The night has gone to the dogs

By

Gareth Spark

51 St.Peter's Road, Whitby, YO22 4HY

sparkgareth@yahoo.co.uk

EXT. LARGE ENGLISH HOUSE. NIGHT

We see SAUL LIPMAN, a ragged man aged around thirty. He is dressed like the rock star he is.

He steps nervously through the dark garden.

His hand moves towards a large door.

Leaves RUSTLE in the black trees.

The door is opened suddenly by a GUARD.

GUARD

You have 3 seconds, exactly, to piss off.

LIPMAN

No, no; there's something she needs to hear.

GUARD

There's nothing you could say she needs to hear. Leave.

Lipman walks slowly halfway along the path.

LIPMAN

Who are you anyway? Do you know what I've done for this woman.

Lipman takes a small calibre revolver from his jacket pocket.

He raises it and aims carefully.

The guard backs into the doorway, hands up.

GUARD

No need to be stupid, mate.

LIPMAN

Where were you a year ago?

He shoots, hitting a hanging basket beside the door.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Love you, Laura.

He shoots again.

INT. PLUMBING SUPPLY WAREHOUSE. DAY

The Typical clustered office of any small business.

TOMMY CORVO, a young man, stands in front of an empty desk.

He sighs and turns to examine a page 3 calendar on the wall.

The girl's eyes return his gaze with all the vigour a photograph can summon.

He's still staring when the MANAGER enters, zipping his fly.

MANAGER

Where was I?

TOMMY

I don't take anything seriously.

MANAGER

But you don't Tom. How old are you?

TOMMY

Twenty five.

MANAGER

(eating an apple)
Don't you think you should start
settling down? Get some kind of
career? I mean, nothing seems to
matter to you, at all; you're not
even listening now.

Tommy sighs again.

The Manager studies him as though encountering some alien life form for the first time.

TOMMY

So I'm fired then?

MANAGER

Oh yes.

 ${\tt TOMMY}$

Why?

MANAGER

Copper fittings are serious things.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. DAY.

Tommy shambles across a dusty, ruined landscape.

He yawns as he passes a group of men unloading a truck.

The sun sinks down the sky like an egg thrown at a wall.

He lights a cigarette and descends a hill towards a small smoky town in the north of England.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. DAY.

Tommy passes a newsagents sign that says:

SINGER MISSING

He leans against the wall and reads.

His lips move as though savouring the words.

INT. THE BLACK HORSE PUB. NIGHT

Tommy, still dressed in his uniform, sits at a table, a pint of cider in front of him.

The pub is dead and dark.

MARTIN, the young landlord, plays a fruit machine.

CATHY ADDAMS, Tommy's girlfriend takes a seat opposite her boyfriend, studies him for a moment and shakes her head.

She's about five years older than he: confident, clear-eyed and beautiful.

He glances at her and then looks away quickly.

CATHY

So what happened?

TOMMY

It was funny actually...

CATHY

I'm betting it wasn't.

TOMMY

This bloke asked me for a quote...

CATHY

Yeah?

CONTINUED: 4.

TOMMY

So I start, "Of all the gin joints, in all the towns..."; anyway, he complained.

CATHY

You're an idiot.

TOMMY

I was an idiot to work there as long, as I did. I can do better.

CATHY

Three weeks isn't that long a period of time.

TOMMY

It is when you work for plebs.

He reaches over the table and holds her hand.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Cathy, I swear to god, all I need is the right stars to come together and then we're laughing. I promised, didn't I? I promised we'd have all the things you had with him, only we'd be in love too, so it'd be fifty times better.

CATHY

He's just been promoted you know.

She rests her head in her hands.

Tommy gulps the rest of his drink nervously.

TOMMY

It's not that I aren't trying.

CATHY

How long has it been?

TOMMY

Since?

CATHY

Since you made that promise, and where are we living? I left a house and two kids behind for you, a bedsit and cider, rivers of flaming cider.

TOMMY

Give me a chance?

Cathy stands and drops a ten pound note on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 5.

CATHY

I know you'll have nothing left by now.

She pushes past the chair, then stops and turns.

CATHY (CONT'D)

You've got to get into the real world sometime, no matter what you once were, or what you could have been, you've got to start dealing with who you are now.

TOMMY

And who am I? Right now?

CATHY

A wanker.

She leaves; the door slams behind her.

MARTIN

Can't argue with that.

TOMMY

Piss off, Martin.

INT. SAUL LIPMAN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Lipman sits in the dark, playing with a phone.

He knocks over a half empty bottle of whisky.

LIPMAN

Balls.

His phone rings, lighting the room like a christmas tree.

He squints at the screen before answering.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Rose? Thank Christ you decided to ring. You remember the thing we always talked about? Tomorrow, I've got to get up there. I'm falling apart is what, you know, to pieces? Do you love me at all?

He hangs up the phone and begins to mop up the whisky.

He squeezes the cloth so the spilled drink falls onto his tongue.

INT. TOMMY'S FLAT. NIGHT

The sound of a key attempting to find the lock of the door scratches through the gloomy, jumble-sale-furnished flat.

The door swings open violently, hitting the wall behind it, where a hole has been broken by the handle, suggesting this explosive entry is quite a common event.

Tommy falls into the flat.

He lays for a moment on the floor, before lifting his head with agonising slowness and squinting ahead of him.

TOMMY

Hello Grove.

A man sits in a chair by the window. His face is illuminated in the darkness by the mobile phone he is playing with.

He is GROVE, a dark man of indeterminate age; his face seems hollow as though a shell surrounding a void.

He gazes lazily at Tommy.

GROVE

All right?

Tommy stands.

He heads over to the sink and pours a glass of water.

TOMMY

How did you get in?

GROVE

Cathy.

TOMMY

Where is she?

GROVE

Somewhere else.

TOMMY

Her things are gone.

GROVE

Never a good sign mate. Anyway, I wanted to ask you something.

TOMMY

I got fired today.

CONTINUED: 7.

GROVE

See that box?

Tommy turns, spilling his glass of water.

An old fashioned child's lunchbox, wrapped in sellotape, sits on the floor beside the TV.

TOMMY

You brought sandwiches?

GROVE

Could you watch it for me, just for a week.

TOMMY

Suppose so.

GROVE

Don't you want to know what it is?

Tommy sits in a chair opposite Grove; his eyes flutter and he looks up out of the window.

Grove's phone buzzes on the arm of the chair.

He reads a text, and then smiles at Tommy.

TOMMY

You heard about that singer?

GROVE

Who's gone missing? (beat) God, is it him?

TOMMY

I couldn't ever get my life working after that, not ever. God, I need to get something going, I need to get her back.

GROVE

You don't seem bothered.

TOMMY

Doesn't mean I aren't. What's in the box?

GROVE

I'll tell you sometime.

TOMMY

How did she look when she was going?

CONTINUED: 8.

GROVE

Thoughtful, yeah, but the night is young.

He stands and yawns.

GROVE (CONT'D)

Careful with that. Catch up with you tomorrow, yeah?

He walks to the door.

Tommy sits with his chin on his chest.

GROVE (CONT'D)

You aren't going to kill yourself are you?

TOMMY

I'll see what's on telly first.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The room is gloomy. Orange light falls through the window from outside.

Tommy is awake in bed.

He reaches for the bedside cabinet and a pack of cigarettes.

He lights one, breathes deeply and looks across to the corner of the room.

Sirens sound outside.

We see a guitar in the corner; it is rusted and old, leaning against the wall.

Tommy sighs deeply.

TOMMY

Well (beat) here we are.

EXT. BUS STATION. NIGHT.

Rain hammers onto the roof of a shelter in the bus station.

An old man sits inside, smoking, looking up at the rain.

This is the busiest part of the town.

Cars pull through the deep pools of fallen rain, their headlights burning in the black water.

CONTINUED: 9.

A bus turns the corner.

Its windscreen wipers creak like old leather as the vehicle pulls to a halt.

We see a pair of eyes peering through the window.

The door hisses open.

The eyes belong to a dishevelled Saul Lipman, pale eyes rimmed with red.

His clothes look as though they've never seen an iron.

The old man stares at him.

OLD MAN

Any change?

Lipman smiles. His eyes lock onto the old man's like laser beams - he seems to be burning from the inside out.

He drops two £20 notes in the old man's lap,

He pulls a heavy bag over his shoulder and disappears into the rain.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. DAY

It's early; the shops are opening.

Tommy shambles along the side of the street, trying to keep away from the puddles.

Occasionally he sighs or winks at a girl. A cigarette hangs from his lip.

We hear the sound of running feet crashing through water.

Tommy turns, casually at first, then he stops and stares hard at a figure chasing down the street after him.

It is SAUL LIPMAN.

LIPMAN

Tommy!

Tommy throws his cigarette.

He begins to run.

He barges between a pair of bin-men, knocking a full bag of rubbish to the ground.

The bag bursts.

CONTINUED: 10.

BIN-MAN

Fuck's sake!

Lipman leaps over the scattered boxes, teabags and empty cans now littering the pavement.

He moves quickly.

Tommy looks over his shoulder.

He skids to a halt, then races into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY. DAY

Tommy narrowly avoids a door opened by a young shop girl.

Lipman is not so lucky, and crashes at full speed into the door, the girl, and her cup of coffee.

He pushes her out of the way.

The door SLAMS shut.

Tommy, doubled over with stitch, waits at the end of the alley.

TOMMY

All right mate, let's have it.

LIPMAN

Why did you run like that you dick?

Tommy stares at Lipman.

He rubs his eyes.

TOMMY

Lipman?

LIPMAN

I saw you at the end of the road.

TOMMY

Aren't you "missing"?

LIPMAN

How can I be missing when I'm here?

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. DAY

They walk side by side, both glancing at the other from the corner of their eyes.

The street is busy with early morning shoppers and delivery wagons.

TOMMY

So how is it?

LIPMAN

How's what?

TOMMY

The adventure.

LIPMAN

Not sure I'd use that word; if you mean life then I'll tell you what I tell everyone, it's a big mystery.

TOMMY

A misery?

LIPMAN

That too.

They stop in front of a closed take-away.

Lipman lights a cigarette, offering one to Tommy, who snatches it greedily.

TOMMY

I was just on my way somewhere.

LIPMAN

Aren't we all?

TOMMY

Glad I ran into you, something's happened; I lost something I need back. You could help.

Lipman reaches into his pocket and hands a bundle of notes to Tommy.

He smiles.

LIPMAN

I owe you a lot more than that.

He nods to himself.

Tommy turns and looks the other way, discreetly jamming the money into the pocket of his jeans.

CONTINUED: 12.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

I have to go get my hotel sorted, but I need to see you; look everything will be explained. OK? Is the Cabin Cafe still open?

TOMMY

Yeah.

LIPMAN

One o'clock. I'd like to talk now, settle everything, but you and I and all know that's not going to happen, not right now, and I'm not going to pretend we're ok, because we both know what happened and what I did and what you did.

He finishes his cigarette and flicks it into the street where it narrowly avoids hitting a woman.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

There's no lies anymore. I'm trying.

TOMMY

I know.

LIPMAN

Everything will be explained.

Lipman strides away suddenly, the coat flapping round him like a pair of wings.

Tommy shrugs and walks in the other direction.

INT. LEISURE CENTRE. DAY

Cathy sits behind the reception desk of the only leisure centre in town, drumming her fingers on the keys.

A smartly dressed man hands her a piece of paper as he walks passed.

Her friend AMY, walks across and leans on the desk. She's a drab, mid-thirties, man-made-fibres kind of woman.

AMY

So?

CATHY

So nothing.

CONTINUED: 13.

AMY

Why don't you call Pete, you know he'd take you back in a second. He misses you - he said those exact words at the golf club to so and so's husband the other week. You've had your fling, we've all got to get it out of our system sooner or later. Time to get your feet back on the ground.

CATHY

You'd think he'd want me back after I broke his heart like that?

AMY

Heart's break all the time, don't they? You've got to start thinking about the security. I mean, forty grand a year? Compared to what? Captain Cider and rollie fags.

CATHY

It's not just that you know.

AMY

I know, you did what we all want to do sometimes and chased the bit of rough, but this is, you know, the world, and we've all got to live in it. Ring him.

Cathy reaches for her bag and lifts out her mobile phone.

She holds it between her fingers as though it's poison.

CATHY

You think I should?

Amy nods sagely.

Cathy dials a number and holds the phone to her ear.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. DAY.

Tommy steps out of a Betting Shop and lights a cigarette.

He reaches into his pocket and counts the notes he has left.

He looks at his watch and then across to the Black Horse Pub.

INT. BLACK HORSE PUB. DAY

Martin, the landlord/barman, wipes the bar carefully around the prone head of an elderly man sleeping on the counter.

He looks up as Tommy enters and automatically begins to pour a pint of cider.

MARTIN

Now then son; all right?

TOMMY

No.

MARTIN

You're going to tell me anyway, so what's up?

TOMMY

I think I'm going mental.

Martin hands him the glass and smiles.

Dust floats across the pub.

MARTIN

Take your medicine.

TOMMY

It won't hurt I suppose.

EXT. THE CABIN CAFE. DAY.

Lipman stands outside, fidgeting: leaning against first one wall of the greasy spoon Cafe, then another.

He wraps his arms around himself and stares through the steamy window.

Tommy approaches from the other side of the road and pauses.

He turns to walk away, then turns again.

Lipman spots him and waves him across

INT. CABIN CAFE. DAY

The two men sit at a formica topped table in front of the dripping window, drinking tea from chipped cups.

LIPMAN

I couldn't help it.

CONTINUED: 15.

TOMMY

Good, 'cos if you could help it..

LIPMAN

I know, it's a million times worse, but you know there's some sort of crazy inside all of us, and you can't help it.

TOMMY

You're not getting to the point where you explain why I should give a toss about any of this.

LIPMAN

I know, I always talked too much, that's the way my brain's wired, some people find it charming.

TOMMY

I don't.

LIPMAN

That's why I like you. I'm not sure there's a straight answer anyway, to any of this, but here we are, mate, you and me again.

TOMMY

Here we are

A girl walks over and slams a plate onto their table.

Lipman covers his face with his arm and turns to the window.

She leaves and Lipman turns, examining the bacon sandwich on the plate with his index finger.

LIPMAN

Jesus, the cuisine up here is terrifying. You want to know why I'm back? To get married.

TOMMY

Married? As in hitched, as in "I do", and "I only want you darling"?

LIPMAN

She's arriving tonight on the nine o'clock train. I can't believe I ran into you; didn't know if you'd still be here or if it was a wild thought, you know the kind.

CONTINUED: 16.

TOMMY

The kind you always had.

LIPMAN

The kind I always had. So why did you run this morning?

TOMMY

Sometimes people just do things and how can they ever know why. That's the big and only question, isn't it?

LIPMAN

And this is your life?

Lipman begins to eat the sandwich.

Tommy raises his fist and clenches it before slowly bringing his hand back down to the table.

TOMMY

I had the chance to get away from this.

LIPMAN

Then why didn't you?

TOMMY

Someone took it from me.

LIPMAN

You didn't have to hang onto my coattails your whole life.

TOMMY

Hold on - who was getting the lift off who? I remember it different.

LIPMAN

Well of course you would.

TOMMY

Now I'm here forever.

Lipman laughs and wipes his mouth, turning to the window.

The door clangs open and a couple walk in wearing plastic macs. Rain rattles against the window.

LIPMAN

There are no forevers any more.

EXT. THE CABIN CAFE. DAY.

Lipman holds the door open for an elderly couple entering the cafe.

Tommy watches him and lights a cigarette.

TOMMY

Am I going to meet this girl?

LIPMAN

That's the notion.

TOMMY

She knows everything?

LIPMAN

I got your number, so we'll catch up later, yeah? You all right for money?

TOMMY

I suppose.

They walk in opposite directions.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

Tommy, drunk, weaves through crowds of people dancing.

The room is dark, the smoky air shot through by coloured beams of light.

He heads for the bar, and slams a banknote down.

He turns to his left and sees Cathy; a man has his arm draped around her shoulder.

She sees Tommy.

The two look through the gloom into each others eyes.

The shock on her face fades and is replaced by a smile.

Tommy turns back to the bar.

He folds the banknote carefully and places it into his pocket.

The music builds, people push into him.

He turns and shoves his way through the people standing behind him.

Cathy shouts something inaudible after him.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

Tommy stops a few yards from the door

He staggers past the queueing clubbers.

He balances himself against a wall.

Some people pass and laugh at him.

INT. B&B. DAY

Lipman sits on the bed in a chintzy Bed and Breakfast bedroom.

He types something into his phone.

It RINGS, making him jump.

LIPMAN

How did you miss the train? Jesus, ok then, all right, I'll be there.

He tosses the phone onto the bed beside him.

It CLANGS against an empty bottle of whisky.

INT. BAR. DAY

Tommy sits by the window of the bar looking towards the bus station.

He has a drink in front of him.

A girl approaches.

GIRL

Hiya.

Tommy looks up at her.

GIRL (CONT'D)

It's been a while.

TOMMY

Apparently.

GIRL

What have you been up to?

TOMMY

Stuff.

CONTINUED: 19.

GIRL

Are you going to ask about my dad?

TOMMY

How's he doing?

GIRL

He's dead.

Tommy takes a long drink.

TOMMY

That's....

GIRL

...Isn't it though?

Lipman enters the bar just in time to see the girl empty the remainder of Tommy's drink over his head.

She leaves, the door slams behind her.

LIPMAN

Who was that?

TOMMY

The name escapes me.

Lipman takes off his hoody and hands it to Tommy.

He wipes the cider out of his hair.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Come on then.

EXT. BUS STATION. DAY.

The sky is beginning to clear and sunlight sparkles on the puddles.

Tommy sits on a bench beneath the plastic roof, reading graffitti, a cigarette hanging limply from his mouth.

Lipman leans against the railings, smiling.

TOMMY

What's her name anyway?

LIPMAN

Rose.

TOMMY

Does she have red hair?

CONTINUED: 20.

LIPMAN

Why?

TOMMY

I see her with that way.

LIPMAN

It's black.

TOMMY

I suppose she's a goddess.

LIPMAN

Aren't they all.

TOMMY

But I mean she has to have something, to get you here and now, all disappeared from the band. Considering the marriage thing. I read the papers this morning; there's quite a mystery.

LIPMAN

Everything'll be explained in time, I told you this. One thing at a time, Tommy. Wait till you see her.

TOMMY

I'm looking forward to it.

LIPMAN

If you live to be a hundred...

TOMMY

... God forbid.

LIPMAN

...You'll never meet anyone like her.

TOMMY

Then why pull a face like that?

Lipman turns his back.

The square in front of the bus station is busy.

He pulls the hood up over his face.

LIPMAN

I've had a few months you wouldn't believe. We've got to sort this out.

Tommy stands and joins Lipman at the railings.

CONTINUED: 21.

TOMMY

I'm giving you the chance aren't T?

LIPMAN

Here it comes.

A bus pulls round the corner into the square.

Lipman hops from one foot to another like an excited child, as though he doesn't know what to do with himself.

As the bus stops, Lipman runs over and stares up into each window.

The passengers disembark.

ROSE is the last one to leave; a tired twenty year old; dangerous-bohemian-careless.

She kisses Lipman, then slaps him, hard.

INT. BAR. DAY

Tommy sits with Rose at a table in the window.

Lipman is using a payphone at the bar, and the barmaid watches him carefully.

TOMMY

It was nine years ago, I was working at a charity shop, youth training scheme, you know?

ROSE

Yeah.

TOMMY

I was outside, smoking on my break and, I swear to god, he appeared in a puff of smoke.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. DAY

It is nine years before.

A younger Lipman walks across a sunny street towards Tommy.

He smokes a large, fuming cigar.

He smiles.

CONTINUED: 22.

TOMMY (V.O.)

He was starting work, and suddenly I was ashamed of myself, like I was a total nothing.

Lipman shakes Tommy's hand and winks.

INT. BAR. DAY

ROSE

I know the feeling.

TOMMY

What was the slap about?

ROSE

It was the full stop at the end of a long story.

Lipman, at the bar, slams the phone down.

TOMMY

Then we started the band.

EXT. THE RIVER BANKS. EVENING.

An industrial waste just outside town: long grass growing through concrete, a muddy river sloughing past abandoned buildings and Tommy sitting with Grove.

They are smoking weed, watching the water.

A fish jumps from the river.

GROVE

I'm surprised anything can live in there.

TOMMY

Life will find a way.

GROVE

Jurassic Park?

TOMMY

Yeah. Speaking of dinosaurs I was in the club the other night, saw Cathy.

GROVE

She's back with that tool, isn't she?

CONTINUED: 23.

TOMMY

I don't understand it.

GROVE

That's your problem.

TOMMY

One of many. Saul Lipman's in town.

GROVE

You're joking?

Tommy throws a bottle into the river.

TOMMY

Maybe he could help me out, I don't know: a job, a loan, anything. He owes me.

GROVE

What's he doing here though?

TOMMY

Wish I knew, I never ever wanted to see that bastard again; now it's going to be like before, me grovelling.

Grove leans back in the grass.

We see three silhouettes approaching from the distance.

Tommy turns round and looks at them over his shoulder.

He taps Grove on the top of his head.

Grove swats his hand away.

GROVE

Piss off.

TOMMY

Someone's coming.

Grove sits up and squints, holding his hand over his eyes.

GROVE

Get up, get up.

They jump to their feet stiffly.

The three men in the distance begin to run.

They CLATTER through the garbage littering the riverside.

Grove pushes Tommy out of the way and races in front of him.

CONTINUED: 24.

Tommy, after a moment's pause, begins to run.

He catches Grove and yanks him to the side, pushing him out of the way.

The three men follow them clearly and tenaciously.

EXT. ALLEY. DAY

Grove and Tommy burst round the corner and hide behind a large industrial bin.

TOMMY

Who's that?

GROVE

Some friends.

The three men dash past the mouth of the alley, a sudden darkness against the light of the day.

Grove laughs.

TOMMY

I don't like all this running around.

GROVE

Ah, it's nothing. I just don't want to run into them if I can avoid it.

There is a sudden BANG in the distance.

The three men round the corner and begin to chase down the alley.

With a shout Grove and Tommy run again.

EXT. BUSY ROAD. DAY

A busy road: cars and trucks speeding through the day.

Tommy runs into the path of a car that screams to a halt.

The horn blasts.

Tommy is about to retreat when Grove pushes him out into the road.

They dodge the traffic and make it across.

A car swerves to avoid them and mounts the pavement.

The three men attempt the same after a moments hesitation.

CONTINUED: 25.

A car strikes the lead man on the hip.

He twirls through the air like a doll.

Grove, on the far side of the road, laughs victoriously, slapping Tommy on the shoulder.

Tommy shakes his head as the two vanish down a side-street.

INT/EXT. TELEPHONE BOX. DAY

Lipman dials a number slowly.

He hangs up.

He dials the number, faster this time.

LIPMAN

Laura?

He puts more coins into the phone and dials again.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Laura, now listen will you? Jesus just listen. No, I'm back home; home? Where I grew up? I can't stop thinking about you, I can't get rid of it, it's killing me. Laura? Just call me later, I need to know you're thinking about me.

He lifts the phone from his ear, looks at it for a second, then replaces it on the lever.

INT. TOMMY'S FLAT. DAY

Tommy is drinking in the kitchen from a large bottle of cider.

He turns, shaking his head, muttering.

Grove sits in the chair taking huge drags from a cigarette.

GROVE

Like I said, don't worry.

TOMMY

It's strange, Grove, I'm trying to live a quiet old life but things keep happening to me.

Grove shrugs.

CONTINUED: 26.

GROVE

Just watch that box for me.

TOMMY

Why?

GROVE

Because the next stop those three make is my place.

He stands

GROVE (CONT'D)

You wanted something to go right? Some success? Watch my stuff and you'll be all right.

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY

A tall, well dressed man, COOPER, walks purposefully down the street.

He stops outside the expensive house which Lipman tried to enter.

INT. LARGE ENGLISH HOUSE. DAY.

Cooper sits on a vast couch, drinking coffee.

A woman sits opposite him with her back to us - we do not see her face.

COOPER

So long as I know where he was going, roughly, I can find him.

He sips from the coffee and looks round the room.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Nice place like this? That's a lot to lose, too much maybe; but I can solve your problem.

He stands, continuing to look around.

COOPER (CONT'D)

And there's no better moment than now.

EXT. GARAGE FORECOURT. DAY.

Lipman stands looking up at the evening sky as a salesman points to a car.

SALESMAN.

The one you want is right here.

LIPMAN

I fancy that.

He points to an old battered car in the corner of the saleroom.

SALESMAN.

Nah, that's on it's way out; years old, but this one here? This is a ride for life.

LIPMAN

That one's got personality, though.

He walks over and runs a hand over the car bonnet, trailing his fingers through layers of dirt and rust.

SALESMAN.

Well, OK, let's talk about finance..

LIPMAN

Cash.

He reaches into a carrier bag and begins to lay stacks of banknotes on the car.

They are all bound by bank labels.

SALESMAN.

Whatever you say.

EXT. BED & BREAKFAST. DAY.

The car is parked outside on the street.

Tommy walks past it, shaking his head, then he looks closer.

Rose is on the back seat, eyes closed.

ROSE

How you doing?

TOMMY

Well I suppose I'm all right.

CONTINUED: 28.

ROSE

Got to be haven't you?

She opens her eyes and looks up at him.

TOMMY

Where is he?

ROSE

Said he wanted to relive some memory, but he talks too fast for me to follow.

She sits up, dislodging a couple of empty drinks cans from her lap.

TOMMY

He said he was going to help me out.

ROSE

I suppose he'll be back soon, there's not much to do, or see.

TOMMY

The worst place in the world.

ROSE

You never thought about trying to move away?

TOMMY

I have.

ROSE

Lipman says you're a talent.

TOMMY

Maybe I was.

She steps out of the car and locks arms with him.

ROSE

Don't ever count on him helping.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. DAY

They walk arm in arm.

Tommy tries to get her to let go, but this only makes her hold harder.

TOMMY

You sound rare; where you from?

CONTINUED: 29.

ROSE

Here and there.

TOMMY

You've got a beautiful voice.

ROSE

That's what you think?

TOMMY

And gorgeous eyes.

ROSE

And I think someone's just broke your heart.

He laughs.

TOMMY

Someone's always breaking my heart.

ROSE

It's all around every part of you.

TOMMY

Maybe you're right.

ROSE

And maybe there's more to you than I first thought.

TOMMY

So why has Lipman gone missing?

ROSE

I'm not telling. He always said you know more about him than anyone else alive. I'm surprised they didn't dig you up when all that stuff about Laura hit.

TOMMY

They?

ROSE

Media bastards.

TOMMY

The band isn't that big.

ROSE

They never cared about the music, just him and that woman, fucking.

CONTINUED: 30.

TOMMY

Is that how it is?

They stop outside a florists.

Rose bends down and picks petals off a bunch of flowers.

ROSE

Tell me all about him, Tommy.

TOMMY

I wrote the songs, and it was good enough as long as he was there to sing them.

ROSE

All I want are things to go back to how they were.

TOMMY

That's all anyone wants.

EXT. BED & BREAKFAST. NIGHT

Lipman gets into his new car.

He struggles to start the engine.

The car pulls out.

It narrowly avoids another car.

Tyres SCREECH.

The BLARE of horns fills the night.

EXT. THE TOWN'S STREETS. NIGHT.

He drives slowly through the town, peering through the windows at:

Gangs of kids, drinking and fighting.

Drunken women falling from a pub door.

A man vomiting over the steps of a house.

Two policemen leering over a hen party.

Black water in the river, dappled with neon.

A woman CRYING in a phone box.

A busker.

CONTINUED: 31.

He stops the car near the busker and walks back, pulling up the hood of his jacket.

He stands and listens for a moment before holding a banknote in front of the man's face.

The busker stops playing.

LIPMAN

Know any Reunion songs?

BUSKER

Who are they?

LIPMAN

Singer's gone missing.

BUSKER

One, I think.

He STRUMS a few chords.

Lipman nods.

LIPMAN

Play that one.

He drops the money into the guitar case.

The Busker plays, singing.

Lipman sings a little.

The song ECHOES through the street.

A group walk by, laughing.

Lipman holds up his hands and stops the busker.

BUSKER

Good little song.

LIPMAN

I've never thought about it.

Lipman walks back to the car.

INT. THE BLACK HORSE PUB. NIGHT

There is a darts match in the small pub.

Tommy and Rose sit by the window.

She watches the game.

He drinks and gazes through the window.

CONTINUED: 32.

Cathy's friend, Amy, sits on the other side of the pub with her husband.

She stands and, dodging darts, heads for Tommy.

AMY

Who's she?

TOMMY

What?

AMY

Who's this? Got over Cathy quick then, didn't you?

TOMMY

You're drunk, piss off.

ROSE

I'll go.

TOMMY

You don't have to.

AMY

Just so you know, Cathy's gone back to Pete. Don't like that do you? Tough.

TOMMY

Get away will you?

AMY

Look at you, I mean, just look at you: as if she was wasting her time on you. At least she's with a grown up now, someone who'll treat her right. You're pathetic.

She turns and walks back to her table.

ROSE

Trouble at t'mill?

Tommy stands.

He knocks a glass of his table.

Amy sneers from the other side of the pub.

Tommy struggles to the door and leaves.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

Grove stumbles along the alley.

He takes a phone from his pocket and starts texting.

A hand knocks the phone from his hand.

The hand belongs to TURNBULL, a wiry, tattooed thug: one of the three men who had chased Grove before.

TURNBULL

Where is it?

GROVE

It's...

TURNBULL

...where?

The man knocks Grove to the ground with a left.

GROVE

Hold on.

The man kicks Grove.

TURNBULL

I know they gave it to you, so now I want you to give it to me, and that starts by you telling me where you've stashed it away.

GROVE

I can't, you know I can't.

The man kicks Grove again.

He pulls Grove to his feet.

The man knocks him back to the ground with a right.

TURNBULL

You going to tell me?

GROVE

They took it with them.

TURNBULL

Behind bars? Try again.

He kicks Grove three times, quickly.

Turnbull takes a lock knife from his pocket and unfolds the blade.

EXT. LEISURE CENTRE CAR-PARK. DAY.

Cathy steps out of an expensive people carrier.

Her husband sitting in the driving seat smiles at her and winks. There are two young kids in the back seat.

She smiles back and watches the car as it turns round.

It passes her slowly.

She waves at the two kids and waits until the car is out of sight.

She looks up at the clouds.

Tommy stands up from between two parked cars.

TOMMY

Big happy family?

CATHY

What the hell are you doing?

TOMMY

I need to talk with you.

CATHY

What's to say?

She walks towards the leisure centre.

Tommy follows.

TOMMY

A lot apparently. What are you doing back with him? After everything you said?

CATHY

I've got responsibilities, something you could never understand.

TOMMY

You know that's not true.

He grabs her sleeve and she slaps his hand away.

They stand and stare at each other.

CATHY

Never going to happen.

She walks into her work.

Tommy punches the window.

He holds his hand in pain.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST. DAY

The Room is small and homely.

Lipman is seated on a stool and Rose stands behind him.

She grabs his hair and pulls his head back.

He watches her in the mirror as she pulls his hair into a ponytail.

ROSE

Are you sure?

Lipman nods.

She lifts a long sharp knife.

The blade shines in the gloomy room.

ROSE

You're absolutely sure?

LIPMAN

Do it.

Rose slices through his hair slowly.

She lifts the severed ponytail and shows it to him in the mirror.

INT. TOMMY'S FLAT. DAY

Tommy sits on the floor, his guitar on his lap and a half bottle of whisky beside him.

A TV plays in the corner without noise.

We see Lipman's face on the screen. It's a music video.

Tommy turns the TV off.

He picks a few notes out on the guitar

before pushing the instrument away.

He stands.

Swigs from the bottle.

He stumbles over the case Grove entrusted to him.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

CONTINUED: 36.

TOMMY

Who is it?

LIPMAN

Yours truly.

Tommy opens the door.

TOMMY

Nice haircut.

Lipman enters; his head has been shaved.

LIPMAN

Thanks, though you still recognised me, which makes the actual cut pointless.

TOMMY

So it's a disguise?

LIPMAN

That's the notion.

TOMMY

And I suppose this all has something to do with your vanishing act?

LIPMAN

Something. Little early for the hard stuff?

Tommy drinks and sits in his chair.

TOMMY

This is happy hour.

LIPMAN

Looks it. Let me guess: it's either money, or a woman.

TOMMY

Both.

LIPMAN

Then I've come at just the right time, boy wonder.

Lipman nods to the guitar.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Can you still get a tune out of that thing?

CONTINUED: 37.

TOMMY

What's the point?

LIPMAN

I owe you.

TOMMY

That's right.

LIPMAN

I'm leaving. I wondered if you wanted to come this time.

TOMMY

Because you've run out of songs?

LIPMAN

Partly.

Lipman takes the bottle from Tommy and swigs deeply.

He sits opposite.

TOMMY

Write some more.

LIPMAN

Tommy...

TOMMY

Where is it.

He stands and takes a CD from a shelf.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It says here "All songs written by Saul Lipman". So, write some more.

LIPMAN

I said I would explain.

TOMMY

So tell me.

LIPMAN

Everything will be explained, just give me the time, it's intricate.

TOMMY

Fucking, what was that, intricate? Isn't everything intricate in this?

CONTINUED: 38.

LIPMAN

Look, Rose and I have to get away, double time; I can't explain why, but I want you to come with us.

I was talking to this busker and it reminded me of when we started out. I just want to get back to the time when it was all simple.

TOMMY

You can't ever get back.

LIPMAN

But you're stuck here, mate, what kind of a life is this? I know that all these years you've been wanting to get away, and I know that it's my fault.

TOMMY

Do you?

LIPMAN

The day after tomorrow, Tommy, you've got till then, because we're going, hell or high water, nothing's going to change that. We're going to go see my Dad, then we're going back to the city. I want you to come with us. You can be in the band, and I'll see to it you get everything that's owed you.

Tommy shakes his head.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Think about it.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TOMMY'S FLAT. DAY.

Lipman slams the door to the block of flats behind him.

He rubs a hand over his head and looks up.

Rose is seated on the wall.

ROSE

What did you want to see him about?

LIPMAN

I wanted to do some good.

CONTINUED: 39.

ROSE

You invited him then?

LIPMAN

Yeah.

They lean against Lipman's car.

Rose lights two cigarettes and hands him one.

ROSE

How much have you told him? You told him where we're going?

LIPMAN

Jesus, yes.

EXT. THE TOWN'S STREETS. NIGHT.

Tommy walks through the town.

Cars pass him slowly.

He stops to light a cigarette.

There is distant music.

He begins to walk again, dragging his feet.

Somebody walks into him and apologises.

Tommy shrugs.

EXT. TOMMY'S PARENTS HOUSE. NIGHT

Tommy stands at the end of the garden path.

The curtains twitch and the door opens.

Tommy's mother stands there and looks at him.

TOMMY'S MOTHER

What's up?

TOMMY

Is me Dad in?

TOMMY'S MOTHER

Yeah.

TOMMY

Maybe I should go then.

CONTINUED: 40.

TOMMY'S MOTHER

Have you had your tea?

TOMMY

I had some noodles.

TOMMY'S MOTHER

Get yourself in.

INT. TOMMY'S PARENTS HOUSE.NIGHT

Tommy sits at the dining table without his shirt, eating.

His father sits opposite.

His mother is ironing Tommy's shirt in the corner of the kitchen.

TOMMY'S FATHER

Have you been drinking?

TOMMY

Little bit.

TOMMY'S FATHER

I thought you had no money.

TOMMY

I don't.

TOMMY'S MOTHER

Leave him alone.

TOMMY'S FATHER

Wish I had the money to spare. I work six days a week; can't even pay for a haircut.

TOMMY'S MOTHER

I cut your hair, leave him alone. This is why he doesn't come round, because you're down his flaming throat soon as he's through the door.

EXT. TOMMY'S PARENTS HOUSE. NIGHT

Tommy's mother hugs him on the doorstep.

TOMMY

I'm fucking depressed Mam.

TOMMY'S MOTHER

Don't swear Tommy. So, what is it? I wish you would talk more.

CONTINUED: 41.

TOMMY

It wouldn't make anything better.

TOMMY'S MOTHER

It's always the end of the world with you.

TOMMY

Well, this time it really might be. Anyway, see you.

He walks away.

His mother closes the door.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

Tommy stands at the bar.

He looks over his shoulder.

A man in the corner hits another man.

A bouncer grabs him and pushes him towards the door.

Cathy, her husband, PETE, and a woman are seated at a table behind them.

Tommy finishes his drink in a single GULP and turns to the barman.

TOMMY

Same again.

Cathy walks across, avoiding a pile of smashed glass.

She stands next to Tommy.

CATHY

How you doing?

TOMMY

You can probably guess.

CATHY

It's my birthday.

TOMMY

I know. Who are they?

CATHY

Amy's sister, and you remember Pete.

CONTINUED: 42.

TOMMY

Good looking bastard, isn't he?

CATHY

What's up?

TOMMY

You know what's up.

CATHY

Not that again. I told you to forget it. I couldn't take any more empty promises.

TOMMY

But...

CATHY

I just don't feel the same about you anymore.

TOMMY

Don't believe you.

CATHY

You have to let me go.

TOMMY

And you're back with him, yeah?

CATHY

He'll never let me down.

TOMMY

Well, there you go.

CATHY

Take care.

She walks away towards the bathroom.

INT. PIZZA SHOP. NIGHT.

Tommy sits staring at his feet.

A DRUNKEN MAN in a suit addresses the CLERK.

DRUNKEN MAN

You Turkish?

CLERK

Persian.

DRUNKEN MAN

I don't want to be rude, but we say Iranian in this country.

Tommy collects his Pizza and leaves.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. NIGHT.

Tommy walks slowly, eating the pizza from its box.

He passes a young man who vomits in a shop doorway.

A police van drives past slowly.

There is distant MUSIC.

He walks into Cathy and AMY'S SISTER.

TOMMY

Well.

AMY'S SISTER

You leave her alone.

TOMMY

Can't we just talk a while?

AMY'S SISTER

She's finished with you. Go on.

Cathy looks Tommy up and down.

TOMMY

Five minutes?

AMY'S SISTER

She doesn't want to talk, get it in your head.

Amy's sister drags Cathy away.

EXT. BUS STATION. NIGHT.

Tommy finishes the last of his pizza.

He drops the box onto the floor and kicks it beneath the bench.

He stands, but does not see Cathy stood close to him.

CATHY

Litterbug.

TOMMY

Hope you aren't hungry.

CATHY

I see you were.

CONTINUED: 44.

TOMMY

Still am. Where's your pal?

CATHY

Got a fag?

Tommy hands her a cigarette.

He leans close to her and lights it.

TOMMY

Doesn't think much of me, does she?

CATHY

After the way I've been treated?

TOMMY

You followed me.

CATHY

What did you want to talk about?

TOMMY

Us.

CATHY

Then there's nothing to talk about.

Tommy sighs and lights a cigarette of his own.

His smoke mingles with Cathy's in the cold light.

TOMMY

I miss you.

CATHY

Don't.

TOMMY

Like I can help it.

CATHY

How many chances was I supposed to give you? Did you think I'd keep taking you back? For what: to watch you sitting in that chair, drinking yourself to death and have my heart broken over and over? What did you think?

TOMMY

I don't know what to think.

CONTINUED: 45.

CATHY

You had your chance.

He leans forward and tries kissing her.

She lunges backwards, slapping his hands away.

He follows her.

TOMMY

Cathy.

He takes hold of her shoulders and kisses her.

She kisses him back, slowly.

He holds her face in his hands.

CATHY

I knew this would happen.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Tommy holds the door open for Cathy.

She enters slowly.

The room is dark.

CATHY

I shouldn't be doing this.

TOMMY

I think you should.

They kiss and sit on the bed.

She strokes his face.

CATHY

I need to talk to you.

TOMMY

It can wait.

They kiss.

INT. TOMMY'S FLAT. DAY

Tommy sits alone in the window, smoking.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TOMMY'S FLAT. DAY.

Cathy walks out of the gate and stands in the street.

She looks up at the window.

A car passes and she hides her face.

She walks away quickly.

INT. JOB CENTRE. DAY

Tommy sits on a chair in a crowded waiting room.

There is a magazine on the table in front of him that has a picture of Saul Lipman on the cover.

TOMMY

Could you pass me that?

A man beside him looks at him for a moment before passing him the magazine.

The Headline reads: MISSING SINGER DEAD?

Tommy stands and rushes from the building.

INT. TOMMY'S FLAT. DAY

The flat is TRASHED.

Crockery lies smashed on the floor, the cupboard doors are opened. The television screen has been kicked in.

Tommy paces the floor.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TOMMY'S FLAT. DAY.

Lipman walks to the door.

Rose stands by the gate.

LIPMAN

Aren't you coming in?

ROSE

Should I?

LIPMAN

The bloke's going to think you don't like him.

CONTINUED: 47.

ROSE

There's no reason for me to like him. Let's face it honey, anyone with the time of day for you does tend to be an arsehole.

TOMMY

Carry on like that and I'll cry.

Tommy stands in the doorway.

Rose looks down at her feet.

LIPMAN

Bloody hell mate, you look like shit.

TOMMY

The flat's been trashed, but I'm more bothered by this.

He holds up the magazine from the Job Centre Lipman reads the headline.

LIPMAN

I'm Dead? How am I dead?

TOMMY

You tell me.

Lipman takes the magazine from Tommy.

LIPMAN

Shit, Rose, I AM dead.

ROSE

You were pretty lively this morning.

LIPMAN

Yeah well, thanks for saying. Tommy, how am I dead? Where do they get this stuff?

TOMMY

Could it have been the note you left, Lipman? The pile of clothes on the beach? Jesus Christ man, you're going to have to tell me what's going down here, because I am lost.

LIPMAN

Well...

CONTINUED: 48.

TOMMY

Yeah?

LIPMAN

...maybe I wanted to be dead for a while.

Rose lights a cigarette.

ROSE

Tell him, Lover.

TOMMY

Is it a money thing? Is that it? I thought you'd be drowning in riches?

LIPMAN

It's not money. Look, what I said to you yesterday holds water: I wanted to see if you've had time to think about it.

TOMMY

What's the point of being in a band with a dead man.

LIPMAN

Forget about that shit will you for a minute. I just needed some time and this was the only thing I could think of.

I thought, well, I thought that if they were looking for a body down there then they wouldn't be looking for me up here.

TOMMY

Who exactly would be looking for you.

LIPMAN

There's this bloke, but that's not important right now; I need to know what you're doing, because we need to get going, man, we need to spank the arse off the road and get back to where I need to be.

TOMMY

But I don't think that's where I need to be.

Lipman shrugs.

A car drives by slowly.

CONTINUED: 49.

LIPMAN

What else have you got to do?

EXT. ROAD. DAY

A car pulls over the top of a hill overlooking town.

INT. COOPER'S CAR. DAY

Cooper drives, singing half-heartedly to himself.

He looks tired.

On the seat beside him is a photograph of Lipman with his new shaved head.

INT. THE BLACK HORSE PUB. NIGHT

Lipman sits at a table in the corner, idly flicking peanuts at a couple on the table next to him.

The couple try ignoring him.

A peanut lands in the woman's drink.

The man turns.

LIPMAN

Say something.

The man stands and pulls his lady to her feet by her arm.

They leave.

Lipman laughs to himself as Tommy joins him.

TOMMY

What's funny?

LIPMAN

Nothing.

TOMMY

I couldn't remember what you wanted so I just got you Cider.

LIPMAN

Fair do's.

Lipman drinks heavily from the glass.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Mighty fine.

EXT. THE BLACK HORSE PUB. NIGHT

Tommy drags Lipman out of the pub.

Lipman laughs as they head down the street.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. DAY

Lipman stumbles over a traffic cone.

Tommy pulls him to his feet.

TOMMY

Can't hold your drink any more?

LIPMAN

Believe it or not, I've never been much of a drinker.

TOMMY

You might fool the rest of this disgusting planet, mate, but I remember from the old days. When we used to practice in my Dad's garage, and he'd bring us that beer he made...

LIPMAN

Strong medicine.

TOMMY

...fifteen years old and you could put more of that poison away than me and him combined.

LIPMAN

I miss those days.

TOMMY

We used to sit there with them Melody maker's and the NME, and in the end it's you doing it, you living it.

LIPMAN

You have no idea.

They walk arm in arm.

Lipman stumbles again.

They sit in the doorway of a closed department store.

Groups of pub crawler's pass them as they talk.

CONTINUED: 51.

TOMMY

I can't forgive you. Is this something that you realise?

Lipman nods as he lights a cigarette.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Everything I ever wanted, and you took it out of my hands and sent me home like I was some, I don't know, some fucking dog following you.

LIPMAN

You always did have a way with the words, it's like poetry.

TOMMY

Don't take the piss.

LIPMAN

I'm not.

TOMMY

Maybe I should take something from you, just so you know how it feels, because all I've done for five years is lose, little by little, till the jar's empty.

LIPMAN

There's nothing I love that much.

TOMMY

Rose?

LIPMAN

Rose?

TOMMY

You love her.

LIPMAN

Do I? Yeah, I suppose I have to give you that. Listen, the thing with Rose is she's crazy.

TOMMY

She'd have to be.

LIPMAN

Come with us on the road and I'll explain it all, lay it all out bare bones; us three, couple of guitars, that car and the sky, and somewhere down there, somewhere over the line of them

(MORE)

CONTINUED: 52.

LIPMAN (cont'd)

hills, under that sky, it'll all be given back to us.

TOMMY

You hope.

LIPMAN

I have to, otherwise I'll end up a pile of clothes on a beach for real.

Tommy stands and kicks Lipman.

TOMMY

In the meantime, let's go get drunker than anyone's ever been.

LIPMAN

Ever?

TOMMY

You know it.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

Lipman dances with a girl in the centre of a small dancefloor.

He holds her by the waist, executing formal dance steps to violent club beats.

The girl laughs as Lipman twirls her round.

Tommy stands at the side of the dance floor, a drink in his hand.

He watches his feet.

A girl smiles at him as he looks up.

He does not smile back.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

Tommy pushes past a bouncer throwing somebody out of the club.

He lights a cigarette, looks back at the window and heads down the street.

Rose stops him. She has been crying.

CONTINUED: 53.

ROSE

Where is he?

TOMMY

In there.

ROSE

He drops me, then picks me up. That sound right to you?

TOMMY

I'm just going along with whatever.

ROSE

Going along with whatever? Not a good way, is it?

TOMMY

It's the only one in town.

ROSE

You see? That's why you never made it, why you could never make it.

Tommy shrugs and walks away.

TOMMY

Suppose I'll see you tomorrow.

Rose shouts after him.

ROSE

Haven't you ever given somebody everything you are, and it's still not enough, it could never be enough?

Tommy walks round the corner, ignoring her.

TOMMY

Flaming drama queen.

INT. TOMMY'S FLAT. NIGHT

Grove grabs Tommy by the arm when he enters the room.

GROVE

Where is it?

TOMMY

Jesus. How do you even get in here?

Grove squeezes Tommy's arm.

CONTINUED: 54.

His face is blackened and bloodied.

GROVE

Where's the box?

TOMMY

That corner.

Grove dashes across.

He throws things over his shoulder as he searches.

GROVE

It's not here.

TOMMY

That's where I put it.

GROVE

I'm not messing about.

TOMMY

Is something wrong, like?

Grove holds his hand close to Tommy's face.

Where the last two fingers on his left hand were, there is now just bloodied bandage.

GROVE

Is something wrong?

TOMMY

Fuck...

GROVE

Yeah, just a little bit. I need that box or next time...

TOMMY

I'll find it for you.

He begins to search the flat

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TOMMY'S FLAT. NIGHT

Grove and Tommy sit on the doorstep.

The street is dark and quiet.

Tommy lights a cigarette and hands it to Grove, who tries to take it with his maimed hand.

GROVE

Shit.

CONTINUED: 55.

He takes the cigarette with his good hand and begins to smoke.

Tommy lights a cigarette of his own.

TOMMY

I don't know what to say mate.

GROVE

What is there to say?

Grove exhales slowly and checks his watch

TOMMY

Time?

GROVE

Half three.

TOMMY

You're calm, considering.

GROVE

What could I do? Cry? Shout? Nah, bollocks to that; what's happened has happened, and it's my fault...

TOMMY

But..

GROVE

...No, it is my fault, Tommy, I'm sorry. These are serious men, you know.

TOMMY

What you going to do?

GROVE

Nothing to be done, mate.

TOMMY

Won't they understand?

GROVE

I don't think so. If I was you I'd put me head down somewhere for a while.

TOMMY

Is there anywhere you can go?

Grove stands slowly and flicks the cigarette away.

CONTINUED: 56.

GROVE

What would be the point? I couldn't live like that. Anyway.

TOMMY

Anyway.

Grove walks away.

EXT. BED & BREAKFAST. DAY.

It is early morning.

Lipman stands at the back of his car, shoving a guitar case into the boot.

He sees Tommy approaching and slams the boot closed.

LIPMAN

Didn't think I'd see you.

Tommy holds a guitar case in his hand.

TOMMY

I had to come.

LIPMAN

I know.

Rose walks out of the B&B. She has a black eye.

She smiles.

TOMMY

What happened?

ROSE

Nothing. It's good to see you.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

The car drives slowly through town.

It is early and the roads are quiet.

INT. LIPMAN'S CAR. DAY.

Tommy sits in the front passenger seat as Lipman drives.

Rose is laid out on the back seat.

Tinny music SCRATCHES through the stereo.

CONTINUED: 57.

TOMMY

Where is it we're going then?

LIPMAN

It doesn't matter.

TOMMY

How so?

LIPMAN

Because it's the journey that's our concern, so it doesn't really matter where we're going because how you get there is what I'm all about.

ROSE

Today.

LIPMAN

And forever. I told you I'm a new man, I can feel it, sitting here with you two, nothing planned ahead, no idea where we're going.

Jesus, can't you feel it? It's like fire in the bones, kids.

TOMMY

So you really have no idea where you're taking us?

LIPMAN

Of course I do.

He lifts his hand from the wheel and points ahead.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

That way.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST. DAY.

The man called Cooper stands in the entrance to the Bed and Breakfast, studying a map of the county on the wall.

The owner, a woman in her late middle age, enters.

OWNER

You just missed them, about an hour ago.

COOPER

That's a pity; did they give you any clue where they might be going?

CONTINUED: 58.

OWNER

Camping, I think.

COOPER

At least you had the foresight to take the licence number.

OWNER

Well there was something funny about them, especially him. The way he would look at you sometimes; he just wasn't right.

COOPER

No, no he certainly wasn't. Thanks again for your help.

OWNER

Oh, anytime officer.

EXT. LIPMAN'S CAR. DAY.

The Car pulls to the top of a hill overlooking the town.

It CRUNCHES over the gravel in a small layby.

Lipman pushes his door opens and steps out quickly.

Tommy joins him and they look back over the town.

Lipman puts his arm around Tommy's shoulder and shakes him.

LIPMAN

Take a look will you Tommy boy, just fill your eyes with that scene; that's your entire life down there, mate, and you're waving goodbye to it.

TOMMY

Don't be so dramatic.

LIPMAN

Go on then.

TOMMY

What?

LIPMAN

Wave.

TOMMY

Piss off.

Tommy shrugs Lipman away, but the latter grabs his hand.

CONTINUED: 59.

LIPMAN

Wave, go on.

Tommy waves limply.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

It's not often you're in a moment when you can actually feel you're life changing, when you can literally look back at the past like you are right now.

Lipman turns Tommy and points to the road vanishing over the brow of the hill.

TOMMY

Maybe this was a mistake.

LIPMAN

Always move forward...

He gets into the car.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

...and bang a BIG drum.

Tommy looks back at the town.

He shakes his head.

The car horn BLARES.

Tommy walks back and opens the door.

He looks back to the town and smiles.

TOMMY

Shit.

He gets in, slamming the door.

The wheels SCREECH in the gravel.

The car lunges for the hill and vanishes across the brow.

INT. LEISURE CENTRE. DAY

Cathy sits behind the receptionists desk, staring high at the windows.

A couple walk past her and she watches them as they leave.

She takes a phone from her handbag.

We see her scroll through her address book to the name TOMMY.

CONTINUED: 60.

She calls, jamming the phone against her ear.

Amy walks across to the desk.

Cathy hangs up.

AMY

Who you calling?

CATHY

None of your business.

AMY

That means HIM, doesn't it?

CATHY

What have I done though Amy? I've cocked everything up.

AMY

Not at all, of course you haven't. You're back where you belong.

CATHY

Who's to say where anyone belongs?

AMY

He's a drop out.

CATHY

But I'm in love with him.

AMY

It'll never come to anything.

CATHY

You don't know that, besides, there are other things.

Amy DRUMS her fingers on the desk and glares straight ahead.

AMY

It's your life, whatever, just don't expect me to help you out again. I've tried.

She walks away.

Cathy tries her phone again.

She bites her nails as it RINGS and RINGS.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Lipman's car drives slowly through the country.

Smoke begins to pour from beneath the bonnet.

The car pulls over to the side.

INT. LIPMAN'S CAR. DAY

Lipman sits with a cigarette hanging from his lip.

Rose sits up in the back seat and takes off a pair of sunglasses.

ROSE

Is this an unscheduled stop?

LIPMAN

You could call it that.

TOMMY

Where did you get this car?

LIPMAN

The car shop.

TOMMY

Didn't you get it checked out? Jesus.

LIPMAN

A car is a car is a car.

TOMMY

Fucking hell man.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Tommy steps out of the car.

The road is deserted.

Lipman joins him.

TOMMY

Not so much of a glorious start there.

LIPMAN

I can't help it, can I? I was sold a pup.

CONTINUED: 62.

TOMMY

Have you ever been to the planet earth? You know, where people actually check to see if a car's any good before you buy it?

LIPMAN

Where are we?

TOMMY

God knows.

LIPMAN

But this is your neck of the woods.

TOMMY

I haven't been outside of town for five years, since...

LIPMAN

OK, all right, I get it.

Rose exits the car gracelessly and laughs at the two men.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

What's funny like?

ROSE

Let's just walk, shall we? At least then we're moving.

LIPMAN

How far do you reckon we've gone?

TOMMY

I don't know, fifty miles?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT

Lipman and Tommy walk , carrying guitars and rucksacks.

Rose walks in front of them, weaving slightly.

Tommy watches her.

TOMMY

Is she all right?

LIPMAN

Fit as a fiddle.

TOMMY

Are you really going to marry her?

CONTINUED: 63.

LIPMAN

I suppose. I try not to think more than a day ahead, for good reason. You know how it is.

TOMMY

Maybe.

LIPMAN

Wish I'd brought some drink.

TOMMY

Why didn't you?

LIPMAN

I was driving, wasn't I?

TOMMY

Have you even got a licence?

LIPMAN

Sort of.

The lights of a village glow in the distance.

The landscape is flat and endless.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Salvation, mate.

TOMMY

You reckon?

INT. TOMMY'S FLAT. NIGHT

Cooper stands in the dark flat casually looking through Tommy's post.

The kettle boils, the switch CLICKS, and Cooper walks across and begins to make a mug of coffee.

COOPER

Where are you all going?

The door CRASHES open

It is Turnbull, alone; he holds a baseball bat.

Cooper studies him casually, still holding the kettle.

TURNBULL

Where is it?

COOPER

I can't help you, my friend, I don't live here, and I don't really know the man who does.

CONTINUED: 64.

TURNBULL

Where is it? I won't ask again.

Turnbull advances on Cooper, holding the bat ready.

Cooper hurls the boiling water in the other man's face.

Turnbull YELLS and drops the bat.

Cooper punches him in the throat, knocking him to the ground with a deft ease, before kneeling beside him.

COOPER

Sorry I couldn't assist, but maybe you could help me? I'm looking for somebody.

Turnbull GASPS, unable to breathe.

COOPER (CONT'D)

That's OK, you get your breath first.

INT. VILLAGE PUB. NIGHT

The pub is quiet and dark inside.

Two teenage boys play pool.

A girl watches them.

Three men sit at the bar.

Country music PLAYS softly.

Rose and Tommy sit at a table, drinks in front of them.

The bags and guitars are piled beside them.

EXT. VILLAGE PUB. NIGHT

Lipman paces, dialling a number.

His feet CRUNCH on the gravel.

A couple pass him as he hold the phone to his ear.

LIPMAN

Jesus.

The couple enter the pub, still watching him.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Laura, I know you're there I can hear you. Have you thought about (MORE)

CONTINUED: 65.

LIPMAN (CONT'D) (cont'd) the things I said? Look, I don't care about that, I'm lost, totally lost without you.

He sits on a wall and listens.

A car passes.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)
All right, I'll tell you where
I'm going; look, it WILL work.
Forget about that, I was stupid,

and I'm sorry.

INT. VILLAGE PUB. NIGHT

Rose turns to Tommy.

She drinks.

ROSE

The whole world's fucked.

TOMMY

It often is.

ROSE

I'm not feeding you punch lines. I was hoping you might be able to, I don't know; I don't know what I'm saying.

Lipman enters.

He stares at Rose.

ROSE (CONT'D)

What's up?

He continues to stare.

He walks to the bar.

LIPMAN

Double Vodka and Lemonade please.

He watches the barmaid pour his drink as though hypnotised.

INT. VILLAGE PUB. LATER

Lipman sits on the pool table, strumming his guitar.

He starts to sing.

The teenagers join in.

They bash in time on the table.

The men at the bar walk through, carrying their pints.

They smile as though remembering something long forgotten as Lipman plays.

Tommy stands in the corner with Rose.

TOMMY

This is the man you want to marry.

ROSE

The thought makes me want to rush and dive into deep water.

TOMMY

I don't get it.

ROSE

I'd do anything to get back at that bitch.

Lipman continues playing.

The guitar SINGS.

The teenaged girl's lips move to the chorus.

He finishes the song and bangs his fist against the wood of the guitar.

There is silence.

The men look at one another, and then drift back into the main bar, wordlessly.

The teenaged girl whispers something into Lipman's ear.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT

Lipman, Rose and Tommy sit in the back of an open topped truck.

Lipman leans his head back, his eyes closed.

CONTINUED: 67.

LIPMAN

I miss having hair to let the wind blow through.

TOMMY

I don't like the idea of this place; the hills have eyes round here.

LIPMAN

But they know who I am.

TOMMY

And?

Lipman shrugs.

INT. BARN. DAY.

The three lie asleep on a hay strewn wooden floor.

Rose kicks Lipman's leg.

He yawns as his eyes flicker open.

Sunlight flickers across bales of hay and floating dust.

Tommy laughs to himself.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. MORNING.

The three stand at an isolated bus stop.

LIPMAN

I could do with some revitalising tonic.

TOMMY

Bit early, isn't it?

LIPMAN

It's afternoon in New York.

TOMMY

Never been.

LIPMAN

I didn't like it.

ROSE

Why?

LIPMAN

It was dark.

CONTINUED: 68.

TOMMY

How? Morally, spiritually dark?

LIPMAN

Just dark, you know? The buildings were so tall there was never any sun.

TOMMY

I'd have liked America. Never worked out though.

ROSE

Are you two ever going to get this out in the open so we can forget about it?

TOMMY

What?

ROSE

This thing.

LIPMAN

Everything will be explained, my love. At the moment we have everything we need.

TOMMY

Do you have everything you need?

LIPMAN

I need a drink.

Tommy takes a flask from his jacket pocket.

TOMMY

Be my guest.

Lipman drinks greedily from the flask.

He wipes his chin.

Rose looks away, as though something in the distance has caught her eye.

LIPMAN

I owe you one.

TOMMY

More than one, I bet.

LIPMAN

Another glug?

CONTINUED: 69.

TOMMY

That'll be two you owe me.

Lipman smiles and finishes the flask.

INT. BACK SEAT OF A BUS. DAY

Lipman sits by the window, his face pressed against the glass.

Rose is asleep, her head on his shoulder.

Tommy, his eyes closed, beats time against the back of the seat in front of him.

Lipman watches his fingers.

Flat, dusty countryside passes quickly through the windows like images flashing on a movie screen.

We see:

Horses running in a field.

Gypsy caravans parked by the road.

A dog tied to a tree in the middle of nowhere, running round and round the trunk.

A couple kissing beside the road.

A Cloud of smoke rising from the dead land.

LIPMAN

Last night, that was the first time I've played like that for ages. It made me feel... well, it made me FEEL.

TOMMY

Can't remember the last time I played.

LIPMAN

Let's do it again tonight.

TOMMY

Did you ring about the car?

LIPMAN

Forget the car. You've been a good friend to me Tommy.

TOMMY

A better one than you deserve, chief, and that's a fact. Do you (MORE)

CONTINUED: 70.

TOMMY (cont'd)

know how many times I could have sold you out? How many nights I sat there in that flat with nothing, nothing, watching you on the Telly or whatever. God knows why I didn't.

LIPMAN

I know all this, and I won't forget it, just be patient. We'll be on the home straight soon enough.

TOMMY

Well, there's no going back now.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET. AFTERNOON

The bus splashes through a puddle as it pulls away from a bus stop, on a small village street.

Rose, Tommy and Lipman stand there, weighed down.

Lipman slaps Tommy playfully on the arm.

He points to mountains rising in the distance.

He kisses Rose.

LIPMAN

That's it, that's where we're headed.

ROSE

I'm knackered.

LIPMAN

Well, I make that booze O'clock, don't you?

EXT. VILLAGE PUB. DAY.

The three sit at a wooden table, drinking lager in the sun.

Rose smiles over at Lipman, who reaches across and hold her hand.

ROSE

Things feel different.

LIPMAN

Different how?

CONTINUED: 71.

ROSE

Ten minutes before and ten minutes after waking, that different.

Tommy drums his fingers on the table.

Lipman slaps him gently.

LIPMAN

What's up? Haven't you ever been in love?

TOMMY

Have you?

LIPMAN

Every bloody day.

Rose drinks from her glass and looks up at the blue sky.

Lipman's phone buzzes on the table.

He picks it up and reads a message to himself, his lips moving silently.

He stands and walks into the pub.

TOMMY

Where's he going?

ROSE

Don't know; he can't hide forever though.

TOMMY

What actually did happen?

ROSE

All I know is we had to leave quick, and now we're supposed to be going back, but it doesn't feel like that at all. I feel we're headed somewhere bad and new.

TOMMY

Lipman's dad?

ROSE

You know as well as I do Lipman doesn't have a father, and the wedding? All I ever hear is that it'll all be explained, but do you really think it ever will?

CONTINUED: 72.

TOMMY

Jesus, I don't know.

ROSE

You know what the bastard's asking for? Faith. How dare he ask for something like that.

TOMMY

So where we going?

ROSE

Who knows what's out there? More drugs, more women, more nights, more music, and none of that has been enough so far.

He threw it all away for her, and all she did was lead him by the nose, breaking him down till he fit every empty space in her life.

TOMMY

We've all been there.

ROSE

She must have proper looked like the real thing.

Rose finishes her drink and looks over at the mountains.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Who knows what's really up there.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

Cooper stands at the roadside, holding his phone.

Cars ZIP by as he speaks.

It is beginning to rain.

COOPER

So that's where he'll be, well it saves me a lot of wandering. Yeah, OK. Thanks Laura.

He flicks the phone closed and reaches into his pocket for a pack of cigarettes.

We see a gun tucked into his waistband.

He looks into the distance.

CONTINUED: 73.

COOPER (CONT'D)

You crazy boy.

He tries to light a cigarette in the wind.

Eventually he throws it away.

He climbs into the car.

The car GROWLS away down the road.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET. DAY.

Rose walks out into the light, her arms crossed tight over her chest.

Lipman stands a little way in front of her.

He is speaking on his phone.

Rose walks up to him softly.

The street is gently busy.

LIPMAN

Anyway, I love you.

ROSE

Who do you love?

Lipman turns and sees her.

He snaps his phone shut in the same instant Rose lunges to grab it.

People have paused in the street and now stare as Rose and Lipman wrestle for his phone.

Rose punches Lipman in his gut.

He falls to the floor.

She takes the phone and begins to read through it.

ROSE

I fucking knew it.

LIPMAN

It's not like that...

ROSE

It's exactly like that.

She begins to cry and hurls the phone down at him.

CONTINUED: 74.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I'm better than this.

LIPMAN

Rose, please, listen.

Rose walks away, her hands over her ears.

Tommy runs into the street.

He sees Lipman laying in the street.

TOMMY

What's happening?

Lipman points after Rose.

Tommy chases her, stepping quickly round the gathered people.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Rose, what happened? What's going on?

ROSE

Ask that bastard, I'm through Tommy, through and through.

She begins to run.

Tommy stands and watches her as she shrinks into the distance.

INT. BUS STATION. DAY.

Tommy and Lipman sits side by side staring at the buses pulling into the station.

There are excited voices as a party of school children climb onto a waiting school bus.

Lipman lights a bent cigarette.

He turns to Tommy and smiles.

Tommy does not smile back.

LIPMAN

Who'd have thunk it, eh?

TOMMY

You don't deserve a bloody woman.

LIPMAN

I deserve two.

CONTINUED: 75.

TOMMY

That's not funny at all; I mean, where's she going to go now? Where are we?

LIPMAN

We're getting there.

TOMMY

I don't even know where we are, how's she ever going to get home.

LIPMAN

She'll find a way. I know, I'm sorry to see her go as well, but that's her choice, isn't it, that's her journey. Mine's another way.

TOMMY

Which way? All I've ever had out of you is bloody mist. You've promised to explain everything and you never do. I think it's time.

LIPMAN

I told you: in the end.

TOMMY

So? I need something more than that. You promised me.

LIPMAN

I know, and I am helping you, it's just right now there are other fish to fry.

He stands and pulls his rucksack onto his shoulder.

He points at a bus that has just pulled into the station.

EXT. ROAD. DAY

Rain THUNDERS on the dark road.

Water runs down into the roadside ditch.

Rose limps in the centre of the road, trying to keep herself warm, her arms wrapped around her.

She is the only figure in the muddy landscape.

Her hair hangs heavily across her face.

Slowly, a car appears in the distance.

CONTINUED: 76.

She squints and watches it close in on her like some predator.

It slows beside her and she leans down to the window.

ROSE

How about a lift?

The car window winds down, and we see Cooper.

He grins at her.

COOPER

Beutiful day to me in the middle of nowhere, isn't it Rose?

She looks down at herself as though searching for a name badge.

Water runs across her face.

ROSE

You know my name.

COOPER

I do.

ROSE

And?

COOPER

Why don't you get in; I think we've got some things to talk about.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

The Bus churns through the rain as it makes its way towards the mountains.

It's windscreen wipers CREAK as it coughs its way up a hill.

INT. BACK SEAT OF A BUS. DAY

Lipman drinks from a bottle of wine before jamming it back into his rucksack.

He rubs his eyes.

Tommy, seated beside him, shakes his head.

TOMMY

You don't look well.

CONTINUED: 77.

LIPMAN

I feel amazing.

TOMMY

You never did answer me.

LIPMAN

Let's not talk about it again. I'm too wrapped up in this feeling of being here and now. Have you seen that sky? I never thought I would again, I was all for taking that long walk underground.

TOMMY

You've been here before?

LIPMAN

I was born here, this is where I saw it all.

TOMMY

What?

LIPMAN

You might take the mick, but I saw something..

EXT. TRAIN STATION. DUSK/SUMMER

We see Lipman seated by rail tracks in long grass.

He has his long hair, and smokes a cigarette.

LIPMAN (V.O.)

Magic hour, and there was that yellow stillness in the air, and flies round my head and these broken beads of light like in a picture you haven't taken properly, and I was thinking about this world of ours.

About the way I had always been with it and the things I wanted to take, but then, I thought, I don't care about any of this, because it's all a dream, and I sat there with that light and I didn't want to do anything except take it all in with moments like that, forever.

INT. BACK SEAT OF A BUS. DAY

Lipman smiles and takes the bottle back from his rucksack.

The bus shakes as it passes over a rough road.

TOMMY

When was this?

LIPMAN

All I wanted was to put something, anything right. I've done a stupid thing, you see, that can't be fixed.

TOMMY

What did you do?

LIPMAN

I just wanted to do something good.

TOMMY

What did you do?

Lipman stares into Tommy's eyes.

He smiles.

LIPMAN

Shit.

He turns away and looks out through the window into the rain.

INT. LEISURE CENTRE. DAY

Cathy is walking to her desk, carrying papers.

She drags her feet and stops to look out of the window.

A security guard passes her.

SECURITY GUARD

Phone for you, Cathy.

She hurrys to her desk and drops the papers carelessly.

She drops the receiver, as she picks it up.

CATHY

Hello?

INT. PHONE BOX. MOUNTAINS. DAY

Tommy stands inside a lonely, dirty booth.

Lipman paces outside in the rain, kicking stones.

The mountains rise above them.

TOMMY

I had to ring.

INT. LEISURE CENTRE. DAY

Cathy holds the phone away from her and bites her knuckles as she tries to collect herself.

Her eyes are wet as she speaks.

CATHY

I'm sorry, for everything; for being someone I promised I would never be. Can we start again, Tommy, do it right? There's this thing, you see, it's all different now. Where are you?

INT. PHONE BOX. MOUNTAINS. DAY

TOMMY

I don't know.

He tries to read the location from the phone box wall, but it has faded away.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I cock it up, I always do.

INT. LEISURE CENTRE. DAY

CATHY

None of that matters.

INT. PHONE BOX. MOUNTAINS. DAY

TOMMY

I'm on my way to somewhere now that'll be the making of me; I'm going to do it, for you, for us, for every time I said, "if I had the chance".

INT. LEISURE CENTRE. DAY

Cathy holds the phone receiver with both hands and squeezes it as though trying to strangle the life from it.

People pass in the lobby and she smiles, though her hands are shaking.

CATHY

(Into telephone, whispering) Come back.

INT. PHONE BOX. MOUNTAINS. DAY

Tommy watches Lipman through the glass.

Lipman taps his wristwatch and points to the mountains.

Tommy breathes deeply.

TOMMY

Can I call you later? I'll talk later. I...

He replaces the receiver gently.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. EVENING

Lipman walks in front of Tommy.

He struggles across the rough surface of the road beneath his heavy pack and guitar case.

Tommy trips on a stone and falls into a muddy puddle.

The rain falls in vast grey sheets as light fails in the thin mountain air.

TOMMY

Christ.

Lipman stops and looks down at him.

He walks back a few steps, slipping slightly on the wet stones.

LIPMAN

What's the matter now?

TOMMY

The matter? I'm freezing, it's wet, you have no idea where you are. The matter? We're going to die up here...

CONTINUED: 81.

LIPMAN

...we won't.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...we'll end up as headlines in some fucking local rag. Why is it I always follow you?

LIPMAN

We're nearly there, mate, my escape pad, my hideaway.

He pulls Tommy to his feet.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

Louise is coming up; you can see the kind of life you've missed.

They walk further into the rain.

TOMMY

You sure?

LIPMAN

As shit. We're meeting at my Dad's farm. Haven't been there in a spell but I imagine it's the same old place.

EXT. RUINED FARMHOUSE. NIGHT

Lipman stands before the ruin of a farmhouse.

The stone walls have been blackened by a fire and charred beams jut from the devastated roof like the ribs of a long dead creature. Rain drips from broken guttering.

Tommy lights a cigarette.

TOMMY

Very inviting.

LIPMAN

I don't understand.

TOMMY

Lipman, this place has been a shell for years, look at the stones...

LIPMAN

Well I disagree, Mister fucking Time Team, I spoke to him last week, I rang... CONTINUED: 82.

TOMMY

...look at the roof, man, it's a ruin. You brought me all this way. You were supposed to help me.

He throws his cigarette away and grabs Lipman by the throat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

A ruin: that's what I've missed? That's the life I've already got, that's all I've ever had since you cleared out on me and you've never explained that to me. What am I going to do now?

Tommy punches Lipman to the ground.

Lipman spits blood into the rain, and sits up.

He reaches into his coat and pulls his small-calibre revolver from its hiding place.

He levels it calmly at Tommy's head.

Tommy steps back.

LIPMAN

You're not getting the point, are you? I've got to get back to the start. So do you, then you wouldn't need things like these.

He reaches into his rucksack and produces the lunchbox Grove left with Tommy. He tosses it into the space between them.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

I'm helping you, I need to put things right.

TOMMY

You don't know what you did when you took that.

LIPMAN

I'm helping you.

TOMMY

Since when did you care?

ROSE (O.S.)

Lipman?

We see Rose as she steps through the rain, down from the road.

CONTINUED: 83.

She can't take her eyes from the gun.

ROSE (CONT'D)

She's not coming, she never was, put that down so we can talk.

LIPMAN

What are you doing here? You can't be here; why are you saying this?

ROSE

I'm telling the truth; I know everything now. I'm not angry that you've lied, just put that away so we can help you.

LIPMAN

We?

ROSE

The Police are with me.

Cooper steps into the light, his hands jammed into the pocket of a long coat.

Lipman sees him and laughs.

LIPMAN

That's not the police.

He fires wildly towards Cooper.

Tommy throws himself to the ground.

Cooper, lightning fast, yanks a pistol from his pocket and fires.

Lipman falls back into the mud, wounded fatally.

Blood pours from his mouth into the rain.

Tommy crawls over but daren't touch him.

Cooper stands above them both, gun still aimed at Lipman.

TOMMY

Jesus.

LIPMAN

I swear to god...

Tommy looks up at Cooper.

TOMMY

What did you do that for?

CONTINUED: 84.

COOPER

Because it had to be done.

Tommy, kneeling, looks over to Rose.

She lies face down in the mud.

TOMMY

And her?

COOPER

Your friend likes to shoot at people when he gets nervous. Or he did, anyway.

Lipman lies dead, his open eyes fill with rain.

TOMMY

You can't leave it like this.

COOPER

What's to be done? Saul Lipman will stay missing.

He kneels beside Tommy and studies Lipman's face as he speaks.

COOPER (CONT'D)

It's best, believe me, that people never know what runs behind their stories.

Tommy stands and runs blindly into the night.

Cooper watches him impassively, stands, then begins to drag Lipman's body by the arms.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. NIGHT

Tommy looks down from the top of the hill at the farm.

A fire burns in front of the building.

TOMMY

You can't ever get back.

He turns and walks away.

FADE TO BLACK: