

The Cage

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Episode 4

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Green Amends

MUSIC CUE: LET ME GO, HEAVEN 17

1 **EXT. THE CASINO CAR PARK - DAY 5. 4PM**

1

We're on the matte black door set in the cold white wall. The door flies open and MATTY bursts through it walking towards us on a mission as he pulls his jacket on.

He's seething as he heads for his car, patting pockets in his coat, then his trousers before pulling his keys out of a trouser pocket. The keys catch, he has to fight to get them free. He hits the fob and we hear the central locking pop. It's only then that he sees the clamp on the car and remembers it has been immobilised.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. He spins in frustration. This is his 'Falling Down' moment.

MATTY
ARRRRGGGHHHHH!!!

He throws his keys in frustration across the car park towards the bins, then deflates. He turns a half circle, this time slower, head bowed until he stops and stands.

MATTY (cont'd)
[Soft] Fuck.

He looks up to the sky, then trudges towards the keys.

CUT TO:

MATTY on his hands and knees near the bins looking for his keys. LEANNE comes up behind him nervously.

LEANNE
Matty?

He spins looking up. She takes a half step back. He stands, furious, a beat, then goes back to searching.

LEANNE (cont'd)
I'm... I'm sorry.

She watches him half a beat, then:

LEANNE (cont'd)
I didn't... I... he promised me...

MATTY spins to face her, raising a finger of accusation. A beat, then he goes back to his search with gritted teeth.

LEANNE (cont'd)
I know you're angry.

He looks at her. He is fucking furious. A beat, he goes back to searching. She looks off, then back at him.

LEANNE (cont'd)
You are aren't you? I can tell.

He stops, a beat, then stares at her.

MATTY
I've lost me house keys.

She looks around, then:

LEANNE
MATTY?

MATTY
Saw them land somewhere...

LEANNE
MATTY???

He looks at her.

LEANNE (cont'd)
I'M SORRY! Okay? I'm sorry.

He goes to speak, then loses the will, a beat, then he goes back to looking for the keys but she grabs his arm.

LEANNE (cont'd)
I'M SORRY!

He stares flatly at her a beat, then shrugs.

LEANNE (cont'd)
Be angry.

He looks at her, then speaks softly:

MATTY
I am angry. I'm always angry.

They stare at each other a beat, then he sees his keys and picks them up then walks away. She watches him go, then:

LEANNE
Matty!

He stops. A beat, then he looks at her.

MATTY
It's alright Lee. If it wasn't going to be this, it was going to be something else. I know that, and I knew that. It's always something.
(MORE)

MATTY (CONT'D)
Something else. One thing after a-
fucking-nother.

Deep breath, he swallows it down, turns away, then back:

MATTY (cont'd)
But I thought... you... you know? I
thought you was me mate.

He shrugs flatly, then walks away.

LEANNE
Matty please?

He walks away a few steps, stops, considers, then turns back to her. She brightens. He walks past her and lifts the lid on one of the bins and looks inside, shifting a few bin bags before dropping the lid and opening the next bin. He searches again, then quickly finds what he is looking for. He pulls out a bin bag, rips it open and then produces the 'money' carrier bag. Her face falls. Eyes on her, he tosses the bin bag back into the bin, then as he heads towards the exit of the carpark he shoves the 'money' bag into her hands without stopping. She looks at the bag a beat, then turns to watch him go.

LEANNE (cont'd)
Don't do this.

He stops. Back to her. A beat, he nods, then turns back. She brightens. He approaches. She smiles, until he snatches the bag out her hand, eyes on hers. He takes out a handful of the cash and holds up a handful of tens and twenties to her face, before shoving the bag back into her hands and walking away. A beat, then she calls after him:

LEANNE (cont'd)
I did it for me kids!!

He gives her the finger over his shoulder and is gone.

2 **EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 5. 9.15PM**

2

NING, wearing very casual clothes, sits in her car at the rear of a police station staring at the back door. There are a few empty cop cars parked up, but otherwise, she is alone. She gets out. We watch her head towards the door confidently.

3 **INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 5. 9.17PM**

3

We're walking behind NING as she heads down a half lit deserted corridor. The only sound is her trainers squeaking. We follow her as she rounds a corner and heads for double doors marked 'CID'. We follow her into the office.

It's dimly lit and deserted. She heads to her desk, piled high with case files, internal and external mail, coffee cups etc.

She works fast. Pulling out a keyboard as she glances to the double doors, then she enters her ID and password quickly. She waits for the system to boot with a glance to the door followed by lifting a couple of the envelopes and checking their weight before dropping them back on the pile. The PC beeps: She's in. Another nervous glance at the door, then she pulls out the scraps of paper that MATTY grabbed from Andrew's office and Gary's car in Ep3. She clicks on the force Intel System.

It's super quiet as she types Gary's name in to the search box, waits for the results, then scans the papers from the day before. A paper taken from Gary's car looks like code. Names next to parts of a car scribbled down. I.E:

BILLY G-CRANK £17

CHARLIE FRANCIS GEAR £8

ANDY TOP END £12

She runs her name down the list, similar names and figures. A beat, then she types: 'KNOWN ASSOCIATES' and hits return. The computer creaks, then just three names pop up (including ALAN's). None of the names on the scrap are on the list.

She chews her lip, checking a few other names quickly, then she clicks back and then clicks on 'LATEST INTEL'.

A couple of intel reports of no note, then:

'Word is that GARY PACKER's taxi biz seemingly legit. He rents out approx 15 cars, but does repairs for other drivers on a regular and unofficial cash/credit basis.'

NING turns the paper over, the other side is an invoice. She looks at the 'tick list', then leans back in her chair:

NING
It's fuckin' car repairs. Gear
box... crank shaft... fucking hell
MATTY.

She screws up the paper and tosses it across the room. A beat, she sits, then slowly takes in the CID office like she's only just noticed it. She looks at her desk, and then flatly pushes some of the paperwork off onto the floor clearing a space. A beat, then she kills the screen and gets up and exits.

4 INT. OAK TREE PUB - NIGHT 5. 9.18PM

4

MATTY is squeezed at the bar in a very busy pub as a pint is put down in front of him and an empty pint glass and a short glass are taken away. He fishes in his pockets until he pulls out a handful of crunched notes. The £160 is considerably inflated now to maybe £250. He pays for his pint.

MATTY

Keep it love, I'm having a blinder tonight.

She takes the money with the kind of smile that says she's seen it all before. He watches her go, then scans the pub and sees the fruit machine is busy, so instead settles for leaning on the bar. Beat then he pulls out his phone:

SIX MISSED CALLS LEANNE WORK.

He takes a drink and then clears the notifications without a seconds thought. He glances at the fruit machine again, then slots his phone in his pocket. He stares at the lads playing the machine as he drinks. A beat, then he checks his phone again. Nothing. He's about to put it away, eyes still on the machine, when he thinks better and checks his messages. Nothing. He's about to put the phone away again, but then he sees clicks on his messages to Emily. Fuck. He's guilty. He opens the messages with a shake of his head and deletes a few. Another drink, another stare at the fruit machine, then he nods then texts with one finger to Emily:

HEY! MATE! NIK KERSHAW IS ON AT THE UNI NXT MONTH. FANCY IT? LET ME NO. I'LL GET US TICKETS?

He hits send. Another drink. Another glance at the fruit machine, then he fires up the phone again and texts:

WOULDN'T IT BE GOOD TO GO SEE HIM?

A beat, then he adds: HASHTAG DAD JKE!

He looks round the pub. *Life is good.* The fruit machine players step away. In a flash he grabs his beer and heads for the machine.

5 INT. OAK TREE PUB - NIGHT 5. 9.47PM

5

The pub is much emptier. MATTY, morose/drunk, seated with fifteen pounds and change next to a pint on the table in front of him as he stares into the camera. A beat:

MATTY

It's all about jumping on at the right time. It's like... it's like landing a fish. You try too hard and you're fucked.

(MORE)

MATTY (CONT'D)
So, you've got to wait... wait for
the moment... and then you cast
your quid and... booom. It's a big
one.

He stares at us a beat, then looks left. We pull back and see
BLOKE, sixty something, doing his best to ignore MATTY.

MATTY (cont'd)
Some people are just born winners,
but there *is* a skill to it. It's
not chance. [Beat] If you time it
right... you know? Learn the
system... It's a winner.

The BLOKE glances over, trying to be polite, MATTY nods, then
looks at his pint and his meagre amount of remaining cash as
the BLOKE goes back to his phone.

MATTY (cont'd)
You've just got to know when to get
off...

He wipes his face and tries to straighten himself up a bit:

MATTY (cont'd)
It is addictive. I know that.
People become addicted. They just
chuck money in the slot like
dickheads. [Then soft] But I know
how the machines work... I see
them. All the time in me job. I
know them.

MATTY holds a finger to his lips. A beat, then he shrugs:

MATTY (cont'd)
I've lost a few quid tonight
though.

He shakes his head and faces us again. A beat, then:

MATTY (cont'd)
Swings and roundabouts.

He drinks and stares, then deflates and closes his eyes:

MATTY (cont'd)
Three hundred quid. Shit.

He shakes his head. BLOKE stares at him a beat, then:

BLOKE
Three hundred quid?

MATTY

I've got nearly twenty quid left.
I'll get some of it back with that.

MATTY sits a beat. The guilt of the gambler kicking in. A long sigh. We close in. He rubs his hand across his face and looks off. He's feeling it now, suddenly tired.

MATTY (cont'd)

I'm such a knobhead. [Beat]
Everything I touch. You know?
Everything I fuckin' touch goes
wrong. [Long beat] Girl I work
with? Known her for years... set me
up... Robbin'. [Beat] Can't trust
her no more. Thought we were
mates... I can't even keep mates.

He looks at BLOKE. He's gone, and in his place is NING staring at him. MATTY confused and drunk, tilts his head.

6 **EXT. PUB CAR PARK - NIGHT 5. 9.50PM**

6

NING stands behind MATTY as he leans against a wall near to some bins. He's either just been sick or is fighting the urge to be sick. She looks off as he hangs his head low.

NING

Pull yourself together.

MATTY

Three hundred though.

NING

Matty look at me.

MATTY

I'm gonna be sick.

NING

Look at me.

He leans back against the wall. He looks like shit. She checks the ground and then steps in front of him.

NING (cont'd)

Car repairs.

He doesn't understand.

NING (cont'd)

A list of car repairs. That's what
was on the papers you got for me.

A beat, then:

MATTY

How did you know I was here?

NING

You're always here when you're not working. Focus.

He considers, then shrugs, then:

MATTY

Gary's onto me. Leanne... I thought she was me mate... I'm pissed and alone.

He's suddenly on the verge of breaking down and looks off.

NING

MATTY focus.

He blinks it away, then:

MATTY

A proper mate let me down.

He sinks down the wall and starts to cry. She pulls her phone with a shake of her head.

NING

I'm calling a cab. You're staying at mine until you're sober...

MATTY

I'm not going to yours! Why am I going to yours??

NING

Because I said so.

She messes with her phone as he watches her plaintively. Half a beat, she looks at him and takes a little pity:

NING (cont'd)

You can sleep it off, have a brew, then in the morning go see Gary and win him back over.

MATTY

But...

She holds up a finger as she turns away. It's a done deal. A beat, then he puts his head in his hands.

7 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 5. 9.51PM

7

LEANNE sits with NANNA. The soft beep of the monitor is the only sound. LEANNE is lost in thought.

We hear the squeak of training shoes on the vinyl floor approaching. LEANNE looks up. A NURSE passes the window. LEANNE settles again. She goes back to staring at NANNA for a beat, and then:

LEANNE
Did you ever think it would end up
like this Nanna?

Nothing. Just the distant beep. LEANNE considers, then goes back to scrolling saying softly:

LEANNE (cont'd)
I don't suppose anyone does do
they?

A beat, she scrolls then looks suddenly at her hand. We see that Nanna is holding it. Leanne looks at her face and Nanna is watching her, a slight smile on her lips. A beat, then:

NANNA
[Soft] Lovely.

Leanne doesn't quite hear and she leans in close.

LEANNE
What Nanna?

NANNA
[Beat, then soft] Lovely Leanne. My
lovely Leanne.

That hits hard, Leanne has to smother a sob as she gets closer still. Nanna smiles and closes her eyes again.

NANNA (cont'd)
You don't have to wait here love.
You can go. [Long beat, then very
softly] I'll pay him.

Leanne leans in closer.

LEANNE
I'm alright Nanna, I can wait.

NANNA
[Eyes closed] It's okay love. It's
okay. I left it on the
mantlepiece... I'll just have a
doze then I'll go down and get
it...

Nanna drifts off back to sleep. Leanne smiles, the love shining out of her, then softly:

LEANNE

You just have your doze love,
you'll be home soon to the button
box.

Leanne settles again as she watches Nanna who is dozing peacefully. A beat, then her phone buzzes and brings her back to reality. She doesn't know what to do for a beat, then she fumbles and looks at the screen: GARY. What does she do? Half beat, she rises out the chair, paces, then takes the call and exits the room, closing the door softly behind her.

LEANNE (cont'd)

Hello?

CUT TO:

8 INT. GARY'S CAR - NIGHT 5. 9.53PM

8

GARY sits in his taxi, his phone to his ear. Eyes on an old battered terraced house. Is he waiting for a fare?

GARY

Leanne?

LEANNE (O.S.)

Sorry?

GARY

Leanne?

LEANNE (O.S.)

Erm yeah...

He's a bit confused by her manner, she sounds a little confused.

GARY

You alright?

LEANNE (O.S.)

No... yeah.. I'm just erm... [deep
breath] I'm fine yeah.

She sounds more settled. He relaxes a bit and leans back in his seat, eyes on the front door. He's not a man who is used to apologising so has to take a run up. Deep breath, then:

GARY

Anyway... Hi, yeah, erm... I said
that... look...

He laughs a nervous laugh, then:

GARY (cont'd)

I'm glad you picked up.

Another look at the house, then deep breath and:

GARY (cont'd)
I wanted to say I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5. 9.53PM**

LEANNE's eyebrows raise. She wasn't expecting that.

GARY (O.S.)
I was out of order. So... sorry.

She looks up and down an empty corridor. Not a soul is about. She looks back at NANNA through the glass in the door, then heads towards a plastic chair and sits down.

GARY (O.S.) (cont'd)
I went too far. I was angry and
I... I shouldn't... I shouldn't
have put you in that situation...
and I'm sorry.

She looks at the ceiling a beat, then:

LEANNE
Stop saying sorry.

GARY (O.S.)
But I am sorry.

CUT TO:

10 **INT. GARY'S CAR - NIGHT 5. 9.53PM**

10

GARY's eyes flick up to the rear view mirror. A car approaching causing him a little concern as he speaks:

GARY
I try not to be like that normally.
I just... I just wanted you know.

As the car passes he looks at it without looking at it. Shielding his face with his phone as it goes. A beat, then:

GARY (cont'd)
Got a lot on my mind.

He looks at the door again.

GARY (cont'd)
Quite a lot.

Silence between them. He stares off down an empty terraced street. A cat dashes across the road up ahead. It freezes. Their eyes lock. A beat, then it darts off. He breathes.

CUT TO:

11 **INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5. 9.53PM**

LEANNE stares off down the empty corridor. There's an easy silence between them. A beat, then:

LEANNE (O.S.)
You want to see me getting the kids
ready in the morning.

He chokes a laugh.

GARY
I shouldn't have doubted you.

LEANNE
I'm not used to men saying they're
sorry.

There is a crash of something metallic being dropped on the floor with a clatter behind a far away closed door. LEANNE looks towards the sound. A beat, then:

GARY
Listen...

CUT TO:

12 **INT. GARY'S CAR - NIGHT 5. 9.54PM**

12

GARY stares at the house:

GARY
Can I say it in person?

LEANNE (O.S.)
When?

GARY
Tonight. My place? I've got a thing
to sort right now, but if it goes
okay... you know? I could be free
if you are?

CUT TO:

13 **INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5. 9.53PM**

LEANNE looks towards NANNA's room.

LEANNE

I don't know... I'm... I don't know.

GARY (O.S.)

Later? Me and you? I'll crack a bottle?

She smiles.

CUT TO:

14 INT. GARY'S CAR - NIGHT 5. 9.55PM

14

He watches the house. A curtain flicks. Someone looking out.

LEANNE (O.S.)

Yeah, alright... yeah, that's good.

GARY

Yeah?? Okay, sound.

The figure disappears and his smile fades a fraction.

GARY (cont'd)

If I can get away I'll text you me address.

LEANNE (O.S.)

I'd like that.

GARY

So would I. Speak soon.

LEANNE

Bye.

A beat, then he smiles and kills the call. Eyes on the house.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5. 9.55PM

LEANNE chuckles. She's suddenly a schoolgirl in the middle of a crush. She pulls herself together a fraction, then sits, her smile softening as she stares at the door for NANNA's room.

16 INT. GARY'S CAR - NIGHT 5. 9.56PM

16

A beat, GARY exhales, then stares at the door again.

GARY

Come 'ed dickhead, get out the car.

He drums his fingers, then gets out and slams the door hard.

17 **EXT. TERRACED STREET - NIGHT 5. 9.57PM**

GARY crosses the narrow pavement and stares at the front door of the tiny two up-two down house. The curtains downstairs are nearly drawn, but there's a soft orange light leaking out the gap in the middle.

He lifts a hand to knock, hesitates, then a deep breath as he summons all his height. He rocks side to side a fraction. Loosening up, then he knocks hard and takes a half step back. He stares at the door, adjusting his stance slightly after a beat. He looks left and right, then adjusts something in the waistband at the back of his jeans. Is he getting ready for something? Half a beat later, the door is opened by a man mountain who fills the frame.

The GUY lifts his chin by way of greeting, then steps back to let GARY enter. Half a beat, then GARY goes in. The GUY closes the door leaving us outside.

18 **INT. NING'S SPARTAN FLAT - NIGHT 5. 10PM**

NING enters. A half beat, then MATTY follows. He looks like shit but he is aware enough to scope the living room as she passes through it.

 NING
I'll flick the kettle on. Take a
seat.

She exits. He looks at a single chair that sits in front of a small TV and an empty coffee table, then around the bare walls and room, then back at the chair.

 MATTY
[Soft] Take *the* seat.

He sits. NING re-enters, scoping him as she removes her coat and leaves the room out the other door. He's drunk, but coming through the other side now. She re-enters carrying a quilt which she throws at him.

 MATTY (cont'd)
Have you just moved in?

She stops and looks at hm a beat confused, then:

 NING
No.

He looks around the empty walls and then back at her. She shrugs and exits.

He arranges the quilt over his legs and looks very uncomfortable as she re-enters with a plain white mug and holds it out to him. He stares at the mug, then takes it and places it on the tiny coffee table next to the chair.

She nods, then goes to the window and looks out. He watches her, then pulls the quilt up higher and shuffles about getting ready for sleep. A beat, then:

NING (cont'd)
The stuff you got me was useless.

She turns to him as he tries to get comfy and fails.

NING (cont'd)
It was stuff for his garage. Car repairs.

MATTY
I'm going to be honest here: I'm a bit drunk.

She looks back out the window.

NING
I can't pin him down. He's like jelly. I just can't...

She jabs her finger in the air, trying to catch GARY and failing. She looks back at MATTY. He has the quilt up around his chin and his feet stretched out.

MATTY
Do you have a footstool or something please?

She looks round the room then shakes her head. He shifts.

NING
I need your help to really get him. Really nail him. There's a lot riding on it.

MATTY
Maybe he just is a taxi fella? I don't know...

He finally settles, rests his head back and closes his eyes.

NING
Aren't you bothered? Why I want him? Aren't you bothered?

MATTY
Like I said, I'm a bit drunk so...

NING
He's one of the worst human beings
you've ever met.

MATTY
[Eyes closed] You'd be surprised.

NING
I'm not joking.

MATTY
Neither am I.

NING
[Beat] I don't want to blackmail
you into helping me.

MATTY
But you did.

NING
I know... but I don't want to.
[Beat] He's bad. He's ruined so
many lives. People have died. A boy
died.

He opens his eyes. She is looking at him. A beat, then:

NING (cont'd)
Because of him a very special boy
died.

He stares at her a beat, then she speaks softly:

NING (cont'd)
If you do just one good thing in
your life it will be helping me
take him down.

He stares at her a beat, then twists away and shuts his eyes.
She watches him, then exits. We linger on MATTY, his back to
us. A beat, then the light goes out.

18A INT. LEANNE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT. 10.30PM

18A

We're on the door of Leanne's bedroom. A beat, then it bursts
open and she stumbles in pulling off her coat and dropping
her bag to the floor.

She heads for the mirror and looks at her hair, then leans in
and looks at her face, especially her eyes. She is uncertain
and it shows. Over her shoulder she spots the cat sitting on
her bed and turns to it.

LEANNE
Mascara or eye liner?

The cat stares back at her blankly. Leanne turns back to the mirror.

LEANNE (cont'd)
Mascara it is.

She moves a few bottles etc and then unzips a makeup bag and digs. A beat, then:

LEANNE (cont'd)
(to herself)
Ruby... where's me mascara?

She leaves the room.

19 **INT. TERRACED HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5. 10.30PM**

GARY sits very still in an old and battered armchair watching a cheap TV. Escape to the Country is on, and he is staring at it intently. We pull back and see THREE HEAVIES watching him. They're packed tight on a settee. He does his best to ignore them. A beat, then the front door opens. Everyone, except GARY, looks to see who is entering.

VINCENT enters. He's sixty something, smart casual, polo shirt, casual jacket and jeans with Adidas trainers.

The HEAVIES on the settee stand up and shuffle into each others way as they try to make space for VINCENT, who in turn only has eyes for the TV as he takes the seat on the settee nearest to GARY. A beat of silence, then:

VINCENT
What you watching?

GARY
Escape to the Country.

VINCENT
They gonna buy?

GARY
They'd be mad not to.

A beat, they watch some more, then VINCENT sighs, then:

VINCENT
Mute that.

One of the heavies kills the sound. GARY looks at VINCENT who stares at the now silent TV, then looks at him:

VINCENT (cont'd)
I was thinking about how to
approach this on the drive over.
(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)
[Beat] It's awkward. I've known you
for years lad. It's really awkward.

GARY
No, I know.

VINCENT
Got to be done though. You've not
paid me for six months. You've kept
on asking for more gear, and you've
just not paid me.

GARY
I've had a few problems.

VINCENT zooms in on him, leaning forward to make his point.

VINCENT
I'm the only problem you need to
worry about.

GARY
No, yeah, obviously, yeah.

VINCENT leans back. A beat, then:

VINCENT
You owe me the sort of money that
should be getting you set on fire
on a sand dune. You know that don't
you?

GARY
Look...

VINCENT
Don't say 'look' like you're
arguing with me. You're not arguing
with me. You're not in a position
to argue with me. You're listening.
That's all you have to do.

GARY wafts a hand.

VINCENT (cont'd)
Don't start being belligerent.

GARY holds up his hands. An apology and a request if he can
continue. VINCENT nods. A beat, then:

GARY
I'm sorry. Okay? I'm sorry. I'm not
running away from this. I'm here.
I'm facing up to it. I owe you, I
know I do, and I'm here to sort it.

VINCENT holds out his hands: 'go on then...'

GARY (cont'd)
I'm pulling everything in.
Everything I've got, and everything
I'm owed. I'll fix this. I won't
let you down. I've *never* let you
down. I've got it. I just need to
get it.

VINCENT
Two days. Or you're dead.

GARY
Two days???

VINCENT wafts a hand and goes back to watching the TV:

VINCENT
That's the dream eh?

Gary nods, eyes still on the TV. Vincent watches him a beat,
then settles back to watching as he speaks almost to himself:

VINCENT (cont'd)
Run away from it all.

Gary, eyes still on the screen nods a fraction. A beat of
everyone watching the TV almost wistfully until:

GARY
Two days. Sound. It'll be alright.

VINCENT stares at the TV like GARY isn't there. GARY hovers
then makes his way to the door and exits. Beat then:

VINCENT
Put the sound on.

Everyone looks back at the TV as a heavy points the remote.

20 **INT. GARY'S CAR - NIGHT 5. 10.45PM**

20

GARY sits in the car. He reaches for the start button and
then realises his hand is shaking. Fuck. He grips it,
glancing towards the house. He hits the start button, then
grips the steering wheel for a beat until he suddenly
explodes, slamming his hand onto the dash repeatedly and
silently. His anger subsides and he settles. A beat, then he
pulls away.

21 **EXT. GARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 5. 11PM**

21

LEANNE pulls up outside an average semi detached house on a
street full of average semi detached houses. The only thing
that sets this place apart from the others are the builder's
bags and a half full skip in the garden.

There are boards on a couple of the windows upstairs and the place looks more like a building site than a home.

GARY's car is squeezed onto the drive, but other than that there is no sign to indicate that the house is inhabited. LEANNE stares at the place for a beat, then gets out the Multipla and carefully picks her way up the uneven path. The street is deserted. A beat, then she knocks. Another beat, then we see a flickering light in the hall through the window in the door which opens, and reveals GARY holding a candle.

LEANNE

I thought I'd got the wrong house,
turns out I got the wrong century.

GARY

I've not finished the wiring.

LEANNE

Builder as well?

GARY

Obviously not.

He gestures to the mess with a shrug. Beat, they both smile.

22 **INT. GARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 5. 11.05PM**

22

LEANNE stops in the hall. It *is* a building site inside. Bare walls. Plasterboard stacked, bags of cement lying round. GARY shuts the door after a few shoves, then:

GARY

I'll go first. Be careful.

He eases past her. It's awkward. He's embarrassed as he leads the way into the kitchen. There are a few more candles.

LEANNE

Love what you've done with the
place.

He smiles at the sarcasm.

GARY

Do you wanna coffee? I can boil
some water on the hob? Or wine?
I've got wine?

LEANNE

I'm okay. Driving.

GARY

No. Sorry. Of course.

He looks round the kitchen for a beat, then back at her:

GARY (cont'd)
I've not been here long. I was
gonna move in after it was finished
but... the split with me wife
and... well, my lad doesn't stay
with me so there wasn't much...

He tails off and runs a hand across a gritty worktop. Holds
it up for her to see, then inspects it himself and deflates.

GARY (cont'd)
I've been here eighteen months.

She stares at him. He looks at his hand again, then her:

GARY (cont'd)
I've run out of energy for it.
[Beat] So I'm just... like this.

He looks at her again, then shrugs.

LEANNE
It's hard.

GARY
Yeah.

He wipes his hands, sips from a water bottle, then:

GARY (cont'd)
You sure you don't want anything?

She shakes her head. He looks at the floor, then her.

LEANNE
Are you okay?

GARY
[Beat] Not really no.

He's different. Vulnerable. He tries to smile it off but she
can see it. He looks away, then:

GARY (cont'd)
[Whispers] Twat of a night. I'm
sorry. I shouldn't have asked you
over.

LEANNE
I told you to stop saying you're
sorry.

He finally smiles. She touches his face. A beat, they kiss.

23 **INT. GARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 5. 11.50PM**

The bedroom is a little better than the rest of the house but not much. The candles that GARY is using to light the place make the scene grimly romantic as we pan round to the bed, where we find LEANNE lying in GARY's arms.

GARY
Funny old night.

She chuckles. He smiles. She snuggles in. A beat, then she lifts her head with a smile:

LEANNE
This isn't the house you promised
me is it? Because if it is...

He laughs. She rests her head back down and we stay on her. A long beat of contentment as he stares at the ceiling. He goes to speak then doesn't. Another half beat, then:

GARY
I don't care if he's robbing.

She's suddenly listening intently.

GARY (cont'd)
We're all robbing, one way or the
other. Me doing what I do. Him
doing what he does. We're all up to
something.

He shifts, trying to look into her eyes but failing due to her not meeting his gaze. Her mind is racing. A beat, then:

GARY (cont'd)
I've had enough of worrying about
it. [Beat] I'm sick of worrying
about me ma, me ex, bills and banks
and other fuckers looking for their
money. I'm sick of the bizzies
sniffin' me arse like the dogs that
they are. I'm sick of it. All of
it.

She finally musters the courage to look at him.

GARY (cont'd)
Do you like the cold?

LEANNE
Cold? What's that got to do wi...

GARY
Do you like the cold?

LEANNE
Erm... It's okay but... No.

GARY
Dubai then.

LEANNE
Dubai??

GARY
It was 28 degrees there today.

She stares. A beat, then:

GARY (cont'd)
Beaches. Shops. Boss houses.
Nightlife... schools.

LEANNE
Schools?

GARY
For your kids.

LEANNE
My kids?

She doesn't understand. He shrugs. She pushes herself up, staring at him intently. He shrugs:

GARY
Run away with me to Dubai.

LEANNE
What?

GARY
Let's just fuck off.

LEANNE
Don't be daft.

GARY
Let's do it.

LEANNE
I've commitments.

GARY
Bring them.

She's incredulous for a beat, then:

LEANNE
What about Nanna?

GARY

We can put her in the best nursing home. I'll pay. Over there or over here. I'll cover it. Whatever suits.

LEANNE

Are you mental? What about your boy?

GARY

My lad will never want for nothing, and neither will his mum. I've seen to that, and I'm seeing to that.

LEANNE

I can't just...

GARY

Dream with me.

LEANNE

We're only just... I've got...

GARY

We've known each other years. Dream. Come on? Have a dream. I'll make it come true.

LEANNE

It's... I can't just...

GARY

You don't want to go?

LEANNE

I can't.

GARY

So you do?

She laughs. It's ridiculous but she's enjoying the game.

LEANNE

There's more chance of me going to Llandudno than Dubai.

He softens, then tease fading. He means it.

GARY

I need to go and I don't want to go alone.

LEANNE

What? Are you scared?

GARY

[Beat] I'm scared of staying here.

A beat, then:

GARY (cont'd)

There's a clock. It's ticking louder and louder. I need to get away and I don't have much time. So I'm asking you, and I'm not joking Lee: Come away with me. Let's be in love somewhere other than here.

She shakes her head. It's all too much. She rests her head back down. A beat, then:

LEANNE

We hardly know each other.

GARY

I know you, and anyway, if it doesn't work out, you can all come home. I'll make sure you get your job back, and the offer of the house will still stand all legit with rent and a contract. I swear down. You know that I'm good for that.

She shakes her head at the madness of it. He speaks softly:

GARY (cont'd)

There's zero risk.

She looks at him:

LEANNE

No such thing.

GARY

You're looking at it.

She can hardly process it. Her face says one second no, then it's maybe, then it's yes then it's no again until:

LEANNE

I'll think about it.

GARY

That clock's ticking.

LEANNE

I'll think about it quickly then.

She laughs. It's nuts and she knows it but just maybe? He beams for the first time in the show, then holds out his arm for her to resume her position. A beat, then she does. They both stare into space with smiles on their faces.

24 **INT. NING'S SPARTAN FLAT - DAY 6. 7.55AM**

Morning. MATTY is on the floor under the blanket, his head barely visible. A beat, then we hear a phone buzzing. A couple of seconds and MATTY grunts and shifts. The phone vibrates.

MATTY
[Muffled] Fuck off.

The phone keeps on vibrating a beat or two and then stops. Silence, then the phone starts to vibrate again. MATTY groans, and then we watch as the quilt shifts and bulges as he looks for the phone to no avail. Finally, he pulls back the quilt and looks around the floor, then sees the phone on the coffee table next to his now cold drink from the night before. He grabs it and answers without looking.

MATTY (cont'd)
What??! Yes? Hello?

Beat, he lifts his head and looks at the screen: GARY. Fuck.

25 **EXT. GARY'S GARAGE - DAY 6. 7.55AM**

25

GARY stands looking out over the water, a fire in a brazier well alight behind him.

GARY
Matty??

26 **INT. NING'S SPARTAN FLAT - DAY 6. 7.55AM**

MATTY sits up, phone to his ear. Fuck.

GARY (O.S.)
You there?

MATTY
Yeah... what's happenin'?

GARY (O.S.)
You okay?

MATTY looks around the room, then catches sight of NING as she passes the kitchen door with the kettle in her hand.

MATTY
Yeah.

27 **EXT. GARY'S GARAGE - DAY 6. 7.56AM**

27

GARY turns away from the water and heads to the brazier.

GARY
Last night?

MATTY (O.S.)
Yeah?

GARY
I was out of order. Sorry.

28 **INT. NING'S SPARTAN FLAT - DAY 6. 7.56AM**

MATTY, confused:

MATTY
I don't... It's alright.

29 **EXT. GARY'S GARAGE - DAY 6. 7.56AM**

29

GARY picks up some papers from a filing cabinet drawer on the ground and tosses them into the fire. Then steps back.

GARY
Feel like all I'm doing is
apologising lately.

30 **INT. NING'S SPARTAN FLAT - DAY 6. 7.56AM**

NING appears at the doorway with an empty mug. She waggles it. He nods and she disappears again. A beat, then:

MATTY
You might want to stop throwing
people up against the wall, and
falsely accusing them of stealing
then.

GARY (O.S.)
Yeah but, you are stealin' so...

MATTY runs a hand down his face and looks towards the kitchen:

MATTY
I'm not.

31 **EXT. GARY'S GARAGE - DAY 6. 7.57AM**

31

GARY

Mate, listen, I'm not arsed.
Alright? Forget it, I've got bigger
fish to fry.

MATTY (O.S.)

No, no listen to me... I'm not...

GARY

Shut up and listen. There's a high
roller game. Big money. Tomorrow
night. Heavy stuff, so I want only
you and Leanne at work. Okay? Just
you two and nobody else, and keep
it quiet.

MATTY (O.S.)

I don't think Leanne is... I don't
think we're... okay. Talking like?

GARY

Leanne had nothing to do with what
happened the other night. Yeah? I
misread something she said... she
was worried about you. She's your
mate and anything that happened?
That was me. Alright? I don't want
you to think it was anything to do
with her. She was worried that's
all. Okay?

32 **INT. NING'S SPARTAN FLAT - DAY 6. 7.57AM**

MATTY can't process it. A beat, then:

MATTY

I'm worried now.

GARY (O.S.)

Only thing you need to worry about
is the high-roller.

Matty paces, collecting his thoughts, then:

MATTY

We'll need a dealer.

GARY (O.S.)

Just you and Leanne.

MATTY

But we need a dealer.

GARY

You deal.

MATTY

I can't.

GARY

You deal. Alright? You. Nobody else. You.

MATTY

[Beat] Yeah. Okay. Yeah. I'll erm... I'll do it.

GARY (O.S.)

Good man. I'll text you the time.

Matty stares out the window a beat, then:

MATTY

Is this a trap?

GARY (O.S.)

Shut up knobhead. Just check your phone.

GARY kills the call just as NING enters with a brew.

NING

Who was that?

It takes MATTY a beat to register the question, then:

MATTY

Gary.

NING

Gary from the casino? Casino Gary?

He nods. She goes crazy.

NING (cont'd)

He phoned you here???

MATTY

On me mobile!

NING

You didn't tell him where you were did you???

MATTY

No!!

NING

What did he want??

MATTY

Will you stop shouting? I've got a hangover.

NING

WHAT DID HE WANT?????!?!

MATTY

There's a high roller night at the casino tomorrow night. Big money. Just me and Leanne to work it. Please stop shouting.

She processes the information, then exits with his drink.

MATTY (cont'd)

Can I have me tea please?

She's gone. He lies down and stares at the ceiling.

33 **EXT. TRACE'S HOUSE - DAY 6. 8.50AM**

33

MATTY leaning against the lamppost at the end of TRACE's drive lost in thought. A beat, we hear a front door opening and the rattle of a milk bottle. MATTY blinks, back in the real world. TRACE is staring at him holding a milk bottle. He lifts his chin and leans off the post:

MATTY

I was going to walk Emily to school.

TRACE

She'll be out in five minutes.

He nods. She frowns at him. He shrugs. She goes back inside. MATTY shoves his hands into his coat and leans back against the post. Half a beat, then he takes both hands out and smooths them across his face and his hair trying to make himself presentable.

EMILY (O.S.)

You look lovely.

EMILY, pulling on her coat, school bag in the other hand.

MATTY

Your mum said five minutes.

EMILY

Didn't want to keep you waiting.
[Beat] We walking?

MATTY

I had a bevy last night.

She stops just short, a wide smile but no hug. He manages a smile back at her, then glances at the house and sees TRACE watching them from an upstairs window. He lifts a hand, she nods back. MATTY and EMILY walk off down the street. He glances back again and sees TRACE is still watching them.

CUT TO:

34 **EXT. STREET - DAY 6. 8.59AM**

34

MATTY and EMILY walk to school in silence. A beat, then:

EMILY

The bag... the other day.

MATTY

You don't need to think about that.

EMILY

Has it gone away?

MATTY

All gone. All done. All fixed.

EMILY

What about your friend?
Leanne?

MATTY

No, she's erm... all sound.

EMILY

Never seen you with a girlfriend
before. [Beat] I'm not sure I've
ever seen you with a friend at all.

MATTY

Uncle Paul?

She looks at him.

MATTY (cont'd)

No. Yeah.

They walk on a beat, then:

EMILY

I'm sorry if I messed things up for
you.

MATTY

You did nothing wrong. It were me.

They walk a few steps, then she takes his arm. It's awkward at first, but after a beat he leans into her and she smiles.

EMILY
Can't believe we're going to see
Nik Kershaw!!

She looks at him and reads his face straight away.

EMILY (cont'd)
Oh Dad...

MATTY
I thought I had the money but...

He runs out of words. He hates himself. A beat, then:

MATTY (cont'd)
I lost it. The money. I blew it.
Drunk. Last night. Sorry.

She's hurt but doesn't let go of his arm. Beat, then:

MATTY (cont'd)
You angry with me?

EMILY
No.

MATTY
You should be.

EMILY
I'm disappointed.

MATTY
I'll get us tickets. I promise.

EMILY
Don't promise. Promises should mean
something. You'll just end up
hoping I've forgot, and I'll end up
pretending that I have.

MATTY
[Long beat] I'm sorry.

EMILY
This is how we are, me and you, and
that's how it is.

They walk in silence for a beat, then:

EMILY (cont'd)
At least this time you came and
told me. So there's that.

He considers. He *did* come and tell her. She pulls him
tighter, then walk in silence. He smiles.

34A **EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY 6. 9AM**

34A

Thomas is sitting on a bench with his phone. He watches people walk past, then looks at his phone again. He's wearing a hoody.

It's a photo of him and Paige. She's staring off with a bored look on her face as he beams at us. He stares at the picture a beat, then attaches the picture to a message to her and types:

WE LUCK DED HAPPY IN THIS 1. C U SOON. XX

He wavers, then hits send. He looks off, then back at his phone. A flick of his thumb shows us he's sent lots of messages to PAIGE and none have been replied to. He stares out into the park, then closes his eyes tightly, holding the phone to his chest as he makes a wish. A beat, the phone buzzes. He almost breaks it in his desperation to look at the screen:

PAIGE: MEET ME @ THE CAFE, I'LL BE THERE IN LIKE 30 MINS.

Barely able to contain his delight, he kisses the screen.

35 **INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 6. 9.05AM**

35

NING walks through the police station. In contrast to the night before, she looks super smart as she retraces her steps into the busy CID office. Nobody looks up from their work as she heads straight for the DCI's office and taps lightly on the open door. DCI HANNIGAN looks up.

HANNIGAN

Hey. Come in. Shut the door.

NING enters and she shuts the door, she looks out across the office and sees everyone is now watching her. Half a beat, they look away almost in unison. She frowns, then takes a seat. HANNIGAN searches an in-tray for a file. NING drums a few fingers on the arm of the chair. HANNIGAN finds what she's looking for and opens the file. As she reads the first sheet she speaks:

HANNIGAN (cont'd)

So... how are you?

NING

I'm great boss. You?

HANNIGAN looks up.

HANNIGAN

Boss?

NING

You're my boss.

HANNIGAN

I've known you twelve years Ning.
We joined the job together.

NING

This is a work thing though isn't
it. *Human resources.*

HANNIGAN considers, then goes back to the file to read
silently for a beat, then she looks up again:

HANNIGAN

No. No. I'm your friend. So, how
are you... I want to know. Tell me.

A beat, then NING shrugs. HANNIGAN tries again.

HANNIGAN (cont'd)

HR say that you've not engaged with
the counsellor they recommended.

NING

All that stuff is just...

HANNIGAN

That stuff is important.

NING

It doesn't sit with me.

HANNIGAN

That doesn't matter.

NING

I don't want to talk to a stranger.

HANNIGAN

You haven't got anyone else.

NING

Thanks for that.

HANNIGAN holds up a hand of apology. A beat, then:

HANNIGAN

You need to talk to them.

NING

That stuff hangs around you. Once
it's on your file...

HANNIGAN

You're not coming back to work
until you do.

NING
So you are my boss?

HANNIGAN
I'm still being your friend.

NING
I need to come back.

HANNIGAN
You broke down on a job. Remember?
They couldn't get you out the car
for an hour. The middle of the
street? **You** became the incident
people had to deal with, instead of
the thing they'd been sent there to
deal with in the first place.

NING
Years ago.

HANNIGAN
Five months ago.

NING looks out at the office. HANNIGAN watches her a beat:

HANNIGAN (cont'd)
[Beat] If you don't get help,
you're not coming back. I mean it.

NING stares off a beat, then looks at HANNIGAN:

NING
You're my friend?

HANNIGAN
I hope I am.

NING
Let me come back long enough to get
Gary Packer.

HANNIGAN
Oh for fucks sake...

NING
Please Jane. Something is going on.
I... I've been told... there's
something happening and I need to
get him...

HANNIGAN
We don't 'get' people. We arrest
them and present evidence to the
CPS.

NING waves her away. A beat, she stares out the window at her desk. All the papers have been piled back on it again.

NING
It's like I've already gone.

HANNIGAN follows her gaze out to the desk. A beat, then Ning looks at her:

NING (cont'd)
That boy died.

HANNIGAN
Not your problem.

NING
It is my problem.

HANNIGAN
It really isn't.

NING looks away, then stands and makes for the door.

HANNIGAN (cont'd)
You're off work sick. That means
you're not authorised to use the
force intel systems.

NING makes to speak, HANNIGAN cuts her off:

HANNIGAN (cont'd)
[Beat, then soft] Logging on with
your own user name? *Really?*

A beat, then NING shakes her head.

HANNIGAN (cont'd)
Start thinking Fen. Get help and
think. I'm telling you that as a
friend.

NING considers, then nods, then exits. HANNIGAN leans back in her chair and watches her go, then tosses her file back in the tray and puts her head in her hands a beat, before going back to what she was doing.

36 **INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 6. 9.25AM**

36

As NING passes through the office she's conscious that nobody is looking at her again. She stops suddenly. Scanning the room. Nobody lifts their head. A beat, NING exits.

37 **INT. THE CAFE - DAY 6. 9.30AM**

37

THOMAS sits on a red plastic chair at the kind of table that is bolted to the floor. He's got a takeaway coffee in front of him and a closed, small, polystyrene box of chips. A beat, he looks up, PAIGE enters. He beams. She looks around for him, then heads over and sits.

 THOMAS
I got you some chips.

 PAIGE
I'm okay.

 THOMAS
You wanna coffee?

 PAIGE
No I'm fine.

A beat, something has changed.

 THOMAS
Thanks for coming to see me.

 PAIGE
Are you okay walking round?
You need to be careful.

 THOMAS
I'm sound.

 PAIGE
You're not.

He's trying to act tough and failing. He opens the chips.

 THOMAS
Sure you don't want some?

She shakes her head, he takes one but doesn't eat it.

 PAIGE
What are you going to do?

 THOMAS
We can stay in together. You can
get taxis. I'll pay. In a while all
this grass shite will die down.

 PAIGE
I won't be here.

 THOMAS
What?

PAIGE

I'm going to university. I told you this.

THOMAS

Yeah but... taxis and tha'.

PAIGE

I'm going to Edinburgh to study Anthropology Thomas.

THOMAS

It's only up the road.

PAIGE

It's four hours away.

He stares, stunned by it all.

PAIGE (cont'd)

[Soft] I thought you understood.

He doesn't want to understand it, so instead, he looks over to the counter. A few lads have come in. They're 'nice' lads. One of them is carrying a guitar. He watches them study the menu, then looks back at her. She's watching him.

PAIGE (cont'd)

It's been fun, but it's done now.
I'm sorry.

He blinks, then shrugs, then folds the lid back down on the chips, picks them up, then exits. She sits a beat. She feels terrible but she isn't heartbroken. She looks over her shoulder to see where he's gone, and then faces forward and wraps her hands around his coffee.

38 **INT. NANNA'S HALLWAY - DAY 6. 10AM**

38

LEANNE is trying to call MATTY again. The call rings out.

She's about to go back to her work. THOMAS comes through the door and heads straight for the stairs. Still carrying the now closed box of chips.

LEANNE

What's up?

He stops and stares at her. A beat, then he starts to cry big fat blubbery teenage heartbreak tears.

CUT TO:

39 INT. NANNA'S KITCHEN - DAY 6. 10.03AM

39

THOMAS sits at the table as LEANNE places a glass of water down and sits next to him. She rubs his back as he picks at the chips and sniffs away the last of the tears. He settles, then breaks again as he speaks, sobbing out the words:

THOMAS

I've got nothing... no mates... no girlfriend... I'm stuck in the house... I can't even go to school now...

LEANNE

You're going to school Thomas.

THOMAS

I can't!! That's where they'll get me! I can't.

LEANNE

My friend fixed all that didn't he?

THOMAS

Mum, it isn't just Kendo. It's every bad scally on the estate. They think I'm a grass, so ***I am a grass.*** Your mate can't do nothing about that. Not anymore.

He goes back to crying/eating. It's breaking her heart and she doesn't know what to do. She watches him a beat, then:

LEANNE

What if there was a way out.

He looks up.

LEANNE (cont'd)

You heard of Dubai?

THOMAS

Dubai?

A beat, then softly:

LEANNE

There's a chance. A tiny chance... I mean... Hardly a chance at all, but it might be an option, but it's not really an option.

He's focussed on her now.

THOMAS

Dubai? A holiday?

LEANNE

To live.

THOMAS

Live???

LEANNE

Would you go? All of us? There?

His tears are forgotten as excitement takes their place:

THOMAS

Oh my god Mum... oh my god... I'd go tomorrow.

She smiles, despite herself:

LEANNE

I'm just thinking about it.

THOMAS

We **have** to do it. We have to.

THOMAS wipes away his tears and manages a smile as he grabs a handful of chips and shoves them in.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Dubai baby!

LEANNE

It's just an idea...

THOMAS

You have to make it happen. You have to.

She laughs.

THOMAS (cont'd)

No. I mean it. It's a new life. I mean it.

She stares at him a beat, then nods.

40 INT. THE CASINO - DAY 6. 2PM

40

The casino is moderately busy as we pass through it. We finally settle on the bar where MATTY is sitting, looking out at the tables, an Everton FC mug of coffee in his hand as IRINA stands, behind the counter waiting for a customer, watching the back of his head. Every now and then he looks over to the cage where we see LEANNE is behind the bars working. A beat then:

IRINA

Speak to her.

MATTY turns to look at her.

IRINA (cont'd)
Speak to her. Be friends.

MATTY harrumphs and then looks at the tables. A beat, then he looks at IRINA again. She shrugs. A beaten man, he slides off the chair and takes his mug towards the cage.

41 **INT. THE CAGE/CASINO - DAY 6. 2.03PM**

41

LEANNE is writing figures in a ledger. A beat, then her phone buzzes on the counter. She picks it up, a picture from Thomas of a camel wearing sunglasses. She smiles and shakes her head and is about to put the phone down when she hesitates, then makes to forward it to Gary. She hesitates, then hits send with a smile. A beat then she glances up and sees MATTY coming. Fuck. She drops her phone and is half off the chair and heading to the back of the cage when he taps on the counter.

MATTY
Open up.

LEANNE
What?

MATTY
Let me in.

LEANNE
Now?

MATTY
[Exasperated] Open the fuckin' door
Lee.

A beat, we hear the electronic click of the cage door opening and with a deep breath, MATTY enters.

42 **INT. THE CAGE - DAY 6. 2.05PM**

42

By the time MATTY has pushed the door open LEANNE is already back on her stool writing in the ledger. He enters, looking round, inspecting the bins etc, before he finally takes a seat by the old desk from Ep 1. He puts his mug down and sits a beat. She looks at the coffee.

MATTY
We've run out of peppermint tea.

LEANNE rolls her eyes and looks down at the ledger. Silence for a beat, then:

MATTY (cont'd)
I spoke to Gary. He told me you
were worried about me and he took
the wrong end of the stick and I
fucked up, or he fucked up, but I
fucked up because I thought...

He tails off with a shrug, unwilling to meet her eye.

LEANNE
What?

He looks at her.

MATTY
I thought you set me up.

LEANNE
[Beat] I suppose I did.

MATTY
No, he said you as worried about
me. He made you do what you did,
but then you changed your mind.
When it was you and me alone, you
changed your mind. He just played
you.

LEANNE
Nobody played me.

MATTY
He basically said he did. For all I
know he's playing you... or me,
now.

She looks away. He pounces.

MATTY (cont'd)
Is he? Is he Lee?

LEANNE
No.

He squints, reading her a beat, then:

MATTY
He's not what you think he is.

LEANNE
What do you know what I think he
is?

MATTY
He's shady Lee. Proper shady...

LEANNE

You think I don't know that?

MATTY

I don't know what you know do I?

LEANNE

What's your plan?

MATTY

Wha'?

LEANNE

What's your plan? Next week? Next month? Next year? What is it?

He leans back. This wasn't expected. He looks around, then:

LEANNE (cont'd)

I've got a plan. People I care about. People who need me. I've got a plan. What's yours?

He shrugs.

LEANNE (cont'd)

Gary's got a plan. Gary thinks. Gary plans. Gary looks after people... ***Gary dreams.***

MATTY

Gary sells fucking drugs you dope. You really think Gary cares about you?

He's gone too far and he holds up a hand. They both wind it back a little, then he rubs his eyes and stands:

MATTY (cont'd)

It's just me and you tomorrow tonight. We're shut for a high roller game. Gary's organised it. Everyone else gets the night off.

LEANNE

Gary organised it?

MATTY

Don't let's start this again. Just, we're shut to punters and he wants me and you working and no one else.

He considers, then something occurs to him:

MATTY (cont'd)

I'll be dealing.

LEANNE

You?

MATTY

I can deal.

LEANNE

You haven't dealt cards in years.

MATTY

I can still do it. If I... you know?

LEANNE

I don't know no. [Beat] This place isn't right for a big night. It stinks when it rains.

MATTY

It might not rain.

LEANNE

I've got egg on me waistcoat.

MATTY

Come on Lee... it'll be good. A big night. Money getting chucked about. We might get tips?

She's not sad, she's just being pragmatic.

LEANNE

We're not ready for big money games Matty. Not anymore.

He's about to suggest she wipe the waistcoat with a rag when there's a tap on the counter: PAUL, eyes on MATTY.

PAUL

Sixteen grand worth of chips please mister cashier. *Now.*

Fuck. LEANNE looks at MATTY. The blood has drained out of him. A beat, then he nods to PAUL and exits. LEANNE watches him go, then considers what she's been told. It isn't good.

43 INT. MATTY'S OFFICE - DAY 6. 2.07PM

43

MATTY enters the office first and then turns to face PAUL who is following him close behind. In a flash PAUL slaps MATTY on the side of the head. MATTY stumbles backwards. PAUL calmly closes the door and follows MATTY as he finally sits on the edge of his desk, hands over his face groaning.

PAUL kicks him in the shin. MATTY cries out in pain and falls to the floor.

PAUL picks up MATTY's mug from the floor and smashes it on the edge of the table before kneeling down next to him. He gently pulls MATTY's hand away from his face. PAUL waits for MATTY to calm, then leans in and whispers:

PAUL
You take a bizzie to the house?

MATTY
I was worried about me mum!

PAUL considers this. MATTY lowers his hands a fraction:

MATTY (cont'd)
I wasn't there and they were heavy lads. You told me it would be no bother but they were heavy lads in the house with me mum PAUL!

PAUL considers this before standing up. MATTY watches him.

MATTY (cont'd)
I never told the bizzie nothing. She just comes in the casino and I was scared, so I asked her back to ours. She read the situation, but she'd had a bevy and was driving. She won't say nothing mate. I promise.

PAUL stares at him.

MATTY (cont'd)
Me mum though?

PAUL nods, and reaches out a hand to help MATTY up. MATTY sits on the edge of the desk. He looks a mess.

PAUL
Alright. Okay. Here it is. You owe me now.

MATTY
I already owed you!

PAUL
You owe me for scaring off customers. Them lads shit themselves after she turned up. So you've got to make it up to me.

MATTY
I've got a lot on at the moment mate.

PAUL shoots him a look and MATTY holds up a hand of apology.

PAUL

The gear, I've got a buyer.
Wholesale so I'm losing cash, but I
want it off me hands now that that
bizzie is about.

MATTY

She's sound, I promise.

PAUL

Shut the fuck up. [Beat] You're
going to take the bag to Keswick.

MATTY

Who's that?

PAUL

The fuckin' place. Lake District?

MATTY

Me car's off the road mate.

PAUL

I don't think you understand the
seriousness of this situation here.

MATTY looks at the carpet. A beat, then:

PAUL (cont'd)

I'll text you the address on the
burner.

MATTY

And then we're straight?

PAUL

No. No we're not fuckin' straight.

He holds up to fingers and pinches them together.

PAUL (cont'd)

You're knocking this much off the
debt, and you should be grateful
for that. Alright?

MATTY nods.

PAUL (cont'd)

Alright then.

PAUL exits. MATTY slumps.

NANCY leads the way in followed by MATTY. She's wearing
chiffon and is a vision of seventies chic nightwear.

MATTY

I'm really sorry but it couldn't wait.

She reaches the kitchen worktop and looks at him.

NANCY

Well?

He stands in the doorway for a beat, then holds up his hands. There is a slight tremor. A beat, then:

NANCY (cont'd)

What? Have you lost your puppets?

MATTY

No!! I've got a tremor. Me nerves... and drinking.

She shrugs.

MATTY (cont'd)

I've got to deal a game tomorrow. A high roller.

NANCY

I didn't know you dealt?

MATTY

I don't! Not anymore. Not with these. But I used to. I used to be good, and tomorrow night, I've got to be good again.

She looks at his hands, then at him.

NANCY

You can't learn to deal in a night. You've got to be prepared for high rollers. It's a package, not just dealing cards. You have to be perfect. You can't do it.

MATTY

I don't have a choice.

He's desperate and she can see it.

45 **INT. NANCY'S DINING ROOM - DAY 6. 8PM**

45

It's a big room in the centre of which sits a large glass circular dining table with eight chairs around it. NANCY sits in one of the chairs. She's very calm and very still as she waits. A beat, then MATTY enters.

He's wearing a dark blue velvet dinner jacket over a light blue, ruffled shirt with a blue velvet dickie. He's awkwardly trying to smooth the shirt, but she beams when she sees him.

NANCY

Oh Matthew!

He opens his hand to show her he is holding two cuff-links. His hand is shaking.

MATTY

I can't...

She gets up from the chair and takes them, then carefully fastens them. As she works, she speaks softly.

NANCY

Appearance is so important. If you look professional, you'll feel professional. Bearing. Confidence. Remember who you are and what you're capable of.

MATTY

That's probably the last thing I should be remembering.

She straightens his bow tie, then steps back.

NANCY

Alright then, remember who you were and imagine who you want to be.

That touches home. He nods.

NANCY (cont'd)

Stand up straight and breathe.

He straightens and exhales.

NANCY (cont'd)

Hmm.

She sits. Eyes on him. She holds up her hands. He mimics her. They are still shaking. She lowers them and he does the same.

NANCY (cont'd)

Drink?

MATTY

Oh god yeah.

NANCY

No.

MATTY

But I thought... to help my hands?

NANCY
No drinking. None at all. No. Now
open the bureau there.

MATTY looks round and sees and seventies sideboard. He leans down and opens it. There's a dusty cardboard box.

NANCY (cont'd)
On the table.

He does as he is told and opens the box. He looks in for a beat, then pulls out an old wooden card shoe, two or three packs of cards, a dealers paddle and large square of baize.

46 **INT. NANCY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 6. 11PM**

Hours have passed. There are several empty coffee mugs on the table and one china cup. The baize has been laid out and MATTY is holding a pack of cards in a dealers grip as NANCY, who is tired now, watches on. A beat, then MATTY tries an up-spread shuffle of cards on the table. It doesn't go well.

MATTY
[Soft] Fuck's sake.

NANCY
Again.

He scoops and squares the pack, then does the move again. It works. Fuck. He freezes in astonishment, then looks at NANCY who smiles back and nods. A beat, he picks up a single card, then uses it to wave the cards perfectly. He is smiling to himself now and at the completion of the move, he spins one card on his index finger in a perfect pirouette. He looks at NANCY. She smiles, then gestures to the stuff on the table.

NANCY (cont'd)
Smiles and speed.

He reverses the trick, then absentmindedly says:

MATTY
I don't believe it... GARY won't
believe it.

NANCY
My Gary?

Fuck. The trick goes wrong. He looks at her.

NANCY (cont'd)
Gary organised a high roller?

MATTY doesn't know what to say. He shakes his head then nods.

NANCY (cont'd)

When?

MATTY

[Soft] Tomorrow, but I wasn't supposed to...

She considers for a beat then nods.

NANCY

It's what the place needs. Good.

She smiles at him. A beat, then she indicates the cards:

NANCY (cont'd)

Again.

A beat, he goes back to practicing as she watches him thoughtfully.

47 **INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6. 11.45PM**

47

MATTY, still wearing the tux, heads down the hallway towards the front door followed by NANCY. He reaches for the handle, then turns to her:

MATTY

Thank you.

She smiles, then surprises him by touching his face.

NANCY

It's silly but... It felt like I almost had him back for the night.

NANCY lowers her hand, then holds out an envelope.

MATTY

What's this?

NANCY

Your money.

MATTY

What money?

NANCY

Like we agreed.

MATTY

I haven't done anything.

NANCY

Yes you have love. Now off you go.

She puts the money into his hands. He nods thanks, then opens the front door and heads out to a waiting taxi. She stands, watching him go, a smile on her face.

48 **EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6. 11.49PM**

48

MATTY climbs into the cab and looks back at her. She holds up a hand and then closes the door. He looks at the taxi driver who is watching him in the mirror.

TAXI DRIVER

Alright Roger Moore. Where we going?

MATTY smiles.

49 **INT. LEANNE'S BEDROOM. THE NEXT DAY - DAY 7. 2PM**

LEANNE, lying in bed, close up, she's on her side, eyes closed, seemingly asleep. A beat then her eyes snap open:

MUSIC CUE:

WOULDN'T IT BE GOOD, NIK KERSHAW

50 **INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM. DAY 7. 5.15PM**

50

MATTY stares up at us, and then turns his head to look at his clock: 17:15. He doesn't look like he's slept much.

CUT TO:

51 **INT. GARY'S CAR - DAY 7. 5.40PM**

51

GARY sits staring out the window at a row of shops. Beat, then from a tanning salon, a HEAVY appears carrying a plastic bag. He walks to GARY's car as GARY drops the window.

The heavy passes the bag in without a word and then heads back towards the shop. GARY watches him go, then looks into the bag: Cash. A lot of used banknotes. GARY closes the bag, then tosses it into the passenger footwell where we see several other kinds of bags. He's calling in his cash.

CUT TO:

52 **INT. NING'S FLAT - DAY 7. 6.30PM**

52

NING sits watching TV in her bare bones living room. She's wearing a baggy tracksuit and eating a cup-o-soup with a tea spoon. A beat, she looks out at the early evening sky through the window. This is shit.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. NANCY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY 7. 7PM**

Looking into a wardrobe full of colourful dresses. A beat, then NANCY runs her hand across what looks like a Dulex colour chart. She reaches a bright orange gown. A beat, then she takes that one out of the wardrobe.

54 **EXT. CASINO FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 7. 9.05PM**

MATTY, wearing a brown Macintosh over his tux, walks up to the front door of the casino. He looks good. Confident. Polished.

Someone has taped a handwritten note with 'CLOSED FOR A PRIVATE EVENT' scrawled on it in marker pen. He digs in his pocket for his keys instead. The music fades.

55 **INT. THE CASINO - DAY 7. 9.06PM**

55

We're down in the pit by the tables and we hear MATTY before we see him emerge from the reception corridor.

MATTY (O.S.)

We're going to have to get a better sign up than that. That one looks like something you'd put up in a chippy when you have to go for a...

He tails off, taking in what we can't see until softly:

MATTY (cont'd)

... Shit.

We pan: ALAN, JADE, NEIL and GARY sitting at one of the tables which in turn, is stacked with cash.

GARY

Jesus, you look just like me old fella.

MATTY

What's this?

NEIL

Money.

MATTY

Thank you Professor Brian Cox, but
I'm asking why it's here?

LEANNE appears at his shoulder and stops dead. He looks at her, then back at the money.

LEANNE

What's that?

NEIL goes to speak but instead looks at GARY. A beat, then:

GARY

This... is our high-roller event.

MATTY and LEANNE look at each other, then slowly the others.

GARY (cont'd)

This lot needs counting, and then
filtering into this casino tonight
so that it looks legit by tomorrow.

MATTY picks up a wedge of loose notes, then looks at GARY.

MATTY

How much is here?

GARY

Just over seven hundred grand I
think. I've not had time to count
it.

MATTY looks at LEANNE, but she only has eyes for GARY.

GARY (cont'd)

It's mine and it has to go through
the books tonight.

MATTY

Why tonight?

GARY

It doesn't matter why. We just need
to count it, and get it in the
cage. Bit by bit, exact figures,
dropping into that safe and onto
that computer in a way and at a
pace, that the tax man will think
is clean if he ever goes through
them books.

Everyone is silent. GARY scopes them, then:

GARY (cont'd)

I'll make this worth everyone's
time. Alright?

Eventually ALAN and NEIL nod.

JADE is on her phone and not listening.

GARY (cont'd)
Hey Kylie tune in?

She lowers her phone.

JADE
Who the fuck's Kylie?

GARY
Just put your phone off, everyone
put their fucking phones off and
leave them on the table.

Looking at JADE.

GARY (cont'd)
I don't want some dickhead taking
selfies for Instagram.

He eyes them, then they all comply. GARY looks at MATTY who is staring at the cash. A beat, then:

GARY (cont'd)
When you're finished staring, go
get the kettle on while we start
counting.

MATTY is still a little stunned. A beat, then he looks at LEANNE who staring at the money. She storms off towards the cage. MATTY and GARY watch her go, then GARY looks at MATTY. A beat, then MATTY nods and heads for his office. GARY nods to ALAN 'get counting' and then follows LEANNE.

56 INT. THE CAGE - DAY 7. 9.15PM

56

LEANNE paces, coat still on. She's frustrated and doesn't know what to do. A few steps, then she stops and looks at the cage bars: GARY, his face pressed against them, watching her from the other side before he places the mobile phones down and slides them through. She ignores them and just stares. A beat, then:

LEANNE
Were you going to tell me about
this?

GARY
What you don't need to know, you
don't need to know.

LEANNE
That's not good enough.

GARY
It's going to have to be.

She gives him a hard stare, then turns away. He turns to look at the group in the casino, then back at LEANNE. A beat, he softens.

GARY (cont'd)
This is who I am Lee.

She looks back at him. He speaks softly.

GARY (cont'd)
It's who I'm trying to get away from too. I don't want to live like this. I don't want to be...

He runs out of words.

LEANNE
A drug dealer.

A beat, then he nods:

GARY
I don't want to be a drug dealer. I want out, but I can't just walk away and stay round here. I need to go far away. Break away, otherwise...

He looks back at the money then her:

GARY (cont'd)
I'll go back to it if I can't get away from it. I hate it. I hate meself. I need to get away. Do you understand?

She watches him a beat, then moves closer to the window.

GARY (cont'd)
I wanted to tell you but I didn't because I didn't want to spoil it. The mood... your mood. You were so happy and positive and I...

He thinks for a beat as she moves closer still.

He reaches through the bars and speaks softly:

GARY (cont'd)
I just wanted to keep this going. Come with me. Say yeah. Please?

A beat, then she takes his hands. He pulls her hands towards the cage bars. She nods.

GARY (cont'd)
One more bad day then we're home
free.

She nods. He backs away, then turns to head back to the table. We stare at LEANNE through the bars of the cage. She pulls her hands back and watches him worries. Has she made the right decision?

57 **INT. THE CAGE - NIGHT 7. 10PM**

57

MATTY enters with stacks of cash. LEANNE behind the counter, inputting figures as fast as she can into the computer. She looks at him:

MATTY
Eleven grand. Six in tens, two in
fivers, and four in twenties, plus
one fifty from one dodgy
southerner.

She ignores the joke and slides a pad and pencil across to him to write the figures down. As he does so, he speaks softly to her:

MATTY (cont'd)
Why you getting mixed up with him?

LEANNE
Just write down the numbers.

MATTY
I just want to know why?

She stops inputting in the ledger, then looks at him.

LEANNE
You're mixed up with him, or have
you not noticed all that drug money
out there?

MATTY
I'm not talkin' about that, I'm
talkin' about your kids and that.

She shakes her head and goes back to the computer for a beat, before spinning round to face him.

LEANNE
He's taking me to Dubai with the
kids, and he's going to help Nanna
get proper care in a good home.

MATTY

What?

LEANNE

You heard.

MATTY

[Beat] What? You think he's telling you the truth?

LEANNE

Yes. Yes I do Matty.

MATTY

Lee, why would he take you and your kids with him? Why would he want to take that all on?

LEANNE raises an eyebrow.

MATTY (cont'd)

I'm sorry but... listen, he's playin' you. I told you...

He looks at the cash and then points to the safe.

MATTY (cont'd)

Let's take twenty grand each. Now. Nobody will know. He's all over the place. He doesn't know how much is left on the table, so he won't...

LEANNE

Just write down the numbers.

MATTY

Listen to me...

LEANNE

Write them down.

She means it. He stares, then nods, then writes.

58 **INT. THE CASINO - NIGHT 7. 10.20PM**

58

Jackets stripped off now, silence, coffee cups and crisp packets are dotted round as everyone counts and stacks cash. MATTY, a wedge in his hand looks around, then across to GARY who is lost in counting cash. He licks his lips. Can he do this? A beat, then:

NANCY (O.S.)

What on earth is going on?

MATTY shits himself and drops the cash. Everyone else turns to look. NANCY. A vision in orange. Staring at the scene in shock. MATTY and LEANNE look at GARY.

GARY

[Soft] Mum.

NANCY

Matthew? The game..? Is this...?

MATTY

I didn't know...

MATTY's lost. He gestures to the money, then GARY, then holds out his hands. He's got nothing. Beat, then GARY stands.

GARY

Can we speak in the office please?

NANCY drags her eyes away from MATTY to GARY, then without nodding or looking at the cash, heads to the office. Beat, GARY drops the cash he was holding and looks at the others:

GARY (cont'd)

Keep counting.

He follows.

59 **INT. MATTY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 7. 10.23PM**

GARY enters to find his mum sitting behind MATTY's desk. She is furious but bottling it up behind thin lips. GARY expects her to speak. She doesn't. A beat, then:

GARY

Do I have to spell it out? [Beat]
You know who I am, and you know
what I do. So please Mum... don't
let's pretend. Let me just get this
over with. Okay?

She stares at the wall, then looks at him and speaks softly:

NANCY

Your father built this casino... *I*
built this casino... for you. Not
for us... for you... and you're
just... you're... using it to get
rid of your drug money?

GARY

You two weren't angels. Don't try
to...

NANCY

We worked hard!

GARY

You think I don't work hard!?? I'm grafting seven days a week...

NANCY

It's **dirty** money. It's misery money. It's filth. You should be ashamed. Drugs? Drug money?

GARY

You think casino money is better than drug money?

NANCY

It's legal!

GARY

You polish the brass, change the blown bulbs and vacuum the carpet. That way you can pretend it's a good way to make a living, but it isn't. It's no better than what I do, it just pays tax. It's addiction. It fucks you up and lets you forget yourself just the same, but me and me dad? **Me and you?** We're no different.

She looks away, he leans in close and whispers:

GARY (cont'd)

[Soft] So just keep on turning a blind eye to me, take your cut when the company pays out its dividend at the end of the year, and in the meantime, get off your arse, and come and get your hands dirty with the rest of us and start counting.

A beat, he stares, then exits. She sits alone. Her anger easing now. In the silence, she looks round the office.

60 INT. THE CASINO - NIGHT 7. 10.25PM

60

Everyone is counting, but all except for GARY look up as NANCY approaches the pool of light by the cash. She sits, not looking at anyone, before she picks up a bundle, and starts to count it too.

61 INT. THE CASINO - NIGHT 7. 11PM

61

Coffee has been replaced by bottles of beer and the odd short glass. ALAN is taking a break and rubbing his eyes. MATTY sips a beer and stares at the remaining piles of money. It's too much even for him.

He leans back and then glances to the cage where he can see LEANNE and GARY behind the bars. He watches them a beat as they talk softly to each other. NANCY heads to the ladies toilet. He looks at ALAN, then NEIL who is sitting in a booth with JADE, who is asleep, a short distance away from him, before turning back to LEANNE and GARY. A beat, then:

The sound of a distant buzzer. Everyone looks up except for JADE.

GARY
What's that?

MATTY
Bell for the back door. You can't normally hear it but because we're emp...

GARY stares a beat, then:

GARY
Whoever it is, fuck them off.

A beat, then MATTY heads for the back door. GARY watches him go thoughtfully.

62 **EXT. CASINO CARPARK - NIGHT 7. 11.05PM**

MATTY opens the door a few inches and sticks his head out. NING reaches for the door and tries to pull it open but he resists.

NING
Let me in.

MATTY
Sssh! You've got me into enough trouble at me mum's house with those dealers... Please, just go!

NING
What's going on?

She makes to go into the casino but he blocks her off again.

MATTY
It is just a big game. Big players. Big money.

NING
Let me see.

MATTY
You can't! These guys... they're... you know... they don't want bizzies...

NING indicates the carpark.

NING

No cars.

MATTY

[Beat] Their hotel laid on transport.

She isn't having it.

NING

Only four cars here. Yours, Leanne's and Gary's taxi and Alan's van.

MATTY

They must have just left them last night or something.

NING

I know he's here. Why shut the whole casino for one card game?

MATTY

Please Ning. Me job? There's nothing dodgy. Please? It's just businessmen. Out of town. You don't know them. It's all totally legit. They just wanted a venue and...

A beat, then she tries to look past him, then stares at him.

MATTY (cont'd)

Please, Ning, just go. Please? Because I'm not letting you in.

He means it. A beat, she steps back.

NING

Something is going on, and if you don't let me in, you're going to regret it for the rest of your life.

MATTY

[Beat] Go. Please.

She suddenly and furiously turns and exits. He deflates, then pulls the door shut again and rests his head against it. A beat, then:

GARY (O.S.)

What did you tell her?

MATTY spins.

MATTY

What?

GARY has been listening in the shadows.

GARY

What did you tell her?

MATTY

I haven't...

GARY

Are you a grass?

MATTY

No! No. No. I'm I don't know.

GARY stares a beat, then:

GARY

What the fuck is she doing going to
your mum's house anyway?

GARY approaches MATTY, then out of nowhere grabs his ear and half drags him half pushes him back towards the casino furiously.

63 **INT. CASINO - NIGHT 7. 11.06PM**

63

Everyone is looking towards the corridor as MATTY, yelping, is pushed into the casino by GARY.

MATTY

I swear down!! I've not said
nothing to nobody. I don't know
nothing do I?

GARY walks him to the table.

GARY

Shut the fuck up or else I'll rip
this fuckin' ear off and make you
eat it.

LEANNE

Gary!!

Even ALAN stands at the violence.

GARY

Shut up and count!! All of yers!!!
Just count!

He releases MATTY and slaps his face.

GARY (cont'd)
If this goes tits up I will kill
you. I swear to god you are dead.

NANCY
Gary!! Enough!!

He grabs a phone off the table and throws it at an ornate mirror nearby. The mirror shatters. NANCY slams to a halt, her mouth agog. A beat, then:

NANCY (cont'd)
That was your father's mirror. He
imported it especially from
Alicante!

He goes towards MATTY again.

NANCY (cont'd)
Leave him alone!

She spins towards his mother.

GARY
Worried about your lad are you? You
never fuckin' said anything when me
dad went for me did you?

Silence. He stares at her and she lowers her eyes. A beat, then he spins to the others, then back to his mum.

GARY (cont'd)
COUNT!!!!

It's terrifying. NANCY sits. As she does so, she indicates to a distressed MATTY that he should do the same. He does. LEANNE, watching all this, stands and heads for the cage.

GARY (cont'd)
Where do you think you're going?

She stops. Her back to him for a beat, before she turns back:

GARY (cont'd)
Sit. The. Fuck. Down and count.

LEANNE stares, then turns and walks to the cage. GARY fumes.

64 INT. NING'S CAR - NIGHT 7. 11.08PM

64

NING sits at the front of the casino on her phone.

NING
Jane I'm telling you...

HANNIGAN (O.S.)
It's nearly midnight.

NING
I'm at the casino now. It's
happening!

HANNIGAN (O.S.)
What is? A robbery? Call 999 if...

NING
It's not a robbery, it's something
else.

HANNIGAN (O.S.)
What?

NING
It's... I... I don't know... but
something... there's something...

CUT TO:

65 **INT. HANNIGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7. 11.09PM**

HANNIGAN is in bed, an iPad on her chest. She's clearly been interrupted and is more than a little irritable.

HANNIGAN
You don't know what's going on or
who's there, and you want me to
call the cavalry to kick in the
door?

CUT TO:

66 **INT. NING'S CAR - NIGHT 7. 11.09PM**

66

NING puts her head in her hands a beat, then softly without lifting it, she speaks into the phone.

NING
You said today you're my friend.

HANNIGAN (O.S.)
I am your...

NING
Do me this. Just this. I swear you
won't be sorry.

HANNIGAN
I don't know what you want me to
do?

A beat, then NING looks up.

NING
I'm begging you Jane. As a friend.
I'm begging you. This is big.
I can't do it... I'm on the sick...
But this is major crime. I swear to
you. [Beat] If it isn't... I
resign.

CUT TO:

67 **INT. HANNIGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7. 11.10PM**

HANNIGAN rubs her hands down her face, then:

HANNIGAN
You resign?

NING (O.S.)
I'll be off yours and HR's hands
for good, but I'll still be your
friend.

A beat of silence, then:

HANNIGAN
I'll ring the Force Incident
Manager and get you a team.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

68 **INT. NING'S CAR - NIGHT 7. 11.10PM**

68

NING closes her eyes as she lowers her phone. The casino
lights twinkle behind her.

69 **INT. THE CASINO - NIGHT 7. 11.11PM**

69

ALAN, GARY, NEIL and NANCY are counting but JADE is still
asleep in the booth as GARY stalks them.

GARY
What the fuck is up with her?

NEIL
She's tired. She's had her kid all
day and...

GARY

[Explodes] WE'RE ALL FUCKING TIRED
DICK HEAD!!! IF SHE WANTS PAYING,
WAKE HER THE FUCK UP!!!

NANCY

Gary no!! I won't have this! The
poor girl has been looking after a
child...

He turns on his mother.

GARY

What do you know about being a
mother? What do you know?? That's a
mother!

He points at LEANNE who doesn't know what to do.

GARY (cont'd)

Not you. Not her [JADE]. That's a
real mother there.

JADE has stirred awake now and looks confused. He picks up a
beer bottle and throws it at the wall, past her. It is quite
close.

GARY (cont'd)

Get up! What am I paying you for?

ALAN

Lad!

ALAN stands up. GARY looks at him like he might kill him.
ALAN is steaming angry. A beat, then:

ALAN (cont'd)

[Soft] I want me cut now. I'm done.

GARY

Done? What? You're 'done'? You're
not a fuckin' pizza lad. You're a
fuckin' knobhead. So sit the down
and...

NEIL

We want ours too.

GARY looks at NEIL. A beat of absolute silence, then he
totally explodes and starts to wreck the joint.

GARY

Count!!!! JUST COUNT!!!! SHUT UP
AND COUNT!!!! I'M GONNA DIE AND
ALL YOUS ARE INTERESTED IN IS YOUR
CUT!

Bedlam. GARY is throwing chairs and tipping tables and grabbing cash and slamming it into people's hands. The others are in shock, NEIL and JADE back away. GARY picks up on it and grabs NEIL and pulls him close and whispers:

GARY (cont'd)
I'm gonna die lad. I'm gonna die
unless...

He pushes NEIL back and bends him over the money table:

GARY (cont'd)
... you fuckin' count... SO FUCKIN'
COUNT!!!

He points at JADE and then the money.

GARY (cont'd)
COUNT!

She flinches and then heads back to the table. GARY finally turns on his mum and points to the table. She hesitates. He doesn't. He picks up a stool and launches it at the bar sending booze everywhere along with smashing glass.

NANCY
Gary!

He advances on her. He tails off. Inches from her face. She is scared and angry but knows better to speak. Half a beat, then:

GARY
[Soft] The table. Now.

She stares a beat, then does as she is told. He stands alone for a beat, then picks up another stool and throws it.

GARY (cont'd)
COUNT!!!!!!!!!!!!

70 INT. THE CAGE - NIGHT 7. 11.13PM

70

Wide eyed. LEANNE watches the scene before her.

71 INT. THE CASINO CORRIDOR - DAY 8. 5.30AM

Time has passed and the money pile is lower. MATTY peeks round the gap in the door looking into the casino from the corridor's shadows. He's incredibly stressed and sipping from a bottle of beer.

72 **INT. THE CASINO - DAY 8. 5.33AM**

72

GARY paces, then stops, realising MATTY and LEANNE aren't there working. He looks around, then:

GARY
MATTY!!??? LEANNE!!!!?? GET HERE
NOW!!!!!!

A beat, then there is an almighty crash from the reception doors. GARY spins to face the noise. Everyone freezes, then:

POLICE (O.S.)
POLICE!!! POLICE!! STAY WHERE YOU
ARE!!!!

Bedlam.

73 **EXT. CASINO CAR PARK - DAY 8. 5.34AM**

73

Silence as we stare at the bare wall and the ink black door. Distant sirens suddenly getting louder. A beat, then the door bursts open and MATTY emerges at a run into the empty car park. He doesn't stop. He just keeps on sprinting out the car park and away as the sirens grow ever closer.

74 **INT. CASINO - DAY 8. 5.35AM**

74

NANCY, NEIL, ALAN and JADE sit surrounded by POLICE. Cash is spread in front of them on the table along with the half stuffed laundry bags they were in the process of stuffing.

NING approaches the table and takes in the scene. She smiles, then looks around the casino to the shadows, then:

NING
Where are the others?

POLICE OFFICER
What others?

75 **EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - DAY 8. 5.36AM**

MATTY in his bow tie and frilly shirt as he sprints through the city centre in a panic. Sirens all around. Fuck. He slows. Trying to catch his breath. He walks a few paces, then a police car screams past. He starts to jog again, slower this time, but still panicking on the inside. He's gone a few more paces when a car we can't quite make out, pulls up next to him, slamming on hard. He breaks into a sprint again. He's running for his life.

LEANNE (O.S.)
Matty!!!!

He skids to a stop and looks back. The car was Leanne's Multipla. She's hanging out the window. She beckons him. More sirens. He looks left and right, then runs to the car and climbs in. She takes off.

76 **EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - DAY 8. 5.37AM**

We're looking at a darkened alleyway. A beat, GARY emerges. He's dishevelled, but collecting himself as he walks quickly.

Music cue: Heaven 17, This is Mine.

77 **INT. LEANNE'S MULTIPLA - DAY 8. 5.37AM**

MATTY and LEANNE. He's catching his breath, checking all around until he finally looks at her. She flicks her head towards the back seat. He looks. A laundry bag full of cash and LEANNE and MATTY's mobiles. Fuck. A beat, he faces forward. He blows out his cheeks, takes another look at the money and then her. She nervously glances at him. He faces forward. A beat, they both smile.

FADE OUT: