

FADE IN:

INT. METAL FABRICATION WORKSHOP. DAY

Sparks fly and dance like a child's bonfire night sparkler as WELDERS join large flat sheets of metal together.

SUPERIMPOSE: ASIA

Completed, the new panel is lifted on chains and placed on top of a large stack of identical panels.

INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

A forklift places the panels in a row in what is seemingly the largest room in the world. All it contains are the same panels in stack after stack after stack.

A WORKER exits the warehouse and closes the doors behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON - WHITEHALL. VERY EARLY MORNING

The gates of 10 Downing Street open and a large blacked out Ministerial Jaguar sweeps out onto Whitehall.

It threads its way through the deserted streets.

EXT. DETACHED HOUSE. VERY EARLY MORNING

GRAHAM, 45, in haste exits his house with photographic equipment cases and a laptop bag weighing him down.

He throws the equipment in the boot of a hatchback and SLAMS the boot shut.

INT. CAR (NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Graham opens his laptop and reads an address off an e-mail which he punches into his satnav.

In close part of the email specifies ..this is top secret and the location should be kept a secret...

The satnav, in the voice of DARTH VADER, instructs him which way to go.

EXT. DETACHED HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Graham's car speeds off into the early morning mist.

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD. MORNING

The Ministerial Jaguar stops close to a small executive helicopter. The PRIME MINISTER, a COLLEAGUE and their SECURITY DETAIL climb aboard.

The helicopter takes off the very moment the door is closed.

INT. CAR(MOVING). MORNING

In the deepest countryside Graham navigates his way with the help of DARTH VADER'S voice through stick thin country roads with towering hedges.

VADER declares he has reached his destination as he pulls into a roadside copse.

EXT. COPSE. CONTINUOUS

Graham exits his car with mobile clamped to his ear, opens the boot and unloads his equipment.

GRAHAM

As soon as I have the pictures I'll email them, yes, immediately.

EXT. JOE'S COTTAGE. MORNING

JOE, 15, exits through the back door blurry eyed and school uniform dishevelled. He moves to a bike sat against the wall and discards the helmet.

He walks the bike to the front of the cottage, climbs on and pedals off leisurely along a deserted country lane.

EXT. LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE. MORNING

The helicopter lands and sheds its passengers who are quickly guided into the house.

A number of non-government SECURITY PERSONNEL spread out across the grounds and watch the surrounding area.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. MORNING

Laden with camera, lenses and telescope Graham stumbles through the flora.

Breaking free he stops inches from a serious looking fence bearing a sign KEEP OUT.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. MORNING

Joe comes to a stop and looks down at the puncture.

He climbs off the bike and looks both ways up and down the empty road and consults his watch.

He props the bike against a hedge and continues on foot.

EXT. COPSE. MORNING

Graham retrieves a small DRONE from the boot of his car, shuts the boot and heads off back into the forest.

EXT. FOREST. CONTINUOUS

Graham works his way along the fence until he breaks through into a small clearing.

He sets the drone down and opens his laptop, powers up the drone and checks the camera works.

Satisfied, he pilots the drone and it disappears over the tree line.

EXT. LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE. MORNING

The helicopter waits, rotors spinning, as the Prime Minister lingers deep in conversation with an UNIDENTIFIED MAN.

Security Personnel scan the surrounding area as something is spotted in the sky.

EXT. FOREST. MORNING

Graham crouches before his laptop and watches the drone enabled images of nothing but tree tops.

The drone picture spins and the camera picks up the helicopter. Intrigued, Graham guides the drone for a better look.

The screen picks out the house and the people by the helicopter. Graham zooms in for a closer look and spots the many Security Personnel.

A beat of realisation before Graham stumbles backwards and almost drops the drone controller.

EXT. LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE. MORNING

Security Personnel focus on the drone as walkie talkies and microphones are urgently engaged.

EXT. FOREST. MORNING

Graham zooms in on the Prime Minister and the Unidentified Man, takes pictures and records video footage.

A gun SHOT in the distance stops Graham and he looks off in the direction of the tree line and the drone. Mumbled obscenities leave his lips.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. MORNING

Joe stops and looks off into the distance as the sound of gun shots reverberates.

EXT. LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE. MORNING

The Prime Minister is manhandled into the helicopter and it immediately rises into the sky as the Security Personnel attempt to shoot down the drone.

EXT. FOREST/COPSE. MORNING

GUNSHOTS ring out and Graham's anxiety overflows as he pilots the drone back to his position.

Panic stricken he stumbles and trips back through the forest and hurls everything into the car and speeds off.

EXT. LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE. MORNING

A large blacked out executive high performance car accelerates through the estates open main gates.

EXT. COUNTRY LANES. MORNING

Joe sits on the wall of a small stone bridge texting as a car travelling at speed makes him look up.

JOE'S POV

Graham's car speeds down the hill and once or twice the car veers off the road.

Joe films the car with his phone and looks for the best shot so stands on the middle of the bridge.

Joe realises the car isn't going to stop so moves quickly to a safe vantage point.

Unable to safely negotiate the approach to the bridge the car crashes at speed into the bridge wall.

The sickening CRUNCH leaves Joe stunned.

END JOE'S POV

A beat before Joe makes his way towards the vehicle and looks in through the broken window. Graham, minus a seat belt, is bloody and dying.

Joe looks up to see a car appear over the rise at speed.

GRAHAM

Take it.

Graham struggles to raise his hand but manages to place it on the laptop leaving a bloody stain.

A beat as both sets of eyes look in the direction of the approaching car.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Please.

Joe leans in the window, grabs the LAPTOP and runs.

MOMENTS LATER

The car arrives and two suited SECURITY OFFICER'S hastily head towards Graham's car. Security Officer 1 opens Graham's door as Graham attempts to speak. He ignores Graham's pleas and removes Graham's phone and wallet.

A PLASTIC BAG is extracted businesslike from his pocket and is placed over Graham's head. It is held there until he is dead.

Security Officer 2 searches the car, discovers the drone and looks towards his colleague.

SECURITY OFFICER 1

Problem?

SECURITY OFFICER 2

There's a laptop missing.

A tractor appears in the distance and Security Officer 2 shrugs his shoulders and heads back to his car.

Security Officer 1 slams Graham's car boot shut and a large number of BIRDWATCHING STICKERS are visible on the rear windscreen.

The two Security Officer's drive off at speed.

Joe, secreted behind a wall, watches them go and clutches the blood smeared laptop. He shoves it in his bag and hurries away into the forest.

INT. JOE'S PARENTS COTTAGE - ATTIC. DAY

SARAH types away at her computer as a noise disturbs her and she stops mid-flow. Hearing nothing further she continues typing.

INT. JOE'S PARENTS COTTAGE - JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY

Joe, sweating and fidgety, searches for a place to stash the blood stained laptop. He lifts the mattress and notices the porn mags so drops the mattress.

INT. JOE'S PARENTS COTTAGE - ATTIC. DAY

Once again a noise brings Sarah's typing to a stop and curious she rises and exits the room in search of the source.

INT. JOE'S PARENTS COTTAGE - JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY

Joe removes the back panel of one of the two large freestanding speakers and places the laptop inside.

He slumps on the bed and takes out his phone to watch the recording he made. The recording is virtually unrecognisable and Joe's emotions boil over and throws his phone away.

Aware someone is watching him he looks up at Sarah.

SARAH

And you're not at school because?

JOE

Puncture.

Sarah not sure whether to believe him or not decides to let it go.

JOE (CONT'D)

Mum, can I get a new phone?

SARAH

Yeah, why not.

JOE

Really?

SARAH

Absolutely. You can buy whatever you like when you find that magic money tree.

She walks out as Joe offers a sarcastic but silent response.

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

I'll grab my keys. Meet me outside in two minutes.

INT. LONDON - COMMUNITY CENTRE - CLASSROOM. NIGHT

Eight WOMEN and two MEN sit behind desk like tables in complete silence.

A SQUEAKY door opens and they turn to witness the arrival of HUW, 65, their bookclub teacher.

Huw makes his way to the front, slings down his bag, removes his jacket and rolls up his sleeves.

Standing before his group he becomes perturbed.

HUW

Right, everybody up. That's right,  
shift your arses.

Confused and hesitant Huw's students rise as Huw begins to slide chairs and tables to one side.

One of the Men is tall and well built, noticeably so and Huw watches him closely and offers him a smile the others don't receive.

LATER

Huw's face is satisfaction personified. He turns to the group stood obediently to one side like a flock of sheep and signals for them to take a seat.

The group, one by one, move to the circle of chairs that now occupy the middle of the room. To the sides the remaining chairs and tables stand in a haphazard fashion.

Everybody seated, Huw leans against the wall by an open window and rolls a cigarette, his eyes flit between his group and his handiwork.

HUW (CONT'D)

Please excuse my addiction but  
unlike marriage this is one of  
life's necessary evils.

A beat as Huw waits and receives no laughs.

HUW (CONT'D)

Okay then, note to self, no more  
jokes. So before your disdain grows  
to epic proportions I always like  
to start with a little about  
myself. Some of you may have taken  
the trouble to look me up on the  
internet.

One hand is slowly raised followed by others.

HUW (CONT'D)

Bollocks.

EXT. LONDON - COMMUNITY CENTRE - CAR PARK. NIGHT

Huw walks towards a knackered DATSUN CHERRY, accompanied by the well built man he smiled at earlier.



He moves to the driver's side door and reaches for the piece of paper stuck to the windscreen. It reads 10am usual place, if you can still remember!.

Huw scrunches the note up and shoves it in his pocket.

INT. CAR(MOVING). NIGHT

Huw inserts the key into the ignition and turns it. He places the car in second gear, dips the clutch and lets off the handbrake.

HUW  
Ready when you are.

EXT. LONDON - COMMUNITY CENTRE - CAR PARK. NIGHT

The well built man begins pushing the car and it picks up speed. The clutch is lifted and the car splutters into life.

INT. CAR(MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Lights and music play as the cars electrics wake up.

EXT. CAR PARK. CONTINUOUS

The car stutters away with only one rear light working. The driver's door is slammed shut, the car picks up pace and accelerates away. Huw waves his thanks.

INT. LONDON - HUW'S FLAT. NIGHT

Studio in size with one wall full to the brim with shelves storing a serious vinyl collection. The opposite wall is hidden by skyscraper style stacks of books, all the same book, Huw's book. A record player, speakers and a GPO rotary dial telephone perch on a large desk where an old school typewriter dominates the surface.

Huw enters, grabs food, switches on a lamp and sits at his desk munching on a bowl of salad. He reaches for the note in his pocket and rereads it.

He moves to the phone and picks up the handset but notices the red light flashing and the number of messages so replaces the handset.

A door slams and he moves to the curtain where he watches a NURSE, his landlady, walk down the path, climb into her car, and drive away.

He moves to the records, selects one and puts it on the record player. He moves to the centre of the room and uses his feet to kick and nudge objects to clear a space.

A beat as he waits for the music to start.

NORTHERN SOUL kicks in and Huw dances as they danced back at Wigan Casino in the early 1970's. He expertly moves to the music and becomes consumed by the sounds that take him back to his youth and the past.

EXT. LONDON - HUW'S FLAT. NIGHT

Huw's disco lights and movement can be viewed through the large lounge window.

Two TEENAGERS sit side by side at the bus stop opposite Huw's house not talking. They both look at their phones texting.

INT. TUBE TRAIN (MOVING). NIGHT

Five MEN dressed in black trainers, black trousers, black hoodies and black baseball caps carry black back packs and sit in a row on a deserted carriage that thunders into a station.

The doors open and as a group they exit.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION. CONTINUOUS

Scattered in a broken line they ascend the escalator.

EXT. UNDERGROUND STATION. CONTINUOUS

The five Men exit just as the station door is closed and locked by an UNDERGROUND EMPLOYEE.

SVEN, 37, consults his mobile phone.

SVEN

Remember, any problems and we cease  
all contact.

Sven gives the signal and they move off pulling their hoods up.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE STREET. CONTINUOUS

The five stop by the entrance to a mews, visually scan the immediate and surrounding area, then duck into the mews as they lift black scarves to cover their faces.

INT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - MEWS. CONTINUOUS

The five walk along a row of expensive parked cars and stop.

A nod of the head and the group springs into action. Aerosol cans are removed and the work begins spraying the car.

LATER

Job completed they stand back and admire their work. The car is beautifully spray painted. A David Lloyd 'V' for Vendetta mask is draped across the bodywork of the Lamborghini.

DOMINIC, 20, circles the car taking pictures as RIZ, 29, approaches the car and peers through the window.

RIZ'S POV

An expensive looking briefcase sits on the car seat.

END RIZ'S POV

RIZ

That's one nice looking case. I've always fancied one of those. Real James Bond like.

The others pack their gear away.

SVEN

Leave it. We are not thieves. They are the thieves. That's the whole point.

RIZ

I know, I know. But it would look good.

Dominic takes one last picture and slips his phone into a pocket when the CAR ALARM pierces the silence.

Riz stands by the open door, his hand on the handle.

RIZ (CONT'D)

Oops.

He reaches in and grabs the case as lights come on inside the house.

SVEN

Go.

They run.

SVEN (CONT'D)

You all know what to do.

They reach the end of the mews and split up as an angry voice from behind gives them fresh impetus.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE STREETS. CONTINUOUS

The CAR'S OWNER spots Riz and Dominic and sprints after them as the streets branch out. Together Riz and Dominic duck behind a car.

Riz is out of breath and opens the briefcase and hands the contents to Dominic.

RIZ

It's just weighing me down. I only want the case.

Dominic reluctantly shoves them in his backpack.

RIZ (CONT'D)

Shit man, he really wants that case back, hasn't he heard of insurance.

DOMINIC

He doesn't look like someone who needs insurance.

RIZ

Yeah, whatever bro. We need to split up. I'll go first.

Riz darts out from behind the car and sprints down the street as Dominic waits.

The Car Owner shoots past carrying a GUN and Dominic recoils further into his hiding place.

Counting to five Dominic sets off in the opposite direction but stops, turns and sets off after Riz.

Riz runs into a multi-storey car park and runs up the spiral ramp pursued by the Car's Owner and a short distance back, Dominic.

Dominic runs onto the third floor and scans the area for Riz and unable to locate him he looks up to the ceiling.

A noisy alteration breaks the silence and ends as quickly as it begins.

Seconds later something falls from above and Dominic moves to the side and looks down.

DOMINIC'S POV

RIZ is a dead mess below.

END POV

Shit scared Dominic crouches down frozen to the spot. Footsteps sound and the Car's Owner casually walks back down the ramp.

Peering over the wall Dominic watches the Car's Owner climb into a blacked out car that drives off.

Dominic takes a picture of the number plate and considers the slightly out of focus picture.

INT. VILLAGE NEWSAGENTS. DAY

Joe scans the magazine section as the SHOP OWNER and a LOCAL WOMAN chat.

Joe reaches for a magazine with a picture of a glammed up young woman accompanying the headline Golddigga. The words splashed across the cover reveal she sold her kiss'n'tell story for a shed load of money. Joe looks thoughtful.

His thoughts are brought back into the room as he overhears what the couple at the counter are discussing. He edges closer and pretends to be reading.

LOCAL WOMAN

Apparently and I don't know how true this is but my Cathy heard it from her Steve's best friend but someone was seen running from the crash.

SHOP OWNER

Really?

LOCAL WOMAN

And they have a description.

They both turn around at the sound of the shop bell to find themselves alone.

INT. LONDON - LITERARY AGENT'S OFFICE - RECEPTION. DAY

CLARE, 24, waits, her eyes on her phone as Huw enters and approaches the reception desk.

HUW

Hello. Can you let Dan know I'm here?

The Receptionist smiles a professional smile.

RECEPTIONIST

And you are?

HUW

God, has it been that long. Huw, Huw Gaskell.

Clare looks up and puts her phone away.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll let Mr Banks know you're here. Please take a seat.

Huw turns and sits opposite Clare.

CLARE

Please, excuse me, but could I take a selfie?

HUW

Why would you want to do that?

CLARE

So I can show people I met you.

HUW

Couldn't you just tell them?

CLARE

Who believes in words.

HUW

Writers.

CLARE  
That's old school.

HUW  
What, writing?

CLARE  
People don't have time for words.

HUW  
Even if those words could save  
them?

CLARE  
When have words ever changed the  
world?

HUW  
Principia Mathematica, Magna Carta,  
The Book of Rules of Association  
Football.

CLARE  
Ha, ha very funny. And look what  
happened to you when you tried to  
change the world.

HUW  
I wasn't trying to change the  
world, just to tell the truth.

CLARE  
And how did that work out for you?

HUW  
Not great, people keep asking me  
for selfies.

Clare registers the humour at her expense.

HUW (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry that wasn't necessary.

CLARE  
I take it you don't like talking  
about 'that' book?

HUW  
I'm not sure there's much more to  
say about 'that' book.

CLARE  
Except it made you famous or should  
I say infamous.

HUW  
But what is fame if it's not  
wanted?

CLARE  
Everybody wants to be famous?

HUW  
Everybody born in the last twenty  
years.

CLARE  
I do.

HUW  
I admire your honesty. And why is  
it you want to be famous, if you  
don't mind me asking?

CLARE  
You sound like a psychiatrist.

HUW  
Some people swear by them.

CLARE  
Not where I'm from. People from  
Wigan have better uses for their  
money.

HUW  
I'm from Filey but I spent most of  
my time in Wigan, at the casino,  
way back in the 70's.

CLARE  
So you're a gambler.

Huw laughs.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Did I say something funny?

HUW  
A little bit funny.

CLARE  
Care to share?



HUW

I think the moment has passed.

CLARE

You can't tell, that you're a northerner.

HUW

I left when there were only three TV channels.

CLARE

Shit. I've heard stories about how bad things were in the 70's but that's extreme. Nobody would blame you though.

HUW

I know of at least one person who does.

CLARE

Don't they realise how bad things have got in the north.

HUW

It's not that bad.

Clare looks at Huw incredulously.

CLARE

When was the last time you went home? Don't you read the papers? I thought words changed the world.

HUW

Maybe they did once but those days are long gone, apparently.

The Receptionist breaks in.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr Gaskell, Mr Banks will see you now.

Huw stands and makes a point of shaking Clare's hand.

HUW

It has been fun and good luck with becoming famous.

CLARE

I take it you're writing a new book  
as revenge for what happened?

HUW

There is no book and the past is  
the past. I'm just here to see an  
old friend.

He turns and is lead away as Clare takes a sneaky photo.

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - HALLS OF RESIDENCE. MORNING

Dominic, crossed legged on the floor is surrounded by the  
briefcase papers. He reads, rereads and discards pages in  
frustration.

A knock at the door stops him dead. He dare not breath as a  
second knock sounds.

A note is pushed under his door and with great care not to  
make a sound he slides across the floor to gather it up.

He reads the note then hides the papers in a ceiling panel.  
From his desk drawer he removes a lighter and sets fire to  
the note.

He watches it burn.

INT. DAN BANKS OFFICE. DAY

DAN, 66, faces Huw across his desk. A gift wrapped box sits  
between them. Dan looks pleased and Huw looks confused.

HUW

For me?

Huw stares at it suspiciously.

DAN

A normal person would open it.

Huw shrugs his shoulders and rips away the gift wrap to  
reveal a mobile phone.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm bugged if I am running around  
one of the biggest cities in the  
world trying to find you every time  
I would like a word.

HUW

More like your assistant. If I remember you only run around in public toilets.

DAN

Okay, my assistant has better things to do. And that incident you are so cruelly referring to is firmly locked away in the past and I would ask you to please refrain from ever mentioning it again.

Huw turns the phone around in his hands.

HUW

I haven't got a television?

DAN

Please do not start with me today Huw. If you would just answer your landline then things wouldn't have to appear so cloak and dagger.

HUW

And where would the fun be in that? Anyway, nobody important phones me anymore so I don't bother listening to my messages.

DAN

I called.

HUW

You haven't called me in five years and the last time was just to tell me how much money I had cost you.

DAN

I felt you should know that you had nearly bankrupt the company.

HUW

Save the poverty routine. You don't know the meaning of the word. Having to buy a Bentley instead of a Rolls is not poverty.

DAN

I had to sell a house.

HUW  
I can see you didn't go hungry  
though.

Huw pats his stomach.

HUW (CONT'D)  
Okay Dan so why am I here? If it's  
just to tell me what a waste of  
space I am I can go and see my ex-  
wife for that.

DAN  
I'm sorry, I didn't know.

HUW  
Only friends and family.

DAN  
Very droll.

HUW  
I'm sorry. So why all of a sudden  
am I in from the cold?

DAN  
Now there's a writer I wouldn't  
mind representing.

Dan looks wistful.

HUW  
And back in the room.

Huw clicks his fingers.

DAN  
I don't know what I ever saw in  
you.

HUW  
Money and a young man you wanted to  
fuck. And not in that order.

DAN  
Don't flatter yourself. I can see  
your opinion of me hasn't changed  
over the years?

HUW  
Should it have?

DAN

I won't answer that, not without my lawyer being present.

HUW

So are you going to tell me or do I have to beat it out of you? I know which one I'd prefer.

DAN

I have received a request from the Oxford Union. It appears their diet of vacuous reality TV stars has run its course. There's a new sheriff in town and she wants someone with substance. Someone like you, apparently.

HUW

What, be the bit of rough for a bunch of privileged ponces. No thank you. I've better things to do with my time than be publicly humiliated, again.

DAN

I did warn them your response would in all likelihood be a resounding no so they suggested the lure of a substantial fee.

HUW

So what, they think they can buy me?

DAN

Let's just say it wouldn't be an unfamiliar road.

HUW

Go fuck yourself, Dan.

Huw exits.

EXT. LONDON - STREET. DAY

Huw exits the Literary Agency building and extracts his tobacco pouch. He examines the contents and so moves towards a street kiosk.

HUW

Old Holburn, please.

He collects his tobacco, pays, turns and begins a roll-up as close by a BEGGAR sits repeating their well rehearsed mantra to the great masses who just wash by.

Huw slides nearer to the beggar.

HUW (CONT'D)

Want one?

BEGGAR

Ta. Spare some change...

A POLICE van rolls up and two OFFICERS exit the van and move directly towards the beggar. They manhandle him towards the van and a struggle begins.

Huw moves towards the melee.

HUW

Hold on a moment. What has he done?

POLICE OFFICER 1

Please back off. This is none of your concern.

The scuffle continues and POLICE OFFICER 1 becomes aware he is being filmed by Clare who has appeared.

The Beggar is roughly introduced to the interior of the van and the doors shut. Police Officer 2 climbs into the driver's seat as Police Officer 1 snatches Clare's phone. He ignores her complaints and strides to the van, climbs in and they drive away.

Clare is shocked and angry as Huw looks merely phlegmatic.

CLARE

They can't do that.

Huw looks to the people that flow past.

HUW

And who is going to stop them exactly?

CLARE

Not you, clearly.

HUW

Ouch, that hurts. I was just about to give you this spanking new still in the box mobile. But now I think you'll have to earn it first.

CLARE  
And how would I do that?

LATER

Clare, heels, smart suit, expensive bag over her shoulder, pushes Huw's car. The engine alive she catches her breath and watches the car drive away.

The car stops and reverses back to her, the passenger door opens and Clare scuttles to the car, climbs in and the car drives off.

INT. CAR(MOVING). DAY

NORTHERN SOUL on the cassette player is interrupted by a POLICE SIREN. Huw looks in his mirror to find a POLICE CAR is behind him with LIGHTS FLASHING.

CLARE  
It's not against the law to have a  
shit car, is it?

Huw steers the car to the roadside.

HUW  
Not yet, but the way things are  
going it won't be long coming.

INT. JOE'S COTTAGE - JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY

Joe throws items into a rucksack, wraps the bloodstained laptop in a towel and slides it in the bag.

He retrieves his piggy bank from a shelf, smashes it, scoops up the money and stuffs it into his pocket.

One of the bedroom walls is adorned with a map of the world with stickers on different locations. Joe takes a spare sticker and places it on London.

He grabs his bag and exits.

BEDROOM WINDOW POV

Joe walks the length of the back garden, climbs over the wall and jumps down into a field of wheat. A flattened path is left in his wake as he trails across the field and away.

INT. LONDON - POLICE STATION - RECEPTION. DAY

Huw and Clare wait and watch a distressed HOMELESS MAN talking to himself.

HOMELESS MAN

It's not my fault. What can I do?

It's not my fault. What can I do?

It's not my fault. What can I do?

A buzzer sounds and a POLICE OFFICER enters.

POLICE OFFICER

Mr Gaskell?

Huw stands.

CLARE

Shall I wait?

HUW

I wouldn't bother.

CLARE

It's no problem.

The Officer stifles a laugh.

POLICE OFFICER

Jesus, how long have you been out of the game?

Huw looks confused.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I think she wants your number.

CLARE

That's if he wants to give to it to me?

HUW

I am here you know.

Huw scribbles the number on a piece of paper.

CLARE

It's not what you think.

POLICE OFFICER

And how do you know what I'm thinking?



CLARE  
Because you're a man.

Huw hands it to Clare who looks at it and laughs to herself.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
A landline?

Clare exits as Huw and the Officer enter the inner sanctuary of the police station.

INT. LONDON - POLICE STATION. CONTINUOUS

The Officer leads Huw along the twisting corridor.

HUW  
I think that bloke in reception  
looked pretty upset.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER  
A pain in the arse is what he is.  
New rules are coming in, under the  
radar like, in future they will be  
'deported'.

HUW  
Deported?

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER  
Relocated, somebody else's problem.  
Right, here we are.

The Officer stops by a door and knocks.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR (O.S.)  
Yes.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER'S OFFICE.  
CONTINUOUS

Huw is shown in and DI BAKER signals for him to take a seat and the door is closed.

Huw waits for DI BAKER to locate some paperwork.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER  
Mr Gaskell, sorry about the wait.  
You are a hard man to track down.  
Have you been away?

Huw shakes his head.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER (CONT'D)  
There are a number of messages on  
your answerphone asking you to  
contact us.

HUW  
Sounds urgent?

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER  
It's about your father.

HUW  
Is he okay?

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER  
He is now. He was discovered  
wandering the streets and taken to  
the local hospital. They have  
diagnosed dementia and your contact  
details were the only one's they  
could find among his possessions.

Huw looks surprised.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER (CONT'D)  
You didn't know?

HUW  
I haven't seen or spoken to my  
father in almost thirty years.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER  
As I said, no other contact details  
were found.

HUW  
There is no one else. I'm an only  
child, my mother died some years  
ago and any distant relatives with  
an ounce of sense have remained  
distant, if you catch my drift.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER  
Hard work is he?

HUW  
Granite.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER  
If you choose to maintain your  
distance then he will be placed in  
a local authority facility.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BAKER (CONT'D)  
I need to inform the local  
authorities what it is you plan to  
do? Will you take responsibility  
for your father?

INT. JOE'S COTTAGE - JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY

A polite knock then a sudden and loud bang breaks the  
silence. Chaos erupts as footsteps thud and flood the house.  
Loud introductions and instructions are muffled and  
incomprehensible.

The footsteps head up the stairs with great purpose and burst  
into the room offering clarity to the confusion.

A PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER enters as UNIFORMED OFFICER'S search  
the room. The Plainclothes Officer walks to the window and  
notices the flattened wheat path.

LATER

EXT. JOE'S COTTAGE. DAY

A car arrives at speed and stops amongst the many police  
vehicles. SARAH, Joe's mother, hurries from the driver's seat  
and inside the cottage.

INT. JOE'S COTTAGE - JOE'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

Sarah enters and stops at the sight of Police Officers  
tearing her son's bedroom to pieces.

SARAH  
What is going on?

She receives no response from the Uniformed Officers, and  
spins to discover DI Rutherford in the room.

DI RUTHERFORD  
Detective Inspector Rutherford.

He presents his warrant card and Sarah offers it a cursory  
inspection.

DI RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Take a break will you lads?

The Officers file out as DI Rutherford closes the door behind  
the last Officer.

INT. JOE'S COTTAGE - JOE'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

Sarah, perched on the end of what is left of Joe's bed, faces DI Rutherford and looks at the mess.

SARAH

I think it's only reasonable and fair that you help me understand why you have invaded my home and trashed my sons bedroom?

DI RUTHERFORD

We believe your son witnessed the crash that resulted in the death of a young man.

SARAH

The one at the bridge, yesterday?

DI Rutherford nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)

That still doesn't explain why you have broken into my home.

DI RUTHERFORD

He may have removed something from the scene.

SARAH

Such as?

DI RUTHERFORD

I'm afraid I can't say.

Sarah rises and wanders the room absorbing the mess.

SARAH

Then I'm afraid I can't help you.

DI Rutherford bites his lip.

DI RUTHERFORD

A laptop.

Sarah turns looking almost amused.

SARAH

And this is how you search for every laptop that goes missing, is it? Insurance companies will be pleased.

DI RUTHERFORD  
Do you have any idea where your son  
may have gone?

She turns to face DI Rutherford.

SARAH  
No.

DI RUTHERFORD  
Any relatives?

SARAH  
Only Alex.

DI Rutherford's face requests information.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
He's my brother but Joe wouldn't go  
there.

DI RUTHERFORD  
Why not?

SARAH  
Joe thinks he's a dickhead.

DI RUTHERFORD  
They're not close then?

SARAH  
He's a banker. Alex is a teenage  
socialist, although I'm not sure he  
can even spell it.

Sarah searches among the mess and locates a large Cuban flag  
with Che Guevara emblazoned across the centre.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Thinks Alex is a real 'banker', if  
you catch my drift.

DI RUTHERFORD  
This is a very serious matter so if  
there is anything you can think of?

Sarah casts a look around the room.

SARAH  
I can see that.

Sarah walks to the window and looks out onto the fields.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And what is so special about this laptop? What's so important that you appear more concerned with its return than that of my son?

DI RUTHERFORD

I can assure you your son's safety is paramount.

SARAH

His name is Joe.

DI RUTHERFORD

Joe's safety is our number one concern.

SARAH

Of course it is.

Sarah turns to consult Joe's wall map and notices the new LONDON sticker.

EXT. JOE'S COTTAGE. DAY

DI Rutherford exits the cottage and lights up a cigarette visibly irritated.

He paces up and down watched by his colleague DC HANLEY who stands arms folded leaning casually against their car.

DC HANLEY

Any luck with the mother?

DI RUTHERFORD

You didn't have any plans for this evening I hope?

DC Hanley pulls a fed up face as he opens the car door.

EXT. REMOTE COUNTRYSIDE TRAIN PLATFORM. NIGHT

Joe waits, his legs dangle over the edge of the platform. He casts a look up and down the empty line before he opens the laptop.

Joe watches the PM's meeting but fails to understand its relevance so closes the laptop.

He spots a two carriage train approaching and signals for it to stop.

INT. TRAIN(MOVING). DAY

Huw reads but his thoughts interfere and distract him as the passing landscape offers fleeting shots of a deteriorating landscape. Passing through towns and cities the train makes its way north as pictures of empty factories, boarded up houses and empty shops are viewed from the comfort of the train.

Huw pays particular attention as if seeing something new for the very first time. Colour fades from the new scenery as a tired and knackered England comes into focus.

Huw looks to his watch and then at the scar that peeks from below his sleeve. Pulling up his sleeve Huw runs his fingers across the scars that decorate his forearm like the rungs of a ladder.

He looks across at the small child opposite watching and rolls down his sleeve.

INT. FILEY TRAIN STATION. DAY

Huw steps from the train and casts a look around. The train pulls out of the station leaving Huw alone on the platform.

EXT. FILEY STATION/FILEY TOWN. CONTINUOUS

Huw foots it away from the rundown station.

Hands grasp the rusty seafront railings as he allows the sea breeze and the past to wash over him.

EXT. JIM GASKELL'S HOUSE - FILEY. DAY

Huw turns into the drive of a large grade II listed family home. A small car sits in front under a weeping willow.

Huw approaches the front door but pauses before knocking. He crouches to the stone plant pot and lifts it to reveal the rusty outline of a key.

The front door opens before he is able to knock and KATHY, 26, his father's carer, in a rush makes for her car.

KATHY

You must be Huw? You're late.

HUW  
My train was delayed.

KATHY  
And now I will be. I've left you  
some instructions. I'll be back  
later to help you put him to bed.  
If I'm late it's because I'm  
running late.

Huw watches Kathy drive away and then at the wide open front door.

He steps inside.

INT. JIM GASKELL'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL. CONTINUOUS

Huw looks at the past, the decor not changed in thirty years.

Huw turns towards the sound of a cough.

INT. JIM GASKELL'S HOUSE - LOUNGE. CONTINUOUS

JIM, 89, sits in an armchair staring at snooker on the television.

Huw steps into the room but Jim fails to acknowledge his presence.

HUW  
Hello.

Jim turns towards Huw and his eyes betray a fleeting moment of recognition that disappears as quickly as it arrived.

JIM  
Who are you?

HUW  
Don't you remember?

Jim searches for memories that have long since vanished.

JIM  
No.

HUW  
I'm a friend.

JIM  
All my friends are dead.



HUW  
Do you mind if I sit down?

Jim turns back to the television as Huw makes his way to the sofa and sits.

HUW (CONT'D)  
Who's winning?

JIM  
Who's winning what?

HUW  
The game.

Confused, Jim turns to the television.

HUW (CONT'D)  
You never liked snooker if I  
remember. Shall I see what else is  
on?

JIM  
Where's Kathy, are you Kathy's  
friend?

HUW  
Yes, I'm Kathy's friend. She'll be  
back later.

Huw's eye is distracted by the photos on the large cupboard unit and he rises. He inspects the photos and picks up one of his mother and father.

He turns it over, removes the back panel and extracts the photograph. He unfolds the photo to reveal the complete picture and his younger self stares back at him.

INT. JIM GASKELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Huw fills the kettle then roots around the cupboards for food as Kathy enters.

KATHY  
Right, I'll be off then.

Huw holds up two mugs.

LATER

Sat at the kitchen table Huw and Kathy nurse mugs of tea.

HUW

So, what are my options then?

KATHY

Believe it or not you do have some.

HUW

But I'm not going to like them?

KATHY

How would I know that, I've just met you.

HUW

Okay, try me.

KATHY

In a nutshell it goes something like this. Jim moves in with you or you move in with Jim?

HUW

And plan B?

KATHY

Jim goes into a home where he can be looked after all day every day, until he dies.

HUW

And so what, I sell the house?

KATHY

That's the bottom line.

Huw stirs his tea.

HUW

What would you do?

KATHY

There isn't a right answer and anyway I'm not paid enough to be doling out words of wisdom.

Kathy watches Huw as he struggles to find an answer.

KATHY (CONT'D)

So, what happened between you and Jim? Thirty years is a long time to hold a grudge.

HUW  
Not for a northerner.

KATHY  
Do you want to talk about it?

HUW  
Every day. But not today. I've seen enough of the past already to know it's not where I want to be right now. Anyway, I have some photos I need to take.

EXT. JOE'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

Sarah hurries from the cottage to her car clutching an overnight bag.

Her vehicle drives away followed moments later by DI Rutherford's car.

INT. ESTATE AGENTS - FILEY. DAY

Huw enters and makes his way to the only occupied desk.

ESTATE AGENT  
Good morning. How may I help you?

HUW  
I'm thinking of putting my father's house up for sale and I just want to get an idea of the market value?

ESTATE AGENT  
I can happily make an appointment to come and have a look...

HUW  
That won't be necessary. I just need a rough ballpark figure.

Huw removes his phone, locates the photos, then hands it to the Estate Agent who begins flicking through them.

ESTATE AGENT  
Okay, without viewing the property I would make a guesstimate of say £150,000.

HUW  
It's grade II listed.

ESTATE AGENT

It's a buyers market. The last few years has seen a surge in sales. I could put your father's house on the market but I can't guarantee it will sell anytime soon.

Huw looks thoughtful.

HUW

There's a bit of honesty I could do without. Cheers anyway.

EXT. JIM GASKELL'S HOUSE. DAY

Huw approaches the front door as Kathy exits.

HUW

We have to stop doing this. It's beginning to feel like we're Paul McCartney and Jane Asher.

KATHY

Who?

HUW

Really?

KATHY

Just kidding. I grew up with The Beatles. My grandparents were always playing it.

HUW

Now I feel old.

KATHY

You feel old because you are old.

HUW

Kick a man when he's down.

KATHY

Why, what's up?

HUW

Selling the house doesn't appear to be an option.

KATHY

Then you need to think of something else.

HUW

Such as?

Kathy scribbles a note and hands it to Huw on her way to her car.

He reads it.

KATHY

Meet me there later.

INT. CARE HOME - CORRIDOR. DAY

Kathy walks and talks, Huw follows and listens. They pass open doors and Huw absorbs the deprivation.

KATHY

This is a council run home. We do the best we can. Now I don't know what your politics are but I believe in the state but the state only works if there is the money to make it work.

Huw is transfixed by what he witnesses.

HUW

I didn't know.

KATHY

Why would you. These people don't have a voice.

HUW

The internet?

KATHY

Try this for size, we let you pay no tax if you agree to cooperate with us.

Huw is shocked and appalled by the degradation.

KATHY (CONT'D)

There's something else I want to show you.

INT. CAR(MOVING). DAY

Kathy drives between rows of decrepit caravans packed in like sardines.

The ghetto like conditions and sheer vast amount of people congregated in such tight confines leaves Huw speechless.

KATHY

There are plenty more of these up and down the coast. First world ghettos for the undeserving poor. England is two countries, it has been for a while it's just nobody has bothered to look. Maybe you could?

Huw turns to Kathy, his face tells her he has seen enough.

INT. JIM GASKELL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY

Huw holds the phone to his ear as he watches Jim sitting in the lounge.

HUW

Hi, Dan. That Oxford Union invite, I'll do it... And I want an advance for a new book I'm going to write... I'm not sure what it's about but when I know, you'll know.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

Huw and Clare sit hemmed in by pub quiz teams that sit shoulder to shoulder in the limited space. The quiz is in progress as Huw and Clare attempt to have a conversation.

CLARE

So what's so important you've dragged me away from Love Island?

HUW

Would you be interested in working for me?

QUIZMASTER (O.S.)

William Shakespeare fathered twins, what were their names?

The team surrounding Huw and Clare begin conferring and Huw attempts to remain focused on his conversation but overhears their answers. He looks towards Clare in disbelief at what he is hearing.

CLARE

I might be but if it involves  
pushing your car you can piss right  
off.

QUIZMASTER (O.S.)

Who wrote the book Catch-22?

More conferring, more headshaking, more scribbled answers.

HUW

I'm writing a book and I need a  
researcher.

CLARE

Going back for more punishment are  
we?

QUIZMASTER (O.S.)

In the human body what is the  
hallux?

Head scratching, blank looks and a wild guess is put down.

HUW

It won't be like the last time.

CLARE

I bet you say that to all the  
girls.

QUIZMASTER (O.S.)

What is the name of Moe's pet cat  
in the cartoon show The Simpsons?

The answer is rapidly committed to the answer sheet. Huw  
shakes his head appalled.

CLARE

Before I decide tell me what the  
books about?

HUW

I'm not sure yet. I'm still trying  
to work that out.

CLARE

Yeah, I think I'll take a pass. It  
all sounds a bit too vague and  
right now I need a bit of stability  
in my life.

QUIZMASTER (O.S.)  
What was the first name of Che  
Guevara?

Hushed guesses are passed amongst the team.

HUW  
(incredulous)  
Charlie?

Huw addresses the YOUNG WOMAN who put the name forward.  
Everyone stops as they detect Huw's frustration and  
annoyance.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Is Che not short for Charlie?

HUW  
Right now I don't possess the words  
that enable me to respond to that.  
Here, give me that?

He reaches across and takes the pen and paper. The team  
members and Clare exchange wide eyed 'be quiet he might be a  
murderer' looks.

HUW (CONT'D)  
How do you all know so little?

Finished he slides the paper back and stands ready to leave.  
For Huw to leave it requires a number of people to stand and  
move but it appears beyond them.

His frustration and annoyance boiling over Huw ducks under  
the table to escape. He has difficulty making the journey  
without causing drinks to tumble. He appears on the other  
side to be met by bewildered expressions.

CLARE  
Smooth, real smooth.

He ignores Clare's barb and exits watched by Clare whose  
smile is soon extinguished by the looks that could kill from  
those around her.

She downs her drink and then spotting Huw's unfinished drink  
she downs that too. All the time she is watched by annoyed  
punters waiting for her to leave.

She starts the journey to the door.



QUIZMASTER (O.S.)  
Nariyal is the Indian term for  
which nut?

Clare stops and shouts out the answer.

CLARE  
Coconut.

She leaves.

EXT. PUB. CONTINUOUS

Clare scans the large number of people on the street and locates Huw entering a kebab shop.

INT. KEBAB SHOP. CONTINUOUS

Huw stands with his back to the counter scanning the shop as Clare plonks herself right bang in front of him.

CLARE  
It was a good offer.

HUW  
But not good enough. I've been  
rejected before, it's water off a  
ducks back.

Huw is multi-tasking, his attention is taken with trying to visually locate someone.

CLARE  
Not right now, no. I've accepted an  
internship that was too good to  
turn down.

HUW  
They'll treat you like shit for no  
money, you know that right?

CLARE  
I can look after myself.

HUW  
That's why I asked you. You might  
need to.

CLARE  
What does that mean?

HUW

Bingo.

CLARE

What are you doing?

CLARE'S POV

Huw makes his way to a rowdy group of drunken LADS on the far side of the shop. He engages them in conversation and the group become even more animated.

END POV

Led by Huw they follow him out cheering.

She follows them out of the shop.

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS

Clare watches the Lads push Huw's car down the road until the engine comes alive, the lights appear and the horn sounds in celebration as do the cheers of the Lads.

Clare laughs.

INT. FELLOWES & FRIEDMANS OFFICES. DAY

Clare exits the lift nursing a high street coffee cup and walks to her desk to find three very full and very large mail sacks.

CLAUDIA

You're late, again.

CLARE

Twice, I have only been late twice.

CLAUDIA

This is your second day.

CLARE

Deduct it from my wages.

CLAUDIA

Very droll. I need you to open these competition entries and create a database. Okay?

Clare nods.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
You can use the side office.

CLARE  
What's the prize?

CLAUDIA  
A bike.

INT. FELLOWES & FRIEDMANS OFFICES. DAY

In a secluded glass walled office Clare sits alone and opens an envelope. She inputs the information from the form and opens another envelope and repeats the process.

LATER

Claudia pops her head around the door.

CLAUDIA  
Bloody hell, you work fast.

No envelopes remain.

CLARE  
I have a system.

CLAUDIA  
Would you be a love and pop out for some biscuits? There's no rush but anytime in the next ten minutes will be fine.

Clare forces a smile.

INT. SHOP. DAY

Clare casually drops a packet of biscuits on the counter.

CLARE  
I understand this goes on Fellowes and Friedmans account?

The SHOP ASSISTANT swipes the biscuits across the scanner.

SHOP ASSISTANT  
Anything else?

CLARE  
No. Erm, yes. Just give me a second.

MOMENTS LATER

Clare drops a number of high value items on the counter.

SHOP ASSISTANT  
Celebrating are we?

CLARE  
Yep. I just won a bike.

INT. FELLOWES & FRIEDMANS OFFICES. DAY

Claudia wanders the office floor looking for someone.

CLAUDIA  
Has anyone seen the intern?

COLLEAGUE  
Kitchen, I think.

INT. FELLOWES & FRIEDMANS OFFICES - KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Claudia picks up the note that sits on the biscuit tin and reads. She places it down and opens the tin to discover the biscuits have been ground to dust.

CLAUDIA  
Bitch.

INT. PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - 10 DOWNING STREET. DAY

The Prime Minister finishes up for the night, rises from her desk, switches the desk lamp off and exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY/CORRIDORS/STAIRS - 10 DOWNING STREET. CONTINUOUS

The Prime Minister makes her way up through the house, up stairs and along corridors. Along the way she passes one or two people and wishes them goodnight as she makes her way to her flat. The higher she goes in the house the darker it becomes.

INT. PRIME MINISTERS FLAT - 10 DOWNING STREET. CONTINUOUS

The Prime Minister enters and switches on a lamp that reveals the presence of Joel Zinelli.

The Prime Minister is surprised but not startled.

PRIME MINISTER

Drink?

JOEL ZINELLI

This is not a social call.

She makes herself a drink, kicks off her shoes and curls up on the sofa.

JOEL ZINELLI (CONT'D)

We may have a problem.

PRIME MINISTER

Well the fact you have had to tell me this in person makes me suspect you do?

JOEL ZINELLI

We believe the birdwatcher may have filmed us together.

PRIME MINISTER

You believe, or you know?

JOEL ZINELLI

We have been unable to recover his laptop.

PRIME MINISTER

And why not? Your men were first on the scene.

JOEL ZINELLI

So we thought. Clearly somebody else was there.

PRIME MINISTER

And you need my help to find this person?

Joel begrudgingly nods.

JOEL ZINELLI

In the wrong hands this footage, if it exists, will severely damage all future plans.

PRIME MINISTER

So you fuck up and I'm the one at risk.

JOEL ZINELLI

We all suffer if this mess isn't cleared up.

PRIME MINISTER

Do we really? Your share price might drop but history would brand me for eternity.

Joel remains silent.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)

I know this is about money for you but for me there are greater issues at stake. Okay, leave this with me but a softly softly approach is essential. I don't want anybody else harmed. Is that understood?

Joel rises and makes to exit.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)

And please don't come here again. I wouldn't survive the fallout if it was discovered. Stay in touch but please use the normal channels in future.

A beat as Joel casts a look around.

JOEL ZINELLI

Such a small house.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE. MORNING

A DELIVERY DRIVER (Polish) presses the doorbell and moments later the door is opened to reveal BEN.

DELIVERY DRIVER

Delivery for, Janette Krankie.

Ben signals for the Driver to wait and closes the door. The Driver waits patiently until Clare appears with Ben.

CLARE

Hello. I take it that's my bike?

BEN

You can drop the Scottish accent, he's Polish, he won't have a clue who the Krankie's are.

CLARE

I'm excited. I've never won anything before.

She signs the tablet and the Delivery Driver exits as Clare rips off the bike's packaging.

BEN

I take it your ebuying that?

CLARE

And why would I do that?

BEN

Oh I don't know I just thought you could use the money to put towards the rent.

CLARE

Kill joy. The first bit of good luck I've had for ages and you want to put a downer on it. You did this when we were kids.

BEN

One, we are not kids anymore, that's something I think you need to learn and two this wasn't luck, you've already explained how you fixed it so only you would win, Janette. If the Police turn up I know nothing, right?

CLARE

Do you really think the Police have the time and resources to sort out a little computer inputting mix up. Do you not read the papers?

BEN

Who reads a newspaper?

CLARE

Anyway, you don't have to worry, I have an answer to your filthy capitalist demands.

BEN

Great, this should be good. So what is it?

EXT. FULHAM. NIGHT

A row of town houses sat behind smart gardens and expensive cars. Joe appears and makes his way along the front garden fences. Locating the correct gate he enters, makes his way to the front door and knocks.

The door opens to reveal UNCLE ALEX. From behind the sound of car doors closing make Joe turn. Rutherford and Hanley, dead ringers for coppers, make their way across the road.

Over Alex's shoulder Joe spots Sarah who has revealed her presence.

ALEX  
Come inside, Joe.

SARAH  
No, run Joe.

Sarah is now directly behind Alex who turns looking confused.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Go, just go. I understand I do.

Rutherford and Hanley stand by the open gate waiting.

ALEX  
What is going on? You said..

SARAH  
Just forget what I said, okay.

Rutherford and Hanley begin to move towards Joe who is beginning to gather his thoughts.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Run, Joe.

Sarah steps out and kisses him before pushing him away.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Do what you have to do.

Rutherford and Hanley are almost upon Joe who turns and hurdles next doors fence. Hanley and Rutherford attempt to intercept him but have to backtrack to the gate and out onto the street.

Rutherford turns to his radio calling for back up as Sarah and Alex appear on the street to watch Hanley attempt to chase and catch Joe.



Joe leads Hanley a merry dance as he expertly leaps on cars and walls and whatever else he needs to escape.

Through streets and past shops Joe's skill and fitness soon win the day as a beaten and knackered Hanley gulps for air as Joe disappears out of sight.

EXT. LONDON STREETS. NIGHT

Riding her bike Clare glides through the streets stopping occasionally to consult the map on her phone.

The weather changes and treacherous rain sends Clare looking for cover. Spotting an underpass Clare rushes down the ramp and into the tunnel for cover.

She stares at the vast number of HOMELESS PEOPLE bedding down shoulder to shoulder. The cramped and DIY nature of the makeshift dormitory takes on the appearance of an overcrowded third world hospital. Only a thin path between the rows of bodies allows pedestrians access.

LATER

Bored, Clare waits for a break in the weather. Nothing doing she extracts a small present from her basket. Ripping away the paper she begins offering the sweets to those huddled on the floor. Some take them and offer thanks, some sleep on and don't wish to be disturbed and one or two are picky about which one they prefer.

The box now empty Clare looks for a bin but her search is curtailed by a tap on the shoulder. She turns to find a request for the box from an OLD MAN who uses the box to mend a hole in his shoe.

EXT. HUW'S FLAT. NIGHT

Clare leans her bike against the wall and walks up the path.

Inspecting the two separate bells she selects one but before she can press it the door opens. A woman in a NURSE's uniform exits and doesn't break stride as she moves past Clare with car keys swinging.

NURSE

He can turn it up now. I won't be back until the morning.

Clare, a little confused, shrugs and enters.

INT. SHARED HOUSE STAIRS - HUW'S FLAT. CONTINUOUS

Clare knocks on the front door and waits. She places a finger over the spyhole.

The door is opened.

HUW  
About bloody time.

INT. HUW'S FLAT. NIGHT

Clare ambles around the flat as Huw makes tea.

HUW  
I take it you're here about the job?

CLARE  
And what if I am?

HUW  
Did the unpaid glorified skivvy position not work out the way you hoped?

CLARE  
It wasn't all bad, I got a bike. The last time all I got was thrush.

HUW  
I'll have to interview you.

CLARE  
Fuck off. You were begging me last week.

HUW  
But that was before other interested parties entered the fray.

Clare has run out of items to nosey through so moves to a seat and takes her tea.

CLARE  
Go on then, I've always been good at interviews.

HUW  
Right then, let's get started.

Huw rises and selects a record that he places on the deck and it begins to play.

Huw begins to dance watched by an increasingly bemused Clare.

CLARE

What are you doing?

Huw signals for Clare to join him.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Is this the interview?

Huw nods, a beaming smile planted across his face.

Clare considers her options before standing and facing Huw. She begins to dance and copy his footwork and hand movements.

Clare moves to the deck and turns up the volume.

EXT. LONDON STREETS. NIGHT

Clare coasts along deserted streets and fearing she is lost she reaches for her phone to consult the map.

A plain black van appears a short distance behind her and begins to shadow her as she cycles off.

Clare takes a left turn and the van follows at a discreet distance. A second turn confirms Clare's fears and she begins to speed up.

The van accelerates and swerves around Clare forcing her to tumble from her bike.

The vans rear doors open.

A beat as Clare considers running.

She matter of factly climbs in and the van speeds away.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION. NIGHT

Joe approaches a bank of lockers, removes the laptop and locks it away. He inserts his money, punches in the code and takes a photo of the locker with his mobile.

He pulls up his hood and heads off down into the bowels of the underground passing Dominic coming the other way.

FADE OUT.