

**LOCKE**

By Steven Knight

1 INT. LAND ROVER/EXT. LARGE CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 1

Through the window of a Land Rover, we see a construction site working at full capacity. Huge arc lights and floodlights illuminate the scene and men are hard at work.

A group of men are in discussion in a pool of light. There is a conversation, then one of the men breaks off and takes a call on his cellphone. He is distant, not even the focal point of the shot. He puts his finger in his ear to hear the call more clearly. He is too far away for us to see his reactions or expression but, when he cuts the call, he walks directly toward the car and the other men turn to watch him go.

As he gets closer we see he wears a tie and heavy boots and a heavy coat. He wears a hard hat. He finds a key fob and hits it. The lights inside the car glow in response.

The man gets into the driver's seat. He is in his thirties, a face made of stone and unused to expressions of emotion.

This is IVAN LOCKE.

He sits in the driver's seat for a few moments. He takes a breath and we might guess (or we might not) that he has just had some important news. Is he scared, angry?

He takes out his cellphone and looks, deciding whether or not to make a call. He checks his watch. He decides there isn't time for the call. He puts the phone away quickly and fires the engine.

He shifts gear and reverses. We stay with him and will stay with him intensely for the rest of the story.

The car bumps over rough ground as Ivan heads for the big secure gates that open out onto the street. The construction site is massive and it takes a while to reach the edge of it. Trucks rumble and generators roar. This is Ivan's world.

The gates are opened by a guy in a high viz jacket. Ivan reaches the kerb of the road and indicates right as a reflex. But he doesn't pull away.

He realizes that this time he must choose which way he will go. He has a decision to make but he is a man who makes a hundred hard decisions a day. Even so, he takes time.

A massive truck pulls up inches behind him and its headlights fill Ivan's car. Ivan continues to make his decision as his indicator ticks away the seconds.

The truck hoots its baleful horn, the voice of fate.

Ivan hits the indicator to indicate left instead of right. He turns left and joins light evening traffic.

2 EXT. SITE THROUGH CCTV CAMERA 2

*We see Ivan pulling out of the site through the lens of a CCTV camera...*

3 INT. LAND ROVER/EXT. CITY STREETS 3

Ivan will now drive through city streets toward the M6 motorway, a couple of miles away. We will not blink as we study him as he drives...

Ivan is now confronting the crisis in his head. On the site he was in a familiar place but now he is on a journey and must necessarily begin to consider the destination and the place he is leaving.

His first decision is to make a phone call on his hands free car phone. This is an important component of the story so we should take some time establishing the mechanism. He has a long list of speed dial numbers, identified by names or locations.

He speed dials a number labelled 'Bastard'...

IVAN

Hello, can I speak to Gareth?

We hear a woman's voice from the hands-free phone. Many voices will come into the car during this story. The first is a woman in her forties (GARETH'S WIFE)...

GARETH'S WIFE (OOV)

He's not back yet. Can I ask who's calling?

IVAN

Ivan Locke.

GARETH'S WIFE (OOV)

Can I say what it's regarding?

IVAN

Concrete.

Ivan takes a moment and decides an explanation would be pointless...

IVAN (CONT'D)

Can you tell him it's urgent and tell him to call me back.

GARETH'S WIFE (OOV)

Does he have your number?

IVAN

Yes.

We hear children in the background and a TV. Ivan reacts to the family sounds because the world of children and family is about to explode and he will be cut adrift from it forever.

GARETH'S WIFE (OOV)  
What was your name again?

IVAN  
Ivan Locke.

GARETH'S WIFE (OOV)  
Something about concrete.

IVAN  
Yes.

GARETH'S WIFE (OOV)  
Will he know what?

IVAN  
No. Something has come up. I need to tell people...

Ivan almost chokes on some unexpected emotion. It is a shock to us and to him, like undigested food hitting his gullet...

IVAN (CONT'D)  
It's urgent.

A dog barks.

GARETH'S WIFE (OOV)  
What?

IVAN LOCKE  
I said it's very urgent. Thanks.

He cuts the call and drives. The emotion that just struck him was a bad development so early. He has a lot to do in the next hour and a half and he must hold this together at all costs. He drives for a while to calm himself. Then, when he is sure he is ready, he makes another call...

We hear a mobile phone answer message. The voice is BETHAN, early thirties...

BETHAN'S ANSWER MESSAGE (OOV)  
Hi, this is Bethan. I can't get to the phone right now, please leave a message.

Ivan misses the cue of the beep by a second because he's getting his voice straight. Finally...

IVAN LOCKE  
It's Ivan. I got your messages.  
I'm on my way and I'll get there.  
I'm in the car now.  
(MORE)

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
It'll be about an hour and a half  
unless there's traffic.

He takes a moment...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
It'll be ok. If the nurses or  
anybody wants to talk to me I'm  
only on this number. Or if the  
doctors or anybody. It'll be ok.  
I'll get there. The traffic should  
be ok.

He cuts the call. He drives and twenty seconds later his  
phone rings...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Ivan Locke.

We hear a soft Southern Irish accent...

DONAL (OOV)  
I just got your message. It's a  
joke, is it?

IVAN LOCKE  
I know it's a shock but it will be  
ok?

DONAL (INCREDULOUS)(OOV)  
Ok?

IVAN LOCKE  
I will go through everything with  
you and it'll be ok.

DONAL (OOV)  
You know where I am? I'm at a  
service station. I'm turning the  
fucking van round. I put the other  
lads out on the hard shoulder. I  
was halfway home.

IVAN LOCKE  
Yeah.

DONAL (OOV)  
What the fuck happened?

IVAN LOCKE  
It's a family thing.

A pause.

DONAL (OOV)  
Is someone...

A pause.

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Is it a bereavement?

IVAN LOCKE  
I don't have a choice...

DONAL (OOV)  
Is it one of the kids?

IVAN LOCKE  
Donal, I need you to just fix this  
up and be alright...

He pauses.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And solid. Which you are. Which  
you are. Just from when the sun  
comes up tomorrow morning until  
when it's all been pumped. I need  
you to hold it together. You won't  
be alone. I can be on the phone.  
I'll talk to you every five minutes  
until the pump is finished...

DONAL (OOV)  
On the fucking phone?

IVAN LOCKE  
On the phone.

DONAL (OOV)  
Have you gone mad?

IVAN LOCKE  
I don't think so.

DONAL (RUNNING ON)(OOV)  
Ivan, at 5.45am tomorrow morning we  
have three hundred and fifty metric  
tons of wet concrete being  
delivered to our site. We have two  
hundred trucks from all over the  
fucking country descending on us...

IVAN LOCKE (CORRECTING)  
Three hundred and fifty five metric  
tons, two hundred and eighteen  
trucks.

A disbelieving pause.

DONAL (OOV)  
It's a joke. Is it?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE

I have no choice.

DONAL (OOV)

Is it a bereavement?

Ivan never lies. Silence. A long pause.

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)

Ivan, what the fuck has happened?

IVAN LOCKE

I need you to just do this.

A long pause.

DONAL (OOV)

Ivan, I hate myself even hearing myself even saying this, but if someone's died like your mother or someone, could you not go wherever you have to go after twelve tomorrow when the concrete is pumped?

Ivan drives...

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)

You know what I'm saying. Whoever is dead is not...you know...they won't be any different between now and midday. Dead people stay the same.

IVAN

No one is dead. Donal, I need you to do this, ok? I need you to be there with enough stuff and the right heads when the sun comes up.

DONAL (OOV)

Holy fucking Mary. I'm a fucking concrete farmer. Did you ever see me read anything written down on paper.

IVAN

You're ok. You know how to run a pump, you know how to run trucks back-to-back and turn trucks back, you know how to test for slumps.

DONAL (OOV)

I've never even shovelled on a pump this big...

IVAN

It's the same but more of it. You just do the same but for longer. Check it, slump it, send it back if it's piss and pump it if its right.

A long pause.

DONAL (OOV)

What did Gareth say?

IVAN

I haven't spoken to him yet.

DONAL (OOV)

He'll fucking...

IVAN

I know...

DONAL (OOV)

He'll go fucking sideways and around the houses like his arse is on fire.

IVAN

I know.

DONAL (OOV)

Ivan, it'll be the sack.

IVAN

I know.

DONAL (OOV)

Jesus, you're the best foreman I ever fucking worked with and the best site manager. What the hell is it that'll make you risk the sack?

IVAN

I need you to do this for me Donal. Start rounding up some cowboys then call me back. I'll be on the road.

He cuts the call. Ivan is a strong practical man and he is facing a crisis which is unfamiliar, but some things he can keep control of. Men like Donal he can handle. He drives some more but ten seconds later the phone rings...

IVAN (CONT'D)

Ivan Locke.

BETHAN (OOV)

Ivan?

IVAN LOCKE

Where are you?

When Bethan speaks she sounds scared to death and in pain.  
She's mid-forties, middle class...

BETHAN (OOV)

I just got admitted. I'm in the  
labor ward. It's called Bailey  
ward.

IVAN LOCKE

Did they say how long?

BETHAN (OOV)

I'm five centimetres.

IVAN LOCKE

What does that mean?

BETHAN (OOV)

Dilated.

IVAN LOCKE

I know but what does that mean?  
How long?

BETHAN (OOV)

They just left me. I'm on my own.

IVAN LOCKE

Is there a bell?

BETHAN (OOV)

A what?

IVAN LOCKE

I don't know, a buzzer or something  
to get a nurse.

BETHAN (OOV)

They just put their head round.  
They said it could be hours.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE

Are you ok?

BETHAN (OOV)

I need the lavatory...

IVAN LOCKE

Tell them. Tell them.

BETHAN (OOV)

There's no one here.

IVAN LOCKE

Is there a bell?

BETHAN (OOV)

They don't have bells. What do you mean?

IVAN LOCKE

When they put their head round the door, tell them you need the lavatory.

BETHAN (OOV)

It's like a pain I've never had. Right inside all the way up to my chest.

IVAN LOCKE

Have you talked to anyone about pain?

BETHAN (OOV)

What do you mean?

IVAN LOCKE

Stopping the pain. Have you decided.

BETHAN (OOV)

They said 'let's see'.

IVAN LOCKE

Just have whatever there is. Seriously.

BETHAN (OOV)

What?

IVAN LOCKE

I don't know. For the pain. Because fuck...

He stops.

BETHAN (OOV)

You were there when your wife gave birth.

IVAN LOCKE

Don't think about that, get them to give you everything. If they ask, just say I want everything.

A pause.

BETHAN (OOV)

What did *she* have?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE

Who?

BETHAN (OOV)

Your precious wife.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE

I can't remember. The thing they  
put in your spine.

A pause.

BETHAN (OOV)

Were you there?

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

BETHAN (OOV)

And you'll be here...

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

BETHAN (OOV)

Because I'm really in pain...

She begins to cry. Ivan drives on through the night.

IVAN LOCKE

The traffic's ok. Just tell them to  
give you everything for the pain.  
I'll be there in an hour and a  
half. If anything happens, just  
shout as loud as you can.

BETHAN (OOV)

It's cold and all the windows are  
open.

IVAN LOCKE

Tell them to close the windows.  
The traffic's ok. Go to the  
lavatory. I'll be there.

She begins to sob and we hear a whimper of pain.

IVAN LOCKE (SOFTLY TO HIMSELF)  
(CONT'D)

Fuck.

A pause.

BETHAN (OOV)  
Have you even told your wife that  
someone is having your baby?

He drives....

IVAN LOCKE  
I'm about to do that. I have a list  
of things I have to do tonight  
while I'm driving.

BETHAN (OOV)  
So I'm on a list.

IVAN  
Yes. Tonight, yes.

A pause.

BETHAN (OOV)  
Do you love me?

A long pause.

IVAN LOCKE  
That's a question you're asking  
probably because of the pain or  
something. How could I love you?

The call is cut. Ivan drives on. He speaks softly to  
himself as he glances in the rear view mirror and sees his  
own eyes...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
So. Hell.

He must concentrate on the road. He flicks through his speed  
dial numbers and finds 'HOME'. He is about to call but the  
phone rings....

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Ivan Locke.

GARETH (OOV)  
It's Gareth. I spoke to Donal.  
This had better be more than good.

IVAN LOCKE  
Hello Gareth...

GARETH (INTERRUPTING, FURIOUS)(OOV)  
Speak to me only about the morning.

It is apparent Gareth has already heard the news but Ivan  
confirms.

IVAN LOCKE

I won't be on site for the pump tomorrow.

GARETH (TO HIMSELF)(OOV)

This is not happening.

IVAN LOCKE

The truth is tonight I'm going to become a father.

A long pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

She's in London. I have to be there.

GARETH (OOV)

Ok, ok, ok, let me read you something. Ivan. Are you listening? Yeah? Good. It's from Mr Dean in Chicago. 'Good luck tomorrow with the pour. We have just had it confirmed by CGO that this will be the biggest single concrete pour ever made in Europe outside of nuclear/military projects. I know the day is in the safest of hands. Best wishes, Mitchell.' That's Mitchell Dean himself. The President of the whole fucking company. Did you hear that Ivan? From Chicago. USA.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

GARETH (OOV)

You'll have to speak up.

IVAN

Yes, I heard.

GARETH (OOV)

And you're the man in charge of the entire operation but, with ten hours to go, you've decided you won't be there.

IVAN LOCKE

Donal will handle it. He is a good man.

GARETH (EXPLODING)(OOV)

Don't you fucking dare say that to me.

(MORE)

GARETH (EXPLODING) (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Don't fucking dare to give  
qualitative appraisals of my staff  
and say 'good man' like it's going  
off to buy a fucking ice cream.

Ivan drives.

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)  
This is fucking concrete. Like  
shit. Like piss when it comes, you  
pump it.

IVAN LOCKE  
Like babies.

GARETH (OOV)  
It's a joke to you.

IVAN LOCKE  
No. Right now nothing is a joke  
anymore.

A pause...

GARETH (OOV)  
So it's not your wife giving birth?

IVAN LOCKE  
No it's someone else.

GARETH (INCREDULOUS) (OOV)  
Jesus. Ivan? You are the last  
person on earth...

IVAN LOCKE  
Yes. I am the last person on  
earth. But it happened.

GARETH (OOV)  
And this woman can't give birth on  
her own?

IVAN LOCKE  
I've made a decision. There is  
nobody else who could be with her.  
She has no friends in London and is  
a quite fragile person.

GARETH (SNARLING) (OOV)  
*Fragile?*

Ivan drives...

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)  
You're going to abandon the biggest  
fucking concrete pour in Europe to  
hold someone's fucking hand because  
she's fragile.

IVAN LOCKE

And because the baby was caused by me. That is the decision I have made. I have not behaved in the right way with this woman. At all. I have behaved in a way that isn't like me. But now I am going to do the right thing.

GARETH (OOV)

And Chicago can go to fucking hell.

IVAN LOCKE

It is the decision I have made. I'm not going to turn back.

GARETH (OOV)

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. You know how many million pounds are riding on tomorrow?...

Ivan drives...

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)

If any one of those pumps fucks up we are facing ten million pounds worth of losses in fifteen minutes. So we get that every fifteen minutes for the whole morning, a total shut down, hundred million dollars. Pumping the hard stuff into soft ground and watching it set so we have to pay another fucking gang of fucking Hungarian monkeys to dig it out again. Secondary cost, outside insurance, another five million.

Ivan drives.

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)

Are you still there?

IVAN LOCKE

Yes. I have no explanation apart from the one I have given. I must do the right thing by this woman.

A pause. Gareth is about to speak...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

But, Gareth, I have made a pledge to myself that I will not allow the pour to fuck up.

GARETH (OOV)

This is a joke. Are you wearing a fucking red nose?

Silence.

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)  
This is a fucking joke. I'm going  
to call Chicago. If it weren't for  
the fact that you've been so solid  
for us for so many years I would  
fire you down the phone.

Ivan drives...

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)  
But I will speak to Chicago first.

Silence...

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Ivan? Have you lost your fucking  
mind?

Ivan checks his rear view mirror.

IVAN LOCKE  
I made my decision.

The call is cut. Ivan drives on as he considers the  
question. Has he lost his mind?

We come close to his face as he considers his situation.  
Then he glances in the rear view mirror. We sense that  
something in the mirror bothers him, an irritant he tries to  
ignore but finally can't.

He snaps into the rear view mirror...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you looking at?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
You're watching this aren't you.  
Laughing at my predicament? A  
*familiar* predicament to a man like  
you, right dad?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
You think 'there he is, look. Like  
father like son. The man I made'.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
What is it they say? The apple  
doesn't fall far from the tree.  
Well that's where you're wrong.

He studies the road, the lights flashing across his face...

Ivan erupts slowly...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
You listen to me you fucking piece  
of worthless shit. I want you to  
watch...

A pause. His face harder and harder...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
In fact I'd like to take a fucking  
shovel and dig you up out of the  
fucking ground and make you watch  
me tonight.

He stares into the mirror.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
I'd pull open your eyes and kick  
the mud and worms and shit out your  
ears. Just for the duration of this  
fucking journey. Because it's me  
driving not you.

He drives on but his face fixes with determination....

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And unlike you I'll go to the place  
where I should be and I'll be there  
to take care of my fuck up. I'll  
take what's due to me.

He glares into the rear view mirror...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
So you laugh or do what the fuck  
you want, like you always do, but  
I'll fix this.

Pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
I'll fix it.

His phone rings. He glances at the ghost of his father with  
venom.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Yes Donal.

DONAL (OOV)  
Ok, I'm driving back so I'll be  
quick. I called Ryan and stole a  
half dozen Poles and some  
Hungarians from Patrick.  
(MORE)

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)

I got breakfast tickets for the concrete farmers and the shutter boys are done bar the fucking about with clips. I asked Albanian Alby to test the pumps on the Argyll side and he said they're pissing it out.

IVAN LOCKE

Ok, ok stop. When you get back on site you check every pump yourself, individually and with your own hand on the turner. You don't ask anybody else to check and sign off. You go around the whole site and you check each one yourself. And don't trust Alby after five because he drinks. Now. Talk to me about the mix.

DONAL (OOV)

Did we say C6?

Ivan reacts...

IVAN LOCKE

Don't say that like it's a question.

DONAL (OOV)

Sometimes when I say things it sounds like a question when it isn't.

IVAN LOCKE

All the mixes for this pump will be C6. Why do you even ask? It's written on the whiteboard in fucking giant letters. I put 'C6' all over the cabin in big red letters. Slump of one inch, C6. Don't ask me questions like that...

DONAL (OOV)

It wasn't a question. I know you don't like questions.

IVAN LOCKE

What time are you unlocking?

DONAL (OOV)

I'm going to sleep here tonight.

IVAN LOCKE

Good. Except, don't sleep. Check everything. You've got the client sign-off.

DONAL (OOV)

Yeah. And the client sign-off on the gates.

IVAN LOCKE

That's what I mean. The gate sign off. Donal, the construction sign off should already be filed.

DONAL (OOV)

Yeah. It's ok. That's what I meant.

Ivan reacts....

IVAN LOCKE

Ok, you have the phone numbers of the plants. Call them now Donal. Call every one of the bastards and get them to repeat the order. C6 on the nose or we send the trucks back. Seriously. Those bastards will fuck you up with water in the gulleys if it rains tomorrow.

DONAL (OOV)

It won't rain. It's going to be dry.

A pause. Donal chuckles...

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)  
I have a direct line to God, up in  
heaven, you know?

IVAN LOCKE (OVER HIM)  
You don't trust God when it comes  
to concrete. Call the plants,  
Donal. Every one of them and get  
them to fax the order back so you  
can check it.

DONAL (OOV)  
I will. Did you speak to Gareth  
yet?

IVAN LOCKE  
Yes. He's calling Chicago. I'm  
guessing Chicago is going to fire  
me and he'll put some fucking kid  
on it. So don't take his calls.  
Don't listen to anybody else.  
Until the morning this is me and  
you, ok?

Ivan cuts the call. He drives. He stares into the rear view.  
(From now, his looks into the rear view are looks into the  
past, looks at his father, proving he is going to do the  
right thing.)

After forty seconds he again brings up his speed dial  
numbers. He shuffles through to the word 'HOME'. He steels  
himself. He hits the button and the phone begins to ring.

At this moment, his car joins the motorway...

4 EXT. MOTORWAY 4

*From a high gantry we see Ivan's car joining the stream of  
other cars heading South. He is just a man in a bubble of  
light, no different to all the other drivers on their own  
journeys....*

5 INT. LAND ROVER 5

Ivan hears the call being taken. It is a boy, fourteen years  
old (EDDIE)

EDDIE (OOV)  
Hello.

This was the last thing Ivan wanted, to hear his son's voice.  
He takes a second...

IVAN LOCKE  
Eddie, it's your dad. Is your  
mother there?

EDDIE (OOV)  
She's not back from the shops  
yet...

A pause...

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
She's getting your beer for the  
match...

IVAN LOCKE  
I won't be back for that.

EDDIE (OOV)  
What?

IVAN LOCKE  
Something came up.

Silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
I can't get out of it...

EDDIE (NOT REGISTERING)(OOV)  
I'm wearing the shirt. Mum's  
getting sausages and guess what?  
She's wearing the shirt as well.  
It's so embarrassing. What did you  
say about coming back?

IVAN LOCKE  
I won't be back for the match.

A long pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
I'll listen on the radio.

A disbelieving silence...

EDDIE (OOV)  
What do you mean? It's rubbish on  
the radio. You said you'd be back.  
She's doing sausages.

Ivan almost chokes on emotion but holds it together.

IVAN LOCKE  
Is your brother there?

EDDIE (OOV)  
Yeah. You want a word?

Ivan decides he can't face it.

IVAN LOCKE  
No. Just tell your mother to call  
me when she gets back.

EDDIE (OOV)  
Ok.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE  
I love you.

EDDIE (OOV)  
*What?*

IVAN LOCKE  
It's ok. Get her to call me.

He cuts the call. He drives on. The motorway is busy with trucks, lit up in the darkness. He takes a moment then finds Bethan's name on his speed dial.

BETHAN'S ANSWER MESSAGE (OOV)  
Hello, this is Bethan, I'm afraid I  
can't get to the phone...

Ivan cuts the call. He drives. Then the phone rings. It is Bethan.

BETHAN (OOV)  
Did you call?

IVAN LOCKE  
Are you ok?

BETHAN (OOV)  
Someone closed the windows.

IVAN LOCKE  
Did you talk to anyone about pain?

BETHAN (OOV)  
No. No one's been in.

IVAN LOCKE  
But is everything alright?

BETHAN (OOV)  
No. It hurts like nothing ever.

IVAN LOCKE  
I'm on the M6. Hour and a quarter  
if the traffic stays ok. Speak to  
someone about pain.

BETHAN (OOV)  
Just now I felt like I hate you.

IVAN LOCKE (PRACTICAL)  
We don't know each other, Bethan.  
That's the simple truth. This thing  
just happened...

BETHAN (OOV)  
This 'thing'...

IVAN LOCKE  
...so we can't love or hate each  
other. This thing happened and  
that's it. It will go up and down.  
But I'm coming at least.

BETHAN (OOV)  
Do you hate me? For going through  
with it?

IVAN LOCKE  
I don't know you so I don't hate  
you. Do what they tell you to do.  
I have a lot of calls to make. The  
traffic is fine so it'll be ok.

BETHAN (OOV)  
Please be quick.

IVAN LOCKE  
Yes, but there's a limit.

He cuts the call and drives. He suddenly beats the steering  
wheel with the side of his fist hard, a sudden explosion of  
fury. Then he gets hold of himself.

The phone rings. He sees the number...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Hello Gareth.

GARETH (OOV)  
Yeah, look. Chicago is having a  
predictable melt down.

IVAN LOCKE  
It is. Ok.

GARETH (OOV)  
I gave them the whole ten year  
thing. About your ten years  
working for Park without a foot  
wrong...

IVAN LOCKE (UNDER HIM)  
Nine years.....

GARETH (OOV)  
...The whole thing. He said he goes on emotion. He said the stuff about the biggest pour in Europe...

IVAN LOCKE  
Outside nuclear and military...

A pause.

GARETH (OOV)  
Well, I tell you what, you're fired is what it is. They said they had no choice. I said about the ten years. But they said they had no choice.

Ivan drives on.

IVAN LOCKE  
So. Ok.

GARETH (OOV)  
I never do this on the phone.

IVAN LOCKE  
It's ok. I will still make sure the pour is alright.

GARETH (OOV)  
Ivan, this isn't a matter for negotiation. They've decided. You're fired completely as of right this second.

IVAN LOCKE  
I know, and I don't blame them. But I'm not trying to keep my job. I just want the pour to go ok tomorrow...

GARETH (OOV)  
Ivan...

IVAN LOCKE  
Listen to me. I want the pour to go ok not because of the money...

He takes a moment...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
I want it to go right for myself and for the building. And for the concrete. I won't let it be pumped into the wrong place. Tonight and tomorrow I will stay on this and stay on this and make sure the concrete gets poured right.

GARETH (OOV)

Ivan, look, I told them about the ten years...

IVAN LOCKE

Fuck ten years. The concrete will come and I will take care of it. I know I don't have a job anymore but I will do this anyway as a favor to the building and to the concrete.

GARETH (OOV)

Ivan you sound...different.

IVAN LOCKE

I am the same.

A pause.

GARETH (OOV)

You should have just said you were sick...

IVAN LOCKE

I'm not sick. And I will make sure the pour is ok.

GARETH (OOV)

Ivan, I've already handed this over to another construction director and he will pick it up from...

Ivan cuts the call. He drives on, speeds up. The phone rings. The word 'HOME' appears. It's his wife KATRINA.

6 EXT. MOTORWAY

6

*From surveillance cameras we see Ivan's car driving in the fast lane. We hear his phone ringing and hear him answer...*

KATRINA (OOV)

Hello, love.

IVAN LOCKE (OOV)

Hello Katrina...

7 INT. LAND ROVER

7

Ivan stares ahead as he drives fast.

KATRINA (OOV)

I got you six of the German lagers and I got sausages. I thought we could have hot dogs again. And guess what? I'm wearing the shirt.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE  
Did Eddie not give you the message.

KATRINA (OOV)  
What message?

IVAN LOCKE  
I'm not coming home.

KATRINA (OOV)  
*What?*

A pause.

KATRINA (OOV) (CONT'D)  
What do you mean? It's the match.  
I'm wearing the shirt.

IVAN LOCKE  
Which phone are you on?

KATRINA (OOV)  
What do you mean?

IVAN LOCKE  
I can hear the TV. Could you take  
this call on the phone upstairs.

KATRINA (OOV)  
Upstairs? Why?

IVAN LOCKE  
I have something...

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
I have something to say.

KATRINA (OOV)  
Can't it wait until you get home?

IVAN LOCKE  
I won't be home.

Silence. We hear the boys and the TV in the background.

KATRINA (OOV)  
What's happened?

IVAN LOCKE  
Will you go to the phone in the  
bedroom?

A pause.

KATRINA (OOV)  
What's happened?

IVAN LOCKE  
Go to the phone in the bedroom and  
I'll tell you what's happened.

The line crackles and we hear Katrina call out...

KATRINA (OOV)  
Sean, when I shout put the phone  
down.

We hear her walk away, hear the sound of the TV, preparations  
for a big football match. Ivan hears his two sons arguing.  
Eddie comes to the phone...

EDDIE (OOV)  
Dad, are you coming back?

IVAN LOCKE  
Eddie, I'm talking to your  
mother...

EDDIE (OOV)  
He's not picked any wingers...

KATRINA (OOV)  
Hello.

IVAN LOCKE  
Eddie, will you put the phone down  
please?

EDDIE (OOV)  
I can't believe the team he's  
picked, dad.

IVAN LOCKE  
Please put the phone down.

Eddie puts the phone down. A pause...

KATRINA (SOFTLY)(OOV)  
So what is it?

A long pause.

IVAN LOCKE  
Last year. The job in Croydon. I  
was up and down there for three  
months, remember?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
I stayed in that guest house. The  
one I said had bad damp.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
They gave me an assistant. She  
worked with me on the block  
construction.

KATRINA (OOV)  
'She'?

IVAN LOCKE  
She was a secretary. Quite old. We  
worked together...

KATRINA (OOV)  
Oh.

IVAN LOCKE  
She is quite old and lives on her  
own. Forty three or something.

A pause.

KATRINA (OOV)  
Why are you telling me about some  
woman?

A pause. Ivan glances in the rear view mirror...

IVAN LOCKE  
This is the only time I ever did  
this, Katrina. The only time.  
After the block was settled in,  
there were some drinks to  
celebrate. The block going in is a  
big thing because it is the base of  
the whole building...

Silence...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And she came back to the guest  
house. She isn't what you would  
call an oil painting. But it was  
wet and cold. She talked about  
being lonely and I talked about  
being happy but lonely sometimes  
when I was away. And there was this  
wine. And this was the only time I  
did this in all our fifteen years.

Silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And now, tonight, she is giving  
birth.

Silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Tonight she is giving birth. And  
it's mine.

The call is cut. Ivan drives on. We stay with Ivan for a few minutes as he drives. He is not a man accustomed to moments like this and his reaction is just the blue glistening tip of an iceberg. He looks like a man made of ice in the headlights.

The phone rings. Ivan forces himself to answer because he knows he must.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Donal.

DONAL (OOV)  
Look, Ivan, this isn't a question,  
ok?

Ivan waits.

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)  
But I just got off the phone with  
the plant in Stafford and they said  
they know it's a C6 mix, but how  
far toward C5 can it go.

Silence. Ivan is expressionless...

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)  
In other words, if one truck has  
some C5, how badly would that be  
taken?

Ivan lets the silence express his disbelief...

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Ivan, are you still there?

IVAN LOCKE  
Donal, what does it say on the  
whiteboard?

DONAL (OOV)  
It says C6.

IVAN LOCKE  
What does it say on every piece of  
paperwork and every sign off sheet?

DONAL (OOV)  
It says C6.

IVAN LOCKE  
It says C6. And you know why?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Because, eventually, when my building is complete, it will be fifty five floors high. It will weigh two million two hundred and twenty three thousand metric tons. My building will alter the water table and squeeze granite. Now...

A pause....

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
...If the concrete at the base of my building is not right, if it slips a half inch, cracks appear. If cracks appear they will grow and grow and the whole thing will collapse.

DONAL (OOV)  
Ivan, look....

IVAN LOCKE  
You make one mistake, Donal. One, little fucking mistake, and the world comes down around you. So...

Silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Tell Stafford...

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
C6.

DONAL (OOV)  
C6 it is.

Ivan cuts the call. We drive with him for one minute as he contemplates his own mistake. He calls up the number of 'Home' again.

IVAN LOCKE  
Katrina...

KATRINA (OOV)  
That didn't happen. I'm not believing it...

IVAN LOCKE  
Katrina, I want to move to a practical next step...

KATRINA (OOV)  
I'm here in the dark in our bedroom and nothing looks the same...

IVAN LOCKE

I can't talk very well. I have felt scraped out for months. She phoned and said she was having a baby and keeping it because it was her last chance to be happy. And then tonight she phoned and said the waters broke and it's two months early. I was going to tell you before but the waters broke early. So I have to do this now in the car. Every night I was going to tell you...

KATRINA (OOV)

I can't really breath.

IVAN LOCKE

Katrina, you know what happened with my dad and how the bastard wasn't around for me and didn't even give me a name...

KATRINA (OVER LAPPING) (OOV)

No. You're confused. It's you that's the bastard, it's the baby that's the bastard. At least get the words right..

IVAN LOCKE

Katrina, I will give the baby my name and it will see my face and it will know and it won't spend it's life thinking and thinking...

KATRINA (OOV)

I've closed the door and I'm in the dark and I'm almost sure this isn't you.

IVAN LOCKE

I should have said all this a long time ago. I have behaved not like myself.

KATRINA (OOV)

I have to put the phone down again.

IVAN LOCKE

Katrina, don't go.

KATRINA (OOV)

I have to throw up again.

The call is cut. Ivan drives. He glances in the rear view mirror. He takes a while to decide to speak again to the ghost. When he speaks it is with self doubt, as if he is confiding...

IVAN LOCKE (TO THE GHOST)  
I could have said nothing. I could  
have said nothing. Or I could have  
lied. I could have run. I was  
offered a thing in Toronto. A two  
year tower.

He suddenly remembers who he is speaking to.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Why am I telling you of all fucking  
people. I can see that shit-eating  
grin on your great fat face, wipe  
it off...

Ivan stares at the road ahead.

IVAN LOCKE (TO THE GHOST) (CONT'D)  
I'm not you. Pop the fucking  
corks. I'm not you. I'll fix  
this.

He drives. He gets a call and sees 'Home' and answers  
fast...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Kat, listen....

EDDIE (OOV)  
Dad, we're one nil down.

Ivan must adjust.

IVAN LOCKE  
Is your mother there?

We hear him call...

EDDIE (OOV)  
Mum!

Eddie comes back on the phone.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Stupid penalty. Are you listening  
on the radio?

IVAN LOCKE  
No.

We hear a muffled voice.

EDDIE (OOV)  
Dad? She's on the lavatory I  
think.

IVAN LOCKE  
Eddie?

EDDIE (OOV)

What?

IVAN LOCKE

It's ok. I'll talk to you when it  
all settles down.

He cuts the call. He drives for forty seconds. We study him.  
The phone rings.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

Ivan Locke.

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)

Hello, this is Sister Margaret from  
St. Mary's Maternity unit.

IVAN LOCKE

Is everything ok?

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)

I'm with Bethan Maguire...is it  
your partner?

A hesitation with a practical outcome...

IVAN LOCKE

I am the father.

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)

She's quite distressed and we were  
wondering if someone was going to  
be with her for the birth. She  
says she doesn't have anyone else.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes, I'm, an hour away I think if  
the traffic's ok. Is she alright?

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)

There's a complication.

Ivan speaks evenly.

IVAN LOCKE

What is the complication?

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)

A complication with the umbilical  
cord. It means there will be a  
procedure and it would help if dad  
was around. You are dad?

IVAN LOCKE

Yes. I'm driving. I'm doing  
ninety.

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)

Please don't do anything...

IVAN LOCKE

I will be there.

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)  
She's with the consultant at the moment. I just wanted to make sure someone was coming.

IVAN LOCKE  
Yes. I will be there.

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)  
Good. Use the emergency entrance. Ask for Bailey ward.

IVAN LOCKE  
Bailey. Ok.

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)  
She's very emotional.

IVAN LOCKE  
She isn't used to being emotional I think. I think she is normally a very quiet person.

A puzzled pause...

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)  
You are her partner?

IVAN LOCKE  
I am the father. I don't...

A pause...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
...I don't know her too well if you want the truth. But I'm coming.

A pause. The sister is used to oddness, the strangeness of relationships and continues...

SISTER MARGARET (OOV)  
She's very afraid.

IVAN LOCKE  
I understand. I'm driving.

The call is cut. Ivan drives on and thirty seconds pass. The rear view is never far from his thoughts. The phone rings and he sees the name and manages to keep his voice under control...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Yes Donal.

DONAL (OOV)  
I checked all twelve pumps and they're pissing out.

IVAN LOCKE

Good. You're testing with C6.

DONAL (OOV)

Only C6.

IVAN LOCKE

And you called all the plants?

DONAL (OOV)

They gave me dog's abuse for checking.

IVAN LOCKE

They have the trucks lined up and the mix is in?

DONAL (OOV)

I ticked off each response after the fuck you's and piss offs and it came to six and a half thousand cubic metres.

IVAN LOCKE

What about retardant?

DONAL (OOV)

They have retardant on site ready to go into the trucks.

IVAN LOCKE

Good. Now, do you have a pen?

DONAL (OOV)

Pencil.

IVAN LOCKE

Get a pen.

We almost hear Donal rolling his eyes. A pause. A drawer...

DONAL (OOV)

Ok. I have a pen.

IVAN LOCKE

In the top right hand drawer above the blow heater you'll find my folder. Get it. It's going to be your Bible tonight.

We hear movement, drawers opening.

DONAL (OOV)

I don't see any folder.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes, it's there, it's there. It's got everything you're going to need in there. All the numbers, the sign offs, the road closures that you have to confirm with the police. The drawer above the blow heater.

DONAL (OOV)

The blow heater was taken by the Hungarians. You'd think they'd be used to the cold wouldn't you.

IVAN LOCKE

Donal, you know which drawer I mean.

We hear movement and checking. Ivan drives...

DONAL (OOV)

Ivan, I've checked every drawer in the cabin. No bible.

Ivan drives. He thinks. Then he has an awful realization. He opens the glove compartment and sees a file.

IVAN LOCKE

Fuck.

DONAL (OOV)

Are you ok?

IVAN LOCKE

Fuck.

DONAL (OOV)

What?

A pause. Ivan has dropped the file on the passenger seat.

IVAN LOCKE

I have it here.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

All the things you're going to need and I have it fucking here in my car.

A long silence.

DONAL (OOV)

You know Ivan in all the ten years I've worked with you, I've never known you to fuck up.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE  
Ok Donal, give me some time to  
think. Stay near to your phone.

Ivan cuts the call and drives. He glances at the folder on  
the passenger seat.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

The phone rings. We see 'Home'. Ivan takes the call  
immediately...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Are you ok?

KATRINA (OOV)  
Ok?

IVAN LOCKE  
Kat please, just hear what I want  
to say...

She suddenly screams at the top of her voice...

KATRINA (OOV)  
Of all the things in the world, I  
never thought of you doing  
this!!...

IVAN LOCKE  
Katrina, don't let the boys hear  
you...

KATRINA (OOV)  
You fucked some...!!

IVAN LOCKE  
Quietly.

KATRINA (OOV)  
You fucked her. And then me! I  
looked in my diary and checked and  
I remember when you got home from  
Croydon that weekend and you had a  
big stupid grin...

IVAN LOCKE  
The block was in. I was happy with  
it.

KATRINA (OOV)  
And I sit in the dark.

IVAN LOCKE  
It was once.

KATRINA (OOV)  
And the difference between never  
and once is the whole world. The  
difference between never and once  
is the difference between good and  
bad.

Ivan checks the rear view...

IVAN LOCKE  
I know that.

KATRINA (OOV)  
You don't know anything.

IVAN LOCKE  
I know.

KATRINA (OOV)  
You had a big grin that night.

IVAN LOCKE  
It was the work. The block was  
down...

KATRINA (OOV)  
So you fucked someone.

IVAN LOCKE  
I had two bottles of wine. From  
Portugal.

KATRINA (OOV)  
And she followed you.

IVAN LOCKE  
She'd always been on her own. She  
didn't have anyone. It was an odd  
night. Not really a bad thought in  
anybody's head.

KATRINA (OOV)  
A big fucking grin!

IVAN LOCKE  
That isn't it.

KATRINA (OOV)  
Like you'd won something. I  
remember you coming in and putting  
your coat on the stairs. I thought  
you'd won something.

IVAN LOCKE  
I was trying to be normal. I can't  
remember. And the block was down.

KATRINA (OOV)  
And that stuff about the baby. You  
said she's having a baby.

IVAN LOCKE  
She's having the baby tonight.

Horrible laughter...

KATRINA (OOV)  
Forget that. You're a clown.  
Forget that. You're a stupid clown.  
You think it's yours? Why would it  
be yours if she fucks everybody...

IVAN LOCKE  
She doesn't...

KATRINA (OOV)  
If she fucks you, she fucks  
everybody.

IVAN LOCKE  
She isn't like that. She had given  
up on having anything.

KATRINA (OOV)  
I can't believe it's me and you and  
we're talking about somebody else.  
Like someone broke into the house.

She sobs. A long silence. Finally...

IVAN LOCKE (SOFTLY)  
I want to talk about a practical  
next step.

KATRINA (OOV)  
Did you say 'she's not like that'?  
You were with her one night and you  
*know* her?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE  
She doesn't do that. She hadn't  
for years. Afterwards she was sad.

KATRINA (OOV)  
*Sad?*

The call is cut by Katrina. Ivan takes a breath. He knows  
how terrible he is at this. The phone rings almost  
immediately. It is Donal. With Donal he is a different man.

DONAL (OOV)  
I think we got cut off.

IVAN LOCKE

Ok. I have the file here.

DONAL (OOV)

Ok.

IVAN LOCKE

I'm going to have to give you information over the phone and you are going to have to write it down, ok?

A gulp...

DONAL (OOV)

Ok.

IVAN LOCKE

Donal, are you drinking something? What are you drinking?

DONAL (OOV)

Bottle of fizzy pop.

Ivan reacts inside.

IVAN LOCKE

I need you to call the Duty Officer at Belmont Police Station and confirm the road closures for the morning. You still have the pen?

DONAL (OOV)

Yeah.

Ivan finds solace in the formality of details. He pronounces...

IVAN LOCKE

Ok, here are the roads we agreed with the council need to be closed to traffic for the duration of the pour, from 5.25am to midday.

DONAL (OOV)

Shoot.

Ivan begins to recite from memory, staring ahead. He doesn't even need the file to remember...

IVAN LOCKE

Crescent Road between Arch Green and Clearmount. Planetree Road at the South end only...

8 EXT. MOTORWAY

8

*We cut to a gantry shot of Ivan's car driving under bridges. We hear Ivan's voice delivering a monotone of overlapping addresses with details of road closures. It is like a soothing mantra. His car shoots through the night...*

9 INT. LAND ROVER

9

Ivan completes his list.

IVAN LOCKE

The Vale up to Parklands Farm Road  
with stop-go operated by us.  
You'll need to quote the license  
number...

Ivan consults a dimly lit sheet from the file...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

Seven five zero slash DV. Ok?

A gulp.

DONAL (OOV)

Got it.

A pause...

IVAN LOCKE

Donal, it is fizzy pop you're  
drinking, yes?

DONAL (OOV)

It is. It is.

IVAN LOCKE

Because if you're on the fucking  
cider and I find out, I will cut  
your legs off with a pavement saw.

A pause. Donal decides to confront...

DONAL (OOV)

Now Ivan, there's no need for you  
to talk to me like that.

A pause.

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)

I've got six calls stacked up on  
this phone from Gareth and I'm  
guessing what they are.

(MORE)

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)  
But I agreed I'm not taking those calls from Gareth because I'm fucking shitting my pants here about tomorrow going pear and I don't want him to give me some fucking college kid construction director on the phone trying to talk me through this from scratch. So, as far as I'm concerned, until the sun comes up, yours is the only voice I will listen to. But hear this...

A pause, a gulp.

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Don't go off threatening me, ok? You have no official position to threaten me from.

Ivan's expression doesn't change but he has assessed Donal's words and realized...

IVAN LOCKE  
So. It is cider you're drinking.

DONAL (OOV)  
One tin. So what?

Ivan reacts inside. He drives on. This is another hole in the road but he adjusts quickly.

IVAN LOCKE  
Eat something.

DONAL (OOV)  
I'm not hungry. Now let me make my call to the coppers and confirm these road closures. Then I'll call you back for further instruction. Over and out...

Donal cuts the call. Ivan holds it for a few seconds then roars with anger. He hurls the file back onto the seat beside him. He gets hold of himself.

He drives on. Thirty seconds pass. The phone rings and he reads the name.

IVAN LOCKE  
Bethan...

She sounds wistful and strange between the grunts of pain, the effect of gas and air making her almost amused...

BETHAN (OOV)  
They say there's a twist.

IVAN LOCKE

A what?

BETHAN (OOV)

It's round the baby's neck like a noose.

IVAN LOCKE

You're in the best place.  
Honestly, you're in the best place.

BETHAN (OOV)

They let me use my phone for one minute...

She suddenly screams in agony. Ivan reacts.

BETHAN (OOV) (CONT'D)

When will you get here?

IVAN LOCKE

Forty five minutes. I'm outside Northampton. The traffic is ok.

BETHAN (OOV)

It's like waiting for God. Waiting for Godot...

She laughs...

BETHAN (OOV) (CONT'D)

Sorry. You're not a theatre man...

IVAN LOCKE

Just do what they say...

BETHAN (OOV)

And not a reader of books and not a talker. A builder. It's funny isn't it...

She grunts in pain...

BETHAN (OOV) (CONT'D)

That it was someone like you.  
Someone so opposite to me. All the things I love mean absolutely zero to you.

IVAN LOCKE

The important thing is to get the baby out.

BETHAN (OOV)

Well the news is, they're resorting to knives.

She laughs...

IVAN LOCKE

By the sound of you, they are giving you gas. Are they?...

BETHAN (OOV)

They think they might have to cut me open because I'm too old to push...

IVAN LOCKE

That's ok. They do it as routine. It's ok. It's better in fact.

BETHAN (OOV)

In fact? Is that so?

IVAN LOCKE

The traffic is ok.

BETHAN (OOV)

They're taking blood.

IVAN LOCKE

Just do what they say.

BETHAN (OOV)

Someone keeps opening the window.

IVAN LOCKE

Tell them you're cold.

BETHAN (OOV)

They don't listen. They talk around me. I need somebody here to speak for me.

IVAN LOCKE

I'll be there...

BETHAN (OOV)

They said the umbilical cord is like a noose. A lifeline and a noose at the same time. That's funny isn't it.

We hear other voices. The call is cut...

IVAN LOCKE

Bethan...

Silence. Ivan drives on. A minute goes by. Then he can't help himself and speaks softly to the rear view mirror...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

You think this is all fate don't you dad? Your dirty fucking finger prints all over me.

(MORE)

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

It was bound to happen because of  
the little seeds you planted.  
Well, let me educate you. Let me  
teach you something.

(MORE)

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

Even no matter what the situation is, you can make it good. Like with plaster and brick. You never knew that because you never fucking lifted a finger you lazy cunt but you can take a situation and draw a circle around it and find a way to work something out.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

You don't drive away from it. Sit in the corner of some greasy little fucking pub somewhere like you're the fucking happy maverick.

He drives.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

I could come for you with a pick and shovel, I really could, and dig you up. And it would be a happy day in hell because they would be rid of you for a bit.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

You know what? I could just drive. Around the M25 and then to Dover. Or some fucking where. And not face it. I could earn good money cash-in-hand working on the cross rail. They make five hundred a day just shovelling shit. Yeah. But I'm going to drive straight to the worst place for me. The worst place on earth for me to be. Even though this woman is like...

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

The woman is like, sad and lonely. Hardly bothered with life at all.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

I felt sorry for her. So how can that be the difference between good and bad?

The phone rings. We see 'Home'. Ivan steels himself. A scream. Horror at first, then...

EDDIE (OOV)  
Are you listening to this?! Two  
one to us. Two goals in three  
minutes.

We hear another boy shouting in the background, celebrating a  
goal, the sound of football on the TV.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Dad! Put it on the radio. It's  
brilliant...

IVAN LOCKE  
Is your mother there?

EDDIE (OOV)  
She's upstairs in the lavatory.  
She's been in there ages. She's  
wearing the shirt but she won't  
come down and watch. Shall I call  
her?

IVAN LOCKE

No. Leave her. It's ok. Enjoy the game.

EDDIE (OOV)

It's two one dad! We're winning! Why aren't you going mad?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE

I am Eddie. I'm going mad inside but I'm driving. I...

Ivan tries to continue but emotion takes his voice and he cuts the call. He must adjust, must adjust, must adjust. He picks up the file and flicks through some pages as he drives. In the file he finds a number which he dials.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

Hello, PC Davids? Yeah it's Ivan Locke from the Park project. I was wondering if anyone had called you about road closures?

PC DAVIDS (OOV)

Yeah, we had some Irish guy. He said he was standing in.

IVAN LOCKE

I'm just double checking the closures are all confirmed, yes?

PC DAVIDS (OOV)

No. There's a problem with the Vale stop and go. Council questioned the licence at the last minute.

IVAN LOCKE

Shhhhit.

PC DAVIDS (OOV)

I was going to call them in the morning.

IVAN LOCKE

Too late...

PC DAVIDS (OOV)

What?

IVAN LOCKE

We have to control that road to get the trucks in and out of the South gate.

PC DAVIDS (OOV)  
You'll have to take it up with the council.

IVAN LOCKE  
It's nine o'clock...

PC DAVIDS (OOV)  
Yeah.

IVAN LOCKE  
The council offices are closed.

PC DAVIDS (OOV)  
Yeah. But I can't ratify until the council sign off on the stop and go...

Ivan must think fast.

IVAN LOCKE  
Ok, ok, you'll get a call. How long are you on duty?

PC DAVIDS (OOV)  
Another twenty five minutes.

IVAN LOCKE  
You'll get a call.

He cuts the call. Immediately Donal calls...

DONAL (OOV)  
Ivan, we have a problem with the stop and go...

IVAN LOCKE  
I know, I just heard, I'm dealing with it. In the meantime I need you to go and check the shuttering and get it signed off.

DONAL (OOV)  
The shuttering boys have all gone home.

IVAN LOCKE  
Even so you still have to check the re-bars. Go and do it now. Take a shovel and a pressure meter and a torch and get into the holes.

DONAL (OOV)  
Jesus...

IVAN LOCKE  
I mean it.

DONAL (OOV)  
If this is just to stop me  
drinking, you can fuck off.

IVAN LOCKE  
I'm hoping your conscience will  
stop you drinking. The shuttering  
has to be checked. Go and do it.

He cuts the call. He thinks hard. He dials a mobile number  
marked 'Sean'. We hear the voice of a sixteen year old boy  
(SEAN).

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Sean, it's dad.

SEAN (OOV)  
Dad, I can't believe you're not  
here. It's amazing. Two one.

IVAN LOCKE  
I know. Sean, I need you to do me  
a favor. There's been a cock up and  
I need to speak to someone. In my  
blue coat in the kitchen there is a  
notebook. There is a phone number  
of somebody called Cassidy who  
works for the council clerk of  
works. I need the number...

SEAN (OOV)  
Why don't you ask mum?

IVAN LOCKE  
Please just get the number and text  
it to me. Cassidy. Under 'C'.  
It's urgent.

SEAN (OOV)  
Dad, is mum alright? She hasn't  
come down. It's half time.

IVAN LOCKE  
Sean, in the morning I will talk to  
you about everything. Just get me  
the number of Cassidy.

He cuts the call. He drives on and checks his watch. The  
motorway lights flicker on his face...

10

EXT. GANTRY

10

We see Ivan's car drive under two bridges.

11 INT. LAND ROVER

11

The phone rings. Ivan sees a number he doesn't recognize. We will learn it is a well spoken male obstetrician (DOCTOR GULLU).

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
Hello, could I speak to Ivan Locke?

IVAN LOCKE  
This is Ivan Locke.

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
I'm Doctor Halil Gullu, senior obstetrician at St. Mary's Hospital. A Bethan Maguire gave me this number as the number of her next of kin. Are you...

IVAN LOCKE  
What's happening?

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
Are you next of kin?

IVAN LOCKE  
I am the father.

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
Hang on....

Off the phone the doctor takes a question then returns to the phone...

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV) (CONT'D)  
We have a situation where the baby's umbilical cord is wrapped around the baby's neck...

IVAN LOCKE  
Yes, I know...

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
...and the baby is very distressed...

IVAN LOCKE  
And you're going to carry out a Caesarian.

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
Yes, but Ms Maguire says she wants to wait until you are here.

IVAN LOCKE  
She's distressed. She's quite an odd person I think...

The doctor takes the strange comment on board, but he's seen and heard many things in his job.

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
Well, we really can't wait. Where are you?

IVAN LOCKE  
I'll be half an hour.

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
Oh.

IVAN LOCKE  
But if I hit traffic...

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
Exactly. So if we are to get her to co-operate, we need you to speak to her.

IVAN LOCKE  
Of course. Put her on.

DOCTOR GULLU (OOV)  
Can you hold the line?

IVAN LOCKE  
Yes.

He drives. In call waiting he sees 'Home'. He can't cut the call. He waits. Finally a sob down the line...

BETHAN (OOV)  
They want to do it now...

IVAN LOCKE  
Let them do it. I've said, let them do it. It doesn't matter if I'm not there for the moment of birth. I will still be there before morning. It will be the same day.

BETHAN (OOV)  
Where are you?

IVAN LOCKE  
I'm on the motorway. Luton. Let them do it. Don't be silly...

BETHAN (SUDDENLY)(OOV)  
Fuck you!

IVAN LOCKE  
Bethan, your hormones will make you scream but it's better to get it out.

Bethan is in agony and beyond reason...

BETHAN (OOV)

You know I told them it was one night. I told them about the room and feeling so sad after. But the nurse said if he's coming all the way down, he must feel something.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

BETHAN (OOV)

If it was just once and I get pregnant it's fate.

IVAN LOCKE

You're distressed....

BETHAN (OOV)

I told them I love you. Even if it was just once.

IVAN LOCKE (SOFTLY)

There's no need to say that...

BETHAN (OOV)

It'll be ours.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes...

BETHAN (OOV)

How far away are you?

Ivan suddenly speaks solidly, in his concrete voice...

IVAN LOCKE

Bethan, I am telling you to let them do what they have to do. A baby is something that can't be stopped. You have to take all the practical steps to prepare.

A pause.

BETHAN (SOFTLY)(OOV)

You want me to let them cut me open.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes. It is the best thing.

A long silence.

BETHAN (OOV)

Ok. I will do it because I love you.

IVAN LOCKE

Ok then.

BETHAN (OOV)

Can you not say it back even once?

IVAN LOCKE

No I can't. But I can be there as fast as the traffic will allow.

Ivan cuts the call. He glares into the rear view...

He drives on. Ten seconds later he takes another call. He sees the name 'Home'. Before Ivan can speak...

KATRINA (OOV)

I just found Sean looking through your pockets. He said you asked him for a phone number.

Ivan has to adjust, adjust.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

KATRINA (OOV)

Now? At this moment? You need a phone number.

Ivan is crushed into monotone.

IVAN LOCKE

I know how it looks but I need to confirm a stop and go. Tomorrow there is a pour. It is a big. It is historical...

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

It is the biggest pour...

The hum of the engine.

KATRINA (OOV)

Can you hear yourself, Ivan?

Silence.

KATRINA (OOV) (CONT'D)

I am falling apart at home and you are closing roads?

Silence. Ivan is studying himself inside.

KATRINA (OOV) (CONT'D)

Some woman is giving birth and you are closing roads.

A pause. Ivan is desperately twisted around inside and can't think and resorts to facts...

IVAN LOCKE

It's not a closure. It's a stop and go.

Silence.

KATRINA (OOV)

Since you told me about this woman, you have been getting further and further away from who I know. Or it might be that I do know. In the kitchen your footprints go hard and I have to chip them away. You leave concrete behind you everywhere.

IVAN LOCKE

Katrina, I love you.

Silence. Then Katrina is crying...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

I made one mistake.

Silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

I don't feel anything for this woman but I am trying to do the right thing tonight because she is on her own and the baby is my fault and I know how it feels to be coming out into the world like this.

Silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

There's someone being brought into the world and it's my fault so I have to fix it somehow. There were these two bottles of wine.

A long silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

I would really like it if you would say that you will wait and I can come back up and we can talk about it and that we can fix something up.

Silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

I really want to know that tomorrow I can drive home and talk to the boys and be at home as normal and we can go out or something and have a drink and talk about it. I want to know that I'm not driving in one direction. I want to know that I will be driving back when the sun comes up.

A pause.

KATRINA (OOV)

Ivan? Let me ask you a question. Do you still want me to give you the phone number so you can close the road?

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

KATRINA (SOFTLY)(OOV)

Goodbye Ivan.

The call is cut. Ivan reacts. He drives on for a long time. Donal calls and Ivan almost lets it ring off. But at the last minute he must take the call.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

DONAL (OOV)

I just did something on my own initiative.

IVAN LOCKE

You did?

DONAL (OOV)

I found a mobile phone number for the council guy who signs off the closures.

Ivan is slowly astonished...

IVAN LOCKE

Cassidy?

DONAL (OOV)

That's him.

IVAN LOCKE

You found his number?

DONAL (OOV)  
I knew you'd need it. I have his  
mobile number. You took it over  
Christmas in case. I found it in a  
drawer.

Even through all his distress, Ivan is overwhelmed,  
astounded.

IVAN LOCKE  
Donal. You *did* that?

DONAL (OOV)  
And that's on two tins of cider.

IVAN LOCKE  
Ok, give me the number.

DONAL (OOV)  
07700 900 957....

Ivan chokes on an unexpected emotion. The phone number hits  
him hard for no reason. Does he really need this number.  
But he repeats...

IVAN LOCKE  
07700 900 557.

DONAL (OOV)  
No. 957. Are you writing it down?

IVAN LOCKE  
07700 900 957.

DONAL (OOV)  
Are you writing it down?

IVAN LOCKE  
No, it's in my head...

Ivan cuts the call, then dials the number in his head  
quickly, mumbling the digits, trying not to crumble. The  
phone rings....

CASSIDY (OOV)  
Hello?

IVAN LOCKE  
Mr Cassidy? It's Ivan Locke from  
the Park project.

CASSIDY (OOV)  
Who?

IVAN LOCKE  
I'm running the site at Claremount.  
We have some road closures  
agreed...

CASSIDY (OOV)

How did you get this number?

Ivan's ability to do this is weakening. The words of his wife are crippling him, or dragging him back, but he must push on...

IVAN LOCKE

You gave it to me in case anything came up over Christmas. I worked over Christmas. I always work. Every Christmas...

CASSIDY (OOV)

It's not Christmas...

IVAN LOCKE

Yes, but I need a sign off...

CASSIDY (OOV)

I'm in an Indian restaurant...

IVAN LOCKE

But I need a sign off. Really, you know, seriously need it.

CASSIDY (OOV)

I told you I'm in an Indian restaurant.

IVAN LOCKE

If I give you the number of the duty officer at the Belmont police station...

CASSIDY (OOV)

This will have to wait...

IVAN LOCKE (INTERRUPTING)

Please. Please. Without this...

CASSIDY (INTERRUPTING BACK)(OOV)

This will have to wait.

IVAN LOCKE

It can't wait. It can not wait. Concrete is coming tomorrow morning and nothing can stop it. I just need you to call the duty officer and...

CASSIDY (OOV)

I'm in a bloody Indian restaurant.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes. I'm sorry. But please. Just call him and give him a sign off over the phone on a stop-go on the Vale. Five twenty five to midday.

A silence. Then Ivan sounds as if he is almost mocking himself...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

Pretty much everything depends on it.

A pause.

CASSIDY (OOV)

You are Ivan Locke?

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

CASSIDY (OOV)

I remember you.

Ivan wipes his eyes with his sleeve...

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

You ran a tight ship.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

CASSIDY

The only Construction Director who gave us paperwork ahead of time.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes. But tonight things have happened beyond my control.

A pause.

CASSIDY (OOV)

Ok, give me the bloody number.

Ivan sighs a deep sigh of relief and begins to read a number out from memory...

12 EXT. MOTORWAY BRIDGE

12

We see Ivan's car pass beneath as he gives PC Davids name and number to Cassidy. Ivan's voice is a soft monotone as he imparts information.

13

INT. LAND ROVER

13

We study Ivan as he finishes the call.

IVAN LOCKE

He'll leave his desk in five minutes. Please call him and tell him that you approve the stop go. Then everything will be set.

CASSIDY (OOV)

I will. Hey. It's late Ivan. You work too hard.

Ivan cuts the call. We are seeing the outskirts of London now. Ivan glances in the rear view as if he feels things might just come together. Of course everything is broken but he has his stop go and the baby is being dealt with. He composes himself a little...

Then he speaks to his demon...

IVAN LOCKE

You know I could easily have let the concrete go to hell. I didn't. I took care of it.

A pause. Sudden anger...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

You know dad, when you came creeping back saying you were sorry, it was even worse than staying away. Yeah. I'm serious. I could have broken your fucking back but I didn't and the fact that I could have done it was worse than anything.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

Because you were so fucking weak. That was the first thing I noticed. So weak. All the things I fucking despise inside one fucking stupid green shirt.

Ivan begins to laugh to himself. He shakes his head.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

You looked pathetic. My fucking dad in what were they? Trainers? Some sort of fucking trainers that teenagers wear. And your hair all over the place. And you don't drink and you don't smoke dope anymore.

(MORE)

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

So everybody is supposed to  
celebrate. Is that it? I  
celebrate, right? Celebrate what?  
(MORE)

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

I was twenty three years old and this old cunt comes from the fucking blue sky and says, 'guess what'.

Donal calls...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

What?

DONAL (OOV)

Ivan, it's all gone to hell.

Donal isn't drunk but he's been drinking.

IVAN LOCKE

What?

DONAL (OOV)

The re-bars in the shuttering in pit six. They wouldn't hold a kittens fart. The fucking mavericks from up north we put in at the last minute.

IVAN LOCKE

What tension did they hold?

DONAL (OOV)

Nothing at all. Came away with a push.

IVAN LOCKE

Is there anybody there?

DONAL (OOV)

The shutterers all went home ages ago and they're not in until six.

IVAN LOCKE

Call the Albanian.

DONAL (OOV)

He's not answering. Nobody is answering. There's some fucking football game on.

IVAN LOCKE

Could you call in your sons?

DONAL (OOV)

They're in Germany digging out missile silos.

Ivan takes all this on board. This is trouble but it's trouble he knows.

IVAN LOCKE

Ok, Donal here's what you do. You drive down to the ring road near the fire station and you'll see a road gang laying lines. You ask for a guy called Stefan. He's Polish. Tell him there's five hundred pounds for him and two of his best diggers if they can get down and fix up some re-bars.

DONAL (OOV)

A road gang?

IVAN LOCKE

I know them. They're slumming it for the cash. But Stefan's the best concrete farmer I know. Mention my name. He owes me.

A long pause. Donal hesitates...

DONAL (OOV)

So do I have to *drive* down there?  
Can I not just ring him?

Ivan reacts, reading between the lines...

IVAN LOCKE

How many ciders have you had Donal?

Silence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

Donal, I don't have Stefan's number. You'll need to drive down there. They'll be knocking off and going home in half an hour.

DONAL (OOV)

Ivan, I'll be straight with you. I'm not drunk but I've had too much to get behind a wheel. If I get stopped again I go inside.

Ivan drives, thinks, checks his watch.

IVAN LOCKE

Ok, you run.

DONAL (OOV)

Run?

IVAN LOCKE

Stefan and his men will knock off in half an hour due to council regulations because they can't burn bitumen lights after ten.

(MORE)

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)

If you run you'll get there before they get in their van.

DONAL (OOV)

What do you mean run? I don't fucking run.

IVAN LOCKE

You will run Donal.

DONAL (OOV)

I haven't run since I was eight.

IVAN LOCKE

You will run. Now. Go. Or my building won't get built.

A pause. Then Donal laughs.

DONAL (OOV)

Run? Are you mad?

After a moment Ivan laughs too...

IVAN LOCKE

Yes. Tonight I've gone mad and I will have to get used to being mad. And, Donal, I can hear in your voice you're drunk. When you're drunk you can run faster for a while. You can run like a kid. Like the fucking wind.

Donal laughs some more...

DONAL (OOV)

I'll get out of my boots and put on my trainers shall I...

IVAN LOCKE

Yes. Then you run.

DONAL (OOV)

What? I run for bastards in Chicago who don't care if I live or die.

IVAN LOCKE

No, you do it for the piece of sky we are stealing with our building. You do it for the air that will be displaced. Most of all you do it for the concrete, because it is delicate as blood.

DONAL (OOV)

You really have gone fucking mad.

IVAN LOCKE  
That would be a fair assessment.

Donal whoops.

DONAL (OOV)  
Here I go!

IVAN LOCKE  
Good man Donal. You're a good man.  
Now run.

Ivan cuts the call. He laughs madly for a few moments and bangs the steering wheel three times. The tears of laughter almost turn to tears of despair but he fights them. He drives on and on.

14 EXT. MOTORWAY 14

We see a sign for the M25 exit. Ivan drives by. He is almost in London.

15 INT. LAND ROVER 15

Ivan drives. He is red eyed, grim, hunched at the wheel. He glances at the rear view and speaks to his father...

IVAN LOCKE  
It will work out. I will make sure  
of it. You see. You take things  
in your own hands and you push  
against it until it is upright.

Ivan almost arrogantly hits a number...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And you stick to the plan.

He dials a number...

16 EXT. MOTORWAY GANTRY 16

We see Ivan driving under the bridge and hear a phone call in voiceover....

BETHAN ANSWER MESSAGE (OOV)  
This is Bethan, I can't get to the  
phone right now, please leave a  
message after the tone.

IVAN LOCKE (OOV)  
Bethan, it's me. I know they're  
operating on you right now but I  
just wanted to say good luck.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Good luck Bethan. This baby is a  
good thing and you deserve to be  
happy.

17 INT. LAND ROVER

17

Ivan cuts the call and glares into the rear view mirror.

IVAN LOCKE  
You see, dad. *Life*.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Life sentence. So what? I  
will do what needs to be done even  
if they hate me or love me. You  
have to be solid so that it makes  
no difference what they think.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
If I were to bury you again tonight  
before I threw the dirt on your  
face I'd say look and fucking  
learn. I drove in this direction.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And there'll be a new person when I  
get there. Yes. Because of that  
night.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
*Constructed* out of two bottles of  
wine and somebody feeling lonely.  
How could you ever beat that for a  
construction?

Ivan drives. He almost bounces with defiance now. He checks  
his watch. He gets a call and takes it...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Sean?

SEAN (SUBDUED)(OOV)  
Hey dad. We won.

From the small changes in the voice, Ivan knows that Sean has  
heard something about what is happening. However...

IVAN LOCKE  
What was the score?

SEAN (OOV)  
Three one.

IVAN LOCKE  
Good.

A pause.

SEAN (OOV)  
Caldwell, Robinson and Caldwell  
again.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE  
Good. Is everything ok?

SEAN (OOV)  
Yeah.

A pause.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
I don't know. Mum looks like she's  
seen a ghost. She broke some  
plates.

IVAN LOCKE  
Yeah. Something's happened. I'll  
explain when I'm not driving.

SEAN (OOV)  
She's upstairs.

IVAN LOCKE  
Yeah, I'll explain when I'm not  
driving and when I'm with you and  
Eddie together. I've only just  
explained it to myself.

A pause.

SEAN (OOV)  
She said you're not coming home  
ever.

A long silence.

IVAN LOCKE  
She's distressed.

SEAN (OOV)  
Are you coming home?

He drives.

IVAN LOCKE  
Where else would I go?

SEAN (OOV)  
So I'll tell Eddie that you are  
coming home. He's been crying.

IVAN LOCKE

Look, when I get to the other end,  
I'll call. Sean, you tell Eddie  
that it's ok. I'll make it ok.

SEAN (OOV)

It doesn't feel like it's ok. It  
felt different after half time.

IVAN LOCKE

I'll fix it. It will all go back  
to normal. You should go to bed.

SEAN (OOV)

Yeah.

A pause.

SEAN (OOV) (CONT'D)

The third goal was amazing.

IVAN LOCKE

Caldwell?

SEAN (OOV)

He took it round the keeper.

IVAN LOCKE

Good God. Caldwell's a donkey.

SEAN (OOV)

He is normally a donkey but tonight  
he was brilliant.

IVAN LOCKE

A miracle. Good night.

SEAN (OOV)

Good night dad. See you tomorrow.

IVAN LOCKE

Yes. Hopefully see you tomorrow.

Ivan cuts the call. He drives. He checks his watch again  
and calls Donal. The call is answered and we hear rasping,  
gasping breaths...

DONAL (OOV)

You know I nearly got fucking run  
down by a taxi running across a  
road.

He can hardly speak as he fights for breath.

IVAN LOCKE

Did you find Stefan?

DONAL (OOV)  
I see the flames. They're burning  
the road. I can smell the bitumen.  
It's getting in my throat.

IVAN LOCKE  
His name is Stefan. Five hundred  
each.

DONAL (BREATHLESS)(OOV)  
Man Ivan, I'm fucked.

IVAN LOCKE  
And sober. Tell Stefan to bring two  
men and a jack. Five hundred a  
piece.

DONAL (OOV)  
I'll call when I have the Poles in  
my grasp. Fuck. My heart is  
coming out of my chest.

Ivan cuts the call. He half smiles as he drives. He glances  
at the rear view and speaks to his father's ghost a little  
more gently now...

IVAN LOCKE  
Stefan is a good man and will fix  
the pit and check the others. All  
twelve pumps will work. The stop-go  
will run. The north, south, east  
and west gates will all take their  
quarter of concrete. The baby will  
be born.

He drives...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And Katrina will be ok. In the  
morning she will be ok.

He drives...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
That is how it can be.

A pause. He glances at the file on the passenger seat.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
That is my prayer.

He drives.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And this baby when he's seven, or  
when she's seven, it'll say it's  
ok. And the name will be Locke.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Locke is ok. We do ok. Because I  
straightened the name out. The  
Lockes were a long line of shit but  
I straightened the name out.

He seems unsure as he dares glance in the rear view mirror  
once more.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
But you know what, you old bastard?  
I know now why you ran away.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And if you want you can run away  
again. Fuck off.

He drives.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Or you can stay. What difference  
would it make to me?

The rear view fills with headlights as if in response. We  
stay with Ivan for a long time. His phone rings and Ivan  
takes the call with confidence.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

DONAL (OOV)  
Ok, I'm in a van with three Poles  
who smell like burning rooftops.  
They said six hundred each and I  
guessed you'd say yes.

IVAN LOCKE  
Yes.

DONAL (OOV)  
This guy Stefan don't say much,  
does he?

IVAN LOCKE  
He's a good man.

DONAL (OOV)  
You want a word with him?

IVAN  
No. Stefan knows what to do.  
You'll be ok now Donal. Fix up the  
re-bars and start preparing the  
gates. It will be a long night.

DONAL (OOV)  
I'm stone cold sober now.

IVAN LOCKE  
I know. It all worked out.

DONAL (OOV)  
Stefan just said to say hello to  
Ivan Locke.

A laugh...

DONAL (OOV) (CONT'D)  
He says you're the best man in  
England.

Ivan smiles and cuts the call. He dares to look relieved. He checks his watch. The motorway into London is brightly lit. The phone rings. He sees 'Home' and hesitates before taking the call.

KATRINA  
I've decided.

IVAN LOCKE  
Kat, you know what? We can work  
this out, I know we can.

KATRINA (OOV)  
I've spoken to my sister and my  
half sister.

Ivan is expressionless but this is bad news...

KATRINA (OOV) (CONT'D)  
The difference between 'once' and  
'never' is everything. That's it.  
And it is never 'once' anyway.

IVAN LOCKE  
Katrina...

KATRINA (OOV)  
I don't want you to come back Ivan.  
This is not your home anymore. I  
want you to stay away.

IVAN LOCKE  
Katrina...

KATRINA (OOV)  
We will make arrangements for  
seeing the boys. My sister says  
every Wednesday is normal.

Ivan can't speak...

KATRINA (OOV) (CONT'D)  
But I don't want you coming here.  
You were always more in love with  
your buildings anyway. Why don't  
you go and live in one of them?  
Right at the top where you like to  
look out and feel so pleased with  
yourself. I'm going to wash  
everything here. Wash it all ten  
times to get the dust of you out of  
it.

(MORE)

KATRINA (OOV) (CONT'D)  
 I won't have to deal with your foot  
 prints turning to stone on the  
 kitchen floor anymore. It's  
 finished. This isn't your home.

She cuts the call. Ivan drives on. He looks into his rear  
 view mirror. The brief moment when he believed things might  
 work out has gone. He must adjust again. He begins to slow  
 down...

18 EXT. MOTORWAY GANTRY 18

In CCTV we see Ivan's car crawling in the slow lane as the  
 rest of the traffic overtakes and shoots by. His car looks  
 like a wounded animal...

19 INT. LAND ROVER 19

Ivan stares ahead as he drives. Then he glances in his rear  
 view. For the first time we see tears in his eyes. He wipes  
 them away with his sleeve. His phone rings.

He drives. The phone rings on and finally Ivan takes the  
 call...

IVAN LOCKE (SOFTLY)  
 Ivan Locke.

Gareth sounds distraught and speaks fast...

GARETH (OOV)  
 Ivan, I've put a construction  
 director onto this and he's tried  
 to reach Donal a hundred times but  
 Donal isn't picking up.

Ivan doesn't speak.

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)  
 Are you there Ivan?

IVAN LOCKE  
 Yes.

GARETH (OOV)  
 Can you reach Donal and tell him he  
 must pick up his phone immediately.

Silence.

GARETH (OOV) (CONT'D)  
 Ivan?

IVAN LOCKE  
 Tell your construction director  
 there is no need to speak to Donal.  
 (MORE)

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Everything is already taken care  
of...

GARETH (OOV)  
Ivan, for fuck's sake...

IVAN LOCKE (OVER HIM)  
Everything is taken care of and  
everything is ready for 5.25.  
There will be no mistakes. I have  
made sure everything is in place.  
You can go to sleep Gareth.

A pause.

GARETH (OOV)  
I actually threw up earlier.

IVAN LOCKE  
Yeah?

GARETH (OOV)  
Fucking yeah.

IVAN LOCKE (OVER HIM)  
Well, hear this Gareth. When I  
left the site just over 2 hours ago  
I had a job, a wife, a home.

A pause.

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Now I have none of those things.

A pause...

IVAN LOCKE (CONT'D)  
It is ten fifteen and I have none  
of those things left. I just have  
myself and the car I'm in. I'm  
just driving. That's it.

Silence. Then...

GARETH (OOV)  
Ivan, you fucked up your life,  
that's your business, but Chicago  
is going insane.

IVAN LOCKE  
Two words I learnt tonight. 'Fuck  
Chicago'.

Ivan cuts the call. He drives and we stay with him for a long time. A minute goes by. Then a call comes in and Ivan reads 'unknown'. As the call rings, Ivan decides he cannot take it. His voicemail message clicks in.

IVAN LOCKE'S VOICEMAIL (OOV)  
This is Ivan Locke. Please leave a  
message.

Ivan hears the voice of Eddie and Eddie leaves a message.

EDDIE (OOV)  
Dad, I'm on my mobile. I'm under  
the duvet. I wanted to tell you  
about the goal.

Eddie is fighting a terrible upset by trying to behave the  
way he behaved before this happened.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Caldwell got it and he controlled  
it. You know how you always shout  
at him because it always flies off  
him and out into the crowd? Well,  
he controlled it.

A pause.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
And he got it down on the ground.  
You know how you say he just lumps  
it forward all the time, well he  
got it down on the ground. This is  
Caldwell, dad. And he just started  
running...

Eddie begins to laugh and cry at the same time...

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
And he was running and running and  
running and these defenders were  
bouncing off him.

Eddie laughs...

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
And he went round one, then  
another, and me and Sean were  
standing up and shouting at him to  
pass the ball. You know how you  
say you have to square it. He  
wouldn't square it. He wouldn't  
pass. He just kept running. He  
looked like a horse or something.

Eddie laughs again.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
So then the goalie is coming  
forward and we think he's going to  
boot it over the bar. Remember  
against whoever it was when he just  
booted it over the bar.  
(MORE)

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
We thought it was going to be that again. But he didn't. This is Caldwell dad. The one you say is always a donkey.

A pause.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
He went round the goalie and put it in.

A long pause.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Mum was crying so she didn't even see it.

A pause.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
But we recorded it for you so you have to come home to watch it. You'll have to come home and I've had an idea. We'll pretend we don't know the score and pretend it's happening then. Pretend it's live. And me and Sean will go mad the same. You can have the beer and mum can make the sausages.

A pause. Eddie concludes quickly.

EDDIE (OOV) (CONT'D)  
So that's what we'll do. Good night dad.

The call is cut. Ivan drives on. He drives for a long time and wipes his eyes with his sleeve.

Then his phone rings. We see 'Unknown'. Ivan hesitates then takes the call.

BETHAN (HISSING)(OOV)  
Ivan?

IVAN LOCKE  
Is it ok?

BETHAN (OOV)  
It's a boy.

Ivan reacts.

BETHAN (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Listen...

We hear the sound of a baby crying down the phone. The thin sound fills the car and Ivan lets the car slow down on its own. Horns hoot and Ivan drifts onto the hard shoulder.

The car comes to a halt. The sound of the baby crying continues. Ivan knocks the car out of gear and switches off the engine. A silence around the sound of the baby crying.

Ivan listens and glances in the rear view mirror. Then he puts his head on the steering wheel and the sound of the baby crying continues.

He sits with his head on the steering wheel for a long time. Then...

BETHAN (OOV) (CONT'D)

Ivan, will you come?

IVAN LOCKE

Yes.

He cuts the call. He is alone in silence for a few moments. Was the birth of a new life worth the destruction of his own? Is there redemption in this moment? Ivan doesn't have an answer. After a moment he fires the engine.

20

EXT. MOTORWAY GANTRY

20

From a surveillance camera we see Ivan's car indicate then pull out into the traffic. After Ivan's car has gone, we watch the other cars on their own journeys, all of them with their own stories inside their bubbles of light.

THE END