

Deceptive deed

By

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INT. NIGHTCLUB OFFICE. NIGHT 1.

OWEN and MICK are sat in OWEN's dim lit, dingy nightclub office. The room's in a mess, papers, boxes scattered around, filing cabinets overflowing, the only clear area is a cabinet with a variety of alcoholic drinks on top of it. A walk in cupboard is next to it.

The thump, thump, thump of music in the club can be heard in the background. MICK sits in a worn leather arm chair, a tight t-shirt he's wearing shows his rippling muscles, he runs his hand over his shaven head.

OWEN's sat behind an untidy desk in a high back leather swivel chair wearing an Armani suit, tie loosely hanging around his neck, dark hair slickly held in place with gel.

OWEN

This time next week it'll
be all over.

OWEN walks to the cabinet with spirits on, pours then sips a whiskey, he leans against the cabinet.

MICK

You're going through with
it then? You sure about this?

OWEN

I've never been so sure about
anything. (Smirks) The bloody
filth haven't out smarted me
yet. (Finishes drink) And they
won't this time either. You
got that Micky boy?

MICK

What about Chrissie?

OWEN

You leave that stupid bitch
to me. (Snarls) What the old
trouble and strife don't know
won't hurt her will it? And
she ain't gonna find out.
(Looks accusingly at MICK)
Is she?

MICK

Not from me.

OWEN

That's alright then. She's got more important things to be sorting anyway. (Pause then sniggers) Like getting her hair done. I'll think of a way of keeping her quiet, just remember you're 'ere to help me ok?

CUT TO:

CU of OWEN. He sinisterly looks around the office.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I want this place gone, I want it dead and buried.

CUT TO:

2

INT. GYM.

NIGHT 1

OWEN's other business, a gym, is busy with men using the running machines and various other keep fit equipment. 'Right here right now' by Fatboy slim plays in the background as the men work out.

MICK's in the gym, he's working out with heavy weights. Sweat pours from his body, he grimaces as he lifts the dumbbells, breathless he keeps going, muscles rippling. He then slows as he sees someone enter the gym.

A young black man, LIAM, wearing a hoody and carrying a holdall enters the gym, he walks to the boxing area then dumps his bag on the floor. Mick watches him, snarling with every step the man takes, his face full of anger.

LIAM takes off his hoody revealing a sports vest. MICK stops weightlifting and makes his way towards him. He approaches LIAM.

MICK

Oi, I want a word with you.

MICK roughly grabs LIAM's arm. LIAM shrugs him off.

LIAM
 (Sarcastic, chews on
 gum)
 You can have two if you like.

MICK
 (Angry)
 Don't get smart with me kid,
 you don't use Owen's gym 'til
 you've paid up, you owe us.

LIAM
 (Laughs whilst chewing)
 Us?

LIAM moves closer to MICK's face, he pokes MICK in the chest.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 I think you'll find it's
 Owen I owe not you, and from
 what I can see he ain't 'ere.
 Don't play the 'ard man with
 me when all you are is Owen's
 bitch ain't you?

LIAM laughs then picks up his bag and hoody then exits the gym.

MICK watches him leave, fury etched on his face, fuming he follows LIAM out of the gym.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. SIDE STREET. NIGHT 1.

MICK storms onto a side street behind the gym, rain falls heavily. MICK looks both ways then sees LIAM walking away. In a rage he runs up behind LIAM, grabs him and pushes him up against the wall. MICK punches LIAM in the stomach several times. LIAM gasps for breath, holding his stomach he falls to the wet ground.

MICK kicks LIAM vigorously as he rolls around in pain. MICK kicks him over and over. LIAM groans in agony, MICK grunts with every kick. PULL BACK as MICK continues his beating.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. FRONT OF GYM. NIGHT 1.

OWEN pulls up in his Mercedes. He gets out of the car and hears the commotion coming from the side street.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SIDE STREET. NIGHT 1.

MICK stops kicking LIAM and stands over him, rain dripping down his breathless, furious face.

MICK

(To LIAM)

Speak to me like that again
and next time I'll finish
you off. (Kicks him again)

OWEN appears in the street and sees what MICK's done to LIAM. He runs up to MICK and holds him back from kicking LIAM any further.

OWEN

(Angry, to MICK)

What the bloody hell are
you doing?! (Pushes MICK away,
shouts at LIAM) Get up!

LIAM doesn't move, he heaves for breath, blood pouring from his nose. OWEN drags him up, he coughs and splutters.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I said get up!

LIAM slumps against the wall half conscious. OWEN grabs and holds MICK against the wall.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You stupid fuckin'—

MICK

(Angry, pushes OWEN away)
He owes us, what's the matter
Owen? Don't like it when it's
not you dishing out the
beatings?

OWEN pushes MICK against the wall again. He pins MICK there by his throat.

OWEN

I'll break your bleedin' legs
if you back chat me again, you
got that?! I do the thinking
'round 'ere, now shut that hole
in your face!

MICK

(Breaths heavily)

I'm sorry alright?! You want
to finish him off?!

OWEN looks at LIAM and shakes his head. MICK stares at LIAM.

OWEN

Nah, Jarvis followed me 'ere;
you want to get caught again?
(Pushes, shakes MICK) Do you?!
(Spits the words) You screwed
up before and I got you out
of stook didn't I?!

MICK

That old bloke deserved it,
he was arse-about-face by the
time I'd finished with him, he
was better off dead, I'd do it
again if I had to.

CUT TO:

A figure, JARVIS, enters the side street. The heated conversation stops. OWEN looks towards JARVIS who's coming up behind MICK.

OWEN

Shit, Jarvis.

MICK and OWEN watch detective JARVIS approaching.

JARVIS walks up to the men wearing a long black coat, he's cool and confident. OWEN snarls.

JARVIS

Well well, if it isn't Batman
and Robin.

MICK tries to hide his nervousness of seeing JARVIS.

OWEN

(Stays cool and calm)
Jarvis my old mucker, what
brings you 'round these parts?

JARVIS taps OWEN's shoulder as he walks around him
to face LIAM.

JARVIS

Just thought I'd drop in on
my old mates, you know; make
sure you're behaving yourselves.

JARVIS smiles sarcastically then tilts his head
looking coolly at LIAM. He looks suspiciously at
OWEN and MICK.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Nasty. Don't suppose you know
what happened to him?

OWEN

(SHRUGS)
Dunno, just found him like it.

LIAM starts to stir. He slowly opens his eyes.

JARVIS

(Kneels besides LIAM)
Alright son? What happened?

LIAM groans.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Who did this to you mate?

LIAM fully opens his eyes. He looks at MICK who looks
scared, then at OWEN who eyes him back evilly.

LIAM

(Coughs, struggles to
speak)

LIAM (CONT'D)

I... I fell...

JARVIS

Fell?

LIAM
Yea... down the gym stairs

JARVIS
(Unconvinced)
Is that right?

JARVIS gets to his feet and walks up to OWEN, he whispers in his ear, snarling.

JARVIS (CONT'D)
Next time you won't be so lucky... (Walks past MICK)
I'll see you boys around.
(Walks off, calls back)
I'm sure I'll be in the area again soon.

JARVIS walks down the side street and out of sight. OWEN walks up to MICK and speaks with anger etched on his face.

OWEN
There ain't gonna be a next time Micky boy, you work for me and you do as I say, you got that? I'm going home. Get me on the blower if you need me.

OWEN walks back down the side street and out of sight.

CUT TO:

CU of a rained soaked MICK staring at LIAM. From MICK's POV we see LIAM still slumped against the wall.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 1.

SLOW ZOOM in of the front of OWEN's luxurious detached house. Street lights cast over the dark street it stands in.

CUT TO:

7 INT. FRONTROOM. NIGHT 1.

OWEN's pacing the front room, of his house, on his mobile phone whilst drinking a whiskey. All the furnishings and fittings are expensive and lavish; a corner drinks bar is opposite the front room door.

OWEN

(Into mobile)

I know, I know, just be there ok? Eight o'clock, no guns, just pick up the gear and get the hell out of there, you got that? (Dirty laugh, walks to the window) Oh and tell Melisa to come along too, I'd love a bit more of what she gave me last week for afters.

Front door slams.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Gotta go, see you back at the club later. (Hangs up)

CHRISSIE enters the front room. OWEN turns to face her.

OWEN (CONT'D):

(Swigs whiskey, smirks)
Alright darlin'?

CHRISSIE puts her designer handbag on the sofa along with her fur coat. She walks behind the bar and pours a glass of red wine.

CHRISSIE

Who was that?

OWEN

(Smiles as he watches
CHRISSIE)
What?

CHRISSIE

(Takes a gulp of wine)
You were on the phone, don't play dumb with me.

CHRISSIE drums her manicured finger nails on the bar top then walks out from behind it.

OWEN

Just a bit of business.

OWEN Moves seductively towards CHRISSIE and starts kissing her neck.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Nothing for you to worry
your pretty head about.

CHRISSIE
(Pushes OWEN away)
Not now, I've had a day of
it, my head's banging, I just
want a bath and an early night.

CHRISSIE walks out of the front room. OWEN stands watching her walk away.

OWEN
(Dirty smile)
No worries, I'll get it from
Melisa later.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 1.

The ballad 'nothing compares to you' by Sinead O'Connor plays quietly in the background.

CHRISSIE's just got out of the bath. We see a view of her bare legs as she walks into the bedroom then her full body as she wraps a robe around herself. She sits at her dresser and combs her wet hair. She glances at the clock on the dresser. It's a quarter to eight. Continuing to comb she hears the front door slam and goes to the window to see OWEN on the driveway.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT 1.

From CHRISSIE POV we see OWEN get into his car and drive away.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 1.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

'cause I like the lifestyle,
it might be his money but my
'keep' is worth staying for
init? I don't know any other
life Mick; I don't think I
could live without the designer
clothes, the beauty and hair
appointments, nice cars-

MICK

(Sits up, takes CHRISSIE's
hand)
You won't have too.

CHRISSIE

(Pushes hair back, sighs)
I know, but it means we still
have to creep about; I have to
stay with him-

MICK

No you don't.

CHRISSIE

I do, I-

MICK

He's burning down the nightclub.

CHRISSIE

(Panic in her voice)
What?

MICK

It's losing him money, he
wants rid, he don't want it
hanging round his neck no more.
He's gonna set fire to it
and claim the insurance money.

CHRISSIE

(Shakes her head, rattled)
Nothing surprises me with him,
but this? He's crazier than I
thought. (Under breath) Friggin'
nut case.

MICK

I don't care what he's doing,
all I know is this is our chance.

CHRISSIE

(Confused look)

What? I don't get it, what are you talking about?

MICK

(Serious, sinister look)

We're gonna to smash his plan to bits, have it for ourselves, he'll never know.

CHRISSIE

(Panicked further)

Have you gone mad? What are you rabbiting on about?

MICK takes CHRISSIE'S face in his hands.

MICK

(Passionate)

Chrissie, listen, I know it sounds a bit radio rental but it ain't. Think about it, he won't know because he'll be dead. We're gonna make sure he dies in his own arson attack. (Pause. Serious again) We're gonna make sure he's out of our lives forever.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. OUTSIDE NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 1.

OWEN's talking to two MEN outside his nightclub. It's a hushed conversation; he's striking another dodgy deal. MICK drives by, OWEN sees him; he ends the conversation with the MEN and walks towards MICK's car. MICK pulls up and gets out of the car.

OWEN

(Agitated)

Where've you been? You were meant to be 'ere ages ago, I don't pay for doing nothing.

MICK

Sorry, traffic was a nightmare.

OWEN
 (Walks back towards
 nightclub)
 Come on, I ain't got all day,
 we got stuff to get through
 and I want this sorted tonight.

MICK follows OWEN. They reach the nightclub and OWEN unlocks it, looking to see if anyone has seen them, he beckons MICK with a nod to enter.

CUT TO:

13 INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 1

MICK slips inside the nightclub, OWEN follows, shuts the door and flicks on the light. Thumping dance music plays, muffled conversation and laughter can be heard, two drunken WOMEN pass MICK and OWEN, giggling as they do so. OWEN and MICK walk up a flight of stairs.

CUT TO:

14 INT. NIGHTCLUB OFFICE. NIGHT 1.

OWEN and MICK enter the nightclub office. OWEN lights up a cigarette from a packet in his suit jacket pocket as he and MICK walk into the office.

OWEN
 Take a pew.

MICK sits down in the worn leather armchair.

MICK
 (Points to cigarette)
 You shouldn't be smoking them
 in 'ere.

OWEN shrugs and takes another puff of the cigarette, he leans against the drink's cabinet.

OWEN
 My club, I'll do what I like
 in it, and what I like with it.
 I need to tell you the plans
 for next week, the fire,
 what I want you to do.

MICK

I thought you were setting
it alright?

OWEN walks to the desk and stubs out his cigarette in
an overflowing ash tray then perches on the desk.
MICK's stare follows him, he folds his arms.

OWEN

I am but I need you to know
everything, and only you, you're
my right hand man and if you
want a bonus this month then
you'll do as I say.

MICK

So give me the deets.

OWEN

Monday's the day, less busy
then, less punters to get out
at closing time.

MICK

Right, so you're doing it
after closing?

OWEN

(Lights up another
cigarette)

Well yea, unless I want to
kill every bugger enjoying
Monday night happy hour.
(Pauses to puff then smirks)
I couldn't be that nasty
Micky boy. Whiskey?

MICK

Yea, cheers.

OWEN walks over to the drinks cabinet and pours two
whiskeys. He gives one of the glasses to MICK who
takes a sip.

OWEN

Half eleven.

OWEN swigs his drink then goes back to perching on the
desk.

OWEN (CONT'D)

That's the time, close at eleven, half an hour later the place is alight.

MICK

Right, eleven thirty.

OWEN

The workers leave, just after closing; that's when you come in.

MICK

(Finishes whiskey in one gulp)

What do you want me to do?

OWEN

(Stubs out cigarette)

Well, I'm gonna need a decent alibi for starters, you and your misses are gonna give me it.

MICK

(Irate)

Trixie? Now hang on Mick, you didn't say anything about her being involved—

OWEN

I'm saying now aren't I? You do as I say, you'll get a nice little earner from this, you wouldn't want to throw that away would you? And you don't want to anger me by letting me down neither, You know what can happen when I get angry don't you?

MICK

(Retreats)

Alright, ok, I'll sort it with her. (Pause) You just tell me exactly what's gonna happen on Monday and I'll do it, ok?

CUT TO:

CU of OWEN as he finishes his whiskey.

OWEN

Nice one, just the way I like
it.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 1.

MICK's in his car. He pulls up outside his house. He looks at it; he sees the lights are still on. He sits at the wheel for a moment contemplating, then he reaches into his pocket and pulls a piece of paper out of it.

He unfolds the paper which has the time and date of OWEN's nightclub plan. His wife's name, TRIXIE, is written at the bottom of the note.

MICK folds the note back up, puts it back into his pocket and reaches for his mobile phone in the glove compartment. He presses a key and puts the mobile to his ear waiting for an answer. CHRISSIE answers.

MICK

It's me, yea, it's all sorted.
(Pause) Were on, Monday, I'll
call round in an hour or so,
Owen's gone on another job
so he won't be back 'til after
midnight. I'll fill you in on
everything then. (Pauses. Stares
at the house) I just need to
sort one more thing. Bye.

MICK hangs up still staring at his house. Shoving the phone into his pocket he gets out of the car and walks along the pavement and up the path to his home. He lets himself in the front door.

CUT TO:

16 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT 1.

MICK steps into the dreary hallway of his house. The wall paper is scuffed, paintwork's peeling off, shoes and coats are dumped on the dirty floor. The

MICK

(Angry)

I was at work, where do you think I was?! I ain't got time to answer your bloody calls. (Slams a cupboard door) For Christ sake what am I suppose to eat?!

TRIXIE

(Moves closer to mick)

Work? (Raises voice) That's what you call is it? Running 'round for that dodgy bastard?

MICK

(Shouts)

I don't see you complaining when I bring home my wages; soon get that spent don't you?

TRIXIE

(Retreats)

Alright I admit he don't pay you bad but that don't mean to say you have to be at his beck and call every flamin' minute of the day does it?

MICK moves close to TRIXIE's face and grabs her cheeks with his hand. TRIXIE gasps.

MICK

Why don't you get it you stupid bitch?! I'm involved with him now, I've gotta be at his beck and call, we need the money, if I walk away he'll kill me, then you then the kids. Get your head 'round it Trix', it ain't no picnic but it gets us by alright don't it?!

TRIXIE Pushes MICK off her and feels her reddened cheeks.

TRIXIE

Whatever Mick, you're pathetic you know that. (Goes to exit the kitchen)

MICK

(Less angry, calls TRIXIE
back)
Trix', wait, I'm sorry
alright.

TRIXIE turns around looking unconvinced by MICK's
apology.

MICK (CONT'D)

(Flustered)

Look, I need you to do me a
favour, well, it's Owen really
but I need you to help because
he's expecting me to work with
him on this.

TRIXIE

(Confused, irritated)

What are you going on about?

MICK pulls a chair out from under the kitchen table
and sits down, he stressfully rubs his face looking
anxious and places his whiskey glass on the table.
TRIXIE leans against the door frame.

MICK

If I tell you, you have to
promise me you'll do what I
say and you won't tell no
one, you have to promise me
that ok?

TRIXIE

(Worried, comes to the
table)

Mick, for God's sake what are
you talking about? You're scaring
me. (Angry) What's he dragged
you into now?!

MICK

(Angry, stands up, shouts)
How many times? He's not
dragging me into anything, I
work for him!

TRIXIE

Work? That's a joke and you
know it!

himself further he slowly pushes the door open.

CUT TO:

22

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 1.

TRIXIE's sat up in bed reading a magazine. The bedroom's décor is similar to the down stair rooms, drab, dreary. TRIXIE doesn't look up as MICK enters the room. He sits on the edge of the bed.

MICK

I'm sorry alright? You've got to help out on this one Trix' Owen's got this mad plan and if I don't, we don't, help him, you know what he'll do to us.

TRIXIE

(Sighs, closes magazine)
How did we ever get involved with him 'ay? Jesus Christ.
(Sighs) So what is it then?

MICK

He's gonna burn down his nightclub.

TRIXIE

(Angry)
What?! You're kidding right?
Why the hell's he doing that?
No actually don't even answer that.

TRIXIE gets out of bed and walks out of the bedroom.
MICK follows her.

CUT TO:

23

INT. LANDING. NIGHT 1.

TRIXIE hurriedly makes her way down the stairs, MICK follows her.

CUT TO:

24

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT 1.

TRIXIE and MICK make their way through the hallway.

TRIXIE
I don't want any part of
it, forget it.

CUT TO:

25

INT. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT 1

TRIXIE and MICK enter the front room; TRIXIE goes to the drink's cabinet and pours herself a vodka.

MICK
He wants the insurance money;
the business ain't worth enough
to him no more.

TRIXIE
(Hands shaking, sips the
vodka)
I don't want to know.

MICK
(Loses his temper again)
Well you're gonna have to
'cause if you don't do this
then he'll kill us all, how
many times have I gotta say
it?! We'll have nothing, no
money, no nothing.

TRIXIE pauses then takes the last gulp of vodka and places the glass on the drink's cabinet surface. She stares at MICK for a moment, who is now sat on the sofa with his head in his hands.

TRIXIE
(Reluctant tone)
Right, I get it ok? But I'm
not doing this for you or that
scumbag, I'll do it for the
kids, I ain't having them
getting caught up in all this.

MICK
(Gets up, hugs her)
Thank God, thank you.

TRIXIE

You better not mess this up
Mick; if the kids or me get
hurt it won't be Owen you'll
have to worry about killing
you. (Exits the front
room)

MICK contemplates her last words.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. OWEN'S CAR. DAY 2.

OWEN parks his car outside MICK's house. MICK comes out of his house and gets into the passenger side of the car. MICK looks back at the house to see TRIXIE looking out of the window from behind the curtain. She stares angrily for a moment then walks away.

OWEN

She know what she's gotta
do yet?

MICK

Yea, I went through it with
her last night, it's sorted.

OWEN

Nice work, she better not
mess it up.

MICK

She won't. Like I said, it's
sorted.

OWEN

Good. People messing things
up makes me angry.

MICK

(Nods at OWEN)

Right, where are we off to
then?

OWEN

That little shit who took
me for a ride last week, he's
had enough time to get back
to me. (Turns ignition and

OWEN (CONT'D)
drives off)

CUT TO:

27 EXT. STREET. DAY 2.

OWEN's car speeds off down the street.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. OWEN'S CAR. DAY 2.

OWEN continues to drive. He reaches to the cd player in the car and pushes a cd into the machine. 'Dream on' by Areosmith starts to play.

To begin with OWEN looks menacing and angry, he stares straight ahead as he drives. His expression then changes, he glances at MICK in the passenger seat, his head is against the window, he's asleep. OWEN smirks to himself, he continues to drive.

'Dream on' by Aerosmith continues to play, OWEN starts tapping his fingers on the steering wheel to the beat, he starts to relax then he smiles menacingly to himself.

CUT TO:

29 INT. WAREHOUSE TOILETS. DAY 2.

MICK enters the dingy toilets in a warehouse. Leaning with his back against the wall he pulls his mobile phone from his pocket and dials CHRISSIE's number. She answers the call.

MICK
Babe, it's me, you ok?
Listen, it's all going to
plan for Monday.

CUT TO:

30 INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS. DAY 2.

OWEN walks up the stairs of the warehouse towards the toilets. He reaches the toilets door and is just about to open the door when he hears MICK talking. He listens.

CUT TO:

31 INT. WAREHOUSE TOILETS. DAY 2.

MICK continues to lean against the wall. A dripping tap can be heard in the background.

MICK

So I'll see you tonight at eight, the café on the corner of Noble street, ok, see you then babes.

OWEN walks into the toilets. MICK quickly hangs up, not expecting to see OWEN he looks a little surprised. OWEN plays it cool.

MICK (CONT'D)

(Trying to act normal)
Alright? All sorted?

OWEN

Yea, he won't be messing me about again. (Mutters) Sodding little tea leaf. Who was that?

MICK

Oh, just Trix', seeing what I want for tea or something.

OWEN walks over to a urinal and goes to the toilet. MICK leans back on one of the sinks.

OWEN

Thought you and her were going through a rough patch?

MICK

It's just a few rows that's all, who doesn't have a few barneys now and then 'ay? Anyway, what needs doing?

OWEN

(Zips his trousers up)

OWEN (CONT'D)

The gear downstairs needs shifting, put it in the boot.
(Washes hands) I just need to finish things off with the Guvnor. (Smirks) Literally.

MICK plays with his phone trying not to be suspicious.
OWEN dries his hands with a paper towel.

MICK

Right, see you back at the motor then, I'll be down in a minute, just have a quick slash first.

OWEN

(Dubious look)

Right.

OWEN walks towards the toilet's door and pulls it open. He turns back to MICK.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Don't belong. (Smirks.
Exits the toilets)

MICK walks into a toilet cubical and closes the door behind him. Back up against the door he takes his wallet from his pocket, opens it, and searches behind his credit cards. He finds what he's looking for. Pulling the item from his wallet, he holds a small clear bag of cocaine.

CUT TO:

CU of the cocaine as MICK brings it up to his eye level and stares at it.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. OWEN'S CAR. NIGHT 2.

OWEN's driving his car; the windscreen wipers are on full as rain lashes against the glass. MICK's in the passenger's seat.

OWEN

You out tonight?

MICK slams the car door and walks up the pathway to his house. Once MICK has entered his house OWEN speeds off down the road.

CUT TO:

34

INT. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT 2.

OWEN's sat in his front room watching television with a whiskey in his hand. CHRISSIE comes down the stairs, dressed up, looking sexy.

She walks into the front room, puts her handbag on the sofa then walks over to the mirror above the fireplace and puts her lipstick on.

OWEN

(Drinks Whiskey)

What are you all dressed up for?

CHRISSIE

(Touching up her makeup)

I'm off out aren't I.

OWEN

Where? And who with?

CHRISSIE

God what's this twenty questions? I'm Just meeting the girls for a few drinks that's all, I ain't gonna be late.

OWEN

(Looks at CHRISSIE in disgust)

What dressed like that?

CHRISSIE

(Looks in the mirror)

I Just wanna look nice; it's a night out after all.

OWEN

(Swigs whiskey, snarls)

Look nice? You look like a hooker.

Angry, CHRISSIE turns from the mirror to look at OWEN.

CHRISSIE

Oh that reminds me, one of your
little sluts rang earlier.

OWEN

I ain't got no sluts. (Smirks)
I only got eyes for you darlin'.

CHRISSIE

(Returns to the mirror)
Put the phone down as soon
as she knew you weren't in.

OWEN slams his glass down on a coffee table to the side of him, then he jumps off the sofa in anger and grabs CHRISSIE's arm.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Get off me, you're hurting
me.

OWEN

(Angry, gritting teeth)
I said I ain't got no other
sort alright? And whoever rang
ain't no bit on the side, you
got that, darlin'?

Frightened by OWEN's behaviour CHRISSIE nods. OWEN let's go of her arm.

OWEN

(Smiles sarcastically)
Now, you go and enjoy your
night with the girls.

Shaking, CHRISSIE picks up her handbag and exits the front room. The front door slams.

OWEN stands in the front room looking irate, he looks at the wall clock.

CUT TO: From OWEN's POV we see the clock, it's a quarter to eight.

CUT TO:

MICK walks into a grubby greasy café which only has a few people sat in it. He spots CHRISSIE sat in the far corner and goes over to join her. A television behind the café counter can be heard in the background.

MICK walks past the café counter and speaks to the seedy looking CAFÉ OWNER behind it.

MICK

Two coffees ta mate.

MICK continues to the table CHRISSIE's sat at, he sits down then picks up her hands and kisses them.

MICK (CONT'D)

You ok?

CHRISSIE

Just about, you know the usual, Owen being a smarmy git, not seeing you enough.

MICK

(Keeps hold of chrissie's hands)

That'll all change soon; I got all the deets for Monday now. (Looks around the room, whispers) He's starting the fire at half eleven, after closing.

CHRISSIE nods.

MICK (CONT'D)

I've agreed to everything he wants me to do, me and him are gonna leave the club 'round ten, Owen's gonna tell one of the bar staff we're going to my gaff for the rest of the night and get them to lock up.

CHRISSIE

(Looks to the heavens)
Jesus Christ. (Exhales, tires to calm herself) Right, ok, ok, then what?

The CAFÉ OWNER brings their coffees to the table then walks away.

MICK

Cheers mate. We drive his car back to my place so the neighbours can see it parked outside all night, an hour later Owen's gonna take the back entrance out of my gaff, use the back streets, get back to the club and set it alight.

CHRISSIE

Yea and what if he's seen?

MICK

With his massive overcoat on and the hood up, going the back streets, he'll never be seen and if anyone passes him they'll not see his face anyway. Me and Trixie will tell the police he was at our house all night, the bar staff that lock up will say we were both seen leaving the club and my neighbours will say his car was parked outside my house all night. It's all set up for us Chris, we can do this, me and you.

MICK's mobile ringing interrupts the conversation. He pulls the phone out of his pocket and looks at the screen.

MICK (CONT'D)

It's Owen.

CHRISSIE

(Biting her bottom lip)
Christ, just answer it, act normal; he'll only question you tomorrow if you don't.

MICK

(Answers the call acting normal)
Owen, alright?

CUT TO:

36 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 2.

OWEN's stood on the street where MICK lives. It's dark and drizzly; OWEN has a menacing look on his face but remains calm with his mobile to his ear.

OWEN

I need you to pick up some more gear from that warehouse on your way in tomorrow.
(Listens to MICK's response)
Good. How's your quiet night in going? Nice and relaxed are we Mickey boy?

CUT TO:

37 INT. CAFÉ. NIGHT 2

MICK still has his mobile to his ear, he smiles at CHRISSIE.

MICK

Yea, I'm just having a beer, watching the box, Trix' is sorting the kids. (Listens to OWEN's response) Ok, cheers.
(Hands up)

CUT TO:

38 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 2.

OWEN hangs up his mobile then turns around to face MICK's house which is in darkness.

OWEN

(Speaks to himself, arrogance)
Funny, when I tried the front door, didn't seem like no one was in. (Stares angrily at the house) You know what happens to people who lie to me. Don't you Micky boy?

CUT TO:

39

INT. CAFÉ.NIGHT 2.

MICK puts his mobile back in his pocket and looks at an anxious CHRISSIE.

MICK

Sorted, he just wants me to pick up some stuff in the morning.

CHRISSIE doesn't look convinced.

MICK (CONT'D)

Stop worrying, he don't suspect nothing, all he's bothered about is his little plan, the plan me and you are gonna to use to be together and get him out of the picture, ok?

CHRISSIE

Yea, I know you're right, it's just I know what he's capable of, God, if he knew about me and you-

MICK

He ain't gonna, 'cause he'll be dead, you just keep thinking of all the birds he's cheated on you with Chris', the way he treats you, when he's hit you about, and me, I have to go 'round pretending to be his mate, do as he says, I hate him.

CHRISSIE

(Knows what MICK says make sense)
Ok, what do I need to do?

MICK

Really? You wanna to go through with it? You wanna do this?

CHRISSIE

(Looks sinister)

Yea. He deserves everything he gets.

MICK

We can do this you know that don't you babe? We'll be together after all this. (Takes CHRISSIE's hands again) The first thing to do is get as much cash as we can, can you get hold of his keys to the club?

CHRISSIE

I've seen a set in his bedside cabinet.

MICK smiles at the CAFÉ OWNER as he passes the table then lowers his voice further as the CAFÉ OWNER moves on.

MICK

One must fit the safe in his office; the safe is on the back wall, under a picture of a topless woman on a motorbike.

CHRISSIE

(Smirks, shakes her head) Sounds like Owen's style.

MICK

(Confident tone)

Tomorrow at eight, the club will be busier by then, I'll take him down to the cellar, start slating a barrel and the spirits, say the brewery messed up or something, you get over to the club, I'll leave the back door open for you.

CHRISSIE

(Voice shaking)

His office is third on the right yea?

MICK leans closer to CHRISSIE still holding her hands.

MICK

Yea, come in the back door,
get into his office and take
as much dosh as you can out
of the safe. He only checks
that safe once a month, 'round
the first, so we'll be fine,
he'll never know the it's
missing.

CHRISSIE

Right, then what?

MICK

(Assertive)

Go straight home, don't stop
on the way, don't talk to no
one. Find somewhere in your
gaff to hide the notes, somewhere
he'll never look, he can't
find it or the games up.

CHRISSIE

(Scared look)

Ok, ok, I'll find somewhere.

MICK

(Kisses CHRISSIE hands)

We can do this Chrissie.

(Pause) Once you've got the
notes hid text me, let me know
you're ok.

CHRISSIE nods.

MICK (CONT'D)

I'll come over to your place
and go through what we're
gonna do next, ok? I promise,
this'll work, we'll get rid
of him.

CHRISSIE

(Exhales slowly)

You don't know how badly I
want this.

MICK

(Releases CHRISSIE'S hands)

Me too, you be ok getting
home?

CHRISSIE makes her way up the driveway, her heels clicking against the pavement the only sound in the deserted street. Reaching the front door she fumbles around in her handbag, finally finding the key, hand shaking, she puts it in the lock and opens the door.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. HALLWAY. NIGHT 2.

CHRISSIE enters the house. It's dark as she puts her handbag down cautiously in the hallway. She takes her coat off and hangs it on the stand, her voice is shaky, her face anxious, as she calls out.

CHRISSIE

Owen?

No reply. She walks forward slowly and peers around the front room door.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Owen? (Walks down the hallway)

CUT TO:

43 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT 2.

CHRISSIE enters the kitchen. It's in darkness. She goes to a cupboard and takes a bottle of wine and glass from it. She pours the wine then takes a couple of sips. Putting the bottle back and the glass on the table she walks out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

44 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT 2.

CHRISSIE walks back through the hallway and up the stairs.

CUT TO:

45 INT. LANDING. NIGHT 2.

CHRISSIE reaches the landing and makes her way to her

and OWEN's bedroom door. She cautiously pushes the door open and peers around it into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

46

INT. BEDROOM.

NIGHT 2.

CHRISSIE enters the blackened room; a crack in the curtains sheds a little moonlight onto the bed where CHRISSIE sees OWEN. He appears to be asleep.

CHRISSIE tip toes around the bed and stands in front of a long mirror which is in front of the bed. She stares at herself in the darkness, hand shaking she wipes off her red lipstick with the back of her hand then bows her head to undo the clasp on her necklace. She unfastens the necklace then pulls it from around her neck.

CHRISSIE raises her head and looks in the mirror again. She gasps and turns to face the bed. In the moonlight OWEN's awake and sat up in bed. CHRISSIE gasps and clutches her necklace with one hand and her chest with the other.

CHRISSIE

For Christ sake Owen you
frightened me to death.

OWEN

(Cool, calm, arrogant)
Little jumpy aren't you
sweet 'heart?

CHRISSIE

(Slumps onto the bed)
I thought you were asleep.

OWEN

You're earlier than I thought
you'd be, good night was it?
Girls ok? (Smiles sinisterly)
Where'd you go?

CHRISSIE

(Looks away, mumbles)
What's this twenty questions
again?

OWEN
 (Smirks)
 Just making conversation.

CHRISSIE
 Yea, it were alright, girls
 are fine.

CHRISSIE gets up off the bed and starts undressing
 in front of the mirror.

OWEN suddenly springs from his sitting position and
 launches across the bed, he grabs CHRISSIE's arm. She
 gasps.

OWEN
 As long as you enjoyed
 yourself. (Lowers his voice,
 seductive) Now, why don't
 you come to bed?

OWEN moves onto his knees and starts kissing
 CHRISSIE's neck roughly.

CHRISSIE looks at the mirror, OWEN continues to kiss
 her, a fearful and anxious expression upon her half
 moonlit, lipstick smeared, face.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. KITCHEN. DAY 3.

MICK sits in his kitchen, at the table, eating his
 breakfast and reading The Daily Mirror. He takes no
 notice of his unruly CHILDREN who are chasing each
 other around the room, screaming and shouting.

TRIXIE enters the room looking a mess and exhausted.
 She's not dressed. She slumps onto the chair opposite
 MICK. MICK does not look up at her, he continues
 reading his newspaper.

TRIXIE
 (Annoyed)
 Didn't you hear are Connor
 in the night?

MICK looks up from his newspaper and stares
 insensitively at TRIXIE.

MICK

What?

TRIXIE pours herself a black coffee from the percolator on the table, gets angry, points to CONNOR.

TRIXIE

I was up half the night,
he was sick about four times,
do you think you could start
showing some interest in your
kids Mick or shall I just plough
on my own 'til I drop?

MICK continues to read his newspaper, not bothered by TRIXIE'S anger or welfare.

MICK

You wanted them, not me,
besides, some of us are out
all day grafting, I ain't got
time for your moaning. Anyway
he looks fine to me now.

MICK looks up from the paper and nods towards the door where the CHILDREN'S noise can be heard from beyond, he stares at TRIXIE in disgust.

MICK (CONT'D)

(Nods towards CHILDREN)

Shut them up will you. For
Christ sake, can't you do
something with yourself? Look
at the state of you.

MICK shakes his head and looks back down at his newspaper.

TRIXIE

(Hurt)

Can't you say nothing
decent to me these days?

MICK'S mobile pings and vibrates on the table. He picks it up, presses a key, briefly looks at the screen then returns it to the table and continues reading his newspaper.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Who's that?

MICK

Owen.

TRIXIE

(Dubious)

Again? That things been
going off all night, texts
all from him are they?

MICK folds his newspaper, throws it down on the table,
getting annoyed.

MICK

What's this the Spanish
inquisition?

MICK takes his wallet from his pocket, removes a
twenty pound note throws it across the table at
TRIXIE, and gets up.

MICK (CONT'D)

There's a score, go and get
yourself a makeover or something.
(Walks out of the kitchen)

TRIXIE

(Despairing)

Mick please, I just want us
to be like we use to be-

The front door slams. TRIXIE stares at the twenty
pound note dejectedly.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. MICK'S CAR. DAY 3.

MICK's sat in his car on his driveway with his mobile
to his ear. He opens the glove compartment door and
pulls a concealed flap to the side of it. Behind
is a bag of cocaine. He replaces the flap and shuts
the door.

He looks back at his house, CHRISSIE'S answer phone
comes on. MICK turns back to facing the steering
wheel.

MICK

Babe it's me, I'm leaving now.

OWEN (CONT'D)

drinks and mixers all need
shifting into the cellar, we
carry on as normal, you got that?

MICK

A hi-viz? Health and safety
ain't usually your strong
point-

OWEN

Yea well that Jarvis asshole
has been sniffing 'round again,
I don't wanna give him anything
to pin on me, any chance to do
me up like a kipper and he'll
be on to it, just wear it
alright? (Lights up another
cigarette)

MICK takes off his coat, slings it over the back of
the chair and puts the hi-viz on.

MICK

Right, whatever. (Stands up)
I'll make a start then. (Makes
his way to the door)

OWEN

Mick.

MICK

(Turns around)
Yea?

OWEN

Knock next time will you?
(Gives MICK a smarmy smile)

Still chewing MICK gives OWEN a reluctant nod and
exits the office. OWEN sits staring with an angry
expression on his face.

OWEN stubs out his second cigarette then moves towards
the office door. He turns the key in the lock locking
the door. He moves towards the armchair and picks up
MICK's coat, searching the pockets he pulls out MICK's
mobile phone.

Discarding MICK's coat he scans the phone screen,
pressing keys and stopping to read the screen.

OWEN then stops, lowers the phone from his eyes and stares straight ahead with a sinister expression on his face. His expression then changes and he smirks to himself.

CUT TO:

52

EXT. SIDE STREET. DAY 3.

MICK's unloading a truck full of alcohol for the nightclub. He has the cellar door open; he stacks a few crates outside of it then looks up. He sees a hooded figure, GAZ, at the end of the side street lent up against the wall. He quickly makes his way up to him.

MICK reaches GAZ who is smoking a roll up. He grabs GAZ by the arm and marches him around the corner into a lane.

MICK

(Angry)

I thought I told you not in day light and not when the gaffer's 'round.

MICK tightens his grip on the arm and shakes it.

MICK (CONT'D)

Didn't you get me?!

GAZ

(Shrugs, sniffs)

Alright, don't get pissy about it, I just came for my stuff, you got it? My coke?

MICK

(Moves closer to GAZ'S face)

Keep your scanky little voice down you thick bastard.

GAZ

(Lowers voice)

Look I got your cash, I ain't here for a row. (Throws roll up to ground) I just need the gear, I'm getting desperate man.

MICK

A grand yea?

GAZ nods.

MICK (CONT'D)

It's in in my motor, meet me
at seven, behind the café in
Noble street, you know it?

GAZ

Yea, I'll be there.

GAZ slopes off down the lane and out of sight. MICK
watches GAZ leave then his mobile vibration sound
interrupts him, he pulls the phone from his pocket,
looks at the screen and answers it.

MICK

(Whispers)

Babe, you on your way?

MICK looks around the corner of the lane back along
the side street. No one is around. Turns back to lane.

MICK (CONT'D)

Yea (Pause) I'm on to it.

MICK walks down the side street towards the cellar.

CUT TO:

53

INT. STAIRS.

DAY 3.

MICK enters the cellar doors and takes the stairs
leading up to the night club. He reaches OWEN's
office. He is about to go in before remembering OWEN
telling him to knock, which he does first.

OWEN (OOV)

Yep.

MICK

(Enters office and closes
door)

You gotta minute?

OWEN

(Sat behind desk reading
paperwork)

Not really, why? What you

OWEN (CONT'D)
cocked-up now?

MICK
(On edge)
Nothing, just need you to
have a butchers at the booze
and that, looks like there's
been a mess up with the order.

OWEN
(Gets up in annoyance)
Bunch of bloody morons.
(Moves towards the door) Come
on then, I ain't got all day.

OWEN and MICK exit the office.

CUT TO:

54 INT. STAIRS. DAY 3.

OWEN and MICK reach the stairs leading to the cellar.

OWEN
You go on down, I just gotta
see someone out the front.
(Edges towards the door)

MICK
(Uptight)
Can't it wait, I really need
to get this sorted, if it's
gone pear-shaped I need to
get onto the brewery then-

OWEN
(Hold hands up, annoyed)
Alright, alright, chill,
what's up with you? (Makes
his way down the steps)

MICK
(Follows OWEN)
Nothing, I just wanna get on
to them and give them a bollockin'
if they've messed up.

OWEN
(Sighs)
Right... come on then. (Walks
down the stairs)

MICK follows OWEN. He looks relieved he's managed to get OWEN out of his office, keeping the coast clear for CHRISSIE, and that everything's going to plan.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. SIDE STREET. DAY 3.

A nervous CHRISSIE makes her way down the street. She moves quickly, collar up, she looks anxious. She hurriedly walks up to the cellar door.

CUT TO:

56 INT. STAIRS. DAY 3.

CHRISSIE enters the nightclub and proceeds up the stairs and arrives outside OWEN's office.

CUT TO:

57 INT. NIGHTCLUB OFFICE. DAY 3.

CHRISSIE enters OWEN's office, fearful and shaking, she frantically scans the room.

CHRISSIE
(Under her breath)
Back wall... back wall...

CHRISSIE hurriedly moves to the back wall and sees the picture of the topless woman on a motorbike. Hand shaking and breathing rapidly she removes the picture and puts it on the desk. Fumbling in her pocket she pulls out a key, trembling, she puts it in the safe lock and turns the key. She then stops abruptly upon hearing voices outside the office coming closer and closer to the door.

CUT TO:

58 INT. STAIRS. DAY 3.

OWEN'S striding up the stairs towards his office.
MICK'S hurriedly following him knowing he has not kept
OWEN in the cellar long enough.

MICK

(Anxious)

I really think you should
see the spirits too, they
didn't deliver-

OWEN arrives at his office door, turns towards MICK,
close to his face.

OWEN

You're starting to get on
my nerves Micky boy. (Relents,
cool) Now be a good lad and
call the brewery. You got
that? (Opens office door)

CUT TO:

59 INT. NIGHTCLUB OFFICE. DAY 3.

OWEN steps into his office, MICK following, his face
full of panic. His face drops as he sees CHRISSIE'S
nowhere to be seen, the safe and picture in tack; he
quickly tries to gather himself.

OWEN

(Walks towards drinks
cabinet and pours a
whiskey)

I don't wanna be bothered
with your poxy little problems,
it's your corn on the cob
to sort the booze. (Swigs
whiskey) So sort it.

MICK

(Nods, a little flustered)
Alright Gaff' whatever
you say.

OWEN downs whiskey and replaces the glass on the
cabinet. He points to the cabinet.

OWEN

Now grab a drink. And whatever's

OWEN (CONT'D)
 going on in that head of yours,
 lose it and pull yourself together.
 You gotta days graft to do.
 See you outside in five.

OWEN exits the office, back to MICK, smirking as he leaves. MICK doesn't see this.

Shaking, MICK walks to the drinks cabinet, pours a whiskey, downs it in one and follows OWEN.

CUT TO:

60 INT. OFFICE CUPBOARD. DAY 3.

CHRISSIE'S lent up against the door of the nightclub office cupboard, breathing heavily, clutching a bulging envelope. She looks to the heavens, looking relieved, as she hears the office fall silent.

Hands trembling she opens the flap of the envelope. hundreds of fifty pound notes are inside. CHRISSIE expression is panicked and fearful.

CUT TO: CU of the envelope and money inside. From CHRISSIE'S POV we see the notes.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. MICK'S CAR. NIGHT 3.

MICK drives slowly up Noble Street then turns into a dark side street. 'Changing man' by Paul Weller is blaring from his car. He parks the car at the end of the street, up on the curb, and turns the cd player off.

A SCRUFFY MAN walks down the Street, MICK glances at him then returns to staring straight ahead and slouches down in the driver's seat. He then sees GAZ walking towards the car. He reaches the vehicle and gets in the passenger side.

MICK
 (Stares straight ahead,
 stern voice) Cash first.

GAZ reaches inside his pocket and pulls out a cloth bag. He hands it to MICK who opens it and flicks through the notes.

GAZ
It's all there.

MICK
(Smarmy smile)
Just checking. (Nods towards
glove compartment)

GAZ opens the glove compartment and takes the cocaine out, he holds it up to inspect it. MICK slaps the drugs into his lap.

MICK (CONT'D)
(Angry)
For God's sake, do you want
us to get nicked?! Put it
away you bloody Barmpot.
(Shakes head)

GAZ
Alright, soz. (Puts
drugs under his top)
You be getting anymore?

MICK looks out of the car windows to see if anyone's watching them.

MICK
Yea, there's plenty where
that came from, I'll give you
a bell, now do one.

GAZ gets out of MICK's car and heads back up the street and out of sight.

MICK leans back in the driver's seat and puffs his cheeks out, he exhales loudly then pulls his phone out of his pocket, presses a few keys then puts the phone to his ear. After a few rings CHRISSIE's answer phone comes on. MICK rolls his eyes in frustration.

MICK (CONT'D)
Babe, where the hell are you?!
(Gathers himself, loses
his annoyance) Sorry, I just
wanna make sure you're ok and
you got the dough alright?

A knock on the window makes MICK jump, he gasps, quickly hangs up, winds down automatic window, plays it cool.

MICK (CONT'D)
Alright?

JARVIS leans through the window, looks the interior of the car up and down.

JARVIS
(Smarmy)
Yea, you?

MICK
Yea, good, what you doing
'round here again?

JARVIS
Just passing, thought I'd drop
in on your pal Owen. (Smirks,
sarcastic) I'm a very caring
member of the force you know
Mick, I like to keep in touch
with my correspondents, make
sure they're well and keeping
on the straight and narrow, I
do hope you can answer yes to
both.

MICK
(Shrugs)
Yea, why wouldn't I?

JARVIS
(Steps away from the
window)
Just checking, like I said,
I'm the caring type. (Pause)
Micky boy. (Smiles sinisterly)
I'll see you around.

JARVIS walks down the street, the opposite way to GAZ, and out of sight.

MICK watches JARVIS walk away in the interior car mirror with a sceptical expression on his face. He breathes a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

TRIXIE's walking down a lamp lit high street; it's still fairly busy for the late hour. TRIXIE struggles along carrying four shopping bags filled to the brim. Her hair is a mess; she looks tired and fed up. Her CHILDREN, ARRON and CONNOR, trudge along next to her.

A scruffy school uniform is worn by the eldest child, ARRON, the youngest, CONNOR, wears a football strip and tracksuit bottoms. They both look as fed up as their mother.

ARRON

(Agitated)

How much more shopping have we gotta get Mu'?

CONNOR

(Moaning)

I'm hungry.

TRIXIE

(Struggling, annoyed)

We'd be home by now if your dad hadn't gone off in the car this morning.

ARRON

Where's yours?

TRIXIE

In the garage init? I told you that haven't I?

ARRON

For fucks sake—

TRIXIE

(Angry)

'Ay don't you go speaking like that, you ain't too old for a good 'iding!

ARRON

(Unaffected, shrugs his shoulders)

Soz.

CONNOR

(Innocent)

What does fucks sake mean?

TRIXIE

(To Aaron)

Now look what you've done.
 (Stops drops bags) I'm ringing
 your dad, get him to pick us
 up; it's the least he can do.

TRIXIE pulls her mobile from her handbag and dials
 MICK's number, he answers.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Mick, for god's sake pick us
 up can you? My car's in the
 garage, the kids are knackered—
 (Pauses whilst MICK replies,
 angry tone) What?! Fine, screw
 you then. (Hangs up annoyed)

ARRON

What did he say?

TRIXIE

(Snatches up bags)

He ain't coming. (Sarcastic)
 He's got more important things
 to think about than his wife
 and kids. (Gestures to the
 AARON and CONNOR) Come on.

TRIXIE turns as a car slows down and follows the
 family along the curb. It's JARVIS. He drives his car
 along the curb then winds down the window.

JARVIS

Mrs Clayton?

TRIXIE

(Unnerved, speeds up,
 frowns)

Who wants to know?

AARON and CONNOR hurry along by their mother's side.

JARVIS

(Drives slowly)

I'm just an old friend of
 your husbands, just wondered
 if you knew what he's up to
 at the moment, you know contacts,
 what line of work he's in?

TRIXIE

(Keeps walking, confused,
on edge)

What? He's never said about no
old friend. You make a habit of
following your old mate's family
'round do you like some creep?
What do you want from us?

AARON and CONNOR walk quickly trying to keep up with
TRIXIE's fast pace.

JARVIS

(Speeds the car up, smiles)
I just wanted a chat, me and
Mick, we go way back-

TRIXIE

(Fearful)
Mick would have said, who
the hell are you?-

JARVIS

(Laughs at TRIXIE)
I told you Mick's friend!

TRIXIE

(Scared, voice quivering)
Look I don't know who you
are or what you want but I
don't liked being stalked or
grilled in the street by some
stranger alright? Come on kids

TRIXIE reaches end of street, she halts at the
pavement to wait for traffic to clear to cross the
road.

JARVIS reaches TRIXIE. He stops the car by the kerb,
gets out and slips his business card into one of
TRIXIE's shopping bags.

JARVIS

I'll leave you my card in
case you ever wanna a chat.
(Smirks)

TRIXIE's EXPRESSION is fearful as she sees JARVIS
approach her and put the card in her bag. She turns
away from the detective, the road clears.

TRIXIE

Kids I said move now come on!
(Hurries off and out of sight)

JARVIS stands with a stern expression, contemplating their conversation.

CUT TO:

63

INT. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT 3.

On edge, twitchy, MICK stands in his front room looking out of the window with his mobile to his ear. It rings and rings until CHRISSIE eventually answers.

MICK

(Looks to the heavens
with relief)

Thank God, where have you been babe? (Pause) Ok, ok, don't worry, that's not important now, what happened? Did you get the brass? (Pause then smiles and exhales with relief) Cracking, you did good babe.

MICK peers out of the window once more and sees TRIXIE, AARON and CONNOR walking up the road.

MICK (CONT'D)

Trixie's coming home, I gotta go, I'll come 'round later yea? (Smiles) Ok, bye.

MICK hangs up then puts the mobile in his pocket, trying to act normal he quickly turns the television on and sits watching it on the sofa. The front door slams.

TRIXIE (OOV)

Right up stairs you two, change and bath.

TRIXIE enters the front room, she angrily throws her hand bag and coat onto a chair. MICK doesn't look away from the television as she walks into the room or whilst she speaks.

MICK

Alright?

TRIXIE

(Angry)

Alright?! (Walks towards MICK)
When are you ever gonna think
of anyone else but number one
'ay Mick?

MICK

(Faces TRIXIE)

What?

TRIXIE

Me and the kids wanted a lift,
you said you was working but
'ere you are watching the box!
(Grabs the remote, turns tv
off)

MICK

'Ay! Look I'm sorry alright?
I just had to pick up some
odds and sods for Owen then—

TRIXIE

I might have guessed he had
something to do with it.

MICK

(Gets up)

You know what forget it. (Grabs
his coat from the end of the
sofa) If you ain't arsey about
one thing it's another, I'm sick
to death of your wining, you
haven't come near me in months—

TRIXIE

(Anger changes to upset)

All I want Mick is for you to
be bloody nice to me! Is that
too much to ask of my other
half?!

MICK

(Unsympathetic) That's it,
turn the water works on—

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
 from MICK, takes a puff)
 Yea well it weren't easy, if
 he'd caught me—

MICK
 Yea but didn't did he, we're
 all set, don't back out
 now.

CHRISSIE
 (Hands cigarette back to
 MICK)
 I ain't, I want us to be together,
 it was just a close shave, that's
 all.

MICKS finishes the cigarette and stubs it out in an ash tray on the beside cabinet. CHRISSIE pulls the cover up further around her and leans back against the headboard.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D):
 I want you to take the money
 back to your place Mick, I
 don't want it hanging 'round
 'ere. (Shakes head) If Owen
 finds it...

MICK
 He won't—

CHRISSIE
 (Fraught)
 For God's sake, just take it
 with you will you?! It was bad
 enough getting the bloody stuff
 without worrying he's gonna find
 it!

MICK
 (Pulls CHRISSIE closer to him)
 Alright, alright, calm down,
 I'll take it ok? (Kisses CHRISSIE
 head again)

CHRISSIE
 I want this to happen so much,
 but I know what he's capable
 of. (Shakes head again, exhales
 in fear) I can't imagine, what

MICK (CONT'D)
go babe. (Leans over and
kisses CHRISSIE)

CHRISSIE
Hopefully we won't have to
do this for much longer...

MICK
(Kisses CHRISSIE again)
A few more days and we'll be
together proper, no one we'll
be able to stop us and we'll
be away from this shit. (Pause)
Nothing's gonna go wrong, I
promise you alright? Stop worrying
will you?

CHRISSIE
(Smiles, hushed tone)
Ok... (Anxious) Just go careful
tomorrow.

MICK picks up the money and puts it in an envelope
that he picks up from the bedside cabinet.

MICK
This time tomorrow I'll all
be over and we'll be out of
'ere. (Puts envelope under
his jacket) You just sit tight
babe 'til after midnight tomorrow,
I got everything covered. (Kisses
CHRISSIE goodbye, smiles cheekily)
It's gonna be pukka. (Exits the
bedroom)

CHRISSIE smiles as she watches MICK leave the room.
She hears the front door slam, she loses the smile and
sits on the bed with an anxious look contemplating the
next twenty four hours.

SLOW ZOOM on CHRISSIE.

CUT TO:

71

EXT. STREET.

NIGHT 3.

MICK leaves OWEN's house and gets in his car.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. CAR. NIGHT 3

OWEN watches MICK from his car, staring intently.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 3.

MICK pulls off the driveway and speeds off down the street.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. CAR. NIGHT 3

MICK drives along the roads leading back to his house. He's in a buoyant mood. He flicks the radio on 'miss you' by the rolling stones plays and MICK sings along, slapping the steering wheel and moving his head to the beat.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 3

MICK drives into his road and pulls onto the drive, his house is in darkness. He gets out the car, walks to the front door and enters the house.

CUT TO:

76 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT 3.

MICK walks into the dark hallway. He flicks the light on.

MICK
Trix'? (No answer) Trix?
(Quickly walks up the stairs)

CUT TO:

77 INT. LANDING. NIGHT 3.

TRIXIE enters the bedroom, MICK follows; TRIXIE takes her handbag off her shoulder and puts it on the bed. She opens the wardrobe and takes her coat off.

TRIXIE
(Puts coat in wardrobe)
Well?

MICK
(Shakes head, shrugs his
shoulders)
Dunno, just pottering about
that's all.

TRIXIE picks up hair brush from bedside cabinet and brushes her hair. MICK sits on the bed, getting agitated by TRIXIE's questions.

TRIXIE
In the dark?

MICK
Look, I just in got alright?
I been on the go all day, don't
start again Trix', I was gonna
have a quick kip, is that ok
with you?

TRIXIE
(Replaces brush)
Whatever, any hot water? I need
a bath.

MICK
(Lies back on the bed,
sighs)
Yea, loads, knock yourself out.

TRIXIE
(Goes to exit the bedroom,
turns around)
Some bloke was asking after you
earlier.

MICK
(Stays led down, sleepy,
uninterested)
Yea, who?

TRIXIE
Said he was a mate of yours,

TRIXIE (CONT'D)
 turned out he was the bloody
 filth, he better not be on to
 you over this fire business.

MICK
 (Sits up, more interested)
 I told you it's all kosher, what
 was his name?

TRIXIE
 Jarvis or something, anyway
 that don't matter, I had the
 kids with me and I ain't being
 followed in the street.

MICK
 (Puts hands behind his
 head, leans back)
 Flamin' Jarvis, he's always
 hanging 'round, thinks he got
 something on Owen but he ain't
 got a scooby doo. (Laughs)
 Dickhead.

TRIXIE
 Well keep it that way alright?
 (Annoyed) I told you I don't
 want me or the kids getting
 done for this.

MICK
 (Removes hands from behind
 his head, agitated)
 Just chill, no one's getting done
 for nothing, everything's sorted.

TRIXIE
 It better be. (Exits bedroom)

Bath water running can be heard

MICK
 (Stares straight ahead,
 smirks)
 It's sorted alright.

CUT TO:

OWEN's smoking outside his nightclub. A car pulls up alongside the kerb, OWEN turns to see the car; the window of the car lowers.

OWEN
(Looks through the window)
Ronny.

RONNY
(Sticks head out of the window, smarmy)
Owen! 'Round the back is it?

OWEN
(Takes a puff of the cigarette, nods)
Go through the back door, leave it by the old apples 'n' pears, don't speak to anyone, you got that?

RONNY
(Closes window, smiles, does a salute)
Got it! (Drives off)

OWEN
(Watches RONNY drive off)
Tosser. (Mobile rings, pulls it from his pocket, answers it)
Mickey boy! (Smarmy smile) Just the man... be 'ere in ten, things need sorting. (Hangs up, enters nightclub)

CUT TO:

82 INT. NIGHTCLUB OFFICE. DAY 4.

OWEN's staring out of the office window. The office door opens, OWEN turns towards it, it's RONNY.

OWEN
Haven't you ever heard of knocking? Where the hell have you been?

RONNY
(Smiles cheekily)
Sorry mate, lost my way didn't

RONNY (CONT'D)
 I, you wanna get some signs
 put up, you know, 'entrance',
 'exit'. (Laughs)

MICK looks at RONNY with an unimpressive look on his face.

RONNY (CONT'D)
 (Rubs his hands together)
 Got the old Do-Re-Mi then?

OWEN
 (Moves towards desk)
 Half now, other half when I've
 checked the gear over.

RONNY
 'Ay, now come on O' we had
 a deal-

OWEN takes photo of the topless woman on the motorbike off the wall, he turns back to RONNY.

OWEN
 It's that or nothing.

RONNY
 But we agreed, two grand-

OWEN puts the photo back on the wall and sits down at his desk, he picks up paperwork, starts to read it, ignoring RONNY.

RONNY (CONT'D)
 (Holds hands up)
 Ok, ok! (Grits teeth) Fine,
 a grand for now.

OWEN smiles, gets up and removes the photo once more.

RONNY (CONT'D)
 (Jokey)
 You know you're a right wind
 -up merchant, O' my old mucker!
 (Laughs) But as it's you, my
 favourite customer, I'll let
 you off this once!

OWEN opens the safe and puts his hand in it. Searches around in it with his hand.

RONNY (CONT'D)
 (Frowns)
 Everything alright?

OWEN continues to search with his hand in the safe then peers in. He moves his head up from the safe, his back to RONNY, he looks livid.

RONNY (CONT'D)
 O'?

OWEN loses his livid face and pretends everything's fine, acts jolly, turns to face RONNY.

MICK
 Yea, fine. (Smiles) And don't call me O'. The cash, it's tied up, come back tomorrow alright?

RONNY
 (Annoyed)
 Now hang on a minute.

OWEN
 (Back to being angry)
 Take it or leave it.

RONNY
 We shook on it—

OWEN
 (Grabs RONNY's arm, marches him to the door)
 I'll bloody shake you if you don't put a sock in it. (Opens door and throws RONNY out)

CUT TO:

83 INT. OUTSIDE OFFICE. DAY 4.

RONNY falls head first, dazed and shocked he turns around to face OWEN who's in the office doorway.

OWEN
 And take your hooky box of shit with you. (Walks back into the office, slams the door)

RONNY
 (Gets up, shaken, shouts
 after OWEN)
 You're a nutter, do you hear
 me?! A flamin' nut job!

CUT TO:

84 INT. NIGHTCLUB OFFICE. DAY 4.

Breathing heavily, fuming, sweating, OWEN goes to the drinks cabinet and pours a whiskey. He downs it in one gulp.

Pausing briefly OWEN then throws the glass at the wall. He looks sinisterly at the broken glass on the floor then in anger he takes a swipe at the paperwork on the desk, it flies into the air and onto the floor.

Breathing heavily OWEN stands back and stares at the opened door of the safe. He breaths out and quickly composes himself. He loses his anger.

OWEN walks to the phone, which was on the desk and is now on the floor, kneels down, picks the receiver up and presses a button.

OWEN
 (Cool)
 Yea, send one of the bog
 cleaners up here pronto will
 you, there's been a little
 accident. (He hangs up, grabs
 his coat and exits the office)

CUT TO:

85 EXT. STREET. DAY 4.

OWEN walks out of the club, MICK pulls his car up beside him and OWEN gets in.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. CAR. DAY 4.

MICK
 (Speeds off)

MICK (CONT'D)
All set for tonight?

OWEN
(Stares out of passenger
window, cool, nods)
Just keep driving will you.

The pair travel in silence for a moment until OWEN speaks again.

OWEN (CONT'D)
(Turns and looks at MICK)
You better be on form tonight,
cock this up and you'll wish
you'd never been born, you
got that?

MICK
(Steering, stays cool)
I ain't gonna cock-up, I'm
on the case, everything's
sorted, don't worry about
me, I know what I'm doing.

OWEN
(Smirks to himself)
Good, that's what I like
to hear.

MICK
Gym is it?

OWEN
Yea, I just gotta get some
papers sorted and stuff, I
want all loose ends tied up
before tonight. (Pause) Step
on it Mickey boy, I ain't
got all day.

CUT TO:

87

INT. GYM.

DAY 4.

OWEN enters the gym. PULL BACK to see it's busy; lots of people are working out to the song 'Talk (thin white duke mix') by Coldplay.

OWEN scans the area; he spots LIAM struggling with some weights on the other side of the gym. His face is swollen, black and blue from where MICK beat him up. He has a cut on his forehead and his eyes are bruised. He winces with each slow move.

OWEN crosses the gym and approaches LIAM who continues to try and lift the weights.

OWEN

(Hushes voice)

You know you really should be taking it easy after the other night.

LIAM

(Continues to wince and lift the weights)

I don't want no aggro alright? Anyway, it ain't that bad, just a few cuts and bruises that's all.

OWEN

(Moves closer to LIAM)

I gotta a bit of business I can put your way, make it worth your while.

LIAM

(Still lifting the weights)

Yea? What sort of business? Dodgy is it?

OWEN

(Getting agitated, grips LIAM's arm)

Look, do you wanna do it or not?

LIAM

(Shrugs OWEN off, grimaces. Puts weights down)

Alright, alright, don't have a benny about it. I dunno, I'm trying to go straight aren't I?

OWEN

(Backs away, smarmy)

Pity. Three grand ain't to be sniffed at. (Walks away towards his gym office)

LIAM exhales slowly as he watches OWEN walk away.

CUT TO:

88

INT. GYM OFFICE. DAY 4.

OWEN enters his office. He walks behind his desk, sits down on the chair and puts his feet up on the desk, relaxed, he takes a cigarette from his jacket pocket and lights up.

He takes a few puffs of the cigarette then leaves it in his mouth while he picks a photo up of CHRISSIE that's on his desk.

CUT TO:

CU of the photo of CHRISSIE: from OWEN's POV we see the photo.

CUT TO:

OWEN who sniggers at the photo with the cigarette hanging from his mouth.

Still holding his lighter he stops laughing and flicks the lighter on. With a threatening, sinister expression on his face OWEN holds the flame in front of the photo.

OWEN flicks the lighter off and puts the photo down as a knock on his office door is heard.

OWEN
Come... (Takes a puff of the
cigarette)

Door opens, it's LIAM. We do not see who enters.

OWEN (CONT'D):
(Smiles)
Sit down, Whiskey?

CUT TO:

89

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 4.

'Rotten apple' by Alice in chains plays as darkness falls over the outside of OWEN's nightclub on the

night it will be burned down. SLOW ZOOM on the nightclub.

CUT TO:

90 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT 4.

'Rotten apple' by Alice in chains continues to play, SLOW ZOOM on CHRISSIE as she stands in the window of her house with an anxious look on her face holding a glass of red wine.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. MICK'S CAR. NIGHT 4.

'Rotten apple' by Alice in chains continues to play, SLOW ZOOM on MICK as he sits in his car staring straight ahead with an emotionless expression.

CUT TO:

92 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT 4.

'Rotten apple' by Alice in chains continues to play, TRIXIE is sat at her kitchen table staring into space as ARRON and CONNOR run in and out of the kitchen, and around the table chasing each other.

SLOW ZOOM on TRIXIE. She looks miserable, she picks something up off the table. She holds it in front of her. It's JARVIS' business card; TRIXIE's face turns to a look of concern.

CUT TO:

CU of the business card. From TRIXIE's POV we see the card.

CUT TO:

93 INT. GYM OFFICE. NIGHT 4.

'Rotten apple' by Alice in chains continues to play, SLOW ZOOM on OWEN. He's sat at in the chair at his desk, feet on the desk he looks smug as he puffs on a cigarette.

He looks at the clock on the wall, it is nine o'clock. OWEN stubs out his cigarette in an overflowing ashtray on his desk, gets up, grabs his jacket and exits his office.

CUT TO:

94

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 4.

The nightclub is starting to fill, thumping dance music plays as a party of people enter the club.

Coloured lights from the disco flash over the dance floor as a few people dance, at the bar KIERAN, the barman, serves someone a round of shots then picks up a crate of clean glasses and starts putting them on shelves above the bar.

Another PERSON approaches the bar.

KIERAN

Alright mate, what can I get you?

OWEN enters the dance area via the stairs, KIERAN looks across at him as he pours a beer for his customer. OWEN walks over to the bar.

KIERAN (CONT'D):

Alright gaff'? (Hands the drink to the CUSTOMER) Three ninety. (Takes money) Cheers.

CUSTOMER walks away with drink.

OWEN

(Leans on the bar watching people partying)
Micky boy here yet?

KIERAN

(Continues replacing glasses)
Not seen him.

OWEN

(Moves away from the bar)
We're having a meeting, tell him I'm in my office when he turns up will you? (Walks away)

KIERAN
 (Starts to serve another
 customer)
 Yea will do boss.

OWEN exits the dance area via the stairs.

CUT TO:

95 INT. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT 4.

AARON and CONNOR are sat in front of the television playing a football game on their games consol.

AARON
 (Pressing the controller,
 annoyed)
 Stop cheating!

CONNOR
 (Tapping the controller
 hard)
 I ain't, you are.

AARON
 (Frantically presses the
 controller)
 You bloody are...

TRIXIE enters the room carrying a basket of washing looking worn out; CONNOR and AARON continue playing their game.

TRIXIE
 (Plonks the basket onto
 the sofa)
 Oi you two, stop your
 fighting. (Points at AARON)
 And you stop swearing or
 you'll feel the back of my
 hand, now come on, bed.

CONNOR
 (Punches the air, he's won)
 Yes!

CONNOR puts controller down and makes an 'L' shape with his finger and thumb against his forehead. AARON throws the controller down.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Loser!

AARON
I'll trash you next time
you little shit-

TRIXIE
(Angry)
Right that's it! Get up those
stairs now!

AARON and CONNOR reluctantly get up and trudge past
TRIXIE.

AARON
Why have I gotta go the same time
as him?

TRIXIE
(Clips AARON over the head)
Less of the lip. Straight to
sleep, no coming down when
you're dad gets in.

CONNOR
(Screws nose up)
Why?

TRIXIE
(Sighs, looks tense)
Just do as I say and get to
bed.

AARON and CONNOR exit the front room, TRIXIE picks
up the washing basket and follows them.

CUT TO:

96

INT. BEDROOM.

NIGHT 4

TRIXIE enters hers and MICK's bedroom and dumps the
washing basket on the bed. She looks tired, she moves
towards the pillow closest to her and starts to
wearily plump it up.

Suddenly she touches something with her foot under the
bed, frowning, she crouches down to see what she's
kicked. Reaching under the bed she pulls out the box
MICK put under there and puts it on the bed.

Wondering what it is TRIXIE opens the lid to discover MICK's holdall. She pulls the bag out of the box, opens the zip and peers in.

TRIXIE's shocked to find the bag full of MICK's clothes, thousands of pounds worth of notes and cocaine. With an alarmed expression on her face TRIXIE picks up some of the notes, replacing them in the bag, she pulls out the cocaine, stunned she stares at it.

CONNOR (OOV)

Mum! Have I gotta have a bath?!

TRIXIE

(Dumbfounded)

Uh... yea... I'll be there now.

TRIXIE quickly replaces everything in the bag, puts it in back in the box and puts it back under the bed. Kneeling on the floor, she stares straight ahead looking terrified.

CUT TO:

97 INT. NIGHTCLUB OFFICE. NIGHT 4

The thumping music from the club can be heard in OWEN's office. OWEN stands at his drinks cabinet, a menacing look on his face, he stares straight ahead. MICK sits in the arm chair behind OWEN.

OWEN picks up a glass of whiskey on the cabinet, downs it in one gulp then turns to MICK who also has a glass of whiskey in his hand.

OWEN

(Expression changes to cool, confident)

Right, let's do this. (Walks towards the door)

MICK finishes his drink then follows OWEN, MICK stares at OWEN from behind him with a look of hatred on his face.

CUT TO:

98 INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 4.

TRIXIE slopes into the front room from the kitchen, a frosty look upon her face.

TRIXIE
(Aloof tone)
Don't worry... I'm 'ere... (To
OWEN, sarcastic) I'd hate
to let you down.

TRIXIE walks to the sofa sits down and starts reading a magazine, ignoring OWEN and MICK.

OWEN
(Smirks)
You don't wanna be doing that
darlin', now get those fuckin'
curtains shut.

TRIXIE
(Looks over her magazine)
Firstly I ain't your darlin',
secondly, I ain't your skivvy.

OWEN
(Tuts sarcastically)
A tough bitch, I like it—

TRIXIE throws the magazine down on the sofa and jumps up angrily.

TRIXIE
What did you call me?

MICK
(Stands in front of OWEN)
Alright, alright, let's just
take a chill pill shall we
'ere?

TRIXIE
You gonna let him speak to
me like that are you Mick?!

OWEN
(Cool, calm, laughing)
You gonna tell her to do as
I say Mick?

MICK
(Moves towards the window)
For Christ sake! (Shuts curtains
angrily) I'll shut the bloody

MICK (CONT'D)
curtains alright. (Turns around)
Now, I'm gonna get us all a
drink, take the edge off. You
two play nice. (Exits the
front room)

TRIXIE goes to walk away, OWEN grabs her arm. TRIXIE
looks scared.

OWEN
(Hushed angry voice)
I ain't gonna take no shit from
you sweet 'eart. Now remember
who pays your old man and remember
who's boss alright? Play by
my rules and no one gets hurt,
you got that Trixabelle?

TRIXIE
(Shaken, nods)
Yea... now get your hands off me...

OWEN
(Releases TRIXIE)
Good girl.

TRIXIE exits the front room. MICK enters with drinks,
hands a glass of whiskey to OWEN, they both take a
swig from their glasses.

MICK
Where's Trix'?

OWEN
Uh... she said she had a headache
or something, she's gone
for a lie down.

MICK
(Takes another swig)
Right.

OWEN looks at the clock on the wall, it's half past
ten. He finishes his drink, talks with confidence,
sure of himself, hands MICK his glass.

OWEN
Stick another one in there
will you Mickey boy. (Smirks,
winks) Bit of Dutch courage.

MICK
(Finishes his drink, smiles)
I'll make them doubles shall
I?

MICK exits the front room, back to OWEN, he breaths outwards nervously.

OWEN stands watching MICK walk away, he grins to himself.

CUT TO:

102 **EXT. BACK YARD** **NIGHT 4**

'Everything in its right place' by Radiohead plays as OWEN steps into MICK's back yard. Finishing a cigarette he throws the stub onto the floor and steps on it.

OWEN's wearing a long overcoat with a hood. He pulls the hood over his head, gloved hands in his pockets, he walks to the end of the garden, opens the gate and leaves.

TRIXIE watches OWEN from the back bedroom window, an anxious look upon her face.

CUT TO:

103 **INT. NIGHTCLUB.** **NIGHT 4.**

KIERAN grabs his coat from behind the bar and puts it on. One of the nightclub workers puts two empty glasses on the bar. KIERAN switches the lights off behind the bar.

WORKER
Right I'm off, see you tomorrow.

KIERAN
Yea, I'm getting off now as well, cheers mate, see you.

The worker exits the club. KIERAN switches off the rest of the lights and exits the club.

CUT TO:

104 **EXT. STREET. NIGHT 4.**

KIERAN steps onto the dark street and shuts the nightclub door behind him. He locks it and walks down the street, round the corner of the road, and out of sight.

At the other end of the street the hooded figure of OWEN slowly peers around the corner of a wall opposite the nightclub, down a deserted alleyway.

CUT TO:

105 **INT. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT 4.**

MICK's staring out of his front room window; he looks nervous but is trying to control himself, trying to stay calm. He breaths outwards and stares at the clock on the wall. It is just after eleven o'clock.

MICK hears TRIXIE's footsteps coming down the stairs, he quickly leaves the window and sits on the sofa trying to act normal. He pulls his mobile phone from his pocket and taps away at it as TRIXIE enters the room.

She ignores MICK; She looks annoyed, she slumps down on the sofa and turns the television on. MICK continues to flick his mobile phone. The pair sit in silence with only the sound of the television breaking it.

MICK

(Looking at mobile) I
gotta get to the club.

TRIXIE

(Looks confused)
What?

MICK

(Looks at TRIXIE, stern
tone)
Owen's text, change of plan
alright? He said the story
we tell the filth stays the
same, ok?

TRIXIE

(Angry)

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

He's text you?! You bloody idiots, they'll trace that, don't you think they're gonna wonder why you and Owen are texting each other when you were both supposed to be 'ere all night?!

MICK

Wind you neck in Trix', he's got a pay as you talk phone for business like this, it ain't registered, they can't trace it.

TRIXIE

(Stares at the television)
Right, business is that what you call it?

MICK

(Gets up, grabs his coat)
I ain't sitting here rowing with you (Lying) Owen needs me to give him a 'and, I gotta go.
(Puts jacket on) Just stick to our story when the filth come sniffing, me and Owen were 'ere all night ok?

TRIXIE

Whatever Mick, I just hope you know what you're doing.

MICK

(Zips jacket)
Owen ain't daft, he's got everything covered, don't go worrying about me.

TRIXIE

(Stares at MICK in disgust)
It's me and the kids I'm bothered about not you.

MICK

(Grabs TRIXIE's face, angry)
Like I said, keep to the story and no one will get hurt.

TRIXIE
 (Scared)
 I will, I know what I gotta say.

MICK
 (Lets go of TRIXIE, loses
 anger)
 Good. (Moves towards the door,
 turns around) I'm onto a nice
 little earner from this, just
 remember that. (Pause) And you're
 life will be over if you drop
 us in it, Owen will see to that,
 remember that too. (Exits the room)

SLOW ZOOM on TRIXIE as she sits staring at the
 television shaking, terror in her eyes.

CUT TO:

106 **EXT. BACK STREETS.** **NIGHT 4**

'Everything in its right place' by Radiohead plays
 again as MICK pulls his hood up over his head and
 takes the back streets to the night club.

CUT TO:

107 **INT. BEDROOM.** **NIGHT 4**

'Everything in its right place' by Radiohead continues
 to play as CHRISSIE sits nervously on her sofa, she
 looks at the wall clock, it's twenty five past eleven.

CUT TO:

108 **INT. CELLAR.** **NIGHT 4**

'Everything in its right place' by Radiohead continues
 to play as a gloved hand pours petrol over the floor
 of the nightclub cellar.

CUT TO:

109 **EXT. BACK STREETS.** **NIGHT 4**

'Everything in its right place' by Radiohead continues
 to play. MICK continues to make his way to the night
 club.

115

INT. PUB.NIGHT 4.

KIERAN and his FRIEND are sat in a local pub. It's busy in the bar area, KIERAN and his FRIEND are sat at a tall table with high stools. A juke box plays 'Billie Jean' by Michael Jackson in the background.

FRIEND

(Downs the last of his pint)

You want another one?

KIERAN

It's my round, another pint?

FRIEND

Yea, cheers.

KIERAN gets off the stool and starts to walk to the bar, as he does so he searches his pockets for his wallet, as he reaches the bar he realises he has mislaid his wallet and returns to his friend who is playing with his mobile phone, he looks up as KIERAN approaches.

KIERAN

Sorry mate, I've left my wallet at the club, I'll be five minutes.

FRIEND

That's alright, I'll get them.

KIERAN

(Starts to walk away)

I'll need it tomorrow, I'm not on 'til late.

FRIEND

(Returns to his phone, jokey)

Ok, run, I'm missing out on valuable drinking time!

KIERAN leaves the pub.

CUT TO:

116

EXT. STREET.NIGHT 4

KIERAN casually walks down the back street towards the nightclub. As he approaches he sees smoke coming out of the building, shocked he sprints up to the nightclub.

KIERAN reaches the nightclub door, fumbles in pocket for the keys, finds them, hand shaking he pushes them into the lock.

KIERAN
Shit, shit, shit!

KIERAN opens the door, smoke pours out, coughing he backs away and pulls his mobile phone out of his other pocket, dials 999 and puts the phone to his ear.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Fire brigade! Nightclub on
Morland street! (Breathless,
sweating, walks down the back
street) No, no ones in there,
I locked up earlier, I'm the
barman!

CUT TO:

117 **EXT. FRONT OF NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 4.**

KIERAN turns the corner and arrives on the road of the front of the nightclub. He stands, mouth open at the smoke bellowing out of the club. He whimpers, runs he his free hand through his hair. A crowd of people have started to form across the road from the club.

KIERAN
(Into mobile, almost crying)
Hurry! For god's sake just
get 'ere! (Hangs up phone)

CUT TO:

118 **EXT. BACK GARDEN. NIGHT 4.**

Hood up, MICK arrives home. Breathing heavily, he walks up his back garden and lets himself into his house.

CUT TO:

119 **EXT. FRONT OF NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 4**

Crowded, nosey at the front of nightclub. Big crowds have gathered, flashing blue lights, police tape cornering off the area. A stressed KIERAN bustles around with his mobile in his hand whilst trying to address the police.

KIERAN puts his mobile to his ear whilst talking to a police officer.

KIERAN

(Hassled)

I've told you all I know, I locked up as normal, please, I have to get hold of my boss. (OWEN's number cuts into answer phone) Shit! For Christ sake Owen answer you're bloody phone! (Hangs up, dials another number, puts phone to his ear) Chrissie! Thank God, where the hell's Owen?! (Pause, stares at the burning club, anxious tone) It's the club, it's on fire..

CUT TO:

120 **INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.**

Complete silence as MICK creeps into his bedroom. He slowly moves towards the bed.

MICK reaches the bed; he kneels down looking for the box containing his holdall. The lights are switched on, MICK jumps, clutches his chest in fright. TRIXIE walks into the bedroom, she stares at him.

MICK

Jesus Christ, what are you playing at? I thought you were at your mums?

TRIXIE

(Anger in her eyes)

Yea, I gathered that.

MICK

'Ay? (Nervous by TRIXIE's behaviour, stands up) Has

MICK (CONT'D)
something happened?

TRIXIE stares at him menacingly.

MICK (CONT'D)
It went alright, it's burning
to the ground, all sorted.
Bigger job than we thought,
Owen just needed another pair
of 'ands.

TRIXIE
(Stares at MICK, nods
slowly)
Right...

MICK
(Rambling)
Yea, he just wanted me to help
him out; no one saw, Owen had
everything sorted, he knows
what he's doing—

TRIXIE
(Cool, calm tone but anger
in her eyes)
What were you doing under the
bed Mick?

MICK
(Frowns)
What?

TRIXIE
(Raises voice)
I said what were you doing
under the fucking bed?!

MICK
(Uneasy)
Uh... I was just looking
for—

TRIXIE reaches under the pillow on the bed and
produces MICK's holdall. She holds the empty bag
aloft.

TRIXIE
This?

TRIXIE moves forward, slowly towards MICK.

MICK backs away, his back reaches the bedroom wall as TRIXIE comes at him holding the bag, it's shaking in her hand, her face turns to anger, red and threatening.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)
 (Shoves the bag into MICK's chest)
 Was this what you were looking for?!

CUT TO:

121 EXT. OUTSIDE NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 4

The commotion continues outside the nightclub. fire fighters are now on the scene, some have gone into the building, others are frantically setting up the equipment to put the fire out. KIERAN's with the fire brigade's STATION OFFICER.

STATION OFFICER
 (To KIERAN)
 Have you managed to get hold of the owner Sir?

KIERAN
 (Stressed, worried)
 His phone goes straight to voicemail, his wife should be here any minute—

The STATION OFFICER's radio beeping interrupts their conversation.

STATION OFFICER
 (Turns away from KIERAN, talks into radio)
 Ok, go ahead.

RADIO (OOV)
 We've found someone in here
 'Gov.

KIERAN:
 (Over hears radio, confronts station officer)

KIERAN (CONT'D)
There can't be! No one was
in there-

STATION OFFICER
(Waves KIERAN away)
Ok, get them out of there.
(Starts to walk away)

KIERAN
(Quickly follows STATION
OFFICER, frantic)
I locked up; no one was in
there, I checked before I left-

STATION OFFICER
(Stops walking)
Sir, please, let my men do
their job before we speculate.
(Continues to walk)

KIERAN
(Calls after STATION OFFICER)
Did they say who it is?!

Beyond the crime tape CHRISSIE pulls up in her car, she steps out of her car and stares in alarm at the burning building. Putting on a very good act she runs to the crime tape, a police officer stops her from going any further. KIERAN spots CHRISSIE and arrives at the crime tape.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Chrissie!

POLICE OFFICER
You can't come any further
love-

CHRISSIE
(To KIERAN, voice trembling)
What's happened? Is anyone
hurt?

KIERAN
(Stressed)
I dunno, it was fine when I
left, they're saying someone's
in there. (Almost crying) Jesus
Christ, Owen's gonna to kill me.

In a daze CHRISSIE walks away from KIERAN as she sees a FIREMAN emerging from the blaze with a BODY. Muffled voices, sounds, flashing lights are all around her. Cries off 'no further please love' and 'can you stand back please?' can be heard.

The FIREMAN carries the BODY out, exhausted he eases to the ground and lays the BODY down. We cannot see who it is as yet.

FIREMAN
(Breathless, sweating,
shouts)
Over here! I need assistance!

CHRISSIE arrives as close as she can get to the FIREMAN and BODY.

FIREMAN (CONT'D):
Young black male, early
twenties...

CHRISSIE looks down at the BODY, it's LIAM. Unable to hide her shock that it is not OWEN.

CUT TO:

CU of LIAM's body. From CHRISSIE's POV we see the body.

CUT TO:

CHRISSIE struggles to breath. KIERAN arrives beside her presuming her shock is from seeing a person dragged from the blaze and the fire itself. CHRISSIE grabs KIERAN to steady herself.

KIERAN
(Moves CHRISSIE away from
the BODY) It's ok, I got
you. Where's Owen?! (Turns
back to the BODY)
Who the hell is it?!

Paramedics start heart compressions on LIAM. KIERAN hands CHRISSIE over to a paramedic who sits her down in a nearby ambulance. KIERAN turns around to see the paramedics tending to LIAM pronounce him dead. Stunned, KIERAN stands staring at the dead BODY.

CUT TO:

122

INT. BEDROOM.NIGHT 4.

TRIXIE, facing the bed, she has her back to MICK who's still up against the wall, he's clutching the bag, sweating, his face is fearful.

TRIXIE

(Turns around, anger, face twisted with rage)
So where are you off to then?
'Ay? Part of yours and Owen's plan was it?! (Moves closer to MICK, raises her voice) But you just forgot to let me in on that bit did you?!

MICK

You've got the wrong end of the stick—

TRIXIE

The only thing I'm was on the wrong end of was ever clapping my eyes on you! When were you gonna tell me?!

MICK doesn't answer TRIXIE, he stands, knowing there is no way out, he knows he cannot talk his way out of this. Instead he stares into space shaking his head, contemplating all his plans with CHRISSIE could now be wrecked.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

(Starts hitting MICK, screaming)
I said, when were you gonna tell me you were leaving me?!

MICK ducks out of her hits, grabs her arm, now enraged, he grits his teeth, stares into TRIXIE'S eyes.

MICK

I wasn't, because you ain't worth it.

CUT TO:

123

EXT. OUTSIDE NIGHTCLUB.NIGHT 4.

Frantic, in shock, CHRISSIE walks away from the BODY. Through the commotion of crowds, flashing lights and shouts, struggling to breath, she makes her way to the end of the street. To get away from the commotion she slumps up against a wall. Her breathing is rapid, her head's spinning.

Hands trembling, she pulls her mobile from her handbag and manages to punch a number into it, putting the phone to her ear, MICK's voicemail comes on.

CHRISSIE
 (Whimpering, distressed,
 cries into phone)
 Ring me... for Christ sake Mick...
 just call me...

A car can be heard screeching to a halt. CHRISSIE looks towards the noise in horror. It's OWEN's car. CHRISSIE drops the mobile phone in fear.

OWEN stops the car in the middle of the road, gets out and leans against the car staring at CHRISSIE. He laughs, CHRISSIE continues to stare in terror.

OWEN moves towards the car bonnet, cool and casual he sits on it smirking.

OWEN
 What's up darli'? You look
 like you've seen a ghost?

CHRISSIE
 (Body shaking)
 Owen...

OWEN
 Oh yea, it's me, sorry to
 disappoint you, who were you
 expecting? Micky boy?

Too traumatised to speak CHRISSIE just stands shaking, breathing rapidly.

OWEN (CONT'D)
 (Sarcastically tuts)
 You two really should have
 thought you're little plan
 through, cover you're tracks,
 the texts, Mick 'round are house
 when I was out. (Pause) I knew

OWEN (CONT'D)

what you two were up too. (Looks at the burning nightclub, mocking laugh) You and Micky boy really shouldn't play with fire. (Laughs)

Another fire engine siren can be heard in the distance.

CHRISSIE

(Petrieved)

Owen... I'm sorry...

Fire engine siren gets closer.

OWEN

(Slowly moves towards

CHRISSIE, now angry)

It's a bit late for apologies, now you of all people should know I don't take kindly to being made a fool of, Mick's gonna wish he was never born by the time I've finished with him... (Tuts) Poor Liam, he didn't even get time to spend the three grand I gave him for this little deed...

Fire engine siren gets louder and closer.

OWEN (CONT'D):

And as for you my darli'...

CHRISSIE

(Hysterical, crying uncontrollably)

Owen... please...

OWEN turns to see a fire engine ploughing towards him at a great speed, lights flashing, siren sounding, he cannot move out of the way.

The fire engine crashes into him at such a speed it crushes him between his car bonnet and the fire engine. CHRISSIE stands in horror as OWEN struggles for breath, spewing blood from his mouth, within seconds his body gives up. His body slumps, eyes bulging, he stops breathing. Owen's dead.

at TRIXIE. TRIXIE stands trembling. The sirens get closer.

MICK (CONT'D)
(Charges towards the bedroom door)
What have you done you stupid fucking?!- (Runs out of the bedroom)

CUT TO:

126 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 4.

POLICE cars screech to a halt outside MICK's house, their flashing lights and sirens interrupt the silence in the street.

CUT TO:

127 INT. LANDING. NIGHT 4.

Breathing heavily and panicking MICK quickly and frantically heads onto the landing and down the stairs.

CUT TO:

128 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT 4.

MICK charges through the hallway towards the kitchen. A loud bang on the door can be heard.

POLICE (OOV)
Police, open up!

CUT TO:

129 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT 4.

MICK reaches the back door; he frantically pulls at the handle, opens the door and quickly moves outside.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. BACK GARDEN. NIGHT 4.

Panting, MICK races towards the back garden gate. Two uniformed POLICEMEN appear from the side of the house and chase MICK to the end of the garden, they're followed by detective JARVIS.

MICK fumbles with the gate lock, the two POLICEMEN catch up with him and grab him, pushing MICK up against the gate they pull his hands behind his back and slap handcuffs on him.

MICK
(Struggling with the
policemen)
Get off me, Get your hands
off me!

JARVIS arrives beside the policemen out of breath, MICK continues to struggle. The policemen lead MICK away, JARVIS quickly walks with them.

JARVIS
Mick Clayton I am arresting
you on suspicion of possession
of a class A drug, you do not
have to say anything, however,
it may harm your defence if
you do not mention when questioned
something which you later rely
on in court. Anything you do
say may be given in evidence.

TRIXIE arrives in the kitchen doorway as MICK's lead away. She looks forlorn, resentment towards MICK as he continues to be taken away.

JARVIS (CONT'D)
(Moves towards TRIXIE)
You ok?

TRIXIE nods

JARVIS (CONT'D)
You did the right thing.

MICK
(As he passes TRIXIE, angry)
You stupid cow, bitch!

JARVIS
(To TRIXIE)
Don't worry, you won't be
seeing him again for some time.

TRIXIE and JARVIS watch as MICK's taken down the side of the house and out of the garden.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. TRAIN STATION. NIGHT 4.

CHRISSIE arrives on the platform of a quiet, lonely train station; a couple of people pass her by. Holding a bag in each hand she glances at the departures boards then around the area in search of MICK. All she can see is an almost deserted station. She looks apprehensive, concerned, will MICK show?

FUMBLING in her bag, she pulls out her mobile phone, dials a number then holds it to her ear. MICK voicemail comes on.

CHRISSIE

(Voice trembling, teary)
It's me Mick, I'm 'ere, where are you? He's dead, Owen's dead... we're gonna to be together... aren't we? (Whispers, choked)
Please tell me you're gonna be 'ere... (Wipes tears from her eyes, tried to compose herself) Anyway, the train leaves in fifteen minutes, so I'll see you soon...
I love you...

CUT TO:

132 EXT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT 4.

'Apologize' by one republic plays as MICK stares out of the police car window, he rests his head against the window, tears run down his face.

CUT TO:

133 INT. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT 4.

'Apologize' by one republic continues to play as TRIXIE pulls back the curtain and solemnly watches the police car drive away.

CUT TO:

134 INT. TRAIN STATION. NIGHT 4.

'Apologize' by one republic continues to play as CHRISSIE sits in the train station on a seat alone, her bags besides her. She looks up at the station clock, the clock strikes half past midnight. The train station has become completely deserted.

CUT TO:

135 INT. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT 4.

'Apologize' by one republic continues to play as TRIXIE leaves the window and exits the front room.

CUT TO:

136 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT 4.

'Apologize' by one republic fades as TRIXIE walks through the hallway and up the stairs.

CUT TO:

137 INT. LANDING. NIGHT 4.

TRIXIE walks along the landing to her bedroom.

CUT TO:

138 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.

TRIXIE enters the bedroom, pulls open a drawer under the bed, move various garments and bedding out of it to reveal the box MICK had earlier put his holdall in.

Bringing it to the bed she sits next to the box and opens the lid. A tired CONNOR enters the doorway, pyjamas on, he rubs his eyes. TRIXIE spots him, he walks towards her.

TRIXIE

(Hugs CONNOR)

What are you doing up? (Kisses
him on the head)

CONNOR

(Yawns)

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I couldn't sleep, I heard
shouting...

TRIXIE
(Holds his face up by
gently lifting his chin)
It's nothin' for you to worry
about, now go and wake your
brother and pack a bag.

CONNOR
Why?

TRIXIE
(Smiles)
'Cause we're going away for a
bit, like a little holiday.

CONNOR
(Excited)
A holiday?!

TRIXIE
Yea, go on, we ain't got long.

CONNOR exits the bedroom, TRIXIE smiles as she hears
CONNOR excitedly wake AARON.

CONNOR (OOV)
Wake up! We're going on holiday...

AARON (OOV)
Where?

TRIXIE peers down at the open box which is full of the
money MICK and CHRISSIE stole from OWEN.

CUT TO:

CU of the money. From TRIXIE's POV we see the notes.

CUT TO:

TRIXIE, she looks back up and smiles contently.

TRIXIE
Anywhere we like...

TRIXIE picks up one of the wads of notes and looks at
it with satisfaction.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)
Anywhere we like...

CUT TO:

Credits roll to the song 'Dream on' by Areosmith.

THE END

