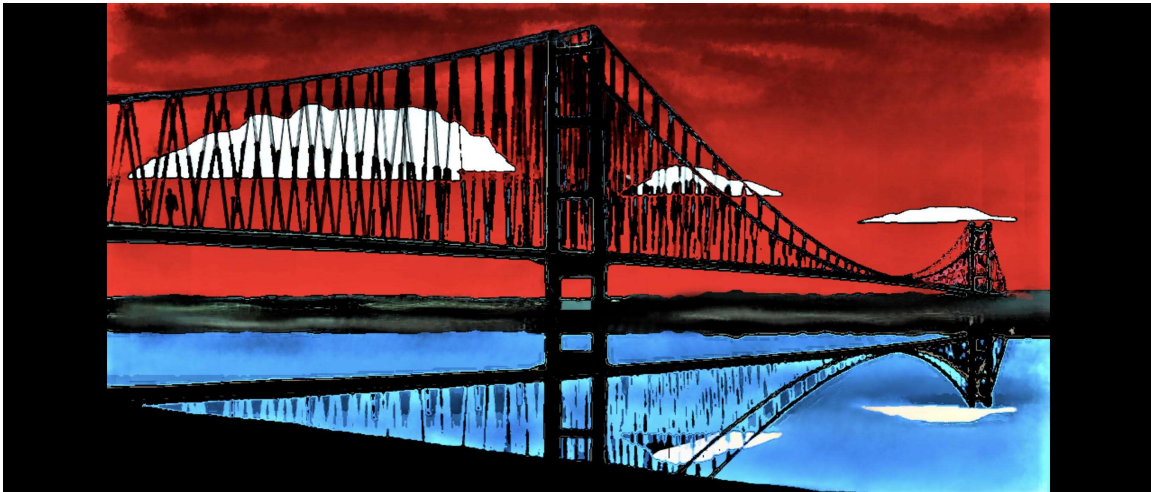


Scapegoat - guilty

Written by

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Second draft

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FADE IN:

INT. ELEMENTARY CLASSROOM - DAY

DREAM SEQUENCE:

A royal themed calendar dated august, 1986. There's noise from 20 or so eight year old kids. One stands out, the only kid with his mouth shut, this is JACK FULTON - (8) a thoughtful outsider, who's accent is American - different from the British kids. His uniform clean, and shoes made with Italian leather, sewn tightly together. A rich kid.

Jack concentrates at his desk, hunched over and writing manically.

Out of all the playing kids, LOGAN is the most extroverted - the typical ADD type, running around with a toy plane in his hand, stopping at Jack's desk.

LOGAN
What are you doing?

JACK
Nothing, just. Writing.

LOGAN
(Unregistered)
That's stupid.

Logan suddenly pushes Jack's paper to the ground, sweeping across the floor. Jack sighs as Logan takes off with the model Boeing.

LOGAN (cont'd)
Swoosh.

Jack gets up from his seat, makes his way across the classroom. Leaning down to get the paper he looks across and gets a glimpse from three girls looking over and mockingly giggling. Grasping the paper, Jack makes his way back to his desk.

Jack bites his lip, takes a breath. Head facing forward, staring at a white wall. All the time wishing he was anywhere else.

MISS WALTON - (29) A blonde barbie girl type, strolls in with a miserable face and tough attitude.

Cindy, of the young girls, holds her nose and squints her eyes.

CINDY
Miss, you smell like cigarettes
again.

MISS WALTON
(To Cindy)
Still smell better than your mom.

CINDY
What? (Ignored).

The kids all settle down, apart from Logan who's heard annoyingly in the background.

MISS WALTON
Morning. Sorry I'm late everyone, my
ex showed up at my house last night.
Begging to get back together...
Needless to say it was a long night.
Long story short I'm on a waiting
list for a restraining order. Great
first impression to my new
boyfriend...

Miss Walton's eyes glaze over to Jack, who's ignoring the world, putting everything into his writing. She waits for Jack's reaction to her story... Turning back around to write on her chalk board.

LOGAN (O.C.)
Swoosh.

MISS WALTON
(Chalk writing)
I'm pleased to tell you, your
parent's evening went very well for
you all. Oh and Jack, your father
seems very nice.... Reaalllly nice.
What a man!

She turns, expecting Jack to acknowledge her like all the other kids but he's lost in his writing. Miss Walton's agitation grows to a breaking point. Lip trembling, without the attention.

LOGAN
 (Playing)
 Swoosh --

MISS WALTON
 -- LOGAN. PLEASE.

Logan looks shell shocked like the rest of the class. He sits at his desk like an obedient puppy. Although the class is silently afraid, Jack still writes away...

But it's not good enough for Miss Walton. Her red high heels click across the room. Making a path to Jack's desk.

We see Jack write at supersonic speed. Nothing can stop him, but slowly coming into focus is Miss Fulton, kneeling eye level with him.

MISS WALTON (cont'd)
 What's this Jack?

Her fingers slide Jack's writing paper across his desk and into her firm palm, pulling it up to read herself.

Her smug smile grows as Jack's stomach drops from embarrassment.

MISS WALTON (cont'd)
 (Bitchy)
 Awww, it's for your mommy? How old is she today, older than me?

Jack doesn't give her the time, keeping his pupils pinned down to the exact spot he was writing from.

MISS WALTON (cont'd)
 (Laughs once)
 Is your mommy beautiful too?

JACK
 More beautiful than you.

The kids laugh before Walton's controlling stare quietens them all down.

MISS WALTON
 (Whispers)
 Is that why your dad chose me?
 (To her feet)
 Everybody, Jack has something to read, I'm sure you'll all find it heart warming.

Abruptly, she pulls Jack's weak body out of the chair, pushing him to the front of the class. Slaps the paper in his sweaty hand.

MISS WALTON (cont'd)
 (Berating)
 Jack's wrote a lovely little poem for his WONDERFUL mom. Jack, read it to the class.

JACK'S POV: CLASS WATCHING INTIMIDATINGLY.

Despite this, Jack steps forward. Facing the crowd. Jack faces his teacher.

MISS WALTON (cont'd)
 Ready when you are.

JACK
 (Shaking)
 Above angels, doves fly. Peaceful rest awaits beyond the dreaded da -- da -- date.

LOGAN
 -- Da, da, dork.

The class howl with laughter. Jack turns once more to his teacher, who smiles in her shallow ways.

Jack steps forward, braver, reading with confidence. His tone of voice changes to anguish as he does.

The sound slowly fades to a school bell.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, OUTSIDE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

HAROLD - (50) in his classic Mercedes benz, reading a boxing magazine. He's the personal driver of the Fulton family, but is more like a family member himself. He's a stereotypical cockney with thick skin, but would take a bullet for Jack. He looks up from his reading, towards the school.

Kids rush out the building, stepping out into the amber sunlight. Jack walks out alone, looking down at the floor. Jack walks the steps, then across the grass to Harold's car.

Jack gets in the front passenger seat, slamming the door closed.

HAROLD
Oi! I only just got this motor!

Jack huffs.

HAROLD (cont'd)
What's the matta with you?

JACK
Just take me home.

Harold looks confused, prying on a solution. Jack gives him no clue.

HAROLD
Put your seat belt on.

EXT. FULTON HOUSE, FRONT GARDEN - AFTERNOON

Jack walks a quick pace over the evergreen of the yard. Climbing the porch steps to the large rural house.

Harold comes into our view, a protective view, making sure Jack gets in safe.

HAROLD
Jack?

Jack turns around, a hand on the front door.

HAROLD (cont'd)
You know you can talk to me.

JACK
I know.

HAROLD
Tell your mum I say happy birthday.

Jack nods slowly, steps into the house.

INT. FULTON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We follow Jack into the large room, there we see, next to the open window and a blowing veil, a chair, with hospital drips besides it.

Jack walks around it to see; ROSE FULTON - (40) Jack's mother that has the spirit to keep smiling through the chemotherapy.

ROSE FULTON
Hey, hunny. How was school?

JACK
It was good, mom.

Jack mirrors her smile, as she takes his hand in hers.

[PAUSE]

JACK (cont'd)
(Hands poem over)
I got you this. Happy birthday.

Rose opens her son's poem, her face glowing.

ROSE FULTON
That's beautiful, give me a hug.
(Hugging)
I always knew you had a talent.

JACK
I don't.

Rose grabs Jack's arms tightly, pulling him away but keeping hold. She looks into his eyes, speaks drastically.

ROSE FULTON
You do. And don't you ever give up on this. Don't swap your dreams to compromise. You'll be living in a nightmare if you do. Life is too short, do you hear me?

JACK
(Hypnotized)
...Yeah.

ROSE FULTON
(Warmly smiles)
Good.

We hear the front door smack against the wall.

FULTON SENIOR (O.S.)
I'm home!

ROSE FULTON
(To Jack)
That's your father.

FULTON SENIOR - (50) The proud, American lawyer, enters the living room brutishly. The tough father of Jack who teaches a grueling work ethic. His satchel in one hand, flowers in the other. Taking steps to Jack's mother and ignoring Jack. Leaning over the side of the chair and handing Rose some roses and a birthday card.

FULTON SENIOR
Happy birthday dear.

ROSE FULTON
(Kiss)
Awww, thank you. I love them.

FULTON SENIOR
Have yet to open the real present yet.

ROSE FULTON
Aren't you going to say hello to Jack? He's made a beautiful poem for me.

Fulton senior stares at his son, exhausted.

FULTON SENIOR
(Lazily)
Hello, Jack. Lets see your piece of paper you've written on.

JACK
(Numbly)
You don't have to pretend.

Rose looks unimpressed at Fulton senior's lack of interest. She begins to open the birthday card.

£300 in twenty pound notes fall out onto her lap.

ROSE FULTON
(Slightly happy)
That's a lot!

Fulton glances from Rose, to Jack.

FULTON SENIOR
See that Jack, that's pieces of paper that can actually make anyone's day better. Should grow up. Learn from that woman teacher of yours.

ROSE FULTON
Don't be so hard on him.

FULTON SENIOR

(Facing Jack)

No, I went to his parents evening yesterday - not that I wanted to and I spoke to that young lady teacher. Miss Walton. Had a moment alone in her class. You'll stop messing around.

Jack starts to hyperventilate. Anxiety clearly building.

ROSE FULTON

(To Senior)

Stop it! You're working him up.

FULTON SENIOR

I'm making sure he can survive. So far he's a failure.

JACK

I can't breath.

FULTON SENIOR

(Sighs)

Nut case.

Jack sprints out the room, up the stairs.

INT. JACK'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door slams closed in the minimalist room. A pet budgie squawks out of fear, flapping it's wings in panic.

JACK

(Breathless)

Fuck'n cunt.

Jack in a momentary insanity begins to punch the windows out of the Victorian frames. He looks down from the height.

FULTON SENIOR (O.S.)

What are you doing up there?

Jack reacts quick. Hearing his father run up the stairs, his heavy grown feet thumping as they come. Jack locks his door just in time.

BANG. The door bounces against the frame, Jack looks unknowing - soon it'll break. Jack begins to cry. The budgies squawking is raising blood pressure. Jack covers his ears.

FULTON SENIOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
(Banging on door)
You better open this door, or I'll
give you something to cry about.

Even covering his ears, the noise still comes through, the budgie screaming at the top of it's lungs.

JACK
SHUT UP.

Jack frantically opens the bird cage, grasping the budgie by the torso - squeezing it tightly.

BUDGIE
(Losing breath)
(Squawks)

JACK
(Crying)
Shut up. Shut up.

The budgie begins to lose consciousness, it's eyelids lowering. The energy leaving it's body.

Jack takes steps to the broken window. Jack releases budgie from his grip.

BANG. SMACK. Fulton senior knocks the door down. Jack keeps watching the falling budgie.

NEW ANGLE: BUDGIE BEFORE HITTING THE GROUND.

It sings, flying up again. And escaping from Jack into the freedom of nature.

Jack by his window. Peering at the bird swooping off into the gorgeous amber sunset. Jack's breathing, steady now.

But the shadow of Fulton senior corners Jack. Jack looks up as we hear a smack.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Jack's Adult eyes flicker. Waking up in sweats, pulling himself up to the headboard. Breathing heavily. His greyhound, APOLLO licks the salty sweat drops.

JACK
(Checks phone)
Urgh get off.

INSERT: PHONE SCREEN DATE - APRIL 2019.

Jack checks his voicemail.

VOICE MAIL
(Man's voice)
Happy birthday to you! Your forty to-day. Hey man, it's Teddy. Still meeting me after Stephanie's piano performance, right? --

JACK
(Jumps out of bed)
--OH, FUCK!

Jack runs the hall, Apollo chasing him.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Jack rushes every movement. Hair. Soap. He looks up at the shower head, the water violently rushes in his eyes. The sound of rain begins to overcome. Patting on a window. Jack raises his head high to the shower head.

CUT TO:

INT. EAST HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL, OFFICE HALL - DAY

Rain splatters onto a window. Classic, depressing British weather.

CLOSE UP: JACK'S SUNGLASSES AND HUNGOVER EYES.

Jack sits in a waiting area with a few house plants either side of him. Looks at his Rolex. Taps it a few times impatiently.

An anti - drug poster hangs beside Jack. He sniffs. Clears his throat, looking around self consciously.

Voices come from down the hall, two school girls pass him. Jack smiles politely to them but they look away.

SCHOOL GIRL
No way where you get it?

SCHOOL GIRL #2
Stan.

SCHOOL GIRL
(Both walk away)
That guy is a complete waster.

The office door opens, to a curvy, sexy, straight forward type. Stephanie's teacher, MISS MOORE - (32).

JACK
What? there was nobody in there? Ten minutes I've been waiting. For a minute there I thought I was in a train station. Get more organized.

MISS MOORE
I had to file a report. You know it's stressful being a teacher too?

JACK
(Eyes roll)
Go on strike.

MISS MOORE
(Pushed to limit)
Enough, your going to get in here, your going to shut your mouth and your going to listen to what I have to say about your daughter.

JACK
Fucking finally!

Jack gets up, blazer in hand. Stepping passed Moore's aggravated face. Leans out and puts a 'do not disturb' sign on the door handle. She slams the door shut.

INT. MISS MOORE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits at the desk, back facing us. His body language is sluggish and inactive. Although Miss Moore shouts angrily at him, standing above him at the desk, pointing her fingers he doesn't react.

In complete silence - Moore's face red and frustrated. Using her hands as she complains to Jack.

PANNING: RIGHT TO LEFT SLIDING ACROSS THE ROOM.

The moment we move past Jack's shadowy portrait - and come out again the image has flipped;

Jack bends her over the desk. Their thrusts nudge the wooden desk every time they collide.

She rolls up her checkered skirt so her elegant leg goes up. A knee resting on the desk as they go at it harder.

We see her mouth moaning. Her wet tongue making intense noises.

The thrusts get harder. Heavier and stronger until collapsing, pushing their satisfied weight down to rest.

JACK

Oh my God!

MISS MOORE

(Growls)

FUCK! Uhhh.

Jack pulls up his trousers, smiling like a playful dog. Moore stays bent over, pulling up her shirt.

JACK

Less stressed now?

MISS MOORE

For now.

JACK

Got to go, I'm late.

MISS MOORE

(Getting dressed)

Remember what I told you about Stephanie. More discipline.

Jack pulls out a golden delicious apple. Placing it on the side of the desk.

JACK

(Winks)

Yes miss.

MISS MOORE

Sex pest!

INT. EAST HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL, PUPIL HALLWAY - DAY

STEPHANIE FULTON - (17), Jack's only child and daughter. A wild, opportunistic girl, but with the mindset of an outsider, walks the mundane halls to the crowd.

Everyone awaits outside the auditorium.

Three girls, seventeen as well, all with slapped ass faces, the leader of the bitch pack - ANGELICA, gives Stephanie a smug face.

Stephanie turns away and in her view at the end of the hall; Her father, Jack.

STEPHANIE
(Calling out)
Dad! Dad!

Jack hears nothing from the crowd. He pushes the swinging doors open, leaving our view.

Stephanie looks back to the three bitches, smirking.

ANGELICA
Sure that's your dad?

STEPHANIE
How's your dad's clinic going? Those fake lips sure do make you look like Robbie Rotten, without Vaseline.

ANGELICA
(Hormonal)
Fuck you!

BITCHY GIRL#2
(To Angelica)
You look great.

BITCHY GIRL#3
(Also to Angelica)
Trust me. She doesn't know what she's talking about.

Stephanie's smile shines.

The auditorium door opens to drama teacher: MRS. RUSHDEN - (41) a large, eccentric lady. She looks through the waiting crowd. Eye's get fixed in Stephanie's way.

MRS. RUSHDEN
Stephanie! You're late. Again. Get in here now.

Stephanie moves past the bitchy girls.

STEPHANIE
(To Angelica)
Remember, keep your lips covered up. It's like Plasticine, Smells like it too.

ANGELICA
FUCK YOU!

The other two bitches hold Angelica tightly. Rushden pulls Stephanie into the auditorium.

INT. AUDITORIUM, STAGE - DAY

Stephanie walks with Rushden through the brightly lit stage.

MRS. RUSHDEN
Stephanie, you know you're better than that so why say that to her?

STEPHANIE
(Quietly to Rushden)
She's a monster she deserves it.

MRS. RUSHDEN
Urgh whatever, are you ready to play?

STEPHANIE
Yeah.

MRS. RUSHDEN
Go get set up then. And stop insulting Angelica, you know her father donates good money here.

STEPHANIE
Still not going to get you a raise.

MRS. RUSHDEN
Yeah you're right. Go get ready!

STAN - (18) Stephanie's friend a comfortable in his own skin type, although a misfit in the crowd. Appearing to the bitchy girls.

STAN
 (To Angelica)
 Where's Steph?

ANGELICA
 Stop getting so high, maybe you won't
 lose her so much.

STAN
 (Hand on auditorium
 door)
 Fuck you.

Mrs. Rushden's head sticks back. She pushes Stan away.

STAN (cont'd)
 Is Stephanie in there?

MRS. RUSHDEN
 (Holding back Stan)
 Yes. But you don't get special
 privileges - wait patiently like the
 rest of the class.

Stan's powerless, huffs at her.

MRS. RUSHDEN (cont'd)
 (To class)
 Will everyone line up please. We're
 about to go in.

EXT. EAST HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jack, steps out - all smiles at the morning so far. His movement inseminates happiness. 1980's shades covering the eyes.

He stops to check his watch. Looks round, and pulls out a metal snorter, JOLTS back.

A Mercedes pulls up with a blaring horn. It's Harold's, now, 82 years of age. And in the backseat behind him is TEDDY - (39), a hippy co-worker with a joint in his mouth. Always smiling and easy going.

Jack squints at the road.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, ROADSIDE - DAY

Looking back to Jack, Teddy sticks his head out the back window, going wild laughing.

Jack looks back baffled by his friend, still grinning and approaches the car. Jumping in the backseat.

JACK
(Hugs Teddy)
You're pissed.

HAROLD
When's he not not pissed? Alcoholic.

TEDDY
It's just a little to get me into the
afternoon.

HAROLD
You're an alcoholic.

JACK
(Follows)
Yeah, you are an alcoholic.

TEDDY
That's never been proven....
(Sniffs the air)
Hey, what's that smell? I think. I
think it is! The teachers pussy.

JACK
(Defensive)
What?

TEDDY
You reek of it. You've been fucking
her again!

JACK
No way.

HAROLD
(Joins teasing)
You don't have to hide it like you
did as a teenager. Your forty today
and that's old enough to tell us your
fucking the teacher.

TEDDY
(Laughs)
Oh yeah, happy birthday.

Harold struggles to reach down next to his seat. Pulling up
a hand wrapped present.

JACK
You didn't have to.

Jack begins to unwrap it. It's a photo frame.

INSERT IN: PHOTO FRAME - JACK AS A CHILD, WATER GUN IN HAND.

And in the photo, Jack is near his late mother. Both smiling, laughing. Years ago.

HAROLD
I thought it might help you.

JACK
Help me?

HAROLD
Get back to normal.

JACK
I don't need the drug talk again.

HAROLD
Change while you can, Jack. Before it's too late.

TEDDY
Yawn.

Harold looks insulted. Jack leans across, placing a comforting arm on Harold.

JACK
It's a thoughtful present. Thank you.

Harold's smile turns to an edgy faced expression.

HAROLD
Shit. What time is it?
(Checks)
Nine - forty. Fucking brilliant. Your fathers going to be pissed. Why are we always late?

TEDDY
Why are you always panicking?

JACK
Just relax. Nobody's getting fired, he's my dad.

HAROLD
(Starting ignition)
Yeah you won't, daddies boy!

JACK
We need to take a quick detour.

Harold looks at him gobsmacked.

JACK (cont'd)
The donation, remember?

Harold sighs. Teddy grins that it ticks him off.

JACK (cont'd)
Come on Harold, it'll be fun. Like an
adventure.

EXT. HAROLD'S CAR, ON THE ROAD (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

HAROLD (O.S.)
I've had enough adventures with you!

The car runs straight down the Victorian avenue.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

CLOSE UP: A PIECE OF FALLING DUST.

The dust falls and twirls as we hear 'Lambert - fall out of love' played to a stripped version of piano. The dust lights up to the stage beam that shows the fabric dust. And then it settles on the black gloss of the piano frame.

Stephanie plays her heart out on the instrument showing it respect and passion.

The song comes to an end. The crowd of bored faces give a half asked attempt of an applaud - apart from Mrs. Rushden, who claps too loud. Stephanie seems accepting of this, only squinting out to the front row of parents.

STEPHANIE'S POV: AN EMPTY SEAT.

Stephanie holds back. Retreating to the backstage.

INT. CHURCH YARD - DAY

Jack walks the graveyard, waiting for someone. Coat on in the chilling mist. Shivers go up the spine.

A photographer shows up. Only in a T - shirt. Camera hanging around his neck. Wearing RayBan sunglasses, tinted red. He looks like a snowboarder.

He eye's up Jack in his sunglasses.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Nice sunglasses.

JACK
Really?

PHOTOGRAPHER
No. Your going to have to take them off for the photo.

JACK
I don't think so.

A man in white, clearly a priest - FATHER PHILIP - (65), old yet tough, the type that probably fought in a war.

FATHER PHILIP
(Shivers, to Jack)
Got the money?

`JACK
It's a donation.

FATHER PHILIP
It's a free advertisement for you.
For your shitty company.

`JACK
Don't swear here. There's ghosts, respectful souls here, unlike your old self.

FATHER PHILIP
Is it less than last year?

`JACK
It's all my da -- It's all I can afford.

FATHER PHILIP
Your mom did a better job. (Pause)
Take the photo.

The photographer aims to sight on Jack.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(To Jack)

Take off your sunglasses, mate?

JACK

No.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(Pleads)

Just take them off mate.

FATHER PHILIP

JUST TAKE THE FUCKING PHOTO.

Jack and Philip's pose with a cheap smile. The camera flashes once, the father continues to act his miserable self.

FATHER PHILIP (cont'd)

Why didn't you want to meet inside?

JACK

Too many memories.

FATHER PHILIP

You'll have to get over it. Your mother died a long time ago. It's time to get over it.

JACK

(Coldly)

Thanks for being so warm, kind. Take the money.

(Hands over check)

FATHER PHILIP

I'm not a warm guy.

JACK

No shit. Your pale old skin makes you look like a zombie in this atmosphere, by the way.

FATHER PHILIP

Fuck you, Jack.

Jack's fed up. He goes to leave with his hands in his pockets.

FATHER PHILIP (cont'd)

Jack.

JACK

What?

FATHER PHILIP

Come back here. When you need to.

Jack thinks it over. Slightly depressed. He heads off and the priest lights up a cigarette.

All this time, the photographer was observing the situation. He frowns, Finding it strange.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - DAY

All alone and surrounded by space, Stephanie looks into the mirror. Clearly upset, seated at the table.

We see a flash of the empty, front row seat, when;

Stan - (17), Stephanie's boyfriend comes in, overly - sympathetic.

STAN

Everything OK?

STEPHANIE

Yeah. Fine.

STAN

Are you sure?... I know your dad wasn't out there --

STEPHANIE

I don't care, OK? A little pissed. You know what will make me feel better? Coke.

STAN

(Rolls eyes)

You know I won't say no to it.

STEPHANIE

Let's get some then.

STAN

You really think it will make you feel better?

STEPHANIE

For a little while. Stop living in the future. Live for now.

STAN
This needs to be the last time.

STEPHANIE
(Sarcastic)
Mhhh - yeah.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, ON THE ROAD (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

Now driving smoothly in an industrial estate.

In the backseat, Teddy sniffs a line of coke off a CD. Teddy passes the CD to Jack, slyly, making sure Harold can't see.

Jack snorts and it's obvious. He sneezes all over the leather.

HAROLD
(Driving)
I know what your doing, you think I'm senile already.

TEDDY
I have a cold. That's all.

HAROLD
Bullshit.

JACK
It's not bullshit.

TEDDY
(Remembers)
Tell you what's not bullshit, I found a girl.

JACK
Now that. Is bullshit.

TEDDY
Fuck you! I did! Her names Janine. She works in a book store. It was in a book store!

HAROLD
When have you ever read a book?

TEDDY
I didn't go in the bookstore to read
moron, I just wanted to speak to the
girl.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EASTHAMPTON BOOK STORE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The empty city center. Rain all around, forming streams in
the cobbles. Nobody dares to be outside from being
drenched - apart from Teddy, smoking a cigarette under the
book store canopy.

TEDDY (O.S.)
I was just done shopping in Argos,
when it started to rain. I was under
the canopy to have a smoke when I
turned and saw her. The love of my
life.

Teddy looks inside to the clerk - Janine - (30), Asian
looking, with a beautiful smile.

JANINE
Hey, come in your going to catch a
cold.

TEDDY
(Chucks cigarette)
Sure.

HAROLD (O.S.)
This is bullshit.

TEDDY (O.S.)
It fucking happened.

INT. EASTHAMPTON BOOK STORE - CONTINUOUS

Teddy gets led to a bookshelf full of... Books. Janine
smiles and leaves him there to browse.

TEDDY (O.S.)
So she led me into all these books.
The self help place.

JACK (O.S.)
The book clerk took you to the self
help area?

TEDDY (O.S.)
 It was just coincidence, OK? I doubt she thought I need help.... So I was looking at these books and eureka! I found the ultimate pick up line. The Karma - Sutra.

Teddy picks it up, flicks through the pages, laughing like a school child.

JACK (O.S.)
 Oh no.

INT. EASTHAMPTON BOOK STORE, CASH REGISTER - CONTINUOUS

Teddy arrives up to the till. Passes the book to Janine. He's about to say something to her, but freezes. She awkwardly scans the book, still smiling kindly.

TEDDY (O.S.)
 I was going to ask her if she wanted to help me do the book exercises. But I just froze. Nothing. So all I said in the end was --

TEDDY (CONT'D)
 (Obnoxiously loud)
 -- What's your name?

JANINE
 (Handshake)
 I'm Janine. Nice to meet you.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY

Harold pulls into the Fulton law firm. Commercial and private soliciting. There's a court yard and water fountain. Swaying trees in the breeze.

The building itself is multistory. Lined with windows of black reflective glass.

TEDDY
 So I got her name at least. Come with me after work, I want to ask for her number.

JACK
 You don't need me.

TEDDY
Just come, for me?

HAROLD
I'm sure that's what Jack wants to do
for his birthday.

A woman walks the entrance in a monochrome dress. She looks like an Italian model with black, silky hair. This is Agatha - (35), a professional, career climbing lady.

JACK
(Looks out window)
Who's that?

HAROLD
Is the only thing you both care
about, cocaine and women?

JACK
(To Teddy)
I'll come.

HAROLD
You both better get in there before
you're fired.

JACK
Wait. Line of coke first.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, FULTON OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: TWO LINES GETTING SNORTED UP WITH A £20 BILL.

Jack pulls his head up, wild eyed. Shades back on.

JACK
WAAAHOOOO!

TEDDY
(Snorts)
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

Harold rolls his eyes.

JACK
(Getting out)
OK. See you in there.

TEDDY
 (Getting out)
 Thanks for the ride, old man.

Harold pulls the finger.

EXT. FULTON LAW FIRM, COURTYARD - DAY

The courtyard is tranquil. Plants grow in nice looking pots, birds sing freely. There's a few professional solicitors eating brunch in groups. They watch Jack and his friend walk across the grounds, like they're a joke.

Jack, still wears his 80's block shades. Teddy, putting on his blazer in slow mo. They both look like they feel their the shit.

Now, walking past a statue of lady justice, in black marble.

INT. FULTON OFFICES, RECEPTION - DAY

Everything is spacious and clean. A water feature trickles beautifully in the background display. Black and white photos of the history of the company are displayed in the backdrop.

SARAH - (28), the smiley secretary sits at the desk. Everything is calm, until they barge in.

 TEDDY
 MORNING SWEET CHEEKS!

 JACK
 Shut the fuck up, your going to get
 us me too'd!.... Morning Sarah.

Sarah just takes it in her stride. Deep down she knows they're high. She doesn't get paid enough to give a shit, so she smiles, pleasantly.

 SARAH
 Morning you two. Happy birthd --

ABRUPTLY FOR JACK - everything becomes a blur. Sounds get lost into a dream like state and and eerie voice comes from beyond.

 GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.)
 JAAA --- AAACK.

We see Jack's get freaked out. He looks around, trying to identify the origin of the ghost.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
 JACK. COME HOME. COME. HOME.

Jack looks out the window. Across the courtyard is a woman with a drip. Approaching the entrance. Jack's hears on the back of his neck prick up.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
 (Whispers)
 Jaaa --

TEDDY
 -- Jack. Hello? Sarah said happy birthday.

The ghostly woman is gone. Jack, self consciously brushes it off. Sarah looks a little concerned. Teddy, a little freaked out - what did Jack see?

JACK
 Thanks, Sarah.

CUT TO:

INT. EAST HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL, PUPIL HALLWAY - DAY

Stan and Stephanie leg it down the hall. Stopping around a corner as they hear footsteps. They hide instantly.

It's a woman teacher, 60 looking, pretty fat with a round ass. She stops, right near Stan and Stephanie and she stops.

The pressure of getting caught bunking off builds. Until the teacher lets off a huge fart in the hallway. And continues to walk.

Stephanie goes to laugh but Stan grabs her mouth. Still a snicker comes out.

The teacher turns. Stephanie wildly sets herself free from Stan's grip.

STEPHANIE
 (Running)
 Put an air freshener up there, dirt ass!

STAN
(Stunned)

FUCK.

The teacher shouts after them and they begin to run, laughing out the school.

EXT. EAST HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - DAY

Out of breath. Stan slams against the car, a red classic Ford Mustang. Then Stephanie.

STEPHANIE
You haven't stole it again have you?

STAN
(Unlocking car)
No.

STEPHANIE
Really?

The teacher comes out of the building. Running... Slowly but threateningly towards them Wailing out their names.

STAN
Does it matter? Get in.

INT. STAN'S MUSTANG - DAY

The keys in ignition. Music blaring loud. Stan and Stephanie sweating at the forehead, skin sticking to leather.

The teacher, gaining on them.

STEPHANIE
QUICK!

STAN
I'm going, I'm going!

The wheels smoke, the engine revs and they zoom out the gate with the teacher waving her arms at them, trying helplessly to flag them down.

The roof slowly comes down, Stephanie laughing her ass of, this is living!

STAN (cont'd)
(Admiring)
Your fucking crazy.

STEPHANIE
You fucking love it.

INT. FULTON LAW FIRM, HALLS - DAY

Jack and Teddy are nearing their office floor when down the halls comes WALTER - (45), the snake like, manipulative corporate ladder climber. His hair slick back with hair gel and an evil grin as soon as he sees Teddy and Jack.

TEDDY
Not this prick again.

JACK
Be quiet, he's on his way over. Act nice. Smile.

Teddy pulls a cheesy grin, all too fake.

WALTER
Oh, Jack. For a second I thought you were avoiding me, seems every morning you almost do.

JACK
(Polite)
Oh, yeah. These sunglasses.

WALTER
Well maybe you shouldn't be wearing them inside. It doesn't really blast out the implication of "I'm a professional lawyer", now, does it?

JACK
I --

WALTER
-- I suppose it doesn't really matter when your fathers the head of this company I suppose. Should cut you some slack, no?
(Slurring laugh)

TEDDY
You're such a little nerd, Walt.
Following each and every rule.

WALTER
Maybe. But, I'd, myself prefer to fit in around here.
(MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)

It's why I'm a managing director and you're not, Teddy? But if turning up high on coke --

JACK

-- We're not --

WALTER

-- If turning up high on coke makes you both feel like rebels then go for it. It's a win win for me. Somebody is going to be taking over this place one day.

TEDDY

And that's going to be you?

WALTER

Yes. Isn't that obvious? You know don't you Jack, deep down?

JACK

Tell me something I don't know.

Teddy smiles a bit at the attitude they show. But Walter enjoys the words about to come out of his mouth.

WALTER

Tell you something you don't know. OK, how about your assistant, Harold is getting replaced today. Did you know about that?

Jack looks like he's emotionally been punched in the stomach.

JACK

Excuse me a moment.
(Walks off)

TEDDY

(To Walter)

You're such a prick. You know, you should loosen that tie, you look like Nigel Thornberry.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Wide open space with wide windows looking onto the courtyard. Printers. Suits and pantsuits. Thirty or so office people with secretaries sitting on desks and everyone looking well off. Almost like a bank.

This is Jack's office floor, and in the corner is JACK'S PERSONAL OFFICE, surrounded in a glass cube. Blinds down.

Harold is talking to the mysterious monochrome dressed Italian model looking woman. This is AGATHA -(35), professional new P.A replacing Harold.

Jack steps in. Sets his sights on Harold. Jack's pissed and ready to shout at him but AGATHA catches his eye. Her smile is cute and loving. Beautiful.

Jack breaks eye contact with her and continues on his anger march to Harold.

JACK

Harold.

HAROLD

Hey, Jack. This is Agatha.

JACK

(Agitated)

Harold can I speak to you a moment please?

Agatha's pure, innocent smile fades as she's ignored. Harold gives her a comforting smile as he follows Jack's lead away to his office.

INT. JACK'S PERSONAL OFFICE - DAY

The small, glass cubical is lined with blinds. It's all personalized.

Pictures of Stephanie growing up are displayed. A few of her piano and musical certificates proudly on the wall, like it was all Jack's well - doing that got her the achievements.

There's a snow globe of Philadelphia, P.A. With a plaque that reads - "There's no place like home"

Harold takes a seat at one end of the desk.

Jack closes the blinds, sitting down himself.

JACK

Talk to me.

HAROLD

About what?

JACK
I already know, stop acting stupid
and just talk to me. I'm asking you.
Why do you want to leave?

HAROLD
(Pause)
When you get to my age, you realize
life isn't all about money.

JACK
Don't give me that bullshit. You were
going to work for me forever!

HAROLD
Forever is over. It's not bullshit.
You have a lot to learn, your still
like a child Jack.

JACK
(Sarcastic)
What are you going to do then? Become
a pensioner, take a cruise?

HAROLD
I might.

JACK
And that girl out there? Agatha?
She's going to be your replacement?

Harold leans across to the blinds, pulls them so we see
Agatha, going over paperwork, chatting kindly with a few
other office people.

Jack watches her closely. Neutrally.

HAROLD (O.C.)
Agatha, is the new me. A hard worker,
she's even worked for prince Harry.
You'll be good to her. I don't want
you putting her under the stress you
put me through. Am I clear?

JACK
I can't believe you.... Yes, your
clear. Doubt she'll be the next
Harold though.

Harold laughs, stepping up in an elderly fashion. Jack pulls
out some paper, scribbles on it.

JACK (cont'd)
 (Handing over cheque)
 Here's for you. So you can pick up
 some of that old pussy on the cruise.

Harold looks at it - £30,000. He hesitates.

JACK (cont'd)
 Take it.

As Harold grabs hold of it, it's signed fraudulently by
 Fulton SR. - Jack's dad.

As Jack gets back to his work, he doesn't see Harold
 crumpling the cheque up, chucking it in Jack's bin.

JACK (O.C.)
 Everything OK?

Harold just nods, unimpressed but not wanting to bring
 anything up.

HAROLD
 I'm getting a coffee.

INT./EXT. STAN'S MUSTANG/ EASTHAMPTON PARKING LOT - DAY

In summer heat, Stan spins the wheel with sweaty hands into
 the university, somewhat abandoned parking lot. The car is
 cooking, and outside it looks like a mirage.

But in the background there's a man spinning a subway sign -
 getting the attention of nobody driving by.

Stephanie's hair stops blowing in the wind as the car comes
 to park.

STEPHANIE
 This the place?

STAN
 (Calls dealer)
 What he said.
 (Phone answers)
 Oh hey... Yeah we're here... OK. See
 you in a minute, man.

STEPHANIE
 He close?

STAN
(Points)
That's him.

STEPHANIE
The subway man?

The guy with the sign makes his way over, SEGAR - (21), a happy and scary looking coke dealer. Taps the door and leans down to Stan and Stephanie's level.

SEGAR
Hello my friends.

STAN
(Handshake)
Segar! This is Stephanie.

SEGAR
(Leans for handshake)
Hello.

STEPHANIE
(Shyly)
Hi.

Stan gets his money together, Segar checking his bag, looking around.

SEGAR
(To Stephanie)
I bet you've never got coke from a sandwich man before?

STAN
First time for everything, can I get three for a hundred?

Without a word a transaction is done.

STAN (cont'd)
Thanks again, man.

SEGAR
No problem. Have fun.
(Turns around, then turns back)
Oh I forgot to give you these.

In Segar's hands - two coupons for Subway.

STAN
 (Awkwardly)
 Thanks.

STEPHANIE
 Thank you.

SEGAR
 Eat fresh! Goodbye.

Stephanie looks at Stan, who the fuck was that guy?

Stan doesn't answer, ignition on and the Mustang roars.

INT. JACK'S PERSONAL OFFICE - DAY

Half an hour has passed by. Jack sits on the sofa, not really doing much. Plays with the snow globe.

Bored. Now checking the blinds and making sure nobody can see. He locks the door. Opens his desk. Rummaging through it to pull out a gram of cocaine. White as snow.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S PERSONAL OFFICE (LATER) - DAY

CLOSE UP: COCAINE BEING CUT WITH A CREDIT CARD.

Pushed into a thick white line and then, with a fifty pound note, snorting loudly.

Queen Elizabeth's rounded face unfolds on the desk.

JACK
 (Euphoria)
 Ahhhhh. YES. --

-- The phone begins to ring. Jack checks it's caller I.D;

Fulton Senior.

Jack prepares himself, although not to be seen, Jack's father is formal and overbearing about this. Jack's been conditioned to his upbringing.

JACK (cont'd)
 (Answering)
 Hello?

THOMAS (V.O.)
 (Posh, filtered)
 Jack, it's Thomas. Are you busy?

JACK
 Not particularly, why?

THOMAS (V.O.)
 Your father wants a word. Come on up
 in ten minutes, if you may?

Jack raises to his feet, slightly panicking.

JACK
 Yes, of course. I'll be there in
 five.

THOMAS (V.O.)
 Excellent, I'll let him know.

Thomas hangs up. There's sweat off Jack's face. He looks in the mirror. He looks fucking high! Jack poses, trying to trick himself into thinking he doesn't.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Agatha sits conversing with Harold. They watch Jack come out of his office and straight across the floor to the exit.

AGATHA
 (To Harold)
 I hope I haven't upset him.

HAROLD
 I think your going to be a great
 assistant. He's just a moody child
 someday.

Agatha looks across the room, Jack's gone. She looks back to Harold, appreciating his good attitude.

INT. FULTON OFFICES, SENIOR'S CORRIDOR - DAY

The modern architecture has changed. Jack walks down halls of dark oak and oil paintings. Red carpet to one, large, grand looking door.

THOMAS - (45), Fulton Senior's posh, P.A answers without Jack even knocking.

THOMAS
Jack. Happy birthday.

Jack gets guided inside by Thomas's welcoming posture.

JACK
Thanks, Thomas.

INT. FULTON SENIOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack's father's office, it's grand to sum it up. It looks like the relics of the Titanic.

There's bone china from centuries ago, taxidermy animals all over the place; One of which is a wolf, who's eyes follow everyone in the room.

An oil painting portrait of the Fulton family hangs proudly. Jack as an only child sits besides his mother and father, timidly.

Now, 35 years later, Jack still enters timidly.

FULTON SR. - (75), the stiff upper lip kind. The toughen your kids out sort of father, sits back on his leather chair, signing off some paperwork.

Fulton senior extends his wrinkled hand, shaking Jack's. Jack takes a seat at the other end of the oak desk.

Like father, like son, like daughter. Being a Fulton, senior rummages through his desk and retreats a bottle of whiskey. Raising his eyebrows to Jack as a question.

Jack shrugs, and senior pours him a glass, but Senior's elderly weakness fails him, his hands begin to shake and Jack grabs the bottle before it spills, pouring the glasses himself.

Senior looks into his son's eyes, trying not to be seen as vulnerable.

FULTON SENIOR
Thank you.

JACK
Cheers, dad.

After a sip, they both recline to relax. Jack licks his lips.

JACK (cont'd)
Lovely.

FULTON SENIOR
'75 Glenfiddich. Expensive.

Thomas makes himself a glass.

JACK
Harold's leaving today.

FULTON SENIOR
It has a real zing to it, don't you think?

Jack looks at his dad, as if he were senile.

FULTON SENIOR (cont'd)
(Rolls eyes)
I heard you the first time. I've sent him a severance package already.

JACK
Severance?

FULTON SENIOR
Yes. Why, you haven't gave him anything, have you?

JACK
Course not.

Jack takes a pen - scribbles 'CANCEL CHEQUE' on his arm, spits the pen back up to his father's desk.

FULTON SENIOR
Look, I didn't invite you up here to talk about Harold.

JACK
What then?

FULTON SENIOR
The Salvador case. Expected to come to a close today. Can I count on my son?

Jack looks shocked. Looks over to Thomas in shock.

JACK
You want me to deliver it? But that's your case. You said so yourself --

FULTON SENIOR
-- I know what I said. I have the
doctors later. All the evidence is
here.

Senior notions to Thomas, who comes into view, with black
briefcase in hand.

FULTON SENIOR (cont'd)
(Intensely)
Can I count on you?

JACK
(Pauses)
Yea -- Yes.

FULTON SENIOR
You better be heading off then. Want
to get there early don't you?

Jack smiles. Raising to his feet.

JACK
No problem.

Jack takes the briefcase and making his way to the door --

FULTON SENIOR
-- You won't fuck it up will you?

Jack bites his lip, turns sarcastically happy to his dad.
It's a cheesy car commercial.

JACK
(A beat)
I got this, dad. Oh, You know, it's
my birthday today?

FULTON SENIOR
Birthdays are just another day, son.
Grow up.

Jack nods.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Agatha is seated alone at a desk. Working over some
spreadsheet.

Jack positively walks in. A skip in his pace, feeling like a
million bucks. He approaches Agatha, two coffees in his
hands.

JACK
Agatha, right?

AGATHA
(Looks up)
Hey, Jack.

They shake hands, Agatha weird-ed out by his sudden mood swing to enlightenment.

JACK
What are you doing?

AGATHA
Just... Trying to get up to speed.

Jack takes the paperwork from her, skims it and places it back down.

JACK
Get someone else to do this. In the meantime, do you believe on learning on the job?

AGATHA
I'm here, aren't I?

Jack grabs her coat from the seat behind her, holds it up so Agatha can put it on. She shuffles snugly into it.

JACK
You ever been to a court hearing?

AGATHA
No, never.

JACK
You're going to love it, the drama!
(Eye's to Harold)
Harold, you got this paperwork, might as well do some work the whole....50 Years you've been here?

Harold, leaning back from his desk.

HAROLD
This is my grand send of is it? I was going to drive you anyway. But yeah, Agatha can come, if you look after her.

AGATHA
I can handle myself.

Agatha grins, Jack leading her out.

Harold putting on his coat, walking out behind them.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, ON THE ROAD (CONTINUOUS)- DAY

The journey for a minute is silent. In the front, sits Harold driving.

In the back, Jack stays on his phone, and the back of the car is like a taxi, seats facing each other, Teddy is Facing Agatha, awkwardly not talking.

Jack comes off his phone.

JACK
Hey, Teddy, your going to love this.

TEDDY
What?

JACK
Agatha actually worked for prince Harry.

TEDDY
(Genuine)
No shit?

HAROLD
-- Language!

TEDDY
-- English! So old prince Harry, hey?
You know, I have a lot of questions for you then.

JACK
(Nudges Agatha)
Good luck.

Agatha looks to Jack, not sure what she's getting into.

SHOT SERIES:

A) The gloomy streets of Easthampton.

B) Harold's Mercedes gliding over puddles, chasing pigeons away. It's clear time has passed on, Over which, we hear Harold:

HAROLD (O.S.)
 Twenty bloody minutes. How long can
 you go on for Teddy?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, ON THE ROAD (CONTINUOUS) - MOMENTS LATER

Teddy sits, now crossed legged as if he were an intellectual scholar.

TEDDY
 Prince Harry is in the Illuminati
 then or?

AGATHA
 No, I never said that.

TEDDY
 Ohhhh, I get it, you got to keep it
 secret.

AGATHA
 -- No, I --

Teddy winks.

TEDDY
 -- I get it. Need to keep it secret.
 I hear you loud and clear.

Agatha looks to Jack, her eyes tell, she's dying to change
 the subject.

AGATHA
 So, why's this case so important?

JACK
 My fathers been working on this case
 for more or less five years. And
 today is the tell all, if I do a good
 deliverance on this, who knows, I may
 get promoted.

AGATHA
 And if you don't?

JACK
 (Critically)
 That's not going to happen.

AGATHA

OK. I'm sorry.

TEDDY

He's got daddy issues.

Teddy looks to his best friend and Jack only looks back with eye's pinning dread back to Teddy.

TEDDY (cont'd)

Joooking.

Teddy laughs, brushing off the awkwardness.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PUBLIC COURTYARD - DAY

The Mercedes pulls up outside a building that doesn't look anything like a courthouse. Tinted double glazed windows only reflect what's on the outside, clean pavement and plated ferns along the walk way to the entrance.

HAROLD (O.C.)

I'll wait here.

The Mercedes door opens, Jack and exiting with shades still on, lighting a cigarette almost like he's doing all his actions for the aesthetics.

Agatha and Teddy then exit, looking smart and fresh.

TEDDY

(To Harold)

Cheers for the ride.

Teddy slams the door, shutting smooth.

Jack stands upright like a lieutenant giving orders to soldiers.

JACK

I want to make myself clear, when we get in there, I'm the only one talking, understood?

Agatha nods, Teddy's daydreaming, looking at a squirrel.

JACK (cont'd)

Teddy, understood?

TEDDY

(Drags of cigarette)

Yeah. Got ya'.

JACK
Good. OK.... Let's go.

As they head towards the entrance, Jack trying to look cool, Agatha tries to trail behind as fast as she can, but she stops, to look at her work phone;

INSERT: CALLER I.D - EASTHAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL.

AGATHA
(Picking up)
Hello?

TEACHER (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Hello. Is this Jack Fulton's secretary?

AGATHA
(Correcting)
Personal assistant, yes.

TEACHER (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Yeah, whatever, this is Mrs. Fortstone, the head mistress at Easthampton high, is Mr. Fulton able to speak to me?

AGATHA
One second. Hold on.

Agatha watches Jack and Teddy, it seems like they're speed walking, like they're miles ahead.

AGATHA (cont'd)
(Shouts to Jack)
JACK. JACK. It's Stephanie's school.

TEACHER (V.O.)
(Filtered)
-- It's urgent.

AGATHA
(Shouts to Jack)
-- It's urgent.

Jack turns, now walking backwards with his shades on.

JACK
Tell her I'll call back. This is important, Agatha.

Agatha panics, stops walking and gives full concentration to Mrs. Fortstone.

AGATHA
Sorry, he's really busy right now,
can I take a message?

TEACHER (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Look, we need someone to come into
the school. This is the third time
this month she's been missing. You
need to come in.

AGATHA
Me?

TEACHER (V.O.)
Don't act so surprised. You're Jack
Fulton's personal assistant - so
assist. Personally. Come if you care
about her. I'm done speaking.

The hang up dial BLEEPS.

Agatha looks around the place, Jack and Teddy have walked
inside the court, leaving her abandoned.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE, RECEPTION - DAY

The entrance is beaming with life. Solicitors, barons,
lawyers, everyone's there.

Jack steps inside and there's disappointment all around on
lawyers faces.

JACK
Expecting someone else?

Everyone looks away. Teddy pats Jack's back - 'There,
there'. Everybody begins to make their way through security.

Jack and Teddy take off their shades. Both looking like a
couple of post modern noire detectives.

TEDDY
C'mon, let's do security.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE, SECURITY CHECK - MOMENTS LATER

A butch looking man is getting done scanning Jack with the metal detector. Then, Teddy, looking more nervous. The security dog, German Sheppard looks confused at Teddy. Teddy pats it with trepidation, gliding to where Jack stands.

JACK
(Looks around)
Hey, where's Agatha?

TEDDY
(Shrugs)
I don't know. She was here a minute ago.

Jack keeps watching the entrance, Teddy's mind is somewhere entirely different.

TEDDY (cont'd)
(Whispers)
Hey, you want another line?

JACK
You brought it in here with you, what the fuck Teddy? There's a dog right there!

The Sheppard looking right at them, adorable.

TEDDY
I know.

JACK
(Disbelief)
How did it not smell you?

TEDDY
I don't know, it's probably got a cold, a snotty nose. Retarded or something.

JACK
A retarded dog? You're the luckiest man on earth right now.

TEDDY
Do you want some or not?

JACK
 (Angry whispers)
 No, I don't want some. I'm a professional and so are you! Do not take any fucking more!

TEDDY
 Well I'm going to go have some, you stay here and suit yourself.

Teddy walks off, regardless of the consequences towards the toilet.

Jack's face goes from angry, to confused, to giving in.
 1.2.3...

JACK
 (To himself)
 Fuck it.

Jack follows after Teddy, tempted for cocaine again.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, COURTHOUSE - DAY

Harold sits, relaxed in the driving seat. Smoking a Camel cigarette and reading the Guardian newspaper. Even with all the windows down, it's smokey inside.

Agatha approaches the window he's seated at.

HAROLD
 You not going in there with them, love?

AGATHA
 No, actually I was going to ask if you're still on duty?

Harold looks at her bewildered.

AGATHA (cont'd)
 I had a call from Jack's daughter's, Stephanie's school --

HAROLD
 -- Say no more. I know this situation all too well, hop in.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, ON THE ROAD (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

Agatha rides in the back, with her monochrome dress and posh look she seems to be modern Penelope Parker.

She leans forward, to Harold's ear.

AGATHA
I hope she's OK.

HAROLD
She's fine. It'll be a little
experience for you, finally meeting
the devil's daughter.

AGATHA
He's that bad?

Harold laughs to himself. Like a million memories of Jack
rush through his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAN'S MUSTANG, EASTHAMPTON RING ROAD (CONTINUOUS) -
DAY

Cruising easily through the afternoon amber sunshine. The
only car on the interstate. Still over speeding. Gorgeous
design and revs like a monsters voice.

INT. STAN'S MUSTANG, EASTHAMPTON RING ROAD (CONTINUOUS) -
DAY

Stephanie in the passenger seat, trying to make a line of
coke with her student I.D card. The coke glides onto her
social studies book, making two thick lines. All the time,
Stan's looking over.

STEPHANIE
Here.

She leans over, holds a note for Stan. He snorts. His head
shooting up from the rush.

STAN
I told you, this is the best shit.

STEPHANIE
(Snorts line)
How fast are you going?

STAN
 (Checks)
 Seventy - five. Why?

Stephanie yawns.

Stan grins, speeding up-to eighty, only to make Stephanie yawn with an over exaggeration.

STAN (cont'd)
 Not fast enough for you?

Stan keeps accelerating, the wind blowing like a wind tunnel in the car. Stephanie's grin is not as stealthy anymore. Speeding up, everything is an adrenaline rush now. 85.

STEPHANIE
 (Teasing)
 This is a Mustang right, because it feels like a KA.

Stan presses harder on the gas. 100... 110...20..140mph.

STEPHANIE (cont'd)
 (Screams)
 Yeaaaaahhhhhh babyyyyyy!

STAN
 WAAAAHOOOOOAAAA!

Their cries of joy are sensational. Stephanie is alive, feeling like a wild horse!

The joy ride slows down. Stephanie leans across, making contact with Stan's lips.

Pulling. Stan looking stunned.

STEPHANIE
 Come on. You must have seen it coming.

Stan's smiling his ass off, but Stephanie reclines. Thinking deeply. Her mood swing, so powerful and fast. Now, looking depressed.

INT. HAROLD'S MERCEDES, EASTHAMPTON HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

The Mercedes glides into view. Parking in the empty lot.

AGATHA (O.S.)
 This the place?

Harold looks around.

HAROLD
Easthampton high.

NEW ANGLE: THE SCHOOL FROM WINDSHIELD.

1970's design, ugly yet modern. Two stories high with the sloping roof. A 70's Architecture really gives a vintage appearance.

HAROLD (cont'd)
Why, what were you expecting?

AGATHA
Nothing. Just suppose private schools have lowered the standards.

Harold rolls his eyes, un-clipping his belt.

HAROLD
I wouldn't know.

INT. EAST HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL, OFFICE HALL - DAY

MRS. FORTSTONE - (57), a blunt and honest headteacher, with wrinkles from the stress walks Agatha and Harold down the hall. Agatha still feels awkward.

MRS. FORTSTONE
Thank you for coming down.
Stephanie's grades have dipped and with the college applications forms, I just don't know if she will make it. This talk is a long time coming.

AGATHA
See, it's my first day on the job.

Harold hangs back slowing down, while passing the trophy case.

Harold frowns at the photos of kids accepting their trophy. Harold leans into one award. Picking it up, observing it in his hands.
One has a plaque - certificate of participation.

HAROLD
What a bunch of bullshi--

MRS. FORTSTONE
 (Down hall)
 -- Excuse me, no touching the
 trophies, sir.

Harold, sloppily placing it back.

HAROLD
 (Under breath)
 Trophy my ass.

Back to Agatha and Fortstone. Approaching the end of the
 hall.

MRS. FORTSTONE
 So, have any children yourself?

AGATHA
 No. Just three dogs.

MRS. FORTSTONE
 (Over - reflecting)
 Awwww. You poor thing.

AGATHA
 (Insulted)
 I don't want kids.

Mrs. Fortstone doesn't even notice she's doing it. We're now
 at the end of the hall, Fortstone holding a door open.

MRS. FORTSTONE
 That's nice. Step this way through.

INT. FORTSTONE'S OFFICE - DAY

floor to ceiling on the largest wall, motivational quotes
 that make any down to earth human, feel physically sick.

Agatha and Harold look around at the monstrosities, quoted
 largely. Looking to each other, both waiting for a comment.

Mrs. Fortstone walks in with two cups of tea on saucers.
 Sitting down, she crosses her legs. Sips her coffee from a
 mug with a picture of a kitten on it. Quoted on the mug;
 'Make my coffee purrrfect'.

Fortstone nods her head, Agatha and Harold, leaning in for
 drinks.

AGATHA
 Thank you.

HAROLD
 (Sips tea)
 Thanks.

MRS. FORTSTONE
 (Sighs)
 This is nice, isn't it?

Harold can't get comfortable, sitting on a seat that's meant for an adolescent midget.

HAROLD
 Thanks for the cuppa, but we don't have all day.

MRS. FORTSTONE
 Yes. Let's check....
 (Looks under desk)
 Stephanie's file.

Mr.s Fortstone pulls out a massive, paper and wallet filed file. She struggles to put it on the desk. She incidentally slams it down, paper falling out across the surface: Absent notes.

AGATHA
 Wow. That's a lot of extra weight.

MRS. FORTSTONE
 I do all files the old fashioned way
 I'm afraid.

HAROLD
 No shit.

There's an awkward pause. An unacceptable stare from Fortstone to Harold, that passes like a wave.

MRS. FORTSTONE
 (Gestures absent notes)
 This is why I called you in. See, I'm not just a head teacher, I'm also... A head communicator.
 (Finds paper work)
 That's why I made this, to guide you.

Agatha and Harold look to the work sheet, placed in front of them. On the top of the sheet, a chart with the label 'success'. It's all hand drawn in pencil, looks like Fortstone put a lot of time and effort into the makings of.

HAROLD
Aren't we lucky to have you?

Agatha continuing to listen to Fortstone, besides the sarcasm.

MRS. FORTSTONE
It can be hard for parents and their children to talk sometimes. But with this bad boy (Taps sheet) I think we're onto something.

Agatha, rolling her eyes to herself. Harold looks like he could shoot himself.

MRS. FORTSTONE (cont'd)
Now. I'll make you both a copy, but I don't know how to use a printer, so it'll only take you half an hour to make yours --

HAROLD
-- We don't have that long.

We see the second awkward pause. The reaction of Fortstone is so... cringe! Fortstone, pointing to a quoted wall sticker;

NEW ANGLE: WALL STICKER QUOTE:

'Patience is not the ability to wait, but the ability to keep a good attitude while waiting'

HAROLD (cont'd)
(Semi - scared)
Are you fucking nuts? Where is Stephanie? We haven't got time for games --

AGATHA
-- Harold, don't.

MRS. FORTSTONE
That's the thing. We don't know where she is.

HAROLD
(Aggravated)
So coming here was a big waste of bloody time? Nobody knows where she is?

MRS. FORTSTONE
 Not exactly, there is one girl. A
 classmate of Stephanie's who may
 know.

Harold doesn't hesitate, his threatening looking potato head
 growing a vein from the tension his head withholds. Now
 looking like a blood thirsty wolf hound.

HAROLD
 (Full cockney)
 Bring us to her!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY, OUTSIDE BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

Mrs. Fortstone leads the way of Agatha and Harold. Looking
 through a door window into the class. Fortstone spotting
 'the girl'.

MRS. FORTSTONE
 (Back to Harold)
 Now I know that it's hard when a
 child goes missing. But Angelica has
 already said she's not telling me
 where Stephanie is. But with my
 communication skills --

HAROLD
 (Moving)
 -- Fuck that, get out the way.

AGATHA
 -- No Harold!

Harold pushes into the class. Agatha stays, covering her
 face from embarrassment. Mrs. Fortstone goes to stop Harold
 but it's too late. He's entered, the door slamming behind
 him. Fortstone and Agatha can only watch.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark with blurs of pixel colors shining on the
 students. A quietly sounding documentary about ducks plays
 for the students on a 1990's TV set on wheels. The biology
 teacher, sleeping at his desk, besides a diagram of a duck,
 awakes. Looking over to Harold in a sort of unaware,
 unknowing face.

BIOLOGY TEACHER
 (To Harold)
 Substitute teacher?

HAROLD
 (Grunts)
 Yeah.

The teacher nods calmly, then, suddenly going off on one with frustration.

BIOLOGY TEACHER
 (Checks watch)
 YOU COULD HAVE BEEN HERE 20 MINUTES
 AGO! I'm going to be late for the
 dentist appointment, now!

The biology teacher awaits the 'substitute' teacher's reaction, waiting for an apology, but Harold just gives him a long blank stare back. The biology teacher gives up. Raising to his feet, complaining and talking to himself as he walks past clueless Harold and exits.

BIOLOGY TEACHER (cont'd)
 (Mumbling to himself,
 exiting)
 Nobody in this school gives a fucking
 shit --

- The door slams closed. The kids are trapped with Harold, all staring at him, mouths zipped closed. Harold begins to ponder back and forth.

HAROLD
 Which one of you is Angelica?

The bitchy girls at the back of the class snickers. Yet there's no answer to Harold.

Intimidatingly, Harold steps up to the T.V, pointing to the screen.

HAROLD (cont'd)
 Ducks.

The bitchy girls again laugh and Harold glares over with complete hatred. He begins pacing from one side of the front of the class to the other.

HAROLD (cont'd)
 I think I'm rather like a mother
 duck. And I guess all of you, can be
 my baby ducklings.

Harold stops pacing at a nerdy girls desk at the front of the class, dauntingly staring down to her. She keeps her head down, not trying to make eye contact with the crazy 'substitute'.

HAROLD (cont'd)
 And as we all know. Ducklings stay very... (Stares at everyone) Very close to their mother, at all times.
 (Pause)
 Who's Angelica?

Again, nobody in the disrespectful class opens their mouths. This is the beginning of Harold losing his shit.

HAROLD (cont'd)
 Everyone's silent.
 (Creepy whispers)
 But I'll make you all quack.

NEW ANGLE: ANGELICA SEATED AT THE BACK OF THE CLASS.

Her desk, facing Harold.

ANGELICA (O.C.)
 (Cocky)
 I'm Angelica.

Back to Harold - his serial killer smile, making his way across to the back.

Angelica's desk. Harold crouches down besides her. It's creepy but he gives her a sense of respect, being on eye to eye level.

HAROLD
 (To Angelica)
 Where's Stephanie Fulton?

ANGELICA
 (Holds nose)
 Your breathe stinks.

The class laughs, but Harold, humiliated and red faced, turns to the crowd, with a boiling angered face, they shut up instantly.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
 If you really want to know, she went with that poor boy druggie.

HAROLD
 (Last straw)
 But. Where is she?

Angelica loves the torture in holding back info. She stares off into blank space, smiling her bitch smile.

HAROLD (cont'd)
 (Whispers)
 I'll make you quack.
 (Screams, full cockney)
 I'LL MAKE YOU QUACK, BITCH!

Like a dirty cop, Harold smashes the pencils from her desk, flying across the room, Angelica goes still as a board. Looking like she just shat on the chair.

All the students react the same, backs pressed firmly against the backs of chairs.

We hear Angelica begin to cry as Harold tries to hold back the homicidal anger.

ANGELICA
 (Sobbing)
 I don't know, OK? -- She's probably at the university, knowing that crack head.

HAROLD
 (Calm)
 Easthampton campus?

Angelica nods. Harold composes himself calmly, raising back up from the crouch, as all the teenagers practically cry around him. Everything goes silent in the room, until;

The real substitute teacher walks in, an easy going guy.

SUBSTITUTE
 (Extends hand shake)
 Hey, I'm the subbie. Sorry I'm late.

Harold ignores him, brushing past to the door and leaving.

SUBSTITUTE (cont'd)
 (See's crying teenagers)
 Ah, c'mon, the duck's are not that bad.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAROLD'S CAR, ON THE ROAD (CONTINUOUS)- DAY

From above, the car gliding down a single track carriageway.

AGATHA (O.S.)
Sounds like you scolded them for
life.

HAROLD (O.S.)
They'll get over it.

INT. COURTHOUSE, WAITING ROOM - DAY

The room is plain like an airport seating area. The crowd has died down a little, everyone getting settled.

Jack and Teddy sit with a chair's gap between them both. Jack sniffs, Teddy wipes his nose with a blood stained tissue, only to get a dirty look from an old lady, jury member. Teddy purposely sniffs again, just to get on her nerves.

Jack observes Teddy's carelessness, knowing him with an elbow.

SPEAKER SYSTEM
(Filtered, blurry)
Will the assigned attorneys for
courtroom nine please come the
presence. Attorneys for courtroom
nine, calling to attend please.

JACK
(Gets up)
That's us.

TEDDY
Finally.

INT. COURTROOM NINE - DAY

The room is crowded but excitedly silent. Media men, with large professional cameras pointing them into position, ready to broadcast.

A real life star performance is about to take place.

Jack and Teddy; The underdogs stand arms by their side, hiding their nerves.

The judge, in full English court dress, dauntingly sitting above everyone else.

A door opens, and the accused walk in - MR. RENO SALVADOR, a Latino man in a Gucci suit, entering like a boss of the cartel. He looks like a stunning villain and deservedly takes all the attention.

Salvador takes the stand.

JUDGE
(Smacks gravel)
Order in the court.

Jack gets uneasy, being stared down, and measured up by Salvador across the room, evil eye's scanning him silently. The smile on Salvador tells us he thinks it's a joke.

Jack's jaw grows tense, staring back with his posture, confident.

EXT. DIRT ROAD HILL (ESTABLISHING SHOT) - DAY

It's a depiction of a 1950's postcard. 2 Teens in a mustang, on a dusty road hill. No vegetation but a few springs of wild grass, and a single cherry tree, taking the heat of the sun and casting shade on the car.

The roof is still down. We zoom closer to Stan's mustang.

INT. STAN'S MUSTANG, DIRT ROAD HILL - DAY

Stephanie's feet lay to rest on the dash. Chucks out her cigarette and then pulls her attention to making more lines.

Stan looks unsatisfied, lighting a joint, the smoke blowing high.

Fade in on sound.

STAN
(Mid - conversation)
- I'm serious, one hundred years ago
it was the Spanish flu. It's every
hundred years. And it's coming.

Stephanie snorts, we hear the coke snot chug in her throat and then she takes a sip of vodka in a water bottle.

STEPHANIE

You sound like a conspiracy theorist.
(Offers coke to Stan)

STAN

Whatever, all I'm saying is, when
it's the end of the world, you'll
come crying to me, because you'll
want to be in my gang.

Stan smiles, cocky, his turn to snort. The coke is strong,
Stan laying back against the head rest, head going fuzzy.

Stephanie looks at him, fascinated. She pulls the joint from
Stan's hand and takes a hit. Smoke blowing through her hair
as Stan looks back to her. She's beautiful. Stephanie
exhales a ring of smoke and then jumps to Stan, kissing him,
passionately.

Stan's eyes - shocked but quickly accepting the situation.
Stephanie pulls away, looks curiously to Stan:

STEPHANIE

Hey, do you think my dad loves me?

STAN

(Shrugs)

Well, he sent you to private school,
didn't he? You got a big trust fund
waiting for you, Cambridge university
lined up.

STEPHANIE

(With disgust)

I wasn't talking about money.

She looks away, feeling misunderstood. Stan looks to her,
trapped.

STAN

(Thinking)

I think he does a lot for you. You
may be ungrateful but, Jack loves
you. Money is his way of showing it.

The couple stare at one another. Stephanie with her
depressed melancholy eyes and Stan, back to her with his
black eye.

STAN (cont'd)

Better than my dad.

STEPHANIE
(Another inhale of
weed)
I wish it was the end of the world.

STAN
(Amused)
Sure you do.

Stephanie looks alienated, looking away, feeling the insult of being the butt of Stan's joke.

Stan leaning in one more time to try and kiss her. But Stephanie pulls away before he reaches. Her mood swings, chaotic.

Stan snatches the joint from Stephanie's mouth. She watches him smoke it, like a selfish pig.

STAN (cont'd)
What would you do if it were the end
of the world?

Stephanie, now agitated, starts to make a line of coke on her school book. Stan see's the build up of stress in her movements.

STAN (cont'd)
(Leaning in)
Would you be horny. Get wet?

Stephanie taps the card, cocaine falling off. Stan gets too close.

STAN (cont'd)
(Smug)
Would you fuck --

STEPHANIE
(Panic attack)
-- GET THE FUCK OFF!

Stephanie is now alienated in Stan's eye's. Her breathing is rapid and painfully deep. Not being able to catch a breath.

Stan showing no consideration, leaning in for the delicately laid out cocaine, sitting on the book, on Stephanie's shaky leg.

STAN
(Reaching for coke)
Just let me --

STEPHANIE
 (Reacts defensive)
 -- GET OFF!

The cocaine falls to pieces all over the bottom of the car floor. Stephanie's face, it's like the whole world just got smashed to pieces in front of her fragile heart. She goes full on bi - polar, freaking out. She leans down, staring at the coke, crushing her stomach, crying, screaming. 'No, no no!'.
 .

STAN
 What the fuck, stop crying. It's just coke.

Stephanie's screams are inconsolable. Stan goes to comfort her.

STEPHANIE
 (Pushes him off)
 Don't touch me. Don't you -- don't you fucking drrr --.

Stephanie's so distraught we can't understand her mumbles seeping through snot bubbles and phlegm. Unstrapping her seat belt and slamming the door closed, running down the dirt road.

Stan stares for a minute, speechless. Unable to take action from the confusion.

EXT. DIRT ROAD HILL - DAY

Now, Stephanie waves her hand from side to side, another covering her face.

Stan, in the background, still in the car stands up in the car. Waving his hands, getting upset himself.

STAN
 (Shouting over)
 Stephanie. Stephanie. Where are you going? Come back.

Stephanie turns, and at the top of her lungs;

STEPHANIE
 (Full psycho)
 FUCKOFF!

She keeps walking away, crying into her sweater. We stay in front of her, herself walking towards us. She pulls out her phone, dialing a number.

STAN (O.C.)
You're a psycho, just like your nutcase dad, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE
(On phone, crying)
Granddad?

FULTON SENIOR (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Stephanie, what's the matter?

Stan watches her on the phone, mimes 'Fuck this', and gets back in the driver seat, spinning doughnuts in the dirt and speeding past Stephanie, the roar of the Mustang, spitting dust into the air she breathes, trailing off. Now gone. The dust blocking off the sweet sunlight.

CUT TO:

INT. FULTON SENIOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fulton Senior gets off the phone, placing down the old landline back on the hook. We can see there's resentment in his wrinkled face. Another problem in his life - Jack's burden on him.

Thomas looking at Senior, waiting for him to say what's going on.

FULTON SENIOR
That fucking son of mine. Get the car ready, Thomas.

THOMAS
Yes, sir.

Senior crunches his body to raise, his bones stiff and struggling to strength, sighing in tired pain.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM NINE - DAY

We're back at midway through the court hearing. The room look all interested. Jack, nervously watching. Teddy yawning tired, not finding any of this interesting.

The DEFENSE ATTORNEY pondering on the subject, a manipulating voice, convincing the jury, with eye's that focus on each member individually.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(All knowing)

Look at the evidence given throughout today, throughout the past month even. Look closely, see carefully and you will see my client is a innocent man. Mr. Salvador IS innocent.

TEDDY

(Cough, Cough)

-- *Bullshit.

Jack looking to Teddy, with his eyes wide with horror, his stupid best friend careless mouth. Teddy stands proud, despite the gasps leading to silence.

JUDGE

(Daunting)

Mr. Teddy Monroe, of the prosecution. Would you like to take the stand, with knowledge, which reaches such heights, mere mortals like us do not contemplate such complexity?

TEDDY

(Careless, hippy-ish)

Take the stand? Yeah, sure.

Jack tries to snatch the briefcase back to his body, but Teddy has already beaten him too it, and walking to the stand.

Jack stays motionlessly sick, watching Teddy, the train crash in slow motion.

NEW ANGLE: TEDDY STRUGGLING INTO THE STAND PEN - GATE.

Finally climbing in, although obviously goofy - like.

Teddy clears his throat, opens the briefcase. He begins sweating, looking to everyone in the crowd. To anyone who's ever been anxious on cocaine, Teddy is having a full blown social anxiety attack. Mumbling with a numb lip, high as fuck. This was a bad idea.

TEDDY (cont'd)

(Checks briefcase)

Let's see here....

Back to Jack, mouth wide open. Knowing that his credibility was just lost.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
(Shouts out)
Is the prosecution under the
influence?

TEDDY
You gotta be kidding me.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Please answer?

JACK
(To judge)
Your honor --

JUDGE
-- Answer the question, please Mr.
Monroe.

Teddy standing, with a clueless gasp 'what, me?', the judge looking at Jack, squinting to zoom on his face.

JUDGE (cont'd)
Mr. Fulton, what is that?

All eyes on Jack. He stands, white residue still seeping from his red nose. It's clear as day, they're high on coke.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
I'd like to re - establish council.

TEDDY
Your honor, it's not drugs, me and
Jack take a cooking class, it's
flour.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
This is obscene, your honor.

The camera men swing their camera's to Jack, the car crash coming to a devastating ending.

TEDDY
I can make a mean flat bread, your
honor!

Everyone laughs, Jack helplessly staring down to Teddy.

JUDGE
 (Cringing)
 Re - adjourn

JACK
 (Angry at judge)
 What the fuck?!

JUDGE
 (Smacks gravel)
 Unacceptable! Foul, young man!
 (To everybody)
 We retire for today, ladies and
 gentlemen of the jury --

JACK'S POV: SLOW MOTION ON COURTROOM, RETIRING.

Jack's stuck in a time machine of pain. Everything around him slowing down, ending disastrously. All in slow motion;

The judge packing up, the jury standing, Teddy shrugging to Jack's attention, with a guilty face. And Mr. Salvador, grinning softly to his defense attorney, turning to his family, walking out, one last look back at Jack's shot down face. Jack, has lost.

EXT. HAROLD'S CAR, EASTHAMPTON PARKING LOT (ESTABLISH) - DAY

All we see is Harold's Mercedes, parked alone in the same lot that Stan and Steph were at earlier. We hear tapping coming from within the car.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, EASTHAMPTON PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: HAROLD'S WRINKLED HANDS TAPPING THE WHEEL.

Sitting around. It's boring. Patients between Harold, and Agatha, in the passenger seat, is running thin. Agatha's so close to falling asleep, her face is practically pressed against the window. Then;

AGATHA
 (Unclipping belt)
 Well, this is fun.

HAROLD
 Where are you going?

AGATHA
 Thinking of taking up smoking again,
 can I bum one?

Harold offers her a fag, a slight grin on Agatha's quickly growing attitude.

EXT. HAROLD'S CAR, EASTHAMPTON PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The sun has gone in, we're back to classic British weather. Gloomy, no access to serotonin or vitamin D. Just bleak nothingness. Agatha fits into this scene perfectly, wrapping her red cardigan around herself, hardly warming her up.

She slowly takes steps to some green, watching a flock of seagulls fly above. Breathing in the thin smoke. Looking around to see a man, a man with a subway sign. Agatha continues to stare at Segar, the drug dealer.

AGATHA'S POV: SEGAR STARING BACK. MEASURING HER UP.

Segar's eyes stare back with volatility in them. The tension building.

RING RING. Agatha's phone - she flinches like a horror movie. Taking the call;

AGATHA
 (On phone)
 Hello?..
 (Reacts)
 ...Oh, God. Well good. I'll tell
 Harold now.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR, EASTHAMPTON PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Agatha climbs back in, clipping her belt. She's nervous, and Harold senses it.

AGATHA
 Stephanie's been found.

HAROLD
 Where?

AGATHA
 Fulton Senior got her.

Harold looks so disappointed at not being the one to find her. He almost punches the wheel but instead takes a deep breath, just like the classes told him to, exhaling and begins to drive on.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE, HALLWAYS - DAY

A photographer sticks the camera in the way of Jack's face, flashing and dazzling him.

JACK
(Pushes photographer)
Get the fuck out of the way!

Jack continuing to move forward to the exit, bitter and upset. The crowds around, move away from Jack, parting as he pushes through them all.

Teddy in a state of blindness following Jack. Trying to calm him.

TEDDY
(Pandering)
Hey buddy, Jack?

JACK
(Pushes Teddy)
Have you got any idea what this means for me? I'm fucked!

Jack makes his way to a fire exit door, we see the door flinging and Jack running up the stairs behind it.

TEDDY
(To spectators)
What? Stop looking! Stop looking!

Incoming, Agatha spots Teddy, the centre of attention. Watched by all the judgmental onlookers, Agatha saving him from the torture of watchers.

AGATHA
Where's Jack?

TEDDY
Gone for a cigarette, why?

AGATHA
His dad's here with Stephanie. She's upset and he's pissed.

TEDDY
(Starts walking)
Ah, fuck.

Teddy, taking control of the situation. Walking to the exit and Agatha trailing after him.

EXT. COURTHOUSE, ROOFTOP - DAY

A red fire door slams open. Bouncing off the brown brick, Jack with full force trying to take out all the frustration; Talking to himself. 'Fucking bitch, cunt, twat, fucking Teddy'. Lighting a cigarette and breathing in deeply.

Despite everything being ruined, it's such a beautiful day. Jack resisting to try and take in the singing birds and sunshine.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.)

(Echoes)

Jaaack. Jaaack.

All other sounds fade. It is only the ghostly voice we hear. The hairs on Jack's neck instantly spike upwards. Everything goes fuzzy and the birds continue to sing. Jack, paranoid looking in all the distances from the rooftop. Jack's heart rate increasing with the panic. What was the voice?

JACK'S POV: NARROWING DOWN ON THE VOICE.. A WOMAN IN A WHITE DRESS, FAR IN THE DISTANCE. ZOOMING IN..

The white dress lady vanishes into nothingness.

JACK (V.O.)

And that was the first time I knew.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST ROOM - DAY

KATE

Knew that you heard voices?

JACK

(Procrastinates)

Knew that I heard voices, and they weren't real. When I knew I was going insane.

KATE

(Sympathetic)

OK.

Kate begins to jot down some notes. Looking slightly worried for Jack.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PUBLIC COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Jack walks out to see Teddy - defensive, Agatha - passive, Harold - standing by, Fulton Senior - outraged and Stephanie crying. The scene is a octagon of arguments. Just what Jack needs, as he brazes the last steps into the middle of the feud.

FULTON SENIOR
Where the bloody hell is he?

TEDDY
He's here. Just relax.

FULTON SENIOR
(Spots Jack)
There's the incompetent little shit.

JACK
(Holds Stephanie)
What's the matter with you?

FULTON SENIOR
You're a shit father, that's what's the matter. I knew I couldn't count on you. I should have stuck to Walt. You're just weak, Jack. Always were.

Jack begins gritting his teeth, a nerve being stuck by his father. In turn Fulton Senior smiles, at being able to pull the strings.

JACK
(Warning)
Don't.

FULTON SENIOR
You fucked up the case. You fucked up your daughter. What a failure --

TEDDY
-- He didn't fuck it up. I did.

FULTON SENIOR
(To Teddy)
Don't stand up for this fool. It'll only make you look weaker, Teddy.
(To Jack)
What happened then, couldn't stop being an addict for one day?

Jack goes to look down in regret, but catches his father's enjoyment at him being sad. Jack chokes on a tear and lunges for Senior - grabbing him by the blazer.

JACK
(Clenching Senior)
You horrible old man. Piece of shit.

TEDDY
Jack, don't.

Thomas and Harold, pulling Jack away. Senior wiping himself down, hardly affected.

FULTON SENIOR
That's enough for today. Thomas, get the car ready. Oh, and Jack, next time your daughter calls in hysterics, maybe answer your phone? Pathetic.

With that said, Senior walking away with Thomas. Jack trying to catch his breath, coming back from pure anger.

Harold tries to comfort Jack, but he pulls away. Wanting to be somewhere far away.

JACK
(To Stephanie)
Come on, we're going.

Jack walking away, and before Stephanie follows her dad, she looks back to Agatha, Harold and Teddy, a half smile to them all.

TEDDY
(Shouts to Jack)
Hey, you still picking me up tomorrow?

Teddy stays unaware of the strange look he gets from both Agatha and Harold. Harold and Agatha, now walking away.

Teddy staying all alone.

TEDDY (cont'd)
(To everyone)
Bye then!

INT. EASTHAMPTON BOOK STORE - NIGHT

Teddy outside prepping. Holding flowers and chocolate, putting on a brave face, walking in. The flowers are droopy, the chocolates are cheap, the box a little creased but Teddy wears his heart on his sleeve.

Sweat begins to rush from his body as he approaches Janine at the register.

JANINE

Hey, Karma Sutra guy. Teddy, right?

TEDDY

Umm - Yeah.

JANINE

You can't be done with the book already can you?

TEDDY

(Cringing)

No -- I wanted to ask you, actually, if you wanted -- I got these comedy club tickets. I saw you reading that book, and I thought you may be interested. There's two... Tickets.

JANINE

I'd love to go with you. When is it?

TEDDY

(Gobsmacked)

Really? I mean, tomorrow night at eight. I can get you at half seven, ride a cab over?

JANINE

Awesome. I'd really like that.

TEDDY

(Stagestruck)

Awesome.

On Teddy's face, full of life.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We only see the dark, empty living room. Modern and still. We hear the front door bang open, hear two sets of shoes and coats taken off.

Jack coming tiredly into the living room, slumping down on the couch, defeated by the day. Turning on the T.V and we hear the news come on, the pixel light shining onto Jack's pale face. Placing his feet onto the coffee table.

Now Stephanie leans in.

STEPHANIE

I'm sorry, dad.

JACK

It's OK. Just go to sleep.

Stephanie ashamedly looks to her feet, disappearing and re-appearing through the open door as she walks up the stairs, in the same shot.

Hearing his daughter's steps away from himself, Jack opening the coffee table. Taking out a baggie of cocaine. He hears Stephanie stop for a moment. Listening.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Stephanie stopping, taking in a deep breath, sighing out disappointment in herself. She keeps walking upstairs.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

All clear. Jack getting back to the coke. Making a line, all the attention of the perfection of it. The news playing local reports.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

(Filtered)

... Thanks Susan, earlier today a student of Easthampton high was identified a 'Stan Chaseman' died on the A45 after a fatal crash. The cause of the incident appears to be speeding but the victim did have high levels of cocai--

Jack switches the channel. Snorting his line as Comedy Central comes on.

JACK

(Relief)

Ahhh. Hits the spot.

COMEDY CENTRAL (O.S.)
(Filtered)
Fuckkk you motha fuckaaa!
(Crowd laugh)

EXT. FULTON LAWFIRM, COURTYARD - MORNING

Jack and Teddy walk to the entrance. Jack looking sick and Teddy on top of the world. Both carrying coffees. The red sun beaming down on a fresh work day morn.

TEDDY
(Excited)
... And then she said yes!

JACK
(Tired)
Well done buddy. Proud of ya.

TEDDY
I can't believe it. She said yes!
It's a miracle.

INT. FULTON OFFICES, RECEPTION - MORNING

Sarah greets them at the desk, with her warm, glowing smile.

TEDDY
Morning Sarah.

SARAH
You seem happy today.

TEDDY
That's because my life has meaning
again.

JACK
(Walking away)
He has a date.

SARAH
Lucky for some, eh, Jack?

Jack's gone already. Through the door, in the corridor.
Sarah and Teddy feeling Jack's miserable aura.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTHAMPTON HIGH, ENTRANCE - MORNING

Tracking with Stephanie, walking through the school gates, the bitchy girls gather to stare at Stephanie, watching her every move like vultures. The judgment in the girls eyes is different than any other day.

Stephanie walking past them quickly, uneasily.

INT. JACK'S PERSONAL OFFICE - MORNING

Jack enters his office, placing down his coffee, yawning and sitting his ass down on the couch, pulling out a cigarette and ready to take on the day, at least the morning;

Before Agatha barges in, disturbing Jack.

JACK
Knock first. Coffee?

AGATHA
Your father just called in. He wants you in his office as soon as possible.

JACK
(Getting back up)
Yay!

Jack begins to shuffle past Agatha, getting closer. More intimate.

AGATHA
(Catching Jack's eye)
Be prepared, he sounded shitty.

JACK
(Pulling out
cigarette)
Cheers.

INT. FULTON LAWFIRM, HALLS - MORNING

Jack looks like he's thinking to himself. Not in a terrible mood today but not good either. That's all about to change. Walters walking towards Jack in the other direction, holding a cardboard box full of his things.

Walking past with a grim smile, an evil grin. He's behind Jack now, still walking.

JACK
 (Looking back)
 What are you so happy about?

WALTER
 (Not looking back)
 Nice working with you Jack. Fun while
 it lasted.

Jack walking faster now. Thinking bad, anxious thoughts on
 the way to his fathers office.

INT. EASTHAMPTON HIGH, CLASSROOM - MORNING

Stephanie walks in. Everyone's voice's sloping downwards to
 complete silence. Even the bitchy girls shut their mouths.
 Stephanie tries to scope out Stan, unable to see him, taking
 a seat at her desk.

After a hot minute, the teacher walks in - MR. REYNOLDS, he
 comes in with a look of lonely solitude. Placing his laptop
 on besides his desk, walking to the middle of the class the
 address everyone.

MR. REYNOLDS
 If you haven't heard already on
 social media, then I'm very sorry to
 tell you that, it's true.
 (A beat)
 Stan Chaseman has sadly passed away
 in the car acci--

STEPHANIE
 (Broken)
 -- Ohhh God.

Stephanie runs out the class, crying. Able to open the door
 and escape just before fainting. Mr. Reynolds, running with
 concern after Stephanie.

INT. EAST HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL, PUPIL HALLWAY - MORNING

Stephanie stops to cling onto the wall, tears running down
 her face, makeup everywhere. Her entire world falling around
 her. Everything becoming distorted.

MR. REYNOLDS
 (Coming closer)
 Stephanie. Stephanie.
 (Placing hand on her)

STEPHANIE
 (Crying out)
 GET OFF.

Reynolds stepping back, giving Stephanie room to breath, heavily.

MR. REYNOLDS
 I know you were close with Stan, but we all knew that he had substance addiction problems, we all tried to help.

Voices of the past flash into Stephanie's unwilling to hear brain.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
 You know what will make me feel better? Coke.

STAN (O.S.)
 You know I won't say no to it.

Flashing back to her thoughts, Stephanie sprints down the hall, her breathing continuing to struggle.

We stay standing with Mr. Reynolds. The sight of Stephanie shrinking as she runs away.

MR. REYNOLDS
 (Echo down hall)
 Stephanie. Stephanie!

INT. FULTON SENIOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Senior and Thomas arranging meetings over the phone. Senior stays hunched in his seat, looking down at the landline, speaking on loud speaker, sipping English tea from bone China.

Jack barging in, recklessly.

JACK
 What the fuck is going on?

FULTON SENIOR
 Jack my boy, come in.

Jack steps towards the seat at his fathers desk like it's booby trapped. Sitting, slowly down.

FULTON SENIOR (cont'd)

(To phone)

I'm really sorry gents but I have an important meeting with my son, I'll let Thomas take it from here.

(Gestures to Thomas)

Thomas leans over to the phone, pressing a button and then exiting. Just Jack and Fulton senior alone.

Show down. Fear and power is felt, growing in their energies.

JACK

What's going on?

FULTON SENIOR

What should've happened year ago, the first time you fucked up. I'm getting rid of you. You're fired.

JACK

(Nervous laugh)

You have got to be kidding me?

FULTON SENIOR

No, why would I have to be?

JACK

(Persuasive)

Please, just give me one more chance.

FULTON SENIOR

Why, so you could fuck it all up again? Do a load of cocaine in court, lose another of my cases? You're too unreliable. You really are a failure, Jack.

JACK

(A beat)

So that's it, I'm done?

FULTON SENIOR

Yes, that's it, it's over.

JACK

And you're replacing me with...

FULTON SENIOR

... Walter.

JACK
 (Freaking out)
 But that guy's a cunt!

FULTON SENIOR
 He has a better track record than
 you, he doesn't turn up high
 everyday --

JACK
 -- I'm not -- I can give it all up.
 (Inhales, pleads)
 I'll quit. Just give me another
 chance.

FULTON SENIOR
 (Pulling out
 paperwork)
 It's done. I'm done. No more chances.
 Goodbye, Jack.

JACK
 (Dramatically)
 I cannot believe you'd do this to
 your own flesh and blood.

The attempt to communicate goes ignored. Jack raises up,
 leaving his father's office, and company, shamefully upset.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Entering into a crowd, Jack walks through the masses of his
 colleagues, everyone centered around what seems to be an
 argument, coming from Jack's personal office.

Jack runs over, pushing through the crowd to see;

Walter and Agatha arguing.

INT. JACK'S PERSONAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack entering, surprised by the commotion. Walter looks to
 Jack, annoyed by his presence, holding a large desktop
 computer in his hands. Walter's trying to place it down on
 Jack's desk, but Agatha blocks that action, by sitting on
 the desk. Hogging it.

AGATHA
 (To Jack)
 He's trying to empty your office.

WALTER
 (To Agatha)
 Actually, I think you'll find it's my
 office now.

JACK
 (To Agatha)
 It's fine. Get off the desk.

AGATHA
 (Jumping off, in
 shock)
 What?

JACK
 (To Walter)
 Here Walter, let me help you with
 that.

WALTER
 (Polite)
 Well thank you, Jack, Thank you --

Jack takes the desktop computer from Walt and throws it
 through the air into the office floor.

Walter flies for it, trying to save it in an heroic act but
 it smashes everywhere. Walt down on the floor, staring at
 it's broken pieces as if it were a fellow soldier in
 vietnam, crying.

WALTER (cont'd)
 (To Jack)
 You monster! Look what you've done.

Jack slams the door closed. Only himself and Agatha in the
 office. Beginning to pack all his belongings in a cardboard
 box. But the anxiety of uncertainty builds only to that
 limit. Jack plunks down on the couch, pulling out some
 cocaine and making a line. It hardly surprises Agatha.

AGATHA
 So that's it, you're fired?

Jack snorting a line, offering one to Agatha, she hesitates
 at first but gives in, helping her get through the drama.

AGATHA (cont'd)
 (Snorts)
 Ahhhh! Now I remember why I gave up.

JACK
 I need to be in nature.
 (Light-bulb moment)
 Hey, do you want to come away with
 me?

AGATHA
 (Sarcastic)
 Sure, what do you have in mind,
 camping?

JACK
 A lake house.

AGATHA
 I hear you.

JACK
 Seriously, my family own a lake
 house. Come with me?

At first Agatha seeing it as a joke, looking at Jack's
 deadly face.

ZOOM IN: AGATHA'S FACE, DECIDING.... SHE'S IN WITH A GRIN.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S PHARMACIST/ HIGHSTREET - DAY

Ten packs of painkillers wrapped in creased packaging slide
 across the blue topped table. Our view slides up to JIMMY -
 the elderly, pharmacy cashier. He looks over to the costumer
 with tinted glasses.

JIMMY
 You can only buy six packs at a time,
 miss.

STEPHANIE
 My families sick.

JIMMY
 (Scanning prices)
 Health and safety. Six packs a visit.
 £5.87 please.

Stephanie hands over the cash. Jimmy stuffing the 6 packs of
 painkillers into a plastic bag.

JIMMY (cont'd)
 (Hands over bag)
 If your family need more, tell them
 to come back and get it by
 themselves.

STEPHANIE
 (Walking out)
 Yeah.

TRACK WITH: FOLLOWING STEPHANIE OUT ON TO THE HIGH STREET, A
 TWENTY SECOND WALK TO THE NEXT PHARMACY.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE UP: THE TAP.

Cloudy tap water fills a glass to the top. Switching off at
 the top.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The curtains are closed. The room, still dark. Thirty packs
 of painkillers getting emptied out onto the coffee table.
 Each one, in a oval, forming a miniature white chalk
 mountain from pills.

Once done, Stephanie staring down to her mountain, her
 breathing intensifying, anxiety building. Ever exit is
 blocked, leaving this to be the final solution. Stephanie
 starts to swallow all the pills, going back and forth
 between the water.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT./EXT. JACK'S LAMBORGHINI/ OUTSIDE JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack's house in the background, the Lambo just pulling up.
 Agatha applies lipstick in the front wing mirror.

AGATHA
 Where are we?

JACK
 I just need to grab a few bits,
 clothes, toiletries.

AGATHA
You don't need clothes, well it's
just for one night.

JACK
I'll be back in a sec.

Jack, climbs out of the car, walking across the green grass and we follow him. Looking to the other gardens before approaching the door.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

We see Stephanie's face, tears all over it. We hear the key on the front door as Jack opens it - making Stephanie cover her mouth, stopping herself from crying out and being caught.

We hear Jack run in. Apollo the dog running up to him, while we stay on Stephanie's silent face.

JACK (O.S.)
(To Apollo)
Hey boy, what's up with you.

Then Stephanie hearing Jack run upstairs.

Stephanie's mouth letting out a small cry. Not enough to be heard.

We hear from upstairs a drawer being opened. And a snort, most likely cocaine.

Then Jack's foot steps running down the stairs.

It's a real challenge for Stephanie not to break down, holding her mouth.

JACK (O.S.) (cont'd)
(To Apollo)
I'll be gone for a little bit, I'll
get Stephanie to feed you when she
comes back from school, OK, boy?
Be good.

The sound of the door opening and closing. Stephanie beginning to sob.

INT. JACK'S LAMBORGHINI, OUTSIDE THE LAKE HOUSE
(CONTINUOUS) - DUSK

The car cruises at 10mph down the wooded pathway. Agatha looks to the lake, through the gaps in the tree's.

Jack looks over to her, watching her stare of awe, the sunlight bouncing off her face. She looks back to him with the cutest smile. The smile turns into a stunned gasp, spotting the grand house that stands alone in the patch of surrounding vegetation.

AGATHA
Holy shit! That's bigger than my
parents house.

Jack keeps driving.

AGATHA (cont'd)
How long has your dad owned it?

JACK
Since I was a kid.

AGATHA
And it just sits empty, waiting for
you?

Jack's strangely amused by Agatha's astonishment.

AGATHA (cont'd)
(In her usual posh
accent)
I bet you were a right posh twat as a
child.

JACK
(Impersonating
Agatha's posh accent)
"I bet you were a right posh twat as
a child".

Catching Jack's smugness, his smile through sunglasses, Agatha punches him playfully. Jack, putting it in park and pulling the handbrake, right outside the lake house.

AGATHA
(Sarcastic)
You remember to bring the keys?

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DUSK

Over by the water, Agatha stands, looking into the amber reflection and the shadows of the willow trees.

Jack carries the packed bags, from the car, up the steps, to the front door. He stops at the front porch - opening a rustic hanging lantern and pulling out a set of hidden keys.

Jack turns to Agatha near the water, admiring her beauty in the nature. She turns and catches his stare. Smiling as peacefully walks up the front porch, her smile gleaming.

JACK
(Opens door)
I'll make dinner.

AGATHA
(Walks past Jack)
No. I'll do it.

JACK
If you insist.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

A sharp knife slices away at a courgette, the metal clamping down against the glass chopping board.

AGATHA
(Cooking)
So why does your dad keep this place
if you're never here?

Jack thinks to himself, leaning on the wooden kitchen counter. Stopping to see Agatha in her black summer dress, looking elegant. Both of them, holding wines in loosen hands.

JACK
Well, it was a present.
(Off Agatha's look)
Not for me, it was for my mother.

AGATHA
(Continuing to cook)
Right... Where's she now days?

JACK
Dead. Long gone.

AGATHA

I'm so sorry.

JACK

It's fine it was years ago. I was a kid.

AGATHA

Still, a kid though?

Behind everything, sounds of birds from outside builds. Agatha looking to Jack, as if he's crazy as he approaches the window, with an expression on his face, like melancholy.

We hear a unique bird call. Jack smiling at the song.

JACK

Do you hear that?

AGATHA

(After bird)

Yeah, it's beautiful.

JACK

It's a Corn Crane. My mom used to love this place. She would always say, she's at one with nature. I remember, one year for her birthday, dad brought her, home a budgie. (Then, sadly) But -- but the fact it was not free. Caged. That thought alone, gave her a distaste for it, so --

Jack's eye's water as he stalls in his story. Clearly too emotional. We see him, calculatingly putting his mind back into gear, pushing out the bad thoughts.

JACK (cont'd)

But that's enough of that, I'll get the table ready.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Agatha sit at two sides of a makeshift table. There, on top, sits two glasses of wine and two plates of spaghetti bolognese. A candle and a small fire burner light the room.

Jack scoffs it down, plate nearly empty, bolognese sauce around his mouth. Agatha watching him eat, with content for her cooking skills.

JACK
(Mouth full)
Mhhh, where you learn how to cook
this good?

AGATHA
(Finishing wine)
Mmhh. My father.

JACK
Well he taught you good. Pass on my
gratitude.

AGATHA
Well, actually I taught myself. After
my mom left, he was always in the
garage building cars. So I taught
myself how to cook, someone needed to
feed him.

JACK
(Meaningful)
Wow.. That's rough.

AGATHA
No, not really. I don't see it that
way. I think growing up quickly is an
advantage to one's life, wouldn't you
agree?

JACK
I was about to say yes, but
(Wipes mouth)
I've changed my opinion on that.

AGATHA
How?

JACK
I grew up quickly, thinking I was
moving fast, but in fact, it fucks
you up - mentally. To say it's an
advantage is a lie. I wouldn't wish
that on Stephanie, or anybody.

AGATHA
It comes across, that you were always
like that. Stephanie's education, for
example.

JACK

I suppose I need to change then.
 (Struggling to believe himself)
 I never wanted to discourage her. I
 want to inspire her, not crush her.
 Dreams die, when you grow up like I
 did. And Stephanie's upbringing was
 nothing like mine.

AGATHA

(Leans in, whispers)
 And what were your dreams before they
 died?

JACK

(Ignoring her sarcasm)
 Well, I loved movies and literature.
 A poet, a screenwriter possibly.

Agatha unconsciously laughs. We see pain in Jack, he tries
 to hide as he gets up.

JACK (cont'd)

Excuse me a moment.

AGATHA

(Guilt)
 Where are you going?

JACK

The bathroom, I'll be back.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Jack's sweaty hands struggle to open up a baggie of coke,
 pouring it on top of the toilet cistern.

B) He chops away with stained credit card, we see his
 offended emotions get the better of him, making him shaky as
 he makes a line of the narcotics.

C) Pulling out a used straw, weakly snorting up every
 particle, retracting the line to finish the act.

D) Wiping his irritated nose, all clean. Looking up to the
 circular mirror on the wall - Jack looking at a washed up
 man. He pulls the toggle, switching off the light.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walking back into the room, Jack's eye level raises.

Agatha's wearing red lingerie, pretty much see through. Her hair flows onto the silk material covering her, so elegantly.

JACK
What are you doing?

AGATHA
(Stepping to him)
I'm sorry.

JACK
It's OK.

AGATHA
You should do what makes you happy.
Fuck people like me and what I say.
You need to take those risks in life.
(Almost kissing)
Life isn't worth living if you don't
risk it --

-- Beginning to kiss, making out, pulling each other really close. They look like horny, depraved animals clawing away at each other, passionately.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER

The side lamp still on, Jack and Agatha covered in the duvet. Agatha's sleeping breath slowly brushes against Jack, he feels it, eyes open and awake.

Jack, turns to his phone.

INSERT IN: 34 MISSED CALLS FROM JACK'S EX WIFE. 10 CALLS FROM JACK'S FATHER.

Unusual. Jack hasn't talked to his estranged ex in years. And since when does Jack's father call him?

Right on the mark of unlocking the phone it rings again. Jack whispering as he answers.

JACK
(On phone)
Hello?

DOCTOR (O.S.)
 (Filtered)
 Hello, is this Jack Fulton?

JACK
 (Fuzzy headed)
 Yeah..?

DOCTOR (O.S.)
 (Filtered)
 I'm Doctor Hilldern from Easthampton
 general hospital, I have some bad
 news.

JACK
 What is it?

DOCTOR (O.S.)
 (Filtered)
 Your daughter has been brought into
 intensive care. It was an attempted
 suicide by overdose of painkillers.
 She's been induced into a long term
 coma (Continuing).

As the Doctor continues to speak, ringing is only heard in Jack's ears. Panic and terror run through his blood. Jack raising to his feet. Dropping the phone on the floor, and breathing heavily. Too many breaths, too little air.

Agatha wakes up, turning upset to him. Trying to mirror his shocked emotions back to him. Sound can be heard coming back.

AGATHA
 What is it? (Nothing) What is it?

The worse nightmare to be true. Jack's hand's covering his mouth. Jack crouches down, in a fetus position, crying, it sounds like there's pressure of all the emotion. He springs back up, scaring Agatha as he picks up his phone and chucks it into a light, smashing it.

JACK
 (Psychotic)
 FUCK YOU! FUCK YOUU! Ah.

The wires in his head overheat, Agatha ducking down, worried for her own safety.

Jack grabs his blazer jacket and heads out, leaving Agatha frightened, scared and confused.

Agatha hears the car keys rattle from the other room. SLAM, now the door.

Agatha runs to the side exit; A sliding glass door, running out to the decking. She watches Jack, drunkenly get in his car, starting up the engine.

AGATHA
Jack, where are you going?
(Nothing)

Agatha pulls out her phone.

AGATHA (cont'd)
(Phone dialing)
Come on Teddy, pick up.
(Answer phone)
Fuck!

Agatha watches, helplessly, Jack begin to reverse. Nothing but the revs of the engine and the crickets can be heard in the pitch black forest.

INT. JACK'S LAMBORGHINI, ON THE ROAD (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

For Jack, the psychosis is just kicking in. Lights spin around, the music on the radio starts to sound demented. Traffic lights swell bulbs and blurs of lights. Figures of people walk all around the forest. Jack knows they're not real, that this is all in his drug induced mind. Sweating and crying. Tears on the wheel.

BLACK OUT
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jack runs through the automatic doors in the dead of night. Looking like shit, but still needing to be there. Charging through the halls, bumping into a nurse.

JACK
(Disorientated)
Stephanie Fulton. Stephanie Fulton.

NURSE
Is she a patient here?

JACK
She overdosed.

NURSE
 (Pointing)
 Try third floor, recovery unit.

The nurse watches Jack run down the hall, fading away from the focus. Jack climbs in the ELEVATOR. Clicks the third floor button, continuously, not having the patient. Slightly catching his breath as the doors close.

INT. HOSPITAL, THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

A tap of the elevator bell. Doors opening. Jack is rampantly running now, nothing can stop him.

Running down the bright hall, up to another nurse.

JACK
 (Grabs nurse)
 Stephanie Fulton!

NURSE #2
 Right down the hall at the end.

Jack turning and sprinting now. Closer. Nearly there, the steps it takes to get there seem to go on for eternity. Everything gets darker down the hall, the brightness set to help other patients sleep.

At the end of the hall is a set of transparent, plastic hang down curtains. Jack lifts the to the side, pushing himself through.

INT. HOSPITAL, STEPHANIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack see's what no parent would ever nightmare about, Stephanie with tubes in her mouth, pumping air. Monitors beeping besides her. Stephanie is as good as dead - almost, in her coma.

Jack stays so still, fixated on his little girl, but then his eyes drift to the side chair, where non else is sitting but;

FULTON SENIOR
 They don't know if she'll make it.
 You really fucked it up this time,
 didn't you?

CLOSE UP: JACK'S DISTRAUGHT FACE, NOT ANSWERING.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEDDY'S DOORSTEP - NIGHT

Jack, with a bottle of Jack Daniels and coke around his nose, miserably climbs the steps of Teddy's house. Banging on the door.

JACK
 (Sobbing)
 Come on Teddy
 (Knocks again)
 Please Teddy.

CROWD (V.O.)
 (Laughing, elsewhere)

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

The room is packed with a lively crowd, all having a great time. Teddy and Janine sit closely together, falling in love.

CROWD
 (Laughing)

The comic strolls the stage, owning it.

COMEDIAN
 And that's when I said to him, maybe
 you should put the water melon up his
 ass, I love fruit, but not that much.

CROWD
 (Much louder laugh)

EXT. TEDDY'S DOORSTEP - NIGHT

Jack getting up, dragging himself to his feet and entering back in the car, sipping liquor from the bottle.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S LAMBORGHINI, OVER BRIDGE - DAYBREAK

The window open, blowing crisp air into Jack's broken lungs, smoking yet another cigarette. The car drifts over the bridge, with pink glowing light from the sunrise.

Jack is in a tunnel vision, accelerating to the end of the HUMBER BRIDGE.

INT./EXT. JACK'S LAMBORGHINI/ HUMBER BRIDGE PARK - MORNING

We see the outline of the silver bridge through the windscreen. It looks cold and clear all around, the park is completely empty.

Then the sound of a disgusting snort, zooming out to see the remains of the last amount of coke, a huge pile sitting on the dash. Jack grabs his snot and blood drenched, rolled up £10 note and snorts, horrendously, stinging his nose, eye's full of tears. A sad mess.

Loads of cocaine just sticks to the note, getting knocked onto the car floor. Jack manages to get half up his nose from the soggy note.

NEW ANGLE: FROM OUTSIDE, THE CAR DOOR SWINGING OPEN.

Bouncing from the wind as it does, and Jack climbs out with inept, bracing the gales in the thin air.

EXT. HUMBER BRIDGE - WALKWAY - MORNING

For Jack, every step across the walkway is dragged by his self loathing and the knowledge he is a vile disappointment.

A few lone walkers travel across the walkway. All of them, looking like shadows in the rising bleak light.

The faceless individuals pass Jack, giving him absolutely no eye contact. Jack begins to tear up, choking on the pain.

Suddenly, Jack stops, placing his hand on the handrail and thinking 'SNAP OUT OF IT, BREATH...'

Looking down, the water so thick and gray, it has no mercy. Running powerfully, if Jack falls in, the water has no time for sympathy. Jack starting to think suicidal, breathing increasing with shortness until he grounds himself again.

Pulling out his wallet, and then drawing out, from a fold, A BIRTHDAY PHOTO OF STEPHANIE - aged four. The photo is small, printed out the old fashioned way. Stephanie's past stares back to Jack, where he stands in present.

Completely broken, Jack lets go of the photo, and with two shaking hands on the rail, jumps of the Humber bridge to his death.

WIDE SHOT: JACK FALLING QUICKLY, PLUMMETING AND THEN HIS BODY SMASHED INTO THE WATER.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HUMBER BRIDGE, UNDERWATER - DAY

Jack's body shoots into the water like a bullet. Jack opens his eyes and we hear a aquatic like voice. A female voice.

Jack panics, swimming up to the surface with strong strokes. The female cry with the capability to bring terror to our souls, motivating Jack to swim faster.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, IN THE LAKE - NIGHT

Jack springs to the surface, flapping his arms and breathing profoundly. Desperate gasps for air.

Catching his breath, a strange cry comes from the woods. A different cry, it's primal and ape like. Jack swivels his head in the water, trying to spot the eerie being. Jack freaks out, seeing what can only be explained as a kind of tribal creature - man. Monkey like, yet human, wearing a warrior mask like native Americans once did.

JACK

What the hell?

The creature calls out, and we hear the same cries call back to it. Jack freaking out in the water swims for the edge of the lake as the creature disappear into the forest.

Jack finally makes it to the water's edge, struggling in the mud and freezing cold in soaked clothes. Without wiping himself down, he runs for the lake house.

INT./EXT. LAKE HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jack in his disillusion walks through the hall, spotting Agatha. But before he can say a word Agatha steps in front of him, all confrontation-ally.

AGATHA

What are you doing?

JACK

What's going on?

The tribal screams can be heard outside, closing in on their location.

AGATHA
You can't be here. I'm not doing
this.

Agatha grabs Jack by his dripping wet collar, dragging him back towards the door.

JACK
Please! What's going on.

Agatha begins nudging Jack to the door. Inch by inch.

AGATHA
You can't be here. You're so selfish.
GET OUT! GET OUT!

Adrenaline and fear kicks into Jack's motion. He runs out the door. We hear it lock and the light inside go off.

Jack pauses for a breath in the darkness. But the tribal cries come echoing closer. With time running out, Jack sprints into the forest, trying to find any refuge.

Any chance to escape the beings is getting slimmer and slimmer. We hear them coming but only see their shadows in between the oak trees.

Jack skims past the last of the oaks, into an open clearing.

EXT. FOREST, CHURCH - NIGHT

In the clearing Jack see's randomly a medieval church, a lantern glowing outside the door frame.

Running through the graveyard and up to the door, Jack pushing it open with all his force. The inside is dark and gloomy.

INT. FOREST, CHURCH - NIGHT

The tribe gain closer and closer on the church, Jack slams to door shut, and locking himself on the inside. Resting his back on the closed door, finally safe.

BANG! Screeches and scratches disturbing voices all shouting in some foreign language unknown ton anyone.

JACK
 (Terrified)
 Get off! Leave me alone!

Gone! Nothing outside, the screeches suddenly canceled.

Jack looks around.

NEW ANGLE: STAINED GLASS HALL.

Jack keeps staring. His ears prick. A woman's voice. A ghostly voice singing. Echoing from down the hall.

JACK (cont'd)
 (Going mad)
 No. No.

JACK'S MOTHER (O.S.)
 Do you like that?

BOY (O.S.)
 Do another.

JACK
 No. It can't. I - no!

Tired of waiting to lose his mind, Jack takes paces to the end of the hall. A brown oak door in an arch.

Jack presses his ear against it. Hearing his mother on the other side. Jack's eyes tear up, swelling in pain.

JACK'S MOTHER (O.S.)
 Look at that one, look how beautiful they are.

We hear Jack's heart thumping in his chest. With a sweating palm on the door knob and one last prolonged exhale, Jack enters through the arched door.

INT. AQUARIUM, OBSERVATION TANK - NIGHT

From the stone frame of the church into the room. Pure, Bubbling water raising up, giving oxygen to masses of colorful fish. The light blue from the tank screen makes everything else in the room dark. A real sense of serenity.

Two figures in a blacked out silhouette, one, Jack's mother and next to her a boy, aged 8. Both are only shadows by the tank, holding hands and not aware of Jack behind them.

It's like Jack doesn't exist.

The water muffles out sound, to a certain extent.

LITTLE SHADOW BOY
 (Pointing to fish)
 Look at this one, he's sleeping.

JACK'S MOTHER
 No, he's not sleeping. He's moved on.

The fish being observed by the shadow boy turns black, a shadow itself and begins to float to the top of the tank.

JACK'S MOTHER (cont'd)
 He's dead. We all die eventually.

All the fish turn to shadows, dying and raising to the top of the tank. We hear a demented sounding violin raiding in tempo, like a distraught version of an orchestra.

Jack's mother starts to float like the fish, her silhouette raising off the ground. Unnaturally.

LITTLE SHADOW BOY
 (Frightened)
 Mom! Mommy?

The young shadow boy clings to her hand. But slipping, she lets go, with no care in the world for her son on the ground.

To maximize the stress, the tribe can be heard outside banging on the door. Jack backs away from it, but there's no use. The oak door begins to snap with every push from the tribe.

Jack runs towards the shadow boy, picks him up and looks up to his mother's silhouette, fading up above them.

LITTLE SHADOW BOY (cont'd)
 No. Get off! Wait. Mom!

JACK
 Let her go.

Jack runs to a fire exit pressing the bar to open it, running out just in time before the tribe smash through the oak door, all running in with spears, terrifying screams.

EXT. FOREST, CHURCH - NIGHT

The door automatically slams behind Jack. He puts down the little shadow boy.

LITTLE SHADOW BOY

(Upset)

I want my mommy.

JACK

Hold on.

The creatures bang against the door, their voices - demonic, spears shoved through the gap but Jack with all his strength pushes his back against the door.

JACK (cont'd)

(To boy)

Run! Get out of here.

LITTLE SHADOW BOY

Where?

JACK

Just run!

The boy, freaking out runs away into the dark forestry. Jack can't keep holding the door. It's too much, Jack lets go and runs across the graveyard as the creatures come out. Chasing Jack.

All around, human limbs spring up from the ground. Some of them are skeletons.

Jack's feet get stuck in the mud, but looking down it's the corpse of his mother, rotted away but animated, clinging to his ankle. She pulls Jack down to the floor, dragging him into an empty grave.

JACK'S CORPSE MOTHER

Jack. Don't run.

`JACK

(Kicking)

What the fuck. Don't touch me.

But the force of her pull is too much. Jack's flung into the empty, cold grave.

JACK'S POV: LOOKING UP - JACK'S CORPSE MOTHER AND THE TRIBE

They look down to him.

JACK

(Freaking out)

Get off. Mom get off.

She keeps clinging to his ankle. Every time Jack struggles, parts of her decaying skin fall away. The screams and chants of the tribe as they dance above the open grave.

JACK'S CORPSE MOTHER
I'll always be here. Waiting in the afterlife.

JACK
Get off. Please.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
Dad, wake up.

Bright flash of white. The string of beeps from a heart monitor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Clean and sanitary. Blue clinical sheets on Jack's bed. A beautiful sunny day outside.

JACK'S POV: OPENING EYELIDS. TEDDY AND JANINE AT THE END OF THE BED.

TEDDY
(Sigh)
Thank God!

JACK
What? What happened?

JANINE
Should I get him some water?

TEDDY
(Holding Janine's shoulder)
Yeah, please. Thank you.

Janine makes her way, urgently to the tap in the corner of the room.

JACK
(To Janine)
No, don't. It's OK.
(Pause)
Could you give me a minute though?

Janine turns to Teddy and he nods back to her.

JANINE

Sure.

Janine leaves respectfully. Jack scratching his head, body red from smacking the water. Wearing a cast from a broken arm. As soon as the door is closed, Jack looks to Teddy, who comes closer to the head of the bed.

TEDDY

(Emotional)

You were going to drown man. You fucking idiot. They saved you. Fucking prick.

JACK

Stephanie?

TEDDY

Still in a coma.

Jack starts biting his lip, fists starting to clench. Hands shaking from the news.

TEDDY (cont'd)

The doctors said there's still a good chance she will recover --

Jack tears up, eyes red.

JACK

(Angry)

-- She's still in a coma?
I'm a prick? Where the fuck were you when I needed you, friend? I call you ten --

TEDDY

-- I was on my date, they didn't allow phones.

Trying to comfort Jack, Teddy places his hand on Jack's shoulder, only to get it threw back at him with Jack's good hand.

JACK

(Roaring)

GET OFF. A COMA? Fuck this.

Jack climbs out of bed in his patient gown, ripping the electrical cords from his body.

TEDDY
 What are you doing?
 (Nothing)
 Jack?

INT. HOSPITAL, OUTSIDE PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Janine sits on one of the three lined up chairs in the hall. Reading a magazine. But the clips of female boots gets her attention. As Janine lifts her head;

AGATHA
 Excuse me, is this Jack's Fulton's
 room?

Agatha waits patiently, holding flowers by her side and looking professional in a black jacket.

JANINE
 Ummm --

NURSE (O.S.)
 (Running)
 -- Quickly, now!

NURSE #2 (O.S.)
 (Running)
 I'm coming.

Two nurses run down the hall, straight towards the two girls.

NURSE
 (To Agatha)
 Excuse me please.

Janine and Agatha watch on as the nurses push the door into Jack's room. As the door swings open, both Janine and Agatha get a glimpse of Jack. Fighting with himself. Punching the walls, roaring miserable cries. The door slams shut again.

Agatha looks down, unable to compute.

JANINE
 Are you OK?

AGATHA
 (Vacant)
 Yeah. Could you give these to Jack
 for me?

Janine, still sitting and taking the bunch of daffodils and tulips. The size of the flowers almost blocks out Janine's view. She pokes her head to Agatha at the side of the flowers.

JANINE

Who do I say they're from?

AGATHA

(Choking on emotion)

Nobody, you don't say. I got to go.

JANINE

Oh, OK.

Janine stuck in the middle of drama, stays in the background, watching Agatha make her way back down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Clangs and bashes. Teddy holding Jack, barely in a hold, pinning down Jack's hands but still shaking Teddy around the room.

TEDDY

It's OK. It's all going to be OK.

JACK

(Inconsolable)

Stephanie. Stephanie.

Jack's energy runs down. Crying in Teddy's loosening hold. Teddy - clearly finding this rapturous. One of the nurses helps Teddy hold Jack.

Unneeded, the other nurse still fills a syringe with anesthetic.

TEDDY

(To nurse)

No you don't have to do that. Leave him alone.

NURSE

(Coming with syringe)

Hold him still.

Teddy pulls away, unwilling to drug Jack. Nurse#2 holding Jack still. The other nurse injecting Jack.

Jack's cries fade to calmness, his eyes drifting off again as the nurses help him onto the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST ROOM - DAY

Clean and in a professional manner. The office is still bland though.

Taking a seat opposite the therapist Jack sighs, taps his knees with sweaty palms.

Kate (39), the kind and loving therapist sits opposite Jack. A pure, sympathetic look upon her face.

JACK

(Shy)

Hi.

KATE

Jack, it's nice to see you in person.
Come take a seat we'll get set up.

INSERT: CAMERA'S POV - JACK SITTING FACING LENS.

We stay with the camcorders POV. All in grayish pixels. Jack looking pale and sickly. A bleeping red record button in the corner.

KATE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Alrighty then. Dr. Kate Nash, license number 678812. Date is October seventeenth, 2019. Recording start time is 11:05 AM.

(A beat)

So Jack it's nice to meet you and I'm sorry you've been going through a hard time.

JACK

Thank you for having me.

KATE (O.C.)

So I hear Stephanie's mother is flying in from the states, are you still on good terms with her?

JACK

Delilah? I haven't seen her in years.
I don't want to even speak about her.

Jack looks into the open air. Looking absent in the moment.

KATE (O.C.)
 (Rustles paper)
 Jack I'd like to do a questionnaire
 called a patient self help sheet.
 Could you help me answer these, Jack?
 (Jack absent - nothing)
 Jack?

As Jack stares into the camera lens, completely silent and still.

KATE (O.C.) (cont'd)
 Jack--

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, STEPHANIE'S ROOM - DAY

Jack sitting at the end of Stephanie's bed. Bright sunlight falling onto the sheets. Jack stares to Stephanie's inanimate body. There's tubes in her mouth. The electronic sounds of equipment, keeping her alive. She looks like an angel.

Teddy leans on the door frame, arms crossed.

As Jack gives Stephanie a kiss on her forehead, Teddy stumbles from shock. Screams of a woman from down the hall coming closer.

JACK
 (To Teddy)
 What the hell is that?

TEDDY
 (Shrugs)
 I don't know.

Teddy pokes his head round the corner.

TEDDY (cont'd)
 Oh shit.

JACK
 What?

TEDDY
 Delilah.

DELILAH (O.S.)
(Distressed)
Teddy, what the fuck is wrong with
you? Where's Jack?

TEDDY
(To Jack)
Get ready.

Jack inhales, walks out to the hall as DELILAH (40), Jack's no bullshit, New Yorker ex - wife and mother of Stephanie spots Jack, outraged.

INT. HOSPITAL, OUTSIDE STEPHANIE'S ROOM - DAY

Delilah's bold American accent makes her all the more fierce. She almost lunges for Jack. Missing the punch as he backs off.

DELILAH
What the fuck. You call yourself a
father? You piece of shit.

Teddy makes a human barrier, stopping Jack from getting attacked. Delilah's boyfriend - JARED (35), holds Delilah, while her breathing calms - slightly.

TEDDY
Delilah. Stop. Stephanie can still
hear you.

DELILAH
(Pushes Teddy)
Fuck off Teddy. Jack. Jack, you
fucking cunt.

JACK
(Backing off)
Delilah, I didn't know.

DELILAH
You didn't know?
(Aggressive)
You didn't fuck'n know?

Delilah lunges for Jack again, her sharp nails just able to cut into Jack's arm. Cutting his skin with a deep scratch. Teddy grabs Delilah again, as well as Jared.

Jack looks into the rage in Delilah's eyes as she wriggles in her hold. Going mental.

DELILAH (cont'd)
 Jack I want you to listen. You're a failure. Your father knows it. I know it. Everyone around you knows it.

TEDDY
 Delilah --

DELILAH
 (Dead eyed)
 -- And you know, you should be the one in a coma. You know it's supposed to be you that is dead.

TEDDY
 (To Jack)
 Come on, let's get out of here.

As Jack and Teddy walk away, Jack keeps looking back to Delilah, seeing the hatred in her eyes.

INT./EXT. JACK'S LAMBORGHINI/ TOWN CENTER - DAY

The car is parked in a moderately busy street. Grand buildings looking art-deco outside.

Teddy rests his hands on the steering wheel, looking over to Jack, who stares down at his cut arm.

TEDDY
 You want a hello kitty band aid, pussy?

JACK
 (Sighs, depressed)
 Yeah.

TEDDY
 Come on, don't think too much about it. You're not a bad dad. You had no idea Stephanie was going to do that.

JACK
 If I was watching closer. If I paid more attention --

TEDDY
 -- That's in the past, the important thing is you're doing something about it now.

Jack looks out the window to a town hall looking building.

TEDDY (cont'd)
You want me to come in with you?

JACK
(Un-clipping safety
belt)
No, I better do this alone.

Jack opens the car door, his posture looking weak. Teddy leans across the seat.

TEDDY
Good luck.

Jack nods, closing the door and strolling through the road with his black coat.

Black taxi cabs passing by. The sounds of chattering people in the town center.

The Georgian town hall door looks tall and daunting. Jack enters anyway, hunched over and not wanting to be seen.

A LITTLE SIGN outside the hall reads 'Narcotics anonymous - every Thursdays 12:00 pm'.

INT. TOWN HALL (N.A MEETING) - DAY

There's peaceful, calm voices from down the Georgian hall.

The oak door crashes behind Jack. He spins around trying to not make a scene, but the voices keep speaking regardless.

Jack's steps echo through the grounds, making his way to the origin of the voices.

Coming around a pillar, are a group of seven people, sitting in a circle with chairs. GARY (32), the camp acting, positive team leader stands, lecturing in bright colored cloths.

GARY
We'll do what we normally do. Go around the circle tell us about your week.

JOHN
(Sitting)
My name's John and I'm an addict.

GROUP
(Unison)
Hi John.

John the addict begins to talk but for us it fades away. Gary looks to Jack, making some of the other addict members turn to Jack aswell.

Jack gives an awkward smile, following Gary's gesture to take a seat.

Jack scrapes the rubber bottoms of the chair legs on the floor, taking a seat and giving a nod to everyone.

JOHN
.. That's why it's been very
difficult this week and I'm glad your
all here to support me. That's it.

GARY
Thank you John. And I see we have a
new member with us before. Is it your
first time?

JACK
Yeah, I've - I've never done this
before. My name's Jack.

GARY
Well there's a first time for
everyone who are addicts. Welcome
Jack.

GROUP
(Unison)
Hi Jack - Hey Jack.

GARY
The first step here is to see that
you are powerless over your impulses
and you have no saying in your
actions. You must put your faith in a
higher power. Whether that's God or
just anything you believe in.

JACK
(Laughs)
I - you're kidding me.

Everyone round the circle looks to Jack strangely.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm the reason I'm here. Not God, or Allah or whatever the fuck you guys believe in. I'm sorry but I'm here to take responsibility.

Nobody says anything. Jack all worked up can't take the anxiety.

GARY
But first you must accept that you are powerless over your illness.

JACK
(Getting up)
Illness? I'm sorry I can't - I can't do this.

Jack speed walks back down the hall to the exit. The door squeaking as he opens it. Slamming shut again.

EXT. TOWN HALL (N.A MEETING) - DAY

Jack struggles to light a cigarette under the stone porch. The flame going out on the flint but finally igniting it.

The door opens again, Gary coming out, looking concerned.

Jack offering a cigarette.

GARY
No thanks, I kicked it years ago.

JACK
Suit yourself. Look I'm just not the sort of guy who would be persuaded like that. I'm not faithful.

GARY
You really think the people in there are real believers? It's a placebo affect.

JACK
Like, what?

GARY
If believing in something unbelievable makes these people, makes me give up drugs, Make my life better, then who cares if it's real.

JACK

I get it.

GARY

Just, come back in tomorrow. I really think we can help you.

Jack nods. A pat on his shoulder as Gary heads back in. Jack looks to his cigarette, half smoked.

CLOSE UP: CIGARETTE BUTT STUMPED ON THE GROUND.

INT. TEDDY'S HOUSE, SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lays on his bed, reading a screenwriting book and with a pen and paper laying on the sheets. Apollo sits with a bone, licking it at the end of the bed.

The bedroom door knocking twice.

JACK

Come in.

Teddy sticking his head through the open door.

TEDDY

How'd it go?

JACK

I'm going again tomorrow. You and Janine alright?

TEDDY

Yeah, she's cooking us stir fry. That's Good. You have a letter here. I just leave it on the side.

Teddy placing it down.

JACK

(Looks up from book)

Open it.

TEDDY

(Opening it)

If you're sure.

(A beat)

It's from Agatha.

JACK

Go for it.

TEDDY

(Shrugs)

OK.... 'Dear Jack, let me start by saying how sorry I am, I hate seeing you or your family this hurt. I know I didn't know you long but I thought you at least deserve this from me. I've been in this situation before in my past and I can't do it again. I know I sound selfish but I can't put myself through it again. I've already left to London. Remember - you're strong and I know everything will work out in the end. You have the persistence to survive. I'll always remember you, from Agatha.'
(Folds letter)
What a bitch!

JACK

She did what she had to. I don't blame her. I'll be fine. Honestly.

Teddy takes one of Apollo's dog toys, a rubber chicken and chucks it across the room, slapping Jack in the face and making him laugh.

TEDDY

(Grinning)

Sure you don't want to cry pussy boy?

JACK

(Laughs)

You fuck!

Apollo waggles his tail, amused by the game, jumping up and down on the bed, messing up the sheets. Jack grabs the toy and flunks it at Teddy, who closes the door as a shield from the chicken - laughing himself.

Teddy sticks his head in once more.

TEDDY

Janine's dinners ready in ten.

JACK

Yes mom. Teddy.

TEDDY

Yeah?

JACK
 Thanks to you and Janine for having
 me. I appreciate it. Everything
 you've done.

TEDDY
 Don't mention it.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, EASTHAMPTON (MONTAGE) - MORNING

It's a sunny yet fresh morning. The sun just rising on the
 houses in the road.

Jack standing in a tracksuit, stretching his legs.

Jack puts on a nicotine patch, putting his headphones on and
 strokes Apollo.

JACK
 Get ready boy. OK. Let's go.

Jack starts running slowly, jogging with ease. Apollo loving
 the exercise. The music starts to play with a bass-y rock.
 Thumping motivation-ally. Giving us and Jack adrenaline.

EXT. CHURCH YARD (MONTAGE) - DAY

The bass softer now. Almost ambient.

Jack spots Father Philip, in his church robe and heading in.

JACK
 Father.

FATHER PHILIP
 Jack?

JACK
 I need redemption.

FATHER PHILIP
 Sacrament of penance. Come in.

INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL (MONTAGE) - DAY

Jack sits in the darkened out box. Worried and fearing.
 Sweating but he keeps going. The bass guitar quieter now.

JACK
 Forgive me father, for I have sinned.

Jack keeps talking, his voice drowned out by the bass. Thumping on.

INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, PEWS (MONTAGE) - DAY

Jack won't stop saying his our fathers. On his knees, on the stone cold Victorian floor. His trousers dirty from the dust he's kneeling on. Candles blow in blurs behind him

FATHER PHILIP
(Pats Jack's back)
Keep going.

INT. TOWN HALL (NA MEETING), (MONTAGE) - DAY

The bass guitar still playing as soundtrack. The beat representing Jack coming back to life. The circle of chairs again, Jack now shaven and looking better.

GARY
Newcomer, do you want to try again?

JACK
My name's Jack and I'm an addict.

GROUP
(Unison)
Hi Jack.

JACK
And I know I am powerless. I put my faith in God.

Jack looks to Gary, a proud welcoming smile from him.

INT. THERAPIST ROOM (MONTAGE) - DAY

Jack seems to be in a more positive mood. Kate close folds her folder. A smile on her face, same as Jack.

KATE
Same time next week?

JACK
How about the week after, I'm feeling better.

KATE
 (Hands over business
 card)
 I'm proud. Stay in touch, Jack.

INT. TOWN HALL (NA MEETING), (MONTAGE) - DAY

Jack cries telling his story, the other members comforting him, patting his back. Telling him everything will be OK. It's more joyous, in the comfort of his 'family' then depressing.

INT. TOWN RESTAURANT (MONTAGE) - NIGHT

Jack and Teddy in suits. Janine in a beautiful red dress. She looks stunning. All sit around, drinking red wine and finishing their Italian pizzas. Irish coffee's, all laughing.

TEDDY
 (Raises glass)
 To our re-births, brother.

JACK
 (Raises glass)
 Our re-births

JANINE
 (Raises glass)
 May you never go back to that life.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, EASTHAMPTON (MONTAGE) - MORNING

The bass music still playing, louder, faster as Jack runs.

Jack in winter running attire, blue sneakers. Apollo looking happier then ever as they try to break their record running lap in time. Jack stops, checking his watch.

JACK
 (Stroked Apollo)
 Well done boy! We did it!

Jack swigs his drink, feeds it to Apollo like a baby and a bottle of milk.

Jack walks through the cold, sunny morning. Looking healthier then we've ever seen him before.

INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, PEWS (MONTAGE) - DAY

The bass guitar stopped. Nobody in the place. Only spiritual Organ music playing in the background of the empty church. Jack on his knees in front of the bold, cross; Hanged up, painfully over him.

Still in his tracksuit, Jack finally cracks. Crying.

JACK
(Begging)
Please God. Bring back Stephanie. I
can't -- I can't do it anymore. I
can--

-- jack's tears run down his face. His back shaking. The mercy of the room is unnoticed as he cries.

EXT. CHURCH YARD - DAY

Jack dries his tears, slapping himself in the face to catch his own sanity.

A BUZZ in his pocket. Jack pulls out his phone.

And like a miracle from God

JACK
(Through phone)
Hello?

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Dad, I'm OK. I'm OK.

Jack falling to his knees, looking up to the gracious, pink yellow sky. Understanding now. Knowing.

JACK
(Emotional)
Thank you. Thank you God.

Dramatic cello music playing.

Jack raises back up, running to the street.

EXT. EAST HAMPTON, CITY STREETS - DAY

Jack runs through the traffic. Cars honking at him. Drivers sticking their middle fingers out the car windows. Jack keeps running. Crying with joy.

Rainfall starts to fly down, cooling Jack as he keeps going.

EXT. EASTHAMPTON GENERAL HOSPITAL, ENTRANCE - DAY

Jack runs past the blue NHS sign. The sun breaking through the clouds. Everyone looks at Jack strangely as he passes them, excitedly through the front, sliding doors.

INT. EASTHAMPTON GENERAL HOSPITAL, ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY

The metal dated doors slide open. Jack walking out into the hallway, the sun shining through the window. Off his face.

Jack seeing the sign for Stephanie's room. He keeps jogging, unable to stop.

INT. HOSPITAL, STEPHANIE'S ROOM - DAY

Jack turns the corner. Stephanie in her bed awake.

STEPHANIE
(Overwhelmed)
Dad!

JACK
Stephanie.

Delilah appears, almost angry Jack is here now. Trying to start conflict, getting in his way.

DELILAH
Don't think you can just walk --

JACK
-- Let me see my fucking daughter.

Jack moves around Delilah. She looks pissed. Slapped arse face. Cuntish. She crosses her arms, watching Jack hug his daughter.

JACK (cont'd)
(Hugging)
Thank God you're OK. I'll be better.
I'll be better.

DELILAH
Yeah, we've heard that before.

STEPHANIE
Mom, just don't.

DELILAH
 What he turns up here, saying what
 he's said before.

JACK
 (To Stephanie)
 I've changed. Everything different
 now.

DELILAH
 Sure.

JACK
 (To Delilah)
 I knew you were going to be angry.
 That's why I got you a snickers bar
 from the vending machines.

Jack pulls one out his pocket, smiles at Delilah, who just gives Jack a weird, angry frustrated look. The lost look all annoying, unproductive mothers give to the father of their children. She walks away with her boyfriend.

STEPHANIE
 (Hugs Jack)
 I missed you.

JACK
 I'm here now. I love you.

INT. HOSPITAL, STEPHANIE'S ROOM (LATER) - DAY

Stephanie sits up in her bed, with Jack seated at the end of the bed, looking at Stephanie talking.

Delilah and her boyfriend sit in the chairs on the opposite side of the room. Sipping coffees from polystyrene cups.

Jack looking shocked at Stephanie's words.

JACK
 (Off Stephanie's conv)
 Two months? Are you sure? It's a big
 decision.

STEPHANIE
 I don't have the credit for
 Cambridge. I don't want to go to
 there anyway.

JACK
 But America --

STEPHANIE

-- L.A. Is the best for music. You always told me to follow my dream. I feel it's the right thing.

JACK

(Pausing thought)

OK. You're right. I support you. Actually, do you think I could tag along?

STEPHANIE

Really?

JACK

Just to see what it's like. Make sure you get settled.

Stephanie getting a glimpse of her new accepting dad, a hand on her knee, smiling back to her and looking grateful.

EXT. AIR B&B, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA - AFTERNOON

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER.

Jack walks out to the front garden. Looking fresh in a dark suit. Closing the front door of the property into the lovely street. The grass is so green. Kids are playing on bikes. Birds sing. The sun hotter than before and Jack in his new tan. The strong American sunlight light, superior to England's.

We hear a car honk - Jack registering the Taxi. Making his way over.

Jack opens the back door to the Prius. Climbing in, with a non fading smile.

INT. PRIUS TAXI, BURBANK - AFTERNOON

Jack buckles his safety belt, looking forward to - ADITYA, a young 20's driver. A true Californian accent with face tattoos and a charismatic personality.

ADITYA

Hey, how you doing, sir?

JACK
(Handshake)
Nice to meet you.
(Checks phone)
Aditya.

ADITYA
Smooth. It's an Indian name given
from my parents. Back there it means
new beginning, but in L.A, it means
generic Uber driver.

JACK
Cool, I'm Jack. I don't know what it
means.

ADITYA
UCLA, right?

JACK
That's the place.

ADITYA
Where else?

Aditya pulls off, Jack looking out the window.

INT. PRIUS TAXI, L.A (CONTINUOUS) - LATER

The sound of the rubber on the road is therapeutic. Aditya
observes Jack, almost suspicious.

ADITYA
You're a little old to be going down
to campus, partying with the girls
down there. If you don't mind me
asking, sir?

JACK
(Amused)
No. I'm can't party like that
anymore. Sober.
(Pause)
It's my daughter's first music
showcase.

ADITYA
Singing?

JACK
Piano.

ADITYA

That's nice. And hey, good for you, with the program. I'm six months clean.

Jack see's Aditya tap a key-chain of N.A anonymous, dangling from the wheel as he spins round a corner.

ADITYA (cont'd)

You know, this is just a side gig for me. I'm not enrolled anywhere, I already fucked that up, but I'm trying. Trying hard.

JACK

What are you hoping to get into?

ADITYA

Screenwriting.

Jack smiles to himself. How beautiful the American heart is. How strong. Aditya catches Jack's weird smile.

ADITYA (cont'd)

You don't think I can do it?

JACK

It's not that. You'd just be surprised how far you can get without drugs.

ADITYA

(Understanding)

I hear you.

EXT. U.C.L.A COURTYARD - DUSK

The sun brushes past the planted Fremont Cottonwood trees. Sounds of a BBQ crackling, champagne bottles tapping gently in celebration.

Jack walks alone, surrounding by families of students. Nuclear families, brightly dressed, making Jack look like the off one out. It's a complete culture shock to Jack, compared to the dullness of Britain.

Jack stands in line at a table, chefs in white serving food.

One of the chefs leans over to Jack, with a glass full of Orange and lime punch.

CHEF
Here. It's got real alcohol.

JACK
Thanks. I need it.

The chef lifts up a glass as a toast to the uncomfortable words. Jack trying to blend in and drinking faster helps.

Jack stops to look at the architecture of the building. Looking like he really appreciates life.

A group of college girls can be heard cheering out.

COLLEGE GIRLS (O.S)
(In unison)
Cheeaaaase!

FLASH! A over-close father goes in for another. Trying to capture... More than expected.

COLLEGE DAD
Lets get one more girls. Ready?

COLLEGE GIRLS
(Again)
Cheeaaaaase!

FLASH. The girls look happy, full of life, their whole lives ahead of them. And in the group, Jack watches Stephanie closely. Smiling when she does, interacting with her friends.

The college dad checks his picture, his wife leaning over him.

COLLEGE MOM
You look great Summer!

Their daughter summer smiling back at them.

INSERT IN: DAD ZOOMING IN ON OTHER GIRL.

COLLEGE DAD
(Heavily breathing)
And you look great too Rosie!

COLLEGE MOM
What the fuck, Adam?

Jack scratches his head, wanting to get away from the oncoming fight.

We see Stephanie chat to her friends, looking over to her father and walking over, in her stunning summer dress. Jack looks truly made up for her.

STEPHANIE
It's great isn't it?

JACK
Yeah. It may be perfect. I'm not used to perfect.

STEPHANIE
Could you get used to here?

JACK
Well --

STEPHANIE
-- Because I feel like it's home.

Jack looks to his daughter, like she's some miracle. The light of the world.

JACK
(Chuffed)
Then it must be home.

Stephanie looks back to her friends that are calling her.

STEPHANIE
Hey, what seat are you in?

JACK
First row. You better get ready.

STEPHANIE
OK.
(Walking away)

Stephanie turns back one more time. Hugging her dad. A real family, always there for each other.

INT. AUDITORIUM, U.C.L.A - NIGHT

Spotlights brighten up the dust particles in the air. Jack itches nervously for Stephanie. Looking around and sitting alone in the chattering crowd. Right in the middle.

Conducting clarinets and violins and cellos creep their sound across the room. The chattering fading down slightly.

The lights dim. A piano right on the stage. Complete silence.

Jack swallows, anxiety building for Stephanie.

The Dean comes out onto the stage. A microphone adjusting. Holding colored reading cards in his sweaty hand.

DEAN

(Filtered, on mic)

I'd like to welcome the parents and family members to the freshmen class of 2020 - musical showcase. Their first one. You should all be proud. Lets not waste anymore time. First up, (Reads card) Stephanie Fulton, on piano playing for us - 'Satie-Trois gymnope'dies: NO 1.'

Stephanie comes out with trepidation. A loud round of applause before she takes a seat at the piano stall.

She coughs into her hand. A pause. And starts to play heavenly. The anxiety fades straight away. Her fingers moving fluent and easily.

Everybody is stuck in a cathartic trance of beautifully played music. The acoustics make it more of a treat.

We close on Jack, gobsmacked and looking in complete awe. Stephanie making it out alive, to the end of the song.

She stops playing to the loudest roar of clapping hands Jack's ever heard. Jack stays seated, looking around at the audience members raising to their feet, applauding Stephanie with an embrace of acceptableness.

Stephanie looks down to her father, wild grin. Jack raises to his feet applauding her louder, and more appreciative than anyone else.

A tear in his eye. He made it. His daughter made it.

FADE TO BLACK.