

EXILE

by

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Based on a story by Paul Abbott

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1 INT. TOM'S FLAT -- DAY 1

TOM RONSTADT - wild haired, thirties - sits alone in his flashy London flat, he looks terrible. He stares vacantly at the muted TV screen. Slowly, turns away and he looks around his fancy pad - full expensive things. *

His face shows contempt. *

We go closer and closer on TOM's face as he realises just how screwed his life is. *

Silence.

Then... The LANDLINE STARTS TO RING.

He doesn't move, just stares at it. It rings and rings and rings...

2 EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK -- DAY 2

TOM slamming a HOLDALL into the boot of his car. TOM jumping into the driver's seat. Engine sparks.

3 EXT. MOTORWAY -- DAY 3

That same car speeding towards and past camera. As it does so, we spin the shot to reveal a motorway sign.

THE NORTH

4 INT. TOM'S CAR -- DAY 4

TOM's face as he drives. Emotionless. He pushes a button on the CD drive and music strikes out.

Loud music, to eradicate the pain.

Hard cut to titles.

EXILE

5 EXT. SERVICE STATION -- DAY 5

Summer storm.

Rain hammering down, biblical, making a Northern SERVICE STATION look even more bleak than usual.

6 INT. SERVICE STATION -- DAY 6

Inside, we find TOM sitting in the plastic cafe drinking coffee. He is toying with his mobile.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

He looks around at all the people going about their lives. We cut back to his face, lost, ashen, a man who's whole life has fallen apart. He looks down at his mobile, the word HOME is highlighted, he is debating whether to call, but can't bring himself to, and as he stares at those four simple letters, we

HARD CUT TO: *

7

INT. BEHAVIOUR MAGAZINE -- DAY [FLASHBACK]

7

TOM, looking terrible - hungover, high, wasted - doing the walk of shame through the magazine office, all eyes are on him - he isn't liked - as a SECURITY GUARD leads him from the building. Clearly sacked. *

TOM
(screams at the room)
Screw you! *

He tears down a LARGE MAGAZINE COVER POSTER. *

The SECURITY GUARD grabs his arm up his back and escorts him out, everyone watching. And he looks like what he is, a man who has lost the plot big time. *

As he exits, TOM catches the eye of an attractive woman across the room, JANE FINCH, hold a beat, she looks away. *

BACK TO: *

8

INT. SERVICE STATION TOILET -- DAY

8

TOM - on his knees - doing a line of coke off the closed toilet lid. This is no big deal, in fact, for him, it's very much the norm. He snorts back, better.

9

EXT. SERVICE STATION -- DAY

9

TOM exits the service station and pulls up his collar against the driving rain. The weather matching his mood. He trots back to his car, and dives inside.

He sits for a moment, lost, then stabs the key into the ignition and starts the car.

The WINDSCREEN WIPERS swish into action and we

HARD CUT TO:

10

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

10

TOM drunk, a wreck - is hammering on the door of Jane's house. Lights come on. JANE open's door in night gown. *

(CONTINUED)

JANE

It's three in the morning.

He tries to push straight into the house.

TOM

Thanks for the texts.

JANE

Tom, you can't be here.

TOM

Texts Jane! I've lost my job!
My world's fallen apart!

JANE

Tom - go home.

She angles her head to make sure neighbours aren't looking.

TOM

'Hope all's well'. Well funnily
enough, Jane - it *isn't*.

JANE

I tried ringing -

TOM

Let me in. Please -
(he tries kissing her)

JANE

Go home.

TOM

I wanna stay the night.

JANE

You can't, Denver's flying back
first thing -

TOM

I wanna be with you.

JANE

Bullshit.

TOM

Leave him. He's a prick.

He goes to kiss her.

JANE

Stop it, Tom -

TOM

Let me in -

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

JANE

No!

*
*

TOM

Jane - I want you -

*
*

She pushes him away. Rejected, he tries again. But without charm. There's a small tussle.

*
*

JANE

Let's not complicate it, as you said to me Tom, it was about sex, nothing more.

*
*
*
*

TOM hits her. And suddenly everything stops.

*

JANE appalled and disgusted, *slams* the door on him. TOM stands there, full of self loathing.

*
*

11

EXT. THE NORTH/TOM'S CAR -- DAY

11

*

TOM driving along A roads. Eyes just focused straight ahead, almost trance-like, as if he is scared of where he is going, what lies ahead of him...

...as we watch the landscape changing slightly. We move away from the densely urban and start to witness countryside, greenery, small towns.

TOM clocks a sign for BACUP.

12

EXT. BACUP, LANCASHIRE/TOM'S CAR -- NIGHT

12

Bacup.

TOM's car slides through the piss-wet streets. As he crawls slowly through the town centre he peers out of the car window, trying to recognise the town he left behind all those years ago. He passes various shops, pubs, a park. Plus a LARGE PROUD TOWN HALL BUILDING.

And his conclusion?

TOM

Shithole.

13

EXT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

13

TOM's car pulls up across the road from a large Victorian House, probably worth a few bob. But slightly tatty round the edges these days. Needs some TLC.

Rain lashes down.

(CONTINUED)

TOM stares, from the car window, at the house. And as we stay with his gaze, we

FLASHBACK

To a bright summer's day, early 90s, the day when a younger TOM, rucksack over his shoulder, facial bruising and healing cuts, slams out of the house, flicking V sign. A young woman, NANCY, comes to the door - upset.

*
*

NANCY
Tom, Tom, not like this, please,
don't leave like this -

*

TOM doesn't break his stride.

TOM
It's not you, it's him.

NANCY
He didn't mean it, please, talk
to him.

*

TOM
I'll call you.

NANCY
Tom, Tom.

*

She watches him leave, her brother. Distraught.

*

End flashback.

And back to TOM, watching that old house, through the piss rain. He takes a deep breath. Doesn't want to be here. But the time has somehow come...

TOM ringing on the doorbell. Long and insistent. Until eventually... it opens and there stands

NANCY RONSTADT. His older sister. Think Clare Rushbrook, but with a face that frowns more than it smiles.

Who, upon setting eyes on him, laughs.

NANCY
Jesus, you must be in the shit.

TOM is led through the house by NANCY (she's wearing marigolds, clearly in the middle of something), he eyes it like a museum, part of his past that has changed, but not changed very much in his many many years of absence.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Were you ever tempted to
decorate?

NANCY

I've been busy.

Said with pointed emphasis.

TOM can hear a loud male booming voice from somewhere in
the house. It stops him in his tracks.

TOM

Where is he?

NANCY

His study.

TOM

Who's he talking to?

NANCY

Wendy.

Off TOM's blank expression.

NANCY (CONT'D)

His *assistant*.

NANCY takes in the expression on TOM's face, the fear at
meeting his father again after all this time.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Shall I tell him you're here?

TOM

Will he give a shit?

Now we see what NANCY was in the middle of - a mountain of
washing up, laundry and house chores.

N.B Some of the kitchen cupboards have locks on them. *

NANCY pours TOM a whisky. He watches the small measure.

NANCY

They finally sacked you then?

TOM

Yep.

NANCY

Can't say I'm surprised.

TOM

Thanks sis.

NANCY

Let's face it Tom, it'd had been in the post - there's only so long you can behave like a prick before people get tired of it.

He smiles, loves his sister's unsentimental manner. She hands him the whisky.

NANCY (CONT'D)

So what we talking? Flying visit? Hiding from the shitstorm? Or has your guilty conscience finally got the better of you -

TOM

Just fancied being somewhere as crappy as I feel -

NANCY

You picked the right place then.

He necks it in one gulp. Hands the glass back to her.

TOM

Any chance of a drink this time.

She eyes him with derision.

TOM (CONT'D)

Occupational hazard. Or it was.

NANCY just stares at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm finished.

NANCY

Some other magazine'll have you, there's always a need for vacuous celebrity journalism.

TOM

(shakes head, solemn)
They close the door on you. I've seen it happen to other people -

NANCY

Self pity. Such an attractive emotion -

He crosses the kitchen and slowly, *thoughtfully*, refills his own glass. Hold the look between them. There's a lot of history in that one look.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

How are *you*?

NANCY

Fantastic. Top of the world. Life
just couldn't get peachier.

She motions to all the domestic crap that surrounds her in
an ironic fashion -

An anger bursts from her -

NANCY (CONT'D)

I've needed your help, your
advice, your bloody *money*, but
none of it was ever forthcoming -

TOM

I'm sorry, okay.

NANCY

But that's alright, you had your
big exciting career. Doesn't
matter that you only remembered
one birthday in three, that you
only returned one call in three,
you were off, being important...

They stare at each other.

TOM

You know why I left.

NANCY

Yes, and you left me with *him*. *

TOM

You could have gone.

NANCY

Gone *where*? I was sixteen - *

Hold the look between them.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I had to bully you to come to
your own grandma's funeral - *

TOM

Because I didn't wanna see him.

NANCY

What - and now suddenly you *do*.
(points upstairs)
Well, go on then, you know where
he is, you'd better go and talk
to him -

(CONTINUED)

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She leaves. TOM necks his drink with palpable fear.

17 EXT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 17

TOM pads the stairs, nervously. He walks along the landing, where - ahead of him - he sees the door to the study slightly open, he walks towards it. Then stops.

And we flashback, for the briefest moment to:

THE MOST TERRIBLE BEATING. GROWN MAN laying in with fists as a TEENAGER huddles protectively on the floor.

End flashback.

TOM edges forward. Very carefully, very quietly. He peers inside.

The study is packed with FILES and BOOKS and BINDERS.

SAMUEL RONSTADT - late 60s, a once large man now somewhat reduced in physical presence, stands with his back to us, rifling - in a flurry of activity - through various BOXFILES and PADS and BINDERS. *

He mutters to himself, a stream of sentences which seem to have a purpose but which don't go anywhere.

TOM watches from the doorway. Hold on his face.

SAMUEL

...where *is* it? Wendy? I'm looking for the Sanderson! Why haven't... For heaven's sake, why can't we have a decent filing system in here. Wendy? WENDY!

He turns around - as if looking for Wendy and comes face to face with TOM. SAMUEL stops dead in his tracks.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Where's Wendy?

TOM stares at his father - who is in the grip of Alzheimer's - he looks physically okay but there's an intensity to his facial expression.

TOM doesn't know what to say.

TOM

She's gone.

SAMUEL

Gone? Gone where? Where's she gone? *

TOM is suddenly lost for words.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
...just gone.

SAMUEL
Well, get her back.

SAMUEL turns and starts faffing through the files again, repeating exactly what he was doing before.

TOM stares for a long time, then, croaks.

TOM
Dad.

SAMUEL ignores him.

TOM (CONT'D)
(louder)
Dad.

Still nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)
Dad, it's Tom. Your son, Tom.

Suddenly SAMUEL stops, turns and smiles.

SAMUEL
Tom? *Tom*? TOM!

And bizarrely, SAMUEL bounds over to him and throws his arms around him. Hugs him tightly.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Good to see you, *great* to see you
Tom. Thanks so much for coming.
How was your journey?

TOM
(confused)
Fine, yeh, no problem.

They come out of the hug.

SAMUEL
Where's Wendy?

TOM
Wendy isn't here, dad.

SAMUEL
Where is she?

TOM
She's gone.

SAMUEL
Gone? Gone where?

(CONTINUED)

TOM just stares at his father.

TOM
(with sadness)
...just gone.

SAMUEL
Wendy! WENDY.

SAMUEL goes off shouting her again. TOM can see that his father has no idea who he is right now. TOM turns to find NANCY standing in the doorway, they lock eyes.

TOM and NANCY head towards Tom's old room carrying pillows and freshly laundered bedding.

TOM
You didn't tell me he had
imaginary friends -

NANCY
(regards him with
irritation)
I stopped telling you anything,
because I could tell you weren't
interested.

They enter the room.

NANCY - almost by force of habit - starts making his bed.
TOM takes in his old bedroom.

NANCY (CONT'D)
This last couple of years he's
gone downhill fast - memory, co-
ordination, it's like he's not
really *him* anymore.

TOM
Same wallpaper.

NANCY
What?

TOM
In here. It's the same wallpaper.
What's happened to my posters?

NANCY
Your posters?

TOM
Huge ones - Picasso, Klimt -
artistic nudes.

NANCY

He burned them, burned everything.

TOM

Burned them?

NANCY

He was real fun to live with after you walked out -

TOM

(almost in disbelief)
He *burned* them.

NANCY

I'm sure you can find some naked woman on the internet if you're really that desperate -

NANCY just continues what she's doing. TOM looks around the bare room that was his bedroom for so long -

TOM

She was his secretary right - back in the day -

NANCY

Wendy? Fifteen years. When he was deputy on the Evening News. Before it all went tits up -

TOM

And where is she now?

NANCY

No one knows. One day she just quit, walked out.

TOM

Hardly surprising. Waiting on his every whim.

NANCY

(wry)
Yeah, who'd want *that* job -

TOM

Does she never ring, visit -

NANCY

Not so much as a Christmas card. Fifteen years running his life, then goes completely off radar.

TOM puzzling on that, seems very strange. NANCY dumps the duvet cover with attitude, makes to leave.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY (CONT'D)

He quite often screams in the night, don't worry he's not in pain, well, not *physical*. And if you hear him clattering around, he's probably sleepwalking - my advice'd be stay put.

TOM

Nancy -

She stops, turns.

TOM (CONT'D)

He has good days, right? I mean, he's not like that all the time -

NANCY

That *is* a good day.

She leaves. We stay with TOM. All this is far too much like real life for him. He's terrified.

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. TOM'S OLD ROOM -- NIGHT

TOM lying in bed, awake, smoking. Thinking. This empty room that was once his childhood bedroom.

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

TOM, in boxers and T-shirt, pads into the living room. He eyes the dated decor, glances at the photos which adorn the wall. Finds one of his father and his MOTHER. They are smiling, to all intents and purposes a happy couple.

TOM goes close, examines her face. The mother he adored.

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. LANDING -- NIGHT

TOM pads along the landing and stops at the door of

SAM'S OFFICE

There's trepidation. This office means something. And we flashback to:

Twenty years ago. Younger TOM (17) standing hidden on the landing outside his father's office. Voices are raised inside - we don't hear exactly what - a man and a woman yelling at each other... Then suddenly the woman - WENDY, his secretary, late 30s, plain - comes storming out, TOM affects nonchalance and she strides past and away.

TOM passes the office door, which is ajar, and sees his father sliding a LARGE FILE back into a high shelf.

End flash.

TOM stares at that same office door, he reaches for the handle and slowly, perhaps nervously, enters. It's dark, illuminated only by street light. He stands in the doorway, just staring at the shelves.

He flicks the light on.

He eyes the rows and rows of FILES AND PAPERS.

Flashback: Different night. Younger TOM creeps into the study, starts looking around at things.

TOM's face as he remembers this past event. It's a painful memory and cuts like an old wound.

Flashback: YOUNGER TOM starts opening up a file. Delving through. Then... he finds something.

PHOTOGRAPHY NEGATIVES.

There's a name written on the negatives in bold lettering:

METZLER.

They fall to the floor and TOM reach down to pick them up, but as he does so he drops the file and the entire contents skid out. Shit! As he swoops to collect them he hears a noise, looks up, scared -

SAMUEL (IN FLASHBACK)
What the **fuck** d' you think you're doing?

TOM
(manages to squeak)
Who's Metzler?

And we hard cut to

TOM switching out the light. Slamming the door closed. WE stay on TOM's face. Memory still haunts him.

23 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. LANDING -- NIGHT 23

TOM - fully clothed - heads for the front door, escaping, he peeps it open, and as quietly as he can, leaves.

24 EXT. TOM'S CAR -- NIGHT 24 *

Overnight bag tossed into boot. *

(CONTINUED)

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24 CONTINUED: 24

Engine started, acceleration, away. *

Music kicks in - U2 Ultraviolet... *

25 EXT. MOTORWAY -- NIGHT 25 *

...and runs over - *

TOM'S CAR firing along the motorway, he has no idea where he's going. He just wants out. *

His mobile rings. He checks the display: NANCY. He ditches the call. Guilt-ridden.

26 EXT. SERVICE STATION -- NIGHT 26

Deserted service station. TOM exits with a coffee and paper. He dodges a late night wagon -

NANCY (V.O.)
(her message plays)
...you coward. That's right - run away. Crawl back to your pathetic little life.

JUMP TO:

TOM sitting in his car, drinking the coffee and perusing the tabloid. Mobile plays a message on loudspeaker...

NANCY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You wanna know about the bad days Tom? The days where he doesn't wash, doesn't shave. The days where he spits his tablets down the toilet and I have to fish them out by hand. Or how about the incontinence days or the days where he stays in bed and refuses to move. Then there's the mood swings days, the aggression days, the hallucinations, the uncontrollable tears and the way that sometimes you get glimpses, just *glimpses* of the old dad and then it's gone in an instant...

TOM's face, makes a decision.

27 EXT. TOM'S CAR -- NIGHT 27

TOM driving back towards town.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

NANCY (V.O.)

...so go this time Tom and I
promise you'll never see him
again. I will let him DIE, I will
put him in the ground and WILL
NOT ring you.

28

EXT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

28

TOM walks up the path to Samuel's house. NANCY opens the
door. Neither say anything, they don't need to.

TOM heads inside.

29

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

29

TOM and NANCY sitting with drinks, low music playing.

NANCY

So what happened?

TOM

I screwed up.

NANCY

Women, drugs, writing?

TOM

All of the above.

He smiles. But then it quickly fades. He's not a
confessional kind of guy but he needs this outlet -

TOM (CONT'D)

I imploded. Wasn't in control
anymore. It was like... I was
seeing how much I could get away
with, like I was invincible.

As he talks, in visuals we see

*

*Flashback: TOM striding through the offices of **Behaviour**
magazine, like the cock of the walk, he looks terrible.*

*

*

TOM (CONT'D)

*Then one day I walk into the
office, hangover, come down, you
name it, and there's three
lawyers waiting for me.*

*

*

*

*

*

*We see the YOUNG FRIGHTENINGLY EFFICIENT LOOKING LAWYERS in
the EDITOR'S OFFICE, awaiting his arrival.*

*

*

TOM (CONT'D)

...like a lynch mob.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

On TOM, heart sinking.

*

Back ON TOM and NANCY.

*

TOM (CONT'D)

*

They'd given me enough rope to hang myself.

*

*

NANCY

*

Why?

*

TOM

*

I was writing about crap. But not even benign crap, malicious stuff - secret abortions, shameful pasts, the juicer the better.

*

*

*

*

He introverts more...

*

TOM (CONT'D)

*

That's not journalism. Not the sort he used to do - (motions upstairs - dad) Not the sort I wanted to do -

*

*

*

*

NANCY acknowledges that.

*

TOM (CONT'D)

*

Plus...

*

NANCY

*

There had to be a plus - what was her name -

*

*

TOM

*

Jane. She was kind of... married to the boss.

*

*

NANCY raises an eyebrow.

*

TOM (CONT'D)

*

What can I say, she was hot -

*

NANCY smiles.

*

TOM (CONT'D)

*

Didn't think he knew. But he was bidding his time, waiting for the right moment to swing the axe -

*

*

*

*

Lift doors open. TOM exits. This is the fifth floor and something about it says 'official'.

*

*

He walks towards

*

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

The big powerful office of a big powerful media exec. TOM sits waiting in the outer office. He manages a small smile at the purse lipped PA.

TOM

He's expecting me.

31

INT. DENVER'S OFFICE -- DAY [FLASHBACK]

31

TOM takes a seat opposite a huge man, DENVER BROWN.

TOM

Look, Denver -

DENVER raises a hand to stop him.

DENVER

They're baying for blood. They want you destroyed.

TOM

Who does?

DENVER

(relishing this)

The industry. All the people you've screwed over. We had scores of calls already - agencies, advertisers, public relations - people saying they won't deal with us 'til your head's on a plate -

TOM

It was a genuine mistake.

DENVER throws a mug at him. It hurts.

DENVER

(yells, with genuine bile)

You got it wrong! You picked the wrong person! Why don't you have the decency to fucking admit it!

DENVER gives TOM a look that says 'you're a piece of shit on my shoe.' Then suddenly smiles, professional again.

DENVER (CONT'D)

You can see my situation.

TOM

You're hanging me out to dry.

DENVER

You've hung yourself.

32 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 32 *

Back with TOM and NANCY. *

TOM
(stares into his drink)
Washed up embittered hack - like
father like son. *

Flash of TOM hitting JANE from the start of the ep. *

TOM (CONT'D) *

Maybe I'm more like him than I
ever realised. *

NANCY just stares at him, her mind thoughtful. *

33 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. TOM'S OLD ROOM -- DAY 33 *

Morning. TOM wakes up in his old room, rubs his face.

34 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. SHOWER -- DAY 34

TOM taking a blissful shower.

35 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. BATHROOM -- DAY 35

TOM does a blissful line of coke. The last of his stash. *

36 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. STAIRS -- DAY 36

TOM comes downstairs towelling his hair dry, only to find
NANCY heading out with an OVERNIGHT BAG.

TOM
Going somewhere?

NANCY
Two weeks in the Seychelles.

TOM
(laughs)
Have fun.

NANCY
Think I'm joking?

She heads out, TOM follows.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I'm going to drink wine, lie by
the pool and have sex with the
first man who offers -

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Nancy, look, you're pissed off I left, I understand that, but -

She zaps the central locking on his car.

TOM (CONT'D)

Why've you got my car keys?

NANCY

Because I'm taking your car.

TOM

To the Seychelles? You might need to check the oil -

She throws her overnight bag inside.

TOM (CONT'D)

Where's *your* car?

NANCY

I can't *afford* one - tax, insurance, MOT. How far do you think part-time money stretches, Tom?

She hops in his car. He moves round to the driver's side.

TOM

Nancy! Come on, where you going?

NANCY

Holiday.

TOM

Where?

NANCY

Somewhere out of mobile range. It'll be good for you. Think of it as therapy -

She starts the engine, revs it hard and smiles. Likes the feel of it.

TOM

Okay, you've made your point.

NANCY

Have I?
(revs the engine again)

TOM

Loud and clear.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (2)

36

NANCY

Great. There's instructions on
the kitchen table -

She puts her foot down and screams off down the street.
TOM just stands there watching her go.

37

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- DAY

37

TOM walks back into the kitchen, he looks at the NOTE she
has left for him. Flicks through, pages of the stuff.

TOM sighs heavily.

Behind him, SAMUEL enters, wearing only socks.

SAMUEL

Morning.

He nods at TOM with a casualness that would suggest TOM has
been there everyday for the last 20 years.

38

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- DAY

38

N.B. Samuel's room is a 'safe haven' - it has photos and
items of familiarity specifically placed.

*
*

TOM trying to help SAMUEL dress. But as TOM puts the
clothes on SAMUEL pulls them off again.

TOM

Fuck's sake.

39

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- DAY

39

TOM watching - trying not to - as SAMUEL takes a shit. He
fingers the toilet roll, dreading what he has to do next.

40

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. GARAGE -- DAY

40

Garage. SAMUEL (half dressed) is searching for a
screwdriver in the garage toolboxes. TOM stands beside.

TOM

Why do you need a screwdriver?

SAMUEL

To fix the shelves.

TOM

Which shelves?

SAMUEL

The broken ones.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Where?

SAMUEL

Conservatory.

TOM

Which conservatory?

SAMUEL

My conservatory.

TOM

You haven't got an conservatory.

SAMUEL

Aha!

He finds a CHISEL. Sets off away.

TOM

That's a chisel.

SAMUEL

Screwdriver.

TOM

Chisel.

SAMUEL

Screwdriver.

TOM

It's a friggin' chisel.

SAMUEL turns back, utterly certain.

SAMUEL

Screwdriver.

He dashes out. TOM bugged, watches him go -

TOM exits to find SAMUEL just standing there, chisel in hand, looking bewildered at the garden.

TOM

Dad... Dad...

He realises his father is shaking. As he reaches him, TOM sees the total confusion on his father's face.

SAMUEL

Where's it gone?

41

CONTINUED:

41

TOM

It was on your mum's house. The conservatory was on gran's house.

More confusion. SAMUEL looks at the chisel in his hand and suddenly throws it full tilt at the imaginary conservatory. It SMASHES through the back window.

TOM exhales, startled by the violence of this outburst.

42

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

42

SAMUEL plays the piano, his fingers move across the keys with grace. Of all the things he can't do anymore, this is one he can - he plays beautifully.

TOM stands close, watches, examining the father he no longer recognises.

43

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

43

*

TOM trying to cook, burning things. He's hopeless at this and his task isn't helped by the combination locks on all the kitchen cupboards. He despairs...

*

*

*

44

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

44

*

TOM and SAMUEL eat bought in pizza. SAMUEL eyes his son suspiciously throughout. Eventually...

SAMUEL

Isn't it time you cut your hair!

45

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

45

TOM trying to get SAMUEL into bed. There's an unholy struggle and the two of them almost end up on the floor.

TOM

Lie down, lie down.

SAMUEL springs to his feet.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's bedtime. Dad!

More struggle. SAMUEL blows raspberries.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nancy says you go to bed at ten, if you don't go to bed at ten, you get cranky and -

WHACK!

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL slaps TOM clean across the face. Shocked, the two stand staring at each other -

Flashback to

More detail of the flashback we saw earlier...

SAMUEL - twenty years ago - laying into a cowering 18 year old TOM. He hits and hits and hits. Horrific violence.

End flashback.

They are still staring at each other.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nothing changes.

TOM makes to leave.

SAMUEL

I want Nancy!

TOM

Don't we all!

SAMUEL follows TOM out and yells -

SAMUEL

You useless little shit!

TOM bounds back with an aggression that seems like he could murder his father. SAMUEL retreats, but TOM grabs him and in one movement, pins him to the bed.

TOM

Me useless. You're the one who can't wipe his own arse. Trust you, trust you to get this. Can't have cancer or heart disease, something quick, no, you have to really make us suffer -
(really yells at him)
You selfish old twat.

TOM suddenly stops as he sees the terrified face of his father beneath him. He flees the room.

TOM kicking the landing wall in sheer frustration. He slumps to the floor, spent. From his position on the floor he can see the slightly open door of

SAMUEL'S OFFICE

He stares at it and FLASHBACK TO

46

CONTINUED:

46

TOM, as a teenager, peering through the crack in the slightly open door, fascinated/concerned by what he sees:

REVERSE ANGLE: SAMUEL looking through a FILE, his face starting to buckle and contort. The contents of the file clearly very upsetting. He suddenly slams it closed.

TOM scarpers without being seen. End flashback.

TOM, still sitting on the floor, reacts to the memory of his father's tears. It's a disturbing image.

47

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. SAM'S ROOM -- NIGHT

47

SAMUEL, asleep now, passed out, exhausted. We find TOM staring at him. Just looking at his father.

The man that gave life to him. The man that hurt him. And now - almost a stranger.

48

EXT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

48

TOM exits the house, closes the door and heads off down the street, escaping again.

But this time, by foot, locally.

49

EXT. BACUP -- NIGHT

49

TOM walks the streets of the town he grew up in. It's no longer a place he recognises. The place - which once had an elegance - is now shuttered down, grey and lifeless. The only signs of life are chippies and pubs. Youths hang around in clusters, all white, all aimless.

TOM, couldn't care less, he walks through the middle of a small group of testosterone filled lads.

TOM

Excuse me.

LAD 1

Puff.

TOM just smiles. He walks on, then stops, turns.

TOM

Oy! Reprobates.

They all stare at him, eyes that could kill.

TOM (CONT'D)

(big bold, couldn't give
a shit smile)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't know who sells decent coke
round here, do you?

50

EXT. BACUP. ALLEY -- NIGHT

50

Seedy transaction.

TOM digging a TWENTY out of his wallet. He offers the money
to the DEALER YOUTH, who hands him a bag of coke.

But as TOM goes to take it, DEALER YOUTH punches him in the
stomach and legs it with the coke and the cash.

TOM bent double in pain, yells -

TOM

What's this - rehab!

51

EXT/INT. THE FRIENDSHIP -- NIGHT

51

The Friendship pub. TOM still in pain, enters. As he does
so, he encounters TWO MEN YELLING INTO EACH OTHER'S FACES.
They're seconds from extreme violence.

TOM sidesteps them, with a wry look. He enters.

TOM heads to the bar. He looks round the place. It's
clearly changed a lot since he was last here.

But it's still a dump.

It's the antithesis of the kind of London drinkerys TOM has
got used to. A few locals cast him vague 'recognition'
looks, but none really care that much.

TOM eyes the arse of the thirtysomething ginger barmaid,
MANDY, as she refills the bottle coolers. She's seen better
days but she is still in good shape.

As she rises, she clocks him looking.

TOM

Pint of lager, whisky chaser.
Actually, make it a double.
(offers conciliatory
smile)
And whatever you're having.

She gives him a tight smile. Starts pulling the pint. TOM
looks around, and by way of conversation...

TOM (CONT'D)

Busy for a Thursday.

She just stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

TOM (CONT'D)

Suppose people drink more in a recession -

She just stares at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Why do pubs always have TV on?
Sport fine, but what's that -
Holby City? With no sound. And
three of them are watching it.

She just stares at him. Puts pint down.

BARMAID

Four ninety.

TOM

(impressed with
cheapness)

No wonder the place is full.

As TOM delves in his wallet for a note, she eyes him carefully, as if mentally assessing something.

TOM feeding coins into the jukebox. He flips through the various albums as the BARMAID sweeps past collecting glasses. She stares at him, until he turns to face her.

MANDY

I recognise you.

TOM

Don't think so, I'm a truck
driver, just passing through -

MANDY

We were at school together.

He stops, looks at her properly. No recognition.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Mandy Craven.

TOM

Right.

MANDY

You shagged my sister.

TOM dredges the memory banks.

TOM

Right. And your sister is?

MANDY

Tara.

TOM

Right. Tara Craven. She was nice.

MANDY

You don't remember her, do you?

TOM

Not really. Was she -

He motions her hair colour.

MANDY

What?

TOM

You know, auburn.

MANDY

Ginger?

TOM

Yes.

MANDY

Yes.

TOM

Right.

MANDY stares at him.

MANDY

You dumped her for that slapper Sarah Maguire.

TOM

(remembers her with
glee)
Sarah Maguire!

MANDY

She's dead now. Overdose.

TOM

Tara?

MANDY

Sarah.

TOM

Really, what - Heroin?

MANDY

Domestos. She had some weird OCD
kind of deal -

TOM

Ironic, given what a dirty cow
she was -

TOM drinks and ponders that.

TOM (CONT'D)

How's Tara?

MANDY

Fine, married to an accountant,
she lives in Hartlepool.

TOM

Suppose someone has to.

He smiles. MANDY's face cracks. And as we hold the look
between them, we hard cut to:

TOM and MANDY kissing on the couch of Mandy's house. TOM
can't get into it though, because in his eyeline is a
FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH. Mandy, with a bloke and two kids.

TOM eyes the bloke's face, recognises him.

She turns up the volume, starts going for his belt. TOM
tries pulling out of the kiss.

TOM

Mandy, Mandy...

MANDY

(doesn't stop)
I'm on the pill.

TOM

(still eyeing that
photo)
No, no, Mandy.

MANDY

(pissed off at
interruption)
Stop talking.

And she pulls her top off to reveal a fantastic pair of
tits, bursting out of a sexy bra.

TOM decides this is no time for chit chat.

54 INT. MANDY'S HOUSE -- MORNING 54

TOM naked, peels himself out of bed. MANDY is asleep next to him. He dresses.

JUMP TO:

TOM sneaking out of the bedroom. As he does so he notices the door to a child's bedroom ajar. Curiosity gets the better of him, he peers inside.

There's a BUNKBED with a child - maybe eight - in the top bunk and an older child - twelve - in the bottom.

He stares at them a beat. Then leaves.

TOM (V.O.)

I'm starting to think I haven't asked enough questions.

55 EXT. BACUP -- DAY 55

TOM walking through the town as it starts to open up for business. Shutters coming up.

TOM (V.O.)

Like what the hell I'm doing back here after all this time.

He passes a man sleeping rough on a bench.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Why this was the only place that felt safe -

56 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- DAY 56

TOM sits talking to SAMUEL as he silently shovels cereal into his mouth, joylessly eating.

TOM

And why I needed to see you again...

TOM stares at his father, who isn't listening.

TOM (CONT'D)

It feels like *you* caused all this mess. Like in some weird, twisted way, you made all this happen. So I'd end up back here, sitting with you, *staring* at you -
(heavy pause)

- if I can understand why *you* were such a screw up, maybe I can understand why *I* am.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

SAMUEL stops chewing, has that insult penetrated his skull?
No, he opens his mouth and spits the cereal out.

57 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 57 *

TOM helping SAMUEL onto the toilet.

58 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 58

TOM blending food. Preparing Sam's medication (as per
Nancy's instructions). *

59 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. STUDY -- DAY 59

SAMUEL in his study doing his 'where's Wendy?' routine
again as he ploughs through files.

TOM watches on, bemused, irritated. But also, upset. He
closes his eyes, to blink away emotion and we: *

Flashback to *

*THAT SAME OFFICE. Years Ago. SAMUEL, a younger man - in
his prime - is typing a story at a typewriter, he is really
pounding it, like a proper journo. **

*A YOUNGER TOM watches him from the doorway, admiring his
father, the writer - his passion, his ability. **

*Then his dad notices he is there, turns and gives him the
most amazing smile. LOVE. He motions his son over. **

*YOUNGER TOM goes and sits with him, sharing his chair,
squashed up but loving being with his dad. **

*YOUNG TOM
How can you type so fast? **

*YOUNGER SAMUEL
Forty words a minute. **

*YOUNG TOM
What you writing? **

*YOUNGER SAMUEL
Expose. Someone's done something
wrong - we're telling the world
all about them... **

*He winks. YOUNG TOM loves that idea, and watches with
admiration as his father goes back to typing. **

*End flashback **

59

CONTINUED:

59

BACK ON: TOM standing in that same position, watching his Alzheimer's ridden father. With heavy heart.

*
*

60

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

60

PHOTO ALBUM - snapshots of the past. We focus on one particular image - SAMUEL, his wife Edith, and a younger TOM and NANCY all huddled together on a hillside posing.

SAMUEL sits in bed, TOM beside him. He taps the image.

TOM

Remember that holiday?

Nothing from Sam.

TOM (CONT'D)

Abersoch. We stayed in that posh hotel, what was it called?

Nothing from Sam.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's the holiday that always stays with me, probably rose tinted but it feels like we were actually...

TOM searches for the right word.

TOM (CONT'D)

(it chokes him a bit)

Happy.

Nothing from Sam.

TOM (CONT'D)

No rows, no tension. None of your *outbursts*.

Silence.

TOM (CONT'D)

What changed, dad? We were happy? Weren't we? Then it all fell apart...

*

TOM's pushing it here, trying to get a reaction. He fails.

TOM (CONT'D)

What's my name?

Nothing from Sam.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tom. Thomas Martin. And that's Nancy. Nancy Jennifer.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

He nods. He knows Nancy.

TOM (CONT'D)

We're your family. FAMILY.

SAMUEL slowly nods, thoughtful. TOM looks back at the faces before him, a lost innocence.

TOM (CONT'D)

(almost to himself)

What happened to us -

SAMUEL

Bayside Lodge.

TOM

What -

SAMUEL

The hotel. Terrible service. And they had a bloody great peacock in the beer garden...

TOM looks at his father, affected by this bizarre fragmentation of his memory banks.

61

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

61

Back window boarded up from where Samuel smashed it.

TOM sitting alone drinking. Deep in thought. He picks up the phone and dials. It's answered by machine.

TOM

Nancy, wherever you're hiding, come back - I'm gonna stay okay. I'll help out with him. You can have nights off, get laid, whatever it is you're missing. Just please, come back -

62

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- DAY

62

Morning. TOM gets out of bed, he opens the curtains and sees HIS FLASHY CAR parked outside the house.

He smiles.

63

INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

63

TOM and NANCY doing the weekly shop together.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

We're in the shit financially,
there's bills beyond red, respite
care debts - envelopes I don't
even wanna look at -

(to a shopworker)

Hi Mary.

MARY, a Downs Syndrome woman, in store uniform, waves back.
This woman is Tom's age and will crop up in later episodes.

TOM

Did he not have any savings -

NANCY

Spent.

TOM

How?

NANCY

You tell me.

TOM

Pension?

NANCY

Tiny, only just covers the
household stuff.

TOM sighs, didn't realise the extent...

NANCY (CONT'D)

So if we're gonna do this, we do
it properly, right, cash in the
pot, which means no more spunking
it on drugs -

He starts a 'heartfelt denial'.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(cuts him straight off)

I've stayed at your flat. I could
go out for a weekend on what's
left on the cistern -

TOM

(no point denying)

Fine.

NANCY

And if you're gonna hit the
spirits the way you have been
you're gonna have to find a
cheaper brand -

She smiles. Heads away. As she does so, TOM catches sight
of someone - a bloke in his thirties, bit lardy.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Shit!

He quickly, *hastily*, dodges out of the way. He flings himself behind a LARGE STOCKING TROLLEY. Crouches down.

He peers round, seeing if lardy bloke has gone, he hasn't.

YOUNG SPOTTY SHOP ASSISTANT appears next to trolley, stares at TOM with a confused expression.

SPOTTY ASSISTANT

You alright down there?

TOM

Fine. Just ignore me.

ASSISTANT stares at him.

SPOTTY ASSISTANT

You lost something?

TOM

No. I'm hiding. Just get on with what you're doing.

SPOTTY ASSISTANT

You can't sit there, I'm afraid.

TOM

Why not?

SPOTTY ASSISTANT

Health and safety.

TOM

(deeply bugged)

It's a floor, what do you think's going to happen -

SPOTTY ASSISTANT

Something might fall on you.

TOM

We're in the cereal aisle.

TOM peers around the trolley, lardy is still there.

SPOTTY ASSISTANT

I'll have to ask you to move.

TOM stares at him.

TOM

Do you get laid much?

(CONTINUED)

SPOTTY ASSISTANT
(affronted)
I'm sorry.

TOM
I'm guessing not, with the acne.
And the terrible haircut. But
when you do, all this tension
you've got will just disappear -

They stare at each other.

SPOTTY ASSISTANT
I'm calling the supervisor.
(yells across store)
Brendan. Brendan. This man's on
the floor, refusing to move -

SPOTTY ASSISTANT grabs his trolley and pushes it towards
'Brendan' leaving TOM completely exposed. LARDY turns.

BLOKE (MIKE)
Tom!

TOM
Mickey!

TOM rises to his feet as if he was never behind the
trolley. Acts natural -

And we now realise that Mickey is the bloke he saw on the
family photo in Mandy's house - her husband.

MIKE
Oh my God. Tom Ronstadt. As I
live and breathe -

TOM
Mickey Eldridge. Look at you -

MIKE
Look at you -

TOM
Look at you! Mental Mickey -

MIKE
Yeh, it's Mike these days. Give
me a man hug -

MIKE grabs TOM and pulls him in for a squeeze. TOM reacts
as the air is pushed from his lungs.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(as they part)
What you doing back here?

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Oh, you know - family visit,
break from London.

MIKE

(points with two
fingers)

Behaviour magazine. Associate
editor no less. I've Googled you
a few times, kept track of your
career - tried getting you on
Facebook - you not on that?

TOM

No.

MIKE

You should. It's a laugh. And
Twitter, I'm into it all, me.
Just for fun, I'm not a geek.
Well, maybe... a bit.

They smile at each other.

TOM

So... how's life?

MIKE

Great, great. Bit softer round
the middle, too many nice
dinners, but otherwise good.
You've kept yourself trim -

TOM

Spend a lot of time running away
from people.

MIKE laughs.

MIKE

Married?

TOM

Does it look like it. You?

MIKE

Guilty, couple of kiddies.

TOM

Great, who's the lucky woman?

MIKE

(does huge tits gesture)
Mandy Craven. Well, Eldridge now
of course.

TOM

Wow. Well done.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

You remember her?

TOM

Yeh, a bit, I had her sister.

MIKE

(whacks him playfully)
Lucky bastard.

They laugh.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She's in Hartlepool now.

TOM

Really?

MIKE

Well, someone has to.

They laugh again. Small awkward pause.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We should have a drink.

TOM

Definitely.

MIKE

No, Tom, not like that - not
someday, maybe, never. We should
have a drink - proper catch up.

TOM nods, thinking 'how can I get out of this?'

MIKE (CONT'D)

What you doing tonight?

TOM and MIKE - a few drinks in - are back in the
Friendship. In the b/g MANDY is serving behind the bar.

MIKE

...assistant to the Chief
Executive. His deputy in all but
title - rose up from planning -
he confides in me, asks my
opinion, last year he took me on
an all expenses paid trip to
Barcelona - first class travel,
five star hotel, the works.

TOM

Sounds like you're doing well for
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Can't complain.

But we should sense that this is all bravado, he's a man who is deeply disappointed with his life.

TOM glances across at MANDY serving.

TOM

Same again?

MIKE waggles his long slim glass.

TOM (CONT'D)

(slightly amused)

White wine Spritzer?

MIKE

I'm on the slim fast. If I drink beer I'll be starving.

TOM heads to the bar. Where he stands next to an old bloke watching QVC on the mute TV.

TOM

Enjoying that?

OLD BLOKE

It's just on, innit.

TOM despairs. MANDY appears. He proffers a big open smile.

TOM

Lager for me and a spritzer for the lady.

MANDY

(speaks sotto)

Look, he works away -

TOM

I don't need the justification. You wanted it, you got it.

MANDY

(attack being best form of defense)

Think *he* doesn't do stuff on his *trips abroad* -

TOM

I'm not your marriage councillor.

TOM looks across at MIKE who drinks and contemplates.

MANDY

You're not gonna tell him, are you?

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Do I look insane?

He looks at her, there's a secret smile between them. Actually some proper attraction here, which surprises TOM.

MANDY

It's crap between us. Together for the kids cliché cliché. I just wanted to be someone else for a night -

TOM nods, gets that. As she places the pints down, she surreptitiously strokes his hand.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Five eighty.

TOM secretly returns the finger stroke, then glances at the OLD BLOKE who has seen this. He motions to him, 'nose'.

TOM and MANDY laugh. MIKE is completely oblivious.

Post-pub. TOM and MIKE walk the streets with chips.

MIKE

(stuffing his fat face)
Funny where life leads you isn't it, paths you take, choices you make - I'd say we were equals at school, intelligence wise, grades an all that, wouldn't you -

TOM

In your dreams.

They laugh.

MIKE

And yet you became the high flyer, off to London, making a fortune -
(a real bitterness emerging now)
- women, cash, the odd line of snort I wouldn't be surprised...

TOM is non-committal.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And what did I do, stayed in this place, settled down -

TOM

You've got a wife and kids,
steady job -

MIKE

I took the sensible path -

TOM

Don't knock it. The high life's
not all it's cracked up to be -

They eat and walk a moment.

MIKE

Can I tell you something?

TOM

Unless it involves cross
dressing.

MIKE

I was jealous of you...

He lets that hang a moment, then follows up with -

MIKE (CONT'D)

...every time I saw your name on
a byline, I'd think, that could
have been me - I could have been
doing that, and I hated you for
it. Because life's not about
talent, it's about chutzpah, it's
about being the one to get off
his fat arse and go and make
something of himself. And you
did, and I stayed here.

TOM

But now I'm back. Tail between
legs. Nowhere else to go. So
who's the bigger screw up?

*

TOM ditches his chip wrappings. Silence falls.

MIKE

Sorry about your dad.

TOM

Yeh, well, life sucks.

MIKE

It's a terrible disease.

They watch a BLOKE ON CRUTCHES try to do a runner from the
chippy, he pursued by THE OWNER.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (CONT'D)

He was a great bloke, great
journalist. *Campaigner*. It must
be hard to see him like that -

*

TOM stares at him.

TOM

Can I tell you something?

MIKE

As long as it doesn't involve
bestiality -

TOM smiles.

TOM

I only left because he beat me
half to death one night.

MIKE

Your dad?

TOM

(nods)
The great bloke.

Off Mike's surprised face, having to reassess.

TOM (CONT'D)

Things changed. Home was *awful*.
He went moody, uncommunicative.
We'd walk on eggshells in case he
exploded. You wouldn't see it,
because the world got the other
Sam - the one with the wit and
the banter.

MIKE

(reeling)
He used to *beat* you -

TOM

No, it was just this one time.
But it was pretty savage -

MIKE

...why?

TOM

That's the question I've been
asking for the last eighteen
years.

TOM and MIKE sit on the same couch where Tom got off with Mandy. They're both pretty oiled by now.

TOM
...he was always possessive of his study - said it was full of sensitive journo stuff, so, 'cause I wanted to be like him, I started to wonder what sort of juice he kept in there...

*

Flashback to the scene we saw earlier: Younger TOM creeps into the study, starts looking around at things.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One night, after a few toots, I just thought 'fuck it', went in, started nosing around... most of it was pretty dull to be honest, Lancashire news, bits of county court stuff, but then I came across this file...

YOUNGER TOM starts opening the file.

TOM (CONT'D)
There was something about it, the way it was positioned, the way it had three elastic bands wrapped round it... it was *enticing*.

YOUNGER TOM's face drops, perplexed.

TOM (CONT'D)
Inside there was reams of paper, printouts, research, all kinds of guff, too much to get through. I'd just started skim reading it when these negatives fall out -

In flashback we see the PHOTOGRAPHY NEGATIVES fall to the floor and TOM reach down to pick them up, but as he does so he drops the file and the contents skid out.

TOM (IN FLASHBACK) (CONT'D)
Shit.

TOM (CONT'D)
I lean down to get them and the whole file goes over. So there I am clearing it up when suddenly there's this noise behind me. I turn around and there he is.

SAMUEL stares down at the YOUNGER TOM.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll remember it for the rest of my life, he charges over, fists already clenched and yells -

SAMUEL (IN FLASHBACK)

What the **fuck** d' you think you're doing?

TOM

I had no answer. Not even a feeble lie...

TOM looks up terrified, manages to squeak the words.

TOM (IN FLASHBACK) (CONT'D)

Who's Metzler?

TOM (CONT'D)

And that's when he lost it.

The Savage Beating. Fists and feet, anger and screams.

Then stop. Back on TOM's face, still pained by the memory.

TOM (CONT'D)

It was like something snapped...

MIKE

What do you think was in there?
What didn't he want you to see?

TOM can't answer. They stare at each other.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did you never ask him?

TOM

(shakes head)

I left as soon as could, walked out, never went back -

MIKE

(exhales)

Wow -

TOM

Being home's brought it all back. I look at him and I'm there again. That *fucking* study, cowering. And I wanna ask him - why, what was it... but the guy can't even put his shoes on the right feet -

TOM drinks, nursing real internal pain.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

...and you didn't ever look at
the negatives?

TOM shakes his head.

TOM

All I can remember is this
name... scrawled in the corner
with Tipp Exe. Metzler.

Flashback to TOM looking at the name written on the
negatives in bold lettering **METZLER**.

MIKE

Metzler?

TOM nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's what was on the negatives?

TOM

(shrugs)
Just that -

This registers for Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)

Only person it links to is Donald
Metzler, local entrepreneur, big
hitter round here in the '80s.

MIKE

But you don't know what the
connection is to your dad?

TOM

No idea.

They drink, music fills the silence.

MIKE

Only... he's still around.
Metzler. Pretty big fish -

TOM

You know him?

MIKE

... he's chief executive of the
council. He's my boss.

67 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. STUDY -- NIGHT

67 *

TOM sitting in the semi darkness of the study where it all happened. More whisky on the go. He takes in the room, contemplative. Dark thoughts swirling.

Jump cuts as he looks around the office. PHOTOS from the past of his dad - the working journalist. Papers and cuttings still litter the surfaces. Letters and correspondence. Bills and invoices.

TOM's eyes scanning. Trying to work out who his father is, the genial hard working man of newspapers or the violent psycho who attacked him unprovoked.

He finds his hand trying the DESK DRAWER before him. It's locked. He pulls at it and feels it wobble. All his anger and frustration comes out on that drawer as he pulls and smashes and pulls until...

PING. Out it flips, spilling the contents onto the floor.

TOM sits on the floor now, surrounded by the contents - a sea of ageing paper awash around him.

He examines something carefully.

On TOM's face. Thinking. Questioning. Bemused.

We then see what he is looking at - it's an old BANK STATEMENT, from years ago - 1980s.

His eyes scan down the PAYMENTS IN column. There are regular payments from J CLEEVE.

*
*

TOM knows this is significant.

68 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. NANCY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

68

TOM gently shaking NANCY awake. She's snatched from deep sleep.

NANCY

What!

69 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

69

TOM hands NANCY - now in dressing gown - a drink. She is examining the bank statements. A pile of them.

NANCY

How do we know this money's still in here?

(CONTINUED)

TOM

It's never been touched. There's no final withdrawal -

NANCY

But he's told me, countless times, where the money is, which accounts to use -

TOM

The guy with Alzheimer's has -

NANCY

Not recently, before he degenerated. Why wouldn't he mention this -

TOM shrugs, who knows.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(scanning thru -)

There's *thousands*.

TOM

Paid in regular installments for over nineteen years - who's J Cleeve -

*
*

NANCY looks up, confused.

*

NANCY

No idea. The bastard's let me struggle and all the time this was sitting here -

*

TOM

We have to release it.

NANCY

How we gonna do that?

TOM

We'll need power of attorney. At a stroke this clears everything -

NANCY

For *who*, Tom? Or do you see this as some kind of inheritance.

TOM

You need money, I need money - he doesn't even know he's got it. Or he's *conveniently* forgotten.

NANCY

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Someone's been paying him money.
And he hasn't *once* dipped in in
all those years - doesn't that
start a few bells ringing, Nancy?

Suddenly the door bursts open and SAMUEL is stood there in
his pyjamas. TOM jumps put of his skin.

NANCY laughs. In fact, howls.

SAMUEL moves slowly towards them.

NANCY

He's sleepwalking. Come on, you
can help me get him upstairs.

Solicitor's office. TOM and NANCY sit with SAMUEL opposite
an OLD SCHOOL SOLICITOR. He peruses paperwork.

NANCY

Doctor's letter confirms his
condition and there's a report
from the respite unit outlining
the care they've been providing.

SOLICITOR

Yes, I can read.

NANCY looks as though she could deck the smarmy get. TOM
gives her a calming gesture.

SAMUEL, in suit and tie, is on best behaviour.

SOLICITOR (CONT'D)

My problem, and it's a very real
problem, in legal terms, is that
your father sits before me,
appearing, to all intents and
purposes, like a man very much in
charge of his faculties.

Solicitor smiles at SAMUEL, who smiles back.

TOM could kill him.

TOM

He has good days and bad days.

SOLICITOR

Don't we all.

Solicitor smiles again at SAMUEL. He smiles back.

NANCY

We're not after his cash.

SOLICITOR

You wouldn't be the first.

NANCY

(controlling her temper)
Dad didn't even know the account
existed, we've got debts up to
our ears and we need access to
this money, *without* having to
rely on his say so -

SOLICITOR

(solicitor)

And is this something you
endorse, Mister Ronstadt?

SAMUEL

No.

Simple as that. TOM and NANCY are furious. Solicitor gives them a belligerent look.

TOM

The man's got Alzheimer's.

Solicitor isn't for budging.

TOM, NANCY and SAMUEL walk away in silence. TOM and NANCY still have enraged faces. Suddenly SAMUEL stops dead and calm as you like, starts undoing his trousers.

NANCY

Dad, Dad...

TOM

No, let him -

TOM darts back towards the main office.

NANCY

Where you going?

TOM

To get that smug prick.

NANCY is buying ice creams from the ice cream van. TOM and SAMUEL sit on a park bench, watching the world go by.

TOM

Do you remember the planes
crashing into the twin towers?

SAMUEL

9/11. 2001.

TOM

You remember Margaret Thatcher?

SAMUEL

Bitch.

TOM

I'll take that as a yes.

TOM smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)

What about United winning the
treble?

SAMUEL turns to him, blank.

TOM (CONT'D)

Dementia's not all bad then.

NANCY starts heading over with ice creams. TOM tries one
more question -

TOM (CONT'D)

Do you remember mum? You remember
Edith, before she died?

SAMUEL

(turns in panic)
Edith's died?

TOM

(calming tone)
It's okay, she died years ago.

SAMUEL

Edith's died?

TOM

Dad, she was ill, you looked
after her -

SAMUEL

Edith's died.

NANCY arrives back to see the scene before her.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Edith. Edith! Edith!

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

It's okay, it's alright.

SAMUEL starts sobbing with upset. NANCY embraces him and makes calming noises. She shoots TOM a reprimanding look -

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. NANCY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

NANCY is getting dressed up for a night out. TOM standing close by, assessing her outfit as she talks.

NANCY

Don't tell him bad news.

TOM

Like his wife's death -

NANCY

His mind jumps about, past and present get confused.

TOM

How do you put up with it?

NANCY

With great difficulty.

TOM

You wearing that dress?

NANCY

(sarc)

No, I'm just trying it on for a future occasion -

(annoyed, looks at herself in mirror)

What's up with it?

TOM

It's a bit - and don't take this the wrong way - tarty.

NANCY

Don't take this the wrong way - you're a dickhead!

TOM

When was the last time you went dating, the late 80s?

NANCY

It's not a date.

TOM

A man's taking you for dinner and you've spent an hour getting ready, what would you call it?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY
He's my dentist.

TOM
Yeh, well he wants to get inside
a different hole tonight, and
that dress tells him he can -

NANCY marches to her wardrobe and thrusts it open -

NANCY
Fine, fashion guru, *you* choose -

TOM assesses the collection.

TOM
When did you get so into bauge?

She shoots him a killer look. He starts rifling through.

TOM (CONT'D)
So what you're saying is, if I
wanna ask him about the past I've
no chance of getting a proper
answer -

NANCY
He doesn't know what he's
forgotten so it's difficult to
talk to him about it - prompts
help. Music, smells. And talk in
the present - even if you're
asking about the past -

TOM
What kind of music?

NANCY
Anything really, stuff that might
have been around at the time you
wanna talk about -

TOM appears with a dress, assesses it, thinks better.

TOM
Didn't you date a dentist once
before -

NANCY
(nonchalant)
Couple of years ago, David -

TOM
No, way back.

NANCY
Oh, yeah, Martin.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

This is your third dentist -

NANCY

So?

TOM

What's that all about?

NANCY

I don't get out much!

TOM hands NANCY a dress - bright red, long flowing.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Are you for real?

TOM

Trust me, it says available, not desperate - have we still got all my old compilation tapes?

NANCY

Try the loft, what didn't get burned went up there -

TOM leaves. NANCY assesses the dress in the mirror.

TOM erects a step ladder on the landing, he climbs up and pushes back the loft hole. With a FLASHLIGHT he peers into the darkness of the loft. It's dusty and mucky in there - and piled with years and years of stuff.

Carved into one of the beams are the words TOM 4 SARAH 4 EVER. TOM smiles at them.

TOM

Sarah, babe, what happened?

He starts to flash the light on to various items - an old rocking horse, dozens of binliners containing bedding and so on, old appliances, three large piles of fading newspapers and so on.

Until... eventually his flashlight falls on to an old 1980s style suitcase, it has a combination lock.

TOM awkwardly manoeuvres over to it. Lodging the flashlight under his chin he opens it.

Inside is various stuff, including - A PORTABLE CASSETTE PLAYER, single speaker. And next to it there's a LONG THIN CASSETTE CASE in bright blue, small black metal handle.

He grabs them and descends.

75 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. TOM'S ROOM -- NIGHT

75

TOM - amused by nostalgia - glances through the old C90 cassette's - compilations he made when he was younger. They look like antiquated museum pieces now.

He chooses one - entitled TOTALLY FAB CHART HITS - and slides it into the player.

Level 42 blast out.

TOM

So not *totally* fab.

76 INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

76

TOM sitting with SAMUEL. The portable cassette player is playing music from the early '90s. TOM has a very intense look on his face as he chooses his words carefully.

TOM

How's work? Is the editor still getting on your nerves?

SAMUEL

The guy's an idiot. Calls himself Oxford educated, he couldn't write fuck on a dusty blind.

They laugh.

TOM

Do you think you'd ever fancy being editor - or do you prefer being at the coal face -

SAMUEL

Hacks write. That's what we do. We put the truth on the page. Editors go to lunch and talk figures with accountants.

TOM

(as casual as he can make it)

But... do you never get tired of digging, it must get hard - it must be stressful, all that pressure, do you ever feel it building up, all that *anger* -

SAMUEL

Never.

Hold the look between them. Suddenly the music abruptly stops in that way cassette's do - the music has been taped over something - voices. A heated phone conversation.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

I'm not saying you did -

VOICE 2

Then what are you saying -

VOICE

This isn't an accusation, it's a question -

VOICE 2

Then phrase it like a bloody question, because to me Sam it sounds like a bloody -

Suddenly, SAMUEL springs from his chair - wild, agitated - and grabs the cassette player - the voices continue (will script separately) as he fumbles to eject the cassette -

TOM

Dad. Dad!

SAMUEL starts trying to destroy the cassette, dragging the tape from inside the casing - screwing it up in his hand as he feverishly pulls at the thin black tape.

TOM (CONT'D)

Dad, stop it.

TOM springs to stop him.

SAMUEL

(overly emotional)

I didn't want it. I told him. I
TOLD HIM!!! Why did she let him
in the house -

*

He sinks to the floor, still clutching the semi unravelled tape. He kicks out, then punches the sofa with both hands - like a tantrum child.

TOM approaches him, a picture of extreme calm.

TOM

Who didn't you want?
(nothing)
Who did you tell?
(nothing)
Who came here?

SAMUEL looks at him like he might actually start to give some kind of coherent explanation. Then...

SAMUEL

Go to hell!

SAMUEL scrambles out of the room. Leaving TOM to slowly exhale; shaken, startled and more curious than before.

77

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. TOM'S OLD ROOM -- DAY

77

TOM carefully winding the tape back inside the cassette with a pencil.

TOM finding a set of headphones.

TOM placing the cassette back into the player.

TOM listening to the tape. Music. Then voices. We just catch glimpses of the phone conversation.

TOM's face as he gets to a part that amazes him. He presses STOP. Then REWIND. Then STOP. Then PLAY.

And now we hear what he has just heard:

VOICE 2

You're a journalist, Sam, you should know what agreement means.

VOICE (SAM)

I know perfectly well what 'agreement' means -

VOICE 2

Then you'll know that exposing me means exposing yourself.

VOICE (SAM)

I can live with that.

VOICE 2

Honourable. You're such an honourable man.

VOICE (SAM)

Honour's got nothing to do with it -

VOICE 2

Except you're forgetting one thing, Mister Upstanding Member of the Community...

Crackle on the tape. Voices distorted. And TOM realises the machine is chewing the crinkled tape up.

TOM

Shit, shit!

TOM presses STOP and drags the tape out, it has spooled and is now in pretty bad state. TOM stares at the tape.

He notices something. The sticker saying 'Totally fab tunes' is one he placed over the original tape.

(CONTINUED)

Slowly, carefully, he starts to peel off the white sticker he placed there many years before. The strip peels off and written underneath, in biro, on the original tape, is the word METZLER.

Hold on TOM's face.

DOORBELL rings. TOM jumps up and heads

DOWNSTAIRS. He swings the door open to find MIKE standing there.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mike, that's weird, I was just about to -

Whack!

MIKE punches him in the face. TOM flies backwards.

MIKE

Bastard! You fucked her in my house. In my bed!

TOM

I didn't know! I swear!

MIKE goes in for another punch but TOM, nursing his bust nose, dodges him. MIKE hits the wall. It hurts.

MIKE curses, winces with pain.

MIKE

(shaking with anger)
You deserve everything you get!
You useless...washed up...prick!

TOM

I'm sorry! Mike, Mike...

MIKE stomps away, clutching his bust hand. TOM - blood dripping from his nose - chases after him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mike, mate...

MIKE

(with real venom)
Stay out of my life!

MIKE just carries on walking, appalled. TOM watches him go. Disappointed in himself.

TOM pours himself a modest measure of whisky, he stares at it as he contemplates what he's about to do.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

Then downs it in one.

79

INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

79

TOM walks along the upstairs corridor. Ahead he sees the toilet door ajar. Geared up now, he can't back out, he has to do the thing he has wanted to do for so many years -

TOM goes to the door, opens it.

SAMUEL is sitting on the toilet.

TOM stares at the side of his father's head for a long time, before eventually uttering -

TOM

Why did you beat me?

(Silence)

Look at me.

(Silence)

That night, why did you react that way -

(Silence)

Dad, look at me - LOOK AT ME.

SAMUEL slowly turns.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who were you protecting?

SAMUEL says nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)

Because... to do what you did, it must have been something so big... something...

(his voice cracks)

...that utterly terrified you -

SAMUEL says nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)

I know it's still in there.

TOM taps his head.

TOM (CONT'D)

And believe me, I'm gonna get it out -

SAMUEL smirks, looks directly at TOM with utter contempt, then kicks the door closed.

TOM stands, door closed in his face. He takes a deep breath and slowly walks away.

END OF EPISODE ONE

(CONTINUED)

