she examines the business suit that hangs on the wardrobe door.

SCOTT

Get back in here.

Scott pulls the duvet open.

JODIE

I'm too late and too tired.

SCOTT

Two minutes. Tops. I promise.

Jodie responds with a look of pity.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Just a flash? Give me happy thoughts for the day.

The towel drops. Jodie strikes a pose in her underwear.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You need to get in here right now.

Scott and Jodie share a smile for a moment before Jodie turns and begins to get dressed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Don't make me beg you.

JODIE

Big big day today.

SCOTT

And you're leaving me with a big big problem...well average sized at least.

Jodie removes a watch from a wooden jewellery box that sits on the cluttered dressing table.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You'll be fine. Anyone we know?

JODIE

Doubt it. Perhaps today I will do more than carry bags, pick up lunch and make sure we are well stocked in pens.

SCOTT

I appreciate you. Come in here and I'll appreciate you for a whole one minute and forty five seconds.

A sarcastic smile from Jodie as she checks herself and the business suit in the mirror.

JODIE

Maybe one day you will get your arse out of bed and get a job? Then you won't have time to think about your average sized, over eager problem.

Jodie laughs as Scott takes a pillow from behind his head and throws it at her.

INT. TEE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

The block of wax substance is now on the kitchen table in front of Jermaine. Tee paces the kitchen.

With a razor blade, Jermaine chips small pieces of the substance from the block, which he then weighs.

TEE

Come on lets go. Faster.

Jermaine wraps one of the small pea-sized rocks in cling-film and heat-seals it with a lighter.

TEE (CONT'D)

Don't you fucking ignore me.

The sound of a loud mobile phone ringtone causes Jermaine to jump. He cuts his finger with the razor.

JERMAINE

Shit man.

Across the table sits JAY, a black male, mid-twenties and well dressed. Jay reads the display screen on his mobile.

TEE

(to Jay)

That the boy?

JAY

Yeah, same time.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

MARTIN ROBINSON (ROBBO), sat at his mess of a desk, takes a cautious sip from his chipped, dirty mug.

A battered identity card, with the word "DETECTIVE" printed across it, hangs from his neck.

Robbo stares blankly at the computer screen. His creased shirt complemented by a cheap looking tie.

The desk phone rings. As Robbo reaches to answer it he spills coffee all over himself and the desk.

ROBBO

Cock.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

A mobile phone vibrates across the small bedside cabinet.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Fuck sake.

An arm appears from beneath the duvet as Scott snatches the phone and squints to read the display screen.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Scott rushes out of bed and stands in his underwear. His gaunt torso covered in scabs and bruises.

From around the bed, Scott recovers his clothes. He pulls them on quickly and heads for the bedroom door.

LOUNGE/KITCHEN

A heavy looking coat rests on an armchair, Scott puts it on as he races through to the small kitchen area.

From the fridge, Scott pockets a can of coke and a chocolate bar, along with an empty shopping bag from the worktop.

A pair of battered trainers are added to Scott's outfit, as he flies out of the front door and slams it behind him.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

The railway station is manic. Tee and Jay cut through the crowd together, dressed in full street gang chic.

They both talk into mobile phones as they head onto the platform and board a waiting train.

EXT. SHOPPING PRECINCT - DAY

On a wooden bench, RICHIE JAMES, mid-twenties, shivers as he stares at a Rubiks cube that he turns in his hands.

With the hood of his parka coat pulled tightly around his pale, withdrawn face, Richie people watches.

Hordes of miserable shoppers bustle around the faceless, flat-packed high street stores.

Through the crowd Scott approaches.

RICHIE

Freezing my right bollock off sat here waiting for you.

SCOTT

My heart bleeds. Come on then.

RICHIE

Oh right, so drop everything because now you're in a hurry?
 (to the shoppers)
Stop what you're doing everyone,
Scottie boy is now ready to do business so cancel your plans.

Scott stares at Richie, eyebrows raised.

SCOTT

Finished?

RICHIE

Yeah.

SCOTT

Feel better?

RICHIE

Yep.

Scott and Richie walk together through the shoppers, towards the entrance of a large department store.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The department store buzzes with activity, Christmas decorations cover every available surface.

Scott and Richie huddle around a display of perfume.

With a bottle of perfume held to his nose, Scott studies his surroundings.

SCOTT

What about this one?
(reads the bottle)
Essence of a summer meadow.
Apparently.

Stone faced, Richie glares at Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Come on. Where's your Christmas cheer, your chestnuts roasting on a big, fuck off fire? Sleigh bells in the snow? Cliff?

RICHIE

Shove the bells up Rudolph's rosy, red arse.

SCOTT

I think you'll find it was his nose.

(another glance

around)

So I take it you won't be accepting presents this year?

RICHIE

That's a different matter. If some knobber wants to buy me a present to celebrate the birth of a mythical being, then so be it.

SCOTT

Ah, the true spirit of Christmas.

Both have another scan of the store. Scott moves closer and holds the empty shopping bag open.

Richie slides a large pile of perfume gift boxes into the bag. Slick and professional.

One more quick look and they hurry through the assault course of shopping baskets and bored children.

RICHIE

Ho, Fucking Ho.

The outside world is in sight as Scott and Richie rush towards the exit doors.

Stood near the doors is Robbo, he watches Scott and Richie approach. Unseen, he starts towards them.

The doors are within Scott's grasp.

ROBBO

Morning chaps.

Scott and Richie stop in their tracks.

SCOTT

(under his breath)

Shite.

RICHIE

Good morning to you Constable.

Robbo nods at the shopping bag that Scott clutches.

ROBBO

Spot of Christmas shopping?

RICHIE

Wonderful time of the year. Season of goodwill to all men. Even you.

Sarcastic, nervous smiles all around.

ROBBO

Now that's a bulging bag you have there Mr Brooks. Somebody's going to be very lucky this Christmas. Big family?

Scott looks to the bag, then at Robbo and then to his feet. He goes to speak but thinks better of it.

An uncomfortable silence as Scott and Richie look to Robbo.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

Well. I can't hold you boys up all day. Those presents won't wrap themselves will they?

Robbo holds the door open and ushers them out of the store.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

Don't spend all your hard-earned, honest cash.

Now back in the shopping precinct, Scott and Richie exchange a look of confusion and fade away into the crowds.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A knife in one hand, Jodie probes the sandwich in front of her. Slices of tomato are dragged from the bread.

Across the table sit two men in suits. ROBIN, young and polished, talks with GILES, a walking mid-life crisis.

ROBIN

The judge, as usual, didn't have a clue. Released him, no questions. Waste of time.

GILES

Same old, same old.

(to Jodie)

Are you eating that or splitting the atom?

Jodie snaps out of her trance.

JODIE

Sorry. Just. What did you say?

GILES

We were talking about the cretin from this morning but now I need a re-fill.

Giles holds his wine glass up and tries to attract a waiter.

ROBIN

(to Jodie)

You ok today?

JODIE

Yeah you know, just tired. Not enough sleep.

GILES

Aha. I knew it. Share the seedy details of your bedroom antics. Up all night long?

Jodie's gaze returns to the sandwich, a smile emerges.

GILES (CONT'D)

You see, a smile, a guilty smile.

A bang on the window stops the conversation. Scott and Richie grin and wave through the window.

As Richie heads for the restaurant door Jodie's face drops.

GILES (CONT'D)

Clients of ours?

JODIE

No. Well not really.

Richie bounds through the restaurant towards them.

RICHIE

Hey hey, Jode's.

A shopping bag crashes into Giles as Richie leans across the table and plants a kiss on Jodie's forehead.

JODIE

Richie. What are you doing here? All ok?

Scott observes from a safer distance.

RICHIE

Good, good. Fucking cold, but good. These your mates? Bit posh in here.

In unison, Giles and Robin stand and offer their hands.

GILES

Giles, and you are?

RICHIE

Richie. Now what does a boy have to do to get a fucking burger and chips around here? Starving.

Jodie shoots an angry look at Scott.

JODIE

Well, we were just about finished.

GILES

Now come on, lets get the man his fucking burger. I might join him. Maybe a spot of red to wash it down.

Scott shrugs at Jodie, Robin notices.

ROBIN

So how do you all know each other?

SCOTT

I'm Jodie's...

JODIE

Friends, school friends.

Open-mouthed, Scott stares back at Jodie.

Richie helps himself to a buttered roll and reads the menu.

SCOTT

(to Richie)

Come on mate, I think we better get going.

RICHIE

But they do buffalo wings and everything. Never tried buffalo.

GILES

(to Scott)

And you are?

SCOTT

A friend.

A few silent, unbearable seconds.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Nice to see you again Jodie. Look like you've done well for yourself. Have a good lunch everyone.

RICHIE

Later Jodes. Miles, it was a pleasure, have one for me.

Jodie returns to the sandwich as Scott and Richie walk back through the restaurant.

GILES

Nice young chap, which team does he bat for?

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Heads down and hoods up, Scott and Richie march through the near-deserted public park.

Ahead of them, two figures stand together at the entrance to a small brick building.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - ENTRANCE TO TOILETS - CONTINUOUS

Tee and Jay talk into their mobile phones and watch Scott and Richie approach through the park.

Both end their calls when Scott and Richie get close.

SCOTT

(to Jay)

Alright mate? Been here long?

JAY

Yeah. What you after?

SCOTT

One of each if you can?

JAY

We can if you can?

Scott flashes a twenty pound note in his palm.

Jay looks to Tee and nods. All four head into the toilets.

PUBLIC TOILETS

Jay checks around the toilets, whilst Tee plunges his hand down the back of his jeans and underwear.

RICHIE

How's business? Busy day? Good train trip? I fucking hate them. Full of freaks. And kids. Screaming, annoying, kids.

Tee replies with an expressionless stare as he removes his hand from his underwear.

A golf ball sized wrap of cling film sits in his palm, covered in excrement.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Nice.

From the package Tee removes two round, pea sized, wraps of cling film.

Tee hands the wraps to Scott who, in an instant, hides them in his mouth.

Richie begins to retch loudly.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Another retch. He composes himself.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Gets me every time.

A louder, more extravagant retch.

Tee, Jay and Scott look on in a mixture of amazement and disgust. Richie is bent double, his eyes streaming.

JAY

Fucking sort yourself out man.

Richie breathes deeply and straightens himself.

RICHIE

Good thing we're all so close eh? Same for me.

TEE

You get fuck all.

RICHIE

What? I'm good, I've got twenty.

TEF

Twenty gets you fuck all.

(pause)

Three grand gets you something.

Scott moves closer to Richie.

SCOTT

Wait. Three grand? Why three grand?

TEE

Your boy. He fucked up. Been on tick for weeks. Takes the piss. Now he needs to payback.

Tee eyeballs Richie who holds his gaze.

RICHIE

Look you'll get it. I've got some things planned.

JAY

Always things. I'm sick of things. You had the time, you had the warnings. We are fair.

RICHIE

Fuck fair and fuck this shit.

TEE

Fuck this?

Nose to nose. Tee angry. Richie defiant.

TEE (CONT'D)

It's you whose fucked.

By the throat, Tee pushes Richie against the toilet wall, his head crashes into the brick.

Dazed, Richie fights back. Tee strengthens his grip.

SCOTT

Come on, we can sort this.

As Scott moves forward, Jay intervenes.

JAY

Keep the fuck back.

TEE

(to Scott)

Get back or I shank both you up.

From his waistband Tee produces a knife and holds it to Richie's face.

TEE (CONT'D)

Big man. A week. You get one fucking week. Don't give me no excuses. You work for us. You do the running, we get what's owed.

RICHIE

There's no way.

TEE

Fuck no way. Do it or die Richie. You and your pussy boyfriend.

A nod towards Scott.

TEE (CONT'D)

Now, just to prove there's no hard feelings.

The knife returns to Tee's waistband, but he maintains his grip around Richie's throat.

Another two wraps are removed from the package.

TEE (CONT'D)

These two are on the house.

With a smile, Tee forces the two wraps up Richie's nostrils.

JAY

(to Scott)

I don't like coming all this way to fuck about with junkies.

Now free of the grip, Richie brushes himself down as Scott watches Jay and Tee in the doorway.

JAY (CONT'D)

One fucking week.

INT. SOLICITORS OFFICES - DAY

A photocopier whirs into action, the repetitive noise fills the oak panelled office.

With a mountain of paper before her, Jodie hovers nearby, she stares into space and nibbles her nails.

Unseen, Robin enters the room, he pauses and watches Jodie for a moment. In silence Robin approaches.

ROBIN

Filthy habit.

Jodie jumps and the papers drop.

JODIE

Jesus, you scared the crap out of me.

Between them they recover the papers.

ROBIN

Couldn't resist. Bored?

JODIE

Well the photocopier won't work itself. The phones are quiet, the paperclips are fine and I think Giles is ok for tea.

ROBIN

I did notice one thing. The bog roll in the gents, trap one. Almost out. Giles had curry.

A forced smile, Jodie returns to the photocopier.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Are you alright at the moment? What was all that about at lunch?

Flustered, Jodie avoids eye-contact.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Was that him?

Jodie begins to shake her head, but stops.

JODIE

Obvious then?

Robin smiles and nods.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Yep, that's him. He'll be there tonight too.

ROBIN

Seems alright? He looked ill.

JODIE

That's a good day.

Now perched on an imposing conference table, Robin reaches out and touches Jodie's hand.

ROBIN

Doesn't know what he has to lose.

JODIE

He can be so good though. He needs me. Always has.

ROBIN

What about you?

JODIE

We're practically married.

ROBIN

But you're not.

Jodie pulls her hand away.

JODIE

Maybe it's a habit thing. I can't imagine being alone.

Robin stands closer.

ROBIN

You wouldn't have to. Look at you. You're not completely repulsive. Hair could do with some work.

A smile begins to creep across Jodie's face.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Arse is just about passable, legs like a Russian shot putter, tits swinging around your knees.

Finally a laugh.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You are perfect.

The laughter subsides, Jodie and Robin stand for a moment, the photocopier now silent.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

The cling-film wrap, now open, sits between Scott and Richie, cross-legged on the bare floorboards.

Scott grips a hypodermic needle between his teeth.

SCOTT

Three grand doesn't just happen. Floods just happen. Teenage pregnancy just happens. Three grand does not fucking sneak up on you.

RICHIE

I kept trying to pay, but, you know, stuff happened.

SCOTT

Death just happens. As you might find out pretty soon unless you stop pissing about.

RICHIE

Fuck sake Mother superior, you don't have to help. Pass me that.

From the bed Scott retrieves a belt and hands it to Richie. Richie wraps pulls it tight around his arm.

The room is cramped, a bed and a small chest of drawers break up the carpet of used tin foil and scorched spoons.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

It will be sorted.

Concentration time. Both inject Heroin, Richie into his arm, Scott his ankle.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

A mobile phone rings, Robbo rushes across the office and finds the phone, hidden beneath a takeaway pizza.

ROBBO

(into phone)

Hello.

As he holds the mobile to his ear, Robbo clicks around on the computer screen.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Three grand? Never pay it. Not in a million years. Lot of money for a junkie.

A newspaper on the desk now diverts Robbo's attention.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Don't do anything. Just update me. Ok. Bye.
(hangs up)

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Her eyes wide and her face drained of colour, Jodie stares straight ahead and shakes her head.

Jodie holds a pregnancy test. It reads "PREGNANT".

JODIE

No, no, no.

Sat on the toilet, Jodie looks through her legs to the floor in front of her.

Three further used test kits are scattered at her feet, all with the same result. "PREGNANT".

As she selects another test kit and begins to unwrap it, Jodie gulps from a large glass of water.

The fresh test kit now ready, Jodie holds it beneath her and waits. The flat is silent.

A sudden loud buzz breaks the silence. Jodie physically jumps. There is a plopping sound from the toilet.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Jodie jumps up and pulls her short black dress down, she peers into the toilet.

The test kit bobs half above water, and the other half in the U-bend.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Shit, Shit.

The buzz continues as Jodie reaches into the toilet pan, she retches as her fingers touch the water.

The incessant buzz perseveres.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I'm coming.

Water drips from the test kit, over the floor tiles and onto Jodie's bare feet.

JODIE (CONT'D)

No, no, shit, shit, shit.

All of the kits and empty boxes are gathered and buried in the laundry basket.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I'm just coming.

Jodie storms out of the bathroom and through the flat, towards the front door and the buzz.

The door is thrown open to reveal Scott leant against the doorbell. A vacant expression on his face.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Unbelievable.

Jodie stomps back to the bathroom.

Scott closes the door and stumbles into the lounge.

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

Just one night, that's all I asked of you.

Sat on an armchair, Scott opens a folded piece of paper and begins to empty white powder onto the coffee table.

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

Tonight's important.

Scott uses a credit card to chop the powder into lines.

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

Do you ever listen to me? Scott?

The powder has been cut into four rough lines, Scott rolls a bank note into a tube.

Jodie rushes into the lounge and stands in front of Scott, ready for a night out. She looks stunning, but angry.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Just one night, I needed you straight, like a normal boyfriend.

Grabbing the note from Scott's hand Jodie snorts the powder.

The powder gone, Jodie stands straight, she holds her nose and looks to her stomach.

INT. JERMAINE'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jermaine holds a games console controller and sits on the floor in front of a large TV.

Behind him, a TEENAGE COUPLE have sex on the sofa, whilst TWO YOUNG MALES argue. Loud, aggressive white noise.

Engrossed, Jermaine watches the football players he controls on the TV screen.

INT. BAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The bar is packed, the music deafening. Groups of drinkers wear novelty Santa hats.

Near to the bar, Scott and Jodie stand together, a semicircle of Jodie's work colleagues around them.

In the middle of the group, Giles holds court.

Robin whispers into Jodie's ear. Jodie laughs too loudly.

GILES

Too many blasted tree huggers out there. Rehabilitation? Bring back the gallows. ASBO? Electric chair. And another thing...

Scott surveys the gathered audience, he almost looks smart. Nobody makes the effort to speak to him.

Away from the group, Jodie chats with Robin.

Scott gets Jodie's attention, he leans in close but still has to shout.

SCOTT

Popping outside. Two minutes.

Jodie nods as Scott kisses her on the lips, with Robin who looks on.

INT. JERMAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Smoke wisps out of Jermaine's nose, as he relaxes onto the single bed.

Above him, Posters of football players barely cover the cracked plaster walls.

Loud music almost blocks out the shouts beyond the door.

Jermaine's eyes flicker. In one hand a lighter.

A crack pipe drops from the other, onto the bed.

EXT. BAR/RESTAURANT CAR PARK - NIGHT

The beat of cheesy music pumps from the pub out into the near deserted car park.

Propped against a wall behind a row of bins, Scott holds a lighter beneath a glass crack pipe.

Scott inhales deeply and closes his eyes.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Richie pulls a threadbare blanket around him as he lays alone on his sofa in the darkened room.

A used needle rests next to his head.

From beneath the blanket Richie brings the Rubiks cube to his chest and runs his fingers over it.

EXT. BAR/RESTAURANT CAR PARK - DAY

Glass smashes, and Scott sits bolt upright. The sky is clear and crisp, a layer of frost on the ground.

More glass smashes into the bin next to Scott's head. He scrambles to his feet and skulks off across the car park.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Fried breakfast glistens on the plate in front of Robbo, who stuffs food in his mouth while he talks.

ROBBO

You see, if you listened to everyone you wouldn't eat a thing. I eat a bit of everything. I like to cover all the bases.

Opposite Robbo sits NATHAN, a skinny, ravaged Heroin addict, who watches in silence at Robbo as he devours the breakfast.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

Not too much caffeine they say, not too much beer. Be active, twenty minutes a day. Fruit, five a day. Drink lots of water. Red wine, glass a day, thins the blood. It's a minefield.

A pause for breath and a slurp of coffee. Sweat glistens on Robbo's forehead.

He glances around and slides an envelope to Nathan.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

Think of this as an early Christmas present. For your assistance. You can think of me as a thinner, prettier Santa Claus. Although I reward the naughty boys and girls.

Nathan opens the envelope, it's stuffed with cash.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

Not in here. You eating that?

From Nathan's untouched plate, Robbo spears the bacon with his fork and adds it to the pile of food.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

Christ it's hot here. Sweating like a nonce on a bouncy castle.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - DAY

The loud buzz from Jodie's doorbell breaks the early morning calm, before the door is pulled open.

Dishevelled, Scott stands in the doorway, wearing a sheepish smile on his face.

JODIE

Don't.

Before Scott can reply Jodie disappears into the flat.

SCOTT

Where did you go?

Scott lingers in the doorway for a moment.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You left me in the car park.

He edges into the lounge.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Jodie?

Scott begins to remove his jacket and shoes, and drops onto the sofa.

JODIE (O.S.)

I left you?

Jodie bursts into the lounge. Scott sits up straight.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I looked for you everywhere, you made me look like an idiot. I was crying Scott. In front of everyone.

SCOTT

I told you I was going out.

JODIE

You said two minutes. After an hour I began to wonder.

SCOTT

It took you an hour?

A piece of toast in her mouth, Jodie rushes around the kitchen. From the safety of the sofa, Scott observes.

SCOTT

Look. I fell asleep. I was tired. Nobody even bothered talking to me anyway. Even you ignored me.

Now with her coat in hand, Jodie heads for the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Where are you off to?

JODIE

Work.

SCOTT

But it's Saturday.

JODIE

Yes Scott it is a Saturday. And I work on a Saturday.

At the door now, Jodie turns back and stares at Scott.

SCOTT

You didn't want me there. You proved that yesterday. Ashamed of me my old school chum?

Jodie still at the door, she stares back, unmoved.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Are you taking your car?

JODIE

No. Why?

SCOTT

Just wondered.

JODIE

No, you can't.

SCOTT

Thanks a lot.

JODIE

You can't drive Scott. You're banned. What do you expect me to say?

Both frown at each other, neither giving an inch.

SCOTT

Can I stay here?

JODIE

Oh just do whatever you like.

The door slams behind Jodie.

Scott jumps up and runs for the door, he reaches it, stops himself and turns back into the lounge.

The flat is now calm again. Scott lays back onto the sofa.

INT. TEE'S FLAT - DAY

With his head beside a closed wooden door, Jay tries to suppress his laughter.

JAY

Stop being a child. It's just me.

Further along the hallway, Tee watches. He stands with two teenage males, KRISS and MENELICK.

Jay raises his finger to his lips as the three of them struggle to keep their composure.

JERMAINE (O.S.)

I look fucking stupid. Like a ten year old. I'll get the shit kicked out me.

Jay covers his mouth to stop himself laughing out loud.

JAY

That's the whole point. That's what you want, nobody will even look at you.

JERMAINE (O.S.)

Just don't take the piss.

The handle turns and the door is opened. Hoots of laughter echo along the hallway.

Jermaine, dressed in full, red football kit, complete with shin pads, stands with his arms crossed.

JAY

It's perfect man. Who's going to suspect anything looking like that? It's perfect.

The laughter continues.

JERMAINE

You wear it then. Why me? I look like a prick.

Tee approaches Jermaine and stands nose to nose.

 ${\tt TEE}$

It's you because I say it's you. You do what I say, when I say it. KRISS

(to Jermaine)

Catch.

A football is launched through the air by Kriss. It slaps Jermaine hard in the face.

With laughter ringing in his ears, Jermaine picks up the ball and throws it across the room in a rage.

The ball misses the intended target of Kriss.

And bounces off of Tee's head.

Sudden silence.

JERMAINE

Shit man. I didn't mean it.

Calm and collected, Tee carries the ball to Jermaine, until he again stands face to face with him.

Jermaine flinches as the ball is thrust into his chest.

TEE

Take this and get the fuck out. Do what the fuck I told you.

JERMAINE

I never...

JAY

Just get out the door Jermaine.

Head down, Jermaine makes for the door. He pauses and looks back at four stern, silent faces.

As soon as the door closes Tee's face cracks into a grin, the others follow his lead.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - LOUNGE - DAY

On the sofa, in a crumpled heap, Scott sleeps.

A muffled mobile phone begins to ring, Scott stirs on the sofa. The noise gets louder.

With the ring tone at it's peak, Scott searches for the mobile hidden beneath him, and answers.

SCOTT

(into phone)
Yeah? Half an hour.
 (hangs up)

The call is ended and the flat falls silent again. Scott lays back and stares at the ceiling.

A sudden burst of movement, Scott stands and trudges towards the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Scott searches the kitchen cupboards and helps himself to a chocolate bar.

A set of car keys sit on the kitchen work surface. As he munches the chocolate, Scott watches them.

The chocolate bar wrapper is discarded, Scott guzzles a glass of water, snatches the keys and heads for the door.

INT. JODIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Tears glisten in Jodie's eyes, she fights them back and busies herself with a blank piece of paper.

The desk she sits at is neat and tidy, with everything straight and in it's place.

Robin approaches with a mug in his hand. When he gets near, Jodie averts her gaze.

As he places the mug on the desk, Robin squeezes her shoulder and gives a supportive smile.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

From the waiting shelter, Scott sits and looks out towards the platform and railway line.

Richie paces up and down the platform.

RICHIE

Where the fuck is it? Freezing. Hate these places. Hate waiting about. Shall I ring him?

Scott shrugs.

Both of them look down the railway line. In the distance a train approaches. Scott stands as it nears the platform.

SCOTT

Can you stop moaning now?

The train stops and the doors open.

Scott and Richie scan every face as the passengers spill onto the platform.

The doors close and the train moves out of the station.

Scott watches the last carriage disappear from view and turns to Richie.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Well?

RICHIE

He said here.

A mobile phone rings in Richie's hand, he answers in an instant.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah? Been here ages.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Whereabouts? Ok. (hangs up)

Scott gives an exaggerated shrugs his shoulders.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Car park.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

As Scott and Richie emerge from the entrance of the railway station into the open-air car park, they stop and stare.

The open-air car park is full of empty cars, but lacks any visible humans.

SCOTT

Do you even know what he looks like?

RICHIE

Won't be difficult to spot.

SCOTT

Dealer uniform?

RICHIE

Yep.

SCOTT

Must get issued it when they graduate dealer school.

At the far end of the car park a figure, dressed in red, with ball in his hands, leans against a wire fence.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Call him again, he ain't here.

Both Scott and Richie continue to survey the car park as the red figure approaches.

Richie holds the phone to his ear. Another mobile phone rings in the car park.

Scott looks around the car park for the source of the ringtone, that gets louder as the red figure gets closer.

JERMAINE

You picking up?

With puzzled expressions, Scott and Richie begin to laugh.

SCOTT

Are you joking?

RICHIE

What the fuck are you wearing?

JERMAINE

Don't fuck me about. Let's just do this.

Jermaine holds the football and pulls one of the leather patches open.

From inside the ball he removes a golf ball sized, cling film wrap and hands it to Scott.

SCOTT

No mate, two each. I've only got twenty.

JERMAINE

Time for you boys to start paying.

SCOTT

No, no, no, we didn't agree this.

JERMAINE

You got no choice bruv. You sell this and the money comes back. No choices. No offers.

The drugs in his hand, Scott turns to Richie who shakes his head and laughs.

JERMAINE (CONT'D)

You find something funny?

RICHIE

Yeah, I find this all fucking hilarious.

SCOTT

You expect us to sell all this? Can't we just sort something else out? I can't do this.

JERMAINE

Just the messenger. Not my problem boys. Your problem.

Jermaine turns to leave.

RICHIE

Boys?

Richie looks Jermaine up and down.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Does mummy know you're out?

JERMAINE

Oh right, so you're talking about my mum now bruv?

RICHIE

Yeah, give her my love.

Jermaine squares up to Richie, who smiles.

JERMAINE

Remember who you're talking to.

RICHIE

Who I'm talking to? All I see is a little boy. Wearing a football kit. What the fuck were you thinking. You got mirrors at home?

SCOTT

(to Richie)

Leave it alone.

JERMAINE

You junkie prick.

In one movement, Scott pulls Richie away and pushes an advancing, angry Jermaine back.

SCOTT

(to Jermaine)

Don't push it, just get back on your fucking train. Tell Jay I'm not happy with this. We never agreed this.

JERMAINE

It ain't going to help you.

Jermaine begins to walk away towards the train station.

RICHIE

Run along little mascot boy.

JERMAINE

I'll fucking do you. Fuck you both up.

RICHIE

Yeah, yeah, go and tell teacher.

SCOTT

(to Richie)

Shut your fucking mouth for once.

Jermaine walks back to the railway station, his eyes fixed on Richie until he reaches the platform.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Real clever.

RICHIE

Fuck him. They come down here like they own us.

Scott inspects the wrap of drugs in his hand.

SCOTT

How do we do this? How do we get rid of it?

RICHIE

Make some calls. It's not as if we don't know anyone that'll buy some. Easy.

SCOTT

There's not three grand here.

RICHIE

Look, you don't have to help, I fucked up. Just take yours and I'll do the rest.

It's Scott's turn now to pace the car park, he holds the drugs in his hand.

SCOTT

Right. You make the calls, arrange it all. I'll help with the money.

RICHIE

Can I hug you?

SCOTT

Don't even think of touching me.

RICHIE

Come on give us a hug.

Richie throws himself around Scott, pretends to kiss him. Scott holds him at arms length.

SCOTI

Enough. Now how long will this take?

RICHIE

Car would make it quicker.

Richie nods at the row of cars in the car park.

SCOTT

She will fucking kill me.

RICHIE

Rather her than them. She won't even know.

SCOTT

She will actually, physically, properly, murder me. Dead.

RICHIE

No fuss, we'll get it done fast.

Together, Scott and Richie walk along the row of cars.

Scott presses a key fob.

The headlights flash on Jodie's small, garish yellow car.

Richie tries, badly, to keep a laugh under wraps.

SCOTT

Got a better plan? I'm sure you can do it twice as fast on foot.

RICHIE

No, no. Just admiring the paint job. Very manly.

INT. JODIE'S OFFICE - DAY

A file that threatens to overflow now dominates Jodie's, once tidy desk.

Jodie flicks through the file, before she slams it closed and picks up the phone receiver.

INT. JODIE'S CAR - DAY

A mobile phone rings in the car.

From the passenger seat Richie watches Scott as he struggles to retrieve the mobile from his jeans pocket, and drive.

The mobile phone in his hand now, Scott glances at the display screen.

SCOTT

Fuck.

Scott stares at Richie as the phone continues to ring.

RICHIE

It's her? Don't fucking answer.

SCOTT

(into phone)

Hello.

INTERCUT:

JODIE

(into phone)

Hi babes, you ok?

SCOTT

(into phone)

Yeah, not bad. You?

JODIE

(into phone)

I'm really sorry about earlier.
We need to sit down and talk
properly. I've got some things to
say. I do love you, you know.

SCOTT

(into phone)

Yeah. Hold on.

As he negotiates a roundabout, Scott puts the phone between his legs. He returns the phone to his ear.

INTERCUT:

JODIE

(into phone)

Scott, are you driving?

SCOTT

(into phone)

Sorry what?

JODIE

(into phone)

Please tell me you are not driving my car.

SCOTT

(into phone)

No. I'm. We're just.

JODIE

(into phone)

I know exactly what you are doing.
 (hangs up)

The phone slams back onto the desk and Jodie covers her face with her hands.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE - DAY

With the football by his side, Jermaine sits with his head rested against the railway carriage window.

He brings his hand to his face and wipes the tears from his eyes.

EXT. JODIE'S CAR - DAY

The bright yellow car is now parked on a quiet residential road. Scott, still in the drivers seat, checks the mirrors.

Sat beside him in the passenger seat, Richie balances the bundle of drugs on his lap.

In the back seat LINDSAY, aged in her late teens, squirms, one of her hands inside the front of her top.

RICHIE

Where is it?

LINDSAY

I put it in my bra so no-one would nick it. It's stuck.

RICHIE

Need a hand?

A sarcastic smile from Lindsay.

SCOTT

Come on Linds, we need to move.

LINDSAY

I can feel it, my hands on it.

RICHIE

Oh my. I could watch this all day.

Lindsay removes her hand from her bra and passes Scott a battered twenty pound note.

Once the cash is handed over, Richie hands Lindsay two small wraps of Heroin and Crack.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Need a hand hiding these anywhere?

SCOTT

Oh Fuck.

LINDSAY

What? I'm not that bad.

SCOTT

It's the police.

In the mirror Scott watches a police car drive into the road behind them.

RICHIE

Stay calm, they're not here for us. Just keep your heads down.

Scott watches as the police car drives towards the rear of the car, and parks behind them.

SCOTT

Fuck.

LINDSAY

You two need to let me out. I'm a customer.

RICHIE

Drive.

SCOTT

Are you joking?

RICHIE

No I'm not. I can't deal with this. Fucking drive.

SCOTT

You fucking drive.

RICHIE

You're in the fucking drivers seat. So you fucking drive.

LINDSAY

Let me out.

The POLICE OFFICER steps out of the drivers side of the police car and starts to walk towards them.

SCOTT

Shit, shit, shitty bollocks.

RICHIE

Scott, come on, lets go.

Scott stares into the mirror, now filled by the police officer's uniform.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Just fucking drive.

The police officer knocks on Scott's window.

POLICE OFFICER

Open the door.

RICHIE

Go, fucking go.

Scott revs the engine hard. The wheels spin and the car screeches away.

The police officer runs back to the police car.

The yellow car struggles to pick up speed along the quiet road. The engine squeals in protest.

With his focus on the police officer in the mirror, Scott doesn't see the parked car that he speeds towards.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Fucking steer.

A yellow blur smashes into the side of the parked car.

Airbags erupt as the broken glass settles on the road.

Inside the car, shocked silence.

They have only driven 100 yards at the most.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Fucking run.

Three doors open as Scott, Richie and Lindsay pile out of the mangled car and sprint along the road.

Jodie's yellow car is left embedded and abandoned.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sat on the sofa, Scott chews on his nails and stares straight ahead.

Jodie stands in front of him, hands on hips.

JODIE

Well? How could you even think about doing it? I told you no.

SCOTT

Look. I'm sorry, I really am, but at least nobody's hurt.

JODIE

You killed my car, you made me lie to the police and that's the best you come up with? Oh, and somebody did get hurt. Me. As usual.

SCOTT

I'll pay for it.

JODIE

How Scott? How exactly will you pay for a new car?

Jodie slumps into an armchair. Scott reaches out to hold her hand but she snatches it away.

SCOTT

I was desperate. Richie's in trouble.

JODIE

Now there's a surprise. Richie in trouble.

SCOTT

He owes some people. And it means I owe them too.

JODIE

You're not eight anymore. You have other responsibilities. More to worry about than bloody Rich.

Scott takes Jodie's hand again, grips it tight.

SCOTT

Just give me time to sort this out. Get clean, get away, get some money and get a place.

JODIE

Always the same old story. It would mean something if I believed you were capable.

SCOTT

Thanks for the support.

JODIE

Support? All I do is support.

As she stands, Jodie pulls her hand away again.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I want some support. Support from you for once. Especially now.

SCOTT

Why? What have you done?

Tears begin to roll down Jodie's face.

JODIE

I'm pregnant Scott. Pregnant with a baby.

A look of horror crosses Scott's face.

SCOTT

Well how? Have you done a test?

JODIE

Yeah. One or two.

Scott's paces the lounge with his hands on his head.

SCOTT

Who was that bloke at the party?

JODIE

Don't you dare.

SCOTT

What? I'm not meaning anything.

JODIE

Don't ever question me. I'm sick of you. The last thing I need is your baby. Another baby that I need to look after, because you're too helpless to sort yourself out.

SCOTT

I will get sorted out.

JODIE

Not this time. No more. Until you sort yourself out, I don't even want you here. It's not fair.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Jodie sobs, Scott wipes a tear that rolls down her cheek.

SCOTT

Don't say that.

JODIE

No more. You need to grow up. Another you growing inside me scares the shit out of me. What if he's an addict already?

SCOTT

And what about the shit you put up your nose? More acceptable?

JODIE

That stops now. Because I can stop. I'm capable.

Scott tries to hold onto Jodie but she pulls away and gathers her things as she pulls on her coat.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to Mum's. By the time I get back I don't think I want you here.

SCOTT

I hate the bedsit.

JODIE

That's not a reason to stay.

The door closes and Jodie is gone.

Scott stares into space.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

With his face illuminated by the mobile phone in his hand, Richie, head down, walks alone.

Every few steps he stops and checks over his shoulder.

Silence. He walks onwards.

A whistle in the darkness causes him to turn again.

Out of the shadows, the flash of a fist, as a punch connects with Richie's jaw and he drops to the ground.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Beer rushes down the glass and into Robbo's mouth.

The empty glass now returned to the bar, Robbo glances either side of him. He struggles to focus.

To his left sits a middle-aged, EXTREMELY DRUNK MAN.

Shot glasses and pint glasses rest in front of him as he cradles his grey head in his hands.

To Robbo's right sits an attractive, young, ALMOST DRUNK FEMALE. She smiles back at him and drains an alcopop.

Robbo gets to his feet and makes the short journey to his right. He returns her smile and pulls up a stool.

The Almost Drunk Female, leans towards Robbo and he whispers into her ear.

Happy with himself, Robbo leans back onto the stool.

The Almost Drunk Female, looks back at him, shakes her head in disgust and scrambles away from the bar.

With a shrug, Robbo turns to the Extremely Drunk Male, laughs and orders two drinks.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sweat beads glisten on his forehead, his face ashen, Scott searches the kitchen cupboards, fast and frantic.

Bottles of medication are picked up, studied and discarded, one after the other.

A loud knock at the door distracts Scott from his search.

As Scott pulls the door open, Richie falls into the flat, covered in blood.

SCOTT

What?

RICHIE

They tried to hang me.

SCOTT

What? Where?

RICHIE

From my fucking neck.

Breathless, Richie runs to the window, closes the curtains and slumps onto the sofa.

SCOTT

What happened? I'm calling an ambulance. You're bleeding on the sofa.

RICHIE

They're fucking animals, they'll kill me. I thought they'd kill me. They hung me.

SCOTT

I warned you about this.

RICHIE

I gave them most of it. I needed something though. I can't live on nothing.

SCOTT

You took some? You robbed them? After earlier?

A red graze marks Richie's neck. He takes a moment to catch his breath and surveys his injuries.

Scott gets busy with a cloth and carpet spray at his feet.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

She'll kill me now. I can't have this here.

The blood stain worsens as Scott scrubs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You got any gear on you?

Before Richie can answer a knock at the door silences them.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

They fucking followed you to here?

RICHIE

I fucking ran.

With his finger to his lips, Scott creeps towards the front door, the carpet spray still in his hand.

Scott peers through the spy-hole.

The door flies open and smashes Scott in the face, he is thrown to the floor.

A blurred movement as Tee bursts into the flat and kicks Scott before he can stand. Jermaine and Jay follow.

As Richie tries to sink into the sofa, Tee produces a Stungun from inside his jacket.

Nowhere to go for Richie, he raises his palms in surrender.

Tee presses the stun gun against Richie's chest.

TEE

Don't ever fuck with me. Where's the fucking money?

Tee pulls the trigger.

The electric shock throws Richie to the floor.

TEE (CONT'D)

(to Richie)

Where's my fucking money?

SCOTT

He said he gave you it?

By his throat, Jay pulls Scott to his feet.

From a safe distance, Jermaine watches. Unsure of himself.

Richie is motionless on the blood stained carpet.

TEE

(to Scott)

I told you not to fuck me about.

SCOTT

We sold it all, we did what you said. Jay?

JAY

It was light by fifty.

Jermaine hovers near the door and glances into the hallway.

JERMAINE

Maybe we should go.

SCOTT

(to Jay)

Give us time. I will get it. I won't let him fuck up again. He won't do it again.

JAY

Too late for this Scott.

A punch to his stomach courtesy of Tee, Scott crumbles to the floor and rolls himself in a ball.

TEE

You got three days. That's it. End of fucking story.

Tee spits on Scott as he tries to move.

Blackness, as a boot connects with Scott's face.

INT. ROBBO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the darkness, a vibrating sound.

A moan and a shuffle follow.

A bedside lamp light flicks on and finds Robbo, face down on the bed, fully clothed.

He squints at the light, groans and finds the phone under the pillow.

ROBBO

(into phone)

Yeah? Slow down. Calm. Give me a second.

Now sat up in the bed, Robbo steadies himself.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Shitting hell. Right, are they still alive?

All of a sudden fully alert, Robbo grabs a pen and pad from the bedside table.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Fuck me. Who did what?

The bedroom is sparse and Robbo sleeps in the bed alone. He makes hurried notes as the conversation continues.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Go too far and we are fucked, I will end it. Just tell me exactly how it went.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - DAY

Early morning light creeps across the lounge carpet, Scott is on the floor, he faces the door, his eyes closed.

The sound of keys beyond the door.

Jodie's head appears around the splintered door frame, wide-eyed.

JODIE

Oh my god.

Jodie drops her bag and dives into the lounge.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Scott. Oh god. Wake-up. Please, what happened?

Dried blood covers Scott's swollen face. With a great amount of effort his eyes flicker and half open.

A moan as Scott raises his head.

SCOTT

Sorry.

JODIE

What happened? Can you move? Where does it hurt? Tell me where it hurts.

SCOTT

I can move. Where's Richie? Is he here? He was here.

Jodie searches the other rooms. Scott gets to his feet, slow and painful.

JODIE

He's not here. Nobody's here. Please tell me what happened Scott? Who did this?

SCOTT

I told him, I tried. I'm sorry. I thought they were going to kill me

Panic in his face, Scott throws his arms around Jodie.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Please don't make me leave.

JODIE

Ok, not now.

Jodie strokes his hair and stares at the dark stains on her carpet.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAR PARK - DAY

Robbo fails to control the anger in his voice as he paces the car park.

ROBBO

(into phone)

You do as I say, you understand? I'm the one in con-fucking-trol.

As uniformed Police officers file past, Robbo forces a smile and lowers his voice.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No. Fuck that. If you do anything you tell me. I can't protect you if you don't. Remember why you do what you do. Remember why you get paid.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - DAY

Scott's winces in pain as he walks from the hospital and into the bright daylight of the car park.

His face patched-up with bandage and stitches, Scott scans the parked cars.

People rush past him and into the hospital.

Just as Scott turns to walk back into the hospital, headlights flash on one of the cars.

From the drivers seat of a small rental car, Jodie waves.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

In the passenger seat of the car, Scott reads the display screen of his mobile.

SCOTT

It's ok. He's ok.

JODIE

What?

SCOTT

Richie, it's alright he's ok.

Both stare at each other for a second. Scott smiles. Jodie doesn't.

With a shake of her head, Jodie turns her attention back to the road.

The phone beeps and Scott squints to read it again.

JODIE

So he just left you like that?

SCOTT

He was probably scared. They might have dragged him out of there. I don't know what they did.

JODIE

He left you. That's wrong.

SCOTT

He's alright.

The mobile still has the majority Scott's attention. Jodie grits her teeth and drives.

JODIE

This is typical. He got you into all this. Look at the state of your face. I thought you were...
(beat)

I was scared you were dead.

SCOTT

I didn't mean to scare you.
 (nods at Jodie's
 stomach)

How's it feeling?

JODIE

Wonderful.

Finally, Scott looks up from his phone.

SCOTT

I really am sorry.

Scott leans across and kisses Jodie's shoulder.

She barely reacts.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Can you drop me in town for a bit?

JODIE

Why?

SCOTT

I need to do some things, pick up some stuff. And Richie needs me to meet him.

Jodie bites her lip and drives on.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK - DAY

A cigarette lighter sparks. Richie struggles to hold the cigarette in his swollen lips.

Richie holds his Rubiks cube with a bandaged hand and strokes it with the other, as he sits on a wall.

Families rush past Richie towards the supermarket. Some turn and glance at his mess of a face.

A small rental car enters the car park, Richie stands as it approaches. He waves to Scott in the passenger seat

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

The car stops in the car park, near to where Richie sits.

Scott stares at Jodie, her face like thunder.

SCOTT

Please Jodes. It's all been a bit much. A bit of a shock all this for me at once.

Tears well in Jodie's eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I will get this sorted out. You know I want to be with you. With the baby as well.

JODIE

I don't think I believe you anymore. Richie always comes first. Richie and Crack. I won't have a baby around this. Around you.

CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Through the window, Richie notices that Jodie is crying. He stands and walks away through the car park.

RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scott places his hand on Jodie's shoulder.

SCOTT

It's not easy for me either. Don't throw eight years away. You must still love me? I want it to be just us.

JODIE

It won't though. You said this a million times.

SCOTT

I need to sort this thing out. I won't mess up again.

JODIE

You had chance after chance after chance. I'm not doing it.

SCOTT

You can't say that. I won't do it without you.

JODIE

You already are.

It's Scott's turn to fight back tears.

SCOTT

I love you.

JODIE

I don't think you do.

SCOTT

I can come around to talk? I will come tonight. I'll be straight.

JODIE

No. You get out of this car now, then I don't want to see you. It's your turn to make a choice.

Scott tries to hold Jodie but she pushes him away.

SCOTT

I need to score, you know that.

JODIE

Get out of the car then.

SCOTT

Don't do this.

JODIE

Get out of the fucking car Scott.

Tears run down his face as Scott reaches out to stroke Jodie's hair, but she recoils.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Please just get out.

With that, Scott gets out of the car. He wipes his face with his sleeve.

The door slams shut and Jodie drives out of the car park.

Scott drops to the wall, head in hands.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jodie drives alone. Tears stream down her face.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

From a distance Richie watches Scott, self-concious, he approaches and sits.

RICHIE

Look, before you say it, I'm sorry alright? Really sorry. The fuckers followed me there, I didn't know. I thought we were dead.

SCOTT

I told you to pay. You fucked them over. You fucked me over.

With no answer to that, Richie stares at the Rubiks cube, gripped tight in his hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Oh, and just so you know. Jodie left me. She's pregnant.

RICHIE

I'm so sorry mate. But congratulations? About the baby. She keeping it?

Scott wipes another tear from his face. Richie rests his bandaged hand on Scott's shoulder.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have got you into it. Fucking wankers. I can sort it. It's my fuck-up. You go to Jodie and sort that.

SCOTT

No choice now. Three days. You can't do it alone. How the fuck can we do this?

RICHIE

A grand a day.

Together, Scott and Richie stand and walk towards the supermarket entrance.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

With a loud slurp, Jermaine drains the remains of a supersize milk shake.

Opposite, Tee and Jay munch on burgers.

JERMAINE

What's Milkshake made with?

Both Tee and Jay look at Jermaine for a silent moment.

TEE

(to Jermaine)

You did good yesterday. Starting to do as we say.

Jermaine nods and ponders as he chews his straw.

JAY

No more slips though.

Another nod from Jermaine, who peers into the cup at the remnants of his milkshake.

JAY (CONT'D)

Flavoured ice cream.

Jermaine smiles back.

JERMAINE

So when do I drop off more? I can handle it now.

Tee throws down a half eaten burger.

TEE

You see, this is when you're fucking stupid. We don't talk our business here. You still owe. Now you think you're the big man.

The restaurant is silent. Jermaine slides from his seat and walks towards the toilets. Anger on his face.

TEE (CONT'D)

And get me a milkshake.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A large slab of red, raw steak drops into the shopping trolley, followed by another, and another.

Scott and Richie stand at the supermarket's meat display, they shovel packets of meat into the trolley.

The trolley is wheeled into the alcohol section by Scott.

Boxes of expensive looking champagne join the meat.

Another trolley dash towards the exit.

As they pass display shelves, Richie throws batteries and packets of razor blades onto the pile.

Scott pushes the trolley and nears the exit doors.

He stops and looks for Richie.

Richie re-appears and now carries a boxed television on his shoulder.

A brief glance around, Scott and Richie rush out of the supermarket and into the car park.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

A charge across the car park.

Scott and Richie exchange a smile.

Over their shoulders, a man in uniform trots behind them.

RICHIE

Piece of piss.

A hand grabs Richie. He spins to see a uniformed SECURITY GUARD, well beyond retirement age.

SECURITY GUARD

Lads, you are going to have to come back with me.

Scott looks to Richie and shrugs, he turns to walk back towards the supermarket.

RICHIE

Get your fucking hand off me.

Richie shoves the Security Guard's hand away.

SECURITY GUARD

Please, I don't need this. Just come back with me.

SCOTT

(to Richie)

Rich, don't make it worse.

The security quard takes hold Richie's arm.

SECURITY GUARD

Come on mate.

The television drops to the ground as Richie swings and punches the Security quard in the face.

As the Security Guard drops, Richie turns and runs. Scott is frozen to the spot.

RICHIE

(to Scott)

Come on.

Before Scott can decide, he is tackled to the floor by a BY-STANDER and held to the ground, a knee on his head.

From the ground Scott watches Richie run from the car park.

INT. TEE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

The razor blade slices through the cream coloured lump of Crack. A small rock drops onto the table.

With his gloved hands, Jermaine places the rock onto the digital scales.

At the other side of the table, Kriss and Menelick weigh brown powdered Heroin into cling film wraps.

For a moment Jermaine stops and watches them. All three of them wear protective face masks.

MENELICK

What the fuck you gawping at?

KRISS

Chop, chop.

Kriss sniggers at his own joke as Jermaine checks around the room.

The kitchen is quiet apart from the rustle of cling film.

Music drifts around the flat from another room.

Rocks of Crack sit on the table in front of Jermaine. His eyes dart around the room as he slips two into his palm.

As subtle as possible, Jermaine lifts his mask and slips the rocks inside.

Another shoulder check and Jermaine stands.

JERMAINE

Anyone want a drink?

With no response from Kriss and Menelick, Jermaine crosses to the fridge.

Over his shoulder, beyond the doorway, Jay watches him.

INT. POLICE CELL - DAY

A key turns in the heavy, iron, cell door.

Scott sits bolt upright on the uncomfortable looking bunk.

Steam rises from two plastic cups that Robbo carries into the cell. He hands one to Scott.

ROBBO

You'll be lucky to get out.

Both sit for a few seconds, sip their drinks, and read the graffiti covered walls.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

Guards got concussion. Sixty five years of age. Poor bastard.

SCOTT

I didn't touch him. Never hurt anyone. Never have.

Silence again for an uncomfortable time.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No offence, but what do you want?

ROBBO

I want for you to listen to me. I want for you to trust me. I want to shower with a harem of naked lady slaves, who will tend to my every need and will bow down to worship at the church of Robbo. But that's not going to happen. In short, I want a lot. But right now, I want for you to talk to me.

SCOTT

About?

The plastic cup is the focus of Scott's attention throughout the conversation.

ROBBO

You know exactly what. People. Maybe start with the people who did your face.

Scott touches is swollen eye.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

It will get worse. You're expendable. Worthless. You'll be replaced in hours by another loser with a twenty pound note.

Shake of the head from Scott.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

But you're not a loser though are you?

SCOTT

Does it look like I'm winning?

ROBBO

No, you look like shit. You look like you need a hit badly. You look like you need an escape route.

SCOTT

What can you do for me? Cure me? Solve all my problems just by grassing up people you won't be able to stop anyway?

A chuckle from Robbo, he drains his plastic cup, stands and pulls a business card from his pocket.

ROBBO

I can do more than you realise. You have a chance here. I'm offering you something.

Robbo hands over the card which Scott briefly glances at.

SCOTT

The answer to my prayers.

The plastic cup is discarded on the floor as Robbo stands and heads for the door.

ROBBO

I know you can't afford to be sat on your arse in here for a day.

Now at the open cell door, Robbo turns.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

Oh, and I know you need to pay that debt. You need to pay it quick-fucking-ly.

The door slams and Scott stands.

Scott stares at the door, his face a picture of confusion.

INT. JAY'S CAR - DAY

A mobile phone rings in the car, Jay drives, Tee sits beside him and Jermaine in the back seat.

None of them react to the ringtone.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Through the police station corridors Robbo walks and talks with his mobile phone to his ear.

ROBBO

(into phone)

Yeah, it's me.

Police officers pass him as Robbo stops in a quiet area.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

He ain't never going to pay. He's on the ropes. You need to finish this now.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

The flat is dark and deserted.

The loud buzz of the door bell breaks through the silence.

INT. JODIE'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Scott hammers on the wooden door, his finger intermittently jabs at the doorbell.

SCOTT

Come on Jode, I need to see you.

The door frame has been badly repaired, the door moves as Scott begins to knock harder.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Stop ignoring me.

Scott places his ear against the door and listens.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Stop fucking me around.

Violent now, Scott punches and kicks the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Open. The. Fucking. Door.

On the final word the door gives way to Scott's shoulder and he crashes into the flat.

JODIE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Scott prowls through the flat.

SCOTT

Jodie?

The kitchen and living room are empty, Scott flicks the lights on as he moves through the flat.

Scott peers into the bathroom and then the bedroom.

Clothes scatter the bedroom floor, the bed is un-made.

A smile on Scott's face as he crosses to the dressing table.

For a moment he holds a framed picture of them both smiling for the camera in a restaurant. Happier times.

Scott's expression hardens as he puts the picture down, and opens the lid of the wooden jewellery box.

INT/EXT. CINEMA ENTRANCE - NIGHT

With a tub of ice-cream in her hands Jodie emerges from the cinema, Robin follows close behind.

Together they walk through the foyer towards the exit.

For once Jodie looks relaxed and happy as she spoons icecream into her mouth. ROBIN

Melted chocolate worries me. It's a texture thing. Give me a solid bar, I'm a happy man.

Jodie beams at him.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

So where now?

Outside the cinema entrance, their frozen breath fills the air as they both wait for the other to say something.

JODIE

Home time I think.

ROBIN

Can I tempt you with a hot chocolate? Not for me obviously.

JODIE

No sorry I need my sleep.

ROBIN

A bottle of vodka and some hardcore porn?

JODIE

You know me so well.

The cinema foyer now deserted, Robin moves closer to Jodie.

ROBIN

I really liked seeing you tonight.

JODIE

Me too. Thanks for being sweet.

Unsure and clumsily, Robin hugs Jodie, they hold each other tight. Robin kisses Jodie on the lips.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I can't. I really want to, but can't. I don't want to spoil our night though.

ROBIN

It's ok. Whatever you want.

JODIE

I can't just abandon him. He needs me. I need to sort that out first.

ROBIN

It's alright, really alright. All I was trying to do was save your mouth from that strange, cold, runny chocolate anyway.

Another hug, Jodie and Robin stroll towards the car park.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Smoke rises from a fat joint, Richie and Lindsay sit together on a sofa in the bare lounge and giggle.

With a marker pen, Richie writes on the neck-brace that Lindsay wears.

Scott storms into the room.

LINDSAY

(to Scott)

Aha. Lewis-Fucking-Hamilton.

A giggle fit.

SCOTT

The door was open. Good idea, with all this lying around.

Scott gestures at the wraps of Heroin and Crack on the table in front of them.

From his pocket, Scott removes a roll of bank notes and slams it down onto the table.

LINDSAY

Hope that's for me. (points at neck-

brace)

Where there's blame, there's a claim.

RICHIE

(counting cash)

Fucking hell mate. Selling that arse again?

More giggles. Not from Scott.

SCOTT

A few hundred. Sold some old stuff. Thanks for leaving me there earlier. What the fucks got into you?

Scott turns to leave.

RICHIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

From the sofa, Richie struggles to stand, walks across the room and grabs Scott's arm to stop him.

Scott pushes Richie away.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Calm down mate. I saw my chance and took it. Fuck him. He does the job and takes the risk.

SCOTT

He was an old man. He didn't deserve that. What's next? Nicking hubcaps off wheelchairs?

As Scott turns to leave again Richie pulls him back.

RICHIE

Look, I know I owe you. But don't go all fucking Princess Di on me. Are you alright?

SCOTT

Just let me go.

Richie stares Scott in the eye.

RICHIE

Thanks, ok? Really. I'll pay you back. One day.

A half-smile and Scott walks away.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Give you a call tomorrow mate yeah?

LINDSAY

Hope you're not driving home.

Loud giggles.

INT. TEE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A crash as Jermaine's face hits the kitchen table.

Tee stands over him, grinding his face into the wood.

TEE

I fucking told you, one more fucking time. One. More. Fucking. Time.

As Jermaine struggles to stand Tee places his forearm across the back of his neck, forces him down.

Jay looks on, calm.

JAY

We gave you the warnings. We gave you money. What more can we do?

JERMAINE

I'm sorry, I'll get it back, I'll do anything.

TEE

I'll fucking kill you.

Tee picks up a kitchen knife and holds it to Jermaine's face. Jermaine struggles for breath.

With big grins, Kriss and Menelick watch the show.

KRISS

Slice him.

JERMAINE

Please don't. I needed my smoke bad. Please don't.

MENELICK

Fucking dirty thief.

TEE

You think we're playing?

JERMAINE

No, don't.

TEE

You think I won't do this.

The skin breaks and blood streams down Jermaine's face, as Tee presses the knife into his cheekbone.

Jermaine screams.

Tee kicks the back of Jermaine's legs so that he crashes to the floor and puts the knife to his throat.

TAY

Wait.

Both Tee and Jermaine look to Jay.

Jermaine has lost control, he cries like a baby.

JAY (CONT'D)

He's only a kid. We can use him more. Do more deliveries.

TEE

No, he needs to be taught. Little bitch boy.

Jay leans down and holds Jermaine by the collar. Blood flows from the wound on his cheek.

JAY

You understanding more now? We're not playing. You've had too many last chances. You do exactly as we say, when we fucking say.

With every word Jermaine responds with a furious nod.

JAY (CONT'D)

Fuck around or steal from us again and I'll take it personally.

Dragged to his feet, Jermaine holds his face, he stares down at the blood on his hands.

JAY (CONT'D)

Clean yourself. No hospital.

A trail of blood follows Jermaine out of the kitchen door, he passes Kriss and Menelick who laugh.

Tee wipes the knife blade with a dirty towel, as he struggles to control his breathing.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

The needle enters Scott's ankle, he exhales deeply and relaxes onto the single bed.

His room is basic, a single bed and little else.

An exposed light bulb highlights the bare floorboards and empty space.

With a flicker, Scott's eyes close, the needle in his ankle.

INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At a small desk, Jay writes in a notebook, a bright desk lamp above his head. A bottle of beer in his other hand.

Behind him a large wall-mounted television is on with the sound muted.

INT. JODIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lid of the wooden jewellery box is open, inside just the bare red felt lining.

With the framed picture in one hand, Jodie stands over the jewellery box and cries.

INT. JERMAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dried blood on his neck, Jermaine examines his wound in the mirror. He winces in pain as he touches his cheek.

With his teeth, Jermaine tears a strip of parcel tape.

A quick swig of alcohol, Jermaine uses the tape to seal the gash on his face.

INT. TEE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Heavy music pumps around the lounge.

Lines of Cocaine wait on the glass table in front of a topless Tee, who leans forward and snorts the powder.

A young BARELY CLOTHED FEMALE is comatose beside him.

Kriss and Menelick vegetate and stare blankly at the large televison that dominates the room.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Both asleep, Lindsay lies next to Richie on the sofa, her arm draped across him.

The Rubiks cube sits on Richie's chest. It rises and falls with every breath.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

Darkness and the sound of a mumbled, distant voice.

A hazy light as Scott opens his eyes to see a shape stood over him. The mumble gets louder.

The shape becomes clear as Scott tries to move on the bed.

It's Jodie. She shouts and gesticulates.

Scott tries to focus on her, drool flows from his slack, open mouth.

Jodie throws money at him, then removes her necklace and throws that as well.

The sound becomes clear.

JODIE

You sad, worthless wanker.

In a rage, Jodie heads for the door and doesn't look back.

As he reaches an arm out to her, Scott falls from the bed to the floor with a thud.

Jodie is gone.

Scott flops onto his back, stares at the ceiling and closes his eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION - ROBBO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The mess of a desk is lit by a small lamp. Robbo seals a handful of cash into a large brown envelope.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

In the garden of a small block of flats, Richie watches Scott as he peels putty from around a large patio window.

RICHIE

Fucking mould moves faster than you.

SCOTT

It's not happening.

RICHIE

Just keep going with it. I've seen it done before. Faster than this though.

The last piece of putty is pulled from the frame.

Scott and Rich stand back. Poised to catch he window.

It doesn't move.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you did it right?

SCOTT

I can only do it one way. It's not exactly an ancient art form.

RICHIE

It's not my fault is it? Do the fucking lock then.

SCOTT

Do what to the fucking lock exactly?

RICHIE

I don't know? Pick it?

Scott replies with a "are you having a laugh?", stare.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Just wiggle it about a bit.

As Scott sets about the lock, Richie walks away to the rear of the garden.

Scott tries the door handle again.

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

Move.

Just as Scott steps away from the window, a large house brick sails past his head and straight through the glass.

The sound of shattered and falling glass fills the air.

Scott is frozen in his tracks.

They both wait.

Everything falls silent.

SCOTT

Subtle.

INT. BURGLED FLAT - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Shards of glass cover the floor of the lounge as Scott and Richie scramble inside.

Apart from the broken glass, the flat is neat and tidy. Toys are piled in a corner of the room.

An immediate burst of activity. Richie starts to un-plug a DVD player.

He knocks pictures and ornaments to the floor in his hurry.

Scott rushes through to the hallway.

MAIN BEDROOM

At first glance there is nothing of value on display.

The double bed is made. No jewellery box in view.

Drawers fly open as Scott searches. Fast and frantic.

EXT. COMMUNAL ENTRANCE TO FLATS - CONTINUOUS

A toddler sits, bored in a buggy as MICHELLE, mid-twenties, pulls the communal door open.

With one foot in the door, Michelle drags the buggy through behind her. The toddler begins to grumble.

MICHELLE

Nearly home poppet.

INT. BURGLED FLAT - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Richie shovels DVDs into his jacket, the DVD player rests in front of him, ready to go.

MAIN BEDROOM

Clothes are thrown on the floor as Scott continues to search the set of drawers.

Nothing of value.

SCOTT

Fuck.

Now to the wardrobe, the doors open, a quick scan.

Nothing.

Scott rushes out of the room and back into the hallway.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF BURGLED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michelle struggles with the buggy and her shopping bags. Now at the front door to her flat, she drops the bags.

With keys in her hand she bends down to her to her child and beams.

MICHELLE

Lunch time.

CHILD'S BEDROOM

Bright coloured stacks of toys are piled around the room.

Scott enters and inspects.

As he turns to leave, Scott spots a hand held games console, next to the small bed.

Excited, he grabs it from the floor.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF BURGLED FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Michelle turns the key in the lock.

INT. BURGLED FLAT - CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The echoed sound of the front door as it pops open.

Scott jumps, stuffs the games console into his pocket and stands still.

Silent, he waits.

LOUNGE

With the DVD player in his arms, Richie faces the lounge door, where the sound came from.

FRONT DOOR

The door swings open as Michelle pushes the buggy inside, into the hallway.

MICHELLE

(to child)

Come on, hungry? What do we fancy today then?

LOUNGE

Richie reacts.

He turns and runs for the shattered door, but slips on the glass and drops the DVD player.

A loud crash as the DVD player smashes onto the floor.

Richie is out of the door and into the garden.

HALLWAY

Michelle, motionless in the hallway, her child still in the buggy. She stares at the lounge door.

CHILD'S BEDROOM

The window.

Scott tries to wrench the handle up, it's locked.

No key.

Scott looks towards the hallway.

No escape.

HALLWAY

The flat is quiet again. Michelle watches her child play in the buggy, oblivious.

MICHELLE

Ok, Mummy will get food.

Michelle turns to the lounge door, and edges towards it.

The glass and smashed DVD player lay on the floor. Michelle looks into the room and back to the buggy.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Hello?

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Richie sprints along the road, past houses and gardens.

INT. BURGLED FLAT - CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is nowhere to hide for Scott, he checks under the bed but it's too low. The wardrobe is too small.

Scott stands in the middle of the room and watches the door and the hallway.

HALLWAY

Michelle makes her way along the hallway and peers into the main bedroom. She sees the scattered clothes.

MICHELLE

Hello?

The toddler babbles in the buggy as Michelle presses on along the hallway, towards the child's bedroom.

Michelle stops and picks up a child's potty that sits on the hallway floor, holds it to her side.

CHILD'S BEDROOM

Footsteps in the hallway, close now, Scott closes his eyes.

HALLWAY

One more room for Michelle to check. She approaches the door to the child's bedroom, raises the potty.

Michelle looks into the room.

MICHELLE

Scott?

Scott opens his eyes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SCOTT

Nothing. I don't know.

MICHELLE

Why are you in my house? Why are you here?

SCOTT

I didn't know.

MICHELLE

Know? Know what? I heard you
were... People from school said
you were... But not this.

SCOTT

I'm sorry. I'm not. I mean, I
didn't know you were here.

As he tries to push past into the hallway, Michelle blocks Scott's path.

MICHELLE

What have you done? It's my boys room. Don't do this to us.

SCOTT

I can't. I'm sorry, I'll pay it back to you.

Michelle blocks the exit as Scott tries to pass again.

MICHELLE

No. Give it to me. Whatever it is, give it and I won't phone the police.

In the hallway now. Behind them the child begins to cry.

SCOTT

Just let me out and I will.

MICHELLE

How can you do this?

Scott tries again to push past but Michelle pushes him back. Blocks his escape.

SCOTT

Just get out the way. I'll sort something out ok?

MICHELLE

No. You are not doing this to me. What happened to you?

SCOTT

Just get out the way.

MICHELLE

No. I'm calling the police.

As Scott moves towards her again Michelle raises the potty and hits him around the face with it.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Out of breath, Richie stops and looks behind him. He stands for a moment.

RICHIE

Fuck it.

Richie pulls the DVDs from inside his jacket and dumps them in a bin.

He turns and runs.

INT. BURGLED FLAT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the buggy the child screams and cries at Michelle, who stands in front of Scott.

Scott pushes past Michelle and heads for the door.

Michelle grabs hold of his arm.

SCOTT

Just let me go.

MICHELLE

No, fuck you for doing this.

Michelle hits him again with the potty.

SCOTT

Let me out.

The baby screams.

MICHELLE

No. How can you?

Scott pulls his arm free and steps away.

Michelle grabs his arm again, pulls him back.

SCOTT

Get the fuck off me.

With his free arm, Scott lashes out, he punches Michelle hard in the face.

Michelle falls to the floor in a heap.

The child screams louder.

Blood pours from Michelle's nose, tears stream down her face, she looks up at Scott, terrified.

With his fist still clenched, Scott stands over her.

A hand grabs Scott's shoulder from behind. Scott spins and throws a punch that just grazes Richie's face.

RICHIE

Fuck me, it's me.

Richie looks down at Michelle who begins to sob.

MICHELLE

You wankers.

The child is hysterical.

SCOTT

I didn't mean it.

Scott moves towards Michelle and reaches down, Richie pulls him back and towards the door.

RICHIE

Fucking come on.

Together, Scott and Richie run from the flat.

The child's screams fade behind them.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A bathful of bubbles. Only Jodie's head and toes are visible above the water.

With her head back and her eyes closed, Jodie covers her face with a wet flannel.

A light knock on the door.

ROBIN (O.S.)

Hello in there.

JODIE

Hello out there.

Jodie smiles.

ROBIN (O.S.)

I need to pop to the office for a while. Do you want me to grab food and stuff?

JODIE

No don't worry. I'm not that hungry. Maybe some chocolate ice cream? Or crunchy peanut butter?

ROBIN (O.S.)

Mad bitch. I'll surprise you. See you in a little while.

JODIE

Don't stay too long.

The bubbles rise as Jodie sinks lower into the bath.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

BARMAID PAT examines the games console in her tattooed hand. Scott looks on in anticipation.

Around them the pub is busy. The type of pub where the sale of stolen property is encouraged and expected.

BARMAID PAT

How much?

SCOTT

Fifty?

BARMAID PAT

Fuck off. This ain't Junkie Aid.

With the jaw line of a body builder and the shoulders to match, Barmaid Pat is not to be crossed.

BARMAID PAT (CONT'D)

Thirty.

SCOTT

What? It's almost brand new. They sell for a hundred in the shops. Reduced as well. BARMAID PAT

Take it to the shops then sweetheart. Good luck with that.

Barmaid Pat slides the console across the bar to Scott, crosses her arms and eyeballs him.

Scott looks around the pub, shakes his head.

SCOTT

Forty then?

A look of disgust and Barmaid Pat turns to walk away from the bar.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Alright then. Alright. Thirty five for me?

BARMAID PAT

I don't make a habit of this. But the sexual tension between us is immense. I'll be right back.

Barmaid Pat disappears behind the bar.

Around Scott are groups of friends stood laughing and drinking. Scott is alone, he checks his pockets.

From his jeans pocket, Scott removes Robbo's business card, he reads it while he waits.

BARMAID PAT (CONT'D)

Don't spend it all at once sweet cheeks.

The cash is handed over and Scott nods a response.

BARMAID PAT (CONT'D)

So, you still got that girlfriend?

SCOTT

Erm, not really sure.

BARMAID PAT

Well you give me a call if you need something. A little pick me up.

In full seduction mode, Barmaid Pat licks her lips.

BARMAID PAT (CONT'D)

Make you squeal like a piggy.

A half-smile, Scott heads for the door.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

On the sofa alone, Richie flicks a lighter, watches the flame. On the floor next to him is a crack pipe.

As Richie watches the flame he runs his fingers over the Rubiks cube. His eyes flicker and close.

TEE

You need to start locking your door.

Richie jumps from the sofa, but is quickly pushed back onto it by Tee. Jermaine stands near the door.

TEE (CONT'D)

Time for one of our chats.

EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK - NIGHT

As Robbo strolls across the car park his mobile phone begins to ring.

ROBBO

(into phone)

Hello.

A sudden pause, Robbo turns and rushes back towards the police station.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I don't need the fucking details. Just tell me, when and where?

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Music plays in the lounge, Jodie sings to herself.

With precision, Jodie paints her toe-nails whilst curled up in the armchair.

A sudden buzz from the doorbell and she paints the armchair.

JODIE

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Toes straight, Jodie waddles to the door and opens it.

Quick movement as Kriss and Menelick surge towards her, they grab both of Jodie's arms.

Behind them Jay enters and closes the door.

JODIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Get out.

Jodie is pushed into the armchair.

MENELICK

Where the fuck is he?

JODIE

Who are you?

MENELICK

The man who wants to find your loser boyfriend.

Jay supervises as he checks the bedroom.

JODIE

I don't know. Get the hell out of my house.

Both Kriss and Menelick look to Jay.

JAY

Make this easy. Where is he?

JODIE

I don't know. I don't care. Listen to me. Who do you think you are?

KRISS

I think I'm the one that'll slap the lips off your face if you don't shut them.

Jay nods at Kriss and Menelick who pull Jodie from the armchair and drag her towards the door.

Jodie kicks and screams all the way.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Blood covers Richie's face, his clothes ripped, he kneels on the lounge floor with Tee stood over him.

Broken parts of the Rubiks cube scatter the floor.

TEE

You fucked me too many times. How many more times can I ask where my money is?

Tee slaps Richie around the face. Richie cries out.

RICHIE

I can fucking get it, please. I've got some.

 ${\tt TEE}$

You got five hundred. Count it again if you want. I'm sick of you now. Not anymore.

RICHIE

I can get more.

A kick to the chest and Richie falls to the floor, his hands tied behind his back.

At a distance Jermaine watches, Tee strides up close.

TEE

(to Jermaine)

Do it. Just step up and do him. Don't be a pussy all your life.

Jermaine goes to speak, hesitates and looks down at Richie.

TEE (CONT'D)

You do him. Or I fucking do you. Make your choice. Now.

A knife in Tee's hand, he thrusts it into Jermaine's palm.

The blade shines, Jermaine stares at it and then at Richie, who lays on the floor, dazed.

RICHIE

Always fucking knives with you lot, put it down for once and fight like fucking men.

Tee pulls Richie to his knees and holds him by the throat.

TEE

(to Richie)

Even now you can't shut that fucking little mouth of yours. Both of you are dead

RICHIE

Leave Scott. Let me go, I can help you. I know people here. People with money.

The grip around Richie's throat tightens, he tries to headbutt Tee and scream out.

TEE

(to Jermaine)

Fucking do it.

In panic, Richie kicks out, Tee's grabs his hair and pushes him flat on the floor.

TEE (CONT'D)

Do it now.

A lunge forward and Jermaine stabs the knife into Richie's torso. Richie writhes in pain, Tee holds him to the floor.

Another lunge forward, Jermaine stabs the knife into Richie.

Again and again, the knife comes down.

Blood on Jermaine's face and clothes, he stumbles backwards.

Richie lays still.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Robbo pushes an empty, grease covered pizza box across his desk. A pile of paperwork falls to the floor.

Now into the drawers, Robbo searches through scrap pieces of paper and flicks through notebooks.

A desk phone rings, he drops more papers onto the floor.

ROBBO

Not fucking now.

Robbo snatches the phone from the desk, pulls the lead from the socket and launches it across the office.

The phone smashes on impact.

ROBBO (CONT'D)

(to the phone)

Not a good time.

EXT. CAR PARK OUTSIDE RICHIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

A single, dim street lamp lights the small car park.

As Scott walks into the car park, he speaks into his mobile.

SCOTT

(into phone)

I'm at yours, so I'll speak to you before you get this. Don't really know why i'm still talking. Hope it annoys you.

ENDS CALL

In the darkness Scott strains to see a dark shadow on the doorstep of the communal entrance.

He looks to his feet and sees a trail of blood.

Scott turns back towards the car park entrance, he pulls his phone from his pocket and dials.

A sudden movement. Hands grip both of his arms tight.

Scott struggles, the grip tightens

TEE

Calm yourself Scottie boy. Visiting time with your girlfriend?

SCOTT

Came to see Rich. Got some money for him. Some money for you. Have you seen him yet?

TEE

The man owed me money. So do you.

Jermaine holds one of Scott's arms. Scott notices the blood smeared on his clothes.

SCOTT

(to Jermaine)

What happened to you?

TEE

You haven't paid me yet Scott. And I really need that money. I'm not a charity. Tell me you've got three grand burning a hole in that pocket of yours. Tell me I can just go home now.

SCOTT

I've got forty quid, have it now. It's all I've got. We've still got a day. We can get more.

TEE

Things change. No more excuses. Time's up. Rich knows the score.

SCOTT

Where is he? He's got some money.

TEE

It's not enough. You want to see him? You can fucking see him. Lets go find him.

Scott's feet drag on the ground, Tee and Jermaine pull him across the car park.

They head towards a car parked in the corner of the secluded car park.

The blood trail ends at the rear of the car.

As they near the car Scott tries to turn, but he is pulled harder. A punch to the ribs stops the struggle.

TEE (CONT'D)

I warned you again and again.

With Scott between Tee and Jermaine, Tee throws opens the boot of the car.

A mess of blood and bruises.

Richie is stuffed in the boot.

His face barely recognizable.

Scott half collapses to the floor, but is held by Tee and Jermaine. He tries to speak but no words come out.

TEE (CONT'D)

This happens when you fuck me. You starting to understand that? (to Jermaine) Inside.

On his knees, Scott is dragged across the car park towards the block of flats.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steam rises from a saucepan as it simmers on the hob.

With a hiss, the water boils over.

FRONT DOOR

The door is opened, Tee and Jermaine drag Scott into the flat. Jermaine looks into the kitchen.

JERMAINE

Fuck it.

The boiled water runs onto the oven, Jermaine rushes into the kitchen and lowers the heat.

LOUNGE

A pool of dark blood stains the floor, Scott is pushed down onto a chair that sits in the centre of the room.

TEE

I thought you were alright. Richie though, he was just a runt.

No resistance from Scott, as Tee uses a belt to tie his hands behind the back of the chair and ankles to the legs.

As he stares at the blood stain and the pieces of Rubiks cube, Scott begins to cry in silence.

He barely registers his ankles being tied to the chair.

TEE (CONT'D)

We were always fair to you. You fucked us over too many times. You understand?

SCOTT

He didn't deserve that.

Scott looks up to see Jermaine enter the room, he carries the saucepan and a syringe.

INT. JAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the rear seat of the car, Jodie sits between Kriss and Menelick, her eyes fixed straight ahead.

Jay checks his mobile as he drives.

KRISS

Wasted on a loser like him. Pretty girl. You need a real man. Someone to treat you right. I got money, take you out.

MENELICK

Real man? Like you? Fuck. (to Jodie)
You know he's still a virgin?

KRISS

Fuck you Men. I've done it all the way.

Kriss touches Jodie's knee.

JODIE

Don't touch me. I know people. Good people who will put you away for life.

MENELICK

That's right. You'll do him a favour. Lose it to some big hairy Daddy in the showers.

KRISS

Both you shut the fuck up. I've done more than you Men. (to Jodie)

This fool still lives at home, mama tucks him in at night.

MENELICK

No. That's your mama Kriss. She tucks in good.

JAY

All of you. Stop the chat.

Like scolded children, Kriss and Menelick pout and watch the world fly past the windows.

Straight-faced, Jay drives in silence.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Gloved hands hold the needle in the boiled water.

Tee draws water up into the syringe.

Scott watches from the chair, helpless, Jermaine stands over him.

SCOTT

Please. I tried, I will try.

Please. Don't. I will do anything

to help.

TEE

Shut the fuck up.

(to Jermaine)

Fucking control him.

SCOTT

Please, I don't.

A slap across the face cuts Scott short. Jermaine glares down at him.

With the syringe in his hand, Tee approaches Scott.

TEE

You see, you boys think you mean something. Like I need you. You fucking need us. We give to you. Provide a service. I can't let you take advantage of my service.

With one hand Tee holds Scott's arm tightly.

TEE (CONT'D)

There are consequences. Rules.

SCOTT

Please.

The syringe poised over Scott's forearm.

TEE

I want my...

SCOTT

Don't do this, please.

TEE

Never talk over me.

Tee stabs the needle into Scott's arm and pushes down on the plunger.

Scott bucks in the chair, he roars out.

EXT. CAR PARK OUTSIDE RICHIE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

The scream echoes around the car park as Jay leads Jodie towards the flats.

Jodie stops in her tracks. Kriss and Menelick flank her on either side.

MENELICK

Move.

A shove in the back, Jodie continues forward.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Scott stares at his blistered arm, he begins to sob.

JERMAINE

Keep the noise down.

Tee refills the syringe.

TEE

Sound like a little girl. Why didn't you just pay me when you could? Enough's enough.

SCOTT

I told you, I can get it, please.

With the full syringe, Tee moves closer, his gloved hand grips Scott's other arm.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Please.

The needle pressed against Scott's forearm.

EXT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Police officers dressed in riot helmets, all in black, line the hallway outside the wooden door.

An officer steps forward with a steel battering ram, stops and looks to Robbo.

Robbo nods.

The battering ram hits the door.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Scott, Tee and Jermaine swing to look towards the front door as it crashes open. The syringe still full.

Jay walks into the lounge.

INT. JODIE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

The door falls inwards, the police officers stream in.

At a run, Robbo follows them into the deserted flat.

ROBBO

Fucking cocks.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Kriss and Menelick lead Jodie into the lounge. She rushes towards Scott, but is restrained.

SCOTT

What the fuck? Why is she?

JAY

Keep your mouth closed while I speak.

With Kriss and Menelick for company, Jodie is dropped onto the sofa.

JAY (CONT'D)

(to Tee)

Where's the other one?

(motions at syringe)

Put that fucking thing down.

TEE

Dealt with. The boy stepped up.

Jermaine smiles at Jay.

JAY

What do you mean it's dealt with. Where's the money then? And why's he tied up?

Tee shrugs. Jermaine stares, confused.

JAY (CONT'D)

Well?

TEE

It's sorted. Fucking trust me. He's sorted.

Now Jay is in Jermaine's face.

JAY

What the fuck did you do?

Jermaine shakes his head.

TEE

(to Jay)

What the fuck Jay? He stepped up. Took care of things. About time.

JAY

So you're telling me he's dead? You let him kill someone?

From the sofa Jodie watches on in horror.

JAY (CONT'D)

And we still have no money?

Silence.

JAY (CONT'D)

Well fucking done.

(to Tee)

What the fuck are you doing? You're supposed to tell me this shit.

TEE

You weren't here. And I can do what the fuck I like.

Tee and Jay look through each other.

TEE (CONT'D)

Just loose ends now.

Walks over to Jodie.

TEE (CONT'D)

One very sexy little loose end. Scott, you may be one ugly junkie fuck head but good work. Look at her. Too good for you though.

SCOTT

Don't you fucking touch her.

TEE

Don't I? Don't I fucking touch her?

With a grin, Tee strides up to Scott, still tied to the chair. Tee punches him hard in the face.

The chair and Scott topple to the floor.

Scott rolls free from the chair, his arms still tied.

JODIE

Please leave him. I can pay, whatever it is I can find it. Just let him go. Let us both go and drive me to a cash point. I've got money in there.

As Tee goes in for another attack, Jay steps in the way and pushes him back.

JAY

Use your fucking head. The noise he's making. Where's the money coming from? Think.

TEE

Fuck the money now. Fuck all this last chance shit.

Bloodied and battered, Scott struggles onto his knees. He looks up at Jodie and tries to smile.

Tee notices.

TEE (CONT'D)

You want last chances then here it is. One more chance.

From between Kriss and Menelick, Tee pulls Jodie to her feet. She stands in the middle of the room.

TEE (CONT'D)

Maybe you can help this loser again. Last chance time.

SCOTT

Don't fucking touch her, it's not her, fucking leave her.

JAY

Shut your mouth Scott.

Tee looks Jodie up and down.

TEE

(to Jodie)

Take your clothes off.

As Tee reaches out to touch her, Jodie pulls away.

JODIE

Don't.

Tee reaches for Jodie again.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Keep your hands away from me.

TEE

Have it your fucking way.

With the back of his hand, Tee slaps Jodie across the face, she falls onto Kriss and Menelick.

SCOTT

I will fucking kill you, you fuck.

I will fucking find you.

A gun appears in Scott's face, he stares down the barrel, Tee aims between his eyes.

TEE

You fucking what? You fucking what?

Tee raises the pistol and brings it down on Scott's head.

The gun cracks against Scott's forehead, he crumbles to the floor, blood pours from the wound.

Jodie screams, the others look on, un-moved.

Jermaine edges towards the door.

The gun is now turned on Jodie.

TEE (CONT'D)

Stand.

Tears in her eyes, Jodie slowly stands, she tries to look beyond the barrel of the gun.

TEE (CONT'D)

You owe me now. You want him to live? Take your clothes off.

JAY

No, not this way.

TEE

Don't interrupt me Jay. I know what I'm fucking doing.

Jodie looks down at Scott, she shakes her head and cries.

Scott groans and moves slightly.

TEE (CONT'D)

Take your fucking clothes off.

On the edge of their seats, Kriss and Menelick watch and make noises of approval.

Jay stands over Scott.

JERMAINE

Wait. Tee. Don't do this. It's not her fault.

The gun now on Jermaine.

TEE

You want to give me any more reason to fuck you up too?

Jermaine looks down at the floor.

TEE (CONT'D)

No? Then keep away from me and keep your words to yourself.

Now Tee's focus is on Jodie again.

Jay observes without a flicker of emotion.

TEE (CONT'D)

One more time. More last chance shit. Take them off. Just for a little while.

Jodie looks down at Scott, who shakes his head.

TEE (CONT'D)

Do it now.

Another glance around through the tears. Jodie removes her top, all eyes are on her.

The gun, still in Tee's hand, lowers.

Now her trousers, Jodie kicks them off to reveal her underwear. She holds her stomach.

KRISS

Sweet.

From the floor Jodie retrieves her clothes.

TEE

No, no, no. Wait. I need more. He owes more than that. Strip.

JODIE

Please don't do this to me.

SCOTT

No. You fucking leave her now. Please just leave her.

JAY

Keep your mouth fucking quiet.

The gun is raised at Jodie once more.

TEE

Everything. Now.

Jodie sobs as she removes her bra first. She is topless, the centre of attention.

With the gun Tee points and motions downwards.

Her underwear slides to the floor.

Jodie is now naked, her arms crossed over her stomach.

From the floor Scott watches as Tee lowers the pistol, he loosens the belt on his jeans and drops them to his ankles.

The pistol raised again.

TEE (CONT'D)

On your knees.

JODIE

Please no.

JAY

Leave it now. That's enough. Lets just do what we came for and go. No need for this.

TEE

(to Jay)
Stay out of this.
 (to Jodie)
Do it now.

The room is silent, everybody looks on as Jodie lowers herself to her knees.

Tee pulls down his boxer shorts.

At Tee's waist height, Jodie shakes, tears soak her face.

SCOTT

You fucking sick fuck.

Jay moves away from Scott, towards Jodie and Tee.

TEE

(to Jodie)

Just do it and this will be over.

Jodie tries to compose herself. Jermaine watches, he closes his eyes and grits his teeth.

The gun is lowered as Jodie moves her head forward.

A rush of movement.

Scott springs from the floor, hands tied, he launches at Tee and knocks him off balance.

The gun clatters to the floor.

Scott is face down, Tee gets back to his feet.

SCOTT

I'll fucking kill you.

TEE

Stupid prick.

Jermaine is motionless. Kriss and Menelick push Jodie onto the sofa and turn to Scott.

Scott is on his knees, Tee reaches for the gun.

A punch to the face and Tee's nose bursts open. He drops to the floor.

Now with the gun in his hands, Jay stands over Tee.

He sweeps the gun around the room and motions at Jermaine, Kriss and Menelick.

JAY

All of you, on the fucking floor.

TEE

What the fuck?

ΤΑΥ

On the floor, keep your hands out. On the fucking floor.

Everybody is on the floor, except Jodie who is curled in a ball on the sofa.

TEE

Who the fuck do you think you are?

JAY

Shut the fuck up.

Jay hits Tee in the face with the butt of the gun. Blood pours from Tee's mouth.

JAY (CONT'D)

Everyone shut your mouths.

A loud bang from the front door.

POLICE OFFICER

Police stand still.

A blur of black uniforms.

Police officers storm through the flat and into the lounge.

Robbo leads the charge.

The gun falls to the floor and Jay drops to his knees.

Mayhem ensues. Jermaine, Kriss and Menelick try to escape but are quickly restrained.

Frantic, Scott scrambles to his feet. He runs towards an open window.

JAY

(to Scott)

It's alright. Scott. It's ok.

ROBBO

(to Scott)

Don't move. Don't you move from there. It's all over now.

Scott looks to Jodie who is wrapped in a blanket and being cared for by police officers.

Now at the window, hands still tied tight, Scott sits on the window sill and jumps out.

EXT. OUTSIDE RICHIE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Scott crashes to the floor, his ankles give way beneath him as he lands.

With a grunt he scurries back to his feet and limps away at speed.

INT. RICHIE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

One by one Tee, Jermaine, Kriss and Menelick are hand-cuffed and led towards the door.

Blood still runs out of his mouth as Tee looks back into the room at Jay.

TEE

I will fucking hunt you fucking down you fucking grass.

INT. SCOTT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Back in the once white bath, Scott's dark and sunken eyes focus on the needle.

Blood plasters Scott's hair to his head, both arms blistered and raw.

Scott searches his bruised and battered body for a vein.

Empty bottles of medication and alcohol surround him. Scott winces as he brings his knee towards his chest.

After a sharp intake of breath, Scott injects Heroin into his ankle.

A loud repeated banging noise echoes around the room.

SCOTT

Not now.

The briefest smile as Scott closes his eyes and drifts into oblivion.

EXT. DOOR TO SCOTT'S BEDSIT - CONTINUOUS

With both fists Robbo hammers on the door.

For a moment Robbo stops and listens. Silence.

Robbo raises his boot and forces his way in.

EXT. CAR PARK OUTSIDE RICHIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Blue lights and police incident tape fill the car park.

Into the cold air, Jodie emerges from the entrance to the flats and is led towards an ambulance.

As Jodie crosses the car park, she sees a car with the boot open.

White-suited scenes of crime officers take notes.

A camera's flash bulb illuminates Richie.

INT. POLICE CELL - NIGHT

In the darkness Jermaine sits alone. He covers his face with both hands and cries.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - MORNING

The sun rises through a window behind where Robbo sits at the desk. He attacks the computer keyboard.

A bacon sandwich in one hand, Robbo looks across the desk and offers a bite.

Opposite, his head buried in paperwork, sits Jay.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

His head cradled in his hands, Scott sits alone at a table.

He wears a grey coloured tracksuit and a bored expression.

Around him other men wear identical tracksuits, some sit with families, some sit alone.

A smile breaks out across Scott's face and he stands.

As he looks out across the room, tears well in his eyes.

Through the sea of grey tracksuits, Jodie walks through the room.

A baby cradled in her arms.

SCOTT

Hi there.

JODIE

Hi. Sorry we're late.

The baby sleeps, Scott smiles.

JODIE (CONT'D)

You'd better say hello to your little boy.

Tears roll down both Scott's and Jodie's face as she hands him their son, wrapped in a white blanket.

SCOTT

Hello Jacob. I'm Daddy. Can you
say Daddy?

JODIE

He's a week old babes, he can barely lift his head.

SCOTT

But he's a clever little boy, just like Mummy. Except the boy bit.

All three of them sit at the table, Scott engrossed by his son who he holds tightly.

JODIE

So, how are you? You put on some weight. You look well.

SCOTT

Yeah, I know, not much else to do but eat. It's ok, I miss you bad. Miss you both. I wish I was there. I really wish I could have been there for you.

JODIE

I've managed nine months without you, we can manage another three. It's not like I've got any time to be bored.

Scott is transfixed by Jacob and barely takes his eyes off of him. He reaches out and holds Jodie's hand.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Robins been helping out where he can. He is a saint.

SCOTT

That's good. I owe him.

Scott kisses Jacob's forehead.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I still think Richie would have been a better name.

A raise of the eyebrows from Jodie.

JODIE

Hmm. Another clean week?

SCOTT

Yep. Two months last weekend. Enrolled on that programme. I really am trying this time.

JODIE

It's good. You look good.

For a moment the three of them enjoy the silence.

SCOTT

When I get out it'll be different. I promise you. I will never hurt either of you ever again.

JODIE

Lets just wait and see.

A bell rings out, Jodie grips Scott's hand tight.

Grey tracksuits begin to file out of the room.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, i'll be earlier next week, we promise.

SCOTT

I can't wait that long. I'll try and sneak you in. They might not notice. If you're quiet.

Scott stands, kisses Jacob and hands him back to Jodie.

With a rush of emotion, Scott throws his arms around the both of them and holds them tight.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The bear hug released, Jodie straightens herself and kisses Scott on the cheek.

Only his grey tracksuit in the room, Scott walks towards a PRISON GUARD who searches him.

Escorted through a doorway, Scott looks back at Jodie and his son, he smiles and raises his hand.

The large steel door slams shut and Scott is alone.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Not long now.

FADE OUT:

THE END