

**AUTUMN DOGS**

FADE IN:

EXT. SECURE STORAGE LTD - NIGHT

The silhouette of a MAN passes through pools of streetlight. Past shuttered facades of storage units, drawn towards the distant glow of a security booth.

A sign on the booth gradually becomes clear: ALL VISITORS REPORT TO SECURITY.

A GUARD appears in the doorway. Pulls on an overcoat.

The Man reaches the booth. A brief, distant exchange between them, words unheard.

Guard leaves. Man enters.

Through the window: the Man hangs up his anorak. Briefly reviews a clipboard. His face remains unseen.

INT. SECURITY BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Music crackles from a radio in b.g.

A dog-eared company calendar.

An electric kettle on a shelf beside a small radio.

A hand twists the dial, silences the music.

Now there's only the ticking of a clock.

ED HARKER. Mid 50s. Wears a jumper with the logo SECURE STORAGE and a look of worldly resignation beneath thick glasses.

He sits motionless at his post before the window.

A CLOCK

1 am.

EXT. SECURITY BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A Fox steals under the barrier. Melts into night.

EXT. FRANK'S NISSAN - STATIONARY - DAY

Through the windscreen: a FIGURE in the drivers seat. Rain upon the glass obscures his face.

INT. FRANK'S NISSAN - CONTINUOUS

Sound of DRIVING RAIN upon the roof.

A sleeping-bag across the backseat.

Rubbish strewn about the interior.

FRANK LANE, late 20s. Full beard. Drawn and disheveled, like he hasn't slept in days. Yet an intensity in his eyes that rarely leaves.

Through the windscreen: a semi-detached house. Garden overgrown. Gate crooked on broken hinges.

Frank watches this house as the world moves in glimpses through the windows around him:

A passing car kicks up spray from the road.

A WOMAN hurries by. Face hidden beneath an umbrella.

A POSTMAN wheels past riding the pedal.

...And if any of this registers to Frank, it doesn't show.

Through the windscreen, the door to the house opens:

A MAN exits. His face lost amid streaks of rain. His build and rolling gait could be that of a prizefighter.

He tightens his raincoat and steps into the street.

Frank checks the rearview mirror: sees the Postman disappear into a driveway.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Frank approaches the house. Head down, inconspicuous.

He reaches the door. Knocks...

Waits...

Knocks harder...

Door opens.

A WRENCH slips from Frank's sleeve.

PHIL CEDAR, 30s. Stocky, capable looking. He's too busy spooning cereal into his mouth to react as Frank slugs him with the wrench.

Phil drops amid a flurry of cornflakes.

Frank steals into the house.

The PATTERN OF RAIN on the street.

Phil twitches in the doorway.

A car passes. It's ENGINE recedes.

Frank emerges with a lifeless YOUNG WOMAN in his arms. She's dressed in nightclothes and red boots.

He hurries to the Nissan. Places her in the passenger seat.

INT. FRANK'S NISSAN - MOMENTS LATER

Frank flips the ignition.

It won't start.

His eyes flicker in fury... He takes a deep breath. Composes himself. Like this happens a lot.

EXT. FRANK'S NISSAN - MOMENTS LATER

One hand on the wheel, Frank shoulders into the door frame and pushes, gradually building momentum.

INT. FRANK'S NISSAN - CONTINUOUS

MARLA LANE, early 20s. Unconscious in the front. The drawn, emaciated look of an addict mars a pretty, girl next door.

Frank jumps in. Turns the key -- the engine stutters into life -- BANG! A backfire rips the silence. Frank floors it.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Nissan lurches away. Exhaust swirls in it's wake...

...Sound of FOOTSTEPS.

A MAN strolls into view -- overcoat, prizefighter roll.

RALPH BYRNE, 50s. Square jawed and closely cropped he moves with the calm confidence of his years.

He crosses the road back in the direction of the house. Arms shield a stack of take-out trays from the rain.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - STATIONARY - DAY

A dashboard clock reads 7.15am.

Ed snoozes in the drivers seat. Guard uniform peeks from beneath his anorak. Passing cars rouse him.

Through the windscreen: a tidy, semi-detached house. Estate car in the driveway.

Ed. Bleary eyed. Realises he's dozed off.

The door to the house opens: ANDY BELL, 30s, casual attire. He dashes through the rain to the car.

Ed watches the Estate reverse into the street.

INT/EXT. HALLWAY - YVONNE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sound of a DOORBELL.

YVONNE HARKER, 30s. A young mother frayed about the edges. She wears a tracksuit, carries JAKE, 3, on her hip.

She peers through the spy-hole. Gives a weary sigh. Pauses to compose herself before opening the door.

Ed stands beaming, a plastic bag tucked under one arm.

ED

Alright luv'.

She eyes him frostily. Holds Jake a little tighter.

ED

Was just passin' thought I'd call in. See how you're doin'.

YVONNE

We're doing good.

ED

Hadn't heard from you for a while...

YVONNE

Been busy, I've a lot on.

ED

Yeah, I know that, I know...

Awkward silence. Yvonne waits for him to get on with it.

ED

I wanted to wish the little man happy birthday... See if you was doin' anythin', to celebrate..?

YVONNE

He's having some friends over from play-group.

ED

That's nice, somethin' special.

Ed produces a stuffed ANGRY GORILLA toy from the bag.  
Looks mildly embarrassed.

ED

Didn't want him missin' out --  
only what with my wrappin' skills  
an' all, well...

Yvonne stares at the gift, incredulous.

Ed misunderstands.

ED

It's proper. Got this tag look,  
conforms to all that safety stuff,  
UK, EU, NATO--

YVONNE

--You trying to frighten the life  
out of him? ...I've stuff to do,  
barely time as it is, there's a  
pass the parcel to sort and I  
promised we'd go to the park.

ED

I'm goin' that way, give you a lift?

YVONNE

We'll walk.

ED

It's rainin'.

YVONNE

It's fine--

ED

--It's pissin' down!

YVONNE

We like the walk...

Before he can protest again:

YVONNE  
(forcefully)  
We like the rain.

Ed, a wounded pause. He takes the hint. Stuffs the toy back in the bag.

ED  
Happy birthday Jakey... Good  
seein' you luv'.

YVONNE  
Yeah, be seein' you dad.

EXT. TOWN HIGH STREET - DAY

Ed ambles along. Anorak drawn up, braced against the cold. Against society at large.

He stops at a pub. Watches through the window: A dour affair, sombre regulars prop a dimly lit bar.

Sound of a MOBILE PHONE RINGING.

Ed gives the bar some thought as he pulls out his mobile. He glances at the display, face sours.

INT. GREASY CAFE - DAY

Three TEENAGERS crowd a table. They're rowdy, laughing, throwing chips at each other.

Ed sits alone at the back of the room. Nurses a mug of tea. Drying out from the rain.

1ST YOUTH (O.S)  
Fuck off!

From the counter, a harried looking WAITRESS (40s) watches the Youths with growing consternation.

WAITRESS  
If you can't sit quietly you can  
leave.

Teens laugh dismissively.

That same RINGTONE -- muffled from a pocket.

Ed ignores it. He eyes a discarded tabloid on an adjacent table, tilts to make out the headline.

Sound of BREAKING CHINA. A CRY from the Waitress.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

I'm not telling you again, out the lot  
of you!

1ST TEEN (O.S)

What for?

Ed finds himself drawn to the argument. Quietly observes.

WAITRESS (O.S)

I just watched you!

2ND TEEN (O.S)

You just saw it fall!

WAITRESS (O.S)

Out! Now! Or I call the police!

1ST TEEN (O.S)

Fuck you!

Ed bristles, sets his mug on the table.

WAITRESS (O.S)

I mean it! Out! GET OUT!

A doubt flickers across his face. He opts for the paper, pretends not to notice.

Sound of GRUMBLING in b.g as the Youths shuffle out.

BANG BANG BANG.

Ed glances up. The 2ND TEEN pounds the window:

2ND TEEN  
(through the glass)  
WANKERS!

Their eyes meet in a look of mutual incomprehension.

THE WAITRESS

smiles weakly as she places a plate of toast before Ed.  
Her hand trembles as she refills his mug.

WAITRESS  
Sorry 'bout the fuss.

ED  
Don't be.

Sound of cafe DOOR OPENING in b.g.

The Waitress withdraws. Ed, gradually aware of a presence,  
looks up as Ralph pulls up a seat opposite.

Sound of BROKEN CHINA being SWEPT up in b.g.

Ralph sits. Eyes Ed's plate of toast ruefully.

RALPH  
You're a hard man to find.

Ed, real sober.

ED  
Not hard enough.

EXT. MAIN GATE - SULLIVAN'S LAKE - DAY

A sign on the gate reads: PRIVATE FISHERY - INVITE ONLY.

Below it a pair of hands work a combination lock.

A Mercedes sits alone in the lot beyond the chain-link.  
Ed clicks open the lock. Behind him: Ralph leans on the  
Saloon eating an apple.

EXT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

Half in the drivers seat, a MINDER, (30s) reads a magazine. He looks up as Ed passes. Keeps a eye on him as he makes his way towards the lake.

EXT. SULLIVAN'S LAKE - MOMENTS LATER

A secluded getaway. Branches stretch from overgrown banks.

Ducks mill through flotillas of lily.

A MAN stands in a cutting facing the water. He's dressed in waterproofs, fishing gear set out beside him. A boy of about 10 (LUKE) fishes nearby.

Ed watches the MAN. Loath to approach.

MOMENTS LATER

ROGER SULLIVAN, 60s. Lean. Sharp eyed. There's measure in the way he holds himself. A man of patience, of experience.

He cleans his hands on a rag as his eyes scan the water.

SULLIVAN

That time of year, gettin' finicky.  
Slightest hint of a line an' they  
won't take.

Ed stands beside him. Every inch a sleep deprived mess.

SULLIVAN

Nightshift was John's idea. Heard  
you don't sleep.

ED

The things you hear.

SULLIVAN

Or don't. I want to see your mobile.

Ed reluctantly hands him his phone. Sullivan inspects it.

SULLIVAN

Luke, do granddad a favour, go see  
if anythin's risin' further up.

LUKE

Can I take the catapult?

SULLIVAN

What d'you need a catapult for?

The kid thinks a moment, shrugs.

SULLIVAN

Go on.

LUKE

(to Ed)

Watch my float.

Luke hands Ed his fishing rod and off he goes.

SULLIVAN

And when you get back we'll talk  
about manners.

They watch a moment as Luke tears away.

SULLIVAN

Ralph seems to think it's those  
deep pockets an' short arms of  
yours. I disagree... Reckon there's  
some other reason you don't answer,  
an' it's nothin' to do with this.

Sullivan waggles the mobile. Levels Ed a cold glare.

SULLIVAN

Didn't give you a soddin'  
paperweight!

MOMENTS LATER

Luke's FISHING FLOAT registers a bite.

Ed ignores it. He's seated on a camp stool. Sullivan  
squats nearby, mixes ground-bait in a plastic tray.

SULLIVAN

Seems one of my barmaids got herself a nasty habit. Same shifts an' amounts. Very amateur. Drugs of course.

Ed removes his glasses and rubs his eyes. Anywhere but here with Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

...Metha... somethin', ampheta -- christ I didn't care to know. ...I'm not against other peoples bad habits. Long as I'm not the one financin' 'em. Was dealin' with this in-house, quietly. Until this mornin' that was when some fella' did a number on the boys lookin' after her an' took off...

Sullivan hurls a ball of bait out into the lake.

Ed, a blank stare. Appears not to have heard a word.

Luke appears between them. Regards his float with concern.

SULLIVAN

(to Luke)

Anythin'?

Luke shakes his head.

SULLIVAN

Try again. Never know your luck.

Luke shoots Ed a distasteful glance and scurries away.

SULLIVAN

She still with that copper?

Ed tenses. He's listening.

SULLIVAN

Andy, that's him right? ...Good lad from what I hear. Could go far.

ED

The money's gone, you know as well  
as I do.

SULLIVAN

Question is where. I need 'em found.  
I know you're good at that.

Ed deflates. Stares miserably at the lake.

Sullivan produces a small camera, tosses it to Ed.

Ed watches as Sullivan pulls a huge Pike from a sack and  
cradles it proudly for a snap.

SULLIVAN

First you come to the Lode, tonight.  
Somebody there I'd like you to meet.

INT. HARE AND HOUND PUB - DAY

Sound of a SOCCER GAME on a TV. The CROWD ROARS over the  
commentator.

JAMES NORRIS, mid 20s. A big lad. It's not from exercise.  
He's dressed casually. A large gold chain around his thick  
neck. A near-finished pint rests on a table before him.

He watches the bar where PETE NORRIS, late 40s, countenance  
of a drunk, slowly slumps from his stool.

ON A TV

a referee sounds for full time. The crowd loses it.

NORRIS

necks the dregs, slams down the empty glass.

NORRIS

Bastards!

GLENN, 40s. Landlord. He watches the game from behind the  
bar. He turns on Norris:

GLENN

Oi! This is a family establishment!

Norris surveys the room: empty, save for Pete and a couple of older REGULARS hunched over their usuals.

NORRIS

Secrets safe with me Glenn...

(lowers voice)

More life in a dead donkey than this shit.

Norris slides the glass towards GARY SHANKLY, 20s, squat with bad skin. The looker of the two.

Gary leans on the table with a vacant stare. They sit at a window table, the car-park visible in b.g.

GARY

I like it here.

NORRIS

Your up. Get us a pepperami.

Gary yawns, stands to reveal a creased, food stained shirt.

NORRIS

Fuck me Shankly, look at the state of you, you are an embarrassment.

GARY

That why you never take me anywhere nice?

NORRIS

That'll be it.

Through the window in b.g. a car swings onto the forecourt. It halts before the entrance, engine revving.

Norris grimaces. Thinks. Beckons Gary in close, slips him a wad of cash beneath the table.

EXT. HARE AND HOUND PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Gary crosses to the idling car, opens the door.

GARY  
(cheerfully)  
Alright Albert!

INT. ALBERTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

ALBERT WATTS, 30s. Unshaven, a baseball cap pulled low over dark, serious eyes. He barely acknowledges as Gary settles into the passenger seat.

ALBERT  
(impatiently)  
Where's Norris?

GARY  
He's takin' a piss.

ALBERT  
...Yes he fuckin' well is.

Albert glowers and pulls away.

INT. HARE AND HOUND PUB - CONTINUOUS

Norris leans on the bar holding a bank-note.

NORRIS  
A family establishment, you should  
put that on the website Glenn.

The Regulars chuckle. Glenn frowns from the pump.

Norris checks his mobile phone, his smile fades.  
Glenn sets two pints on the bar.

GLENN  
Five seventy.

NORRIS  
Since when?

GLENN

Since the prices went up. It's on  
the website...

The Regulars laugh as Glenn plucks the note from Norris.

Gary appears back at the bar. Takes his pint.

GARY

Don't think Al likes me.

Norris, no reply. Gary watches as he downs his beer.

GARY

What'd you do?

NORRIS

Nothin'. Work.

GARY

What about it?

NORRIS

I'm coverin'.

Gary, mortified.

GARY

Saturday?

Norris grabs his jacket and heads towards the door.

GLENN

Do us a favor an' take him with.

Pete. Head down. Asleep, unconscious, it's hard to tell.

NORRIS

He'll find his own way home.  
...Always does.

EXT. PETROL STATION - DAY

Numbers whirl on a PUMP'S COUNTER.

Frank fuels the Nissan. Watches the amount carefully.  
Steals a glance at an OLD MAN refueling at the next pump.

Frank nudges the counter to fifteen pounds. His eyes stray  
across the forecourt to the door of a toilet.

INT. PETROL STATION - TOILET - MOMENTS LATER

The door to the only stall, closed. Frank gently opens it.

Marla. Balled up against the wall, eyes barely open. Traces  
of vomit around her mouth.

Frank kneels beside her. Tears off a strip of toilet paper.

EXT. PETROL STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Frank tries discreetly to aid Marla across the forecourt.  
She stumbles, he catches her, pulls her up and continues.

INT. FRANK'S NISSAN - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Frank's eyes in the rearview. Anxious. Watches the cars  
behind them.

He flicks the mirror down to reveal Marla lying across the  
back seat. Eyes closed. She holds her stomach, suffering.

FRANK

How long since you last used?

Marla mumbles inaudibly.

FRANK

How long!

MARLA

Why?

FRANK

Just tell me!

MARLA

I don't know -- what's today?

Frank shakes his head, frustrated.

FRANK

How much do you owe?

MARLA

I don't--

FRANK

--How much Marla!

MARLA

Maybe... like, maybe... a few grand.

Frank's knuckles whiten around the wheel.

MARLA

It hurts.

FRANK

We need to keep moving.

MARLA

I need food...

FRANK

We'll stop soon.

MARLA

Chips. Get me some chips.

Frank flicks the mirror back to the cars.

MARLA (O.S)

Where we going?

FRANK

Harts.

The word seems to sting. She opens her eyes, watches the sky rush past the window above.

INT. ED'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

A dimly lit kitchenette. Comfortable if out-dated.  
Everything in it's place, not that there's much.

A tired brown suit hangs from the lone chair of a table.

Atop a cabinet: a faded picture of a Woman and Child.  
Yvonne (10) and her mother, JENNY HARKER (30s).

Beside it: one more recent of Yvonne holding a baby Jake.

Ed sits in an armchair. Wears vest and boxers. Gazes into  
the void. Waiting.

The frozen stare of the Angry Gorilla toy.

EXT. THE LODGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

KING, 40s. A veritable tree of a doorman. Arms folded.  
'THE LODGE'S' sign backlit above the entrance behind him.

He wears a look that suggests patience may not be his  
virtue and a DOOR SUPERVISOR LICENSE in a plastic armband.

KING

Got a point, that I'll give you.  
Unfortunately whereas all trainers  
are shoes, not all shoes are  
trainers. Should you see your way  
fit to return with footwear of the  
formal leather variety, you shall be  
reunited with your pals, inside.

SWAYING DRUNKENLY (19) looks from his white trainers, past  
King to a freshly suited Norris for a second opinion.

NORRIS

Fuck. Off.

Swaying Drunkenly wobbles off past a queue of hopeful  
revelers.

Norris waves up the next in line -- his DOOR SUPERVISORS  
LICENSE on his arm.

NORRIS

Next up.

Quickly checks the lobby.

NORRIS

In you go.

Several YOUNG COUPLES pass. Norris holds the line at a group of YOUNG MEN.

MOMENTS LATER

Norris inspects an I.D.

KING (O.S)

Evenin' ladies, what's the occasion?

KING

flirts with a group of GIRLS dressed to the nines.

KING

Twenty-one! Your kiddin'? That's gotta' be worth a birthday kiss!

BIRTHDAY GIRL, smiles, bashful.

NORRIS

holds another I.D up to scrutiny.

NORRIS

When's your birthday?

KING

loving every moment.

KING

Come on it's antarctic out here! I know I'm dressed like happy feet.

Birthday Girl gives him a peck on the cheek much to her friends amusement. King beams proudly and moves on.

KING  
There it is.

NORRIS

lets another couple pass. Watches after King (off), a dark, envious look.

SOMETIME LATER

Norris. Angry. Jaw squared.

NORRIS  
Take ya' little boyfriend away  
before he gets a slap!

DRUNK GIRL, 20s. In close, jabs Norris with a finger.

DRUNK GIRL  
You can't threaten us!

King blocks the DRUNK BOYFRIEND who goads Norris from a safe distance. Overlapping:

KING  
(to Drunk Boyfriend)  
Come on pal, conversations over,  
you've been asked to leave.

DRUNK BOYFRIEND  
(to Norris)  
Piss off! Look at you! Who are ya'!  
(to King)  
Not you mate, you're alright, it's  
him, he's out of order--  
(to Norris)  
--All mouth n' pie stains!

INT. LOBBY - THE LODGE NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Ralph barrels towards the exit. Another Bouncer, STOCKY,  
(40s) at his side. They move

OUTSIDE

To see Norris and Drunk Boyfriend now separated by King as Drunk Girl pulls on Norris from behind. Overlapping:

DRUNK GIRLFRIEND

Who's you callin' a tart!

DRUNK BOYFRIEND

(clapping, chanting)

"Who ate all the pies? Who ate all the pies..."

(to King)

Not you, you're alright you are.

NORRIS

All mouth son, all mouth, yeah it was me, I did, now I'll eat you!

KING

(to Norris)

Step out, just step out!

DRUNK BOYFRIEND

Yeah you will! Do the tubby dance you hungry hippo!

Suddenly a hand yanks Norris back by the collar -- he wheels about, eyes wide with rage.

NORRIS

I told you to fuck off, I bite!

He stops dead in his tracks.

A PIKE'S

clouded, blind eyes. Mouth full of needle sharp teeth.

Sound of a TAP RUNNING in b.g.

INT. EN-SUITE - SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A pair of gnarled hands rinse in a sink.

In a mirror: Sullivan. Sleeves of his silk shirt rolled as he washes. He catches his reflection, seems to lose himself a moment in the creases of his face.

His gaze drifts through the open door to the

OFFICE

A small, modestly furnished room. Pictures of fish and match trophies make up the decor.

Norris sits sweating before a desk. A wary eye on the stuffed Pike mounted in a display case before him.

SULLIVAN (O.S)

The fight of my life that one.

James looks up to see Sullivan has entered the room. He regards the stuffed fish a moment before continuing to a couch to take a seat next to Ralph.

SULLIVAN

Old age had taken his sight. Not his spirit.

Sullivan notes Norris' suit.

SULLIVAN

Tailored?

NORRIS

Yeah.

Ralph and Sullivan, a pregnant pause, as if considering the same thing.

NORRIS

About before, on me mum's life I swear I never meant--

His outburst withers against Ralph's gravel face.

Ralph places Norris' door-license on a coffee table before them. Stands to leave.

Norris, nervous, eyes follow Ralph (off) across the room.

SULLIVAN

Get them in, get them drunk. Turn  
them on an' turn them loose.

Norris' attention returns to Sullivan.

Sullivan holds him there in the silence.

SULLIVAN

Hardly a contribution to society.  
Yet that patch of pavement down  
there is what it's all about. It's  
mine, I've worked hard for it, by  
puttin' on that suit an' standin'  
on it, you're workin' for me.

Norris seems to shrink further with every word.

INT. THE LODGE NIGHTCLUB - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Dance music reverberates. The crowd jostles rhythmically  
beneath the flash of lights.

Ed, out of place in his old brown suit and tie. He suffers  
the scene with quiet contempt. Ralph sidles up beside him.  
Looks on in equal measure.

INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sullivan fingers Norris' License.

SULLIVAN

You've got a temper son.

Norris, attention wavers between his boss and the license.

NORRIS

I know Mr. Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

So did I once. I had a nasty  
temper. Got me into all kinds of  
trouble... Got me out of it a few  
times as well.

Norris locks eyes with Sullivan. A prisoner of his will.  
Searching for a way out.

INT. BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ralph and Ed.

ED  
Who is she Ralph?

Ralph, in no hurry to answer. Gestures for Ed to follow.

INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sullivan leans in.

SULLIVAN  
Marla Lane.

Norris pales, struggles to hide the tension in his face.

INT. CORRIDOR - LOBE - CONTINUOUS

Ed follows Ralph. Businesslike.

ED  
What's that short for?

Ralph shrugs, doesn't know.

ED  
And the fella she's with?

Ralph suppresses a grin.

RALPH  
He's not your concern.

INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ed stands. Jaw set, far from pleased.

Norris, beside him, still seated. Mind clearly elsewhere.

ED  
I don't want him.

SULLIVAN  
You can't bring 'em back alone.

Ed nearly explodes.

ED  
You never said anythin' about  
bringin' 'em back!

SULLIVAN  
You just find 'em... He'll do the  
fetchin'.

Ed, bites his tongue. Seethes some.

ED  
An' then?

SULLIVAN  
We'll talk about gratitude.

Ed holds Sullivan with a bitter stare. He's heard enough.  
Turns and leaves.

Sullivan watches after him.

Sound of a DOOR SLAMMING.

SULLIVAN  
Consider that the good news.

Norris weakly looks up. Clearly he doesn't.

INT. STAFF LOCKER ROOM - LODGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A closed locker door.

Norris eyes it warily.

His gaze wanders across the room to a pretty BARMAID, (20s). She pulls on her jacket, glances over at him disinterestedly.

He pretends not to notice. Waits for her to leave.

Opens the locker:

A small, cloth bundle rests atop a cling-wrapped sandwich.

He studies it sourly.

He suddenly lashes out at the locker door -- BOOM!

INT. DANCE-FLOOR - LODGE NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Bass driven dance music pounds.

A crowded bar. A group of LADS, noisy, bolstered by drink.

Norris broods from the shadows. He scans the crowd, eyes alight upon a figure: Albert, minus the cap. Hair slicked back, he finds Norris across the room.

MOMENTS LATER

The two of them at the bar. Norris, voice hushed, nervous they may be seen together. Albert, cocky.

NORRIS

I told you not to come here.

ALBERT

Made me take my cap off...

Sound of SHOUTS from the Drunken Lads. Growing.

NORRIS

You need to leave.

ALBERT

Cost me ten quid this.

Sound of a GLASS BREAKING.

Norris, wants to intervene. Albert gets in close:

ALBERT  
You been avoidin' me.

Albert motions to his eyes, draws Norris back to him.

ALBERT  
On me and listenin'. You send that  
beanbag Shankley out with my money  
again we'll have a serious falling  
out. I can't have you avoidin' me.  
Not now. Understood?

NORRIS  
I get it! Now fuck off.

He crowds towards the commotion leaving Albert to brood.

EXT. THE LODGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Sound of POLICE SIRENS wailing in the night.

SOMEONE watches from a distance as

Norris and Stocky emerge in escort to the Drunken Lads.  
They're rowdy but leaving under their own steam.

It's Norris who seems to be causing the trouble. He shoves  
a straggler who turns and squares up.

Other members of the group quickly rally. For a moment it  
looks like all hell could break loose.

King and TWO BOUNCERS are quickly on scene, King pulls  
Norris away as the others work to calm the situation.

ED

haunts the shadows across the street. Measuring the man  
he's to work with -- and he doesn't like what he sees.

EXT. TOWN PARK - DAY

The sun struggles to burn through the clouds.

Yvonne kneels, turns-up Jake's trouser cuff.

YVONNE

Are you the helicopter or the  
plane?

JAKE

...Plane!

ED

watches as Jake tears off along the path.

Yvonne turns, finds Ed like she knew he'd be there.

MOMENTS LATER

Ed and Yvonne stroll through the park. Jake toddles ahead  
under Yvonne's watchful eye.

ED

He takin' care of you?

YVONNE

He works hard... Too hard. Barely  
get to see each other.

ED

It's like that startin' out. Don't  
think your mother n' I saw a Sunday  
a week together when we was your age...  
Spent most of that rowin'.

YVONNE

My happy childhood... I won't have  
that, not for him.

Jake. Arms out wide mimics a fighter plane.

ED

Look thanks, for this, for--

YVONNE

--Andy's asked me to marry him.  
...I've said yes.

Ed, taken aback.

EXT. KIDS PLAYGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Jake scrambles through a play frame. A world of his own.

Yvonne and Ed watch from a bench.

YVONNE

They've offered him a promotion to  
Sergeant.

ED

That's a good thing.

YVONNE

It's in Leeds...

And that's a bad thing. Ed, stunned, slowly takes it in.

YVONNE

We're leaving at the end of the  
month.

Jake. Rapture as he reaches the end of a slide.

Ed watches, a thin, bitter smile. He forces himself  
together, pulls an envelope from his anorak.

Takes a moment to find the words:

ED

What's important to me is knowin'  
your taken care of.

Gingerly she takes the envelope, opens it just enough to  
see a wad of bank notes -- couple of thousand at least.

YVONNE

Your unbelievable.

ED

I want you to have it.

YVONNE

We don't want your money.

ED

Mortgage, marriage, he's growin' up.

YVONNE

That's not the bloody point! We can't take it!

Yvonne thrusts the envelope back at him.

ED

It's honest--

YVONNE

--Oh for Christsakes. What's he got you doing now, a paper round?

ED

It's a night job...

Jake 'the plane' zooms in between them, Ed scoops him up.

ED

...Hired me as eye-candy.  
(to Jake)  
What you doin' you flyin' a jet?

She quickly takes Jake back.

YVONNE

He's a spitfire.

Jake protests as she draws the zipper on his coat.

She turns him back to play. Waits till he's out of earshot.

YVONNE

Where was it when I was growing up? Before you went down and mum worried herself sick? Where was the honest money then?

Ed looks wounded, her words cut deep.

YVONNE

Do you know what it's like being  
your daughter? Andy doesn't say it,  
nobody does, but you know bloody  
well they'll never forget.

She stands.

YVONNE

You can't keep doing this.

ED

I'm lookin' out for my own!

YVONNE

You need to stay away!

A sombre Ed watches as Yvonne collects Jake and leaves.

EXT. WILD CAMPSITE - DARTMOOR - DAY

A soft FLUTTERING sound.

A rugged landscape. Strands of mist cling to rocky peaks  
in the damp morning air.

Embers of a fire smolder. A blackened pan rests aside,  
remnants of last nights baked beans stuck to the base.

A pup tent. Loose door-flap catches in the breeze.

Sounds of movement from within. Frank crawls out, looks  
around, searches the horizon with concern.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Marla stumbles along the shoulder. Hugs herself for warmth.

Sound of an ENGINE behind her.

Frank's Nissan chugs by. Grinds to a halt just ahead.

Marla sags.

Frank exits. The car idles.

FRANK  
Where you gonna go!

MARLA  
Not with you!

FRANK  
Where then? Back to them?  
Take care of you will they?

MARLA  
You're just making it worse--

FRANK  
--Your sick!

MARLA  
--You don't know what your doing!

FRANK  
Start by getting in the car, I'll  
go from there.

MARLA  
Get fucked!

Frank steels himself. Expression darkens.

FRANK  
Marla you get in this car now!

Marla, cowed, like she's seen that look before.

FRANK  
It's you and me. We'll be alright...

She takes a deep breath, resolve seems to soften...

...Frank winces.

Marla clumsily makes the stone wall and takes flight across  
the moor.

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

Ed's Volvo draws into a dreary, inner-city housing estate.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

He stares out in disdain: graffiti mars the walls, fly-tipped rubbish litters the courtyard.

INT. NORRIS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A sausage sandwich lies open on a countertop. A dollop of ketchup finishes the job.

LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Sound of a WEATHER FORECAST on a TV in b.g.

Pete's slippered foot twitches restlessly as:

WEATHERMAN (O.S)  
Heavy rain forecast for the  
south-west with chances of  
flooding in low lying areas...

A dingy room. Posters of sports cars and movies on the walls. It's no bachelor pad. Cigarette smoke swirls, caught in the light through half-drawn curtains.

Pete smokes in an armchair. Gary devours a bacon sandwich on the sofa. Both glued to the TV.

Norris enters from the kitchen, drops a sandwich on Pete's lap as he passes and continues on into the hallway.

NORRIS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Norris ducks under the bed and retrieves the cloth bundle. He unwraps it carefully to reveal a pistol.

There's something childlike in the way he studies it.

He tests the safety mechanism: CLICK, CLICK.

LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Pete and Gary haven't moved.

Norris enters with a backpack. Takes a seat between them. They watch the TV a moment, a cookery show plays.

NORRIS

I'm off dad.

PETE

You seen my social?

NORRIS

Where'd you have it last?

PETE

(thinks hard)

...It was in me hand.

Norris wearily produces a money clip. Peels off a twenty.

Pete eyes it dolefully.

PETE

How long you goin' for?

EXT. ELEVATOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Soothing THRUM OF MACHINERY as the lift wends it's way up.

Norris and Gary wait aside the doors. Norris, his mind elsewhere. Gary continues to gnaw on the 'manwich'.

The doors open. They move to enter -- stop. Driven back by the smell. Norris, particularly disgusted, he turns for the stairs. Gary performs a quick check:

GARY

Least he didn't shit in it this time.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Norris and Gary make their way down.

GARY  
Where you off to?

NORRIS  
Security conference.

GARY  
Like staff training?

NORRIS  
No like a conference. First aid an'  
shit.

GARY  
What's the difference?

NORRIS  
Free booze.

GARY  
What, like just givin' it away?

MOMENTS LATER

Another flight. Gary lags.

GARY  
What d'ya' tell Al?

NORRIS  
I didn't.

GARY  
What do I tell 'im?

NORRIS  
I don't think Al likes ya'.

GARY  
...I fuckin' knew it.

MOMENTS LATER

Another flight. Gary lags further.

GARY  
Everythin' alright?

NORRIS  
Yeah, yeah, course. I'll call you  
in a couple a' days. Just keep your  
head down till I get back.

Gary pauses to take a bite. Norris pulls ahead.

GARY  
Lookin' out for me n' everythin'.  
BFF's me n' you.

NORRIS (O.S)  
An' keep your bloody phone on.

GARY  
Can you take guests?

EXT. COURTYARD - HOUSING ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Ed waits impatiently beside the Volvo as Norris and Gary approach.

A handmade flyer behind him appeals for a 'LOST CAT'.

GARY  
(to Norris)  
Smart motor, think he's tryin' to  
blend in?

Ed regards them, unimpressed.

ED  
Been standin' here twenty minutes.

NORRIS  
Didn't happen to see a cat?

Ed ignores the comment.

GARY

(to Ed)

'Ere mate couldn't drop us off on  
the way could ya'?

ED

No.

GARY

(to himself)

Right, guess I'll walk.

Gary makes the 'wanker' gesture behind Ed's back.

GARY

Good luck with the job thing bruv'.

Ed catches this comment, says nothing. He pulls out car  
keys, tosses them to Norris.

ED

I take it your old enough to drive.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - MOVING - DAY

An air-freshener dances from the rearview mirror.  
Norris pulls out from the estate, into the flow of traffic.

Ed broods in the passenger seat.

NORRIS

Where to?

ED

Keep goin' I'll tell you when.

A car stereo -- off. They cruise along in silence.

A red traffic light through the windscreen ahead.

ED

Make a left after this.

Norris slows to a halt. One eye on the light he reaches  
for the radio.

ED  
It's broken.

Norris returns to the road ahead.

The light changes to green. Norris takes the left.

ED  
Take this left comin'.

Another left. Out from the choke of traffic the Volvo's pace quickens.

ED  
About this job then...

NORRIS  
What's broken about it?

ED  
You tell me about the job.

NORRIS  
You don't like music?

Ed, waits for an answer.

NORRIS  
It's called find the fuckin' junkie.

Ed nods to himself. Casually reaches across and grabs Norris by the balls.

ED  
Would that be the same one you  
told your mate about?

Norris. Panic in his eyes. Glances wildly between his crotch, Ed and the road ahead.

NORRIS  
CHRIST!

ED  
No, numb-nuts back there. What  
have you said?

NORRIS

Nothin'!

ED

What have you been sayin' to  
strangers?

NORRIS

He's a mate--

ED

--Not one of mine!

Ed tightens his grip.

EXT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

gives a little swerve.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

ED

Don't you crash my car.

NORRIS

Said I was goin' away, so he  
wouldn't be comin' by the house!

ED

What exactly did you tell him?

NORRIS

Nothin' mate I swear!

ED

I'm not your mate! Who did you  
tell him you're workin' for?

NORRIS

I didn't!

ED

Does he know Sullivan?

NORRIS

No!

Ed tightens his grip.

Norris, through gritted teeth:

NORRIS

SHIT! Alright sort of!

ED

He does or he doesn't?

NORRIS

He knows me.

ED

You work for Sullivan and you  
told him you're on a job--

NORRIS

--A conference!

Ed, nonplussed.

NORRIS

Like staff trainin'!

Norris, as searingly earnest as he's ever been.

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

The Volvo pulls back into the courtyard. Ed's taken them  
in a circle.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - STATIONARY - MOMENTS LATER

Norris sits ashen. Head on the steering wheel.

ED

Tellin' anybody about our business  
is completely unacceptable. You  
understand?

Norris gives a faint nod. Quietly seethes.

EXT. MARLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ed and Norris wait on the doorstep.

A window to one side: the curtains twitch -- a blackened pair of eyes rise to peer cautiously out.

INT. MARLAS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

At a dining table sits Phil. He sports a pair of black eyes, nose swathed in bandage. He keeps watch over a MALE JUNKIE, (20s) bound, gagged and terrified on a sofa.

Ed and Ralph study the Junkie.

RALPH

This one was comatose upstairs when  
it went down.

Through a half-open door, Ed notices a woman nervously smoking a cigarette at a kitchen table. TANYA DEAN, 29.

RALPH

Room-mate. Turned up this mornin'.

Ed returns to the Junkie.

ED

Get anythin' out of him?

PHIL

Pissed all over the sofa.

RALPH

(ruefully)

That's not comin' out.

BATHROOM - NORRIS - CONTINUOUS

on the toilet, keeping a low profile. Eyes drop with a wince to what can only be a sore pair of testicles.

Sound of FOOTSTEPS ascending the stairs in b.g.

INT. MARLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A thin sheet shades the window. Ed flips on the light.

The room reeks of neglect: a mattress on the floor. Empty pill phials, scraps of foil and assorted drug paraphernalia scattered beside it.

He dons a pair of leather gloves as he picks his way through the debris.

He crouches, inspects Frank's WRENCH. Etched roughly upon it are the words: BLUE JENNY.

His eyes drift across the room to a SHOE-BOX on the floor.

MOMENTS LATER

Ed empties the shoebox onto the mattress: assorted crap -- among which some sea shells and several photos: one an old B&W of a young man (DON LANE) in naval uniform.

Ed holds up another, a family picture: Marla and Frank, their mother (HELEN LANE) between them. Marla just a kid. Frank, teenage, sullen.

Ed notices a PILLBOX amongst the items, cocks his glasses:

The prescription label reads: MISS MARGARET H. LANE, 3 BOWERY LANE, UPPINGHAM, CORNWALL.

FAMILY PHOTO - FAVOUR MARLA

ED

studies her thoughtfully. A pretty, troubled enigma.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A pile of hand-rolled butts in an ashtray.

Tanya takes a laboured drag.

Norris fills the space behind her. Plays the heavy as her bleary eyes follow the sound of cupboards and drawers being rifled.

A PHOTO

tacked to the fridge: Marla and Norris pose happily together alongside other staff at the Lode.

ED

takes it in, not sure what to make of it. He says nothing. Moves his search to the countertop.

Tanya can take no more of this.

TANYA

It's a biscuit tin! It's where I  
keep the bloody biscuits.

Ed peers into a tin.

ED

This your place?

TANYA

As long as I pay the rent.

Ed turns, notices Norris.

ED

An' where d'you keep your rubbish?

TANYA

In a bin. It's outback.

ED

(to Norris)

Go take a look.

NORRIS

What for?

ED

Clues.

NORRIS  
In a stinkin' bin?

ED  
Good place to find 'em.

Norris pouts in resentment.

MOMENTS LATER

Ed. Seated opposite Tanya. Norris gone.

ED  
You usin'?

TANYA  
No.

ED  
Just friends with people that do?

She shoots him a bitter glance.

ED  
It's Tanya right? Listen to me, I  
know you want this over with. I can  
make that happen, take them all  
with me... It's up to you.

Her eyes stray to the lounge, mindful of Ralph and Phil.

She clasps her head in her hands, emotionally drained.

TANYA  
Oh god.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

A bin overflows with rubbish. A fat house-cat perched atop  
stares lazily at an unenthusiastic Norris.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Tanya rolls a cigarette.

TANYA

Saw it coming, this whole bloody mess. Stupid girl... I didn't mean her any harm, just wanted her gone. before it got out of hand.

ED

You didn't go to the police?

Tanya gives a bemused snort.

Ed accepts this with a hint of a smile.

ED

Who did you call?

Tanya chews her lip, looks away.

ED

Who is he? Who's the fella'?

TANYA

...Frank.

ED

I'll need more than a name.

TANYA

Her brother.

Ed pulls the Lane family photo from his coat.

ED

She ever talk about him?

TANYA

Didn't even know where she was.

He places it on the table before her.

TANYA

I never met him -- got the number from her phone.

ED

What did he say?

TANYA

...He said he'd take care of it.

INT. FRANK'S NISSAN - MOVING - DAY

THE BLOWER VENT cuts in and out.

A frustrated Frank pounds on the dashboard.

Marla, in the passenger seat. Eyes red, moist from crying. She cradles her wrist like it hurts.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HARTS FARM - DAY

Rain sweeps down. The Nissan turns onto a farm track. A simple wooden sign at the entrance reads: HARTS FARM.

INT. FRANK'S NISSAN - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Marla gazes through the window at the junk strewn yard of a run-down farmhouse. MR. HART, stooped and aged, tends a small garden. He stops to watch as they pass.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Ringed with woodland. Away from the main farm site.

Frank trudges from the Nissan towards a weather-beaten STATIC CARAVAN. Weeds skirt its underbelly. Cracked window panes. Run-off stained walls.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - DAY

A tap gasps and gurgles. Ejects a stream of brown water.

Frank lets it run. Turns his attention to the cupboards.

Marla moves through the caravan in a daze. The interior seems frozen. A musty snapshot of some other time.

She pauses before the door of a cramped bedroom: two child sized beds -- still made.

Her eyes stray to the main bedroom. Finding a LOCK on the OUTSIDE of the door.

Frank inspects a plain tin-can he's found.

Marla enters the

MAIN BEDROOM

Twin bed. Chest of drawers. She crosses to the only window.

A CATCH, fixed into place to keep from opening.

Frank appears in the doorway behind her.

MARLA

Bastard.

He closes the door.

Sound of the lock SLIDING into place.

Marla takes a seat on the bed. A look of quiet despair.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - MOVING - NIGHT

Windscreen wipers struggle to clear driving rain.

Ed, eyes fixed on the road ahead. Norris stares from the passenger window. A strained silence between them.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM - STATIC CARAVAN - NIGHT

A fist clenches, unclenches.

Marla lies on the bed doubled in pain. Her breath comes in short trembling waves. Cramps, shakes. Her body craves...

KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS

Candlelit. Frank lies unfazed on a bedroll blocking the door. Eats peaches from a tin.

EXT. UPPINGHAM - DAY

A light rain falls on a sleepy rural hamlet. All thatched roofs and ivy covered stonework.

Ed's Volvo at the roadside.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Ed stares patiently into the middle distance.

Norris, seat reclined, snoozes beneath a tabloid.

Sound of a DOOR SLAMMING.

EXT. 3 BOWERY LANE - DAY

Ed stands on the doorstep.

He does a quick glance around then peeks through the window: cosy front-room, A TV -- off. A thru-lounge to the kitchen reveals a single plate on a table.

Ed tightens his gaze...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)  
GET OUT OF THERE YOU SHIT!

Ed nearly leaves his shoes. Flattens against the wall.

EXT. REAR GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ed peers around the side of the building.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Cheap potbound bugger!

A WOMAN, (40s). Head bundled beneath a chunky knit hat. On her hands and knees beside a row of potted plants. she struggles to extract one from its pot.

MOMENTS LATER

Chunky Knit stands. Eyes skyward as she searches to recall.

Ed watches patiently.

Chunky Knit... still... thinking. Totally lost in thought.

Ed waits... finally:

CHUNKY KNIT

No. I've no idea where she went.  
We dealt mostly with the agent.

ED

And there was no-one else?

CHUNKY KNIT

She lived alone. Place was getting to be too much. Though there was a young man came around once, seemed to know his way about.

ED

You catch his name?

She drifts away in thought once again...

ED

Frank perhaps? I knew his father.

CHUNKY KNIT

Hmm, had a lot on at the time.

ED

Course, stressful time, movin'.

CHUNKY KNIT

Fish!

ED

Fish?

CHUNKY KNIT

He had fish, fresh off the line he said.

She sees him trying to work this out.

LADY

A fisherman. You could try Porthleven, it's not far.

ED

Right, 'course.

The plant pops out, showers them both in dirt.

LADY

Shit! Sorry.

Ed takes it in stride. Brushes himself off.

LADY

Hibiscus. Potbound buggers all. I'm just lazy I suppose... Saves the bother of watering, gardening in the rain.

EXT. HART'S FARM - CLEARING - DAY

Frank carries a bowl draped in a cloth.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER

On a table, same bowl filled with eggs.

Frank, ear to the bedroom door -- silence. He slides back the catch. Opens it. Peers in.

FRANK

How do you want your--

--THWACK! He recoils clutching his head. Quickly locks the door as a second object glances off the frame.

He punches the wall in anger.

Instantly regrets it.

EXT. PORTHLEVEN HARBOUR - DAY

A chorus of GULLS cries out.

Water. Murky and uninviting.

A gull SCREECHES.

Norris snaps to. Looks up from the harbour waters. He stands on the quayside. Surveys the scene around him:

Fishing boats and pleasure craft line the docks.

A few SIGHTSEERS mill about the tacky waterfront shops.

A LITTLE GIRL lags behind her FAMILY, ice-cream in hand.

Across the harbour: Ed converses with a FISHERMAN -- the Fisherman shrugs and continues on his way.

MOMENTS LATER

Ed leans on a rail. Watches a BIG MAN row a WOMAN across the harbour in a dinghy named OH HAPPY DAZE.

INT. LOUNGE - STATIC CARAVAN - DAY

Sound of RAIN, hard upon the caravan's shell.

Frank gazes from the window. Rolls out a stiff neck.

He pauses in thought...

...removes his jumper. Knuckles bandaged from the wall.

MOMENTS LATER

He does push-ups.

EXT. STATIC CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

Rain, relentless.

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Frank rises into view -- sit-ups now.

MAIN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marla. Feverish. Glistens in a cold sweat.

LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Frank sweats through a final set of sit-ups. Pauses...

...sniffs his armpit. Thinks...

BATHROOM - DAY

Water splutters from a shower-head. No steam, cold. Marla crouches in her underwear, shivers as the water courses over her. Frank appears with a cloth, proceeds to wash her.

It's tough love.

Marla. Sick. Defeated. Humiliated. Her tears lost in the flow. Frank pulls out shampoo. Ignores her weak protests, as he lathers it in.

MAIN BEDROOM - DAY

Marla perches half-dressed and despondent on the bed as Frank roughly towel dries her hair.

A drawer slides open to reveal several old knit jumpers.

MOMENTS LATER

Marla sits dazed in an oversized jumper.

Sound of the Lock CLICKING into place.

LOUNGE - FRANK - DAY

Back at the window. Stares out into the rain.

EXT. PORTHLEVEN HARBOUR - DAY

Sound of GULLS.

A boats hull. It's name: SWEET HOME ALAGWENNHY.

Another: ST. PIRAN'S PRIDE.

Ed searches the names of boats lining the dockside.

MOMENTS LATER

A notice-board: flyers for chartered tours, industry notices.

Ed finds a crude, handwritten sign: TRAWLER FOR SALE 'BLUE JENNY'. A contact number beneath.

EXT. 'BLUE JENNY' - DAY

A battered trawler moored down from the dock on a low tide. A TEEN in overalls watches from the deck while SMITTY, late 40s, paints the hull from a sling.

The Teen glances up to see Ed on the dockside.

SMITTY

(without looking)

It was the name of the skippers  
misus -- case you was wonderin'...

ED

An' the Blue?

SMITTY

Sea. On a good day.

Smitty looks Ed up and down with a wry grin.

SMITTY  
You the one that called?

ED  
I was hoping to speak to Frank.

Smitty's grin disappears.

ED  
A friend of his, told me I could  
find him here.

SMITTY  
(to the Teen)  
Go find skip.

The Teen disappears into the cabin.

Smitty regards Ed uncomfortably.

The Teen re-emerges with SKIPPER, late 60s, wiry and weathered. He lights a cigarette and starts towards the bow away from the others.

Smitty shakes his head. Returns to the painting.

Ed catches on. Keeps pace with Skipper from the dock.

SKIPPER  
This friend?

ED  
Said Lane worked this boat, knew it  
inside out. I'd like to meet him.

Skipper absently scans the waterfront:

SKIPPER  
I don't doubt what Lane knows...  
Only the Jenny ain't 'is an' he  
don't have friends. You're here to  
talk boats it's with me. If not,  
be on your way. Lane's problems  
(MORE)

(CONT'D)  
ain't mine' ...You can take the  
big fella there along with you.

Skipper leads Ed's gaze to the quayside:

Ed, hangdog as he takes in the sight of Norris stood on the waterfront, too busy with an ice-cream to notice anything.

SKIPPER  
Yer not the first, n' like I told  
the last, Lane don't work here  
no-more. ...Week or two from now  
none of us will.

ED  
I just want to know where I can  
find him.

SKIPPER  
...Try 'is house.

Ed, incredulous.

Skipper puffs away, he's serious.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

A paper notice flutters in the wind. The words NOTICE OF  
EVICTION stamped across the top.

A heavy lock on the door to which the notice is pinned.

Ed takes in the scene. Norris, behind him, sullen.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - NIGHT

Frank lies on his back before the bedroom door.

MARLA (O.S)  
(insistent)  
Frank... Frank... Frank..?

He's peeved -- like this has been going on some time.

MOMENTS LATER

Frank opens the door a crack. A SCRAPING sound as Marla's RED BOOTS slowly emerge from the gap.

EXT/INT. - STATIC CARAVAN - NIGHT

The PATTERN of rain.

Frank and Marla rest on deck chairs before the open door.

She seems calm. Rested.

He looks exhausted.

She notices the welt on his temple -- the bandaged hand.

FRANK

Since when did you start wearing  
big fancy boots?

MARLA

Frazaire Alsonde...

Frank nonplussed.

MARLA

...He's a fashion designer.

FRANK

Not sure it's what he had in mind.

Marla stretches her bare legs through the doorway, lets the rain splash them.

MARLA

Of all the places.

FRANK

It'll do you good, least for now.

MARLA

I'll get sick from the damp.

FRANK

I can fix it up. Get it looking smart again. Like it used to be.

Marla, deeply unconvinced. A moment passes. Guilt curls her mouth.

MARLA

Frank? ...How is she?

FRANK

You told her you had a job with a travel agency. Wanted you there right away.

MARLA

I had an interview. I didn't get it.

FRANK

I came home you were gone, not a word to me, nothing, you just left.

A brief, awkward silence. Frank upset.

MARLA

Does she know?

He cuts her an admonishing glance.

Beads of rain run from Marla's legs.

She suddenly exits. Moves to the bottom step, kneels down.

Frank watches as she pokes around in the grass.

MARLA

Remember how Mum'd wake us early to get eggs?

Frank stifles his anger. Nods.

MARLA (O.S)

You hated those chickens.

FRANK

Still do.

MARLA

She'd take us out to the rock-pools.  
We'd spend hours picking up shells.  
Dad watching us the whole time.  
Never let us in the water.

FRANK

Dangerous that's why, he knew it.

Marla rises back into view. Holds up a sea-shell.

Frank. Impossible to read. Closes his eyes.

EXT. BACK OF FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ed jimmys the padlock to the back door.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - STATIONARY - CONTINUOUS

Norris keeps watch. Through the window, streetlights cast their dim glow along the street.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A torch beam cuts through the darkness. Ed tries the lights -- powers off.

He swings the beam around the room, picks out a gas lantern on a table.

MOMENTS LATER

The lantern HISSES into life, reveals a drab, sparsely furnished room.

Dishes stacked beside the sink.

A pair of battered work-boots on the floor.

Ed checks the fridge: a few condiments, a bottle of milk long since curdled.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The lantern illuminates a road map beside a house phone.

Ed lifts the receiver -- no tone.

His eyes fall on a pile of mail at the foot of the door.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Norris. Restive. Attention wanders to the stereo.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mail spread upon the table.

Words stand out, all of a similar theme: FINAL WARNING.  
PAYMENT DUE. SUSPENSION OF BENEFIT.

Ed holds an invoice headed GLEWELLYN CARE HOME. He notices the name: MARGARET LANE.

A noise in b.g makes him stop.

He lowers the invoice, strains to hear.

It's MUSIC... and it's growing louder.

His brow furls in concern.

EXT. ED'S VOLVO - NIGHT

a beacon of conspicuity in the dead of night as MUSIC blasts full volume.

An upstairs light goes on in the nearest house.

Ed grimaces, picks up his pace towards the car.

A FIGURE opens the bedroom window. Addresses Ed:

MR. ANGRY  
OI! That your shit-heap?

ED  
It plays up.

MR. ANGRY  
My back plays up, it doesn't get me  
out of bed at three in the morning  
for some twat in a mobile disco!

Ed waves the map book from Frank's.

ED  
Wrong turn. We're on our way--

MR. ANGRY  
--Bollocks. You've no business  
bein' out here in the first place!

Mr. Angry slams the window shut.

Ed opens the drivers door -- the music cranks louder.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Norris stabs frantically at the stereo to no effect.

NORRIS  
It won't turn off!

ED  
That's what's broken!

Ed jumps in. Produces a small penknife, works the blade  
around the edges of the stereo to pry it out.

Norris looks up to see Mr. Angry round the front of the car.  
He wears only a dressing gown, mobile to his ear.

Norris leaps out into the

STREET

cuts Mr. Angry off from his house.

NORRIS  
Who you callin'?

MR. ANGRY  
(into phone)  
Police --

Norris lunges, gets a handful of Mr. Angry's robe. Angry slips free and dashes to the rear in only his underpants.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Ed has nearly freed the stereo as Mr. Angry and Norris race by the windows.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Standoff:

Norris at the boot.

Mr. Angry at the bonnet. He makes a bid for the house.

Norris cuts him off.

Mr. Angry backtracks.

Norris grins.

Mr. Angry redials.

The grin disappears.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Ed rips the wires from the back of the radio as Norris and Mr. Angry chase around the car once more.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sound of MUSIC stops.

ENGINE starts.

Reverse standoff:

Mr. Angry -- winded at the boot.

Norris -- bonnet.

Sound of the WINDOW being rolled down.

Ed pops his head out. His anger barely concealed.

ED

Get in the car.

Norris straightens his suit. Leaves a breathless Mr. Angry with the 'I'll be watching you' gesture and gets in.

Mr. Angry watches helpless, as the Volvo accelerates away.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - DAY

The empty bedroll on the floor.

Marla stands at the sink. Downs a cup of water. She looks better. Colour in her cheeks.

She casts a look to Frank: asleep across the bench seat.

EXT. CITY HIGH STREET - DAY

Sound of TRAFFIC.

On a roadside bench, Norris studies the Lane family photo.

Ed returns with two teas. Pretends not to notice as Norris quickly slips the photo away. Ed looks over to a

JOB-CENTRE

opposite side of the road from the bench.

ED

takes a seat. A cool, sullen distance between them.

MOMENTS LATER

They watch the entrance to the Job Centre. Intermittently visible through the flow of traffic and pedestrians.

NORRIS

tastes the tea with a grimace. His eyes follow a CUTE BRUNETTE along the street.

Ed notices.

ED

You like the brunettes?

Norris tries to ignore him, eyes remain on the Brunette.

NORRIS

I like a lot of things.

ED

Like her? Our girl Marla?

(no answer)

That photo at the house... You and Lane--

NORRIS

--We pulled a shift or two together.  
That a problem for you?

ED

You know what she was up to?

Norris throws him a glare.

ED

'Cause it wouldn't be mine.

NORRIS

What d'you think?

ED

I'm workin' on it.

NORRIS

Reckon you can take me for a mug  
cause I stand on a fuckin' door?

ED

Bashin' drunk 's'alright for a friday  
night, but this ain't one in one out!

NORRIS

You don't know me.

ED

But Lane does! An' Sullivan knew it!

They stare hard at each other.

A bus obscures them...

...It pulls away.

Norris' cup rolls into the street as he skulks away.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Surf washes over Marla's red boots.

She watches the water draw away. A distance in her eyes, as  
if remembering.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - DAY

Silence. Marla's empty glass on the counter.

Frank waits at the table. Agitated, patience waning.

DUNES - LATER

Marla idles along. Barely notices the parked car:

WESTIN (O.S)

Alright Marls..?

Marla glances up to see WESTIN, early 20s. He leans from the cars window with an easy smile. A couple of surfboards lean against the chassis.

WESTIN

Where you off too in such a hurry?

Marla shakes her head with a smile.

MOMENTS LATER

Perched on the cars bonnet is Westin. Beside him LEE, around the same age. Both dressed in wetsuits.

Marla stands before them, coy, enjoying the attention.

MARLA

How's the surf?

WESTIN

Lacking. Let's say I'm a better swimmer for it.

MARLA

Every cloud.

WESTIN

Thought you'd left us.

MARLA

So did I.

She grins. Westin grins.

Lee lights a JOINT.

SOME-ONES POV

watches them laugh, passing the JOINT around. Marla turns, spots that Someone, her face drops.

LEE

draws Westin's attention to Frank. He trudges down a dune towards them. Doesn't look happy.

Westin, suddenly nervous.

MARLA

I have to go.

WESTIN

Will he be pissed off with you  
talking to us? Lee, put that  
thing out.

Lee hurries to stub out the JOINT as Frank joins them.

FRANK

What you doing down here?

MARLA

Talking--

FRANK

--I'm asking them.

WESTIN

Frank. How's fish?

Frank gives him a warning look. Slowly coils with anger.

WESTIN

Look it's nothing, trying to cheer  
up a rainy day...

FRANK

You talking about drugs?

WESTIN

What..? No--

Westin glances to Lee for support.

Marla catches 'that' look in Frank's eyes.

MARLA

Frank let's go.

FRANK

I can smell it all the way down  
the beach.

WESTIN

Must be someone else--

FRANK

--You give my sister drugs?

MARLA

Frank please! It doesn't matter.

Frank grabs Westin by the hair, drags him yelping off the bonnet and forces him to the ground as Lee backs away.

FRANK

You're the only ones down here!

MARLA

It's always the fucking same with you. You shit!

Waves break upon the shore, ahead of the storm.

Marla walks away. Frank in b.g. conflicted, looks up from a cowering Westin, watches as she goes.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

A muddy trail flanked by trees. Marla trudges ahead.

Frank follows, keeps his distance.

EXT. A GREY HEAVING SEA - DAY

the storm pushes closer to land.

EXT. CLIFF TOP TRAIL - DAY

Frank and Marla, through a sheep pasture, towards a ruined STONE LOOKOUT. He struggles to keep up with her.

INT. STONE LOOKOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Marla, silent, hunkered down in a corner.

Frank sits. Watches her, as if to gauge her mood.

The first drops of rain speck the stonework.

FRANK

It was me wasn't it... I was the  
reason you left...

Marla, pained silence. Shoe-gazes.

Frank, alone with his guilt.

EXT. TOWN PARK - DAY

WRIGLEY GLEBE, late 30's, heavy-set and born mean. He moves  
at a slow, deliberate pace. Perspires with the effort.

RALPH

watches Wrigley daub his punchbag face with a handkerchief.  
Wary, awestruck even at this small hill of a man.

He and Phil keep stride with Wrigley from the other side of  
the park's avenue as their respective employers: Sullivan  
and LEYTON PRANE (40s) converse ahead, out of earshot.

PHIL

It's the long way round, a lot of  
bloody aggravation.

RALPH

That's a sportin' take, considerin'.

Phil shrugs it off.

PHIL

S'posed to be takin' me sister to  
pick up a fridge... Not like this  
mind, I don't like to worry her.

Up ahead, Sullivan and Leyton stop.

Their Minders follow suit.

PHIL  
She's a worrier.

Phil eyes them with a grave expression.

PHIL  
Think he'll cut him loose, one of  
his own?

Ralph just grimaces.

PHIL  
What a lot of bloody aggravation.

Ralph nods, heavy hearted.

Sullivan and Leyton shake hands and part ways.

RALPH  
Be well Wrig.

Wrigley says nothing. Busy mopping his face and neck he just nods a farewell and makes to catch up with Leyton.

PHIL  
(dryly)  
So how d'you fancy a nice little  
holiday?

Ralph looks to the grey skies unconvinced.

RALPH  
Somewhere sunny I hope.

EXT. STATIC CARAVAN - DAY

A storm lashes down.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

Marla bites her nails as Frank rifles through the kitchen.

MARLA  
Mr. Hart?

FRANK

We can't live on eggs.

MARLA

What's left at your place?

FRANK

Take a look, it's parked outside.

MARLA

Shit. ...Nan?

He cautions her with a glance -- it's out of the question. Frustrated, he slams shut a drawer. Thinks hard...

MARLA

Hid them from me didn't you.

Frank's expression admits it even if he won't.

MARLA

You're not leaving me in this bloody caravan.

FRANK

You're on the run.

Marla, holds firm.

Frank casts her a weary look. Gives in.

She crosses to an air-vent, pulls out a set of car keys.

MARLA

I can't even drive.

INT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

A TV

plays a horse race.

NORRIS

watches a moment before stealing a glance through the window at Ed, still waiting on the bench.

INT. MULTISTORY CAR-PARK - LEVEL 4 - DAY

Frank's Nissan cruises through the dimly lit structure in search of a space.

INT. FRANK'S NISSAN - CONTINUOUS

Frank kills the engine. Marla beside him.

He reaches around to the backseat, hands her a plastic bag.

Puzzled, she checks the contents -- a look of disdain spreads across her face.

FRANK

You're on the run.

EXT. CITY HIGH-STREET - DAY

Frank dodges traffic as he hurries across the road. He's cautious, alert. Falls into step with the flow of pedestrians, becoming lost in the crowd.

EXT. CITY HIGH-STREET - STOREFRONT - DAY

Ed shelters in a store recess, out of the rain.

On his mobile. He presses his palm to his free ear, struggles to hear above the traffic.

INT. HALLWAY - YVONNE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A RINGING phone. Child's birthday banner, balloons.

EXT. STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Muffled RING of PHONE... Eventually it picks up.

Ed, waits in the silence with baited breath.

ED  
Hello luv'...

CLICK -- it goes dead.

INT. YVONNE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Yvonne sits at a table. Phone before her. Lost in the silence of the moment.

EXT. STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Ed, crestfallen.

His attention wavers across the street where he spots Frank approaching the Job Centre.

Ed, sucks it down. Gathers himself.

INT. JOB-CENTRE - DAY

Busy office sounds: b.g. murmur, ring of phones.

Frank, seated. Stares straight ahead, expressionless.

CRAIG (O.S)  
I'm sorry Mr. Lane we no longer  
have you listed at that address...  
Do you have proof of your current  
living arrangements... a bill or  
rental contract?

FRANK  
No.

CRAIG (O.S)  
Letters from prospective employers?

FRANK

No.

CRAIG (says so on his name tag), 20s, wears a cheap shirt. His eyes shift impassively between Frank and a computer.

CRAIG

I'm sorry. Until you can provide the necessary information we have to suspend all allowance.

FRANK

I was made redundant.

CRAIG

You were fired. For threatening behavior... It's noted--

FRANK

--They owed me money!

CRAIG

You can re-apply. There's a one to two week reviewing period if you could return with the proper documents--

BANG! Craig jumps as Frank pounds the table.

FRANK

I don't have any of your damn--!

Restrains himself, reconsiders.

FRANK

...I've nothing, it's just me!

A Security Guard takes an interest in Frank.

Craig eyes Frank silently a moment.

CRAIG

I'm going to ask you to leave.

FRANK

I'm sorry, I don't know what...

Spots the name tag.

FRANK

...Craig, please, can't you just do something with that machine...

Craig doesn't want to hear it. His eyes beckon the Guard.

WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

A line of glum faces watch as the Guard escorts Frank to the exit. One looks up from a magazine: Ed.

EXT. JOB CENTRE - DAY

Ed exits. He casts a nod to Norris outside the betting shop opposite. They set off in unison after Frank.

Ed on one side of the road.

Norris the other.

Frank seems to walk against the flow of shoppers.

Frustrated he pulls out from the crowd, crosses the road -- ahead of Norris now.

Norris moves to close the gap.

Frank unaware.

A hand catches Norris' arm.

Ed reins him in. They fall back. Shadow Frank from a distance.

INT. ASDA - DAY

Two small metal wheels wash around the polished floor.

Marla pushes an empty trolley. Slightly ridiculous, yet taking comfort in the anonymity of a wool cap and big rose tinted glasses.

EXT. SIDE STREET - TOWARDS ASDA - DAY

Frank's eyes flick between passersby:

OFFICE WORKERS smoke.

SHOPPERS laden with bags.

A COUPLE, arm in arm.

Frank, a melancholy desperation creases his face.

The ASDA up ahead: A row of ATM's on the exterior wall.

At the last machine stands a SKINNY MAN, 30s.

Frank slows to watch as the Skinny Man takes his money and leaves in the direction of the high-street.

ED AND NORRIS

continue on as Frank u-turns, passes by them.

Ed glances at the Asda entrance.

ED

Keep on him. He comes back this way you call me.

INT. CELEBRATIONS CARD SHOP - DAY

A hand hovers above a row of greeting cards.

It belongs to Skinny Man.

Frank browses a rack nearby, keeps tabs.

EXT. CITY HIGH-STREET - CONTINUOUS

Norris loiters outside the card shop.

INT. CENTRE AISLE - ASDA

Ed strolls along. Casually searches the faces of passing shoppers and those in branching aisles.

INT. REGISTER - CELEBRATION'S CARD SHOP - DAY

A CLERK scans a birthday card.

Skinny Man pulls out his wallet.

Frank steals a glance, sees the card: it's emblazoned with a big number FOUR and the word SON.

Frank looks away, uncertain, fighting his conscience.

INT. ASDA - BREAKFAST AISLE - DAY

A TODDLER in a trolley seat rattles a box of biscuits excited by the noise.

Marla stares at a wall of cereal.

Ed draws into view at the aisles end. Notices Marla.

She faces away, hair peeks from beneath the wool cap.

He can't be sure.

The Toddler's MOTHER wrestles the biscuits from the child.

Marla, lost in the distraction. It's like she senses the eyes on her that she turns to find Ed beside her.

ED

When I was a kid it was cornflakes  
or porridge... Mum didn't believe  
in cornflakes. Too noisy.

He shoots her a smile -- the pretense to check her out.

Marla gives a polite shrug, thinks nothing of it.

He plucks a pack of cornflakes from the shelf and moves on.

EXT. CITY HIGH-STREET - DAY

Frank follows Skinny Man to a DISCOUNT STORE. Watches through the window as he disappears down an aisle.

Norris can be seen in the window's reflection, watching Frank, almost a little too obviously.

For the briefest of moments it's as if Frank sees this.

Frank slips into the store.

Norris casually follows.

INT. DISCOUNT STORE - CONTINUOUS

A handful of scruffy aisles, stacked with cheap goods. A couple of CUSTOMERS busy a lone CLERK.

A LADY pushes a trolley, wheels SQUEAK in the silence.

Norris enters, spots Frank round the corner of an aisle ahead. He picks up the pace.

Frank passes sporting goods, skateboards, bats, balls.

Norris turns the corner as Frank rounds the next aisle.

Again he shifts gears to keep up...

...turns into the next aisle:

Skinny Man holds a child's bike -- Frank nowhere in sight.

Norris tenses. Passes Skinny Man at a jog...

...Rounds the corner:

No Frank.

Norris dispenses with aisles, hurries along the back wall.

Next aisle: empty.

Norris turns the corner of the next aisle -- THWACK!

Frank drops him with a CRICKET BAT.

Norris lies winded. Frank does a quick pat down of his pockets. Finds the money clip.

Norris, helpless as Frank raises the bat.

Sound of SQUEAKING WHEELS.

Frank looks.

Norris looks:

Trolley Lady scans a shopping list, oblivious.

Frank returns the bat to the shelf and is gone.

Trolley Lady does a double take on Norris as he shakily gets to his feet.

EXT. CITY HIGH STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Norris bangs out of the DISCOUNT STORE. Mad as hell.

He spots Frank's head moving swiftly through the crowd.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - 1ST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

A multi-floored, open plan precinct.

Frank hurries towards the stairs.

Norris jogs through the mall entrance.

Frank descends the stairs to the

GROUND FLOOR

crosses the FORECOURT in a run. Norris is on the FLOOR above, sees Frank below and races back towards the stairs.

Norris tears down the stairs and across the FORECOURT, skids round a corner.

Scares the living hell out of a PENSIONER coming the other way. Breathing hard, Norris searches his options:

The corridor ends in TOILETS...

A door swings shut, on it a sign: STAIRS TO CAR PARK...

A BELL DINGS.

Norris spins to see elevator doors about to close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

A shoe jams the gap.

Norris pries back the doors and boards.

He surveys the occupants:

An ELDERLY MAN and WOMAN, laden with shopping bags.

A YOUNG MOTHER, TODDLER in a buggy, BOY (6) at her side.

An OFFICE WORKER (20s). Avoids eye contact.

And Frank. Unfazed. Eyes burning right back at Norris.

DING!

Doors close. The elevator begins its ascent.

Norris plays cool. Tries hard to match Frank's intensity.

Office Worker stares at the ceiling.

Young Mother rocks the push-chair.

The Boy watches Frank and Norris. Something's not right here, the kid can sense it.

BOY'S POV

Frank: calm, solid, imposing.

Norris: tense. Pasty, out of shape.

The elevator slows to a halt -- DING!

NORRIS

braces as the doors open behind him.

Frank doesn't move.

Norris inches aside to allow the Office Worker out.

DING... Doors close. Elevator shudders into motion.

The Old-Man coughs.

Norris falters, eyes stray:

The Old Lady smiles sweetly.

Norris looks back--

--Frank's still there.

Elevator slows.

Norris. Doubt in his eyes and it's starting to show.

DING...

Doors open.

The Young Mother pulls the Boy closer.

Norris can't help but swallow.

Frank, made of stone.

DING. Doors close.

Elevator moves.

Norris, feeling the heat.

The buggy rocks a little faster.

Old Lady, smile gone.

BOY'S POV

Norris' foot twitches.

Elevator eases to a halt.

NORRIS

takes a deep breath.

DING!

Doors open --

-- Behind Frank. It's a dual entry elevator.

Norris, caught off guard. Doesn't move.

Frank slowly back out, his eyes on Norris the whole time.  
The other elevator occupants between them.

The Elderly couple exit.

The Mother and Kids next.

And now Frank stops, waits...

Boy glances back, a look of disappointment -- DING!

Norris, nerves gone, he just lets the doors close.

INT. ASDA - CAFE - DAY

A plastic cup of water on a table.

Marla sits before it. Still in 'disguise'.

Ed openly watches her from a table opposite. Gradually she notices --their eyes meet.

MOMENTS LATER

Marla removes the glasses.

MARLA

Was hoping he'd just let it go...

Ed studies her from across the same table now.

ED

That really how you saw this workin' out?

Marla just shrugs.

ED

Meeting you here is he?

His eyes fall pointedly to the trolley crammed with food.

MARLA

Big shop. Always big shop on tuesday.

ED

Today's wednesday.

Marla, considers this.

ED

I think we'd best be goin'.

Marla, something behind Ed catches her attention.

MARLA

I think you can fuck off.

MOMENTS LATER

Ed, on edge, his eyes fixed across the table on Frank. Seated beside Marla. Staring down Ed.

FRANK  
Sullivan?

MARLA  
Works for him.

FRANK  
Mother must be very proud.

ED  
You wouldn't know it. How you  
been Frank?

Frank shrugs, hands Marla several bank notes.

FRANK  
Just the essentials.

Ed tenses, covers his surprise at the sight of the money.

ED  
Good to you this brother of yours.

FRANK  
Wait for me at the checkout.

ED  
Puttin' himself in harms way.

Marla hesitates.

Frank cuts Ed a dangerous glance.

FRANK  
Go on your good.

Ed watches as Marla heads towards the check-out.

FRANK  
You look at me, not her.

ED  
Your world Frank. I'll just--

FRANK  
--Hands where I can see them.

Ed places his hands on the table.

FRANK

Whatever it is you want, I don't  
have it.

A silence between them. Ed's eyes shift between Marla at  
the register and the main entrance.

Sound of a METALLIC 'CHINK'.

Ed looks down to Frank's hand on the table. It pulls back  
to reveal Norris' money clip.

FRANK

Gonna take more than a fat lad in a  
suit and a hard word in Asdas.

ED

If not mine, then someone else's.

Across the shop floor, Marla watches them with concern as  
she bags the food.

ED

It's her Frank. She's what they  
want...

For the first time it's Frank who shifts uncomfortably.

Ed catches this, searches Frank's eyes with sincerity.

ED

Listen to me. You won't get this  
lucky twice. Get out of here,  
go someplace you can't be found--

FRANK

--This is our home!

ED

There's nothin' here for you!

An impasse. Frank sinks back. Thinks... Leans in.

FRANK

Give me one of your shoes.

ED

...You what?

FRANK

A shoe, give it to me.

Ed baulks. Sees Frank's serious. He reluctantly removes a shoe, places it on the table.

Frank snatches up the shoe and leaves.

Ed watches as he pauses to stuff it deep inside a bin.

Ed heaves a weary, frustrated sigh.

INT. CAR-PARK - LEVEL 3 - DAY

The Volvo's open boot.

Norris rummages around in his backpack. He glances carefully around, takes out the cloth bundle.

INT. CAFE - ASDA - CONTINUOUS

Ed rummages up to his armpit in the bin.

INT. CAR-PARK - LEVEL 4 - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Marla hurry through the structure.

INT. CAR-PARK - LEVEL 3 - CONTINUOUS

The echo of FOOTSTEPS on concrete.

It's a split level structure -- Norris catches sight of Frank and Marla on the floor above.

INT. CARPARK - STAIRWELL - GROUND FLOOR

Ed pounds on the elevator call button -- gives up, bangs through the stairwell door.

LEVEL 3 - CONTINUOUS

Norris stalks Frank and Marla from below, follows the sound of FOOTSTEPS. Ahead of him, the ramp linking floors.

STAIRWELL - LEVEL 1 - CONTINUOUS

Ed huffs his way up a flight.

LEVEL 4 - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Marla, feet from the Nissan as Norris closes in behind them.

STAIRWELL - LEVEL 3 - CONTINUOUS

Ed finishes the final flight. He exits breathlessly into the CAR-PARK. Jogs now, he pulls out his phone.

LEVEL 4 - CONTINUOUS

Frank produces a set of KEYS. Norris behind him, pulls out the PISTOL.

A PHONE RINGS.

Frank reacts, spins fast--

--Parked cars. No movement... Silence.

NORRIS

pressed flat against a support. One hand holds the pistol, other mutes the mobile in his pocket. Eyes fall to the gun.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - LEVEL 3 - CONTINUOUS

Ed tosses the phone aside. Reverses the car -- BANG! BANG!

The noise echoes around the structure. Ed, alarmed. Takes the ramp linking with

LEVEL 4

turns the corner as Frank's Nissan lurches from a pall of exhaust.

The two cars race toward each other -- at the last moment Frank swings the Nissan down the exit ramp.

Ed overshoots, slams on the brakes. A choking Norris emerges from the fumes. Pistol concealed.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Norris barely makes it inside as Ed reverses.

ED

Where was the call?

NORRIS

Shut-up and drive!

Sound of TIRES SQUEALING.

Ed floors the Volvo down the ramp in pursuit.

Norris clings to the dash as they twist and turn down through the levels -- a tight, fast/slow chase. Frank's Nissan always one corner ahead.

Now on the GROUND FLOOR two ticket barriers appear.

Frank's Nissan takes one, Ed's Volvo the other, both cars screech to a halt. Staggered at the barriers.

Ed quickly winds down the window. Slightly ahead of them Frank races to do the same.

Ed gropes about his person for the ticket.

Norris frustrated -- it's taking too long.

NORRIS

FUCK!

EXT. CAR PARK - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Norris throws open the door -- it jams on the kerb. He squeezes through the gap, rips his suit in haste.

Frank's barrier lifts. Nissan accelerates.

Norris breaks off the chase.

The Nissan takes a left around the corner ahead. Seemingly missing the NO LEFT TURN sign.

NORRIS

FUUUCK!

He returns to the Volvo, inspects his torn suit as he goes.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Ed watches through the windscreen as Norris leans on the bonnet to catch his breath, glowers accusingly in.

Behind Norris the Nissan reappears: Frank furtively pushes.

Norris hears this. It's on again!

Norris makes a mad dash. A fitter man would make it...

Frank jumps in, the engine takes -- BANG! Backfires and roars away leaving Norris once more in it's trailing wake.

ED

glances at the ticket in his hand.

INT. FRANK'S NISSAN - STATIONARY - DAY

Sound of RAIN on the roof.

A FUEL GAUGE

needle hovers on empty.

FRANK

stares at it sourly.

Through windscreen: the Caravan in all its decrepit glory.

FRANK AND MARLA

in the front seats, silent, drained.

INT. HARE AND HOUND PUB - DAY

Sound of a FOOTBALL MATCH on TV.

Glenn circles ads in a paper while the Regulars nurse their usuals. Pete, drunk, slumped on the bar.

At a window table sit TWO MEN (late 30s). Casually dressed, heads down, faces unseen, they drink in silence.

Gary plays a slot machine. He turns to tap his empty glass on the bar.

GARY

Men seekin' men there Glenn?

Glenn ignores him.

Ralph enters. He crosses to the bar eyeing the match on TV. Gary returns to the machine.

RALPH

Who's winning?

GARY

It ain't me bruv'.

Ralph leans on the bar.

GARY

Men seekin' beer down 'ere Glenn!

Glenn, no answer.

A LOSING NOISE from the slot machine.

Gary gives it an angry kick.

Sound of a CARS HORN from outside.

Through window: Alberts car revs on the forecourt.

Gary looks to his empty glass on the bar -- thinks.

EXT. HARE AND HOUND PUB - DAY

Gary, a casual, unassuming gait towards Albert's car.

INT. HARE AND HOUND PUB - CONTINUOUS

One of the Men from the window table glances over at Ralph.

Their eyes briefly meet.

And that's all it takes.

Ralph turns back to the game.

INT. ALBERT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Gary, backseat, closes the door. Up front, Albert, beside him a Driver, face hidden beneath a hood.

GARY

Alright Al?

Albert grunts, tries to move his head.

Gary spots the cord tying Albert's neck to the headrest, the bound and bloodied hand at his side.

And before he can react the backdoors open and Gary watches in shock as the two Men from the window table -- HEAVIES -- calmly enter on either side.

Heavy #1 disables him with an elbow to the throat.

Heavy #2 deftly slips a hood over his head.

INT. HARE AND HOUND PUB - CONTINUOUS

Pint in hand, Ralph drops a coin into the slot machine.

EXT. LAYBY - DAY

BOUQUETS

of flowers on a trestle. A hand picks one out.

NORRIS

on his mobile. Hold as it rings. He watches Ed who stands a short way off before a roadside flower stall.

Norris masks his frustration, pockets the phone as Ed returns to the Volvo, flowers in hand.

Off Norris' brooding look:

ED

You can relax. Not for you.

Norris trails him to the drivers door.

NORRIS

Who are they for then?

Ed ignores him. Moves to open the door.

Norris blocks it with his leg.

ED

I'll tell you on the way.

NORRIS

That right? You'll tell me on the way?

ED

Yeah.

NORRIS

On the way where? You gonna tell me that an' all?

ED

That's right. The bigger picture.

Norris backs off. Ed turns to get in.

Norris casts a quick look around, grabs Ed and bounces his head off the chassis -- THUNK!

NORRIS

You tell me now!

Ed drops the flowers as Norris pins his face to the roof.

ED

Get off it!

NORRIS

Where ya' takin' me!

ED

What the hell's wrong with you!

NORRIS

You are! Ya' lyin'!

Norris presses harder as Ed struggles to free himself.

NORRIS

You let 'em go!

ED

Nothin' like it!

NORRIS

What's this job about! YOU TELL ME!

ED

You know!

NORRIS

Tell me what it is to you!

Norris, harder still. Ed writhes in pain.

ED

It's my family!

It's painfully honest. Catches Norris off-guard.

Ed twists free. Backs away. Holds off Norris with an angry glare.

MOMENTS LATER

Ed holds a thumb to his bloodied nose. He sits on a grass verge. Tilts his head to stem the flow.

Norris paces before him, confused, agitated.

NORRIS

Well fuck me. Now I get it.  
Your Old Bill--

ED

--Was. Once.

NORRIS

Bollocks. Once, always. What you  
doin' workin' for Sullivan?

ED

It's not a choice.

Ed takes a moment to gather himself.

ED

Was some of us did favours for  
people. Connected people... People  
(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

connected to Roger Sullivan. We called it useful... They called it misconduct. He knew what he was doin'. Always knows what he's doin'.

Norris, the comment strikes a chord.

ED

Was savin' for a rainy day. When it came he stitched us all right up... played all sides an' walked away the better for it.

Ed hangs his head. Eyes burn with remorse.

ED

I had a family... Was lookin' at fifteen years. Said he'd keep my name out the worst of it. I'd do a lot less. An' when I got out...

NORRIS

Sullivan's pet pig.

Ed bites his tongue. A faint nod.

ED

They sent us away up north. For our own good... Not that I cared. I was out of my mind most of the time. I got to know the prison chaplain. Real kind he was. Tried to have me moved closer to home...

He trails off. A haunted man.

ED

It was him what came to tell me my wife was in hospital. She'd, tried to take her own life... Well, she never, she never pulled through. My daughter found her. She was ten... I've put her through enough already.

Norris retrieves the flowers. Coldly tosses them at Ed.

INT. GLEWELLYN CARE HOME - DAY

Sound of FINGERS TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

THE FLOWERS rest on Ed's lap.

He waits dejectedly in a chair. Magazines on a coffee table before him. Cheap, generic prints line the wall behind.

A RECEPTION NURSE works at a computer.

Through a side door, an ELDERLY WOMAN dozes in an armchair.

MATRON (O.S)

Mr. Finnigan?

Ed looks in the direction of the voice.

EXT. CAR PARK - GLEWELLYN CARE HOME - DAY

Norris, highly strung, phone to his ear, he waits.

It rings out of service.

He tries again.

INT. GLEWELLYN CARE HOME - CORRIDOR - DAY

More cheap prints. Ed follows Matron, she's in her 40s, amiable looking in a pressed white blouse.

MATRON

You've come a long way. Thought about emigrating once myself...

She pauses before the open door to

MARGARET'S ROOM

Somewhat sterile despite the doilies and ornaments.

MARGARET LANE, 80s, sits listening to music on a radio. A pair of walking sticks within reach.

MATRON

...Thought twice I'd probably do it.  
Margaret? This is Mr. Finnigan.  
He's come to see you.

(to Ed)

I'll fetch something for the  
flowers. And I shan't be long.

INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ed moves in a slow, respectful manner towards her. Notices  
a flower bed beyond the only window:

ED

Lots of colour out there.

Margaret inspects him.

ED

Petunias?

MARGARET

Haven't the faintest... Never was one  
for flowers. I do know they won't  
last long now. You tell them, they  
don't listen, good money after bad.

ED

I'm Edward Finnigan.

MARGARET

She said.

ED

I knew your son -- from the service.

MARGARET

My Don's been dead for years...

Ed gives a bashful nod.

EXT. GLEWELLYN CARE HOME - NORRIS - DAY

on his haunches against the Volvo. Lost and alone.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

The blackened shell of what was once a car still smolders.

Two charcoaled shapes: one in the front passenger seat, the other centre back. All that's left of Albert and Gary.

INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - DAY

Margaret. A faraway look in her eyes. As if she's been talking for some time:

MARGARET

He'd been sick for so long, all  
those years of hard living take  
their toll... Seven seas he sailed.  
Drank god knows how many more...

Ed perches on a chair. Shifts awkwardly as she continues. Eyes stray to photos atop a dresser:

A youthful Don in naval dress.

Frank and Marla as children, a younger Helen Lane, arms wrapped around them. They pose before a static caravan.

Ed's gaze tightens.

MARGARET (O.S)

...Some men, they give up on  
themselves. He tried, I know he  
did. She stood by him, for their  
sake... In the end it was... relief.  
He'd just worn her down. One day  
she left them with me and never  
came back.

Matron enters, cuts Ed a sideways glance. She places a vase on the dresser and leaves.

Ed. Urged by her prompt.

ED

Those your grandchildren?

MARGARET

Yes. Francis and Marlene.

ED

Marlene...

MARGARET

It's French...

(smiles slyly)

She never told Don...

ED

You still see them?

MARGARET

She went to London, a job she said.

Ed, uncomfortable, knowing better.

MARGARET

...went looking for her mother.

ED

And Frank? Francis?

MARGARET

Like his father, at best in temper,  
thank lord not habit. Never far  
from the ocean. A good boy, always  
looking out for his sister -- had to.

Ed nods towards the picture of the caravan.

ED

Looks like a nice getaway, still  
there is it?

MARGARET

Hart's Farm. Don liked it there.  
Helen would take him when...

She stares at Ed a beat, as if to make sure he understands.

MARGARET

In autumn you get this wonderful  
sea breeze. Took him places...

ED

He was a good man.

MARGARET

You didn't know my Don.

INT. GLEWELLYN CARE HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Ed. Eyes closed. Head against the wall of a urinal as he pees. A new low in self loathing.

EXT. CORNISH COUNTRY-SIDE - DAY

The Volvo cruises a winding country road. Harvest fields and pastureland give way to coastline in the distance.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - DAY

Hands peel a potato.

Frank and Marla, seated, they play BATTLESHIPS as he peels.

She seems distant. More detached as the game progresses.

FRANK

E-four.

She just stares at him. He lets it go.

FRANK

B-seven?

MARLA

(absently)

...Hit.

FRANK

Hit what?

MARLA

I don't know, a boat.

FRANK

D-three?

Marla drifts, dewey eyed.

FRANK

We don't have to play.

MARLA

...It wasn't you.

He stops peeling, waits.

Her eyes roam the room a moment before finding him again.

MARLA

I found her...

Frank, impossible to read.

MARLA

We didn't talk. Just stood there, on  
the doorstep...

She trails off. Fighting tears.

MARLA

Nice house. All neat and tidy.  
Three bedrooms at least...  
She looked good. ...Happy.

Frank. A thin smile at this.

MARLA

...Miss.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - EVENING

Norris stares morosely from the window of the idling Volvo.  
Behind him Ed studies something in the opposite direction.

The Volvo pulls away to reveal the sign to HARTS FARM.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - EVENING

By candlelight:

Two dirty dishes stacked by the sink.

Marla, asleep on the bedroll in the lounge.

Frank keeps watch at the window. Absently thumbs the rim of a sea-shell.

EXT. CLIFF TOP MEADOW - EVENING

A ribbon of light traces the horizon.

The distant silhouettes of Ed and Norris climb the trail.

INT. HEN HOUSE - DAY

A HEN

rests calm as a hand brushes it aside to retrieve an egg.

EXT. HEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Same hand re-latches the door.

MARLA

turns, drawn in surprise to Hens beyond an open gate.

She freezes, dares not look back as a hand takes her arm.

EXT. WOODLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Shafts of dawn light play through an autumn canopy.

Ed solemnly escorts Marla along a rough trail.

She slows, vies to hold back.

MARLA

Don't do this.

Ed. Steadfast. Ushers her forward.

Marla digs her heels. Ed lets it play.

MARLA

You don't have to do this! Please,  
we'll go someplace, you could tell  
him you never found us!

She's starting to get to him. He tightens his resolve.

MARLA

Please! You don't have to...

ED

You had your chance.

He pulls her on towards the

CLEARING

They emerge from the brush.

Ed stops, leads her gaze to the

CARAVAN

Where Norris inches into position at the closed door.

MARLA

reacts -- confusion then horror as she recognises Norris.

MARLA

Frank...

Ed let's her go.

INT. STATIC CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

Frank. Asleep at his post.

MARLA (O.S)

FRANK!

He jolts awake, glances from the window to see Marla race from the tree-line with Ed in pursuit.

He rushes to the door, exits into the trap.

Through the doorway, Norris closes in with a pick-axe handle.

Marla SCREAMS O.S.

EXT. FRANK - CONTINUOUS

spins -- THUMP!

NORRIS slugs him with the handle.

Frank drops.

Ed tackles Marla to the ground.

Frank. Dazed, tries to crawl to her. Norris strikes him a second time.

NORRIS

Take my money!

Hits him again... And again.

Ed restrains Marla. Forces her cries into the earth.

MARLA

(muffled)

He didn't send you!

Frank drags himself towards Marla as Norris swaggers along toying with his prey.

He feigns to strike.

NORRIS

Fuck you!

Slugs him again. Frank barely moves.

MARLA  
(to Norris)  
You bastard! He didn't send you!

NORRIS  
(to Ed)  
Keep her quiet!

Norris circles Frank. A bully in his element. He pauses to mop his brow then kicks him some more.

Ed turns his attention to the beating:

ED  
Enough! Leave it!

Norris ignores him. Rolls Frank onto his back with a heel. Frank gasps as the handle's end presses into his mouth.

Ed shoves Norris away.

Norris drops the handle, lands on his rear.

ED  
I said leave it!

NORRIS  
I ain't your fuckin' dog!

ED  
It's not what we do!

Norris reigns it in. Between clenched teeth:

NORRIS  
That's right, we just take 'em  
back -- don't we.

EXT. CLIFF-TOP MEADOW - DAY

A METALLIC RUMBLING sound.

The sky, a little lighter now.

Ed strains away at something. His eyes focus ahead.

Frank. Unconscious. His arms and legs spill from the sides of a rusted wheel-barrow as Ed pushes.

Ahead of them, Norris shepherds a reluctant Marla.

The barrow's wheel catches a rut.

Ed struggles to free it. One eye on Norris and Marla the whole time. Clearly aggrieved by this arrangement.

ED

Quicker if we both got on this!

NORRIS

idles behind Marla. Watches her figure cut against the sky. Lost in the moment he doesn't appear to hear Ed.

A nervousness in his eyes. He forces it away.

NORRIS

What's goin' on Marl'?

(no reply)

I figure you'd know, you can tell me... I won't be angry. I just, I need to know... I can't find Gary, I'm worried about him. You know he's an idiot.

ED

struggles over the rough ground. His eyes stray to the cliff edge, wary of it's proximity.

NORRIS

growing frustrated. Changes tact, tone hardens.

NORRIS

Told 'em didn't you...

(no reply)

'Bout us. 'Bout Al n' me...  
Only I think he's gone too.

No reply. His hand drops shakily to his waistband.

NORRIS  
ANSWER ME!

She stops. Turns to face him:

He stands, pistol drawn. Barely holding it together.

MARLA  
They were gonna let me go.  
...It's you they want!

NORRIS  
YOU WERE PAYIN' ME WITH HIS MONEY!

ED

stops. Dumbly stands there supporting Frank in the wheelbarrow. Eyes on the gun. His colour drained.

MARLA  
You're not taking us anywhere...  
-- You can't can you!

Norris limply holds the gun at his side. He looks back at Ed with a grave expression.

Ed slowly lowers the wheelbarrow. Mind racing. He catches the fear in Marla's eyes. The reluctance in Norris'.

ED  
You do this one first... Before he comes round. It's why your here.  
It's what he wants.

Norris nods, slowly starts towards Ed.

Suddenly Marla comes at him in a fury.

He drops her with a sucker-punch.

Ed bristles but holds back.

## THE FOUR

of them on the cliff-top: Norris overturns the barrow  
spills Frank onto the ground. Levels the pistol.

ED

glances at the cliffs edge...

It happens FAST.

Ed comes in low, hooks Norris with a shoulder, drives him  
towards the edge, forces the pistol from his grasp.

Norris digs in, turns Ed, they fall.

The struggle becomes a blur.

Ed fights to hold on.

Norris pins him, lands a series of short, hard punches.

Ed, bloodied, stunned.

Norris glances back:

Marla struggles to haul Frank to his feet.

Ed hooks Norris with a weak right. Gets his attention...

Norris head-butts Ed. Enraged he chokes him. Screws his  
eyes shut as Ed claws at his face.

Ed's feet kick uselessly against the dirt.

His hand gropes -- the pistol out of reach.

Norris grits his teeth. Veins rise on his neck.

Ed's resistance wanes -- he falls limp.

Norris opens his eyes. His senses drawn--

He looks up -- blinks in surprise.

RALPH

unfazed. An expression of mild inconvenience.

Heavy #1, stands beside him, equally unimpressed.

Norris relaxes his grip on Ed. Smiles dumbly.

NORRIS

We found 'em...

He searches their faces for approval. Nothing.

Norris frowns, the cogs slowly turn...

Norris snatches up the pistol, makes it to his feet.

He backs straight into Heavy #2. Panics, swings the gun wildly between them.

Heavy #1 instinctively starts to raise his hands. Heavy #2 cuts him a frown -- he catches himself, stops.

Norris fires -- POP!

A blue stain flecks the tee beneath Heavy #1's open jacket.

Paintballs.

The Heavies close in.

Norris hurls the pistol -- misses -- turns and flees.

Ralph leaves them to it. Crouches, finds Ed's pulse. His attention shifts to Marla.

She cradles Frank, stopped after hopelessly dragging him a short distance down the trail.

Ralph locks in her frightened eyes as if scolding a child for all the trouble it's caused.

Behind Ralph: Norris tries to evade the Heavies. Runs in circles, cut off at every turn. Too slow to escape. Marla quails in fear.

Sounds of a struggle in b.g. Norris SHRIEKS.

The Heavies appear behind Ralph, hauling Norris between them. Ralph straightens and follows.

Marla can only watch in stunned silence.

EXT. BEACH-CAR PARK - DAY

A pair of shoeless feet drag in the dirt.

Norris weakly raises a bloodied face to the waiting Saloon.

A hand opens the rear door.

Another places a bag over his head.

BLACK.

EXT. CLIFF-TOP MEADOW - DAY

A SEAGUL hovers against a blue sky.

A shoe sticks up from the grass.

The pistol rests beside an open and emptied wallet.

Sound of COUGHING, quiet at first, grows louder.

Ed lies on his side, breath comes hard, pained. He calms, looks around, finds he's alone. Spots his wallet --

-- he checks his anorak pocket, finds it too is empty.

Kick a man when he's down.

EXT. MERCEDES - SULLIVAN'S LAKE - DAY

Phil sits half in the drivers seat. His swollen nose buried in a book. He looks up to see Ed limping towards the car.

Ed looks like the fight he lost. All bruises and muddied clothes.

Phil jumps out, blocks his way.

ED  
I just want to talk.

PHIL  
I'll tell him you called.

Ed pulls out the pistol, motions towards the Mercedes rear.

PHIL  
Bloody hell Ed.

Phil's eyes roll, but before he can make his move--

--Ed beats him to it. Deftly raps him on the nose with the gun's barrel. Phil doubles and clutches his face.

PHIL  
CHRIST! Alright, alright.

Phil pulls out the car keys, presses the zapper -- WUP-WUP.

EXT. LAKESIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The pistol lands in the mud beside a pair of Wellingtons.

Sullivan looks to the gun at his feet.

Ed skulks along the pathway behind him.

ED  
Never was about finding anyone.

Sullivan turns. For the first time he looks rattled.

His eyes flicker expectantly along the bank for his Minder.

The car keys follow the pistol.

ED  
He's waitin' in the car.

Sullivan gives a sour nod.

SULLIVAN  
Better you didn't know.

Off Ed's bitter stare.

SULLIVAN  
...Those boys were ambitious beyond  
their means, no idea what they were  
into, not just with me. That Albert  
was skimmin' off his own firm.  
Sooner or later that whole rotten  
mess would have landed at my door.

Sullivan turns away to the lake. A weary look in his eyes.

Ed soulfully follows. It's as if he too is done.

ED  
And Lane?

SULLIVAN  
I'm old, I'm tired. All this  
aggravation. Sooner see out my days  
sittin' here. Know I'd be the better  
for it. But I can't. ...An' I won't  
tolerate the likes of Norris, you or  
any other two faced bastard!

Ed snaps out of it, lips curl back.

Sound of RAPID FOOTFALLS, Ed turns too late -- WHUMP!

He staggers back from a body blow, legs buckle.

200lbs of claustrophobic Phil growl down on Ed.

SULLIVAN  
London, Leeds, it's all the same.

Ed tries to stand -- Phil puts him down again.

PHIL  
Where's the gun!

SULLIVAN  
Alright Philip.

Phil backs off, winded from the run as Ed reels in the dirt.

PHIL

Locked me in the fuckin' boot Rog'!

EXT. MAIN GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Ed stumbles out, licking his wounds as Phil draws the gate behind him.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - STATIONARY - MOMENTS LATER

Ed. Ignition key in hand. A watery stare. A broken-up old man. His jaw quivers, he tries to fight it -- can't.

An air-freshener twirls against the sound of SOBS.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - MOVING - DAY

An aisle seat. Marla and Frank on their way, somewhere...

He holds his weight painfully, face swollen and bruised.

She stares numbly from the window. Landscape rushes past.

She clutches something -- Ed's envelope. The money.

There's a distance in her eyes, an uncertainty.

EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - DAY

A SOLD sticker across a FOR SALE sign in the driveway.

INT. ED'S VOLVO - STATIONARY - DAY

A DASHBOARD CLOCK

7:15am becomes 7:16

In a wing-mirror, Ed's bloodshot, listless eyes.

EXT. TOWN PARK - KIDS PLAYGROUND - DAY

CHILDREN run screaming in play.

Yvonne ties Jake's laces. He fidgets, eager to join in.  
She finishes, turns him loose.

She finds Andy on the sidelines. They share a smile.

TOWN PARK - A TREE LINED AVENUE

stretches away. Dead leaves tumble with the wind as a  
familiar dark saloon pulls to a halt where the end  
intersects with the road.

Ralph exits and waits.

ED

watches the playground from a bench. Collar turned against  
the cold. Bruises faded. The ruins of hope in his eyes.

Slowly he sucks it in. Accepting.

KIDS PLAYGROUND - FAVOURING YVONNE

Side by side with Andy. She steals a glance over her  
shoulder, her eyes search expectantly...

The bare trees of autumn. Branches sough in the wind.

Beneath them an empty park bench.

FADE OUT.