EASTENDERS

EPISODE FIVE THOUSAND AND TWENTY

BY

JAMES PAYNE

SCENE 5020/1. SQUARE. EXT. NIGHT. 21.43.

LOT

[ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE BEALES' HOUSE AND THE DARKENED SQUARE]

CUT TO:
SCENE 5020/1. BEALES'. INT. NIGHT. 21.43.

STUDIO A

[DIRECT PICK UP OF 5018.


LIVE.

JANE MOVES TO THE TABLE.

IAN LOOKS AT HER, EYES RIVETED ON HIS WIFE OF A FEW HOURS]

IAN: So come on then, I’m waiting. Tell me what happened.

[THE SILENCE IS CRUCIFYING]

Tell me I’m wrong. Tell me I’m mad. Tell me I’m putting things together that just don’t go.

[JANE CAN’T LOOK AT IAN. HER MOUTH GAPES. SHE LOOKS SICK]

I can’t breathe.

[IAN HEADS INTO THE KITCHEN. STAY ON JANE, HEART POUNDING, AS SHE LISTENS TO IAN FILL A GLASS FROM THE TAP]
JANE MOVES INTO THE KITCHEN. IAN SIPS WATER, BACK TO HER. JANE CLOSES THE DOOR

JANE: What made you think it was me?

IAN: When Peter wanted to confront Denise... you were calm. No-one else was. You read that card and you could still go ahead with the marriage. I couldn’t have done that.

[PAUSE. IAN TURNS TO FACE JANE]

They’re only little things, Jane. They don’t mean anything, do they. Or do they?

[IAN EYES ARE BEGGING FOR JANE TO DENY IT]

My little girl. Out on the common. Was it you?

[JANE’S PHONE STARTS TO RING ON THE SIDE. WE SEE THE CALLER IS ‘BOBBY’]

IAN: Leave it.

JANE: It’s Bobby -

[ian moves her phone away from her]
IAN: I don't care!

[IAN HUNCHES OVER, A BROKEN MAN. JANE’S HEART BREAKS AT THE SIGHT.

HER PHONE CONTINUES TO CRY OUT FOR A FEW MORE SECONDS AND THEN FALLS SILENT.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS STOMACH CHURNINGLY CLAUSTROPHOBIC]

The thing I’m clinging onto... is why were you here? You were with Masood. It doesn’t make sense. Are you protecting someone? Denise?

JANE: No.

IAN: What about Cindy? She was always jealous of Lucy -

JANE: It wasn’t Cindy -

IAN: Did Peter try and phone you or something?

JANE: [IN] No, Ian, it wasn’t any of them -

IAN: But it was someone in this house! So who was it?

[PANIC FLARES IN JANE’S EYES AS IAN’S MIND RUNS THROUGH THE CANDIDATES]
JANE: No-one. Just me. I killed Lucy.

[A PAINFUL SILENCE. IAN IS THE PERSONIFICATION OF HEARTBREAK]

She called me. I came over. We argued. It just happened.

[IANTurns away, steadies himself on the kitchen counter]

I wanted to tell you, Ian. There’s so much to say.

[IANJUST STARES INTO THE DISTANCE]

IAN: Will you please just leave me alone?

JANE: Why, what are you going to do?

IAN: [SHOUTS] Go! Go!

[IAN FLARES AT JANE AND THERE’S A THREAT TO HIS TONE. JANE RUNS OUT OF THE KITCHEN INTO THE LIVING ROOM.]

IAN SLAMS THE KITCHEN DOOR SHUT AND STANDS THERE SHAKING WITH GRIEF AND RAGE]
[GO TO: LIVING ROOM. PETER AND CINDY ENTER]

**CINDY:** It felt wrong going back to the Vic - knew it would. [PAUSE] Is everything alright?

**PETER:** What is it?

[JANE OPENS HER MOUTH TO CONFESS BUT NO WORDS WILL COME]

**CINDY:** Jane?

[THE MUTED SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF CROCKERY AND GLASS BEING SMASHED AS A WAILING, FERAL IAN GOES MENTAL IN THE KITCHEN.]

HORROR IN THE EYES OF PETER AND CINDY AS THEY START TO PIECE THINGS TOGETHER]

10:03:15  **CUT TO:**
SCENE 5020/2. BARREL STORE.
INT. NIGHT. 21.56.

LOT

[ASHEN-FACED MICK LOOKS ON AS NANCY KNEELS BESIDE DEAN AND CHECKS FOR A PULSE]

MICK: Anything?

NANCY: No - but I don’t know where I’m supposed to -

[NANCY’S ALL FINGERS AND THUMBS AS SHE DESPERATELY CHECKS FOR SIGNS OF LIFE]

MICK: Is he breathing?

NANCY: I don't know, Dad - I don't know what I’m doing!

[FRANTIC, PANICKING MICK PUNCHES OUT OF THE BARREL STORE AND HEADS DOWN THE ALLEYWAY]

CUT TO:
SCENE 5020/3. BRIDGE STREET.
EXT. NIGHT. 21.58.

LOT

[MICK EMERGES FROM THE VIC ALLEY, HIS HEAD SPINNING. HE STEADIES HIMSELF, FIGHTING FOR OXYGEN.

MICK BECOMES AWARE OF SMASHING SOUNDS AT THE BEALES'. BEFORE HE CAN GO OVER, NANCY JOINS HIM, PRESSES A KEY IN HIS HAND]

NANCY: Here. I locked the barrel store. What are we going to do?

[MICK SHAKES HIS HEAD, DUMBSTRUCK AT THE MAGNITUDE OF HIS ACTIONS.

BLUE LIGHTS FROM POLICE CARS FLASH ROUND THE SQUARE. SUITED-UP FORENSIC EXAMINERS HEAD INTO NUMBER 23]

Dad, look - the police are there. I'll go and talk to them. I'll just be honest.

[MICK STEADIES HIMSELF AS NANCY HEADS TOWARD OFFICERS/KEEBLE [TALKING TO FATBOY AND CAROL] BY THE SQUARE.

MICK LOOKS UP, CONTEMPLATES THE BOOT OF HIS CAR... A THOUGHT CROSSES HIS MIND. HE LOOKS UP TO SEE NANCY ARRIVING AT KEEBLE]
CAROL: She's old and she's vulnerable. You've got a duty of care.

DI KEEBLE: If Mrs Branning makes a request she’ll be allocated a duty solicitor.

FATBOY: She won’t, alright. She doesn’t think like that!

NANCY: [TO KEEBLE] Excuse me? I need to talk to you -

DI KEEBLE: One moment, please -

NANCY: [BLURTS] There’s a body.

[SILENCE. KEEBLE, CAROL AND FATBOY LOOK AT NANCY]

FATBOY: Some people have got big mouths, you know.

CAROL: Who told you?

NANCY: [CONFUSED] What?

[KEEBLE INDICATES THE ACTIVE CRIME SCENE]

DI KEEBLE: Once forensics go in, word spreads. [TO NANCY] Officers will be conducting general enquiries shortly.
[BEFORE NANCY CAN SAY ANOTHER WORD, MICK PULLS HER AWAY]

MICK: Inside.

[WRUNG OUT CHARLIE APPROACHES]

CAROL: Charlie. What news?

CHARLIE: I've got her a brief.

CAROL: Great.

FATBOY: That's good, that's good. That means she'll be out soon, right?

CAROL: Yeah. And she can come and stay at mine tonight -

CHARLIE: [IN] Well, she's confessed to murder. And the investigating officer can't talk to her until the morning. So they're going to keep her in the cells.

[BEAT]

She ain't coming home tonight.

[KEEBLE WATCHES CHARLIE, CAROL AND FATBOY MOVE OFF]
DI KEEBLE: [TO HERSELF] The things that go on behind closed doors.

[THE LIGHTS AT THE BEALES RADIATE OUT.]

IF ONLY KEEBLE KNEW...]

10:05:05  

CUT TO:  

10:05:05
SCENE 5020/4. BEALES'. INT.
NIGHT. 22.06.

STUDIO A

[IAN IS ON HIS KNEES. ALL AROUND LIE THE REMNANTS OF THE SMASHED UP KITCHEN.

THE DOOR OPENS. PETER ENTERS, THE CRUNCH OF GLASS AND CROCKERY UNDER HIS FEET]

PETER: Dad? Dad, what's happened?

[PETER HELPS IAN TO HIS FEET]

Hey. Hey. I'm here. I'm here. Hey...

[IAN’S THOUSAND-YARD-STARE SETTLES ON JANE’S PHONE.

‘1 MISSED CALL: BOBBY’ IS DISPLAYED ON THE SCREEN.

GO TO: LIVING ROOM. CINDY SITS ON THE STAIRS. PETRIFIED JANE STANDS NEAR THE TV. BEHIND HER - LIKE SPECTRES - LOOM PHOTOS OF LOU, PAULINE, PETE, ARTHUR, KATHY, MICHELLE AND MARK.

PETER ENTERS, CLOSING THE KITCHEN DOOR]

CINDY: [TO PETER] She won’t speak.
PETER: Dad’s the same.

CINDY: [TO JANE] What is it?

[JANE’S STOMACH CLENCHES AS IAN APPEARS IN THE FRAME OF THE KITCHEN DOORWAY LIKE A WOUNDED GRIZZLY BEAR HOLDING JANE’S PHONE]

[TO IAN] What is it?

IAN: Jane says... she killed Lucy.

[PETER AND CINDY ABSORB THE NEWS. CINDY STARES IN HORROR AND DISBELIEF. FURY OVERWHELMS PETER. HE MOVES TOWARD JANE]

PETER: You...

[IAN GETS HOLD OF PETER. HE PULLS HIM AWAY]

...my sister... you...?

IAN: It's alright.

[HORRIFIED JANE WATCHES AS IAN SOOTHS PETER AS IF HE WERE A BABY]
[AFTER A MOMENT IAN LOOKS UP AT JANE]

IAN: Where did it... happen?

[BEAT. JANE LOOKS DOWN AT THE SPOT SHE IS STANDING ON.

PETER LOOKS LIKE HE’S GOING TO BE SICK. IAN GIVES PETER A NOD AND GUIDES HIM AWAY - HE’LL TAKE CHARGE OF THIS]

JANE: She called about half eleven. I came over. We had words.

CINDY: What about?

JANE: Drugs, men, the way she was living... She said things... I’d just come from a row with Masood - I was sick of being everyone’s crutch. She said the wrong thing. I hit her.

[SILENCE. PETER IS IN SHOCK, DUMBSTRUCK. CINDY HAS HER FACE IN HER HANDS, HORRIFIED AT WHAT SHE’S HEARING]

It was a freak thing. The wrong angle, the wrong part of the head... I didn’t mean for her to... I should’ve phoned the police. I didn’t. I panicked.
[AS IAN PROCESSES JANE’S STORY HE TAKES JANE’S PHONE FROM HIS POCKET AND PLACES IT ON THE TABLE.]

JANE’S EYES ARE RIVETED ON IT — IS IT A SIGNAL? DOES IAN SUSPECT?

IAN: You killed her, you dumped her... and then you married me? What are you, a psychopath?

[JANE TAKES OFF HER ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS AND PLACES THEM ON THE TABLE. SHE PICKS UP HER PHONE]

JANE: Things got confused. I couldn’t bear to see you suffering — I wanted to be there for you.

IAN: That’s sick.
JANE: No. I wanted to tell you. I tried. But you were on the edge... and then we kissed and... I couldn’t. I went away instead.

[IAN THINKS FOR A MOMENT]

IAN: With Bobby.

[JANE NODS ‘CASUALLY’ BUT IS INCREDIBLY WATCHFUL OF IAN.]

JANE: It was all my fault, Ian. I’m not making any excuses.

PETER: Jake went to prison. Summerhayes died!

[PETER HEADS TO THE KITCHEN]

CINDY: Where are you going?

PETER: Going to get Keeble.

IAN: No, you're not! You wait. We're not finished.

[JANE SWALLOWS NERVOUSLY AS PETER CLOSES THE DOOR AGAIN]

Did you tell anyone?
[JANE IS JITTERY; PARANOID IAN’S ALLUDING TO BOBBY]

JANE: I confessed to Emma on New Year’s day.

PETER: Why weren’t you arrested?

JANE: It was the day Emma died.

PETER: You must’ve been well pleased.

JANE: No. I was ready for a knock at the door. It got to the point I wanted it to happen.

IAN: How did she know?

JANE: Max said he saw a light on downstairs which didn't fit with the police statements. And Emma said Patrick's fall after Christmas made her think it happened at home, that it was -

[JANE'S FACE FILLS WITH PANIC AT WHAT SHE WAS ABOUT TO SAY [IT WAS A TRAGIC ACCIDENT THAT HAPPENED AT HOME]. HAS SHE SAID TOO MUCH ALREADY?]
IAN: And that's it? She decided it was you?

[JANE FLINCHES WITH RELIEF AND BRACES HERSELF TO CONTINUE]

JANE: I gave Lauren an alibi, said I saw her but Emma had a video. It showed my car wasn't there.

PETER: Because you were dumping her at the time?

[JANE HANGS HER HEAD IN SHAME]

IAN: I remember you leaving the cafe early on New Year’s Day. You said you were going to start doing the prep for Charlie and Ronnie’s reception.

JANE: I went to meet Emma at the park.

IAN: Yeah... but you left before lunchtime. And that crash didn't happen 'till much later in the day. So what was Emma doing all that time? Why didn't she report it?

[JANE LOOKS AWAY]

JANE: I don’t know.
IAN: Emma was a good officer. She put her heart and soul into finding Lucy’s killer... And she finally solves the case and she does nothing about it? Why?

[JANE SHRUGS]

Did you say something to her that stopped her reporting it?

[JANE TENSES, SQUEEZES THE PHONE IN HER HAND TIGHTER]

JANE: No.

IAN: Look at me. Look at me!

[HE MOVES TO HER. JANE MEETS IAN WITH A DEFIANT YET TERRIFIED LOOK]

You’re lying.

JANE: I am not.

IAN: You put up with everything that Lucy threw at you and worse. So what was it Lucy said to you that was so bad you had to kill her?

JANE: I’m... I’m not going to go through every little detail, ian. Let Peter get Keeble and -

IAN: Jane! Jane, Jane, I don't believe you!
JANE: It was me, Ian!

[UNEXPECTED TEARS START TO ROLL DOWN JANE’S FACE AS SHE SQUEEZES HER PHONE.]

IAN: There was someone else here, wasn’t there?

JANE: You’re grasping at straws.

[IAN TAKES THE PHONE FROM JANE’S HAND AND SHOWS HER THE NAME OF THE MISSED CALLER: ‘BOBBY’]

IAN: He called his mum. Didn’t he?

[THE AWFUL PENNY STARTS TO DROP FOR CINDY AND PETER]

He did something bad and he phoned you for help.

[STILL DEFIANT, JANE SHAKES HER HEAD AS SHE WIPES AWAY THE TEARS.]

BUT THE DEVASTATING TRUTH IS OUT. IT’S LIKE THE AIR’S BEEN SUCKED OUT OF THE ROOM]

CUT TO:
SCENE 5020/5. MASOODS’. INT. NIGHT. 22.11.

STUDIO B

[OBLIVIOUS BOBBY WATCHES ‘DON'T TELL THE BRIDE’ ON TV WITH MASOOD ENTERING WITH DRINKS]

MASOOD: Here you go, young man. That's for you. What're you watching? Oh I've seen this. This is great... This is going to end badly.

[BOBBY SMILES AS HE ABSENTLY SQUEEZES HIS MOBILE PHONE JUST LIKE JANE]
SCENE 5020/6. VIC. INT. NIGHT.

22.13.

STAGE 1

[AUNT BABE GOES TO NANCY]

AUNT BABE: Is Mick about?

[FLUSTERED NANCY SEES A PANIC-STRICKEN MICK STANDING BY THE DOOR, LOOKING OUT, STILL TRYING TO GET A GRIP]

NANCY: Mum, sort Babe?

[LINDA LEAVES STAN AND CORA TO ATTEND TO AUNT BABE]

AUNT BABE: [FRONTING IT] Left my trifle bowl here the other week... Looks like you could do with an hand.

STAN: [FROSTY] You're not welcome here. Get it another time.

[AUNT BABE LOOKS TO LINDA BUT GETS NO SUPPORT FROM HER. SHE GOES.

GO TO: NANCY INTERCEPTS MICK AS HE MOVES AWAY FROM THE DOOR. THEY TALK IN WHISPERS, WARY OF PEOPLE OVERHEARING]
NANCY: Listen right, he was going to burn the pub down. It was self defence.

MICK: You reckon the old bill's gonna believe that? My boot on the throat of the man who raped my wife?

[NOW IN THE HALLWAY, NANCY LOOKS AWAY. HE HAS A POINT. MICK’S EYES DART AROUND, PETRIFIED.

MICK GETS CLOSER TO NANCY]

NANCY: Okay. Look Dad. I'll help you. We'll just do it now, okay.

MICK: No no. I'll go away for this. You’ve got your mum, you've got your grandad - you've got Shirley.

NANCY: No no, Dad. How are you going to do it on your own?


NANCY: Okay. Love you.

[MICK PUSHES NANCY BACK THROUGH TO THE BAR, THEN GRABS HIS COAT]
[BACK IN THE BAR NANCY FRETS. SHE HEADS BACK BEHIND THE BAR WHERE AN UPBEAT LINDA IS LAUGHING WITH STAN AND CORA]

LINDA: I’m not doing that!

CORA: I thought you was a traditionalist, Stan.

STAN: Sometimes you got to take the bull by the horns. So to speak.

[LINDA PONDS HER DISCUSSION WITH STAN AND CORA WITH A SMILE.

ON NANCY WONDERING WHETHER SHE SHOULD TELL HER MUM]

10:12:31
SCENE 5020/7. BEALES’. INT. STUDIO. NIGHT. 22.17.

STUDIO A

[DEVASTATED IAN STANDS AT THE SITTING ROOM WINDOW. CINDY IS QUIETLY SOBBING AT THE TABLE.

JANE SITS AND LOOKS AROUND AT THE CARNAGE SHE’S UNLEASHED. PETER ARRIVES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, HOODIE ON OVER HIS WEDDING SUIT]

PETER: I’m going to get Bobby -

IAN: No -

PETER: I’ll kill him.

[IAN BLOCKS THE DOOR]

IAN: No! Peter - I need you here, with me. Okay. We need to hear this.

[PETER MOVES AWAY FROM THE DOOR BUT HE IS STILL BOILING.

JANE IS IN A DAZE. SHE LOOKS UP, SEES EVERYONE STARING AT HER, WAITING.]
JANE: The door was open. She was lying there. I hoped it was a joke or... I don’t know. I checked her breathing, her pulse... There was nothing.

[PAUSE. THE PAIN IS PALPABLE ON IAN, PETER AND CINDY]

Then Bobby appeared. He said she started it but... he didn’t seem to know she was...

[PAUSE]

IAN: Was it an accident?

[PAUSE. JANE LOOKS TO THE HEAVENS. SHE COULD EASILY LIE NOW AND SOFTEN THE BLOW.]

Jane, please. The truth.

JANE: He hit her with the box.

[THE BLOOD DRAINS FROM A HORRIFIED CINDY]

CINDY: The jewellery box?

[IAN LOOKS AT THE BOX ON THE COFFEE TABLE - A MURDER WEAPON IN PLAIN SIGHT]

He gave that to Beth for Christmas!
PETER: That's messed up -

JANE: He didn’t know.

[IAN APPROACHES THE BOX, OPENS IT.

THE TWINKLING SOUND MAKES THEM ALL FEEL SICK.

HE SNAPS IT SHUT. SILENCE. HE TAKES IT WITH HIM TO DINING TABLE]

IAN: He was a ten-year-old boy. Why? Why would he do such a thing?

JANE: He said he heard the arguing that night. He couldn't sleep. He tried to talk to her. She wouldn’t listen. He said she was writing something. He just... wanted her to stop causing trouble. He picked up the box...

[PAUSE]

She fell. He couldn’t wake her. He said he tried. He tried for a while all on his own. That's when he called me.

[A TEAR RUNS DOWN JANE'S FACE]
JANE: He looked so small, Ian. He kept asking if she was okay. And I said yes. Not to worry and to go back to bed. I picked up the phone to call the police but... then I thought of them all arriving. And he'd be up there, listening. He'd know Lucy wasn't alright. I didn’t want him to know that he'd killed her.

[CINDY MOVES TO HER. SHAMED JANE KEEPS HER AWAY.

PETER HAS BEEN LISTENING TO THE ACCOUNT WITH FURY IN HIS EYES]

PETER: So you decided to dump her on the common?

JANE: No -

PETER: You thought, ‘I know, I’ll dump her, let someone else take the blame.’

JANE: I put her in my car! I was - I was taking her to the hospital.

PETER: Really?

JANE: Yes.

PETER: What were you going to say?
JANE: I don’t know. I’d say it was me. I’d say I hit her.

IAN: Why didn't you?

PETER: Yeah. What changed? How come my sister ended up on that Common?

[JANE TAKES A MOMENT. WE'RE GETTING INTO THE TOUGH STUFF NOW]

JANE: Before the hospital there's that junction where the little boy was knocked over last year. On the lamppost there's flowers. Bunches of them sellotaped on.

IAN: Yeah, I know the one you mean.

JANE: I was there. Right took me to the hospital. And left took me to the common. I thought about that little boy's mum, going back week after week to mark the place she lost him. If I took responsibility I’d be taken away from my boy. If I said it was Bobby he’d be taken away from me... I had no choice. I went left.

[PETER LOOKS SICK]

PETER: They might've been able to save her.
JANE: She was gone, Peter.

PETER: [OVER] You don't know that. You didn't even let them try -

JANE: [IN] She was dead! I had to think of what was left. That boy...

[JANE’S VOICE CRACKS.
CINDY PUTS A SUPPORTIVE HAND ON HER]

That boy that lay up there, worrying, taking in everyone else’s anger. I thought of him.

[A LONG AWFUL SILENCE.

PETER - THOUGH HE HAS TEARS IN HIS EYES - IS UTTERLY STEELY]

PETER: Then what?

JANE: You know the rest. Don't make me go through it.

[PETER HAS PURE MURDER IN HIS EYES]

PETER: [GRITTED TEETH] Go through it.

JANE: Please. Ian? Don’t - Don’t make me.
[IAN SURVEYS THE EMOTIONAL WRECKS IN FRONT OF HIM.]

HIS GAZE LINGERS ON JANE. SO MUCH LOVE FOR HER. SO MUCH EMPATHY. AND YET...

IAN: Jane... we have to hear it all.

[JANE SQUEEZES HER EYES SHUT, SHAKES HER HEAD]

JANE: I can’t. I can’t tell you it.

[SILENCE. HARD NOT TO FEEL SORRY FOR JANE RIGHT NOW. IAN SITS NEXT TO HER]

IAN: There's a layby by that junction - just up from the sub-station. Is that where you parked?

[JANE KNOWS THERE’S NO GETTING AWAY FROM FULL DISCLOSURE. SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND NODS.]

EVERY CONFIRMATION, EVERY DETAIL IS LIKE A KNIFE IN THE GUTS FOR IAN/PETER/CINDY]

It's where my dad used to park when we'd go for a Sunday morning walk. Mum always used to say you could hear the electricity humming. Did you hear it?
[JANE NODS. PAUSE]

**JANE:** I've been in moments when you feel pain so much... You console yourself, you say they're just some minutes, some hours. Time that will wash by. But that night was different. No amount of time would change anything. She was there. She was there in my car.

**IAN:** Whereabouts?

**JANE:** In the - in the back.

**IAN:** The back seat?

**JANE:** [SHAKES HER HEAD]

**PETER:** The boot?

[JANE NODS. IAN’S GUTS CLENCH. SUDDENLY AND UNEXPECTEDLY DIZZY HE MOVES INTO THE KITCHEN, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.]

STAY ON JANE AND PETER AS IAN’S RETCHING CAN BE HEARD OFF SCREEN.]

You cleaned that car not long after.

[JANE CASTS HER EYES DOWN IN SHAME. PETER SHAKES HIS HEAD IN FURY AND SORROW]
PETER: She was quite a way into the trees. [PAUSE] Did you drag her there?

[JANE, MORTALLY WOUNDED BY THE SUGGESTION]

JANE: You know enough now.

[THE KITCHEN DOOR REOPENS. IAN ENTERS, WIPING HIS MOUTH WITH KITCHEN TOWEL.]

IAN: Just get to the end of it.

PETER: Did you drag her, Jane?

JANE: [SOBS] I carried her.

PETER: How?

JANE: Like a child. The way I used to carry Bobby to bed.

[JANE MIMES THE POSITION HER HANDS WERE IN]

I lit the way with my phone.

[IAN CLOSES HIS EYES AS THE IMAGES SCAR HIS MIND]
JANE: I stopped... I had to. I laid her down. I sat with her. I cried. I said I was sorry. I told her I loved her. And I kissed her goodbye.

[IAN SHAKES HIS HEAD. THE WHOLE THING JUST THE SADDEST THING HE’S EVER HEARD. HE TURNS TO PETER, HUGS HIM, IN TEARS]

IAN: She was home, Peter.

PETER: I know.

IAN: She was safe.

[IAN CLINGS ONTO PETER AS HE WEEPS. PETER WON’T TAKE HIS GAZE FROM JANE.
AFTER A MOMENT, IAN COMPOSES HIMSELF]

Cindy, Bobby’s at Masood’s. Will you go get him, please?

[FEELING THE RESPONSIBILITY, CINDY NODS, STARTS OUT]

JANE: Cindy, stay here.

IAN: [TO CINDY] Just go.

JANE: You can’t tell him, Ian. I won’t let you! I won't let you!
[SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR SLAMMING SHUT. JANE FRANTIC]

10:19:34

CUT TO:
SCENE 5020/8. VIC DOWNSTAIRS.
INT. NIGHT.

STAGE 1

[THE PUB IS LIVELY. PATRICK HAS HIS ARM AROUND DENISE. ALFIE’S DANCING WITH SONIA. THE DJ IS PLAYING ‘THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST’.

MICK ENTERS [FROM OUTSIDE]. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, MOVES PAST A FEW REGS TO THE BAR]

MICK: [TO NANCY] Get me a scotch.

NANCY: Where have you been -

MICK: [TERSE] The drink. Please.

[NANCY FETCHES THE DRINK. MICK LOOKS AROUND AT THE PEOPLE, ENJOYING THEMSELVES. IF ONLY THEY KNEW...]

GIRLISH LINDA’S TOYING WITH THE WEDDING BOUQUET. CORA & STAN NUDGE LINDA FORWARD.

BUTTERFLIES IN HER STOMACH, LINDA JOINS MICK AS NANCY ARRIVES BACK WITH THE DRINK]

LINDA: Mick. You alright?
You’re shaking,
[MICK NECKS HIS DRINK,
FEELING IT MAY BE HIS LAST
AS A FREE MAN]

NANCY: Mum, Dad needs to tell
you something now -

MICK: [DAGGERS AT NANCY] Don't
think now's the time, Nance, do
you?

LINDA: What is it?

[MICK GAZES AT LINDA]

MICK: What it is, um...

[MICK FIDDLES WITH HIS
RING.

LINDA GLANCES OVER AT CORA
AND STAN, GETTING THE
WRONG END OF THE STICK]

LINDA: No wait. Let me do it.

[CORA CALLS OUT]

CORA: [TO PUB] Bit of hush
please, ladies and gentlemen!

[ALL EYES ON LINDA/ MICK
[SONG CONTINUES LOW]]
LINDA:  I’ve loved you since I was a little girl. And I want you to be my husband. Marry me.

[‘AHHHS’ FROM REGULARS. NANCY AND MICK LOOK AT EACH OTHER – THIS IS A NIGHTMARE]

MICK: Not here, L. Not now.

ALFIE: What’s he doing?

DENISE: He's blown her out, look.

TINA: Come on, Mick!

PATRICK: Linda, I’ll marry you!

[CHUCKLES IN THE BAR. MICK CLOCKS THEM, FOCUSES ON HURT LINDA]

MICK: Sorry. Just proposals, you know... flashbacks to Christmas.

LINDA: Christmas has gone. Dean’s gone. It’s over.

[NANCY GETS A FIRM HOLD OF MICK AND YANKS HIM IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HALL]

NANCY: No no no. Dad, we need to go upstairs.
[CRESTFALLEN LINDA STANDS ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PUB AS NANCY PULLS MICK AWAY.]

THEN MICK STOPS. THE MUSIC SWELLS: 'THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST, BABY I KNOW/ THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST...'

HE TURNS, LOOKS AT LINDA. THAT SMILE. THAT KIND FACE]

**MICK:** What’s the matter with me? Course I’ll marry you.

[MICK STRIDES TOWARD LINDA AND THEY KISS.

CHEERS GO UP AROUND THE VIC. THE MUSIC PLAYS. HAPPY DAYS]

**ALFIE:** You old romantic!

[NANCY LOOKS AT MICK AND LINDA AND THEN TOWARD THE BARREL STORE, DEEPLY WORRIED]

(Cut to: 10:21:29)
SCENE 5020/9. BEALES'. INT. NIGHT. 22.32.

STUDIO A

[ANXIOUS JANE LOOKS OUT OF THE FRONT WINDOW FOR BOBBY]

IAN: What does he think happened?

JANE: He thinks Lucy went out later and... Someone else killed her.

PETER: How can he seriously believe that?

JANE: Because I convinced him.

[PAUSE]

We talked about it. He blamed himself but I... I made him think it was someone else.

[PAUSE. THE WEIGHT OF RESPONSIBILITY HANGS HEAVY ON IAN]

PETER: You’ve got to tell him, Dad.

JANE: He is eleven years old. It will ruin his life.
(Scene 5020/9 Continued)

PETER: If it was an accident, maybe we could forget about it, but he hit her on purpose, Jane -

JANE: He wanted her to listen. We all did! She was a nightmare.

[SILENCE. PETER BAULKS, HIS HATRED OF JANE GROWING]

Not one of us could get through to her. He was frustrated. He just wanted to make things better.

[THEY ALL TENSE WHEN THEY HEAR THE SOUND OF THE BACK DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

THEY WAIT FOR CINDY AND BOBBY TO ENTER. NO-ONE COMES. IAN OPENS THE KITCHEN DOOR.

PHIL IS STANDING THERE, LOOKING AT THE MESS.]

PHIL: Something happened?

IAN: No. Phil, now's not a good time.

PHIL: I need to talk to you.

[PHIL MOVES TOWARD THE LIVING ROOM. IAN PUSHES THE DOOR TO]
IAN: No Phil, please I really need you to go! No -

PHIL: [OVER] I gotta tell you something. It's important -

IAN: [OVER] No! Please! Please! Just -

PETER: [OOV] They’re here.

[SICK LOOKING IAN PSYCHES HIMSELF UP.
IAN GESTURES TO THE BACK DOOR]

IAN: Not now. Just go. Please.

[CONFUSED PHIL GOES. IAN CLOSES THE DOOR ON PHIL, TAKES A MOMENT AND THEN HEADS INTO THE LIVING ROOM.
BOBBY IS STANDING ON THE EXACT SPOT LUCY DIED AS HE TAKES HIS COAT OFF]

BOBBY: Don't tell the bride's brilliant.

[BOBBY SEES EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT HIM, EYES ON STALKS]

Is everything alright?
[GRAVE IAN STEPS TOWARD HIM]

IAN: You and me have to have a little chat.

[THERE’S A TELL-TALE GLANCE FROM BOBBY TO JANE]

BOBBY: What about?

JANE: Nothing serious.

PETER: Jane -

JANE: Just go and get changed and your dad’ll come up in a bit.

BOBBY: Can I watch TV?

JANE: Hey. Don't try it, Cheeky. Go on, off you go.

[BOBBY HEADS UPSTAIRS. JANE IS PANICKING. IAN HAS TO REST ON THE TABLE FOR A MOMENT AS HE ANTICIPATES THE CHAT]

PETER: If we cover this up and the truth comes out, we’re all guilty. We could all go away.

JANE: I’m prepared to take the risk.
(Scene 5020/9 Continued)

CINDY: So am I.

PETER: How can you say that?

CINDY: You don’t have a kid, Peter.

[PETER GULPS BACK A BALL OF EMOTION AS LAUREN AND THE ABORTION CROSSES HIS MIND.

IAN TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND TURNS TOWARD THE STAIRS.]

JANE: Ian. Imagine you were me. That night. What would you do now?

[IAN GLANCES REGRETFULLY AT JANE AND PETER AND STARTS TO TRUDGE UP THE STAIRS]

10:23:50 CUT TO:
SCENE 5020/11. VIC DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. INT. NIGHT. 22.37.

STAGE 1

[TINA AND SONIA TIP-TOE INTO THE VIC HALLWAY.
LEE COMES DOWN THE STAIRS HOLDING A HEAVY LOOKING CARRIER BAG]

LEE: What are you two up to?

TINA: There must be Champagne in the barrel store.

SONIA: Tina wants to toast the lovebirds.

TINA: Give us an hand?

LEE: Yeah. [HOLDING UP BAG] I've got a little surprise for later an' all.

SONIA: Lovely.

[TINA TRIES THE BARREL STORE DOOR]

TINA: It's locked.

LEE: Let's have a look.

[LEE STARTS TO THUMP THE
BARREL STORE DOOR. NANCY AND MICK SEE HALL FROM BAR]

NANCY: They’re going in.

[ NANCY AND MICK ARE HORRIFIED]

LEE: There's a spare key upstairs.

[NANCY COLLARS MICK]

NANCY: You should've told the police - they're going to find him.

MICK: Shhh...

[MICK LOOKS DOWN THE HALL AND SEES TINA AND SONIA BY THE BARREL STORE DOOR.]

[LINDA COMES DOWNSTAIRS AND FLASHEES HER RING]

LINDA: Look what I found.

[ON MICK'S HORROR]
SCENE 5020/12. BEALES' - BOBBY'S ROOM. INT. NIGHT.

22.40.

STUDIO A

[BOBBY SITS ON HIS BED PLAYING MINECRAFT ON HIS LAPTOP. (NB WE CANNOT SEE MINECRAFT AT ANY POINT IN THIS SCENE)]

THE DOOR OPENS. BOBBY LOOKS UP AND SEES IAN]

BOBBY: Just ten minutes. I’m on Minecraft.

[IAN CROSSES THE ROOM, SITS ON THE BED BESIDE BOBBY. HE LOOKS AROUND AT HIS POSTERS, HIS HOMEWORK - KID’S STUFF.]

IAN: [RE: THE GAME] You’re obsessed with that game, aren't you?

BOBBY: I know.

IAN: What's that you're building?

[BOBBY SHOWS IAN THE (UNSEEN) SCREEN]

BOBBY: It's supposed to be a church.
[IAN SEES A RUDIMENTARY MINECRAFT-TYPE RENDERING OF A CHURCH/ALTAR]

IAN: Is that me and Mum getting married?

BOBBY: [NODS] It’s a bit rubbish, isn’t it?

IAN: I like it.

[IAN WATCHES BOBBY TAPPING AT THE SCREEN, NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD.
HE GRITS HIS TEETH - CAN HE REALLY TELL HIM?]

CUT TO:
SCENE 5020/13. VIC - BARREL STORE. INT. NIGHT. 22.44.

STAGE 1

[WE HEAR THE KEY IN THE DOOR]

LEE: [OOV] Right, I'm sure this was the one.

MICK: [OOV] On my life, there's none in there. Let's have a pipe upstairs. Come on.

LINDA: [OOV] No, I'm sure we've got some in here.

[SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS. THEY'RE FINALLY IN. LINDA ENTERS FIRST. HER FACE FILLS WITH HORROR]

LINDA: Mick!!

[MICK EDGES IN, HEART IN HIS MOUTH.

THE PLACE IS STILL A MESS. BUT DEAN IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN]

LINDA: What’s been going on?

MICK: [GATHERS HIMSELF] I didn't want to ruin the mood. Someone's been having a jolly up in here, ain't they?

TINA: I’ll get the police.
MICK: Don't worry about that. Probably just a wino. Nothing's been nicked. I'll tidy up.

LEE: [SNIFFS] What's that smell?

MICK: They knocked over an old can of petrol I had.

[LINDA EYES MICK. DOES SHE BUY IT?]

LINDA: You're not having a drink 'til you've cleaned it up.

[TINA, LEE, LINDA AND SONIA GRAB CHAMPAGNE AND HEAD OUT]

LEE: I'll line 'em up.

LINDA: I'll get the glasses.

[STAY ON MICK AND NANCY. SHE STARES AT HIM IN DISBELIEF AS HE STARTS TO TIDY UP]

TINA: [O/S] Ladies and gentlemen, here comes the champagne!

[CHEERS FROM THE BAR]

NANCY: Where is he?
[PAUSE. MICK LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, THE SOUNDS OF GOOD TIMES LEAKING THROUGH FROM THE BAR. HE BOWS HIS HEAD]

MICK: Go and help your mum, Nance.

[NANCY’S EYES ARE LOCKED ON THE IMPLACABLE MICK.
WHAT HAS HE DONE??]

CUT TO:
SCENE 5020/14. BEALES’. INT. STUDIO. NIGHT. 22.45.

STUDIO A

[ANXIOUS JANE, PETER AND CINDY WAIT AS IAN ARRIVES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS]

JANE: Where is he?

IAN: He's in our bed. Watching TV.

JANE: What did you say?

[IAN CONSIDERS HIS FAMILY FOR A LONG MOMENT]

IAN: We know what happened that night. It breaks my heart to say this, Peter, but it is over. Okay. This is now done with.

PETER: He killed Lucy!

IAN: He’s just a boy -

PETER: Now, yeah. What about when he’s twenty one - Lucy’s age? How are you going to look at him then?

IAN: It’s Bobby. Okay. Just go up there, sit with him.
[PAUSE. IAN HAS TEARS IN HIS EYES. PETER TURNS AWAY, A FURY IS RISING IN HIM.]

CINDY: What about the police?

IAN: I'm guessing eventually they'll just close the case. Slowly Lucy will fade from people’s memories. I’ll mourn her every day of my life but at least this way I have some family left to share that pain with.

PETER: This isn’t right. I won’t be part of it.

JANE: Peter, I know this is hard.

[PETER SWIVES HIS STARE AT JANE]

PETER: Yeah, I bet you do.

[IAN GIVES PETER A LOOK]

Nine hours - nine hours! My sister laid there. In the cold, in the mud. Insects crawling over her -

JANE: I know.
(Scene 5020/14 Continued)

**PETER:** You don’t though, do you? Because the only people you care about is Bobby and yourself.

**JANE:** That is not true.

**PETER:** Poor Jane. What else could she do? You left her near where she worked like it was her fault or something - you made her a victim, Jane. That makes me sick.

[JANE BITES HER LIP. PETER HAS A POINT]

**JANE:** I didn’t mean to.

**PETER:** But it’s what happened!

[PETER IS ON THE VERGE OF TEARS]

She wasn’t a victim. She was a fighter. Like our mum. Like my dad. You treated her like a sack of rubbish. You just dumped her in the woods. It’s disgusting.

[TEARS RUN DOWN JANE’S FACE]

**JANE:** I was protecting my son.

**PETER:** He’s a kid my dad didn’t even want -
CINDY: Shh! Peter, he’ll hear you!

JANE: He is mine! I feel it in here. I’m his mum.

PETER: You ain’t anyone’s mum.

[PETER LURCHES TOWARD JANE. IAN HAS TO PULL HIM AWAY]

JANE: I brought you up, Peter!

PETER: You brought me up?!
SCENE 5020/15. BEALES - IAN & JANE'S ROOM. INT. STUDIO.

22.47.

[BOBBY SITS IN IAN AND JANE'S BED WATCHING TV. HE TENSES AS HE HEARS RAISED VOICES]

PETER: [O/S. DISTANT/ MUFFLED] You think that makes up for what you did?! Nothing makes up for what you did! Nothing! Am I the only one seeing sense right now? Why am I the only one?!

[BOBBY GETS OUT OF BED, STANDS IN THE DOORWAY AND LISTENS TO THE MUFFLED SHOUTS COMING FROM DOWNSTAIRS]
SCENE 5020/16. BEALES'. INT.  
STUDIO. NIGHT. 22.48.

STUDIO A

[IAN HAS SHEPHERDED PETER INTO THE KITCHEN. HE SHUTS THE DOOR]

IAN: I know how you feel. Okay? I know!

PETER: I won’t cover this up!

IAN: Oh Peter we have to! We can’t let anyone know anything about this. Please. Do you understand me?

[PETER PULLS OPEN THE BACK DOOR]

PETER: You are just as bad as they are. I’ll never forgive you.

[THE DOOR SLAMS AS PETER HEADS OUT INTO THE NIGHT]

CUT TO:
SCENE 5020/17. BEALES' - LANDING. INT. STUDIO. NIGHT. 22.49.

STUDIO A

[CINDY LOOKS INTO IAN AND JANE’S BEDROOM. IT’S EMPTY]

CINDY: Bobby?

[CINDY MOVES ALONG THE LANDING. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS (GOING UP TO THE LOFT) CINDY FINDS A NOTE.

AT THE TOP IT SAYS ‘DEAR DAD’.

CINDY READS IT. THE CONTENTS MAKE HER HEART STOP.

BOBBY SITS ON THE STAIRS GOING UP TO THE LOFT]

BOBBY: Are they talking about Lucy?

[CINDY NODS, SITS WITH BOBBY]

CINDY: They miss her. I bet you do too.

[BOBBY NODS, RUBS A FIST INTO HIS EYE, TRYING NOT TO CRY]
CINDY: We’re all going to look after each other, aren’t we? Come here.

[BOBBY NODS. CINDY HUGS HIM TIGHT]

How long have you had this note?

BOBBY: A while.

[CINDY PONDERS]

CINDY: I think your dad should have it now, don’t you?

[BOBBY NODS]
SCENE 5020/18. BEALES'. INT. STUDIO. NIGHT. 22.51.

STUDIO A

[JANE SWEEPS UP BROKEN CROCKERY IN THE KITCHEN. THE BACK DOOR OPENS. IAN ENTERS]

IAN: I can’t find him.

JANE: I’ll call him.

IAN: No. No.

JANE: What if he goes to the police?

IAN: If he goes to the police then we’ll deal with it. Okay.

[PAUSE. IAN AND JANE HOLD EACH OTHER’S GAZE, TEARS IN THEIR EYES]

Jane, why didn’t you tell me?

JANE: If I could have swapped places with her...

IAN: I know.

JANE: Now I’ve dragged you all into it.
[SILENCE. IAN TAKES JANE’S RING HAND, LEADS HER INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

THERE, HE PICKS UP THE RINGS JANE TOOK OFF EARLIER]

IAN: He never finds out. Agreed?

[JANE NODS. IAN SLIDES THE RINGS BACK ON -

SEALING THE PACT.

JANE AND IAN HOLD EACH OTHER TIGHT. JANE LETS OUT A SOB.

CINDY ARRIVES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS]

CINDY: You said Bobby told you Lucy was writing something that night.

JANE: Yeah. I never found anything.

[CINDY HOLDS OUT THE NOTE]

CINDY: Bobby had it.

[IAN LOOKS AT THE NOTE - HIS DAUGHTER’S FINAL WORDS]

IAN: I can’t -
[CINDY OFFERS IT TO JANE WHO SHAKES HER HEAD, TOO OVERWHELMED BY WHAT IT MIGHT SAY]

JANE: Cindy, you read it.

[IT FALLS TO CINDY. SHE OPENS THE NOTE]

CINDY: “Dear Dad, I'm sorry for what I said earlier. I didn't mean it. I'm a wreck. But I'm going to change. Starting tonight. Look at me. Home before midnight and the drugs have gone. When you get home, look in on me. I'll be sleeping but wake me up. I want to tell you how much you mean to me. And I want to tell you how much I love you. Don't forget, Dad. Wake me up. Lucy Lou.

[TEARS CASCADE DOWN IAN’S FACE. HE TAKES THE NOTE AND RE-READS IT TO HIMSELF. HE KISSES IT.

WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE, IAN LOOKS AT JANE AND CINDY, BOTH WIPING TEARS FROM THEIR EYES.

THEN COMES A LITTLE VOICE...]

BOBBY: [O/S] I'm sorry.
[IAN TURNS AND SEES BOBBY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS.]

IAN HOLDS HIS BOY IN HIS GAZE FOR A SILENT MOMENT

IAN: You’ve got nothing to be sorry for. You didn’t do anything wrong, did you?

[BOBBY STEALS A LOOK AT JANE AND SHAKES HIS HEAD]

BOBBY: No.

IAN: I love you.

[CINDY AND JANE HOLD ONTO EACH OTHER AS IAN EMBRACES BOBBY]

BOBBY: I love you too.

[CINDY AND JANE JOIN THE HUG AS JULIA’S THEME BEGINS. WE MOVE ACROSS THE PHOTOS OF KATHY, LOU WITH YOUNG IAN, BOBBY, LUCY AND FINALLY IAN WITH PETER AND LUCY, LOOKING ON AT THIS MOMENT OF PROFOUND SADNESS IN AN EAST END TERRACE]
SCENE 5020/19. VARIOUS. EXT.
NIGHT. 23.00.

LOT

[JULIA'S THEME CONTINUES
OVER ARTFULLY SET STATIC
VIEWS OF SMALL DETAILS OF
OUR ICONIC SET.

THE WAR MEMORIAL.

BEALE'S PLAICE.

THE ARCHES AND PLAYGROUND.

WALFORD EAST TUBE STATION.

TURPIN ROAD, WITH R&R AT
THE FAR END.

BEALES' RESTAURANT, THEN
CINDY'S CAFE.

PAN TO THE GRILL ON THE
DOOR OF THE LAUNDERETTE.

THE BEALES' BACK GATE.

PLAN OF WALFORD - CU
"JULIA + TONY" LOVEHEART.

SHOT OF THE SQUARE. THE
VIC DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND
PEOPLE - THE LIFE BLOOD OF
THE EAST END AND OUR SHOW - START TO SPILL OUT ONTO
THE SQUARE, HOLDING
DRINKS, LAUGHING. OTHERS
JOIN FROM THEIR HOUSES.

AMIDST THE CROWD IS LEE,
PULLING A CHUNKY MULTISHOT
FIREWORK FROM HIS CARRIER
BAG. TINA IS WITH HIM]
[LEE SETS THE FIREWORK INTO THE MUD OF THE CENTRAL FLOWER BED AS TINA WATCHES]

TINA: Stand back everyone!

[LEE LIGHTS THE FIREWORK AND MOVES BACK TO JOIN THE OTHERS. HE FINDS LINDA IN AMONGST THE CROWD AND HUGS HER. LINDA PROUDLY SHOWS OFF HER ENGAGEMENT RING. WHITNEY JOINS THEM, AND WHITNEY AND LINDA STAND EITHER SIDE OF LEE. NANCY'S WITH THEM, UNSMILING. LIAM STANDS NEARBY.

THE GATHERED CROWD CHEER AS THE FIREWORKS START GOING UP.

PAM AND DONNA ARE DRUNK AND NAUGHTY, LAUGHING WITH MARTIN. KUSH STANDS WITH SHABNAM, TAMWAR AND MASOOD. TAMWAR IS TAKING PICTURES ON HIS PHONE.

MAX STANDS WITH ABI, A CONCILIATORY HAND ON HER SHOULDER. CHRISTIAN'S WITH SONIA NEARBY.

CAROL IS GATHERED WITH FATBOY, CHARLIE AND ROXY. ROXY SEES THE WORRY ON CHARLIE’S FACE AND GIVES HIM A ‘SUPPORTIVE’ LOOK.

BILLY IS STANDING WITH BEN, LOLA, HOLDING AMY, AND JAY. STOIC SHARON STANDS WITH THE MITCHELL MOB]
[DOWNBEAT DENISE STANDS WITH PATRICK. PATRICK SEES THE WORRY IN DENISE’S FACE AND PUTS AN ARM ROUND HER]

STACEY IS WITH KAT AND LILY. ALEKS STANDS NEARBY.

THE MUSIC AND FIREWORKS CONTINUE AS FINALLY MICK EMERGES OUT ONTO BRIDGE STREET FROM THE VIC ALLEY. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AS HE STANDS ALONE AND WATCHES THE FIREWORKS.

THEN THE GATE OF THE BEALES’ OPENS. IAN EMERGES.

HE NODS TO MICK]

**MICK:** Alright?

[BEAT]

**IAN:** We will be.

[THE TWO MEN STAND THERE AT THE BACK OF THE CROWD WATCHING THE FIREWORKS LIGHT UP THE SKY.

THE LIGHT ILLUMINATES THE SQUARE. THE COLOURS BOUNCE OFF THE BRASS PLAQUE COMMEMORATING ARTHUR.

ON BRIDGE STREET IN THE SHADOWS, STANDS PHIL. HE HAS A BAG SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER AND HIS PASSPORT IN HIS HAND. PHIL WATCHES IAN FOR A MOMENT, THEN PUTS THE PASSPORT AWAY, TURNS AND WALKS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT]

[ON THE SQUARE, THE
FIREWORKS CONTINUE. AND THESE FIREWORKS ARE SPECIAL EASTENDERS FIREWORKS. BECAUSE THE LAST SET OF EXPLOSIONS HAVE A VERY PARTICULAR RHYTHM TO THEM.

YES, THEY GO: DUFF. DUFF. DUFF. DUFF-DUFF-DUFF]

FADE OUT