EXILE
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Based on a story by Paul Abbott

July 6th
2010

RED Productions
Abbott Vision/BBC
Sarah Brandist for BBC One
INT. TOM’S FLAT -- DAY

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...

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK -- DAY

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

EXT. MOTORWAY -- DAY

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

THE NORTH

INT. TOM’S CAR -- DAY

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

EXT. SERVICE STATION -- DAY

Summer storm.

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

INT. SERVICE STATION -- DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
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:

INT. BEHAVIOUR MAGAZINE -- DAY [FLASHBACK]

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:

INT. SERVICE STATION TOILET -- DAY

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.

EXT. SERVICE STATION -- DAY

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:

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

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 funny 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)
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.

EXT. THE NORTH/TOM’S CAR -- DAY

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.

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

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.

EXT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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...

EXT/INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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.
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?

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)
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)
She leaves. TOM necks his drink with palpable fear.

EXT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)
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.

(CONTINUED)
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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. LANDING -- NIGHT

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

EXT. TOM’S CAR -- NIGHT

Overnight bag tossed into boot.

(CONTINUED)
Engine started, acceleration, away.  
Music kicks in - U2 Ultraviolet...

EXT. MOTORWAY -- NIGHT
...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.

EXT. SERVICE STATION -- NIGHT
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.

EXT. TOM’S CAR -- NIGHT
TOM driving back towards town.
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.

EXT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT
TOM walks up the path to Samuel’s house. NANCY opens the door. Neither say anything, they don’t need to.
TOM heads inside.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT
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.

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 -

INT. BEHAVIOUR MAGAZINE -- DAY [FLASHBACK]

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

He walks towards

(CONTINUED)
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.

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

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.
INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

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.

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

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

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. SHOWER -- DAY

TOM taking a blissful shower.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. BATHROOM -- DAY

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

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. STAIRS -- DAY

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)
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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- DAY

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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- DAY

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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- DAY

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

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. GARAGE -- DAY

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 -

EXT. BACK GARDEN -- DAY
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?

(CONTINUED)
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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

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...

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

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

SAMUEL
Isn’t it time you cut your hair!

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)
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.

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

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.

EXT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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

But this time, by foot, locally.

EXT. BACUP -- NIGHT

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)
TOM (CONT'D)
Don’t know who sells decent coke round here, do you?

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!

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 drinkeries 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.
(others 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.
Suppose people drink more in a recession -

She just stares at him.

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.

Four ninety.

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.

I recognise you.

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

We were at school together.

He stops, looks at her properly. No recognition.

Mandy Craven.

Right.

You shagged my sister.

TOM dredges the memory banks.

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.

Ginger?

MANDY
Yes.

TOM
Yes.

MANDY
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?

(CONTINUED)
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:

INT. MANDY’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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.
INT. MANDY’S HOUSE -- MORNING
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.

EXT. BACUP -- DAY
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 –

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- DAY
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)
SAMUEL stops chewing, has that insult penetrated his skull? No, he opens his mouth and spits the cereal out.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT
TOM helping SAMUEL onto the toilet.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT
TOM blending food. Preparing Sam’s medication (as per Nancy’s instructions).

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. STUDY -- DAY
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

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

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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 choking 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)

(CONTINUED)
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.

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

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- DAY
Morning. TOM gets out of bed, he opens the curtains and sees HIS FLASHY CAR parked outside the house.

He smiles.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY
TOM and NANCY doing the weekly shop together.

(CONTINUED)
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)
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?
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?

INT. THE FRIENDSHIP -- NIGHT

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 cliche cliche. 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.

EXT. BACUP TOWN CENTRE -- NIGHT

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 -

(CONTINUED)
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.

INT. MANDY’S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

WHISKY gets poured - ample measures - into two glasses. (CONTINUED)
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.

(CONTINUED)
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.
INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. STUDY -- NIGHT

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.

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

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

NANCY

What!

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

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?
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.

INT. SOLICITOR’S OFFICE -- DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)
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.

INT. SOLICITOR’S OFFICE -- DAY

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.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

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

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 riffling 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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. LANDING/LOFT -- NIGHT

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.
INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. TOM’S ROOM -- NIGHT

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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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 unravelling 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.
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, clenching 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.

INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)
INT. SAMUEL’S HOUSE. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

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)