

THE CAGE

Written by

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Episode One

Yellow Amends V2

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1 **DARKNESS. NIGHT 1. 11.30PM** 1

The sound of a casino in full swing over black:

Fruit machines ring out, PUNTERS cheer, glasses clink and a shout:

CROUPIER
We have a winner!

2 **INT. THE CASINO - NIGHT 1. 11.30PM** 2

We smash into a close up top shot of a roulette wheel still spinning. A gang of lads push their glasses together in celebration, booze spills everywhere.

BEN's (early thirties, **very** tight (buttons stretching) brown shirt with a white collar and trousers, a scally who has had a few bevvies and a couple of lines) face fills the screen as he shouts at the top of his voice:

BEN
MONEY!!!!

We move through busy commotion to find MATTY, his badge reads Casino Manager, he's dressed smartly, tie, waist coat and jacket, but somehow still scruffy.

He spots the big win from across the casino floor, makes eye contact with the croupier and then BEN.

MATTY suddenly smiles widely, perhaps too widely. As he makes his way over, we go into slow motion. We watch MATTY as he congratulates the drunken winner, eyes scanning the joint, making sure all is well.

3 **INT. THE CASINO - NIGHT 1. 11.35PM** 3

This is a big night in the casino, it's all kicking off. The atmosphere is frenetic and full of energy.

We hear snatches of dialogue, the sound of the casino under the music.

Close on coins spilling out of a fruit machine into an OLD LADY'S bucket. The OLD LADY hugs her ELDERLY MATE.

A WAITRESS pops a champagne cork and the champagne spills over a group of lads on a stag, they love it.

4 **INT. THE CASINO, THE CAGE - NIGHT 1. 11.40PM**

Close on cash being counted out in slow motion.

We pull out to reveal LEANNE (wearing a clip on bow tie, name badge and blouse) counting the money.

She hands it over to a MAN so drunk he's going to lose his winnings immediately with a sudden instamatic smile. The man staggers out of the way, back to the tables, and we continue to pull back.

LEANNE is centre frame behind the bars of the cage watching the madness, smile wide that fades as she watches euphoric winners celebrating. Her eyes land on MATTY as he deals with BEN at the roulette table. A beat, their eyes meet and she winks. He smiles back, then rolls his eyes. It's the first time we see genuine emotion from them and it is lovely.

5 **INT. THE CASINO - NIGHT 1. 11.45PM**

5

Back at the tables. Close up on cards being turned, it's an ace. The PUNTER'S hand turns: 21! The PUNTER stands in triumph.

CROUPIER 2 pays out.

MATTY crosses behind the mayhem and makes eye contact with CROUPIER 2, another winner, another false smile from MATTY. He reaches the bar and shouts at the bartender IRINA.

MATTY

Bevy for the winner on four.

MATTY swings back to the floor and smoothly picks up the roulette winner BEN and escorts him towards the cage.

6 **INT. THE CASINO. THE CAGE - NIGHT 1. 11.46PM**

Close on LEANNE counting out cash and handing it to a YOUNG WOMAN AND HER MATES, who are buzzing. LEANNE is beaming at the girls, she's genuinely pleased for them. The smile fades as she watches MATTY and BEN approach.

MATTY

Eight k please Lee.

LEANNE

Eight thousand pounds!

LEANNE empties the till and counts out £4000.

MATTY nods for her to go to the safe. MATTY gestures IRINA over with the champagne while he slips through the door of the cage to join LEANNE.

LEANNE watches the drunk scallies necking the champagne with her false smile and retreats to join MATTY.

7

INT. THE CASINO. SAFE ROOM - NIGHT 1. 11.47PM

MATTY opens the safe, the sheer amount of cash inside hits him. Approximately £40k (the safe is fairly well loaded). LEANNE notes the figures in a large ledger. A beat.

LEANNE

Get the bound bundles of thousands
at the back.

MATTY's on autopilot, preoccupied by working out how much cash might be in there.

MATTY

How's your Mum?

LEANNE's still writing.

LEANNE

(rolls her eyes) Still dead Matty.
Thanks for reminding me.

MATTY

(not listening) Give her my
regards.

LEANNE smiles and shakes her head, realising MATTY isn't present. He fans the money, she nods and he piles it with the other notes as she closes the binder.

She kneels down to close the safe. We ease past her. She stares into the safe full of cash then closes the door.

The camera enters the safe and the door closes - pitch black.

MUSIC CUE: THE THE, THIS IS THE DAY

TITLE CARD: THE CAGE

8

INT. THE CASINO. SAFE ROOM - DAY 2. 4.30AM

Hours have past. The casino is quiet now. We move slowly through the shadows and shapes that make up the safe space in the cage. Eventually we rotate until we see LEANNE, tired, seated on a battered office chair, dead eyes staring at the locked safe.

9

INT. LEANNE'S CAR - DAY 2. 5AM

9

LEANNE, blouse and loosened clip-on bow-tie, driving out of the car park. She's concentrating, solemn, eyes on us. A beat, then she flips, jump cut, suddenly eyes everywhere, occasionally a hand down the face. We close in tight as she drags the skin then releases it. Beat, then she smiles wide, frowns deeply, then implacable.

A million thoughts running through her head like cards being shuffled as the cuts jump back and forth.

10 INT. MATTY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 5AM 10

MATTY's upside down face fills the screen as he stares up at us. He looks tired, sad eyes red and resigned. It's the cover of Bowie's The Lodger. He blinks, then we rotate until he is the right way up. A beat, then we pull back to see he is lying on the floor of his office on a dirty white quilt. He's wearing his casino uniform as we pull back to the ceiling to see the detritus of his life lying around him on the floor.

11 EXT. LIVERPOOL STREETS - DAY 2. 5.05AM 11

Drone shot down on empty early morning city centre streets. A battered MK1 Fiat Multipla (LEANNE), threads its way through the city centre streets. The car thumps over speed bumps and slides past yellow jacketed street sweepers pushing rivers of rubbish that run down the gulley's and gutters. Council van yellow roof lights spin and strobe off empty shop fronts, rain slick pavements and shuttered bars, as traffic lights change for ghost cars that have long gone to bed.

12 INT. MATTY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 5.05AM 12

MATTY's hand, like a claw in a fairground game, lifting beer bottles and testing their weight until he finds some dregs. The carpet the bottles lie on is covered in crumbs, playing cards, gaming chips, scraps of paper etc. We pull back as he rolls onto his side. He looks shattered. His head hangs low for a beat and then he struggles onto all fours and then to his feet. He swigs the beer, grimaces, and then welcomes a coughing fit that bends him double.

13 INT. LEANNE'S CAR - DAY 2. 5.10AM 13

LEANNE driving. Smiling, chuckling, singing, close on her face as she sips on an Apple Lucozade and eats a crisp. Smile sliding into a thousand yard stare as the light strobes.

14 INT. MATTY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 5.10AM 14

MATTY stares at his phone as he is slumped in his chair. He's got one foot on his desk and a beer in his hand. The top of his desk is a mess. Chip papers and gaming chips. It is the least glamorous take on gambling ever seen. He is staring at a bookmaker's app. He scrolls through lists of lower league Thai football matches. He scrolls: Loss, loss, loss and then finally win! He beams, clicks on the link and we see he's won £7.24! He deflates and scrolls on, loss, loss. Dead eyed, he stares at the screen and we see it reflected, scrolling in the blackness of his pupils.

A series of odds are offered on the screen. His thumb drifts over them as he weighs up the situation before finally, he gambles the £7.24 on the number of throw ins left in the game. He puts down the phone. He's a little brighter. He drums his fingers on the desk. Yeah. This is good. A beat, the mood passes. Sullen returns.

15 **INT. LEANNE'S CAR - DAY 2. 5.15AM**

15

LEANNE, close up, face bathed in red light, flat, like she's at a funeral thinking about someone she is never going to see again. Amber light, her expression doesn't change, green light, her expression doesn't change. Someone beeping, we don't hear it, we just see her reaction to it as it snaps her out of it. She looks in the mirror, then at the traffic light, waves to the car behind and pulls away.

16 **INT. MATTY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 5.15AM**

16

MATTY sobs in his office chair. Proper wet cheeked stuff as he wipes at his nose with his sleeve. He's swiped everything off his desk onto the floor. We look down from the ceiling as he rests his head on his arms on his empty desktop.

17 **EXT. CAR PARK ROOF - DAY 2. 5.30AM**

17

Music ends abruptly. Close in on LEANNE's face. She's out the car, staring off to something we can't see as the cold sun finally breaks cover over the horizon.

We shift to show that she's on the edge of a high roof, but behind the railing, and see the skyline below her as her hair is flicked by the wind, she shivers and then closes her eyes.

As she closes her eyes and opens her arms wide. She looks beatific for a beat, then suddenly tragically pitifully sad she folds her arms across her chest and dips her head. A sob then silence from her as we hear a distant seagull calling. A beat, then LEANNE throws her arms wide and screams at the top of her lungs. So loud it staggers her for a beat.

She gasps, then freezes a beat, before turning a fraction. Fuck. A BUSINESSWOMAN is behind her walking to her car, a suitcase on wheels behind her. The woman is frozen as she stares at LEANNE who stares back in shock, then embarrassment, then:

LEANNE
I dropped me keys.

A beat, then she's suddenly beaten, pathetic.

LEANNE (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

The BUSINESSWOMAN stares, then:

BUSINESSWOMAN
Are you okay?

LEANNE
No. Yeah. Honest. Fine. I'm great.

LEANNE gestures to the car. The woman watches her a beat.

LEANNE (cont'd)
Honest to god. [Beat] I've got
kids.

She laughs. The woman frowns, then leaves. LEANNE shouts.

LEANNE (cont'd)
I'm sorry!

The woman stops and looks at her, her face a mask. LEANNE
nods, already regretting calling out. A beat, then:

LEANNE (cont'd)
And I'm alright.

She clearly isn't. She's just desperate for an interaction.
The woman doesn't know what to do. A beat, then:

BUSINESSWOMAN
I need to...

The woman gestures to her car. LEANNE smiles and nods.

LEANNE
No. Of course. No. Sorry.

The woman hovers, then heads to her car. LEANNE slumps,
glances over the rail, pulls her keys and heads for her car.

18 **INT. MATTY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 5.30AM**

18

MATTY stares at an open pack of paracetamol on the desk in
front of him. A beat, he reaches for two of the tablets with
one hand and the bottle of beer with the other.

KNOCK!!! So loud he jumps as his office door opens before he
can speak. ANNIE (sixty something cleaner) looks at him, then
the mess on the floor, then back to him again. She reads the
room, eyes on his as he stares back still a little in shock.

ANNIE
[Flat] We need bleach for the bogs.

He nods. She watches him a beat, then:

ANNIE (cont'd)
I asked you last week.

MATTY

No, yeah... I...

He gestures to the empty desk, then looks down at the mess on the floor. He's run out of words. She watches him a beat:

ANNIE

It's like a dirty protest in the
gent's.

He nods. A beat, she stares, then in the same voice:

ANNIE (cont'd)

Was you just going to take them
tablets.

MATTY

Just two.

She watches him for a long beat, then:

ANNIE

Don't be sick.

MATTY

What?

ANNIE

I said: Don't take them all and be
sick. [Beat] I'm not cleaning sick.
Not again. It's murder cleaning
sick off this carpet. [Beat, then
soft] You think you've got it, but
then the smell... Comes back.

He nods. He looks at the carpet, then up at her.

MATTY

I won't. I promise.

She stares, then satisfied turns to go, speaking as she does.

ANNIE

Not the cheap shite!

The door slams behind her. He looks at the tablets a beat, then tosses them onto the desk along with the beer. He sits a beat, then is about to turn to his computer when his phone vibrates. He picks it up:

PAUL: CARPARK DICKHEAD. DONT HIDE.

He rocks his head back and stares at the ceiling, then rises wearily from the chair.

19

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY 2. 5.40AM

19

We're parked in the casino car park. MATTY, in the passenger seat, stares at us through the windscreen which is dappled with a few drops of rain.

We draw back and see he is sitting next to PAUL (50's, big guy, dirty high viz coat), his loan shark. They're both staring straight ahead. A beat, then:

PAUL

Alright?

MATTY

Yeah sound. [Beat] You?

PAUL

[Flat] Sound.

MATTY nods. They're still both staring straight ahead. Beat, PAUL looks at MATTY who continues to stare straight ahead.

PAUL (cont'd)

You got it?

MATTY gives the tiniest shake of the head. PAUL stares at him a beat, then deflates with disappointment and looks away. They sit, looking off out of the side windows now, until MATTY speaks, almost to himself.

MATTY

I nearly had it but...

He runs out of words. A beat, then it's his turn to deflate.

MATTY (cont'd)

But I didn't.

They sit in silence for a long beat then softly:

PAUL

It's more that you didn't ring me.

MATTY

Thought it was better to your face.

PAUL

You've been hiding from me.

MATTY

Yeah well... I thought...you know...

PAUL

You just keep lettin' me down.

MATTY

I'm out of order.

PAUL
Fuckin' right you're out of order.
[Beat then weary] I'm gonna have to
give you a dig.

MATTY
You don't **have** to.

PAUL looks at him.

PAUL
You going to pay me?

MATTY looks down. PAUL looks away with a shake of the head.

PAUL (cont'd)
Well then, I'm going to have to
give you dig.

Still looking off, PAUL mutters to himself.

PAUL (cont'd)
Pain in the arse this. I don't
wanna start the day like this.

MATTY
No.

PAUL
I've got dupuytren's contracture.

PAUL holds up his hand to MATTY, and we see it is a little
twisted. He starts rummaging in his cool bag.

PAUL (cont'd)
If I don't give you a dig other
people start taking the piss.

MATTY
I won't tell them.

PAUL
What **you** say, and what **you** do...

MATTY
No, yeah, fair enough.

PAUL pauses his search, then:

PAUL
What happened to the five grand you
said you had last week?

20 **INT. OAK TREE PUB - NIGHT 0 (FLASHBACK).**

Close on MATTY's eyes, beat, spinning reels then stop, stop, stop, no win. Flashing lights. Spin spin spin. WIN! Spin. No win. Lager. Shouting, slam of the hand on the machine.

CUT TO:

21 **EXT. LIVERPOOL STREETS - NIGHT 0 (FLASHBACK).**

Rainswept city centre streets with revellers. MATTY stumbling. Drunk. Shouting. Lager.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. OAK TREE PUB - NIGHT 0 (FLASHBACK).**

Reels spinning. Noise. Eyes. Lights flashing. Spin. Stop stop stop. No win.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. OAK TREE PUB - DAY 0 (FLASHBACK).**

23

Daytime lager. Shitty pub. Red eyes. Spin spin spin. No win. Fuck! Slurp of lager and a look round the pub. Then a dig in his pockets. Nothing. Fuck. Someone eases him out the way and starts to play the machine as he looks on.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY 2. 5.45AM**

24

Boom. We're back in the car on PAUL looking at MATTY.

MATTY

Heavy couple of days.

PAUL

[Mimics MATTY's accent] **Heavy
couple of days.**

MATTY shakes his head and looks away as PAUL looks at him, eventually softening to a hint of pity.

PAUL (cont'd)

You're going to have to sort
yourself lad.

MATTY nods. A beat of them both just sitting, then PAUL takes a breath and hands MATTY a bottle of cold water.

PAUL (cont'd)

[Beat] Alright then, ee' are.

MATTY takes the bottle with a nod. This has happened before.

PAUL (cont'd)
Stand by for a dig, and don't you
dare drop your head, because if I
hit the top of your skull and hurt
this hand again...

MATTY nods, twists to face PAUL, then closes his eyes. Boom!
PAUL hits him once, hard in the face. MATTY and PAUL both cry
out, PAUL over his hand and MATTY over his face. A beat, then
PAUL, his hand sheltered in his armpit, nods to MATTY.

PAUL (cont'd)
Put the water on it.

MATTY grunts, his head still in his hands.

PAUL (cont'd)
Put the water on it!

MATTY does as he is told.

PAUL (cont'd)
You ducked you twat.

MATTY
I didn't!

PAUL
Hand's killin' me.

MATTY
Sorry.

PAUL
Shut up.

They sit a beat, both nursing their wounds until PAUL lets
out a sigh and:

PAUL (cont'd)
Where you going with your life
Matty? You've got a kid.

MATTY
I'll get your money.

PAUL
No you won't.

MATTY pretends to read the label on the bottle for a beat,
then puts it back on his head. PAUL watches him, then softly:

PAUL (cont'd)
You've been paying me for over a
year, and the debt isn't going
down.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)
[Beat] This isn't the kind of debt
that goes down mate. Not when
you're barely making the payments
each month, which, incidentally,
you don't.

MATTY starts to scratch at the label.

PAUL (cont'd)
[Soft] I've known you for all your
life lad. You're a mate. I don't
want to have to be knocking fuck
out of you every other week.

They sit a beat, then:

PAUL (cont'd)
Listen, I've been thinking.
You're never gonna get sixteen and
half grand as long as...

MATTY
SIXTEEN AND A HALF GRAND???

PAUL
Interest!

MATTY
[Soft] Fuck me...

PAUL
It might come to that. [Beat] Look,
I think there might be a way out of
this.

MATTY
Yeah???

PAUL
Yeah.

MATTY
Go 'ed what?

PAUL
I need you to mind something for
me.

MATTY stares at PAUL a beat, then:

MATTY
No.

PAUL
Yeah.

MATTY
No.

PAUL

YES.

MATTY

I can't get involved with drugs.

PAUL

You can and you will.

MATTY is dumbfounded. He looks around, then back at PAUL.

PAUL (cont'd)

Just look after a bag, and when the lads need some gear, they come to you and get it.

MATTY

No! No I can't! I can't do that
PAUL... Please mate. You know... me
mum for one thing... I can't have
coke in the house! I don't... I
can't... what if the bizzies..? I
wouldn't last two minutes in
prison! I can't...

MATTY peters out. PAUL watches him a beat, then calmly:

PAUL

Every time the lads come to yours
and get what they need, I'll knock
a hundred off your debt...

MATTY

No!!! [Beat] Just a hundred?

PAUL

Plus I'll freeze your interest so
that the total amount outstanding
will start to come down.

The fight is going out of MATTY in the face of PAUL's certainty. He runs a hand down his face.

MATTY

[Soft] Fuckin' hell.

PAUL

It'll be alright.

MATTY

It won't. I'm an addict. I'm in
recovery!

PAUL

You'll be in recovery if you don't
shut the fuck up.

MATTY

I've got an addictive personality!
If I have gear in the house... What
if I... What if I fall off the
wagon and start having a toot?

PAUL

I'll kill you. So don't. [Beat]
I'll get the bag out the boot and
sort you a phone.

MATTY

No! I need to think...

PAUL slams the door in his face. He's already gone.

25

INT. THE CASINO CORRIDOR - DAY 2. 5.55AM

MATTY enters with the bottle pressed to his cheek and a
battered backpack in his other hand. We follow him down the
corridor until he comes across IRINA smoking a cigarette.
They don't look at each other as he passes.

MATTY

Outside with that.

She ignores him as he heads into the casino. MATTY moves
quickly, holding the bottle of cold water to his face to help
with swelling as he passes an occupied gaming table. NING,
(thirtysomething female, smart, dressed in a trousered
business suit) looks up and lifts her chin.

NING

Hey.

MATTY stops then regrets it. Small talk not coming easy.

NING (cont'd)

What's with the bottle?

MATTY

A door punched me.

NING stares. MATTY assumes the conversation is over and walks
away. Stopping and turning back when she finally speaks.

NING

Did you not go home last night?

MATTY

Yeah.

NING

[Beat] I saw you coming out your
office to pay the lad who won
before.

He looks to the cage, then at her. Fuck it. He shrugs.

MATTY

I slept in me office.

NING nods, then taps to the table absent-mindedly to draw a couple of cards from the dealer, her eyes staying on MATTY until she nods to the bag. Behind her, standing at a booth, we can see two tracksuited and puffa jacketed SCALLIES taking wads of cash from someone seated who we can't make out until they lean forward and look out towards the casino and we see ALAN. It's incidental and doesn't draw us away from NING.

NING

What's with the bag?

MATTY

Washing.

NING

[Beat] You should go home.

MATTY

Says you.

She smiles, eyes on the cards for a beat, then back to him.

MATTY (cont'd)

I've gotta crack on.

NING nods. MATTY backs away, then turns and heads for his office. NING watches him go before turning back to the table.

CUT TO:

MATTY heading for his office as he passes the closed and shuttered bar and then the booth we saw in the scene above where we see ALAN sitting in the shadows, six empty bottles on the table in front of him.

ALAN

Alright mate?

MATTY didn't notice ALAN, and looks around before seeing him. ALAN beckons MATTY over and after a beat, MATTY approaches.

ALAN (cont'd)

What happened to your grid?

MATTY

Not now ALAN.

ALAN

What happened to it?

ALAN isn't threatening, he's more persistently irritating.

MATTY

I just... a door... knob... dunno.

ALAN leans in like he is genuinely really concerned.

ALAN

Are you really gettin' your head
down in the office?

MATTY

Why is everyone so fuckin'
interested in where I sleep?

26 **INT. MATTY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 6AM**

26

MATTY leaning with his back against the door, bottle pressed against his temple. A beat, then he crosses to his desk and swipes a few things out of the way before he pulls open the bag and looks in. Shrink-wrapped blocks of coke. Fuck. He squeezes his hand against his forehead, then reaches into the bag and takes out a burner. Fuck. He slumps.

27 **EXT. THE CASINO CAR PARK - DAY 2. 6.10AM**

The black paint flecked fire exit/back door of the casino close up. Beat then it pulls open to reveal a dingy corridor. LEANNE, carrying in a take out coffee passes us and heads in.

28 **INT. THE CASINO CORRIDOR - DAY 2. 6.10AM**

We follow as LEANNE hits a switch and fluorescent lights flicker and ping to life as the fire door swings closed behind her. She looks terrible as she passes IRINA who is smoking and scrolling.

LEANNE

Outside with that.

IRINA doesn't react in any way. LEANNE pushes through another door that leads into the casino and we follow her. She keeps on walking. Eyes straight ahead. She's on a mission.

CUT TO:

29 **INT. THE CASINO - DAY 2. 6.11AM**

29

NING's eyes follow LEANNE across the floor as she plays, but she doesn't otherwise react.

We hear the drone of a hoover. LEANNE keeps walking as the drone gets louder until she passes ANNIE who is hoovering. ANNIE looks up and pushes the hoover into LEANNE's way to stop her. A beat, and then ANNIE switches it off.

ANNIE
Thought you'd gone home?

LEANNE
Forgot something.

ANNIE isn't buying it. She just stares. A beat, then:

ANNIE
She's smoking in the corridor.

LEANNE
Yeah, I mean, but it's not my job.

They stare at each other a beat, then LEANNE heads into the cage. ANNIE watches her, then switches on the hoover again.

30

INT. THE CASINO CAGE - DAY 2. 6.11AM

30

LEANNE enters, big bunch of keys in hand, coffee in the other. She pushes against the door behind her, and then pulls at the handle to make sure it is locked before sitting at a wooden desk with an old PC on it. She sits staring at the dead screen of the PC in thought, then suddenly comes alive. She reaches down and pulls out a large ledger. Dot matrix printouts of takings for the casino. Column after column of figures. LEANNE's painted fingernail scrolls down the page, dancing over the columns like Fred Astaire.

The PC screen finally comes rattles and creaks to life. Here we go. Another glance at the door, then she hits the keys like lightening.

Figures on the screen, same as the ones in the ledger except the cursor is moving around now. £1000 becomes £750. £500 becomes £470. 650, 620, on and on, shaving numbers. We move in so close we can see the pixels on the screen. Finally, the totals figure: £41,267.00.

She hits print and the old machine comes to life.

31

INT. THE CASINO CAGE/SAFE ROOM - DAY 2. 6.15AM

The paper ledger. We see the totals figure: £43,256.00. Suddenly the page rips out of the ledger and is replaced by a new page: £41,267.00.

LEANNE stares at the ledger. A glance at the door, then she kills the PC, slams the book shut, stands and heads to the back of the cage out of sight.

Cut back to the door. MATTY enters, beer in one hand, big bunch of keys in the other. He closes the door softly and then heads to the desk.

MATTY tosses his keys, takes a swig of beer, then places it down by LEANNE's coffee. He exhales and is suddenly all movement, knocking his keys off the desk as he works.

CUT TO:

LEANNE, crouching in front of the safe with a hand full of cash is frozen at the sound of the keys hitting the floor. She listens. Fuck. She makes to put the cash back then hovers. Fuck. She stuffs the cash into her blouse, and then ever so slowly and quietly, makes to close the safe.

32

INT. THE CASINO CAGE - DAY 2. 6.18AM

32

The ledger lands on the bench. We're close in as it opens. MATTY's nail-bitten fingers scrolling are a contrast to LEANNE's dexterity. He waits for the PC to load.

A deep breath, then he too starts to fiddle the figures. His fiddling is less subtle compared to LEANNE's. He just knocks off £20 amounts, totalling them on a scrap of paper until finally, he stops and tots them up: £140.

He stares at the page, then violently rips the page from the ledger and starts to input the new figures into the PC.

CUT TO:

33

INT. THE CASINO CAGE/SAFE ROOM - DAY 2. 6.20AM

We're next to some darkened shelves filled with old account binders and stationary, next to the short corridor that leads to the safe at the back of the office. We move slowly, deeper into the gloom, just a couple of feet. We stop, then look down. LEANNE, crouched next to the shelves in the darkness, twisting to hide, just about able to see MATTY at the PC.

CUT TO:

The printer spits the new ledger page and MATTY grabs it and slams it into the binder. He grabs his keys and is off the chair in a beat as he finds the large safe key. He's heading into the gloom when he stops suddenly. He turns and looks at the cup. A beat, then he tilts his head. Steam is rising from it. He blinks, then sees LEANNE's handbag on the floor. He turns slowly to look into the gloom. His safe key extended. A beat, then LEANNE appears. Her safe key in her hand. A beat, then:

MATTY

What are you doing here?

LEANNE

What are you doing here?

It slowly dawns. Fuck.

LEANNE (cont'd)	MATTY
Are you on the rob?	Are you on the rob?

They stare at each other for a beat, then nod.

34 INT. THE CASINO - DAY 2. 6.22AM

34

NING watches the cage window from the blackjack table. IRINA is serving drinks behind the bar. NING's eyes flick over to ALAN giving a scally a bag of cash. She tracks the scally moving across the floor, and next clocks MATTY and LEANNE leaving the cage together, heading for the exit. Beat, someone snaps something in Cantonese. She stares at them, then returns to the game.

35 INT. THE CAFÉ - DAY 2. 7AM

35

MATTY drops the plate on the table, snapping LEANNE out of her thoughts as he sits down. He thumbs the sandwich, then:

MATTY
Sure you don't want nothing?

She shakes her head so he sits.

MATTY (cont'd)
I asked for bacon but they give me
sausage.

He tails off. She watches him as he inspects the inside of the sandwich. He looks exhausted. He looks over to the counter for a beat. She stares. He sighs and grabs a sauce sachet from a pile. He starts to fight with it. LEANNE reaches across and takes the sauce and inspects it.

LEANNE
Red sauce with sausage?

He's pathetic. She shakes her head then rips open the sachet.

LEANNE (cont'd)
Weirdo.

Done, she slides the plate to him. A beat, he pushes it away.

MATTY
I hate sausage. It's just teeth and
testicles.

Teeth? LEANNE

MATTY
Like that's the worst thing I just
said.

She frowns, then pushes the plate back towards him. He looks over towards a fruit machine across the café where TWO LADS are gambling. She watches him. He, eyes on the machine, spoons two sugars into his tea. A beat of silence as he stares at the fruit machine intently.

LEANNE

How much have you taken?

CUT TO:

Super close in on the reels of the machine. They spin. We hear electronic music and the whoops and drops from the machine as each reel stops. Lights flash and flicker as one of the lads punches a few buttons and the reels spin again.

CUT TO:

Close on MATTY's face as he stares at the machine intently.

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

MATTY? I said 'how much have you robbed?'

He looks at her confused for a beat. She waits, then:

MATTY

Don't say 'robbed.'

LEANNE

What is it then?

MATTY

I dunno, but not robbed though.
Don't say that.

A beat, then she shrugs. They sit and stare, then:

MATTY (cont'd)

Last week? [Beat] Dunno... couple of hundred? Maybe... I dunno. I don't really... I don't keep check.

She can't believe it. He shrugs. It's bad. A beat, then:

LEANNE

You don't know how much?

He shrugs.

LEANNE (cont'd)

What? You just... take it?

MATTY

I balance the book. I just don't...
I don't remember.

LEANNE

You lying?

MATTY

No! I just... I spend it and forget.

LEANNE

What do you buy?

MATTY

I don't really... buy as such... I just sort of... spend. It goes. I dunno. I gamble a bit.

LEANNE

A bit?

He shrugs and goes back to watching the machine until:

MATTY

What about you?

She squirms a little, then:

LEANNE

About a grand.

MATTY

A GRAND!

LEANNE

ALRIGHT! Shush!

MATTY

A grand though? Even after a big payout?

LEANNE

It was a busy night... there was plenty in there.

She looks away for a beat, then:

MATTY

A grand though?

LEANNE

YES! Jesus. I'm not proud. I don't want to take it.

MATTY

[Mutters] Fuck's sake.

They both sulk. A beat, then she looks at him again. He is watching the lads on the fruit machine once more. They are chucking cash in and winning nothing. His eyes narrow.

LEANNE

How often do you take it?

He is fixated on the machine. She tries again.

LEANNE (cont'd)

Matty?

He looks at her.

LEANNE (cont'd)

Do you have a system?

MATTY

A wha?

LEANNE

A system?

MATTY

No! I just... when I'm short, you know? I just sort of... I dip it.

The fruit machine starts to pay out and the lads playing it let out a cheer. He turns to look.

MATTY (cont'd)

[Soft] I fucking knew that was due.

She turns to look at the lads, then back to him. A seemingly endless stream of coins drop. A beat, then silence for a beat. MATTY watches the lads counting their winnings until the coffee machine behind the counter suddenly blooms steam loudly, snapping him awake. He turns back to LEANNE.

MATTY (cont'd)

[Confused] What?

LEANNE

I didn't say anything.

He looks off towards the fruit machine again.

LEANNE (cont'd)

You're too chaotic.

He looks at her.

MATTY

Wha?

LEANNE

You're not thinking it through.

MATTY

It's not a Rubik's cube Lee. It's just a bit of robbin'.

LEANNE
Thought we weren't calling it
robbin'?

He shakes his head and looks away. A beat, then:

LEANNE (cont'd)
We have to stop.

He looks at her, then thumbs the sandwich, looks across the counter, then the fruit machine, then back at LEANNE. He can't get his head out the lads winning. He shakes his head.

LEANNE (cont'd)
We have to stop Matty. I mean it.
If I go to prison... my kids.

MATTY
I'm not going to prison.

LEANNE
I mean it.

MATTY
I fuckin' mean it! Twice tonight
people talking about prison... I'm
not going to prison.

LEANNE
The way you're doing it. The... the
thing... the way you're doing it,
we both are.

A beat, he shuffles, then:

LEANNE (cont'd)
We **have** to stop Matty.

She watches him shift then settle, then she leans in:

LEANNE (cont'd)
So we stop?

MATTY
Yeah.

They sit a beat, then he sighs, then wipes a hand down his face then stares at the sandwich.

MATTY (cont'd)
It's the stuff off the floor.

LEANNE
What?

MATTY
In the abattoir. Sausage is the
stuff off the floor.

LEANNE

It isn't.

MATTY

It is. Me mate told me. He works in one. Mick the Meat.

LEANNE

Mick the Meat?

MATTY

His car stinks of meat.

LEANNE

Well it would.

He nods. They sit for a beat, then:

MATTY

People always get caught in the end.

LEANNE

Yeah.

He looks at her and nods. He leans back, but this time, pushes his tea away.

36

EXT. CASINO CAR PARK - DAY 2. 7.15AM

36

ALAN, pulls the van keys and throws a battered holdall onto the front passenger seat after opening the driver's door. He's about to climb in when his phone buzzes in his pocket. He stops, dipping his head a beat, before finally pulling the phone out of his pocket. He speaks to himself before answering.

ALAN

[Soft] Yeah yeah...

He answers, turning a half-circle to check his surroundings.

ALAN (cont'd)

You alright lad?

He knows who it is even though he hasn't looked at his phone.

GARY (O.S.)

All good?

ALAN

Yeah no, all sound, so all's good I suppose.

There's silence at the end of the line. He listens, then running out of steam...

ALAN (cont'd)
I've got to be honest though lad.
Just sitting here all night... it's
doing my head in a bit. I feel like
a dope...

CUT TO:

37 INT. GARY'S SKODA - DAY 2. 7.15AM

37

GARY, 40 something, fit but not buff, polo shirt with good stubble, sitting in the shadows outside a suburban 1980s house:

GARY
[Tired] You feel like a dope
because you are a dope. You fuckin'
dope.

He leans forward and looks up towards an upstairs bedroom. We can see the light is on. A beat of watching the window, then he sits back into the shadows for a beat, then:

GARY (cont'd)
Do what you're doing and be
grateful for what you're doing.

He kills the call and mutters:

GARY (cont'd)
Dick head.

A glance around, then he gets out the car quietly.

CUT TO:

38 INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 7.20AM

38

We're staring down the stairs at the front door of the garish 1980's house. The door opens and GARY enters, key in his hand. He pauses on the threshold. Listening for signs of life. Silence. He ever so quietly closes the door behind him and heads up the stairs towards us and then past. We follow him. His footsteps silent on the thick carpet.

He moves along the hall and then silently opens the office door, but doesn't turn on the light.

39 INT. NANCY'S HOUSE. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 7.22AM

It is a tip of piled paper. He enters, and closes the door softly behind him. He turns on a desk lamp, being careful to angle the light down. He clears a space on the desk and takes a seat. He rummages in his jacket pocket and takes out a green notebook which he places on the desk.

He glances at the door, then quietly searches the through the piled paper on the desk to find a blue ledger filled with dot matrix paper: June 2025.

He turns his attention to some metal shelving filled with the same blue ledgers. He runs his fingers across them until he finds what he's looking for: June 2024.

He pulls the ledger silently, then places it carefully on the desk in front of him alongside June 2025. Another glance at the door, then he opens both ledgers on their third pages. He compares the figures in both carefully, drawing his finger down each sheet. He scribbles some notes quickly down in his green notebook.

Something isn't right. He leans back with a weary sigh and puts the notebook back in his pocket. He sits, staring into space for a beat, then glancing at the door, he closes the 2025 binder and puts it back in its original spot on the desk. Then he carefully slots the 2024 binder on the shelf, listening out for any noises in the hallway.

He takes one last look at the desk to make sure it looks undisturbed. His eyes settle on a heavy 70's ashtray and lighter combo. He stares at them for a beat. They mean something to him and whatever it is, isn't good.

A tiny shake of the head and then he carefully makes his way to the door, quietly closing it behind him.

40

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY 2. 7.25AM

GARY closes the office door with a click. He starts when:

NANCY (O.S.)
Like a baby elephant on them
stairs. You've always been the
same.

He turns, NANCY, chiffon housecoat and matching nightie with rollers in her hair, standing at her bedroom door watching.

GARY
Jesus Christ Ma, you scared the
life out of me.

NANCY
What were you doing in your
father's office?

GARY
Looking for something.

NANCY
This time of the morning?

GARY

When did our family ever sleep of a night?

NANCY

What were you looking for?

GARY

[Beat] Figures. Just figures. I'm trying to keep abreast of...

A beat, then:

GARY (cont'd)

Do you really want to know?

He lifts an eyebrow. She doesn't. She shakes her head and turns back to her bedroom, speaking over her shoulder as she goes.

NANCY

Go put the kettle on.

He shakes his head, then heads downstairs.

41

INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN - DAY 2. 7.28AM

41

GARY is making tea. NANCY enters. She watches him a beat, until he turns to her. It's awkward. He finally picks up a mug and offers it. She heads to the table and sits. A beat, he collects his own drink, and sits opposite as he sets her mug down in front of her. She eyes it, then him. He tries again:

GARY

Our Bradley is doing a play at school, if you fancy it?

NANCY

Is there singing? I can't stand kids singing.

GARY

There might be singing.

NANCY

I can't stand kids singing. Goes through me.

She stares at the mug. He watches her a beat, then:

GARY

You can still smell his cigars up there. In the office? It's like he just walked out before you walked in.

She looks up at him. He shrugs.

GARY (cont'd)
All those years and you can still
smell him. Mad.

She considers, makes to speak, hesitates, shifts, then:

NANCY
I normally have my tea in a china
cup.

He looks towards the cabinets, then back at her.

NANCY (cont'd)
And a biscuit too.

A beat, then he takes her mug and heads back to the kettle.
She watches him, then looks off.

42 **EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 7.40AM**

42

GARY is marching towards his car as he pulls his phone and
hits dial, almost without looking at it.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. ALAN'S VAN - DAY 2. 7.40AM**

43

ALAN sits outside his house. He's sitting and staring when
his phone has shocks him awake. He wipes his face then a deep
breath, then he takes the call.

ALAN (O.S.)
Hey mate, listen... before? Listen,
I am grateful. I'm ju...

GARY
Shut the fuck up.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 7.40AM**

44

GARY stands next to his car. Phone to his ear:

GARY
We're down nine grand this month.
So sack every one of them scally
pricks because they can't be
trusted.

ALAN (O.S.)
9K? How?

GARY

Footfall up and takings up on last year...

ALAN

That's good isn't...

GARY

But not up enough. We should be nine grand more and we're not. So some fucker is robbin'. Sack them. Okay? All of them. Gone. Today.

45 **INT. ALAN'S VAN - DAY 2. 7.40AM**

45

ALAN's mind racing. Fuck. A beat, then:

ALAN

What about our Neil? I can't sack him. He's family. Our Shirley will kill me.

Silence.

46 **EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 7.40AM**

46

GARY turns a slow circle until he is facing his mum's house. He stares at it for a beat, then:

GARY

Alright. Just him though. He can stay.

He stares at the house a beat, then:

GARY (cont'd)

If you can't trust family...

He hangs up, then gets in his car.

47 **EXT. NANNA'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 7.45AM**

47

LEANNE pulls up on the street outside of her NANNA's council house. She sits a beat, staring straight ahead, before finally getting out of the car. She's tired. She stops when she reaches her front gate. Could this day get any worse?

We turn to look at what she is looking at. An old woman (NANNA), eighty odd, thin, all back combed grey hair and smudged lipstick, sitting on her step in an old dressing gown. Legs like a sparrows stabbed into a pair of fluffy slippers, her head rocked back, asleep. A black cat is nudging NANNA's leg. It sees LEANNE approaching and heads towards her. LEANNE ignores the cat.

LEANNE

Nanna?

NANNA doesn't wake. LEANNE crouches down, shushes away the cat and then gently touches NANNA's arm.

LEANNE (cont'd)

Nanna?

NANNA opens her eyes. A beat as she struggles to focus then:

NANNA

Hello love.

LEANNE

What you doing?

NANNA

I was getting the milk in.

NANNA looks around for some milk, then back at LEANNE.

NANNA (cont'd)

He hasn't been.

LEANNE

Up you come.

LEANNE helps NANNA painfully to her feet. NANNA is confused.

NANNA

He's late.

LEANNE

Yeah.

LEANNE, supporting NANNA, digs for the front door key.

NANNA

I'll have nothing for our Sharon's breakfast.

LEANNE fumbles the key into the lock.

NANNA (cont'd)

She'll have to have a jam tart.

48

INT. NANNA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2. 7.47AM

We're in the kitchen looking back towards the front door. It is covered with handwritten notes:

"DON'T LEAVE THE DOOR UNLOCKED!" "TAKE THE KEYS OUT WHEN YOU ARE IN!" etc.

We hear keys in the lock and then LEANNE shoulders the door and guides NANNA into the hall gently by the arm.

NANNA
Maybe a French Fancy.

NANNA stops as LEANNE back-heels the door shut.

NANNA (cont'd)
What about the cat?

LEANNE
We haven't got a cat.

LEANNE gently ushers NANNA towards the kitchen while hooking her bag over the banister. NANNA glances back at the door, considering the information as LEANNE leads her away, shouting up the stairs as she goes.

LEANNE (cont'd)
Ruby!

NANNA
Cup of tea.

NANNA heads for the kettle but LEANNE cuts her off and directs her to take a seat at the table. NANNA sits for a beat before standing up again as LEANNE fills the kettle.

NANNA (cont'd)
Custard cream for Sharon.

LEANNE drops the kettle onto the stove, then leads NANNA back to her seat. She crouches and takes NANNA's hands in hers.

LEANNE
Sharon's dead Nanna.

NANNA
Sharon? My Sharon? Dead?

LEANNE
Eighteen months ago. You forget.
We're supposed to remind you.
Although I don't know why.

NANNA looks around, then at LEANNE's hands. She stares at them a beat, then looks up into her eyes. Slow realisation forming. LEANNE reaches up and gently touches her face.

LEANNE (cont'd)
You get confused.

NANNA
My age.

LEANNE
Yeah.

NANNA
My poor Sharon.

It breaks LEANNE's heart. NANNA watches her go to the kitchen sink cupboard where she crouches down. NANNA fusses with her dressing gown, hiding her confusion. LEANNE returns with a shoebox of buttons/cotton reels/trinkets etc. She places the box down in front of NANNA and takes a few items down and places them into her hand. NANNA studies the trinkets, then:

NANNA (cont'd)
Did you know her?

LEANNE
I'm Leanne. She was my mum.

NANNA
[Beat] Leanne.

NANNA nods, then sets to rummaging in the box before she finally looks up:

NANNA (cont'd)
I'm on me own now.

LEANNE
I'm here. I look after you.

NANNA frets before going back to the box like she's searching for something. LEANNE gently strokes her hair but she doesn't react. Beat then LEANNE stands and heads to the hall.

LEANNE (O.S.) (cont'd)
RUBY!!!!

RUBY (O.S.)
[Upstairs] Alright!!!!

LEANNE comes back into the kitchen. NANNA is rummaging. LEANNE sets about making tea. RUBY, twelve years old, sulky and tired in school uniform, enters and heads over to her mum who is back to preparing breakfast. RUBY moves close to her mum, sliding her hand round her waist as she sees what's cooking.

LEANNE
Who left the door unlocked?

RUBY looks at her mum, then heads to the table and sits.

LEANNE (cont'd)
Ruby?

RUBY
I'm twelve. It shouldn't be my problem.

That stings. LEANNE softens.

LEANNE
[Beat] I'm sorry.

RUBY shrugs. The kettle clicks off. LEANNE pours the tea and then drops two mugs onto the table.

NANNA

I should be sorting her breakfast.

THOMAS (17) enters, interrupting her. He is slouchy/sulky, scruffy mop of 'ket wig' hair and a permanent frown. He's wearing black tracksuit bottoms and a grey tee shirt. As he passes NANNA he tenderly brushes a hand over her arm, then opens a cupboard and takes out a box of cereal.

LEANNE

Where's your uniform?

THOMAS

I gave you a letter.

LEANNE

What?

THOMAS

Charity, I don't have to wear it.

LEANNE

You never told me.

LEANNE frowns, then opens the fridge for some milk. She sees a pack of sausages and hesitates a beat, before grabbing the milk out putting it on the table next to the bowl THOMAS has taken off the draining board and put in front of him on the table. NANNA looks up and sees the milk.

NANNA

Has he been?

Everyone ignores her.

LEANNE

I don't remember a letter.

THOMAS shrugs as he makes his breakfast and LEANNE heads for the old fashioned (70's) cooker grill with a loaf.

LEANNE (cont'd)

Did you leave a key in the door?

THOMAS

No.

LEANNE

Someone did.

THOMAS

Weren't me.

THOMAS picks up the bowl and heads for the door.

LEANNE

We need to make sure Nanna can't
get out.

He exits. LEANNE shouts after him.

LEANNE (cont'd)

She could have froze to death!

RUBY

[Muffled] It's June.

LEANNE

She's old.

NANNA

I'm sixty five.

LEANNE

You're eighty one.

RUBY lifts her head. She's going to be snarky but sees her
mum's concern. A beat, then:

RUBY

I'll make sure the door is locked.

Beat, then LEANNE nods thanks sadly.

RUBY (cont'd)

Toast is burning.

LEANNE spins and pulls the grill. THOMAS enters behind her.

THOMAS

Can I have twenty quid?

LEANNE

What for?

THOMAS

Charity. I told you.

NANNA digs in the trinket box and offers a button to THOMAS.
He gently pushes her hand away, his eyes on his mum.

LEANNE

[Beat] In my purse.

THOMAS exits. Silence for a beat, then:

NANNA

Has somebody fed the cat?

LEANNE looks at NANNA who is back digging in the button box.
A beat, then she goes back to the grill. A beat, then:

NANNA (cont'd)
[Softly] Leanne.

RUBY and LEANNE turn and look at NANNA who has her head buried in the box. She looks up at LEANNE. There's a beat of thought, then she smiles:

NANNA (cont'd)
Leanne.

LEANNE and RUBY beam. NANNA goes back to the box.

49 **INT. MATTY'S CAR. PARKED OUTSIDE TRACE'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 8AM**

MATTY is parked on a smart suburban estate. He's counting out money before opening the glovebox and pulling out an unopened letter. We catch a glimpse of other unopened mail in the box as he opens the envelope and tosses the contents into the passenger footwell without reading it. We see it's a bailiff company demanding payment for his car. He stuffs some cash into the envelope and then takes a look at the house he's parked outside. The curtains are drawn.

50 **EXT. TRACE'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 8.05AM**

50

He stares, then gets out the car and tiptoes up the path. He quietly lifts the letterbox and slips the envelope through.

Success. He turns back down the drive but stops when he sees TRACE, his ex partner, standing at the gate. Fuck.

MATTY
Alright?

Super awkward. He looks back towards the house, then TRACE.

MATTY (cont'd)
I was putting your money through.

TRACE
It's not my money. It's your daughter's.

MATTY
Yeah, obviously, yeah, sorry. I was putting her money through.

TRACE
All of it?

MATTY
Absolutely.

She tilts her head, she doesn't believe a word of it. The door opens behind him. LIAM, TRACE's husband, holding a bowl of cornflakes in one hand, and the envelope in the other.

LIAM
Alright Matt.

MATTY looks at him, then back at TRACE as LIAM calls to her:

LIAM (cont'd)
Three twenty.

TRACE
Three twenty???

MATTY looks at the floor.

TRACE (cont'd)
Three twenty isn't all of it.

MATTY
It's all I've got.

TRACE
Eleven hundred is all of it MATTY.
Eleven hundred into my bank account
too, not in shitty tenners and
fivers covered in beak.

MATTY
I don't do beak!

TRACE
Your money comes from betting shops
and a casino MATTY. Of course it's
covered in beak.

He makes to speak but doesn't. She's right. A beat then:

MATTY
I'm wiped, honest, it's all I have.

TRACE
She's your daughter and you're
three months behind.

MATTY
[Pathetic] I know... and I'm sorry.

She shakes her head, then looks at LIAM who shrugs and takes
another spoonful. She turns back to MATTY. A beat, then:

TRACE
Do you want to see her?

MATTY
I'll make her late for school.

She's suddenly very tired of him. He looks off down the road.
A DOG WALKER passes them.

DOG WALKER

Alright.

MATTY

Alright.

DOG WALKER continues on his way. MATTY watches him go then turns back to TRACE. She steps back and gestures he should just go. MATTY squeezes past TRACE who can't bring herself to look at him. He climbs in the car and fumbles the keys.

51 **INT. MATTY'S CAR. TRACE'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 8.10AM**

We're in the car as he starts it. Someone is talking about football on the radio as he pulls on his seatbelt. He glances at the backpack of drugs in the footwell, then jumps as TRACE knocks on the window. He looks at her, then lowers the glass just an inch or two. She holds out a twenty pound note. He looks at the money, then lowers the window fully.

TRACE

I don't want your last twenty.

A beat, he takes the twenty. He smiles, she softens.

TRACE (cont'd)

Please sort yourself out Matty, you look awful.

MATTY

No, yeah, cheers.

TRACE

I mean it. [Beat] She loves you so much.

That kills him. He looks at the twenty in his hand because he can't bear to look up at TRACE. Eventually, he nods.

TRACE (cont'd)

[Soft] Please try?

He nods. Head still down in shame. He slips the cash into his empty wallet then looks up. She watches him a beat, then:

TRACE (cont'd)

I'm not angry with you.

He looks away a beat, then back at her.

MATTY

Work and that? You know? I'm so tired.

He shrugs. It's all he has. She gives in and heads toward the house. He watches her go a beat, then wearily reaches across to the glovebox to take out the cash he'd hidden earlier.

He's in the process of adding the twenty to it when TRACE hammers on the window and then pulls open the door.

TRACE

You lyin' fuckin' rat! You've got money! He's got the money Liam! You fuckin' sly... He's got money!!!

MATTY pulls at the door as TRACE manages to reach in and give him a few slaps on the back of his head.

MATTY

It's for me bills!!

TRACE

I'm working all hours and you?
You're taking food out of your daughter's mouth to waste on the horses and stickin' in machines!!

MATTY

I'm not!! It's not mine!! I'm not lying... it's for me bills!

She manages to hit him a couple of times. He manages to pull the door shut. TRACE bangs on the window. Suddenly he freezes. He is looking past her.

We follow his gaze and see EMILY, his sixteen year old daughter, standing behind LIAM on the step. TRACE breaks off and follows his gaze. EMILY lifts a hand. TRACE deflates and turns back to MATTY, the anger gone out of her. MATTY only has eyes for EMILY until finally, he raises a hand then lowers it. TRACE turns to look at EMILY and sees that LIAM has raised his hand to MATTY.

TRACE

What are you waving for dickhead?!?

LIAM lowers his hand and goes back to his cornflakes. MATTY glances once more at EMILY and then pulls away. EMILY raises a hand as she watches him go.

52

EXT. NEIL'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 9AM

52

ALAN standing at the front door of NEIL's concrete council house. He looks tired as he waits for an answer. Frustrated, he hammers again. A beat, then an upstairs window opens and NEIL sticks his head out. It's clear he's been asleep.

NEIL

What??

ALAN

Open the door dickhead!!!

A beat, then NEIL disappears.

53

INT. NEIL'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2. 9AM

Dishes stacked, washing on the floor etc. NEIL picks up the kettle and swills it before flicking it on. ALAN enters and leans against the worktop, then leans off it and tests the surface. It's greasy. He grimaces as he looks at his hand.

ALAN

Leave that. Look at me.

NEIL

I'm shattered lad.

ALAN

Focus.

NEIL

No. I know yeah. Heavy night though, and I've not had me tablets either...

ALAN leans in and taps him on the forehead.

ALAN

Focus.

NEIL pulls himself together as best he can:

ALAN (cont'd)

Everyone else has been sacked.

NEIL

Wha? Why?

ALAN ignores the question.

ALAN

We need someone to help you.
Someone we can trust.

NEIL

Was they robbin'?

NEIL stares dumbly. A beat, then:

ALAN

We need someone we can trust.

A beat, then JADE (twenty something dope, scally, half asleep) enters. She looks at ALAN, then NEIL then she sits at the cluttered table. She's hungover, and cradles her head in her hands. ALAN stares at her a beat as NEIL considers the situation.

NEIL

Wha' abar me ma working with us?

ALAN

Our Shirley? Are you havin' a
laugh? I want people who won't rob.

NEIL nods thoughtfully, then points to JADE.

NEIL

Wha' abar her?

ALAN

Who is she?

NEIL

Me fiancé.

ALAN

How long have you known her?

NEIL

Two month.

JADE doesn't look up.

JADE

Six month dickhead.

ALAN looks at her a beat, then:

ALAN

Hey?

She looks up.

ALAN (cont'd)

Can you count?

Beat as she tries to remember, then she nods. He considers,
then:

ALAN (cont'd)

Okay... The pair of you, listen in:

CUT TO:

54

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY 0 (FLASHBACK).

54

Saturday car park [Not the casino]. MIDDLE CLASS WOMEN
clustered round a coke dealing TAXI DRIVER in his private
hire taxi. The girls are handing over cash in exchange for
'£20 bags.' It's all very claustrophobic and grubby.

ALAN (V.O.)

We sell the coke. We get the
money...

CUT TO:

55 **INT. TAXI - DAY 0 (FLASHBACK).**

55

The taxi driver sitting up front at the end of a fare. He is handing over change to PENSIONERS. One of them hands him a £20 note back. The driver passes the pensioners another baggy.

ALAN (V.O.)
Lots of money.

CUT TO:

56 **INT. GARY'S OFFICE - DAY 0 (FLASHBACK).**

The TAXI DRIVER is in GARY's office emptying his takings onto the table. There is already a lot of money on the table. ALAN counts out some of it and hands it the taxi driver.

ALAN (V.O.)
So much money we can't put it
through the books of the taxi
company without it looking shady.

GARY starts to bundle the cash with elastic bands as ALAN emerges from the back storeroom with the old battered sports bag. GARY and ALAN put handfuls of cash into the bag.

ALAN
So we put it through the casino.

57 **INT. THE CASINO - NIGHT 0 (IMAGINARY).**

57

We're staring at the cash spread out on the baize of a casino table. JADE's badly painted fingernails brush the cash, then she looks up at ALAN who is standing next to her:

JADE
But what if I lose?

ALAN
You're *meant* to lose.

JADE
But... you're supposed to win.

ALAN
We don't want you to win.

JADE
But... casinos? Like... you're
supposed to win aren't you?

ALAN can't believe it.

CUT TO:

58

INT. NEIL'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2. 9.10AM

ALAN stands next to JADE and NEIL at the greasy kitchen table which upon which a pack of cards has been dealt.

ALAN

How many fuckin' times do I have to tell you? You're *supposed* to lose you fuckin' dope. We launder the money through the casino. It goes in dirty, and it comes out clean.

JADE stares at him. A beat then:

JADE

Well why don't we just bet it on one go? Why do we have to play all night? It'll take hours. I'll get tired.

ALAN

Because we don't want to attract attention! Jesus! The woman who owns the place doesn't know, and the staff who work there don't know and most of all, the taxman doesn't know! We bet little and often until it all goes away.

She clearly doesn't get it. ALAN looks at NEIL.

ALAN (cont'd)

Is she special needs?

NEIL

I don't think so?

ALAN looks at the ceiling. Deep breath, then he tries again:

ALAN

Alright. From the top...

59

INT. NANNA'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 2. 9.30AM

LEANNE sits on the stairs with her coat over her knees. She is exhausted, head in hands. Breakfast television is on in another room as NANNA wanders up and down the hallway with her button box. A beat, then we hear a key in the door. LEANNE looks up as KELLY (her younger sister), mid thirties, all hair, perfume and make-up.

KELLY

Hi Nanna!

NANNA stops sorting and stares at KELLY. A beat, then NANNA turns and heads out into the kitchen, head back in the box.

KELLY, unperturbed by the snub, looks at LEANNE as she shucks off her coat to reveal that she is wearing a supermarket uniform. She hands over an envelope to LEANNE.

KELLY (cont'd)
Postman gave me this.

LEANNE takes the letter. She stares at it a beat, then places it down on the step and puts her chin in her hands.

KELLY (cont'd)
Go to bed.

LEANNE gets to her feet and heads up the stairs, leaving the letter behind. A beat, KELLY notices the letter and holds it up to give to her, but then changes her mind and puts it on a side table along with ten other similar letters in buff envelopes, all unopened. KELLY slides the envelopes around a bit, counting them, and then picking one up.

It is franked: St Markhams Health Trust Oncology Department. She glances up the stairs, then puts the letter down before heading into the kitchen.

60 **INT. NANNA'S HOUSE. LEANNE'S BEDROOM - DAY 2. 9.35AM**

A tidy room. Nice bed, rug on the floor, just enough space for a double wardrobe and a dressing table with a chair. LEANNE enters and pushes the door closed behind her, then heads to the wardrobe and then drops her coat onto the floor. She glances at the bedroom door and then drops to her knees. She opens the wardrobe door then pauses as she stares into the wardrobe a beat, then reaches in. We hear clothes and shoes being tossed aside, and then she produces a battered shoebox. She rocks back on her heels, the shoebox in her hands. She digs in her pocket and produces the wad of cash she stole last night and studies it. A beat, then she pulls the lid off the shoebox. We see into the box, there is a LOT of cash. A beat, then LEANNE places the new stash into the box, replaces the lid and closes the wardrobe before starting to get ready for bed.

61 **INT. SHELAGH'S HOUSE. MATTY'S BEDROOM - DAY 2. 9.35AM**

The room is in half light as the sun filters through thin curtains. MATTY, on his back, stares up at us from under the quilt. A beat, then he throws back the quilt and is suddenly all action as he rolls out of bed (wearing boxer shorts and an old Human League 'DARE!' tee shirt) and reaches under it in one fluid fast movement before pulling out the backpack.

He sits on the floor and unzips the backpack, and despite the zip barely making a sound, he stops and looks at the door. A beat, then he slowly unzips the bag and looks into it. Five blocks of coke. He pulls one of the shrink-wrapped cakes and weighs it in his hand, then studies it closely.

With his finger nail he picks at a sellotaped seam. We see a few grains of coke fall onto the bag. He stares at it, then thrusts the gear back into the bag, zips it hard and fast and then throws the bag under the bed before jumping back in and lying on his back, staring up at us again. A beat, he squeezes his eyes tightly closed, then pulls the quilt over his head.

62

INT. SHELAGH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2. 9.45AM

MATTY's mum SHELAGH is at the sink washing some dishes. MATTY enters the kitchen behind her, clearly stressed. She speaks without looking round.

SHELAGH

Thought you were asleep?

He's pulling at drawers and cupboard doors.

MATTY

We got any wrapping paper?

SHELAGH

What do you want wrapping paper for?

MATTY

Have we got any?

SHELAGH

It's bad for the environment.

He looks at her.

MATTY

When did you start caring about the environment?

SHELAGH

Since the road by the bus stop started flooding.

MATTY

That's the drains.

She stops and stares at him. A beat, then:

MATTY (cont'd)

So we haven't got any wrapping paper?

A beat, then she pulls open a draw.

63 INT. SHELAGH'S HOUSE. MATTY'S BEDROOM - DAY 2. 10AM

MATTY on his knees, the open bag next to him and a sheet of paper lying on the floor at his knees. He places a block of the coke on the wrapping paper and then turns it, lining it up so that it will be wrapped neatly before he folds the paper and we see it is Christmas wrapping paper full of cartoon Santas and reindeer. He wraps the coke, then starts to fumble as he searches a roll of tape for the end.

MATTY

[Soft] If I can't see you, I won't
want you and if anyone looks, they
won't know...

63A INT. NANNA'S HOUSE. LEANNE'S BEDROOM - DAY 2. 11.50AM

LEANNE is fast asleep, just a head poking out of the duvet. She stirs in deep sleep.

63B INT. CASINO - DREAM SCENARIO. DAY 0**63B**

The casino is empty but for a spotlit poker table in the middle of the pit. The camera is LEANNE's point of view, as it drifts towards the down-lit table that feels like something from a David Lynch film.

LEANNE wonders the empty casino floor, almost floating, it's real but unreal.

On the poker table is an unopened letter. It's the letter we have already seen from St Markham's trust.

Another letter drops onto the table and LEANNE looks up. MATTY stands in front of her, dealing the letters. He's her croupier, dressed for work.

LEANNE opens the letter and finds it full of playing card shaped x-rays. All with a black lump held within her rib cage. LEANNE throws the cards down.

MATTY pushes a huge stack of chips over to LEANNE and smiles.

LEANNE takes the chips.

LEANNE is flat on her back like she is on an operating table.

64 INT. NANNA'S HOUSE. LEANNE'S BEDROOM - DAY 2. 12PM

A beat, then her shoulders twitch. Another mumble. Another twitch, then boom.

LEANNE surfaces from her dream like a drowning woman breaking the surface. She gasps a breath and then flops back onto the mattress.

A beat as she catches herself, and then she looks to her left and sees the cat, half in shadow, watching her. She tilts her head. Who is this cat?? The cat looks towards the wardrobe. LEANNE pushes herself up onto her elbow and follows its gaze. She squints in the darkness. A beat, she rubs her hand across her forehead, then a slow realisation that someone is there in the shadows kicks in.

Is she still dreaming? A beat, then she sees the frozen figure of DANNY.

CUT TO:

We're on DANNY's face as he is crouched, the cardboard box in his hands, lid off. He is frozen, his mind racing and his eyes darting left and right. He knows LEANNE has just woke up but he's hoping that if he stays perfectly still she won't realise he is there.

LEANNE

Danny?

Fuck. He lifts up the lid from the floor and gingerly places it on the box.

DANNY

Ummh, yeah?

LEANNE

What you doing?

He considers, then half turns hiding the box with his body.

DANNY

Looking for me shoes.

LEANNE

Your shoes?

She looks around the room. Is this still the dream? She touches herself to check. He watches her, a little confused. LEANNE blinks. She remembers. This is real. It hits her.

LEANNE (cont'd)

Your shoes aren't going to be here.

DANNY

No I thought...

LEANNE

They're not going to be there because I kicked you out six months ago.

DANNY

No I know, but I thought.

LEANNE

I kicked you out because we
finished seeing each other.

DANNY

Yeah but...

LEANNE

So why am I seeing you right now in
my bedroom? [Beat] Who let you in?

DANNY

Your Nan. I think she thinks I'm a
milkman?

He stands, the box held behind his back. This is weird.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'd better be going then.

LEANNE

Yeah, you better had.

He moves to the door. LEANNE on one elbow watching him in the
shadows. She rubs her eyes, then:

LEANNE (cont'd)

What have you got there?

DANNY

Me shoes. I told you.

She squints. A beat, then he runs for it. It takes her a
second to realise what's happening, but when she does, she is
a banshee. She leaps out of the bed, stumbling in the
darkness as he bolts out the room.

LEANNE

DANNY NO!!!!

She's up and after him in the flash.

65

INT. NANNA'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY 2. 12PM

DANNY almost tumbles down the stairs with LEANNE close
behind. He pulls some coats off a stand and throws them at
her, all the while, the money box under his arm.

LEANNE

Danny no!!! I need it!! No!!!

He's off and running out the front door. Barefoot, half
dressed, she follows.

66

EXT. NANNA'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 12PM

66

DANNY is at his car as LEANNE rushes towards him. He drags open the door and then has to fight with her to shut it.

LEANNE

It's for my kids!!! Please no!!!!

He drives off at speed leaving her in the middle of the road as KELLY emerges from the house.

KELLY

Lee!! What's going...?

LEANNE is frantic for a beat, then breaks down.

67

INT. NANNA'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 2. 12.05PM

LEANNE bursts into the house. She's all over the place and closely followed by KELLY who is trying to calm her down. LEANNE is desperately searching for her car keys.

KELLY

Lee???

LEANNE

Where's me keys?? I need me keys!!
He's robbed me money!!

KELLY

DANNY? Your ex? DANNY?

LEANNE

No KELLY!! Daniel O'fuckin'Donnell!
Of course Danny my ex!! Where's me
keys!!???

KELLY

How much?

LEANNE

Thirty four thousand pounds!!!!!!
WHERE'S ME KEYS????

LEANNE stops as the enormity of what's happened hits her. She puts a hand over her mouth as she sits back against the wall.

LEANNE (cont'd)

I'm gonna be sick...

68

INT. COUNCIL MAISONETTE STAIRWAY - DAY 2. 3.30PM

We're behind THOMAS as he climbs some stark concrete stairs. He exits onto a fairly smart, light and airy landing that is in contrast to the stairs.

There are four front doors, three of which have door mats outside. A solitary potted plant sits on a corner table. He takes note of the numbers on the doors and then walks past them before knocking on the one without a doormat outside.

He looks around as one of the other doors opens a few inches. An OLD LADY, seventy odd, smart, switched on, eyes him. He quickly turns back to the door he has just knocked on, his nose, inches from the door. The OLD LADY stares as we stare into THOMAS's face. Her eyes drilling into the back of his head is killing him.

He's about to knock again when the door opens a few inches, allowing a low volume grime beat to leak out.

A pasty faced scally (KENDO) stares at him before opening the door wide enough for THOMAS to walk past him into the flat. Once THOMAS is in, KENDO looks over at the old neighbour.

KENDO

What the fuck you looking at?

She closes the door. He then does the same but with a slam.

69 **INT. TREVOR'S FLAT. HALLWAY - DAY 2. 3.32PM**

THOMAS is waiting for KENDO, who slides a bolt across the door, and then jams a pickaxe handle against a piece of wood positioned on the back of the door as a security device. KENDO stalks past THOMAS into the dimly lit, and very dingy flat. THOMAS girds his loins, then follows.

70 **INT. TREVOR'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 2. 3.32PM**

THOMAS enters. The room is a mess, but it's the only one so far that has been lit with natural light.

KENDO slumps onto a cheap three piece suite that seems to take up every inch of the room except for the space taken by an old TV that is broadcasting silently near the bare window. There's an old music system sitting on the dirty carpet next to the TV. Grime music is thudding softly away on the stereo, coming from speakers lost amongst the takeaway boxes and ripped bin bags.

THOMAS stands by the door. He takes out the twenty pound note. On the couch, staring at her phone, is PAIGE (17) Next to her KENDO is rolling a fat joint. PAIGE looks at THOMAS and sees he is nervously holding the £20. She indicates he should put it away. He does. KENDO speaks without looking up.

KENDO

Sit down lad.

Back to THOMAS. A glance at the door and then back to KENDO on the couch.

Above the couch somebody has gratified "LIVE LOVE HAVE A FUCKING LAUGH LAD" on the wall. THOMAS sits in one of sagging chairs, almost disappearing as he does so. KENDO finishes rolling, and then offers the joint.

KENDO (cont'd)
You got a lighter?

THOMAS shakes his head.

KENDO (cont'd)
[Laughing] How you gonna smoke weed
then dickhead? Shit you man.

KENDO throws his own lighter and the joint across. The lighter hits PAIGE. She glares at KENDO but he simply looks away. THOMAS, embarrassed, looks at PAIGE who gets up and exits the room. THOMAS watches her go. He thinks about following her, but instead tries to light up.

71 **INT. SHELAGH'S HOUSE. MATTY'S BEDROOM - DAY 2. 3.45PM**

MATTY's alarm kicks off and he groans and then digs around on the floor. A beat, then it switches off without him touching it. He grunts, then hangs his head over the edge of the bed to search the floor for the phone. It isn't there, and neither are his trousers. He flops back. Half a beat, then he starts awake and looks over and then under the side of the bed. The drugs are still there. Phew. He's about to lie back when he looks up at the wardrobe and sees his trousers have been hung on a hanger on the door. WTF? He looks around the room confused then sees EMILY sitting in the armchair by the stereo with the headphones in her hand. She holds up his phone.

EMILY
Quarter to four.

MATTY
[Beat] How did you get in?

EMILY
Great to see you too.

He holds up a hand of apology as he coughs.

MATTY
You haven't got a ciggie have you?

EMILY
Dad!!

He shrugs it off. Coughs, then gestures to the headphones.

EMILY (cont'd)
Depeche Mode. 12 inch. New Life.

MATTY
[Coughs] I wish.

She smiles, then picks up the sleeve and studies it.

EMILY
Vince Clark.

MATTY
Before he run off with Moyet.

EMILY
I like them better after he went.
They got miserable.

MATTY
There's nothing wrong with
miserable.

He starts to cough again. She puts the cover down and watches him. Conversation used up.

MATTY (cont'd)
How's school?

EMILY
Cliché.

MATTY
I'm doing me best.

EMILY
No you're not.

She throws him some tracksuit bottoms. He catches them and starts to pull them on under the duvet. A beat, then:

EMILY (cont'd)
We're doing the Black Death. I've
got to write about the socio
economic impact of the plague on
serfdom. Do you know anything about
it?

MATTY
I know what it's like to be a serf.

He finally gets the tracksuit bottoms on, and kicks off the duvet and sits on the edge of the bed.

MATTY (cont'd)
Go on then, what was the socio
economic impact of the...?

EMILY
... black death.

MATTY

Black death.

EMILY

[Beat] It made them better off, the serfs. They were suddenly in demand because...

MATTY

...there was nobody to work the land, so people had to pay them what they were worth or their turnips didn't get dug up.

EMILY

You did know!!

MATTY

I wanted to see if you did.

They finally, shyly, smile at each other a beat, then:

EMILY

What's with the wrapping paper?

Wrapping paper scissors and tape on the floor. A beat, then:

MATTY

It's just erm... a present for one of the staff.

EMILY

Christmas paper.

MATTY

Secret Santa.

EMILY

It's June.

MATTY

Come early.

She shakes her head. He shrugs. A beat, then:

EMILY

You looked sad before. Outside Mum's. You looked sad.

MATTY

That's because I was with your mum.

She brushes off the joke and he sees that she is concerned.

MATTY (cont'd)

I'm sound babe. I promise.

She goes back to the LP cover. He feels around with his foot under the bed a little, then:

MATTY (cont'd)
Listen, I've got to go see a man
about a dog in a minute. Can you go
see if your Nan will put the kettle
on while I have a burst?

She stares at him, then rises and heads for the door. As she passes him, he holds out his hand. She looks at it, and shakes her head. He smiles, then:

MATTY (cont'd)
Black Celebration by Depeche Mode
was crap.

EMILY
Cack Celebration.

He laughs, then pushes off the bed and passes her at the door:

MATTY
Speaking of cack.

She watches him go, then looks at the space under the bed.

72 **INT. SHELAGH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 2. 4PM**

A door with a little mannequin pis door ornament on it. A beat, then we hear a flush and the briefest of tap splashes, then a lock slide and MATTY emerges scrolling on his phone.

73 **INT. SHELAGH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2. 4.02PM**

MATTY enters, still scrolling. The kitchen is empty. He stops. Looks at the silent and still kettle, then exits.

74 **INT. SHELAGH'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 2. 4.05PM**

MATTY enters. His mum is ironing washed but well worn white shirts in front of the TV as he enters. Some are already hanging on wire hangers in various places around the room.

MATTY
Where's EMILY?

SHELAGH
Mmmh?

MATTY
EMILY?

SHELAGH

Sorry?

He squints. A beat, then fuck. He exits.

75 **INT. SHELAGH'S HOUSE. MATTY'S BEDROOM - DAY 2. 4.05PM**

MATTY bursts in and skids onto his knees to look under the bed. The bag is gone. He rushes clumsily to the window and looks out both ways. Fuck.

76 **INT. TREVOR'S FLAT. HALLWAY - DAY 2. 4.05PM**

THOMAS exits the living room and pushes his way down the hallway. There's more people hanging around now and he's heading for front door. He's unsettled and pulls the pick handle out the way. Sudden loud hammering on the door.

POLICE (O.S.)

POLICE! OPEN THE DOOR!!

THOMAS drops the pick as the door hammers again. THOMAS stares at the door a beat as previously unseen scallies emerge from rooms all around him frantically trying to get rid of their gear. He turns and sees KENDO standing at the living room door staring at him.

KENDO

Grass!

THOMAS, aghast, is dragged away by someone grabbing his arm as another heavy blow slams the front door.

77 **INT. TREVOR'S FLAT. BEDROOM - DAY 2. 4.06PM**

It's Colonel Kurtz dark in the room THOMAS stumbles in as noise rages outside. He's confused as TREVOR cowers on the bed. He goes to speak but PAIGE puts her hand over his mouth.

PAIGE

Give me what you've got.

He fumbles in his pockets and produces some pills and weed. She tosses them to Trevor who drags back some thick curtains and then tosses the pills out through a partially boarded window. The bedroom door bursts open and SEVERAL RIOT GEAR WEARING COPPERS burst in.

PAIGE (cont'd)

Oh god! Thank god you're here!

The cops slow to a halt as she hugs the first one. WTF?

78

INT. POLICE ENQUIRY OFFICE - DAY 2. 6.30PM

We're behind a plexi-glass screen looking out onto the enquiry office. We can see LEANNE, phone to her ear, stressed and whispering into it as behind and around her, a few rows of seats are holding various oddballs.

LEANNE

[Hissing into the phone] DANNY I'm just gonna ring you and ring you and ring you until you answer. You can't hide. Give it me back.

She kills the call and stares at the ceiling a beat until a drunken man (GEORGE), early sixties and smartly dressed, leans in far too close to talk to her.

GEORGE

[Pissed] You can buy anything in there. You wouldn't believe it. It's like Harrods, but with lager.

GEORGE lifts a finger before leaning out of shot, only to return with a torn carrier bag with a fish hanging out of it.

GEORGE (cont'd)

A pound I paid for this... a fuckin' pound.

He studies the fish closely and then looks back at LEANNE.

GEORGE (cont'd)

I think it's cod or somethin'. Either way, a pound? You can't go wrong for a quid can yer? [Beat] Smell that for us? It's not gone off has it? You can't tell with fish until you shit yourself.

LEANNE closes her eyes. She's on the verge of losing it.

CUSTODY ASSISTANT (O.S.)

LEANNE Chapel?

LEANNE rises out of the chair and exits right.

79

INT. MATTY'S CAR PARKED IN WEST KIRBY - DAY 2. 6.32PM

MATTY texting furiously to EMILY:

'PLS PLS PLS. ITS NOT WAT U THINK. GET IN TOUCH BABE. DAD.'

He reads the message, then adds an X. He sits staring the screen a beat, then adds two more. He sits, then deletes one X and hits send. He starts the car, then looks over his shoulder to pull out the space. He stops. A beat, then he texts:

'IT ISNT WHAT YOU THINK IT IS. PLEASE GIVE IT BACK.'

80 **EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY 2. 6.32PM**

80

EMILY stands on a riverbank, bag in her hand. She looks at her phone: Countless messages from her dad. The last one reads:

'IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK IT IS. PLEASE GIVE IT BACK.'

Beat, EMILY looks around. She's confused and alone and wanting to do the right thing. A beat, then she throws the bag into the river. She stares at the ink black water for a beat, glances at her phone one last time, and then walks away.

81 **EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK - DAY 2. 7PM**

We stare at the door of the enquiry office for a beat until it swings open. THOMAS and LEANNE emerge. THOMAS just keeps walking with his head down as LEANNE chunters to herself.

LEANNE

One of my kids with a social worker? Like I don't have enough on me plate without wondering what a stranger is thinking? [Beat] I work all night, battling to keep...

THOMAS

They're not charging me with nothing!

THOMAS stops. PAIGE, sitting on a wall, her hand raised in nervous greeting. She hops off the wall and approaches them.

LEANNE

Who are you?

PAIGE

Paige. [Beat] I was with Thomas today.

LEANNE

In the drug den?

PAIGE

He went there to save me.

THOMAS looks up. WTF? LEANNE looks at THOMAS and then back at PAIGE. THOMAS wasn't expecting this.

PAIGE (cont'd)

Thomas didn't want me to go to the flat.

(MORE)

PAIGE (CONT'D)

He said it wasn't safe and that I shouldn't hang around there... but I went anyway. [Beat] He only went there to get me away from them. It's my fault he was there when the police turned up.

LEANNE

[To THOMAS] Why didn't you say?

He manages a shrug. LEANNE looks at PAIGE.

LEANNE (cont'd)

How old are you?

PAIGE

Seventeen.

LEANNE

[Beat] How are you getting home?

PAIGE

My mum is coming for me.

LEANNE nods, weighs it up, then:

LEANNE

Alright then okay, thanks for letting me know he was doing the right thing.

PAIGE smiles and nods. LEANNE hovers, then:

LEANNE (cont'd)

I'd give you a lift but I've got to get to work.

PAIGE

Honestly, she'll be right here.

LEANNE looks at THOMAS then her watch, then:

LEANNE

Come on, I'm going to be late.

PAIGE

We can drop him. My mum won't mind. She's literally two minutes away.

PAIGE holds up her phone.

PAIGE (cont'd)

She'll want to thank him anyway.

LEANNE manages a smile, then looks at THOMAS.

LEANNE

You okay with that?

He nods.

LEANNE (cont'd)
[To PAIGE] You're sure.

PAIGE
Absolutely.

LEANNE nods, then kisses and hugs THOMAS close. He's embarrassed at first, but then leans into it. LEANNE breaks the hug, then addresses him intently:

LEANNE
I'm sorry.

THOMAS
It's sound.

LEANNE
It isn't. I'm sorry.

He nods. LEANNE looks at PAIGE.

LEANNE (cont'd)
Tell your mum I said thank you.

PAIGE
I will.

Another hug for THOMAS and then she is gone. THOMAS and PAIGE watch her go, and then PAIGE fires up her phone, chatting absentmindedly as she does so:

PAIGE (cont'd)
I saw you walking past.

THOMAS
What?

She looks up:

PAIGE
Walking past the drug flat. I saw you about three times.

He shakes his head, unsure. She smiles, then goes back to her phone.

PAIGE (cont'd)
I bet you're sorry you came in.

THOMAS
I wanted to try weed.

She looks up. A beat, then she nods. Then goes back to her phone.

PAIGE
I'll get us an Uber.

THOMAS looks towards where his mum went, then back at PAIGE.
A beat, then he smiles.

82 **EXT. GARY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 7.30PM**

82

ALAN pulls up outside GARY's taxi office. GARY is sitting on the step of his office drinking tea, a blue sports bag at his feet.

ALAN
Okay?

GARY nods. ALAN hovers as GARY stares. GARY unzips the bag to reveal it contains cash.

GARY
Eleven grand.

ALAN reaches for the money but GARY doesn't hand it over.

ALAN
What's up?

GARY
Get a gallon of oil from the back
and drop it off at Deano's on your
way out for us will yer?

GARY releases the bag. ALAN nods, then takes it and heads into the office as GARY watches on.

83 **INT. GARY'S STOREROOM - DAY 2. 7.32PM**

83

A dark and windowless room. The door opens and a shaft of light splits the gloom as ALAN looks into the storeroom full of old paperwork and spare parts. His eyes search the floor, until he spots an open box of 5 litre containers of oil. He crosses the room to pick one up, then makes for the exit with a casual glance over his shoulder.

We see for the first time that a BLINDFOLDED MAN is strapped to a chair in the corner of the storeroom. He's wearing noise cancelling headphones whilst next to him, reading something on his phone as he eats an apple, is a HEAVY who glances up to ALAN who stops dead in his tracks.

The heavy nods a greeting. The tied up man senses something has changed and shifts a fraction and moans. ALAN stares at the blindfolded man, then at the heavy. ALAN manages to nod back, and then heads out of the office with the oil.

84

INT. GARY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 7.32PM

84

GARY is now seated at his desk. It's brightly lit. He's writing in a tiny notebook with a betting shop pen. ALAN opens the storeroom door, he's shaken.

GARY is watching him.

GARY
Did you get it?

ALAN, flustered at the door, lifts the oil.

GARY (cont'd)
Yeah but, did you *get it*?

He nods his head towards the storeroom.

ALAN
Yeah.

GARY
Sound. See you then.

ALAN almost falls out of the office.

A beat.

GARY puts his pen down, stands up and goes into the storeroom. He slams the door.

85

INT. CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT 2. 8PM (ALT)

85

LEANNE enters the casino, she looks nervous. She smiles and nods at her colleagues.

She's struggling with the day's events, but is holding it together. The simple task of walking through the casino floor and dealing with a few questions from staff feels like an impossible mission.

Eventually she finds the sanctuary of the Cage. She looks out at us as the camera pulls back over the roulette tables, just as it did in the opening of the episode.

MATTY crosses frame at speed catching LEANNE's eye. MATTY is looking at unanswered messages to EMILY. Fuck. He closes his eyes and lifts his head. LEANNE watches him approach, but he's dragged away by the PIT BOSS - something important.

We shift perspective and watch the scene unravel from NING's POV who plays blackjack. She watches LEANNE exit the Cage.

ALAN crosses her eye line - he looks distressed, preoccupied, but NING remains focussed on MATTY as LEANNE approaches him.

With ALAN, he sits on his barstool and beckons over NEIL. They chat in the darkness.

Back with MATTY he has dealt with the issue and walks with LEANNE.

MATTY
I need to speak to you.

LEANNE
I need to speak to you.

MATTY (cont'd)
I'm fucked.

LEANNE
So am I.

MATTY
I know we said...

LEANNE
I know... we said it... My ex has
cleaned me out... robbed me... I
don't think I can get it back but
I need it... I need it really
badly...

They reach the Cage.

MATTY
Go on then

He nods for her to take her position. LEANNE just carries on babbling as she sits behind the bars.

LEANNE

It was for a house... when Nanna goes into care... The council won't let us have the house and she's got dementia and I love her... We're gonna be kicked out on the street... bed and breakfasts... me kids... I can't... it's... bed and breakfasts? Homeless? They've got school... our Ruby... She's at that age and I can't...

MATTY
I'm just skint.

LEANNE looks puzzled.

MATTY (cont'd)
Meet me at the safe.

MATTY takes the other route to the safe room, leaving LEANNE momentarily. All watched by NING.

With LEANNE we enter the secure safe room from the Cage, as MATTY enters from the corridor.

She chokes back a sob, then steadies herself, then looks at him. A beat, then:

They both look at the Safe.

MATTY (cont'd)
There's no way we'll get caught.

LEANNE
Absolutely no way on earth.

85a **INT. GARY'S CAR. THE DOCKS - NIGHT 2. 8.30PM**

GARY sits staring out the window at water. The weight of the world on his shoulders. Beat, then he tosses the green pocket notebook onto the dash, sits a beat, then fires up the engine and grabs his seatbelt.

FADE OUT:

MUSIC CUE: IT DOESN'T MATTER TWO, DEPECHE MODE