

1 INT. COACH / MOTORWAY. MORNING

A large empty coach, all dull beige seats and wood veneer, makes its way along a stretch of motorway.

2 INT. COACH / MOTORWAY. MORNING

At the back of the coach we see a lone passenger. His eyes closed, head drooped. Suddenly he raises a hand and rubs the bridge of his nose. It's no use, Chris, 25, can't sleep. He pulls up a set of head phones, puts them on, and presses play on his MP3.

3 INT. COACH. MORNING

Long shot from the front of the coach, the driver's gruff face to the left, empty seats filtering away from camera, Chris' head peaking above a back seat. We hear the music from his MP3 begin to play. It's Noel McKoy's "Brighter Day", a northern soul track that's reminiscent of Motown and comparable to the vocal sound of Marvin Gaye.

*The track will play over the following opening scenes, the credits fading subtly in and out in white text.*

4 EXT. STREET. MORNING

We follow from behind as a hooded character walks with intent through Dudlowe: a sprawling new town built in the fifties to house the east end after the Second World War.

CUT TO:

We reveal Shifty, 25, Pakistani, as he makes his way through those morning streets. He blows on his hands to warm them up.

**S H I F T Y**

Suddenly he ducks down and nips through an opening in a fence, making a short cut.

5 INT. TREVOR HOUSE / BATHROOM. MORNING

Bird's eye view on Trevor Perry, average looking, thickset, pallid skin, lying beneath the surface of the bath water, holding his nose.

SIDE ANGLE ON BATH: TREVOR RISES, NOT GASPING FOR AIR, JUST CALM, UNNATURAL ALMOST. SNOT RUNS FROM HIS NOSTRILS.

6 INT. COACH. MORNING.

Chris stares out of the window. The music still playing on his MP3. The coach makes a sharp left turn, the camera just catching a glimpse of the sign: **DUDLOWE NEW TOWN.**

7 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT. MORNING

Glen, a severe almost cruel face, empty's about a kilo of cocaine onto a clean glass table.

8 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING

Jasmine, 25, pretty with out make up, dressed in a white dressing gown, prepares breakfast.

9 EXT. DUDLOWE STREET. MORNING

Shifty makes his way across a patch of waste land, jumping over a fence at the end.

10 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING

Suddenly Jasmine lurches toward the sink and vomits.

11 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

In an agreeably decorated bedroom Trevor dresses for work. He climbs into his thick checked shirt and jeans, no real enthusiasm - life seems to hold no motivation.

12 INT. COACH. MORNING

Chris watches out the window as the coach passes the same strip of waste land Shifty just walked across.

13 GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT. MORNING

Glen splits the cocaine into two piles.

14 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / BEDROOM. MORNING

Trevor sits on the edge of the bed, staring at the floor. His mind is racing, thinking about the morning ahead of him.

15 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING

Jasmine washes away the sick with a jug of water.

16 EXT. DUDLOWE STREET. MORNING

The coach pulls away to reveal Chris, his bag slung over his shoulder.

A BEAT.

He turns and walks off.

17 TREVOR'S HOUSE / BATHROOM. MORNING

Trevor looks at him self in the bathroom mirror, he rubs his face, he seems a little more with it.

18 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT. MORNING

Glen opens a tub of Glucose and empties a measure into one half of the cocaine. He mixes it carefully.

19 EXT. REZ'S HOUSE / BACK GARDEN. MORNING

Shifty opens a back gate and walks towards a house.

20 EXT. DUDLOWE STREET. DAY

Chris makes his way through the streets, bag slung over his shoulder. He looks around at the old place. Soaking it in.

21 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT. MORNING

Glen takes a spoon of cocaine from the unmixed half and mixes it with citric acid. He sucks it up into a syringe.

22 EXT. REZ'S HOUSE . MORNING

Shifty quietly opens the back door to the house.

23 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / BEDROOM. MORNING

Glen carries the syringe to Loretta, pretty , but with bad facial burns on the side of her face. He injects the cocaine mix into her arm. She lays back on the bed, taking on the rush.

24 EXT. DUDLOWE STREET. MORNING

Chris walks along a residential road, in his hand a piece of paper with a scribbled address. He finds the right house. He stands there for a moment then hits stop on his MP3. Our soulful soundtrack comes to an end. He pulls down his headphones, walks to the door and knocks gently.

25 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING

Shifty stands at the table sorting through letters. He hears the knock and walks to open it. He takes off his jacket, puts it on a hanger and opens the front door to reveal Chris.

SHIFTY  
Fucking hell, man...

Shifty can't help but smile.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
You're early!

CHRIS  
Shifty.

A smile creeps across Chris' face.

SHIFTY  
Yes, rude boy.

CHRIS  
You alright geezer.

SHIFTY  
I'm sweet... come in, man, come in.

Shifty and Chris embrace.

CHRIS  
Good to see you, mate.

SHIFTY  
Good to see you too, geezer.

26 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / BATHROOM. MORNING

CLOSE ON: WATER GUSHES FROM A TAP.

Chris stands splashing his face from the sink. His bag perched on the cistern. He looks at himself in the mirror.

27 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

Chris walks into Shifty's bedroom. He puts down his bag and pulls on a fresh tee shirt. He looks around at the room. New DVD player, LCD on the wall, a new game console, DVD's, CD's, lots of pristine trainers placed perfectly side by side, books about business, books about film, a perfectly stacked pile of mobile phone bills with the word "PAID" scribed across them. A picture of Mohammed Ali next to a picture of Allah. He approaches the window and looks out at the morning sun resting over a dull, featureless Dudlowe New-Town. He stands, staring.

28 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING

Chris walks into the kitchen to see Shifty getting breakfast ready. Shifty turns to face him.

SHIFTY  
You alright son?

CHRIS  
Yeah I just needed to splash my face, freshen up a bit.

SHIFTY  
Have you slept?

CHRIS  
Did I fuck.

SHIFTY  
Mate, neither have I... I just got back from some girls yard.

CHRIS  
You got a bird?

SHIFTY  
No, no... just some fucking booty call.

CHRIS  
What, Break Glass Arse?

SHIFTY  
In case of emergency's, man... you know it.

They both laugh. Shifty lays sausages into a pan.

CHRIS  
She fit?

SHIFTY  
What!

CHRIS

She fit?

SHIFTY

Yeah, she's alright you know....  
She's got fucking massive Gary's.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS

You always loved your titties,  
bruv.

SHIFTY

You know that!

Shifty lays sausages into a sizzling pan.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)

Mate, do you mind halal?

CHRIS

No, no, that's sweet mate,  
whatever.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY

Were you on just one bus?

CHRIS

Yeah... no sorry, two. I had to  
change at Luton.

SHIFTY

LUTON!

CHRIS

Yeah, man.

SHIFTY

Fucking random.

Shifty covers the sausages with a lid. We hear someone moving about upstairs. Shifty quickly walks over to the freezer, opens the door, reaches into the back and pulls out a large bag of sweet corn.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)

I've got a few things to do today  
geezer, you can stay here if you  
want, just chill out.

He rummages about, and gradually, one by one, pulls out tightly, cellophane-wrapped bags of coke and crack. He places them in the pockets of his hooded top. Chris watches Shifty closely, but doesn't say anything.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Or you can come with me?

CHRIS  
Whatever.

A BEAT.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Does your brother know you keep  
those there?

Shifty shakes his head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
You not worried?

SHIFTY  
Mate, he doesn't eat vegetables.

Shifty walks past Chris and taps reassuringly him on the arm.

WE STAY ON CHRIS' FACE, AS HE TAKES IT IN.

SHIFTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Apart from in a pot noodle.

29 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / STAIRWELL / KITCHEN. MORNING

We follow Trevor from behind as he descends the stairs and walks into a large, smartly decked kitchen, an eight-year-old boy, Freddie, circles the kitchen-table smashing a Darth Vader into passing stools. Katie a three year old baby girl eats breakfast and Jasmine beats eggs in a bowl whilst talking on the phone.

JASMINE  
(on phone)  
... she's living like a drifter babe,  
I'm telling you, she's split.. sort  
of.. with Stefan.. I know she did..  
but she stays at Mike's in the  
week, and then she's back at  
Stefan's at the weekend.. with the  
kids (to baby) Katie, darling, stop  
banging your bowl..

Trevor considers the bowl of cereal and fruit juice laid out for him. His stomach churns. Cold sweat smothers his brow.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

...Neither knows about the other, and then she expects me (she drops to a whisper) to fucking cover for her (normal volume) Stefan's *my* mate for Christ's sake, I'm not getting caught up in that whole mess (to boy) Freddie, sit down and finish your breakfast!

This is too much for Trevor. He turns and walks away from the table.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

... and she has a go at me for taking on too much  
(she laughs - then without looking up)  
Babe, I'm cooking you some eggs...

SLAM - the front door crashes shut - he's gone - his breakfast untouched.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Oh... what... nothing, Trevor's just walked out without touching his breakfast... I don't know, I thought so anyway...

30 EXT. DRIVEWAY. MORNING

Silence. Trevor soaks it in - deep breaths - panic subsiding. He approaches his work van. "T. PALMER - BUILDER'S MERCHANT" inscribed on the side. He gets in - suddenly his mobile rings - he answers.

JASMINE

What's the matter?

Off screen Katie continues to bash her bowl on the tray.

TREVOR

Nothing, I'm fine.

JASMINE

Why didn't you say good-bye?

TREVOR

You were gassing away to Nicola...

JASMINE

And why didn't you touch your breakfast?



TREVOR  
I'm not hungry.

Off Screen Freddie yells.

JASMINE  
What's the matter with you?

TREVOR  
I'm fine.

She runs the tap, water gushes on to the discarded eggs.

JASMINE  
Where's the grey suitcase?

TREVOR  
What? I can't hear you babe.

JASMINE  
I want to start getting stuff ready  
for next week - where's the grey  
suitcase?

TREVOR  
I'll find it when I get home.

JASMINE  
It's all right babe I'll get it.

TREVOR  
Jasmine, I'll get it when I get  
home.

JASMINE  
Babe it's fine, I'll get it down.

TREVOR  
(Stern)  
I'LL FIND THE FUCKING THING WHEN I  
GET HOME.

CLICK!

He breathes in hard, takes a moment to calm down and then starts the engine.

31 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. MORNING

Jasmine drops the phone by her side, shocked at Trevor's temperament, and watches through the front room window as he drives away.

32

INT. SHIFTY'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING

Shifty's laying out the breakfast. At that moment, Rez, Shifty's brother, walks in. Mid 30's, portly. He sees Chris.

REZ  
(PAKISTANI - SUBTITLED)  
Motherfucker, the return of the  
white man.

Chris stands and goes to embrace Rez, but Rez walks past and grabs a glass of orange juice from the side.

CHRIS  
How you doing Rez, good to see you,  
man?

REZ  
I wondered why I could hear voices.  
I thought he'd brought home a rent  
boy again.

SHIFTY  
Shut up you prick.

REZ  
(To Chris)  
You look like a rent boy.

CHRIS  
What are you talking about?

Points at Chris.

REZ  
That top cost more than my  
education.

CHRIS  
My pants cost more than your  
education.

REZ  
(sings)  
Cold blooded.

Shifty lays down three plates of breakfast. Rez fakes a heart attack.

SHIFTY  
(PAKISTANI)  
Soak it in fat boy.

CHRIS  
I take it this doesn't happen  
often.

REZ  
 You know what, I'm emotional,  
 where's my camera, bring me my  
 camera. Quick, man, quick.

SHIFTY  
 Yeah, fucking laugh it up.

REZ  
 (PAKISTANI)  
 Don't worry I will.

Shifty sits down and they begin their food.

33 EXT. TREVOR'S VAN. MORNING

Trevor sits at the wheel, parked in a residential street. He dials a number on his mobile but gets the following message

(V.O.)  
 This number is currently  
 unavailable please try agai...

He puts down the phone, and sits there, waiting, agitated.

34 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING.

All three of them eat in silence. Chris' eyes dart occasionally to Rez who pays no attention to anything but the food. There is an uncomfortable air in the room.

35 INT. TREVORS'S VAN. MORNING

Trevor does a line of cocaine of the tip of his car key. We see that he doesn't have a huge amount left in his wrap.

36 INT. REZ'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. MORNING

Shifty's putting away breakfast, Chris and Rez sit at the table. Rez stabs away with a tooth pick measuring up Chris, who reads a magazine.

REZ  
 (to Chris)  
 Do you think I've put on weight?

Chris looks up.

CHRIS  
 What?

REZ  
 Do you think I've put on weight?

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
I dunno. Not really.

He's lying.

REZ  
(to Shifty)  
I told you I haven't put on that  
much weight.

Shifty lets out a sarcastic laugh.

REZ (CONT'D)  
How long since you've been back?

Shifty sits back down and answers for Chris.

SHIFTY  
Four years.

REZ  
Is that the last time I saw you,  
fucking hell?

CHRIS  
Yeah. Was it? Yeah, four years ago  
I think.

A BEAT.

REZ  
Where you living?

CHRIS  
Manchester.

REZ  
What you doing?

CHRIS  
What, work wise? I'm in  
recruitment.

REZ  
Good money?

Chris abandons his magazine.

CHRIS  
I do alright, yeah.

REZ  
How much?

CHRIS  
 (laughs)  
 Enough.

REZ  
 You need to get this Gadha (donkey)  
 some work, four A-levels and no  
 job.

SHIFTY  
 I pay you fucking rent don't I?

Silence.

REZ  
 Girlfriend?

CHRIS  
 No, not yet.

REZ  
 Gay?

CHRIS  
 No... you?

REZ  
 I'm asking the questions padre... for  
 your information... no, I'm not...  
 but Shifty is.

SHIFTY  
 Jokes.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
 (to Chris)  
 What have you got, rent or  
 mortgage?

CHRIS  
 Fucking hell, tag team... Mortgage.

REZ  
 That's nice.

SHIFTY  
 Yeah, mature, man.

A BEAT.

REZ  
 Why do you leave without saying  
 goodbye to my brother?

Chris is stumped. Shifty looks down at the floor.

SHIFTY

Rez, man...

REZ

I'm only joking...

A BEAT.

REZ (CONT'D)

But really, why?

SHIFTY

Leave him alone.

REZ

I need info, man. I'm like a sponge, do you know what I mean, I'm like a flannel... How come your back, what's the deal?

SHIFTY

I invited him to a party.

REZ

Who's party?

CHRIS

Rachel's.

REZ

Rachel who?

SHIFTY

Rachel Price.

REZ

Who?

SHIFTY

Mate, Rachel and Serena.

Rez pauses, thinking. Chris clocks him with an almost icy stare.

REZ

Oh right.

Chris looks back down at his magazine. Rez knows he hit a raw nerve. An uncomfortable silence. Shifty tries to break the ice by talking about a more trivial topic.

SHIFTY

(to Rez)

You remember Rachel, you fucking lunged her at Jazzbo Browns?

REZ  
WHAT... that's BULLSHIT.

CHRIS  
Yeah, yeah, you went in for the  
kill and she lent away like she was  
doing the fucking limbo.

Chris is back in the conversation.

SHIFTY  
Her ponytail swept the floor.

Shifty and Chris touch fists.

REZ  
You boys need to get your facts  
straight... she fucking lunged me.

CHRIS  
You couldn't even remember who she  
was five minutes ago.

Shifty and Chris crack up laughing.

SHIFTY  
(to Chris)  
I wouldn't mind if he did it  
discreetly, but he lunged her from  
about three feet.

Shifty mimics Rez's historic lunge, Rez starts to laugh at  
the memory of it, covering his face with his hands.

37 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. MORNING

Trevor tries the mobile again but gets the same message. He  
throws his phone onto the passenger seat and exits the car.

38 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN MORNING.

They still sit around the table.

SHIFTY  
(to Rez)  
You can come along if you want.

REZ  
(sarcastically)  
Yeah, I feel like it now, don't  
I... fucking hell..

Suddenly the door bell goes.

REZ (CONT'D)  
 (to Shifty)  
 Get that, it's probably your viagra  
 delivery.

SHIFTY  
 Fuck off.

39 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / FRONT DOOR. MORNING

Shifty opens the door.

SHIFTY  
 (suspicious)  
 Trevor.

TREVOR  
 Alright mate.

Shifty steps out and pulls the door to behind him.

40 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING

Rez stares at Chris who's still reading a magazine.

REZ  
 So come on, why are you back...  
 really?

Chris looks up at him. He's not ready for this question.

CHRIS  
 Because of the, erm, because of the  
 party...

REZ  
 There's been hundreds of parties  
 mate, what's so special about this  
 one?

CHRIS  
 I dunno, I just wanted to see  
 Shifty didn't I.

Rez just stares at him. Chris looks back at the magazine,  
 trying to pretend he's reading.

41 EXT. REZ'S HOUSE. MORNING

TREVOR  
 I was trying to bell you geezer,  
 your phones off.



SHIFTY  
Yeah I know, mate?

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Trevor, what do you want?

Trevor doesn't say anything, just nods his head, as if Shifty should know what he's talking about. Shifty closes his eyes taking stock.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Mate, you haven't... you haven't paid me for last week yet?

Trevor looks a little uncomfortable.

TREVOR  
Do me a favour, I've probably put your fucking kids through college, do you know what I mean?

SHIFTY  
Mate, keep your voice down.

A BEAT.

Shifty considers.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Meet me at the top of the road by the telephone box.

TREVOR  
Mate you're a fucking diamond.

42 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. MORNING

Still watching Chris, Rez speaks.

REZ  
For some reason... I dunno why... he still thinks of you as his best mate.

He get's up to leave.

REZ (CONT'D)  
Why don't you try acting like one.

WE'RE TIGHT ON CHRIS. HE'S TAKEN ABACK BY REZ'S COMMENT.

43 INT/EXT. REZ'S HOUSE / HALLWAY. MORNING

Trevor goes to walk away.

SHIFTY  
Trevor...

TREVOR  
Yes mate...

SHIFTY  
Don't ever fucking come to my house  
again.

TREVOR  
Yeah, no worries, I'm sorry, man.

Shifty walks in, shutting the door. Rez walks past him to go upstairs.

REZ  
Who was that?

SHIFTY  
Nothing, geezer wanted to talk to  
me about a job.

REZ  
What job.

SHIFTY  
Labouring.

Rez ascends the stairs.

REZ  
What did you say?

SHIFTY  
I'd think about it.

Shifty goes to walk off.

44 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. MORNING.

Rez, reaching the top of the stairs, calls down.

REZ  
Shafiq.

SHIFTY (O.S.)  
What!

REZ  
Don't forget.

SHIFTY (O.S.)  
What?

REZ  
Mum and dads.

SHIFTY (O.S.)  
(PAKISTANI)  
Do me a favour.

REZ  
(PAKISTANI)  
Just do it.

45 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / HALLWAY. MORNING.

Shifty looks agitated.

SHIFTY  
(PAKISTANI)  
I'm going to this fucking party.

REZ (O.S.)  
(PAKISTANI)  
What time.

SHIFTY  
(PAKISTANI)  
Nine.

REZ (O.S.)  
(PAKISTANI)  
You can be there at seven.

SHIFTY  
(PAKISTANI)  
For fucks sake.

46 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. MORNING.

REZ  
(PAKISTANI)  
JUST FUCKING BE THERE.

47 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. MORNING.

Shifty stands there, seething, and walks away.

48 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. MORNING

Trevor, sits in his van, by the telephone box waiting..

49 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / HALLWAY. MORNING

Shifty and Chris stand in the hallway putting on their jackets. They go to leave when Shifty stops and considers something.

SHIFTY  
Actually, let's go out the back way, it'll be quicker.

They head for the garden.

50 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. MORNING

Trevor sits. Waiting. He taps his finger on the steering wheel. Agitated. Every second an eternity.

51 EXT. BACK PASSAGE. MORNING

Shifty and Chris walk for a moment in silence.

CHRIS  
We gonna see your mum and dad later?

SHIFTY  
No.

CHRIS  
I just heard... erm... I wasn't being nose-y, I just heard Rez...

Chris doesn't want to push the subject any further. There's silence as they walk.

SHIFTY  
...Do you know they've ignored me for about a year...

CHRIS  
I didn't know?

SHIFTY  
...my mum puts the phone down when she hears my voice...

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
My dad crosses the road if he sees me in the street, then they fucking summon me for a fucking job interview.

Silence, the two carry on walking.

CHRIS

For what?

SHIFTY

They just want me to meet some up-  
his-arse-paki who'll look at me  
like some lost fucking cause!

A BEAT.

CHRIS

You gonna go?

SHIFTY

Am I fuck.

52 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

Trevor drives slowly past the house to see Rez putting out  
the rubbish. Rez turns around and stares at Trevor. Trevor  
looks away and drives off.

53 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / UP STAIRS BATHROOM. DAY

Jasmine sits on the toilet, she opens a pregnancy test and  
urinates onto it.

54 INT. TREVORS' HOUSE. BATHROOM (PART 1) / FREDDIE'S BEDROOM.  
DAY (PART 2) \*  
\*

Freddie is on his games console. He's at the controls of a  
racing game. It's on really loud.

CUT TO:

Holding up the pregnancy test Jasmine see's it turn to a plus  
sign. She's pregnant again.

CUT TO:

Tight on the screen as Freddie's computerised car screeches  
around a corner.

CUT TO:

Jasmine stares forward, her face fretful.

CUT TO:

Freddie's car smashes loudly against a barrier.

CUT TO:

Sitting, staring, suddenly Jasmine notices something on the tiled surface. She rubs her finger over it to reveal the residue of a white powder.

CUT TO:

The game is loud. Echoing through the house.

CUT TO:

She dabs finger with tongue, her face sours. She was almost hoping she was wrong.

CUT TO:

Freddie laughs as his car smashes into another opponent.

CUT TO:

Jasmine's eyes are alive with rage; the TV bellows out - suddenly she stands, pulls up her kickers and steams towards Freddie's room.

JASMINE  
(screaming)  
TURN THAT FUCKING TV DOWN BEFORE I  
THROW IT OUT OF THE FUCKING WINDOW!

Freddie little face is totally bewildered.

55 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY

Shifty and Chris approach a clapped out, red four-door VW Golf circa 1986. As they loom closer Glen exits the car from the back.

GLEN  
What you saying you fucking rag-  
head, you alright bad boy?

SHIFTY  
Dowdy!

GLEN  
You been on the roids mate you're  
looking bigger?

Shifty's almost exasperated with Glen already.

SHIFTY  
No, I haven't, no.

GLEN  
You getting ready for a fucking  
uprising.

SHIFTY  
Yeah, just a small one.

Shifty and Glen knock fists.

GLEN  
We better be careful, seems like  
there's a Tally-barn in town.

SHIFTY  
Give it a fucking rest geezer.

GLEN  
You know I'm only fucking about you  
prick. \*

Glen looks over at Chris. He takes him in.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
How you doing mate, you alright?

CHRIS  
(warily)  
Alright.

Glen grabs Shifty and pulls him to one side. His face is  
close to Shifty's ear, his insipid breath hot.

GLEN  
Who the fuck is that?

SHIFTY  
Chill out, he's an old mate of  
mine.

GLEN  
Don't just bring any fucking Muppet  
to the party, at least let me know  
first, do you know what I mean,  
give me a fucking heads up.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
(calm)  
Yeah.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
(collected)  
Alright mate.

A BEAT.

GLEN  
 Anyway, I've got, erm, I've got a  
 message for you.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
 What?

GLEN  
 Magnus wants you to call him  
 tonight?

SHIFTY  
 What? Magnus never wants me to call  
 him.

Glen shrugs.

A BEAT.

GLEN  
 I dunno, mate...

Shifty watches Glen.

SHIFTY  
 Where's the gear?

GLEN  
 Lenny's got it.

As Shifty walks to the car he discreetly backhands a roll of  
 money to Glen. Seated in the driver's seat sits Lenny, a  
 frail man, eyes sunken, hair thinning. His denim jacket  
 giving him the only dignity from looking like a walking  
 corpse. Seated next to him is Loretta. She's pulling out a  
 crack pipe itching to take a hit. Shifty leans through the  
 window and in one swift move takes a package from Lenny,  
 slipping it into his jacket, and drops a pile of cash into  
 his lap.

\*  
 \*

SHIFTY  
 Alright Lenny?

LENNY  
 Alright mate.

SHIFTY  
 You alright Loretta.

LORETTA  
 Alright Shifty.



56 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. DAY

Rez lays down a prayer mat. He kneels down and begins to pray.

57 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY

Glen stands smoking, staring at Chris. Suddenly Glen speaks.

GLEN  
I fucking... I swear I know you  
from somewhere?

A BEAT.

Chris can feel Glen's eyes on him.

CHRIS  
I dunno...

GLEN  
I do, I know you from somewhere.

Chris stays silent.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
D'you used to knock out pills?

CHRIS  
(dismissive)  
Yeah, now and again.

Glen carries on staring at him.

GLEN  
Yeah, yeah, I know where I fucking  
know you from... you used to go out  
with Serena Ellis?

CHRIS  
Yeah, a few years ago?

GLEN  
You'd fucking hope so, she's dead  
you cunt.

Glen laughs at his own joke. Chris looks furious. Shifty walks back over.

SHIFTY  
Come!

GLEN  
Right you done?  
(Shifty nods)  
Good.

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)  
 (he takes a final drag on  
 his fag)  
 Don't go blowing up any fucking  
 tube trains.

Glen walks back to the car. Chris throws Shifty a look and storms off, Shifty follows after him.

58 INT. LENNY'S CAR. DAY

Viewing the action from the dashboard we see Glen enter the rear door. Loretta, puffing away on a crack pipe, passes it to Lenny.

GLEN  
 What are we waiting for?

LENNY  
 Give me a fucking break I'm rushing  
 my tits off...

Lenny attempts to start the car.

LENNY (CONT'D)  
 Where's the keys babe?

LORETTA  
 Let's just go Lenny. I'm freaking  
 out.

Lenny, having found the keys, starts the car simultaneously tooting the horn and igniting the window wipers. They drive off, frog-hopping the VW down the road.

GLEN  
 Yeah, it's a good job we're not  
 making a fucking scene.

59 EXT. ROW OF GARAGES. DAY

Chris and Shifty turn a corner into a row of garages. Chris stands there for a moment his fists clenched.

SHIFTY  
 Mate, are you alright?

CHRIS  
 Yeah, I'm fine.

SHIFTY  
 What's the matter, what did he say?

CHRIS  
 Geezer don't worry about,  
 just...don't worry about it, it's  
 cool, I'm alright.

60 EXT/INT. BUILDING SITE. DAY

Trevor makes his way across muddy terrain to a porta-cabin and let's himself in. We follow him into see Bob Moran, portly, sitting at a desk, another gentleman, in a suit and hard-hat stands before the desk. Bob spots Trevor.

BOB  
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no...

TREVOR  
 Bob!

Bob comes around from his side of the desk.

BOB  
 No, Trevor, no.

TREVOR  
 Bob just hear me out.

BOB  
 Get out of my office.

TREVOR  
 Bob please I've paid out on all the  
 materials, I've lost money.

BOB  
 You should have thought about that  
 before you started bringing drugs  
 onto my site.

TREVOR  
 You owe me money.

BOB  
 I owe you fuck all.

TREVOR  
 YOU OWE ME MY FUCKING MONEY.

BOB  
 Tell it to the police, and I'll  
 tell 'em why you got kicked off the  
 fucking job.

TREVOR  
 Bob, please.

BOB  
Fuck off, Trevor.

Bob turns and walks out the porta-cabin. Trevor follows.

TREVOR  
Bob.

Bob ignores him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Bob I need this money.

Bob stays quiet, approaches a workman and starts talking to him. Trevor stands behind them.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Bob!

Bob turns to him, and puts out his hand.

BOB  
Thank's for coming today Trevor,  
we'll definitely be in touch.

Bob's hand hangs there. Trevor looks at him, to the hand. Bob turns away and carries on talking. Trevor stands for a moment then turns and walks away. Trevor's face is awash with emotion, it looks like he wants to cry but he holds it together.

61 EXT. HILL TOP. DAY

Shifty and Chris sit atop of a hill looking out across a skate park - The camera observing them from behind. Shifty hands Chris a rolled spliff. Shifty doesn't say anything, doesn't want to push Chris.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
Was that Loretta Martin in that  
motor?

SHIFTY  
Yeah.

CHRIS  
I used to fancy her big time when  
we were kids.

SHIFTY  
Yeah, I remember.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
She fucking... she loves a wrong'un  
though don't she?

SHIFTY  
Loves a wrong'un.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
What happened to her face?

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
Apparently... Glen... I think...  
injected her with some fucking  
cocktail... I dunno... smack, I  
think... he passed out first... she  
passed out... but apparently she  
was lying up against a radiator...  
the fucking thing came on full  
whack. She was so out of it, she  
didn't even know it was on....

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
...the paramedics had to peel her  
off.

CHRIS  
Jesus Christ!

Chris looks back out over the estate. Shifty's phone starts ringing. He looks at the screen it reads Trevor P MOB. He hits reject.

62 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

Trevor gets the answering machine. He smashes out at his dashboard.

63 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. DAY

Rez carries a bundle of dirty clothes to the washing machine and clumsily throws them in. He pulls out the powder tray but it comes out completely from the machine.

REZ  
FUCK!

He tries to wedge it back in but it doesn't want to go. Rez gets down on his knees and tries again, to no avail. He looks in the gap, and sees something.

He sticks his fingers in and starts rooting around. He has something; slowly Rez pulls out a large, see-through, watertight bag brimming with wraps of cocaine and crack. Rez sits back against the machine just staring at it.

64 EXT. HILL TOP. DAY

Shifty and Chris just sit. Suddenly Chris notices something.

CHRIS  
What's that?

SHIFTY  
What?

Chris points.

CHRIS  
That fucking thing.

65 EXT. PARK. DAY

Shifty and Chris approach an extreme sports park ride that helps build upper strength. At either end of a raised beam are two handles.

CHRIS  
What does it fucking do?

Chris grabs the handles and starts moving with it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Mate, grab the other end.

Shifty grabs the handles and starts running parallel to Chris, suddenly they both lift off the ground.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
FUCKING HELL!

SHIFTY  
SHIIIIIIIT!

They're both cracking up laughing, loving it.

66 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / KITCHEN / BATHROOM. DAY

On Jasmine's kitchen floor, just outside the connecting bathroom, are stacked a variety of toiletry goods. The sounds of scrubbing and movement echo out. Jasmine, her dressing gown grubby and soaked, cleanses, scrubs, and cleans the emptied bathroom like a woman possessed. She's purging her haven, washing away the sin that has tainted her sanctum.

WE CUT TO A LONG SHOT, OVER FREDDIE'S SHOULDER TO SEE HIM WATCHING HER.

67 EXT. VALERIE'S BLOCK COUNCIL FLATS. DAY.

A fairly respectable but featureless tenement block looms.

68 INT. VALERIE'S BLOCK COUNCIL FLATS/CORRIDOR. DAY

Shifty and Chris stand before a racing green door upon which a small ceramic emblem of a cat nestles under the number eight. Shifty knocks on the door. Silence. He stares at the emblem of the cat.

SHIFTY  
Fucking cat lovers.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
I can't stand people who feed their cat's... fucking red snapper... or goose liver, because they say the fucking things fussy...

A BEAT.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
...it's a fucking cat.

SHIFTY  
Wait until you see this...

CHRIS  
Starve the fucking thing for a week and it'll eat a condom, do you know what I mean...

\*

Shifty laughs. Then they stand for a second waiting. Shifty knocks again.

SHIFTY  
C'mon Val.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Sorry about this geez.

CHRIS  
Mate, it's cool.

SHIFTY  
I didn't wanna drag you around all day.

A BEAT.

Shifty bends down and looks through the letterbox. He sees a shadow approaching. He stands back up. The latch snaps, echoing down the clinical looking hallway.

69 INT. VALERIE'S FLAT / HALLWAY. DAY

\*

We follow Shifty through a corridor deprived of light and colour. Valerie, who leads the way, is considerably smaller. We open into the front room and Valerie's revealed for the first time. At 5'5" with long arms book-ended by bony hands and a sculptured face, she smacks of an ageing Goth and is clearly an old hippie, her brain starched by LSD. Sleeping cats inhabit the surroundings like stationed guards.

A BEAT.

Valerie looks towards Chris.

SHIFTY

Valerie, this is Chris, he's erm, he's an old friend of mine, we grew up together. He's cool. We go way back. So it's cool, you know.

CHRIS

How you doing?

He offers a hand that she takes politely.

VALERIE

Yeah. Hi.

A moment of uncomfortable silence.

SHIFTY

I called yesterday but you were out.

VALERIE

When?

SHIFTY

I dunno, It was probably about two in the afternoon.

VALERIE

I was in all day.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY

You must have been asleep.



VALERIE  
No, no I was awake, I didn't sleep.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
I dunno then.

VALERIE  
Did you say two o'clock.

SHIFTY  
Yeah.

VALERIE  
Are you sure it wasn't two thirty.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
It may have been.

VALERIE  
I was out on the balcony at two  
thirty.

A BEAT.

VALERIE (CONT'D)  
But I was in here at two.

A BEAT.

VALERIE (CONT'D)  
I'll make us some tea.

SHIFTY  
Yeah, that'll be sweet.

70 INT. VALERIE'S FRONT ROOM. DAY

\*

Chris looks about at the bits and bobs that litter her front room. Sleeping felines. Chintzy ornaments of cats. He picks up a framed photo of her daughter, Loretta, in better days, fresh faced, before the scars, ready to take on the world. He looks slightly shocked to see this.

CUT TO:

Chris sits in a sunken armchair, and looks around the room. He looks closely at a sleeping cat near his chair. He moves his foot and touches it but it slides along the floor, not moving just solid, as if frozen. It dawns on Chris that all the cats in the room are stuffed.

Chris sits back in the chair, suddenly from next door, the deep hum of a drum and bass track starts thumping through the wall. It's so heavy it makes the shelves of chintzy cat ornaments rattle.

71 INT. VALERIE'S KITCHEN. DAY \*

Valerie prepares the tea whilst Shifty leans against the counter top.

SHIFTY  
How you been, alright.

VALERIE  
Yeah, I'm alright babe, you alright?

SHIFTY  
Yeah, I'm alright.

VALERIE  
Good, good.

Silence as Valerie prepares the tea.

SHIFTY  
She visited you yet?

VALERIE  
No... not for a long time,  
Shifty... not seen her for a long  
time really, darling.

Shifty walks over to Valerie and starts helping her make the tea. He seems to know where stuff is in this kitchen. He places a hand on her arm.

SHIFTY  
She'll come back one day.

They carry on making the tea.

72 INT. VALERIE'S FRONT ROOM. DAY \*

The drum and bass track continues to thud through the wall. A fresh pot of tea stands next to an empty can of soft drink. Shifty pulls out two rocks of crack and places them before Val. Chris watches with intent. He almost can't believe what he's seeing. She opens the cellophane and places down a small yellowy lump. Then carefully she fashions the can into a smoking utensil. At that moment, one of her cat ornaments falls from the shelf because of the vibrating bass. Valerie walks over, picks up the china tabby, and places it carefully back on the side. She sits back down, clearly distressed by the music.

We're tight on the can as Valerie lifts the paraphernalia to her mouth and takes a hit, a small grimace etched across her lips. She gestures with her hand offering Chris some.

CHRIS

No, no, I'm fine.....thanks  
though.

CLOSE ON SHIFTY.

SHIFTY

Look Val we're gonna have to do  
one..

THE CAMERA PANS TO VAL- SHE LOOKS ANAESTHETIZED - BACK TO  
SHIFTY...

Shifty nods at Chris for them both to leave. The thudding bass echoes out as they exit the flat. Chris looks slightly unsettled by what he's seen.

73 EXT. OUTSIDE VALERIE'S FLAT. DAY

\*

Shifty shuts the door to Valerie's behind him. They go to walk off when suddenly Shifty stops dead in his tracks. He pauses for a while, and then shouts to Chris who has carried on walking.

SHIFTY

Geezer, give me a minute.

Chris turns to see Shifty pulling up the sleeve on his jacket. Shifty reaches through the letterbox and manages to unhook the latch. The door swings slowly open, the drum 'n' bass booming out.

73A INT. OTIS' FLAT / FRONTROOM. DAY

\*

Shifty enters. The CAMERA follows. We're introduced to a dark hallway, clothes, magazines and CD's litter the floor. Shifty peers into one of the bedrooms leading off from the hallway - a mattress with no sheets. Shifty carries on down the hallway. Reaching a door, he slowly pushes it open, to reveal a grotty front room. On the TV a violent movie scene plays out, the sound turned down. A wiry looking 18 year old, Otis, sits on the sofa rolling a spliff, absorbed by the films images. A chavvy-looking bird sits to his left. Shifty, cool as a cucumber, rolls into the front room, straight up to the stereo, and turns it off. The young kid sits there, just staring, a spliff held in his two hands, totally flummoxed. Shifty stares him out.

SHIFTY  
 Alright mate?

OTIS  
 Alright.

Shifty looks about at the room.

SHIFTY  
 What's your name?

OTIS  
 Otis.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
 Where do you get your weed from?

OTIS  
 It aint... it aint mine, my erm, my mate left it, he left it here... I could phone him if you want, he'll sort you out...

SHIFTY  
 Where d'you get your fucking weed from rude boy?

A BEAT.

OTIS  
 I get it from this geezer... Glen Dowdy innit.

Shifty smiles.

SHIFTY  
 No, you don't.

74 EXT. VALERIE'S BLOCK COUNCIL FLATS / CORRIDOR. DAY

Chris stands waiting, he looks uncomfortable.

75 INT. OTIS' FLAT / FRONTROOM. DAY

OTIS  
 No his names Glen, I'm sure it is man, his names Glen innit?

OTIS' GIRLFRIEND  
 Yeah, I think so.

SHIFTY  
From now on you get your weed from  
me...

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
At half the price.

Otis looks at his girlfriend, and back to Shifty, utterly  
confused.

76 EXT. VALERIE'S BLOCK COUNCIL FLATS. DAY

Chris watches a young mum below, she can't be more than 16,  
pregnant, and with another baby in a pram. He looks saddened  
by the girl. He turns and walks into the flat.

77 INT. OTIS' FLAT / FRONTROOM. DAY

SHIFTY  
I'm gonna sell you your weed half  
price, and your gonna keep this  
noise down.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Yeah?

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
(with threat)  
YEAH?

At that moment Otis and his girlfriend look up to see Chris  
standing in the doorway. His presence adds menace to the  
situation.

OTIS  
Yeah, alright, yeah.

SHIFTY  
Because if I hear one word of  
complaint from next door, just one  
single complaint, I'll come back  
here and I'll take your TV, I'll  
take your stereo, and I'll shove em  
up your birds arse.

He lets the words sink in. The girl looks a little shocked.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Do you understand me?

Otis nods.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

OTIS  
Yeah, yeah, it's cool, I'm sorry,  
man, I didn't know I had it on  
loud, I would have turned it down,  
I'm sorry.

Silence. Shifty stares Otis out. Otis looks away. Shifty picks up a biro from the floor and writes a number on Otis' wall.

SHIFTY  
Call me if you need any more weed.

He walks into the hallway, past Chris.

CHRIS  
(almost disdain)  
You don't miss a fucking trick.

SHIFTY  
You know it.

78 INT. VALERIE'S BLOCK COUNCIL FLATS / STAIRWELL. DAY

Shifty and Chris make their way down the winding stairs of the tenement block, Shifty's phone vibrates.

CLOSE ON: THE SCREEN OF THE PHONE READS: TREVOR P MOB.

Shifty hits the reject button. Chris follows behind.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
That was all a bit fucking surreal.

SHIFTY  
What d'you mean?

CHRIS  
I can't believe you just sold crack  
to Miss Marple and struck a deal  
with Blazing Squad.

Shifty laughs as they carry on descending.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
How old is she?

SHIFTY  
About 70.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
She's been doing drugs longer than  
we've been alive.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
Yeah, d'you reckon.

A BEAT.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
When did you start knocking out?

SHIFTY  
Knocking out what?

CHRIS  
(lowers his voice)  
Crack.

SHIFTY  
I dunno, about...three, three and a  
half years ago.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Why when d'you stop knocking out  
pills.

CHRIS  
When do you think?

A BEAT.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Do you get involved?

SHIFTY  
No.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Have you?

CHRIS  
Fuck that.

They still descend the stairs.

SHIFTY  
Do you wanna try it?

Chris looks at him, unsure if he's joking.

CHRIS  
Only if I get a fucking discount.

SHIFTY  
(Asian accent)  
I have to charge you wholesale, you know. I got family in Pakistan, they need ticket for plane travel, man.

They both laugh.

79 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. DAY

Jasmine is at the kitchen table with Freddie and Katie who are doing potato painting. Jasmine is dialing her mobile. She presses it to her ear.

80 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

Trevor is parked up in his van, just staring out. We see his phone vibrating on the dash board. He answers.

TREVOR  
Jasmine...

81 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / TREVOR'S VAN. KITCHEN. DAY

Her tone is cold distant.

JASMINE  
Where's the credit card?

TREVOR  
What for?

JASMINE  
I want to book a hire car.

TREVOR  
We don't need one.

JASMINE  
How are we gonna get about with two kids.

TREVOR  
We'll get taxis.



JASMINE  
It'll be cheaper to get a hire car.

TREVOR  
Jasmine, we're not getting a hire car.

JASMINE  
Don't ruin this for me, Trevor.

TREVOR  
What do you mean?

JASMINE  
Don't ruin this holiday for me.

Trevor goes quiet.

JASMINE (CONT'D)  
Are you still there?

TREVOR  
Yeah.

JASMINE  
Where are you?

TREVOR  
Where do you think. I'm on site.

JASMINE  
It doesn't sound like it...

A BEAT.

TREVOR  
Babe, look I've got to go,

JASMINE  
Well what should I do about the car?

TREVOR  
Babe, I've gotta go, Bob's calling me... we'll talk about it later... I'll call you...

CLICK! He puts down the phone.

82 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / KITCHEN. DAY

Jasmine sits there for a moment, slightly distracted, then carries on painting with the kids, her mind elsewhere.

83 EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE. DAY

Shifty and Chris walk in silence. Chris looks about at the buildings, his eyes searching across the domain that he once knew so well.

CHRIS  
Did you tell Rachel?

SHIFTY  
What?

CHRIS  
About me.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
No, I didn't.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
I thought it'd be a surprise.

Chris looks a little uncomfortable.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Mate, it's gonna be fine.

CHRIS  
Who else is gonna be there?

SHIFTY  
I dunno, lot of her new mates, I don't know many of them.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
So what's the plan, are you gonna go and see your mum and dad first?

Shifty looks at him.

SHIFTY  
No.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
You should go man, see what they've got to say?

SHIFTY  
I thought you worked in recruitment.

CHRIS

What?

SHIFTY

When do you become a *fucking* family liaison?

CHRIS

What are you talking about you nutter, I was just saying?

A BEAT.

SHIFTY

I'll be stuck in some fucking warehouse... looking after twenty Bengalis... knocking out dodgy Fruit of the Looms.... I know exactly who they want me to meet, man.

CHRIS

It might not be, mate, it might be some sweet little earner... in the city somewhere, do you know what I mean.

SHIFTY

I've got a sweet little earner.

CHRIS

Yeah, but you won't be sweating bullets everytime the door bell goes.

A BEAT.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're not knocking out weed anymore, man.... This aint college... you're in deep bruv... that shit'll put you down for life.

SHIFTY

Only if you get caught, mate.

Suddenly from around the corner we see someone come sprinting past. .

SHIFTY (CONT'D)

Malik?

Malik, small, Turkish, stops dead in his tracks and spins round, he carries a large black holdall.

MALIK  
(OUT OF BREATH)  
Fucking hell Shifty... you alright  
bruv... I didn't even notice you.

SHIFTY  
What's going on?

MALIK  
Long story, geezer (Looks at Chris)  
you alright mate?

CHRIS  
How you doing?

SHIFTY  
Malik, this is an old mate of mine,  
Chris.

MALIK  
Someone's gotta be.

Chris laughs.

SHIFTY  
Where are you going, man why you  
running?

MALIK  
Fucking hell, do you remember I was  
telling you about Craig?

SHIFTY  
No.

MALIK  
Yeah you fucking do, Craig Whittle,  
the guy who's seeing Desmond  
Dodge's sister.

SHIFTY  
What, Craig, small Craig.

MALIK  
Yeah, yeah. D'you remember I told  
you he had that job at the  
pinnacles, the, erm, storage  
warehouse.

SHIFTY  
Yeah, go on.

He doesn't.

MALIK

Anyway, Craig tells me every Friday, on the fucking dot, a delivery gets made, all this top fucking electrical gear...

Shifty offers him a cigarette.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Cheers mate... yeah every Friday [lights his fag] they make this fucking drop off, but because the lorry can't reverse into the courtyard, something to do with the angle of the gates or something, I dunno mate, you'll have to ask Craig, they fucking, cos they can't get in, they leave all these crates sitting on the fucking road...

SHIFTY

What... are you on your way there now?

MALIK

What... no, no, no, I drummed the place ten minutes ago blood. This fucking... forklift went inside yeah, with this first load, so I, fucking, I nipped in, started whacking in the gear, only turns out they've got another forklift...

CHRIS

Hold up, hold up...Why are you running?

MALIK

Cunt caught me right in the middle a loading up.

CLOSE ON: SHIFTY AND CHRIS' FACES DROP.

MALIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't want anything, I'll do you a proper deal, sort you right out?

At that precise moment a plain clothes police car comes heading toward them. The siren blares out. Chris and Shifty, caught between a rock and a hard place, turn and sprint.

84 EXT. BACK STREETS. DAY

Chris runs, suddenly Shifty overtakes. Chris is fast but Shifty's like a whippet.

SHIFTY

Follow me.

Shifty swerves down a side lane, Chris follows.

85 EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY

Malik's legging it down an alleyway, he throws the bag over a wall and goes over after it, he vaults, landing knee deep in a shitty garden pond.

MALIK

Fuck.

86 EXT. SIDE STREET. DAY

Shifty and Chris sprint, the police close behind.

SHIFTY

This is bollocks.

Shifty vaults a brick wall, Chris follows. The drop on the other side is far deeper than expected, they hit the floor hard. Suddenly they see something that grabs their attention.

87 EXT. CYCLE TRACK. DAY

Shifty and Chris come swerving around the corner on the crappiest kids' bikes you've ever seen. Shifty's knees are near his chin, and Chris' bike is pink with a fairy flag whipping off the back.

THE CAMERA RIDES PARALLEL WITH THEM AS THEY HURTLE ALONG THE CYCLE TRACK.

It's not perfect but it's better than running. Shifty starts cracking up laughing. Chris' face looks a little more serious, however. He doesn't find this all quite as funny as Shifty.

88 EXT. GROSVENOR ROAD CUT THRU. DAY.

\*

Shifty sits in an underpass. Random graffiti tarnishes the walls behind them, their bikes lent against the wall. Chris is stood up, leaning on his knees, breathing hard.

CHRIS

Mate, I'm telling you, this is no way to live.

Chris sits down next to Shifty.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm serious, mate, you need to get away from this shit, come and live with me for a bit.

Shifty looks at Chris, and reaches into his pocket pulling out a pack of fags.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm serious, mate... Why not?

Shifty doesn't say anything.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You'd love Manchester, man, it's full of fitness.

Shifty stays quiet, and smokes. They sit their for a moment.

SHIFTY

I can't just fuck off.

CHRIS

Yeah, you can.

Shifty looks at Chris.

SHIFTY

Yeah, but I wouldn't mate... I don't want to... I'm perfectly fucking happy where I am...

89 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT. DAY

\*

Glen sits perched on the end of the bed, his top off. Loretta lays on her side, behind him.

GLEN

Magnus, Magnus...

He gets up and walks about.

GLEN (CONT'D)

... is that better?...it's Glen... you alright... can you hear me?... yeah I'm good mate, I'm good... No, you...no mate... no I, erm, I put the word about...you know...what we were chatting about... and I, erm, I think I've got a pretty good idea what's going on... well, erm... I've heard this off a few people... a lot of 'em have said the same thing... it's, erm, it's Shifty innit... Shifty... yeah, yeah definitely...

(MORE)

## GLEN (CONT'D)

I mean I could have told you that in the first place, mate...who else is it gonna be... Cos I tell you one thing, I aint fucking cutting up the gear, Lenny aint fucking cutting it up is he, look at the state him... I mean mate, they're all on the make... he's a fucking Paki ain't he... he'd sell his sister for a set of rims, do you know what I mean... Yeah I did, I had a word with him... told him what I'd heard... yeah. Little prick told me to go fuck myself, said he'll call you himself... the geezers getting out of control Magnus, something needs to be done...alright mate...alright, I'll speak to you later...cheers mate...CLICK!

He stands there for moment, thinking. He walks over to Loretta and pulls back the sheets. He leans over and starts kissing her all over, she tries to ignore him, but he's licking her ear, grinding his crotch into her arse.

## LORETTA

Glen, I'm not in the mood.

He doesn't listen, and pulls down her knickers.

90

EXT. GROSVENOR ROAD CUT THRU. DAY

There's a silence between the two of them. Shifty looks as if he's mulling something over in his head.

## SHIFTY

If Manchester's so full of gal, how come you haven't got a bird yet?

## CHRIS

I've been on nuff dates. Some of them fucking lovely.

A BEAT.

## CHRIS (CONT'D)

I just haven't been able to get my head around it since Serena.

A BEAT.

## SHIFTY

Mate, that was four years ago.



91 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

Trevor's makes his way through the lifeless avenues of Dudlowe, a repetitive New-York house tune plays out - Trevor does a line of coke off the tip of a credit card.

92 EXT. GROSVENOR ROAD CUT THRU. DAY

\*

In the distance we can hear the faint resonance of traffic and far-away cries from a children's playground...

CHRIS

Did you go to the funeral?

Shifty soaks in the question.

SHIFTY

Yeah of course I did.

CHRIS

Did anyone say anything?

SHIFTY

About what?

CHRIS

I dunno, about me?

A BEAT.

SHIFTY

Yeah.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)

People were saying a lot of shit about both of us.

CHRIS

Like what?

SHIFTY

Just... fucking...just rumors, mate, bullshit.

CHRIS

Did you get drilled by the old bill?

SHIFTY

Everyone did.

CHRIS

What did people say when I left?

SHIFTY  
I don't know mate. Whatever they  
were saying about you they were  
saying about me.

There's an uncomfortable silence between them.

CHRIS  
I'm gonna get fucking lick-shot  
tonight.

SHIFTY  
You fucking know that... back to  
mine... bit of munch... couple of  
Uri Geller's...

CHRIS  
You getting changed?

SHIFTY  
Yeah, of course I am

CHRIS  
Let's get a bottle of whisky.

SHIFTY  
Fuck that.

CHRIS  
Why?

SHIFTY  
You always kick off.

CHRIS  
No I don't.

SHIFTY  
Mate, last time you drank a bottle  
of whisky you pissed on my leg.

CHRIS  
Bollocks!

Chris is laughing.

SHIFTY  
In a club.

CHRIS  
What!

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
In front of the bouncer.

CHRIS  
Oh yeah, I remember.

Chris cracks up.

SHIFTY  
I gotta do one last drop off and we  
can chill out.

93 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

We see Trevor walk back to the van, in his hand he has a can of beer. Getting in, he settles down and begins to unwrap his gram of coke on the passenger seat. He places down the can to take a hit when suddenly he knocks it, spilling beer all over the cocaine.

TREVOR  
No, no, no, no, oh fuck, oh fucking  
hell.

He's at it. His fingers dabbing at the clammy remnants, fingering it into his gums and teeth.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Fuck...fuck...

94 EXT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

Trevor gets out, he's furious and kicks the side of the van.

TREVOR  
FUCK...

95 EXT. STREET. DAY

We see Shifty and Chris approach a house, Shifty leads the way through the gate.

96 EXT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

Trevor's driving, full of desperation. He phones another number.

TREVOR  
(ON PHONE)

Ken, it's Trevor... yeah I'm alright mate... yeah, no, not for about a week... Look I can't get hold of Shifty... I know, I know he's a nightmare... you haven't got any various have ya... what you're dry as well... I know... I know but I can't get hold of him... alright mate... look if you see him yeah, get him to call me straight away...

97 INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. DAY

We're at Blair Wyards, 35. His room is full of twelve inch vinyl and cool framed posters. They all sit around on low comfy chairs. Blair smokes on a stacked spliff.

SHIFTY  
How many do you want?

BLAIR  
Just two... fuck it, it's Friday, make it three... Yeah, make it three.

SHIFTY  
How about four!

BLAIR  
Do me a favour, Jesus Christ.

98 EXT. STREET. DAY

Malik walks, head down, carrying the bag of stolen gear.

99 INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. DAY

Shifty's phone goes off on vibrate. He looks at the screen: TREVOR P MOB. He ignores it, rifles through his cellophane bag and pulls out three grams of coke.

SHIFTY  
What's work saying?

BLAIR  
Fuck all really.

SHIFTY  
(to Chris)  
Blair works at St. Marks.

CHRIS  
I used to go there, what do you do?

SHIFTY  
He's head caretaker.

CHRIS  
Oh right.

Blair laughs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
What?

BLAIR  
I'm not, I'm head of English.

Chris' laugh is met by silence.

CHRIS  
What really?

Blair nods.

BLAIR  
Yeah.

CHRIS  
Mental.

100 EXT. STREET. DAY

Trevor's van pulls up behind Malik tooting his horn - Malik almost defecates his jeans - Trevor winds down the window.

MALIK  
(exasperated)  
Fucking hell Trevor, my hearts  
beating like a techno track.

TREVOR  
You seen Shifty?

MALIK  
(wary)  
Earlier, yeah, why?

TREVOR  
When?

MALIK  
(suspicious)  
This morning, why what's the  
matter, what's going on?

TREVOR

Get in and show me where to find him, you know where he hangs out.

MALIK

I, erm, I'm on my way to, erm, my bird's Trev...

TREVOR

Don't worry about it, we'll only be about ten minutes.

MALIK

I don't think Shifty's gonna want to see me at the moment though Trev.

Trevor steps out.

TREVOR

Get in the FUCKING car Malik.

101 INT. BLAIR WYARD'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. DAY

BLAIR

How's business?

SHIFTY

Yeah it's good, mate, thriving.

BLAIR

I was reading the other day that it's a good time to be in the drugs trade... government's raging war on terror... no one gives a fuck about drugs anymore...

A BEAT.

SHIFTY

Yeah but I'm a Muslim drug dealer...

CHRIS

So he's *fucked* either way.

Blair and Chris laugh.

SHIFTY

Ha Dee fucking Ha... wankers.

Shifty sits back in his chair, thinking.

102 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

They're driving. Trevor almost fanatical, eyes searching - Malik in the back of the car, looking anxious, offering directions.

103 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

Trevor scours the streets, Malik in the back. The house tune thumping out.

104 INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. DAY

Blair sniffs up a line of coke and offers some to Shifty and Chris who decline. The mellow tunes plays out. Chris passes the spliff to Blair who takes a deep drag. Shifty sits back and looks at the clock on the wall. It reads 18:45. He thinks for a moment. He looks at the lines of coke lined up on Blair's table. He looks back at the clock. 18:46. Chris is watching Shifty.

CHRIS  
I tell you what?

SHIFTY  
What?

CHRIS  
I could fucking smash one of your  
mum's curry's.

Shifty looks at Chris straight in the eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Do you think she would have made  
food?

SHIFTY  
Always.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
We could still make it, man.

Shifty looks at Chris.

A BEAT.

105 INT. SHIFTY'S PARENTS HOUSE. DAY

Rez stands in the hallway of his parents house, we can see Shifty's parents in the kitchen chatting to an elderly gentleman in a suit. Rez looks at his phone, it reads: Shafiq Mobile. He looks at it for a while. Then answers.

SHIFTY (O.S.)  
Rez, it's Shifty

REZ  
Yeah.

SHIFTY (O.S.)  
Where are you?

REZ  
Mum and dads.

106 EXT. STREET. DAY

Shifty and Chris walk.

SHIFTY  
You alright mate... you sound a bit down?

REZ (O.S.)  
I'm fine.

SHIFTY  
Is that still job thing still on? \*

REZ (O.S.)  
Of course it is. Why wouldn't it be.

SHIFTY  
Alright mate, I was just asking.

REZ  
Just get here.

107 INT. SHIFTY'S PARENTS HOUSE / HALLWAY. DAY

Rez puts down the phone. He stands there for a while, thinking, then walks into the kitchen to join his parents and their guest.

108 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

Silence as Trevor and Malik drive. Suddenly Trevor notices Shifty and Chris walking down a grass verge, making their way beneath the underpass.



He brings the van to a halt at the side of the street. He exits the van, leaving Malik sitting in the back passenger seat slightly non-plussed.

109 EXT. UNDERPASS. DAY

Shifty and Chris walk through the tunnel, from the far end we see the shadow of a heavysset man approaching. Shifty and Chris walk unfazed. Shifty recognises the guy.

SHIFTY  
(under his breath)  
Oh shit!

Trevor, appearing from the gloom, walks directly towards Shifty.

TREVOR  
Where you been geezer, I've been trying to get hold of you.

He stops about a foot away from Shifty. Too close for comfort. Shifty takes a step back.

SHIFTY  
I've been busy, mate. You alright?

Trevor assesses Chris.

TREVOR  
I need to get hold of some gear.

SHIFTY  
There's nothing left Trev, that's why I haven't answered?

Trevor's face drops.

TREVOR  
(Turning nasty)  
Don't fucking bullshit me Shifty.

SHIFTY  
Mate, call me in an hour and I'll sort you out.

TREVOR  
You won't answer your phone mate, you've been blanking me all day.

SHIFTY  
Mate, I'm in a rush, I'll call you later.

TREVOR  
 Fuck off, I know you're carrying,  
 don't try and mug me off.

SHIFTY  
 Take it easy rude boy. Just chill  
 out.

TREVOR  
 I am fucking chilled out, I just  
 don't like being mugged off, do you  
 know what I mean?

Trevor's in Shifty's face.

SHIFTY  
 I've had a long fucking day,  
 Trevor, just leave me alone.

TREVOR  
 Don't tell me what to fucking do  
 you Paki.

\*

He pushes Shifty hard. Chris steps up.

CHRIS  
 Mate, leave it out!

Trevor's on Shifty and has him pinned up against the wall,  
 his hefty hand gripped around his neck, Suddenly he brings a  
 Stanley knife up to his temple.

TREVOR  
 Empty your pockets! EMPTY YOUR  
 FUCKING POCKETS.

CHRIS  
 Mate what are you doing?

SHIFTY  
 Just leave it, Chris. Trevor, think  
 about what you're doing, man.

TREVOR  
 JUST EMPTY YOUR FUCKING POCKETS.

Trevor edges the knife harder into Shifty's neck. Slowly  
 Shifty surrenders the large bag of coke and a cellophane bag  
 of crack with about two grand in cash.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Why do you lie to me you prick, why  
 do you tell me you weren't fucking  
 carrying.

SHIFTY  
 Trevor, you need to calm down.

Trevor's eyes are bulging, face crimson with rage, his knife nestling at the tip of Shifty's Adams apple.

TREVOR  
Empty your fucking other  
pockets!... NOW....NOW!

Shifty does what Trevor says.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
And the inside pockets you prick...  
NOW!

At that moment, Trevor lowers his knife, Shifty takes heed and grabs him, swinging him around and pushing his palm into Trevor's face. They fall into a messy clinch, but their now facing the opposite way. Chris and Shifty turn and sprint as fast as possible. Trevor falls to his knees scrambling for the drugs.

CUT TO:

110 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / FRONTROOM. DAY

Jasmine is in the front room ironing. In front of her she has two suit cases laid out perfectly. She keeps an eye on the kids who are still painting. She presses one of Trevor's shirts perfectly.

111 EXT. OLD SPORTS CENTRE. DAY

Shifty and Chris come to rest behind a gathering of bushes. Their lungs on fire as they grab for air. Shifty looks down at his top and realises he's bleeding.

SHIFTY  
Oh shit.

CHRIS  
Mate, are you alright?

Chris reaches to help him, but Shifty swats away his hand.

SHIFTY  
Get off me, man.

CHRIS  
Mate, I'm only trying to help.

SHIFTY  
It's a bit fucking late now.

CHRIS  
Mate, the geezer had a fucking  
knife at your throat.

SHIFTY

Yeah exactly mate. Help might have been fucking nice, do you know what I mean?

CHRIS

What was I supposed to do?

SHIFTY

You're supposed to fucking help me, man, fucking do something.

CHRIS

Mate, I'm sorry, I'm just not used to being fucking mugged in tunnels. It's not part of my daily routine?

SHIFTY

I'm surprised you didn't do a fucking runner?

CHRIS

What are you talking about?

SHIFTY

I'm surprised you didn't fucking... run off and leave me to sort out the mess.

CHRIS

Fuck you, Shifty. Fuck you, man.

SHIFTY

Why, why, cos I'm speaking the truth. Talking about the past, talking about Serena. Oh no you can't talk about that, you mustn't talk about Serena.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)

Let's fucking talk about it. Let's talk about how you left two weeks after she died without saying goodbye to me, everyone fucking asking me what's going on, every one saying shit about you, bad mouthing you, let me tell you about the fights I had sticking up for you, the broken nose I got when some meathead slagged you off, let's fucking talk about that, mate.

CHRIS

I left because of one fucking reason... this shit hole...

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

this fucking cess pit that you love so much... where has this place got you, man, where has it fucking got you, smartest kid in the class, four fucking a levels and you're getting chased by the police, getting mugged, selling *crack cocaine* to OAP's. Nice life.

SHIFTY

I'll tell you where it's fucking got me mate. It's got me earning four thousand a week...How much do you earn in your little cubicle up in Manchester...go on how much do you fucking earn... you probably don't even earn two grand a fucking month you prick...

\*

CHRIS

You don't know what the fuck I've been through.

SHIFTY

How would I you prick I haven't seen you for four years.

CHRIS

Fuck you!

SHIFTY

No FUCK YOU!

Shifty turns and steams off leaving Chris seething.

112 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DAY

\*

Trevor gets back in the van, wiping the blood from his nose with the sleeve of his shirt and breathing heavily. He's counting the money, looking in the bag of drugs - PAY DIRT. He's a bundle of nervous energy.

VOICE

(off screen)

Who d'you fucking rob - Cuba?

Trevor spins round in his seat.

TREVOR

JESUS MALIK... what are you doing?

MALIK

I thought you wanted me to wait.

Trevor starts to laugh; it's a nervous display, almost relief.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Sort me out with some out that (he  
nods to the coke).

A BEAT.

TREVOR

What's it worth?

Malik considers, puts his hand in the bag and pulls out a camcorder he nicked earlier with a bunch of tapes.

113 INT. SHIFTY'S PARENTS HOUSE. DUSK \*

In a respectable dining room sit Shifty's parents and Mr. Ahmed. Their silence is awkward as they sit waiting for Shifty. Shifty's mum pours Mr. Ahmed some tea.

114 INT. TREVOR'S VAN. DUSK \*

Trevor takes out a wrap, places a huge pile on the end of a credit card and tries to snort the lot in one go. His broken nose proves difficult, blocked by clotted blood, so he eats the remainder.

115 INT. SHIFTY'S PARENT HOUSE / KITCHEN. NIGHT \*

Rez sits on a stool drinking a cup of tea, he tries to ring Shifty but gets no answer. Rez's face shows frustration.

116 EXT/INT. REZ'S HOUSE. NIGHT \*

Shifty walks down the path and opens the front door, calling out.

SHIFTY

REZ...

The house is empty.

117 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT \*

Shifty's on the phone.

SHIFTY

... Why... that's not true... Magnus...  
Magnus it wasn't... come on, man... I  
know but... I know... what the fuck was  
I supposed to do... you know I don't...  
Magnus, chill out, man... Yeah...  
yeah... I'm... fucking... WHAT! I'm  
not in on anything with Glen...

(MORE)

## SHIFTY (CONT'D)

whatever your problem is with him  
that's nothing to do with me... Why  
you even use that prick... I...  
what...when... I do know who it  
was... yeah, Trevor Palmer... you don't  
know him... yeah... you don't know him...  
but I... yeah... I will, I will, look  
man, I didn't know... I will... CLICK!  
FUUUCK!!!

Shifty's punching his bedroom door yelling out.

## SHIFTY (CONT'D)

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

118 INT. SHIFTY'S PARENTS HOUSE. NIGHT

Shifty's mum shuts the door as Mr. Ahmed leaves. She turns back into the hallway and suddenly begins to cry. Shifty's dad walks in and holds her tight, Rez holds back, not knowing what to do.

119 EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT

Five heavy looking bastards walk out of a house and towards a serious looking black range rover. One of them opens the boot and they throw in baseball bats, a crowbar, masking tape.

120 EXT. HOUSE PARTY. NIGHT

Chris sits on a wall the other side of the road, a carrier bag full of beer. He sits, drinking, just staring at the house, the music pumping from within. He watches as people arrive. He looks about. He's anxious, upset, he doesn't want to do this on his own.

121 INT. TREVOR'S FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

Trevor unlocks the door and walks into the house, his nose swollen, face sullen, guilty. We follow as he walks toward the front room where we see suit cases placed over the floor as Jasmine busies herself packing. She doesn't look at Trevor, she's too angry with him.

TREVOR

What are you doing babe?

JAMES

What does it look like.

TREVOR

We've got another three days yet?

JASMINE  
I've got two kids to pack for...

Silence.

JASMINE (CONT'D)  
...three including you...

TREVOR  
Where are they?

JASMINE  
Where do you think they are,  
they're in bed?

TREVOR  
What's wrong with you?

JASMINE  
Nothing.

Jasmine walks past him, still not looking him, and into the kitchen where she takes wet washing from the machine.

TREVOR  
Babe, what's the matter?

She walks back past him to the front room.

JASMINE  
When did you start using again?

TREVOR  
What?

JASMINE  
When did you start using cocaine  
again?

TREVOR  
What are you talking about?

JASMINE  
I'm not going through this again  
Trevor, don't fucking lie to me.

TREVOR  
What are you going on about?

JASMINE  
Is that why the card failed.

TREVOR  
What?



JASMINE  
I tried to book a car and the card failed?

TREVOR  
I told you not book it.

She turns to look at him.

JASMINE  
I swore to you Trevor, I said to you...what the fuck happened to your face.

\*  
\*

122 INT. RANGE ROVER / MOTORWAY. NIGHT

The five heavies sit in the car, heavy music playing out, the motorway lights flashing past.

123 INT. TREVOR'S FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

TREVOR  
Babe people walk into scaffolding all the time.

\*  
\*

JASMINE  
No Trevor only you walk into scaffolding... cos coked off you're just off you're fucking tits.

\*  
\*

TREVOR  
I'm not off my tits babe.

JASMINE  
What did I say to you Trevor, I said as god is my witness, I'll walk out of that door with my kids and never look back...

TREVOR  
Jasmine.

JASMINE  
What did I say?

TREVOR  
Babe.

JASMINE  
What did I fucking say.

Trevor drops his head.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You promised me you'd stopped, You swore on your baby daughter's life that you were clean, Trevor. You swore on our nine-month old baby daughter's life that you wouldn't touch that... that shit anymore.

Trevors starts crying.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

No, don't you cry, don't you dare fucking cry, because to me that's even more repulsive. I want you to be a man for Christ's sake. I want you to be a fucking man about this, Trevor, for once in your life take control of the FUCKING situation.

She's at him, screaming, hitting. He just stands there limp, absorbing her blows.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

WE'RE YOUR FAMILY, YOU SHOULD BE FUCKING LOOKING AFTER US YOU WEAK USELESS PRICK.

Jasmine walks away from him. Trevor's just left there, pathetic, alone.

124 INT. REZ'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. NIGHT \*

We jump cut as Shifty cleans his cut, puts on a fresh tee shirt, freshens his face in the sink. \*

124A INT. REZ'S HOUSE KITCHEN / NIGHT \*

Shifty is then down in the kitchen, at the washing machine. He pulls out the powder tray, nothing there, he's digging about inside, he gets a torch, he's trying to peer in, frantic. \*

REZ (OS)

Where the FUCK have you been?

Shifty's head darts. They stare at each other for a moment.

SHIFTY

Rez, I'm sorry, man.

REZ

Where the fuck have you been... why didn't you phone mum and dad?

Rez walks into the kitchen.

SHIFTY  
I ran out of juice.

REZ  
Why didn't you use a pay phone?

Shifty doesn't answer. Rez looks at the open tray on the washing machine. Shifty look him in the eye.

SHIFTY  
I need it Rez, where is it?

REZ  
Where is it? Where the fuck is it.  
You bring drugs into my fucking  
house... the house that I pray  
in...

\*

He pushes Shifty hard in the chest.

SHIFTY  
Rez, Rez, man.

REZ  
I looked after you Shifty, I took  
you under my roof, let you live in  
my house, and this, this is how you  
repay me...

Rez pushes Shifty again hard. Shifty grabs Rez but Rez punches him around the face, they fall to the floor in a messy clinch, Rez pulling at shifty's face, hitting him.

SHIFTY  
Rez, Rez, Rez...

Shifty manages to wrangle himself free. Rez is up and at him.

REZ  
Get out of my fucking house, get  
out...

SHIFTY  
Rez, Rez, I need that bag...

\*

REZ  
Get out.

SHIFTY  
Rez, if you don't give it to me I'm  
a dead man.

Rez storms off upstairs. Shifty stands just rubbing his face with his hands muttering under his breath.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
 Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,  
 fuck...

He can hear Rez rustling about upstairs. Shifty starts ascending the stairs. \*  
 \*

124B INT. REZ'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. NIGHT \*

Shifty's enters the bathroom to see Rez emptying the drugs into the toilet. \*

SHIFTY  
 REZ, NO! \*

REZ  
 Fuck you.

SHIFTY  
 REZ!

Rez flushes the chain. Shifty pushes Rez aside and reaches into the toilet but it's too late.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck have you done, what  
 the FUCK have you done?

REZ  
 Get the FUCK out.

SHIFTY  
 Rez.

REZ  
 Get the FUCK out of my house.

Rez is pushing Shifty again. Shifty backs away down the steps.

125 INT. RANGE ROVER / MOTORWAY. NIGHT

The motorway lights flicker through the glass, illuminating the guys faces. One of them rotates a knife in his hand.

126 EXT. REZ'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Shifty exits his brothers house. He stands there for a moment breathing hard, thinking, then heads off with conviction.

127 INT. TREVOR'S FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

Jasmine, still in a bit of a state, her eyes reddened from tears, sits sorting stuff out in the front room. She picks up the carrier bag that Trevor brought home with him and looks inside, she pulls out the camera and tapes.

128 EXT. TREVOR'S GARDEN. NIGHT

Trevor sits at the garden table smoking a fag. Jasmine walks outside.

JASMINE  
What's this?

Trevor looks up.

TREVOR  
I brought it for you.

He walks past her back into the house and kisses her cheek she flinches slightly, She stands there for a second soaking it in.

129 EXT. HOUSE PARTY. NIGHT

Chris sits on the wall, he downs his beer, straightens himself up, and walks towards the house. A voice calls out.

SHIFTY (O.S.)  
CHRIS!

Chris turns to see Shifty approaching. They stand there for a moment. Neither one saying anything.

CHRIS  
You alright?

SHIFTY  
Yeah, I'm alright. You alright.

Chris looks down.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Look man, I'm not gonna do this party...

Chris nods.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
I've got too much shit to deal with.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
 You don't have to come with me.  
 It's up to you?

CHRIS  
 Yeah, cool, I'll probably just grab  
 my stuff from yours then.

Shifty nods with acceptance, but Chris smiles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 As if I'm not gonna come with you  
 nutter.

Shifty shakes his head.

SHIFTY  
 Fucking hell, man. I thought you  
 were gonna leave me cold.

CHRIS  
 I thought you were used to it.

SHIFTY  
 There's only so much one man can  
 take.

They walk off. Chris throws Shifty a light punch.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
 Now you start throwing punches.

130 INT. TREVOR'S / BATHROOM. NIGHT

Quietly Trevor sniffs up a corner of coke. He carefully opens the door to make sure Jasmine's not nearby. He exits and we follow him into the front room where Jasmine sits with the Camcorder. She aims it at Trevor and presses record. Jasmine peers into the lens.

131 INT. COUNCIL ESTATE / HALLWAY. NIGHT

\*

Shifty and Chris approach a rundown council flat. The door is shabby, black bin liners decorate the floor. Shifty knocks. They stand for a moment when suddenly the door creaks open to reveal Loretta peaking through.

SHIFTY  
 Loretta, is Glen there?

She watches them for a moment then shuts the door. Shifty looks at Chris. They stand for a moment when Glen opens the door.

GLEN  
Shifty.

SHIFTY  
Alright mate.

GLEN  
What?

SHIFTY  
I need to talk to you about something.

Glen just looks at him.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Can we do it inside.

Glen opens the door. They both walk into the flat. Glen stops shifty and points for him to go into the bedroom.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
(to chris)  
Mate, I'll only be a minute.

Chris walks into the front room where he sees Lenny and Loretta playing Connect 4.

He looks at Lenny.

CHRIS  
Alright mate.

Lenny looks slowly up.

LENNY  
Alright.

Chris perches himself on the edge of a dusty old armchair. He looks at Loretta.

CHRIS  
You alright Loretta.

She smiles at him.

LORETTA  
You alright Chris.

He smiles nervously.

132 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / BEDROOM. NIGHT

GLEN  
What's going on, what are you fucking doing here?

SHIFTY  
Something happened today...  
something, I dunno, something  
serious... so I phoned Magnus...  
talked to him about it... told him  
what happened...

GLEN  
What Losing all his gear?

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
Who told you that?

GLEN  
Magnus did.

SHIFTY  
And what did he say?

GLEN  
That you've lost all his gear...  
all of his money.

Shifty pauses thinking.

SHIFTY  
Yeah well he went mental, saying  
some other shit about me cutting it  
up, mixing the coke, he was saying  
all sorts of... bullshit...

Glen stays quiet. Shifty waits for a reaction.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Why would he be saying that...  
who's been talking to him?

A BEAT.

GLEN  
Dunno mate, you're guess is as good  
as mine.

Shifty pulls out his phone.

SHIFTY  
Perhaps you should phone him up  
now, here, in front of me, tell him  
it's all bollocks.

Glen just looks at Shifty.

GLEN  
You can tell him yourself.



Shifty holds the phone to Glen's face.

SHIFTY

Go on mate, call him up, tell him  
that I don't cut up the coke.

Glen knocks down Shifty's arm.

GLEN

I don't know what the fuck you do  
Shifty?

133 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / FRONTROOM. NIGHT

Chris watches Loretta and Glen play connect 4.

134 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / BEDROOM. NIGHT

GLEN

I know that you bowl around this  
town like it's your fucking  
manor... with your smooth fucking  
Paki chat... giving it the large..

SHIFTY

What are you talking about you  
prick?

GLEN

Mugging off Magnus, saying that  
he's getting weak, losing all his  
gear...

SHIFTY

What the FUCK are you going about.

GLEN

And then you come to my house and  
you threaten me...

Shifty stays quiet.

GLEN (CONT'D)

...Shooting off your fucking mouth,  
telling me what you're gonna do to  
Magnus... telling me how you're  
gonna take him down...

Shifty stares at Glen, seething.

135 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / FRONTROOM. NIGHT

Lenny and Loretta, having ditched the connect 4, are chasing the dragon from a piece of tin foil. Chris looks totally uneasy, the situation is making him uncomfortable.

136 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / BEDROOM. NIGHT

SHIFTY

You've been chopping up the fucking gear all along. Selling half of it to the fucking Turks, cutting out Magnus.

\*

A BEAT. Glen looks a little shocked by Shifty's revelation.

GLEN

Who told you that?

SHIFTY

Fuck you.

GLEN

Fuck you, you cunt. You're just jealous cos you didn't think of it first. You're not that fucking smart.

SHIFTY

I didn't think of it, cos I'm not that fucking stupid.

There's a knock at the door. Shifty hesitates, then answers it.

CHRIS

Mate, can we go?

SHIFTY

Don't worry about it, I'm fucking leaving.

Shifty goes to walk out with Chris. Glen follows them into the corridor.

GLEN

It's about time you *both* fucked off.

SHIFTY

Fuck off Glen.

GLEN

After what happened.

Shifty and Chris carry on walking out.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
No wonder you left mate.

CHRIS  
What?

GLEN  
Couldn't show your face after what you did.

CHRIS  
What did I do exactly.

GLEN  
Get the fuck out of my house.

CHRIS  
What the fuck did I do?

SHIFTY  
Mate, just leave it the geezers a wanker.

CHRIS  
WHAT DID I FUCKING DO?

GLEN  
Don't start shouting mate.

CHRIS  
FUCK YOU?

GLEN  
Or what... you gonna kill me like you did Serena.

Suddenly, with out hesitation Chris grabs Glen by his tee shirt and slams his forehead into Glens nose. It breaks in a clean crack, blood spurting out. Glen doubles over, holding his face. Chris smashes his fist into the back of Glens head, Glen goes down on his knees. Chris is kicking him. Shifty comes in and pulls him away, laying in a few boots himself.

Glen stands up.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
You broke my fucking nose. You're a fucking dead man Shifty... you're all ready a fucking dead, man, you're fucked... fucked...

\*

137 INT/EXT RANGE ROVER. MOTORWAY. NIGHT

\*

The black Ranger Rover soars along the motorway.

138 EXT. FIELD. NIGHT

Shifty and Chris cross a field, trudging through the ankle length grass. They reach a hedge. Shifty reaches into the bushes and starts rummaging around. He pulls out a black bin liner containing something heavy. He unwraps one bin liner to reveal another which has been tied with elastic. He undoes another black bin liner until finally he's left with just a leather sports bag.

139 INT. RANGE ROVER. NIGHT

Through the front windscreen we see a sign indicating a turnoff for Dudlowe New town. The jeep veers, making the exit just in time.

140 EXT. DUDLOWE STREETS. NIGHT

Chris and Shifty make their way through the town. Shifty's walking fast, dictating the pace.

CHRIS

Where are we going?

SHIFTY

To mine.

A BEAT.

CHRIS

We should just go, man, get the fuck out of this shithole, leave now, go to Manchester, tonight, I'm telling you.

SHIFTY

Chris I can't. I'm not leaving...  
I'm not leaving my brother.

Silence. They carry on walking, together, side by side.

141 INT. SHIFTY'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM NIGHT

Silhouetted by the night sky, Shifty and Chris sit on dining chairs, before the front window, lights off, waiting.

142 EXT. RANGE ROVER. NIGHT

The Range Rover creeps along the streets of Dudlowe.

143 INT. SHIFTY'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

CHRIS  
Does everyone think it was me?

SHIFTY  
If they did you'd be in prison  
mate?

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Running off didn't help.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
I can't even remember giving it to  
her.

SHIFTY  
We were all pretty fucked Chris.

A BEAT.

CHRIS  
She told me she'd done pills  
before.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY  
Chris if it wasn't you, she would  
have got it from someone else mate.

CHRIS  
Yeah but she didn't did she.

Shifty leans forward and opens the leather sports bag. He pulls out a .38 six shot revolver and a hand full of bullets. He starts loading the gun. Chris stands up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ man what the fuck are  
you doing?

Shifty gestures for him to be quiet, and points upstairs to his bother.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Fucking hell, man, this is  
bullshit.

SHIFTY  
Sit down.

A BEAT.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Chris sit down, man.

Chris sits down. Shifty reaches in the bag and hands him a knuckle duster. Chris looks at it.

CHRIS  
Glad you're fucking sorted.

144 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The Range Rover pulls into a turning.

145 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / FRONTROOM. NIGHT

They sit there, just waiting.

CHRIS  
Do you think they'll come.

SHIFTY  
Don't know.

A moment of silence.

CHRIS  
Wish I'd slept last night.

A BEAT.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm fucked.

Shifty nods. He's feeling the pain.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Got any coke?

SHIFTY  
I'm out.

Silence. Chris laughs.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
We've been chased by the police...

Chris' laughter increases.

CHRIS  
We got fucking mugged...

They're both starting to laugh.

SHIFTY  
And my brother flushed my gear down  
the toilet...

They're both cracking up.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)  
Party was blinding though weren't  
it?

They're both laughing, Shifty motions for them to quieten  
down in case they wake Rez.

CHRIS  
Fuck the party. I never wanted to  
go anyway.

146 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The Range Rover turns off it's lights. The guys just sit  
there waiting.

147 INT. SHIFTY'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

Chris is falling asleep, head drooping. Shifty's trying to  
stay awake, one eye open, struggling, but he's too tired.  
Both their heads are drooped, they're dead to the world.

148 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The Range Rover creeps along with its lights off.

149 INT. SHIFTY'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

Shifty jolts as if he's heard something, going for the gun in  
his jacket. He looks around... nothing there.

150 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The five heavies get out of the jeep. Pulling on balaclava's,  
bats, knives, guns at the ready.

151 INT. SHIFTY'S FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

Shifty and Chris are silhouetted against the night sky.

152 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The five heavies approach the house.

153 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

A shadow streaks across the front window but Shifty and Chris are asleep.

154 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The five heavies assemble outside the door. One of them kicks the front door with an almighty crash.

155 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM.

Shifty awakes with a jolt to see broad day light streaming in through the windows of the house.

156 EXT. REZ'S HOUSE. MORNING

Shifty steps out the front door to look about. It's a nice day. He looks up and down the street, nothing. He goes to walk back in the house when suddenly his eye catches something on the floor. He reaches down and picks up a large jiffy envelope that's been left leaning against the bin cupboard. Scribed across the front is: **SHIFTY**

157 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Shifty rips open the Jiffy envelope. He pulls out a Camcorder, a Polaroid falls to the floor, face down. Shifty looks at both. His face displays concern.

JUMP CUT TO:

158 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Shifty's packing, fast. Loading stuff into a sports bag, tee shirts, jeans, socks.

JUMP CUT TO:

159 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Shifty pulls out a large bundle of money that he's been saving.

160 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN MORNING.

Shifty places an envelope on the table. **REZ** scribed across the front.



161 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. MORNING

Shifty walks into see Chris sitting up on the sofa. He throws Chris' bag at him. He looks at his bag. At Shifty's bag slung over his shoulder.

JUMP CUT TO:

162 EXT. RIVER SIDE. MORNING.

Shifty stands at the river side. Chris beyond, watching. Shifty reaches into his jacket and pulls out the .38 revolver. He throws it into the river.

CHRIS

Give me your phone.

SHIFTY

What?

CHRIS

Give me your phone?

He takes Shifty's phone and chucks into the river.

JUMP CUT TO:

163 EXT. COACH STOP. MORNING

Shifty and Chris sit in silence. The bus pulls up.

164 INT. COACH. MORNING

The bus pulls away. Chris settles back, and offers Shifty one of his head phones to share. Shifty takes it and sits back, looking out the window. The track we heard at the beginning of the film begins to play: Noel McKoy's "Brighter Day". It plays softly over the following scenes.

165 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. MORNING - **PAST**

Shifty stands, staring at the camcorder in his hand, and the Polaroid, face down on the floor.

166 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / FRONT ROOM. MORNING - **PRESENT**

Loretta awakes from a drug inflicted sleep and sits up. She looks around. No one.

167 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. MORNING - **PAST**

Shifty leans down to pick up the Polaroid.

168 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / HALLWAY. MORNING - **PRESENT**

Loretta walks towards the bedroom, she reaches for the handle.

169 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT / BEDROOM. NIGHT - **PAST**

We see the same scene from the night before. But from a lower angle to see Shifty holding his mobile phone by his side.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: IT SHOWS AN OPEN LINE TO MAGNUS' MOBILE

GLEN

Who told you that?

SHIFTY

Fuck you.

GLEN

Fuck you, you cunt. You're just jealous cos you didn't think of it. You're not that fucking smart.

SHIFTY

I didn't think of it, cos I'm not that fucking stupid.

170 INT. RANGE ROVER. NIGHT - **PAST**

CLOSE ON: PHONE HELD TO A MANS EAR - MAGNUS WE PRESUME LISTENING TO THE CONVERSATION.

171 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. MORNING - **PAST**

Shifty turns over the Polaroid.

172 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT. MORNING - **PRESENT**

Loretta opens the door to reveal Glen taped to a chair and beaten to death.

173 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. MORNING - **PAST**

Shifty turns over the Polaroid to see a picture of Glen, taped to the chair and beaten to death.

174 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / SHIFTY'S BEDROOM. MORNING - **PAST**

Shifty opens the LCD on the Camcorder and presses play and begins to watch.

175 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM. NIGHT - **PAST**

CAMCORDER: Jasmine peers into the lens. She then turns the camera and follows Trevor who plants himself on the other settee, he looks uneasy.

TREVOR

Babe, do me a favour.

There is a colossal banging sound.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What the fuc...

Trevor's up on his feet. The banging becomes a crash as something gives way.

JASMINE

TREVOR WHAT IS IT? PHONE THE  
POLICE!

Three heavysset men in balaclava's charge into the front room. Jasmine screams, dropping the camera on its side yet still giving a viewpoint on events. Three men are on Trevor, he's receiving a serious beating.

THE MUSIC ON THE SOUND TRACK BEGINS TO GET LOUDER.

A man grabs Jasmine by the hair and drags her to the middle of the room, she attempts to fight back, feisty as ever. This is bedlam. Suddenly someone rushes in from the left and lays a vicious right hook to Trevor's head. He goes down like a lead weight. Jasmine's crying, fear washing over her. A child cries out from upstairs.

VOICE (OS)

Tell that fucking slag to stop  
crying... NOW!!

Two hooded men drag Jasmine off to another room. She's fighting back clawing at them. Trevor's face is pressed against the cold lino flooring. Someone has grabbed the camera and angles it on Trevor's bloodied features. Congealed blood envelopes his eyes and nose cavities.

A hand moves into shot and grabs hold of his face, squeezing his cheeks so he looks sadly comic. Trevor's eyes flicker open.

VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)  
Look into the lens...

Trevor fails to comply. The hand slaps him hard and grabs his face again.

VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)  
Look into the FUCKING lens!!!

Trevor complies.

VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)  
Say you're sorry.

Trevor begins to weep - a painful sight.

VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)  
SAY YOU'RE FUCKING SORRY!!!

The voice echoes out.

176 INT. REZ'S HOUSE / KITCHEN MORNING - **PRESENT**

Rez' opens the envelope on the side and pulls out a mass of money left for him by Shifty.

177 INT. GLEN'S COUNCIL FLAT. MORNING

Loretta puts on her jacket and walks out of the flat.

178 INT. COACH. MORNING - **PRESENT**

Shifty sits looking out the window, Dudlowe passing him by as he exits the town. He nestles back into his chair and closes his eyes. He and Chris seated next to one another. Shoulder to shoulder.

*The music rises.*

CUT TO BLACK.

**ROLL CREDITS.**