

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 nosey, 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)

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*

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.

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 there 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 heavyset 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.