

Safe In The Knowledge  
1st Draft Screenplay  
By  
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INT: MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

We open in 1988, and we are in a comfortable looking home office.

On one side of an expansive wooden desk sits MAX DELANEY, 55, an imposing and serious looking man. On the other side sit CHARLIE MARX, 45, wiry, and JOHN RICHARDSON, 18, a fresh-faced and handsome guy who is looking ill-at-ease.

As we join them Max is addressing Charlie.

MAX

So this is him then, huh?

CHARLIE

Yeah, that's him. A coupla' rough edges aside, he's probably the most promisin' safe-guy I ever seen.

John looks taken aback.

JOHN

Rough edges? What rough edges?

MAX

(to John)

Quiet son. Why don't you let the grown-ups speak, eh?

He wryly winks and clucks his tongue at John.

MAX (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

Cocky little shit isn't he?

John feigns a show of confused outrage.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I guess... Reminds me of someone I used to know...

Charlie grins at Max.

MAX

No way. I always had better manners... So John, I gather you're from out of town. What has Charlie told you about me?

JOHN

He said you run this town.

MAX

(chuckles)

Well... That's a bit of a Charlie exaggeration, but, I am a man who it's good to know.

(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)

And if you're on my right side then you'll find I always look after my own... Anyway, Charlie here's been telling me some good things about you. He reckons you've got talent, and Charlie's a man whose opinion I trust on such matters.

JOHN

He says I've got rough edges too.

Max's face darkens.

MAX

Well, that I can see for myself... Wait outside please.

John gets up and leaves the room, closing the door after him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Lovely kid you brought me there.

CHARLIE

Aw, Max, he'll turn out ok. Trust me, it's just an act!

MAX

If I take this kid on, you're training him, and you'd better smarten him up. Fast... So... You still think I should take him on? Is he that good?

CHARLIE

Well, you're the boss, but my advice to yer... Yeah. I tested him out... Thrown everything I could at him.... An' he's popped it open like it weren't nothin' at all. I swear he's a natural, like he was given a gift by God!

CUT TO:

INT: WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

We move to present day 2005 and John, now 35, is in a large darkened warehouse, illuminated only by a dimmed portable electric light on the floor. John is using a mallet to furiously whack at an object we cannot see. The sound of a VICIOUS THUNDERSTORM can be heard outside when the METALLIC SOUND of John's STRIKES die down.

John is too busy shouting to notice that the head of the mallet is breaking off as he is hitting the object so hard.

JOHN  
 OPEN UP YOU RICKETY PIECE OF  
 SHIT! DON'T FUCK WITH ME. YOU.  
 WILL. OPEN!

With that last word, as John raises the mallet up to strike again, the head of the mallet snaps off and lands on John's head. He duly collapses to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

We now see a scene from earlier in the day. We are back in a room that we can recognise as Max's office, but the decor is obviously more modern - yet still classical.

John is sat across the same desk from Max Delaney, now 72. Neither man looks happy.

JOHN  
 I'm sorry, but I won't do it.

MAX  
 No, I'm sorry. I've given you the impression you have a choice.

JOHN  
 Max, what is this? Why are you being like this? You know that I'm outta the game now. I mean, I've been happy to do the odd job for you now and then, Catherine's not been happy about it, but has let it slide. But I'm gone tomorrow, Max, you know that!

MAX  
 John... Listen to me carefully -

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

We are in an industrial estate. There is nobody around and the feeling is of an abandoned ghost town. To add to the eerie atmosphere a FURIOUS THUNDERSTORM is currently raging.

We see that John is kitted out in black clothes, and is carrying two large, heavy looking duffel bags. Fat raindrops lash him as he hurries towards the warehouse.

He suddenly stops short and begins to approach a lot more cautiously. Craning his head forward and squinting, he looks like he has just seen something.

We can just make out the shape of a person holding an umbrella, waiting in the shadows of the warehouse. The person walks towards the light, but we can't make out who it is yet.

A flash of confusion crosses John's face.

JOHN  
What the hell are you doing here?

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

We return to the earlier scene between John and Max. Some photos lying on the desk are an indicator that some time has passed since we last saw them.

MAX  
That's what you'll be working on.

John picks them up. We're unable to see what's on them.

JOHN  
You're kidding me right? This is a Lock-Me Model 5. You could open this safe with a butter-knife. You don't need me for this.

MAX  
Maybe not. But I want my best man on the job. What's in the safe is important to me.

JOHN  
(sighing resignedly)  
What's the security situation?

MAX  
There won't be any. It cost me. Dearly. But I made sure of that.

JOHN  
Okay, well, what's in the safe?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

John stands before the safe, illuminated by a dimmed portable light. The safe is small, squat and covered in rust. It is also the only object in the vast warehouse.

The two duffel bags lay on the floor behind John, one of them is open. After briefly contemplating the safe John walks to the open bag and pulls out a stethoscope.

He walks back to the safe, puts in the ear-pieces and, kneeling down in front of the safe, he places the bell of the stethoscope above the dial on the door. He then takes a note-pad and a small pen out of his jacket.

John slowly turns the dial and cocks his head to the side, his face a picture of intense concentration. We hear what he hears. A series of SMALL CLICKS followed by TWO LOUDER CONSECUTIVE CLICKS. John stops turning the dial and writes in the note-pad.

The note-pad reads '42'

CUT TO:

John has broken out in a sweat. He wipes the sleeve of his jacket across his forehead, we get the sense that he has now been at this for quite some time.

The note-pad now reads 42, 16, 8, 15, 23 and 4.

He then starts spinning the dial around a lot faster, as if he has gained an added sense of assurance. From inside the safe we hear some movement and a final resounding CLANK of the door unlocking.

JOHN  
(to himself)  
Taking candy from a baby.

He reaches down and grasps the door-handle.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHN'S HOME - DAY

We jump to a scene which follows the one in Max's office.

We see John's home, a detached house in a pleasant looking neighbourhood. On a neatly cut lawn we see an Estate Agent's 'Sold' sign, and on the driveway there are two vehicles - a family saloon car and a small removal van.

Even from outside we can hear the raised voices of an argument underway in the house.

CATHERINE (O.S.)  
I DON'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT...

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We are in what would be a pleasant looking living room were it not almost stripped bare and full of packing boxes.

In the middle of this we see John and CATHERINE RICHARDSON, 29. John is dressed as he was in his meeting with Max, and Catherine is wearing sweat clothes. She also looks furious!

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
... How could you do this now?

JOHN  
It's not like I had a choice in this, ok. So just calm down.

CATHERINE  
DON'T YOU FUCKING TELL ME TO CALM DOWN. Of course you had a choice. Max knows you're out of the life, you could have said no.

Catherine gestures to the scene of chaos in the room

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Now you're telling me that I've got to do ALL THIS SHIT, ALONE!

From elsewhere in the house we can hear a BABY start to CRY.

JOHN  
Oh that's great. Now you've woken Gemma.

CATHERINE  
DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE HIDE BEHIND OUR BABY.

John starts to tremble, his legs give out and he falls back into a chair. He looks like a condemned man.

Catherine notices this and some of the anger on her face seems to be replaced by concern.

CATHERINE  
John, what're you not telling me?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

John turns the handle and pulls it, but the door remains firmly shut. John looks shocked, takes out a small pen-light and shines it into the front of the safe.

He then walks back to the duffel bag and brings out a crowbar and a heavy rubber mallet. He places the mallet on the floor and uses the crowbar to try and wedge the door open. The end of the crowbar pops out and John crashes down to the floor landing on the curved end.

John moans in pain and picks himself up. He drops the crowbar and picks up the mallet with a furious look on his face.

He repeatedly hits the safe and is too busy shouting at it to notice that the head of the mallet is breaking off, as he is hitting the safe so hard.

JOHN  
 OPEN UP YOU RICKETY PIECE OF  
 SHIT! DON'T FUCK WITH ME. YOU.  
 WILL. OPEN!

With that last word, as John raises the mallet up to strike again, the head of the mallet snaps off and lands on John's head. He duly collapses to the floor.

John lays splayed out on the floor, he seems unconscious. His face then suddenly contorts into a pained expression and he groans loudly. His eyes flick open and he starts rubbing the spot on his head that was hit by the mallet.

John woozily gets to his feet. His eyes suddenly fix on a point in front of him. The colour drains from his face.

Sat on the safe in front of him, is Charlie Marx.

CHARLIE  
 That's gonna be a nasty bruise.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

We now move back to January 2001.

John, Max and Catherine stand amongst a crowd of mourners next to an open grave. The two men look to be choking back tears whilst Catherine is openly weeping. We can hear a priest reading a biblical passage.

John casts his eyes to the headstone. It reads 'Here lies Charles Alexander Marx. Beloved husband and friend. August 31st 1943 - January 1st 2001. He will be missed.'

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

John shakes his head as if to clear it of cobwebs. He blinks and looks back to the safe. Charlie is still there. Fear creeps across John's features. Charlie makes as if he's about to move.

John instinctively leaps back and falls over one of the duffel bags. Charlie is laughing as John picks himself up off the floor. Rather than standing straight up John remains in a prone position to scarper.

CHARLIE  
Jeez kid, why so tense?

JOHN  
Am I... Am... I... Dead? Am I nuts?

CHARLIE  
(smiling)  
Neither yet kid. Let's make sure it stays that way huh?

JOHN  
What? Are you a ghost?

CHARLIE  
Yeah. I'm the 'Ghost of Safebreak Present!'

JOHN  
Huh?

CHARLIE  
No. I'm not a ghost. If I was, do yer really think I'd be back here helpin' yer or dancing with my Alice in Heaven? Let's just say, yer seein' me because yer need to see me.

JOHN  
And why is that, exactly?

CHARLIE  
Because I know how to get in the safe.

JOHN  
Really? How?

CHARLIE  
(sheepish)  
Erm... I can't tell yer that kid.

JOHN  
What? Why?

CHARLIE  
Yer not ready to hear it yet.

JOHN  
Well... Wow... What a great help you've been, I'm glad you're here!

John opens the other duffel bag and takes out a large drill. He carries it over and sets it down in front of the safe.

CHARLIE

Yer don't need that John.

JOHN

I beg to differ.

He screws in a drill bit and starts it up.

CHARLIE

Well, if yer choosing this path, it looks like we're gonna be here a while. So tell me about yer life, yer still gamblin' and womanisin'?

JOHN

Subtle as ever Charlie... No, I gave all that up.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - NIGHT

We jump to a scene from a year earlier.

We are in a small nondescript room. There are 16 people sat in uncomfortable looking wooden chairs arranged into a circle. All are wearing name badges on their tops.

As we join them a middle-aged man is stood up. The name on his tag reads 'Gary.' He is gesturing to John.

GARY

Well I'm sure you've all noticed that tonight we have a new joiner to our group. Everyone this is John. John this is everyone. John, would you like to tell us a little bit about yourself?

Gary sits down.

JOHN

Er, yeah, sure. Erm. Well, as Gary said, my name's John and I'm an addicted gambler.

EVERYONE

Hi John!

JOHN

It's hard to know where to start. Erm, well, I love gambling I truly do, that's why I'm here I guess. I guess my main vice is the ponies but... I have others too... I guess.

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)  
 There's just nothing like it in  
 the world, that feeling that you  
 get when it all comes down to  
 fate. That adrenaline rush!

John smiles wistfully, then just looks sad.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 But it's got to stop. I just  
 found out a fortnight ago, that  
 my wife is six weeks pregnant  
 with our first child. It's made  
 me realise that I can't do this  
 any more. I can't, gamble, with  
 my family's future.

CUT TO:

It is later. The meeting has ended and the attendees are  
 filing out. Gary is stood by the door bidding them all  
 'goodnight'. John is passing by him when...

GARY  
 Thanks for coming tonight John.  
 You've made a really good start.  
 Will we see you again next week?

JOHN  
 Absolutely.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John and Catherine are cuddling on the sofa. The lights are  
 dimmed, it is a romantic scene and they look very much in  
 love.

CATHERINE  
 How was the meeting tonight?

JOHN  
 It was good.

CATHERINE  
 I'm sorry I couldn't meet you  
 afterwards. I wanted to be there  
 for you.

JOHN  
 That's okay. I know how important  
 your work is. Besides, I'm glad  
 you weren't there.

Catherine looks hurt.

CATHERINE  
 Why?

JOHN

I just don't want you to see me there. It makes me feel weak that I have to go.

CATHERINE

John you've stopped gambling, and these meetings are a part of that. That doesn't mean you're weak, that means you're strong.

JOHN

But still...

CATHERINE

Sometimes I think you expect too much from yourself. You're not Superman. Don't kick yourself because you need support, and don't kick yourself if you... Relapse... I've read it can happen, and if it does, I'll forgive you. Because you're tying.

JOHN

I'm not gonna relapse. I won't let myself.

John places a hand on Catherine's stomach. Catherine places her own on top.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The drill-bit snaps off and is sent spinning into the shadows of the warehouse. We don't hear it land.

The drill has made no impression on the door of the safe. It is not even scratched.

John's face is a mask of incredulity.

JOHN

That is un-fucking-believable. This is a Model 5, there is no cobalt reinforcement on this model. That shouldn't happen.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Funny that, isn't it? Wanna know what else is unbelievable?

JOHN

Sure.

CHARLIE

That stirring story of personal triumph.

JOHN

What?

CHARLIE

You and I both know that's not the whole story... You've never lied to me before.

JOHN

Technically, I still haven't. I just left some details out.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

We move to a scene which takes place a month earlier.

John is in a pub with two other men around his age. Their laughter and ease with one another's company suggests they are all friends. Their lack of co-ordination suggests they've already had about five drinks too many.

They toast John. Clanking their pint glasses together so hard half the beer spills out with the force. They laugh.

FRIEND 1

I can't believe you're leaving man.

JOHN

Well it's for Cath y'know. She's got a new job down South and it's just too far for her to commute. I'll miss everyone here, like, but work wise, there's nothing I do here that I can't do there.

FRIEND 2

Well, like he said, I'm sorry to -

The two friends attention suddenly move to something over John's shoulder. John looks at them quizzically and one indicates behind John, who then turns round to see...

EMMA RITCHIE, very early twenties. Beautiful, alluring and currently also drunk.

John's eyes drunkenly, lasciviously roam over her form. He catches himself and snaps his eyes back to her face.

JOHN

Emma... Hi...

EMMA

Can we talk?

JOHN

Well I'm not so sure...

EMMA

C'mon hun. I've heard this could be my last chance to talk to you.

John glances around at his friends, as if trying to read their faces. They shrug and turn to each other, dismissive.

John walks off with Emma. As he turns his back to them John's friends look after them disbelievingly.

FRIEND 1

(quietly)

Who's she?

FRIEND 2

He was banging her on the side, for a while - this was before Cath got preggers... I kinda think she's still keen.

At a distance out of his friend's earshot John stops and turns around to Emma.

JOHN

Okay. What do you wanna talk about?

EMMA

I dunno. Me and you I guess.

JOHN

Awww, Jesus, Emma. There is no you and me anymore, I've got a family now.

EMMA

Yeah, I heard about your daughter. Gemma, Right? I heard you're also off the ponies too. A regular little Cub Scout now, eh? That's not the man I remember.

JOHN

People change.

Emma leans in - close - Close enough for John to feel her breath on his face.

EMMA

Not us... Not you!

John turns his head away, but makes no real attempt to move away. Emma takes the opportunity to lean in and whisper in his ear.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Besides, you never struck me as the fatherly type hun... The type to actually to plan a baby...

Emma's breath rustles through John's hair, his eyes roll slightly with pleasure.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I heard you couldn't talk her out of it.

John jerks his head away sharply and stares Emma right in the face. His expression is a mix of anger and shame.

Emma smiles knowingly. She gets right into John's personal space, taking every opportunity to brush herself against him and whispering into his ear. John is obviously turned on, his face flushed red, and his breathing short.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You know. I've been thinking about us recently and I've been wondering why it actually was you were seeing me. I couldn't figure out whether it was because you liked me or whether you just wanted to be caught.

John's eyes are now locked with Emma's.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Come home with me. We'll call it your goodbye gift if you want.

John looks quickly towards his friends, and then back to her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't think they're gonna say anything now are they? ... Then again, maybe they will... So... What are you thinking?

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma lies naked and sleeping in bed. John is there too, naked, but he is not asleep, he sits on the edge of the bed.

He looks over his shoulder at the sleeping Emma and then turns back, shakes his head resignedly and places it in his hands. He does not look like a happy man.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma's lives in an end-terraced house. Next to her house there is an alley way.

The front door to Emma's house open almost silently and John exits, taking care to make almost no sound. He quietly closes the door behind him.

John looks ashen faced and guilt-wracked, again he shakes his head in a show of disbelief. He starts to heave and then quickly ducks into the alley-way and vomits.

CUT TO:

INT: JOHN'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catherine is lying asleep in bed, also with baby Gemma. They are lit by the moonlight coming through the blinds.

John is sat in a vanity chair, watching them sleep. He looks worried. He closes his eyes, silently mouths the word 'idiot,' gets up and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

John is sat lying on a sofa-bed in the darkened room. He is staring up at the ceiling. His eyes are red-rimmed. We can here the TICKING of a clock in the background, it seems to be growing louder, forcing itself into our consciousness.

John looks at a portable phone on the desk on the other side. He catches himself and his eyes quickly flick away and back to the ceiling.

TICK. TICK. TICK. TICK.

John's breathing grows quickly RAPID. In one quick, fluid movement John leaps up from the sofa-bed and snatches up the phone.

CUT TO:

John is restlessly pacing the room with the phone pressed to his ear. We can hear the line RINGING.

There is a CLICK as the line is picked up at the other end.

John closes his eyes and leans back against the wall. Above his shoulder is a framed certificate reading.

'Gamblers Anonymous - 12 months clear.' John opens his eyes and looks across the room.

On a table we can see a paper - open at the betting pages.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

John fires up a hand-held oxy-acetylene torch. He places it on top of the safe with the flaming nozzle pointing away from him. In a strange reaction, Charlie seems to quickly scarper out of the way. John shoots him a quizzical glance.

CHARLIE

C'mon kid. Turn that off. You don't need it. It's not gonna work. Just talk to me.

JOHN

Look, if you don't mind, I have a safe to crack. If you're not gonna help then just piss off or something.

CHARLIE

I can't piss off John, you won't let me.

John has a pair of goggles that are resting on his forehead, he pulls them down over his eyes.

JOHN

I don't see me stopping you.

CHARLIE

I know kid. That's the problem!

John puts on a pair of thick fire retardant gloves. He picks up the torch and lowers it to the safe door.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

We return to the earlier scene between John and Catherine. As we rejoin them, John is sat in a chair. He looks grim.

Catherine is standing over him, her face is a mixture of anger and concern.

CATHERINE

John, what're you not telling me?

JOHN

(nearly a croak)  
I've... I've gambled again.

CATHERINE

What?

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

We return, again, to the earlier scene. We notice that there are no photos on the desk - We are picking up right after we left them for the first time.

MAX

John... Listen to me carefully.  
Danny Finz rang me the other  
day... Any idea why?

JOHN

I think that's a rhetorical  
question.

MAX

I bought up your debt up John.

JOHN

What? Why?

MAX

Because you haven't been paying  
him, that's why. He rang me to  
ask if I would intervene should  
he... Take steps against you. Now  
I've always said that I look  
after my own, but I'm not going  
to war for you. This was pretty  
much my only option... Jesus  
though John. What the Hell were  
you thinking?

John looks lost for an answer.

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, now you owe me, and you've  
got two choices. You do this job  
and we're square, or you work for  
me elsewhere until your debt's  
paid off. Don't even think your  
leaving town until it is though.  
We're friends, but don't take me  
for a fool.

JOHN

But Catherine?

MAX

Oh she can leave. Gemma too. But not you John. Not you!

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Catherine backs away from John over to the sofa on the other side of the room. Seemingly wanting to put distance between them.

CATHERINE

Jesus!

JOHN

Aw shit. I'm sorry Catherine! I didn't mean...

CATHERINE

Look. Speak to Max again. He's angry, for sure, but he'll trust you to pay it back if you leave. You've worked with him for 15 years, on and off, and you were like a son to him and Charlie.

JOHN

I already did that, he said no.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Max is sat back in his chair with a smug look on his face, he seems to be enjoying watching John squirm.

MAX

And what if I did that John, what would you learn? You'd shrug it off, as you always do - feel like you'd made a lucky escape - and in no time you'd be back to your old habits. Not this time John. You're going to learn the consequences of your actions.

Max opens a desk drawer, takes out some photos.

MAX

Here...

(he tosses them on the desk)

That's what you'll be working on.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The torch has made no impression on the safe door. John shuts it off and sets it down on the floor.

He pulls off his gloves and goggles. His face is red and he is sweating from the intense heat. He is wearing a somewhat dazed and disbelieving expression. He shakes his head resignedly..

JOHN

I'm cursed. There's no other explanation for it.

CHARLIE

Told yer that would happen!

JOHN

Fuck this for a laugh.

John storms over to one of the duffel bags. He starts rummaging around in it. He brings out some C4.

Charlie leaps up, a look of fear on his face.

CHARLIE

Jesus kid. Don't! Think about it for a second will yer. If yer don't fuck up what's inside somebody's bound to hear the bang. The filth'll be here in 30 seconds flat! That's assuming it'll even work!.

He winks.

John looks infuriated.

JOHN

Fuck you for this Charlie.

He casts the C4 back into the bag.

Charlie's eyes go wide in fear. When there is no explosion he breathes a big sigh of relief.

CHARLIE

What? Yer blaming me? It's yer own fault - why don't yer take some responsibility fer once. Yer wanna know yer problem is? You've had everything come too easy. The jobs. The women. The money. You've never learned the value of any of it. Yer just a 35 year old spoilt brat!

JOHN

If you think I'm gonna take that from someone who drank himself to death, then you're sadly fucking mistaken!

CHARLIE

Yeah John - I drank myself to death... When my Alice died my world died too. I was alone. You don't know what that's like. I'd save yer from that, if I could.

JOHN

Then tell me how to get in.

CHARLIE

I can't. Why's it so important? Max's bark is bad but he's not a man to hold a grudge. He'll probably let it slide - even if he doesn't, Cath'll understand. It's not like yer had a choice.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EARLIER

We return to the earlier scene outside the warehouse.

John is cautiously approaching the warehouse, squinting into the shadows as if he sees something.

Without a word a shadow moves in the darkness, a dark figure steps out into the light. It is Max.

JOHN

What the hell are you doing here?

MAX

Catherine called me... John, I'm going to give you a choice to walk away. You can leave with Catherine and pay me back over time or you do this and we're clear now. I've only got one chance to get at this safe John, if you choose to go this route and fuck it up - you stay, no second chances.

JOHN

Don't you want to teach me a lesson? Why the change of heart?

MAX

I'm doing this for Cath, not you.

JOHN

Well thanks for the offer. I think I'll pass though.

MAX

Catherine really fought for you, for this chance. Are you gonna gamble it so easily?

JOHN

It's hardly a gamble with this safe, is it? Besides I don't much like the thought of paying you back for a fucking age.

John walks past Max.

MAX

Always the easy option eh?

John pauses momentarily - then continues to the warehouse.

Max shakes his head with resignation.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

We return to the argument. Catherine is struggling to retain her emotions. Tears form in the corners of her eyes, but she doesn't crack. She wipes them away.

CATHERINE

Look we'll work something out to pay him back. Don't do it.

JOHN

I have to. Look, I'm doing this for us, so we can be together.

CATHERINE

No, you're doing this for you. To dig yourself out of a hole... We have to get out of this place John, it's destroying us.

JOHN

What do you mean?

CATHERINE

I know about the other women John. I know about them all.

John looks horrified.

JOHN

Cath, I'm...

CATHERINE

Shut up. John, when I married you I was a stupid little girl. I made peace with the fact that you slept around and gambled, I knew what kind of a man you were but I thought that I needed you. I'm not that person now. I have a good job and I'm a mother. I don't need you.

The colour fades from John's face. He tears up.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm not saying it's over John. You're the father of my child and I do love you and want you to be with us. I said that I'd forgive you if came off the wagon, because you tried. I do forgive you, and I still love you, but we can't go on this way... Gemma and I are leaving tomorrow morning, John. You do what you have to, but if you're not with us when we go then don't come after us. If you are with us, we'll start over, but there'll be no more half in, half out...

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

John is packing up the tools into the duffel bags.

JOHN

Well, this gamble didn't pay off.

CHARLIE

What are you talking about? I'd say it paid off fine. I can see why yer not sure yer want in there.

JOHN

Wait... What do you mean?

CHARLIE

Look, as far as I can see, yer got a wife that saddled yer with a kid yer don't want.

JOHN

Didn't want, Charlie. Not don't.

CHARLIE

You've got a lovely bit on the side who loves yer bad-boy image, and the fact yer gamble.

JOHN

I don't care about her. That was a mistake and I've regretted it ever since. I was drunk man...

CHARLIE

Yer wife's doin' yer a favour. She's given yer a get-out clause, ending it herself. They leave, yer can get back to being you.

JOHN

That's not who I am anymore.

CHARLIE

You think.

JOHN

I know.

Only the broken mallet and the crowbar still lay on the floor. John sits down beside them. He looks resignedly at Charlie, and then lays back, splayed out on the floor.

He shuts his eyes and exhales deeply.

CHARLIE

Yer can't change, yer weak. Yer family's probably better off without yer. Let them go John. Just take care of yerself.

The first light of dawn shines in through the high-set windows. It starts to chase the shadows from the floor.

John starts rubbing the mallet bruise.

JOHN

No. I won't let them go... I have been weak. No doubt. But I have changed. I slipped, I had a moment of weakness... I'm not Superman.

He lets his hand drop back to the floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)

After everything I've done, after all I've put Cath through, she still forgives me. How can I let that go Charlie? I can't. I won't!

The sunlight continues to make its way across the warehouse floor. It's almost upon the two of them.

Charlie is watching its progress. He turns his eyes back to John.

CHARLIE

Yer running out of time here.

JOHN

I'm not leaving here until this damn safe is open.

The sunlight hits Charlie, it seems to shine through him. As if he is translucent. We see he is starting to fade.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So tell me how to get in the safe.

Charlie has almost completely faded out of view.

CHARLIE

(voice fading as he is)

It's easy. If yer really wanna get in there, yer just pull the handle.

He is gone.

The sunlight hits the safe. From beneath the rust that covers the surface there shines a glorious golden light.

This golden glow is reflected onto John. As the light hits his eyes they open. He blinks a few times, before turning his head away and holding a hand up to block the light.

He stands up slowly and rubs his bruise with a renewed vigour. He moans and surveys the empty warehouse.

JOHN

Charlie? CHARLIE?

No answer. No Charlie.

John looks back to the safe.

JOHN

Just pull the handle...

He approaches the safe, kneels down in front of it and takes hold of the handle with one hand.

He breathes deep - closes his eyes - and pulls.

CUT TO BLACK: