

Reciprocal

Episode 1

by

Ed Connole

edconnole@yahoo.com

Crosby. Liverpool doing very well.

Touchline. NADIA, middle aged, formally dressed, but her Bohemian roots shining through, squints, watching the St. Joseph's Year Ten football team.

Further down the touchline, an ANGRY PARENT glares.

ANGRY PARENT

Come on, boys! This is shite!

Pitch. DEV, fifteen, shoots high and wide.

Touchline.

ANGRY PARENT (CONT'D)

Fuckin' 'ell!

MO, middle aged, an average looking man in average looking suit with a higher than average level of self confidence.

MO

Does this mean we're losing?

NADIA

I've left my glasses in the car.
I'm not even sure I'm watching
the right match.

MO

You're Dev's mum? I'm Leo's Dad.

NADIA

Hello Leo's dad. I teach Leo.

MO

I know. I met you last week at
Parent's Evening.

NADIA

Of course.

MO

She said pretending to remember.

She laughs.

NADIA

You don't know if we're winning?

MO

No. More of a rigger man myself.
I'm happier if the ball goes over
the bar.

ANGRY PARENT
Jesus Christ!

MO
I think we just conceded.

NADIA
I should have a word.

MO
Is that wise?

NADIA
No.

She walks across to the Angry Parent.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

He keeps his eyes on the game.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Can I ask you not to shout at the students, sir? We want to encourage them. Highlight the positives? I'm Mrs. Farrell, I teach English here.

She offers her hand. He shakes. He forces a smile.

She smiles and walks away, reclaiming her spot.

ANGRY PARENT
(looking at Nadia)
For fucks sake, lads. This is bollocks!

NADIA
(whispering)
Twat.

MO
(whispering)
In fairness, he's got a point.

She smiles.

2 INT. HOME- EVENING

2

A glistening kitchen in a 'Grand Designs' house. Natural light, bright colours, everything is spacious and all the shiny implements are on display in an open plan kitchen and dining room. Nadia, Dev, with his baseball cap on, and ten year old SEAN have dinner. Dev plays on his phone.

NADIA

Dev, did you tell Sean how you got on in your football match? Cap off at the dinner table please.

DEV

(removing his cap)

No.

NADIA

Well? Why don't you? Phone away please.

DEV

We lost. We always lose.

Sean scrutinises Dev's face. Then laughs.

DEV (CONT'D)

Why is that funny?

NADIA

Sean, why is that funny?

Sean laughs louder. Nadia laughs.

DEV

You're all weird.

Sean and Nadia laugh even louder.

DANNY, fifty going on fifteen, backpack over his shoulder ambles in. No one pays much attention.

DANNY

Evening troops.

NADIA

Dinner's on the hot plate, Dan. It's curry.

DEV

Again.

NADIA

But tomorrow Dev's going to start cooking.

DEV

It's illegal to cook if you're under sixteen.

NADIA

It's not illegal to invent laws?

Kissing Nadia on the top of her head, Danny joins them with his plate. His face is battered.

DEV
What the fuck!

NADIA
Dev! Jesus! What happened?

DANNY
People! It's okay. It looks worse than it is. Had a little car crash. Wasn't my fault.

NADIA
You been to the hospital, love?

DANNY
Don't make a fuss! I'm fine.

NADIA
You look anything but fine, Danny.

DEV
What about the car?

NADIA
What about your dad?

She strokes his face and examines the wounds.

DEV
You okay, Dad?

She gently takes his hand and squeezes it.

DANNY
I'm okay.
(to everyone)
People! I'm okay. The car's in the garage. My face will be fine. Any words from you today, Sean? Sean said anything?

Sean smiles sheepishly. Nadia shakes her head.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(putting on Dev's cap)
Now how did you get on, Devo?

DEV
We lost.

Sean laughs loudly. Nadia stares at her battered husband.

Nadia attempts to infect the bored Year Nine with her enthusiasm.

NADIA
So Scout and Gem are moving from
innocence to..?

RUBY raises her hand.

RUBY
Guilty, Miss.

NADIA
We're not talking 'innocence' in
a legal sense, Ruby. We talked
about this last week? Christopher
put your phone away, please.

CHRISTOPHER is slyly texting.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm texting my Nan, Miss. She's
worried about me. 'Really.
Boring. Lesson. Love. You. Chris.
Kiss. Kiss' Finished. What was
the question again, Miss?

NADIA
Out!

CHRISTOPHER
Ahh. No Miss. I want to stay.

NADIA
Please leave the class.

CHRISTOPHER
No Miss. I really like your
lessons.

He smiles at her. Not moving. He's won.

Nadia turns her back to the class, trying to contain her
rage. She writes on the whiteboard.

4 INT. DEPUTY HEAD'S OFFICE - MORNING

4

AFZHAL, more comfortable in the office than the classroom,
reclines in his 'throne'. Nadia stands in front of his
oversized desk.

AFZHAL
No exclusions. No suspensions.

NADIA
I can not teach English with this
boy in my class.

AFZHAL
It's called Classroom Management,
Nadia.

NADIA
(looking around the
office)
You know much about the subject,
Afzhal?

AFZHAL
Let's not fall out, Nadia. You
know the Principal's policy on/

NADIA
/Fuck Jenny!

AFZHAL
Fuck Jennifer. She doesn't like
being called 'Jenny'. Would you
like some coffee?

NADIA
Fuck off.

AFZHAL
How's Dan? I heard about...his
thing.

NADIA
Word gets out quick.

AFZHAL
My wife is one of the drones in
his office.

NADIA
He's a bit battered.

AFZHAL
And how are you? It can't be
easy.

NADIA
What can I do? Just have to
soldier on.

AFZHAL
I admire your pragmatism, Nadia.
My wife would have cut my
bollocks off.

NADIA
Bit excessive. Are we done?

He smiles. She walks to the door.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Though she'd have to find them
first, Afzhal.

She walks out.

5 EXT. BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

5

Nadia sits alone under the shelter. An Audi stops. The window WHIRS down. Afzhal smiles.

AFZHAL
 'Wet bus stop, she's waiting. His car is warm and dry'.

NADIA
 Slightly inappropriate.

AFZHAL
 You want a lift?

6 INT. AUDI - AFTERNOON

6

AFZHAL
 The climate control on this means you can have driver and passenger zones with different temperatures.

NADIA
 I can't tell if you're making conversation or you genuinely think I care?

AFZHAL
 (laughing)
 Where the Merc?

NADIA
 Dan's got it.

AFZHAL
 And where's his car?

NADIA
 He crashed it. Do you not have a short term memory?

Afzhal is confused. They drive in silence.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 That's what we were talking about earlier, Dan's car crash?

Afzhal is more confused.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 What were we talking about, Afzhal?

AFZHAL
 (beat)
 Nineteen inch alloy wheels.

MICHAEL
(laughing)
We're engaged.

NADIA
She's very thin. Nowadays you
don't have to marry someone if
you're sleeping with them, Mike.

MICHAEL
Try telling Millie.

NADIA
You remember the arguments you
and Danny had about whether you
should be 'C.F.' Solutions or
'F.C.' You two were funny. Where
is he, Mike?

MICHAEL
Nadia. We had a meeting and all
the partners felt/

NADIA
/You're a partner. He's a
partner/

MICHAEL
/There's five partners. Four now/

NADIA
/I was the admin when I was
pregnant with Dev. Danny was the
one who got the clients. There
wouldn't be a company without
him/

MICHAEL
/Dan was asked to leave.

NADIA
Asked to? He's a partner.

MICHAEL
We had a meeting. He was removed.

NADIA
Sacked?

MICHAEL
You need to talk to him, Nadia.

Nadia stands and turns, looking through the window.

Nadia's POV. The STAFF suddenly avert their gaze. Except,
FATIMA, nineteen, who continues to stare.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It should come from you. I owe him that.

Fatima returns to her laptop and pretends to work.

Office. Nadia turns to Michael.

NADIA

How long? When was he 'removed'?

MICHAEL

Three months ago.

NADIA

Three months? Where does he go every day?

Silence.

10

INT. HOME- EVENING

10

Dev, wearing his baseball cap, proudly places the bowl of pasta on the dinner table. Sean watches in awe. Danny CLAPS. Nadia stares at Danny.

DEV

Ten minutes in the saucepan. Two minutes stirring in the sauce.

DANNY

The quicker the cooking, the tastier the meal.

DEV

That's me done for the week, right?

DANNY

Am I on the rota for tomorrow? Do Ready Meals count?

DEV

Just go to Maccy's, Dad.

Sean laughs.

DANNY

You can get your daily vitamin B twelve allowance from a 'Big Mac'.

Dev dishes out the pasta.

DANNY (CONT'D)

But we can't go McDonald's for dinner. Subway?

Laughter. Nadia watches Danny.

11 INT. HOME- EVENING

11

Danny removes the plates from the SMEG dishwasher. Nadia puts them away. Sean watches TV in the dining room.

Nadia takes a wine glass and pours a generous amount of red wine. She downs it in one.

DANNY
Are we celebrating?

NADIA
Sean, can you watch that on your laptop?

Sean ignores him.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Sean, go to your room!

Sean trudges out.

NADIA (CONT'D)
We need to talk.

DANNY
Has the school got back to you?
Maybe Sean needs to see a speech therapist.

She glares.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Am I on the naughty step? Look,
if it's about the other night.

He puts his arms around her.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Sometimes the equipment over
heats causing it to malfunction.
We'll get the kids to bed early,
whack on the Barry White, cause,
Baby, I'm back and this time/

NADIA
/I spoke to Michael.

He removes his arms.

DANNY
Well, it's a lie.

NADIA
What is?

DANNY

All of it. Everything. Lies. All lies.

NADIA

And when were you planning on telling your wife?

DANNY

When I was in a better place.

NADIA

Are you any closer to this Valhalla?

DANNY

It's humiliating, Nadia. What was I supposed to say? I've been sacked from my own company?

NADIA

What's a lie, Danny?

DANNY

She had her own agenda.

NADIA

Who?

DANNY

The intern.

NADIA

What's the intern got to do with this? Danny?

DANNY

Touching someone's arse is not sexual assault.

NADIA

Excuse me?

DANNY

I was just messing around. Flirting a bit, maybe. I don't know. You know what I'm like! I touched her arse. As a joke.

NADIA

You grabbed her arse/

DANNY

/I didn't grab! Next thing you know she's claiming all sorts.

NADIA
You touched a teenage girl's
arse/

DANNY
/She's nearly twenty. She gets a
job. I lose mine. And the police
don't need to be involved.

He pours himself a drink.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Bitch!

Nadia pours herself another wine.

NADIA
Where do you go every day?

DANNY
The library. A cafe. The Chamber
of Commerce. I know I'm a twat,
but I'm also a database designer.
A fuckin' good one. A freelance
database designer, who's setting
up his own company and going to
make you proud of me.

NADIA
Every cloud...

DANNY
You don't have to worry, Nadia.

Dev and Sean creep down the stairs.

DEV
You two stopped arguing?

Dev and Sean stare at the silence and distance between
Nadia and Danny.

12

INT. ST JOSEPH'S - CORRIDOR - MORNING

12

Nadia runs, slaloming between pupils, to catch up with
Afzhal. They walk together.

AFZHAL
Curriculum meeting. And I'm late.
No time for small talk.

NADIA
Who else here knows about Dan?

AFZHAL
Not a soul. Apart from Jennifer.

NADIA
You told Jenny?

AFZHAL
Duty of care.

NADIA
You've not shown any care.

AFZHAL
Oh. And Annie in IT.

NADIA
And how did she find out?

Her mobile RINGS.

She storms off towards her classroom.

13

INT. ST JOSEPH'S - CLASSROOM - MORNING

13

Nadia walks into her classroom, mobile to her ear.

VOICE
Is that Nadia? It's Ava from the
Nationwide.

NADIA
Can I call you later?

The pupils amble in.

VOICE
It's just to say, we've tried
calling your husband and we've
had no response.

Christopher marches in.

CHRISTOPHER
Ah Miss. Off your phone!

VOICE
It's just that its the second
time in two months that there's
been an issue. What with the re-
mortgage and all. Now I know that
your husband assured us/

NADIA
/Re-mortgage?

CHRISTOPHER
Ah Miss. I want start the lesson!

NADIA
The mortgage was extended for the
refurb. That was nine years ago.

Nadia ignores the class. Christopher stands on his desk and starts rapping. His mobile BLARING.

VOICE
Your property was re-mortgaged
three months ago.

NADIA
What?

VOICE
Is there a problem, Nadia?

NADIA
No. Thank you.

Nadia ends the call. She slumps in the chair, oblivious of the anarchy in her classroom.

14 INT. HOME- EVENING

14

Nadia sits at the dinner table, nursing a bottle of wine. Danny marches in.

DANNY
Where are the troops?

NADIA
At your mum's.

DANNY
Just me and you tonight? Aye aye!
What's for dinner?

NADIA
Not hungry.

Danny rummages in the cupboard.

DANNY
Let's gets a takeaway. No! Let's
go out. My treat. Let's hold
hands and play footsie under the
table. Like we used to. Did we
used to play footsie under the
table?

He pours himself some wine.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Why the sourpuss?

NADIA
Danny. Why have we re-mortgaged
the house?

DANNY
Ah. That's why the sourpuss.

He gulps his wine.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I was going to explain when I was in the clear. Setting up on my own isn't cheap. Office costs, IT, software, PR, schmoozing. Two clients already practically on board. The mortgage will be back to normal in six months top. I'm sorry.

NADIA

I would have signed documents.

DANNY

Yes. Not my finest hour.

He pulls up a chair and takes her hands.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I just thought you had enough to worry about. If you thought I was a twat yesterday, then what am I today? No more secrets. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

He kisses her hands.

DANNY (CONT'D)

In a year we'll sell this place and move into a castle. Nadia, I'm excited.

NADIA

(beat)

You don't have an office.

No response.

NADIA (CONT'D)

How much do we owe?

DANNY

(beat)

Fifty seventy thousand.

Silence.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I thought I could win the money. You wouldn't know I'd been fired. Betting on favourites. It was low risk.

NADIA

How did you lose so much?

DANNY

I wanted you to be proud of me. I was in a hole. I just kept digging. You don't know what it's like. I set the company up. It's like losing a limb.

Silence.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I have a strategy to sort this. This isn't for you to worry about.

NADIA

For Christ's sake, Danny! What's your strategy? Finding buried treasure?

DANNY

They fucked me over. My former best friend and the woman I...

NADIA

The woman you..?

DANNY

(beat)
Mentored.

He starts to cry

DANNY (CONT'D)

What am I going to do? What the fuck am I going to do?

In shock, Nadia stares at Danny.

15

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH- AFTERNOON

15

Nadia stares vacantly at St. Joseph's football team. Next to her stands Mo.

MO

The season was always going to be about transition. There's always the Cup.

NADIA

I think this is the Cup.

MO

As long as they enjoy it. Are they enjoying it?

Further down the touchline the Angry Parent glares at the kids.

ANGRY PARENT
What's the fuckin' point!

MO
You think he's enjoying it?

NADIA
I don't have the energy.

MO
No guts. No glory.

Nadia's P.O.V. Mo walks towards the Angry Parent. They talk. The Angry Parent isn't convinced. Mo puts his arm around him and talks some more. A flash of menace appears to spark from Mo then back to affable. Shocked, he stares at Mo who pats him on the back. Mo returns to Nadia.

Touchline. The Angry Parent seems frozen.

NADIA
What did you say?

MO
Man talk.
(to the ref)
No! That was offside, Ref!
(to Nadia)
Not really sure about the offside rule but it's my 'go to' appeal.
Are we nil five?

NADIA
I don't know.

Nadia's P.O.V. The Angry Parent is frozen and silent.

16 INT. FORD KA - AFTERNOON

16

Mo drives with Nadia as a front seat passenger. In the back Dev and Leo show each other inappropriate memes on their mobiles.

MO
If we fill the midfield that might stem the attacks.

NADIA
Have less strikers, you mean?

MO
Just have more players.

Nadia laughs.

MO (CONT'D)
Have a handicap. Like in golf.

NADIA
Turn right here and we're over
there on the left.

The car stops.

MO
Have a word with the P.E.
Teacher. Is it Mr. Wright? See
what he thinks.

NADIA
Okay.

MO
Really?

NADIA
No.

Nadia starts to cry. Silence. Everyone stares at her.

MO
Are you okay? Silly question. Is
there anything that I can do
right now that may help?

NADIA
A tissue?

He searches the glove compartment, his jacket, the car.
Nothing. He rolls up his jacket sleeve and offers her his
shirt sleeve. She laughs sending snot everywhere and then
cries some more.

She uses her coat sleeve.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Sorry. Sorry everyone.

MO
I knew something was up. When
that eleventh goal went in you
didn't even flinch.

NADIA
(laughing)
Please stop making me laugh.

MO
Leo. Not a word to your friends.
You understand me? Doesn't leave
the car. Leo?

LEO
Yeah! Alright!

Mo hands Nadia his business card.

MO
If I can help.

She touches his arm.

NADIA
Thank you.

17 EXT. HOME- AFTERNOON

17

Nadia and Dev climb out of the car. She waves at Mo. He drives away. Nadia and Dev stand in silence.

She hugs Dev.

NADIA
Everything's going to be okay.

DEV
You're a fuckin' embarrassment,
Mum.

He storms off towards the front door.

18 INT. MO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

18

Ring binders, certificates and dusty legal manuals wallpaper the office. It feels 'lived in'. Mo brings tea and a plate of biscuits. Nadia takes the mug and tries to find space on his desk for the biscuits.

NADIA
You have a reassuring office.

MO
'Reassuring' is another word for
small?

NADIA
I was expecting an intimidating
office.

MO
(laughing)
Why?

NADIA
Because I presume that all
solicitors have big offices.

MO
Usually on a Tuesday I'm in our
Monte Carlo office. But as luck
would have it.

NADIA
I didn't mean to be rude.

MO

Legal aid cuts have hit us pretty badly. So we downsized and are probably a little less fussy about who we represent.

NADIA

Lucky for me.

MO

And you weren't being rude. Now then, Nadia. We have got ourselves into a right 'ole pickle. Or rather your husband has if I'm being pedantic. Which is probably what you want from your solicitor.

NADIA

We were already mortgaged up to our eyeballs.

MO

And breathe out. Nadia, you're in shock. That's perfectly understandable. What we have to ascertain is the scale of the debt. Mr. Farrell will have accounts with these online firms. Has he taken out loans, extended the overdraft, credit cards etc?

NADIA

I just thought it was the mortgage.

MO

Let's not speculate, Nadia. But, I would prepare for the worst.

NADIA

It gets worse?

MO

The mortgage company won't want to see you and your family destitute. But it's likely you'll have to sell the house within the next six to twelve months. You didn't tell them that Mr. Farrell was suspended when you re-mortgaged.

NADIA

I didn't know.

MO
 You signed the documents, Nadia.
 You're fifty per cent
 responsible. There's lots that we
 can do from our end. But there's
 going to be turbulence.

NADIA
 Turbulence?

MO
 Would you like a cup of something
 stronger?

Nadia stares into the vacuum. Mo stares at Nadia.

MO (CONT'D)
 Nadia, I can offer you a job.

NADIA
 I have a job.

MO
 I mean a freelance job.

NADIA
 I don't know anything about the
 law.

MO
 A courier. You take an item from
 one part of the country to
 another. Two thousand pounds.

NADIA
 Is it illegal?

MO
 Of course it's illegal, Nadia.
 Otherwise they'd just use DHL.

Slowly she stands.

NADIA
 No. Thank you.

Nadia walks to the door. She stops.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 Fuck you, Mo.

She opens the door, walks out, closing the door after her.

Nadia walks towards the house. From a shiny, black Four by
 Four, AL, climbs out, young, menacing, and so sharp, he can
 cut you with his smile.

AL
Nadia?

She stops and looks at him.

AL (CONT'D)
I'm Al.

NADIA
And?

AL
I'm a friend of Dan's. Is he around?

NADIA
I don't know. Try calling tomorrow. It's quite late. Sorry.

AL
I've tried calling him. He doesn't answer his phone. Has he lost it or something?

NADIA
Probably.

AL
Sorry. I should explain. I'm helping Dan to set up his company. We're a social enterprise we lend capital to SMEs and new businesses.

He gives her a business card.

NADIA
Oh. Okay. I'm sorry. It's late and we have to see to the kids. Al, I'll ask him to call you.

AL
Thanks, Nadia.

He walks towards his car.

NADIA
Does he owe you money?

AL
Eight fairly large ones.

NADIA
A large one is a hundred?

AL
That's quite a small one, Nadia. A large one is a thousand.

NADIA

Eight thousand pounds?

AL

You're better at maths than he is. It's just that we had a...chat, a few days ago. I thought I made my position clear. Apparently not.

NADIA

Do you have some paperwork to document this loan?

AL

I'm all about restricting my overheads, Nadia. That way I can pass on the savings to my clients. So, no. No paperwork.

NADIA

I'll let him know.

AL

I'm sure there are other ways we could service this debt if we put our minds to it. 'Quid pro quo.'

She smiles uneasily and walks to the front door, aware that he's watching her.

20

INT. HOME- EVENING

20

Home. She comes in and closes the door. She checks it's locked.

Nadia's POV. At the dinner table Sean is playing on the laptop. Dev is making pasta assisted by Danny on his mobile. No one notices her.

Home. She pushes her back against the door. FOOTSTEPS on the graveled path walk towards the door. They stop. Frozen. She crouches and waits, below his silhouette in the window.

Nadia's POV. Danny's hand on Dev's hand as they stir. By the coats is Dev's baseball bat and glove.

Home. Nadia reaches over for the bat. Holding it, she waits.

The FOOTSTEPS walk away. A CAR ENGINE starts and DRIVES OFF.

Nadia exhales. Relief morphs to anger. About to explode, she walks towards Danny, baseball bat in hand. Sean looks up and stares at her. She stops.

Dropping the baseball bat, it CRASHES to the floor. A shocked Danny and Dev turn and stare. She plasters on a smile.

21 INT. HOME- EVENING

21

The family sit around the dinner table. They're all eating except Nadia, who is in another world.

DANNY

So 'Pasta Surprise' is your signature dish. Or 'Pasta Again' as I like to call it.

DEV

At least I got a Signature Dish!

DANNY

Beans and sweet corn. That's mine. Tin of beans. Tin of sweet corn. Mixed over a medium heat. Perfecto.

DEV

Gross.

DANNY

Nadia? What's yours?

She looks at Danny confused. She shrugs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Your mum's got lots of signature dishes. So that just leaves you, young Sean.

DEV

He made me a cheese sandwich once.

DANNY

With pickle?

DEV

No. Actually now I think about it, there wasn't any cheese.

DANNY

So it was a slice of bread?

Danny and Dev laugh. Sean joins in.

Nadia stands.

NADIA

I have to go out.

NADIA

What is your brand?

MO

I like to think we have disguised our ruthless efficiency behind a mask of bumbling ineptitude.

NADIA

You should put that on your website.

MO

That reminds me. Need to get a website.

NADIA

So. What am I transporting? Drugs? Money?

MO

I don't know. Genuinely.

NADIA

If I get arrested?

MO

You're on your own. No guts, no glory.

NADIA

I don't look like a criminal.

MO

You wouldn't be much use if you did. Besides you're not a criminal until you're arrested. And we'll do all we can to minimise that risk. And in the unlikely event, you call me and let me do the talking.

NADIA

(beat)

My youngest son has stopped talking.

MO

Have you seen anyone about this?

NADIA

The school think 'Selected Mutism'. Autism is possible.

MO

What do you think?

NADIA

I think the next time we meet it should be in your Monte Carlo office.

She smiles at Mo.

26

EXT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

26

A few PEOPLE walk out; some in pairs, some alone.

Nadia standing by the bus stop; waits and watches.

Fatima strolls out with COLLEAGUES.

Nadia follows her.

Fatima walking, talking and laughing turns and looks at Nadia. She stops and stares at Nadia nervously. As Nadia approaches, she runs and catches up with her colleagues.

Nadia stops and watches her walk away.

27

INT. HOME- EVENING

27

Bedroom. Large, white with a walk in cupboard. Nadia lays a suit and trousers next to jeans and jumper on the bed and contemplates.

The door slowly opens, Danny, wearing Dev's baseball cap, ambles in.

DANNY

You wanted me? You going out?

NADIA

Tomorrow. Leaving early. I'll call in a sickie at school. You need to get Sean up, make him breakfast and sort out his lunch.

She hands him some documents.

NADIA (CONT'D)

I need your signature. Debt Management Strategy. On page two you need to list all the companies you owe money to. So far we've got; the bank, the mortgage company and three credit cards. Anyone else? And Al.

No explanation forthcoming.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Each day it's a brave new world.

DANNY

I'm sorting that out. He shouldn't have spoken to you. Has he threatened you? Nadia?

NADIA

What will you do if he has?

DANNY

Kill him in some manner.

(beat)

I have a meeting with a potential client tomorrow?

NADIA

Real or imaginary?

DANNY

Real. We're not going to lose the house. This is our palace, I've worked, we've worked too hard for this. You've got to trust me, Nadia. Says the man who lost fifty seven thousand pounds. I deserve all I get, the spare room, your silence, my own self loathing. I'm going to go to the mortgage company/

NADIA

/They won't extend the mortgage/

DANNY

/And beg them/

NADIA

/That's your strategy?

DANNY

If there's one atom, one molecule, one cell in your heart that still loves me, then hang onto it. Because I'm going to make this right.

She ignores him, sorting her clothes.

Danny takes her hand.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I promise you.

He pulls her close. She doesn't resist.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Do you know how sexy you are when you're angry?

He puts her hand on his heart and his hand on her heart.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Two hearts beat as one.

NADIA
You're not going to start quoting
U2?

DANNY
I'm serious. That's us. One
heartbeat.

NADIA
Technically your hand is on my
breast not my heart.

DANNY
There are worse places for a hand
to be. We're still together,
Nadia.

NADIA
I can't afford to move out.

DANNY
If you want me to leave, just say
the word/

NADIA
/Leave.

He remains still. He's not leaving.

NADIA (CONT'D)
If anything happens to me,
Danny...

DANNY
What's going to happen to you?
Nadia? Are you in trouble?

Nadia stares at him, smiling at the absurdity of his question. She takes Dev's cap from his head. Adjusting her hair in the mirror, she puts it on.

NADIA
(staring at her
reflection)
I've got a strategy. I think.

28 EXT. SOUTHERN GATEWAY INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - SPEKE - MORNING 28

Nadia, in suit and trousers and Dev's baseball cap, uses her mobile for direction. Walking past numerous units, she stops outside 'S&T Electrical Wholesalers'.

29

EXT. S&T ELECTRICAL WHOLESALERS - MORNING

29

She looks around. The estate is empty. She takes a sharp intake of breath and pushes the door. It's locked.

She knocks on the door. Nothing.

She rings the phone the number on the sign. Nothing.

A van arrives. LOL, a roadie in search of a Metal Band, jumps out.

LOL

We're not open till eight, Madam.

NADIA

I have an appointment.

LOL

A what? You here to see Guy?

NADIA

Yes.

LOL

He's in the back.

NADIA

I rang. And knocked.

LOL

He doesn't answer the phone. Or the door.

Lol unlocks the door.

30

INT. S&T ELECTRICAL WHOLESALERS - MORNING

30

Shop. Lol enters followed by Nadia. They walk past the counter and into the back room.

Back room. GUY, goatee and Timberlands, is on his PS, ignoring Lol and Nadia walking in.

LOL

You been sucked into the black hole yet?

He watches Guy play. Nadia feels like a spare part.

NADIA

Excuse me? I'm supposed to collect something.

LOL

Hey Babygirl, what's your name?

NADIA

Ruby? Ruby.

GUY

(staring at the screen)
Ruby Murray looks like a Fed.

LOL

You Five O, Ruby Murray?

NADIA

Sorry?

LOL

Are you a member of the police
force?

NADIA

No.

Lol and Guy are both transfixed by the PS.

LOL

Could do with some coffees.
Milky, three sugars. Black, two
sugars.

NADIA

I'm here to collect a package.

LOL

No coffee. No package, Babygirl.

Nadia walks to the sink. The mugs are filthy. Angry,
nervous and shaking, she washes the mugs.

She puts the mugs on the side.

NADIA

My name isn't Babygirl.

LOL

Eh?

NADIA

My name isn't Babygirl.

No reaction.

She grips the sink to stop her hands from shaking.

She walks out.

Shop. She walks to the door. Lol runs after her.

LOL

Where you going?

She stops.

Taking a moment.

NADIA
What's my name?

LOL
You what?

NADIA
My name. What is it?

LOL
Ruby. It's Ruby. What about the
bag, Ruby Murray?

NADIA
Why don't you bring it to me,
like a good lad.

LOL
Eh?

A stand off.

LOL (CONT'D)
Just wait there.

He runs in the back and returns with a Nike holdall.

She takes it from him and waits for instructions.

NADIA
I don't need anything else?

LOL
Like what?

He unlocks the door and opens it. She walks out.

LOL (CONT'D)
See you, Nadia.

Lol laughs.

31 EXT. SOUTHERN GATEWAY INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - SPEKE - MORNING 31

NADIA
(under the breath)
Twat.

She looks around. No one. She walks quickly.

32 EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING 32

Holding the bag tightly, she tries not to look suspicious.

33 INT. LIME STREET TRAIN STATION - MORNING

33

Concourse. Busy. People walking, running, stressing. Nadia hurries through the chaos. Looking around TWO POLICEMEN are staring at her.

She exhales.

The Policemen are now looking elsewhere

Nadia examines the Departures Board.

She runs.

She puts her ticket through the machine.

Platform. She jumps on the train as the doors close.

34 INT. TRAIN - MORNING

34

She struggles through the carriages. Stopping at a table seat, she clambers over a passenger onto a seat.

The WOMAN opposite smiles.

NADIA

This is the Glasgow train?

The woman nods.

Nadia cradles the holdall.

35 INT. TRAIN - MORNING

35

Still cradling the holdall, Nadia stares out of the window.

WOMAN

What's brings you to Glasgow?

NADIA

Conference.

WOMMAN

What do you do?

NADIA

Database Designer.

The WOMAN diagonally opposite becomes interested.

WOMAN#2

The Geoinformatics Conference?

Nadia reluctantly nods.

WOMAN#2 (CONT'D)

Ace. We can share a taxi. I don't know Glasgow at all.

WOMAN

If you have the chance go and see
the Necropolis.

WOMAN#2

Glasgow has a Necropolis?

WOMAN

(to Nadia)

Where's the conference?

NADIA

The University?

WOMAN#2

I thought it was The Studio?

NADIA

Of course. I'm getting my venues
confused.

WOMAN

(to Nadia)

I like your cap.

NADIA

My son's. Bad hair day

WOMAN

And I do like your bag.

NADIA

What?

WOMAN

My son has the same one. Have you
filched it from yours? Whenever I
play squash I always borrow/

NADIA

/Why you so interested in my bag?

She holds it tighter. The atmosphere chills.

She climbs from her seat, clutching holdall and walks to
the toilet.

36

INT. TOILET - MORNING

36

Nadia locks the door, pulls the seat down and sits. She
focuses on her breathing.

She slowly starts to unzip the bag all the way. Opening it.
Suddenly she closes it and zips it. Standing, she checks
herself in the mirror, pulling her cap down. Unlocks the
door.

Touchline. Nadia and Mo are in their usual spots.

MO

If Leo were as good on the pitch
as he is on the PlayStation.

NADIA

If Dev were as good at anything
as he is on the PlayStation.

MO

Don't get too comfortable, Nadia.

NADIA

I'm not in any danger of getting
comfortable.

MO

You'll need a second job. I'm
setting you up as a Sole Trader.
You're a hairdresser and a
beautician. The majority of your
clients pay cash. You'll need to
buy some scissors and business
cards and the like. A website in
a few months.

NADIA

Am I any good?

MO

I'm not risking it. My Barnet is
my fortune.

Nadia's POV. The spot where the Angry parent stood is
empty.

NADIA

I miss Mr. Angry. Defeat without
his input seems so...pedestrian.

Touchline.

MO

Your husband also. A mini cab
driver. Diverse sources of
smaller cash income are safer.

NADIA

I am grateful, Mo.

MO

Shit! We've scored.

Pitch. Dev wheels away in celebration.

Nadia cheers joyously.

44

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

44

The pupils have their heads down writing. Christopher is on his mobile, texting underneath the desk.

Laptop open. Excel spreadsheet. Nadia is doing her income, expenditure forecast. She looks up.

NADIA

Christopher, the agreement was that you leave your mobile in Mr. Hussain's office of a morning.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm not on it, Miss.

He carries on texting.

NADIA

Christopher, I really don't have the energy today.

He lifts his hands up.

CHRISTOPHER

What mobile? You're always picking on me, ya fuckin' witch!

She stands and walks towards him. She looks down. The mobile is between his legs. Christopher smirks.

Nadia reaches down and takes the mobile.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Ahh. Miss, that was lovely.

All eyes on Nadia. She throws the mobile out of the window.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

My fuckin' mobile!

NADIA

What mobile?

45

INT. DEPUTY HEAD'S OFFICE - MORNING

45

Afzhal stares daggers at an upset Nadia.

AFZHAL

Nadia. I'm on your side.

NADIA

I'm grateful.

AFZHAL

Out of the window?

NADIA

He's not supposed to have his mobile/

AFZHAL

/It's doesn't give you the right/

NADIA

/I know. I'm sorry.

AFZHAL

I looked online. Its worth about two hundred notes. Nadia. Look. I'm concerned. Jennifer's concerned. There's this. Your lack of classroom management. This is serious. I'm in there fighting your corner. But you're all over the place/

NADIA

/Is my job under threat?

AFZHAL

Jennifer wants to make changes/

NADIA

/I can't lose this job, Afzhal.

AFZHAL

We're not just an academy, Nadia. We're a brand. We can't keep you out of charity.

NADIA

Are you serious?

AFZHAL

You need to read your contract.

NADIA

It's just that with Dan losing his job for, well, you know what. And you telling other members of staff when I didn't know myself. Then this boy's phone, which you should have collected from him. It's all having a negative effect on me. If you had to sack me. I'd have to sue for constructive dismissal. And then, well, I'm not a solicitor. But you know what they're like. They'd probably make out as if you'd shown willful absence of care or even worse; pro actively sought to undermine me.

(MORE)

NADIA (CONT'D)

The last thing I want is for the academy's, Jenny's or your reputation to be undermined. Or, for you to lose your job, Afzhal. Especially as you're on my side.

Afzhal is shocked. She stands.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Afzhal, I'm under a lot stress right now, so I may need to take the odd day off. Actually, I'll definitely need tomorrow off.

She reaches in to her handbag, takes out her purse, counts some money. She throws it on the desk.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Two hundred pounds. That should cover the phone.

She strolls out of his office.

MONTAGE

A) INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Nadia stands in a crowded train, cradling a holdall.

B) EXT. A DETACHED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

An agitated Nadia opens the door and leaves.

C) INT. S&T ELECTRICAL WHOLESALERS - MORNING

Nadia picks up a holdall. Lol and Guy ignore her playing on the PS.

D) INT. HOME - AFTERNOON

Nadia opens a parcel with business cards. She puts them in a drawer with scissors, a hairdryer and product.

E) INT. HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING

Nadia lifts up clothes and a false bottom from the drawer. She places a wad of cash with three other wads of cash.

F) INT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Nadia pays in cash at the counter. The cashier stamps her book.

G) INT. RANGE ROVER- NIGHT

Nadia sits in the passenger seat. Al counts the cash. He smiles, offering her his hand, she doesn't accept.

His hand falls to her leg. Her glare forces his hand away.
She leaves the car.

46

INT. HOME - NIGHT

46

The lights off, Nadia quietly opens the door and lets herself in.

Kitchen. She opens the cupboard, takes out a bottle of wine.

Danny sits in darkness at the dinner table.

DANNY

I kissed Sean good night for you.

NADIA

Didn't see you hiding there.

She opens the fridge, pulls out a bowl of leftover pasta.

DANNY

We have an appointment to see the school about him.

She pours a red wine.

NADIA

And not before time. How is he?

DANNY

Missing you.

NADIA

How are you?

DANNY

Worried about him.

NADIA

Things will calm down soon.

DANNY

Where have you been, Nadia?

NADIA

A meeting. Then a drink. You know what the English Department are like.

She joins him at the table.

DANNY

But you weren't in school. I know I acted like a twat. But you don't have to treat me like one.

NADIA

Sorry.

DANNY

You're my wife, Nadia, and I have no idea what you're doing.

NADIA

You see that roof above your head?

DANNY

Why won't you tell me?

NADIA

I can't.

DANNY

I deserve everything I get, I know that.

NADIA

This isn't punishment, Danny.

DANNY

Then what is it?

NADIA

How was your potential client?

DANNY

Lacking potential. I'm out there hustling. It's not easy.

NADIA

Well, I've got you a job. A mini cab driver.

DANNY

I'm a fuckin' Database Designer.

NADIA

It's just temporary.

DANNY

What am I supposed to do?

NADIA

Just drive them to where they want to go.

DANNY

I mean as a husband. As a father. As a fuckin' man. Dev asked me why I was in the spare room? I told him my snoring was keeping you awake.

NADIA

You're getting good at this not telling the truth lark.

DANNY

I didn't lie to you, Nadia.

NADIA

You just didn't tell me the truth.

DANNY

Christ! How long am I on the fuckin' naughty step for?

NADIA

It's not like you left the toilet seat up, Dan. We're just about hanging on here.

DANNY

Then let me put it right!

NADIA

How?

DANNY

You ever wonder why I didn't tell you?

NADIA

Are we talking about the sacking, the gambling or the intern?

DANNY

You're cold, Nadia. It's always been there, just out of sight. My mum warned me. Dev sees it too.

NADIA

That what he said?

DANNY

He doesn't say much. But I can tell.

She refills her glass.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Each time you come back from one of these trips, it's like you've left a little of yourself behind. He asked me where you go. What do I tell him?

NADIA

He should ask me.

DANNY
He never sees you.

NADIA
I'll talk to him.

DANNY
When? Tomorrow?

NADIA
I've got an early start in the morning.

He glares, then marches out. Nadia sits alone.

47 INT. TRAIN - MORNING

47

Nadia, smart in a white blouse and black suit, slightly at odds with her cap, sits, holdall on her lap, looking out of the window.

Opposite her is a slightly pissed man, GORDON.

GORDON
I like your suit cap look, dear.

She politely smiles.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Formality and informality. Yin and Yang.

She ignores him.

From his bag he pulls out a bottle of red and a bottle of white and two large plastic cups.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Are you a red or a white? A Yin or a Yang?

NADIA
Bit early for me.

He pours the white. It runs out, mid pour.

GORDON
I had a little dribble earlier. Breakfast of champions, right? But that okay, cause I'm a celebrating. Don't you want to know what I'm celebrating?

She politely smiles.

He drinks the white, then pours himself a very large red wine.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Cheers! Are you sure you won't
 join me?

He offers her the bottle, but accidentally drops it. The red wine spilling over the holdall.

NADIA
 Jesus!

She tries to wipe the wine off with her hand, but it's soaking through.

GORDON
 I'm really sorry, dear.

NADIA
 It's gone everywhere.

GORDON
 I said I'm sorry.

NADIA
 Fucking idiot.

GORDON
 Ya fuckin' ignorant bitch!

He throws his large cup of red wine at her. It's over her face and her blouse.

She's in shock.

She runs to the toilet.

48

INT. TOILET - MORNING

48

In a cramped toilet, she dries her face and blouse. Grabbing more tissues, she dries the top of the holdall. It's drenched.

Nadia unzips the bag. Tentatively she pulls out some old electrical magazines. Slowly like it was a bomb, she pulls out a small cooler bag, wiping the red stains off it.

Staring at the cooler bag, she sits on the toilet and puts the bag on her lap. Slowly she starts to unzip all the way around. She opens the lid. Ice cubes.

Carefully with her finger she navigates downwards through the ice. Her finger stops on something solid. She closes the top of the bag.

She opens it again. Taking individual blocks of ice out and putting them in the sink. There's something in amongst the ice. She reaches in and starts to pull it out. Confused. Clarity. It's a severed hand.

SCREAM.

Nadia jumps up, throwing the hand down. The cooler bag falls to the floor, ice spilling everywhere. She tries to retreat from the hand, but slips on the ice, smashing her face against the toilet bowl, lying on the floor, unconscious.

49 INT. TOILET - MORNING

49

Toilet. Nadia's body lies against the door. From the outside someone is trying to push it open.

TRAIN GUARD (O.S.)
Miss? Can you hear me? I think
she's collapsed.

Nadia opens her eyes.

Nadia's POV. Ice cubes litter the floor encircling the hand.

Toilet. Shocked back to consciousness.

NADIA
I'm okay. Give me a minute.

Nadia struggles to her feet. She puts her back against the door. Grimacing, she picks up the hand and tosses into the cooler bag. She zips it up.

50 INT. TRAIN - MORNING

50

She opens the door to a small crowd. Who gasp when she appears; bruised face, the red wine on her blouse looks like blood.

TRAIN GUARD
Miss? Can you speak? Do you
understand me?

NADIA
I need to get off the train.

TRAIN GUARD
We'll be in Huddersfield in half
an hour. I've called for
paramedics and the police to meet
you there.

Nadia throws up on him.

NADIA
I'm sorry. I need to get off now.

51 EXT. GREENFIELD STATION - NOON

51

Platform. The train doors open. The TICKET INSPECTOR runs to the doors. The Guard helps Nadia onto the platform.

TRAIN GUARD

If you take a seat, I've called for medial assistance.

NADIA

No! Thank you.

Nadia heads to the exit.

Entrance. Nadia looks around. Next door is a pub; 'The Railway'. She buttons up her jacket to cover the red wine stains.

52 INT. THE RAILWAY PUB - NOON

52

Lunchtime PUNTERS and DINERS decorate the interior as Sky Sports provide the UPDATES.

The LANDLORD and BARMAN watch as Nadia walks to the bar. She tries not to vomit. 'Look what the cat dragged in.'

NADIA

Where's your bathroom?

LANDLORD

Toilets are for customers only.

Nadia looks around and sees the sign and walks towards the toilets.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Toilets are for customers only!

Nadia puts a hand to steady herself knocking over a PUNTER's pint.

She carries on walking.

53 INT. THE RAILWAY PUB - TOILET - DAY

53

Cubicle. Nadia throws up. Wipes her mouth with the toilet paper. FLUSHES. She pulls the seat down and sits. She starts to shake. Panting. She tries not to hyperventilate.

BANGING on the cubicle door. She stops breathing. The BANGING grows louder. BANG. BANG. BANG.

LANDLORD (O.S.)

Open the door!

BANG. BANG. BANG.

LANDLORD(O.S.) (CONT'D)
If you don't I'm going to kick it
in.

Quietly she stands, stretching over, she UN-CLICKS the door. It slowly starts to swing open.

Nadia's POV. The Landlord and Barman stare at her. They step towards the cubicle.

Cubicle. Nadia puts her hand inside the cooler bag.

NADIA
Come closer and I'll kill you
both, you fuckers!

They freeze as she poised to pull something from the bag.

The two men retreat from Nadia. Her hand inside the cooler bag, she edges out of the cubicle.

Bathroom. She slowly moves towards the door. Her eyes fixed on the two men.

A WOMAN walks in and stares at the three of them.

Nadia turns to look at her.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Fuck off.

The Woman quickly walks out.

The bag falls. Nadia and the two men stare at her empty hand.

One of the men lowers his gaze. So does the other. Nadia does the same.

Between Nadia and the two men is the severed hand.

BARMAN
(whispering)
Oh my God.

Nadia stares at them waiting for them to make their move. They look up from the hand and stare at Nadia, terrified. All three stand frozen.

Reaching down, grimacing, Nadia picks up the hand and throws it into the cooler bag. She picks up the bag, turns, catching her reflection in the mirror, she looks at herself; terrified and 'blood' stained. Instinctively she pulls her cap down.

She walks out.

MO (CONT'D)

But you have the cooler bag? It's next to you.

He reaches over and takes the cooler bag. Carefully he unzips it and looks inside. Empty.

NADIA

It's alright. I got rid of it.

MO

You got rid of it? Where?

NADIA

A forest. I buried it.

MO

You buried it? Which forest? Which forest, Nadia?

NADIA

I don't know I passed it on the bus.

He zips up the bag, takes her hand and leads her out.

58

EXT. PENNINE EDGE FOREST - AFTERNOON

58

Forest. Nadia is looking around. It all looks the same. Mo is trying not to be impatient. In the background the sound of CARS and a dog BARKING.

NADIA

It's a needle in a haystack.

MO

Are we in the right haystack?

NADIA

I don't know. It's just a lot of trees.

MO

There must have been a landmark nearby. A pond? A fallen tree? Anything. It's not that big a forest, Nadia.

NADIA

A rope. Hanging from the tree.

MO

What type of rope? Nadia, this is important.

NADIA

The kind of rope kids would swing on.

Mo marches back and forth, looking all around.

Nadia scans the forest, three hundred and sixty degrees.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Over there.

Nadia's POV. In the distance a rope hangs from a tree.

Forest. Mo runs towards the tree. He scans the floor.

Nadia catches up. She scans the floor.

MO

Where? Where?

She points to a soft piece of earth that's been dug up.

NADIA

It's gone.

MO

Are you sure?

NADIA

It was the only place I could dig
with my hands.

Mo falls to the floor with his head in his hands.

The BARKING of the dog grows closer.

Mo stands up, listening carefully, he starts running
towards the sound of the BARKING. Nadia runs behind him.

In the distance, a Yorkshire Terrier with the hand in its
mouth. Nadia and Mo freeze. Mo slowly walks towards it and
drops to his knees.

MO

Come here, boy. Come on. Come on.

The dog watches Mo suspiciously. It slowly starts making
his way to him.

MO (CONT'D)

Come on, boy. That's a good boy.

Closer.

Closer.

A few metres away.

Mo slowly puts his hand out and strokes the top of the
dog's head.

MO (CONT'D)
Good boy! You're a good boy.

DOG OWNER (O.S.)
Yorkie! Yorkie!

MO
(whispering)
Yorkie? Full marks for
originality.

The dog is deciding which way to turn.

MO (CONT'D)
Yorkie! Come on boy!

DOG OWNER (O.S.)
Yorkie! Yorkie!

The dog turns to run to its owner. Mo dives on it. He attempts to pull the hand from the dog's mouth. Yorkie GROWLS its resistance.

MO
Ow!

The dog runs off.

MO (CONT'D)
Shit! Shit! Shit! We've lost the
hand! Christ!

Silence.

NADIA
There! It's over there. He
dropped it.

Mo runs to the spot. The hand lies on the forest floor.

With his bleeding hand, he picks it up. He examines the severed hand. It's thawed, bite marks all over, the middle finger raised.

MO
Oh fuck.

59

INT. FORD KA - EVENING

59

Silence. Mo drives. Nadia is in the passenger seat. He stops the car outside Nadia's house.

NADIA
Who did you speak to?

MO
A man.

NADIA
Is he in charge?

MO
No.

NADIA
What did he say?

MO
Not much. They never say much.

NADIA
What do you think they'll do?

MO
I don't know, Nadia.

NADIA
You don't know much, do you?

MO
No.

NADIA
Who did the hand belong to?

MO
I don't know.

NADIA
Are you in trouble?

MO
A little.

NADIA
I'm sorry.

MO
I know.

Nadia opens the door.

NADIA
What did you say to the Angry
Parent?

MO
I told him if he didn't stop
shouting, I'd have his son shot.

Silence. She leaves the car.

MRS HAYES leans across her very busy desk talking to Nadia and Danny, both with bruised faces. Nadia appears to be miles away.

MRS HAYES

And he still doesn't speak at home? Has there been any changes?

DANNY

Sean's sensitive. He picks up on things. I'm there for him. To reassure him. We both do.

MRS HAYES

I don't wish to pry but you both look like you've been ten rounds with Mohammed Ali.

DANNY

(laughing)

I know. I know. We had a minor car accident. It look much worse than it is. We're fine. Let's focus on Sean

MRS HAYES

It's possible that Sean may be on the Spectrum. It's not for me to make that diagnosis. We would like to refer him to the Autism Assessment Service.

DANNY

Isn't ten a little late to be developing Autism?

MRS HAYES

He may never have been identified.

NADIA

Isn't that your job?

MRS HAYES

Its not always straightforward, Mrs Farrell. You see more of him that we do.

DANNY

When he was younger I was always saying that he was on a Spectrum. A father notices.

MRS HAYES

Mrs Farrell, have you been keeping a diary like we discussed?

Nadia shakes her head.

MRS HAYES (CONT'D)

I'm concerned that the longer Sean remains in this state the greater his isolation will become.

DANNY

I think we should be proactive. I've tried to discuss this with Sean. I think we need to do it as a family. Nadia?

She shrugs.

MRS HAYES

It's likely that Sean will need to be statemented. We may need to consider that a Special School may be more suitable for him.

NADIA

You know, we're all feeling sad. I won't feel sad. Because he's fabulous. He's perfect. If he doesn't want to talk. That's fine. People talk too much anyhow.

An uneasy silence.

61 EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING

61

Nadia and Danny walk towards the car, decorated in mini cab signs. They climb in.

62 INT. MINI CAB - MORNING

62

He starts the engine.

DANNY

You don't look well. Why don't you take the rest of the day off? We could do something. Maybe. Something nice. We deserve it.

NADIA

The students aren't going to teach themselves, Dan, no matter how much I urge them. I've taken too many days off.

He turns off the engine.

DANNY
Doing what?

No response.

DANNY (CONT'D)
We have new businesses. Cash
coming in. I'm not stupid.

NADIA
I know.

DANNY
Are you a prostitute?

NADIA
No.

DANNY
You're not going to tell me?

NADIA
No.

DANNY
Look at the fuckin' state of you.

No response.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I feel like a child. I can't
access any money. Even the cash
from mini cabbings goes straight
to you. It's humiliating. What
must the kids think?

NADIA
You're their father and they love
you.

DANNY
And what about you, Nadia? Do you
love me?

Silence.

NADIA
What's her name? The intern?

DANNY
Fatima.

NADIA

Everyday I consider going back to your office to get her side of the story. See if it tallies with yours.

DANNY

And if it doesn't you'll know she's lying.

NADIA

Or you are.

Silence.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Are you going to take me or shall I get a bus?

He starts the engine and drives. She looks out of the window.

63

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH- AFTERNOON

63

Nadia watches the game. Mo approaches. They stand in their usual spots watching in silence.

MO

We got a new goalie?

NADIA

Our regular goalie's been suspended.

MO

This new fella's a bit short.

NADIA

He's very enthusiastic.

MO

That's not going to help at corners.

NADIA

We're always vulnerable at set pieces.

MO

They phoned me.

NADIA

Who is they?

MO

A man. A man phoned me.

NADIA
Does he have a name?

MO
Yes.

NADIA
And?

MO
They want you to replace what you
lost.

NADIA
I don't understand.

MO
They want you to replace the
hand.

NADIA
Are you serious?

MO
Yes.

NADIA
How am I going to replace a hand?

MO
I don't know.

NADIA
Can they not do that?

MO
I'm assuming they only had the
one.

NADIA
Tell them I can't.

MO
No.

NADIA
I'm not doing it.

MO
You have no choice.

NADIA
Are you threatening me, Mo?

MO
No.

NADIA

I'll go to the police. I'll tell them everything. I don't care.

MO

You won't.

NADIA

No?

MO

You have children.

NADIA

If they come near my children!

MO

What will you do? They won't come after you. They'll take Dev or Sean's hand.

NADIA

Oh Jesus.

MO

They want a hand. A male right hand.

Silence.

NADIA

For what?

MO

Does it matter?

(beat)

Are we winning?

Silence.

NADIA

There is no 'them'. It's you, isn't it? Mr. Ordinary. Who'd suspect? I work for you and I didn't.

MO

I'm flattered. Do you honestly think I have the...vision? Me? I'm like our team out there. Less than the sum of its parts. The goalie, why was he suspended?

NADIA

He called Mr. Wright an inappropriate name.

MO
I suspect it was appropriate.

NADIA
I need your help, Mo.

MO
I can't help you. Just get the
hand, Nadia.

They watch in silence.

MO (CONT'D)
Good save!

64

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH- AFTERNOON

64

The kids trudge off the pitch. The parents follow. Mo walks away, leaving Nadia on the touchline alone, staring into nothing.

Fade out.