

I, MAURICE

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1 INT. SENATE - ROME 44BC. DAY.

1

Senators taking their seats, ready for the day's business. A buzz of conversation.

Then the air seems to thicken and a silence descends. As JULIUS CAESAR enters. As much gravity as a planet. Senators trailing behind him like so many asteroids.

Caesar sits in his golden chair. Flanked by two huge bodyguards. Looks around, grave.

CAESAR

I, Julius Caesar, have received news of a plot against this house...

An anxious murmur from the senators.

CAESAR (CONT'D)

A plot conceived by one who sits among us... who works against me, thwarting me at every turn...

The murmur grows in volume. Fear, and anger too.

Caesar turns, points straight at the CAMERA.

CAESAR (CONT'D)

There! The rotten worm at our core! Maurice Griffin!

Uproar.

MAURICE (O.S.)

No, there's some mistake! I didn't... I would never...

MAURICE's POV - the senators advance on him. Daggers in their hands. Murder in their eyes.

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

No, please...! Please don't...!

But the daggers rise. About to fall, when -

2 INT. GRIFFINS - MAURICE AND AMANDA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

2

MAURICE (48) thinning hair, flannel pyjamas, wakes with a jolt. Catches his breath. His wife, AMANDA beside him, a dark form, gently snoring.

Maurice checks the bedside alarm clock. 4:34. Closes his eyes, sinks back down into sleep...

FADE TO BLACK:

3 EXT. MARGATE. DAY. 3

FLYING IN over the sea towards Margate. Low cloud pressing down on the dreary town. A few melancholy gulls wheel over the slate grey water.

FLYING ON inland to hover over one estate, Cropsdale. Cheap red brick houses from the 1970s. A forest of satellite dishes.

Littered streets glittering here and there with broken glass. An abandoned car, wheels gone. Ugly graffiti.

ZOOMING IN on one house. Clean, flower basket hanging outside the front door. This is where the GRIFFINS live.

4 INT. GRIFFINS - BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY. 4

A room like a million others. Cheap furniture, fake tile lino, windows look out on a small back garden with breeze block walls.

MAURICE, wardrobe from the cheaper lines in M&S, stoops over a radio, tuning it. Hits a news station.

PUNDIT

But, minister, isn't the debt  
unsustainable? Aren't we -

Maurice keeps going. Lands on something he likes - a soothing waltz from Strauss.

Then frowns as he notices his son, RUFUS (18), standing at the counter, buttering burnt toast.

MAURICE

Rufus! I've asked you. Please don't  
leave crumbs in the butter.

Rufus makes a desultory attempt to scrape the crumbs off.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

That won't work. You need to-

RUFUS

Jesus! Who cares!

Rufus takes his toast, heads for the table where his sister Alex (16) sits. A nerd, quirkily beautiful, but doesn't know it yet. Immersed in something on her phone.

Maurice has fetched a clean knife, carefully removes the crumbs from the butter.

ALEX

Dad! Weather will be good tomorrow -  
so we're on for Bigbury Wood?

MAURICE

Yeah, great.

He's finished with the butter. Carefully washes the knife.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

We'll take some sandwiches so we  
can get a good run at it.

Alex pleased. Rufus rolls his eyes.

RUFUS

Going on one of your digs?

MAURICE

Bigbury Wood - where Caesar  
attacked the Britons.

RUFUS

You never find anything.

ALEX

We found the shard.

RUFUS

Bit of a broken cup? Brilliant.

MAURICE

From Walmer Beach! It's possible  
Caesar himself may have held it.

Rufus shakes his head - it's not even worth talking about.

RUFUS

(to Alex)

You'll end up one of them cat  
ladies.

AMANDA (38) comes in, moving with purpose. Fresh faced, good figure, looks after herself. She's dressed in a decent suit, hair carefully done. Maurice smiles at her.

MAURICE

You look nice.

AMANDA

Greg Markham is coming today. (off Maurice's blank look) You know, the regional manager.

MAURICE

That's right, you said.

Amanda flicks the kettle on.

AMANDA

Might have to take him to lunch, so I need the car.

This is a thunderbolt.

MAURICE

What? You should have told me! I'll be late!

Amanda makes a half-hearted 'sorry' face.

AMANDA

Yeah, sorry, forgot.

Maurice sighs.

MAURICE

Alright, I better run.

He gives her a little peck on the cheek, exits.

5 EXT. LOOPLINE COACH TERMINUS. DAY.

5

Several coaches parked. Passengers queueing for one or two.

Maurice hurries in. Sees elderly people climbing on to a coach. A driver, TONY, already behind the wheel.

MAURICE

Sorry, Tony, is that my bowls club?

Tony grins at him.

TONY

You weren't here, Mike said I should take them.

MAURICE

But I was just... My wife needed-

TONY  
 (relishing it)  
 You've got my hen.

Maurice's eyes widen in horror. Tony hits a button, the door hisses shut. As despatcher MIKE appears, carrying a clipboard. Overweight, disgruntled.

MAURICE  
 Mike! I'm supposed to take the  
 bowls club!

MIKE  
 You're late, Maurice.

MAURICE  
 I'm sorry, but I can still-

But now Tony waves, pulls out. Maurice sighs.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
 Do you think, could someone else do  
 the hen? I'm not good with all  
 that...

Mike manages an insincere smile.

MIKE  
 Don't worry, they're lovely girls.  
 Posh.

6 INT. COACH. DAY.

6

A hen party - young to middle-aged. All white, rough looking. Hardened drinkers, bottles of vodka being passed around.

Maurice driving, tense. This won't go well, he can feel it. And now in the rearview, he sees a woman in her thirties jump up. Waving a realistic dildo.

DRUNK WOMAN  
 (sings)  
 I'm so excited, and I just can't  
 hide it...

Her pals all join in.

HEN PARTY  
 (sing)  
 I'm about to lose control and I  
 think I like it!

Maurice gets on the intercom.

MAURICE  
 (on intercom)  
 Ladies, ladies, please! You have to  
 stay in your seats!

DRUNK WOMAN  
 Fuck off!

MAURICE  
 (losing it)  
 Sit down! Just sit down!

No-one takes any notice. A woman in her fifties climbs out of her seat. Staggeres up to Maurice.

OLDER LADY  
 We upsetting you, love?

MAURICE  
 Well, it's just-

She pulls up her t-shirt, flashes drooping breasts in a grey bra.

OLDER LADY  
 That cheer you up?

Howls of laughter from behind. The woman lowers her t-shirt, turns back to the bus.

OLDER LADY (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
 He's so excited!

HEN PARTY  
 (sing)  
 And he just can't hide it!

Maurice sighs - this is even worse than he feared.

7 EXT. WHITEFIELD SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY. 7

A row of shops faces the carpark.

CLOSING IN on one - 'QUIK PRESS DRY CLEANERS'.

8 INT. QUIK PRESS - FRONT SHOP. DAY. 8

Amanda bustles about behind the counter. Firing orders at her assistant, Tracey (22), sharp.

AMANDA

You sent the uniforms back to the  
Regent?

TRACEY

First thing.

AMANDA

Good girl. And I've the sales  
sheets done...

She glances out the window, sees businessman GREG MARKHAM  
(44), big, imposing. Coming across the car park.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Here he comes. Send him on in.

She heads back through the rails of dry cleaning into...

9 INT. QUIK PRESS - AMANDA'S OFFICE. DAY - CONTINUOUS. 9

Small, neat. A framed photo of Alex and Rufus on the desk.

Amanda hurriedly sits behind the desk. Fishes a compact  
mirror from her bag. Checks herself - she's okay.

Puts the mirror away, starts leafing through papers. Greg  
knocks, comes in.

GREG

Amanda.

Amanda stands. Polite, professional.

AMANDA

Hello, Mr. Markham, nice to see  
you.

He closes the door behind him. And they start to kiss  
passionately. She sticks her hand down his trousers. He stops  
her. Breathing heavily.

GREG

Not here. I got us a room at the  
Travelodge.

10 INT. TRAVELODGE. DAY. 10

CLOSE UP on Amanda. About to orgasm. Tips over the edge.

AMANDA

Oooooohhhh!



REVEAL - she's in a very compact hotel room - small TV, cheap curtains, plastic kettle with two cups and UHT milk.

Amanda relishing the afterglow. As Greg emerges up from under the sheets. Proud of a job well done.

She grabs him, holds him tight. Kisses him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I've missed this so much. I don't want it to end.

GREG

It doesn't have to.

Ground they've covered before. Amanda pulls away a little.

GREG (CONT'D)

Amanda, you deserve to be happy.

Amanda rolls on to her back.

AMANDA

It's not that simple. Alex loves her dad. I can't just...

GREG

But she must know you and Maurice are having a bumpy ride...?

AMANDA

No, she's just like him, head in the clouds. He's got her into all his archaeology, his obsession with Julius Caesar...

Amanda's mobile rings. She leans out of the bed, rummages through her bag, gets it. Caller - 'ALEX'.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

That's her now.

She answers.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Alright, love?

She listens. Shocked.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What? When?.... It's okay, just wait outside. I'll be right there.

She hangs up. Greg looks at her - what was that?

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
We've been burgled.

11 EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE. DAY. 11

Maurice walks towards the house. Shattered. It's been a long day. Sees a police car parked outside. Quickens his pace.

Walks up the short brick driveway. Sees the lock on the front door has been broken, wood splintered.

Christ - what now? Pushes through the open door. Into...

12 INT. GRIFFINS - HALLWAY. DAY - CONTINUOUS. 12

Everything looks normal. Voices coming from the living room. Maurice walks on into...

13 INT. GRIFFINS - LIVING ROOM. DAY - CONTINUOUS. 13

Sees the place has been ransacked - books, DVDs spilled on to the floor. Sofa cushions slashed. Ornaments smashed.

Alex is tidying up. Amanda is in conference with a young PC, MOLLY FEW. Glares at Maurice.

AMANDA  
What did I tell you? We need an alarm!

PC FEW  
Sorry, Mr. Griffin - there's been a break-in.

Maurice panicking. Crosses to the shelves behind the TV. Where a piece of broken pottery is prominently displayed.

MAURICE  
(relieved)  
Didn't get the shard.

AMANDA  
That's what you're worried about?

ALEX  
They didn't take much. Mum's tablet...

Maurice looks about. It's sinking in. Feels sick.

PC FEW

There's been a spate of burglaries  
on the estate.

AMANDA

We know that. The dogs on the  
street know that. Question is -  
what are you lot doing about it?

Maurice doesn't feel comfortable with Amanda's hostile tone.

MAURICE

Amanda, I'm sure the police are  
doing their best...

AMANDA

That'll be a comfort to you when  
you're cleaning up the kitchen.  
They left some evidence...

Maurice looks at her - what does that mean?

14

INT. GRIFFINS - BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY.

14

Carnage. Smashed crockery, chairs overturned, drawers pulled  
out on to the floor, cutlery spilled everywhere.

And in the middle of the floor - a big turd.

Maurice looks at it in disgust. As he pulls on a pair of  
Marigolds.

Using a bin liner, bagging it. When -

Rufus comes in. Face scrunches up in disgust.

RUFUS

What the fuck?

Maurice, almost retching, starts to explain.

MAURICE

There's been a break in.

Rufus is stunned, horrified.

RUFUS

WHAT?

MAURICE

It's alright. They didn't get-

But Rufus has gone.

15 INT. GRIFFINS - RUFUS'S BEDROOM. DAY. 15

Room in disarray, drawers pulled out, clothes all over the floor. A Lamar Kendrick poster half torn off the wall.

Rufus comes charging in. Sees the chaos.

Goes to his opened sock drawer. Searches it with his hand. Clearly doesn't find what he's looking for.

RUFUS  
Fuck! FUCK!

16 INT. GRIFFINS - PARENT'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 16

Amanda in bed, wearing a t-shirt. Maurice putting on his pyjamas. He's been getting an earful.

AMANDA  
And what was all that - I'm sure  
you're doing your best? You looked  
like a pushover.

MAURICE  
No. If you're calm, reasonable -  
that gets the police on your side.

AMANDA  
Don't be so naive...

Maurice slides into bed. Amanda turns away from him - conversation over. Maurice wants to mend some fences.

MAURICE  
I'll pop down the station tomorrow.  
Make sure they're following up.

No response.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Night, love.

He turns out the lamp.

## Day 2

17 INT. POLICE STATION FRONT DESK. DAY. 17

PC Few behind the desk doing paperwork. Maurice comes in. Agreeable.

MAURICE

PC Few. Just wondering about the investigation? Any progress?

PC Few sees she's going to have to manage expectations.

PC FEW

Look, to be honest, we don't catch many burglars.

Maurice - determined to make a stand.

MAURICE

Our home has been violated. And I'd like to know what actual steps-

LOTT (O.S.)

Everything okay?

Maurice turns to face SUPERINTENDENT JEREMY LOTT (48) who has just come in. Oozing confidence - this is his world.

LOTT (CONT'D)

Superintendent Jeremy Lott.

Offers his hand to Maurice who shakes it. Already compromised.

MAURICE

Eh... hello. Maurice Griffin.

PC FEW

From Cropsdale. They were burgled yesterday.

Lott nods sympathetically.

LOTT

Been a spate up there.

MAURICE

Yes. And I wanted to find out what's being done?

LOTT

You know Freddie Ames?

MAURICE

The councillor? I know who he is.

LOTT

Top man. I've been working with him, developing a plan.

Lott leans in, confidential.

LOTT (CONT'D)  
Can't say much now, but we'll be  
rolling it out shortly. Should have  
a real impact.

MAURICE  
Right. Well that sounds...

Lott already moving towards the door that leads into the main  
part of the building.

LOTT  
Thanks for dropping in, Mr...?

MAURICE  
Griffin. Maurice Griffin.

But Lott has already gone. Maurice is left looking at PC Few.  
Nods like he's achieved something.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Right, good.

PC Few is inscrutable.

18 INT. CAR. DAY.

18

Alex is in the passenger seat. Watches Maurice come out of  
the station. Crosses to her, gets in.

MAURICE  
I read them the riot act. Told them  
get the finger out or I'll make a  
formal complaint.

Sees the doubt in his daughter's eyes. Moves on.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Okay - Bigbury Wood.

He starts the engine.

19 EXT. BIGBURY WOOD. DAY.

19

Maurice and Alex make their way across scrubland. Both  
wearing waterproofs and wellingtons. Maurice has a satchel.  
Trowels and obscure tools peeping from its side pockets.

Ascending a gentle hill towards a wood. Alex chats away.

ALEX

And one girl, Chloe, got really drunk. Getting sick on herself, all her mates Instagramming it...

MAURICE

It's gone like that. You wouldn't believe what I see on the coach.

They come to a small river, ten or twelve feet across. Blocking their way.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Right, so Caesar comes from this direction and finds the British up there behind a crude walled fort...

He indicates the wooded area.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

They're coming out in chariots, skirmishing, probably trying to intimidate him.

A little laugh at how ridiculous that is.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

They had no clue who they were up against - a man who never felt fear or uncertainty. Whose legions would follow him to hell...

On a bend of the river. Willow trees overhanging.

ALEX

But how do we get across?

MAURICE

Supposed to be a footbridge...

Alex points to her left.

ALEX

I'll look up this way. You try down there.

They separate. Maurice pushing through bushes and willow branches.

The river bank rises so that it's eight or nine feet above the water. The trees and undergrowth much thicker here.

Unable to go further, Maurice takes hold of a branch and leans out. Spots the footbridge about fifty yards away.

MAURICE

(shouts)

Alex! I see it! But we'll have to  
go aroun-

Just then, his feet slip on the muddy ground and Maurice slides down the river bank. Flailing, grabbing for support.

His satchel strap twists around his neck and the satchel itself gets caught in a tree root. Stopping Maurice with a powerful jolt.

He can't breathe - the twisted satchel strap has become a noose. Reaches back up, clawing at the strap, trying to get it free. Can't.

ALEX (O.S.)

Dad! Where are you?

Maurice turning puce. Tries to call out. Can only manage a tiny whisper...

MAURICE

Alex...!

His feet kicking frantically. Fingers clawing at the strap. Begins to lose consciousness. Slipping down into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK:

20

EXT. BETWEEN WORLDS. NIGHT.

20

Maurice slowly spins and tumbles through deepest black. No up, no down, just nothing.

But now a tiny pinprick of white. Which grows rapidly as Maurice is pulled towards it. Sees he's in a tunnel flying towards the light...

Floats into an endless white space. There are others here. Watching him pass by. An old lady smiles at him.

MAURICE

Nana?

NANA

Maurice! It's so nice to see you!

Maurice floats on past. Feeling so peaceful.

But now a tiny note of tension creeps in. A presence ahead. Cold, ruthless, menacing.



As he draws near to it, Maurice is filled with dread. Is that...? Can it be...?

Yes, it is. It's Caesar, reclining on a golden couch.

An angel standing guard to either side. And not little cherubs - huge creatures. Silent, beautiful, terrifying.

MAURICE

Caesar...? I thought it would be...

CAESAR

God? He's... stepped aside. I've been running things.

Maurice doesn't want to offend.

MAURICE

Okay. Good.

CAESAR

But I'm done here. Time to move on...

MAURICE

Right, so where...?

CAESAR

I'm going back. With you.

And now Maurice notices that Caesar has become less solid. Dissolving into a cloud of grey dust that hangs in the air.

MAURICE

Caesar...?

Only Caesar's face left now. And then only his piercing eyes. And now they too are gone.

The cloud of dust whirls in a spiral. Suddenly shoots at Maurice in one thin stream. Filling his nose and mouth so he cannot breathe.

The angels watch impassively as he tears at his collar, trying to open it, trying to get a little oxygen.

Collapses to his knees. Passing out. Falls forward into...

Maurice comes to in the river, flailing. Manages to get his head above water. A giant lungful of air. Never tasted anything so sweet.

ALEX (O.S.)

Dad! Dad!

Sees Alex on the bank. A knife in her hand.

MAURICE

I'm okay! Just stay there.

Maurice swims down a few yards to where the bank is lower. Clambers out.

Alex tearful. Grabs him, hugs him.

ALEX

You were hanging! I thought you were dead!

Maurice still catching his breath. But strangely calm.

MAURICE

You cut the strap?

She nods.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I would have died. It's true what they say - the tunnel, the light...

Alex releases him, looks into his face.

ALEX

You saw all that?

MAURICE

And Caesar. It was like a dream, but it wasn't. It was real.

Alex looks at her dad, concerned. He's babbling.

ALEX

Caesar - what? You sure you're alright?

Maurice pauses - takes stock.

MAURICE

Yeah, I feel... different. Really good. Caesar, he's... he's somehow... Maybe it's because we're here, at Bigbury...

ALEX

Dad! What are you on about?

Maurice looks at her - how to explain? Can't. Then, decisively -

MAURICE

Come on. I need to get back to the car, change my clothes.

And with that, he strides off at speed.

ALEX

Dad?!

He keeps going.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Dad! Wait!

She follows on.

22 INT. WESTWOOD RETAIL PARK. DAY.

22

Rufus and his mate, Simon, sit outside a cafe. Dressed sharp in expensive casual wear, trainers.

Rufus has just dropped a bombshell. Simon panicking -

SIMON

Gone where? What you mean?

RUFUS

We were burgled. They found the weed.

SIMON

Shit, man! That's bad! If we don't give Reg his two hundred...

RUFUS

We'll get his money...

SIMON

How?

23 INT. WESTWOOD RETAIL PARK - OUTSIDE PC WORLD. DAY.

23

Rufus and Simon are lurking, watching the door of PC World. See a young guy - hoodie and sweatpants - going in. He's carrying a paper bag from a clothes shop.

RUFUS

Him.

They follow Hoodie Guy into PC World.

24

INT. PC WORLD. DAY.

24

Rufus picks up an ink cartridge.

They walk past Hoodie Guy and Rufus bumps him slightly, drops the ink cartridge into his open bag.

RUFUS

Sorry, mate.

Rufus and Simon head over to the headphones. Casually checking them out.

Quick look around, then Rufus holds his satchel open.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Now.

Simon grabs two pairs of expensive Beats headphones, drops them into the satchel.

They stroll around the shop. Checking to see if they've been clocked. Looks good.

They stroll on. Watching Hoodie Guy - paying for something at the till.

Rufus and Simon position themselves near the door. Hoodie Guy taking forever at the till.

SIMON

(under his breath)

Come on, come on!

RUFUS

Relax, we're golden.

Finally, Hoodie Guy is finished. Heads for the door. Rufus and Simon poised.

Hoodie Guy goes through the exit. Alarm goes off. He stops, uncertain.

Rufus and Simon stroll through right on his heels, alarm still ringing. As a security guard approaches.

SECURITY GUARD  
 (to Hoodie Guy)  
 Sorry, sir. Can I check your bag?

Rufus and Simon stroll on out into...

25 INT. WESTWOOD RETAIL PARK - CONCOURSE. DAY.

25

Rufus and Simon quietly exuberant. Rufus glances back, sees the protesting Hoodie Guy being led back into the store.

RUFUS  
 Fucking clockwork!

But...

A plainclothes store detective appears from nowhere. She flashes some kind of ID.

STORE DETECTIVE  
 Excuse me, sir. Would you mind  
 returning to the store?

Rufus sees he has to front it.

RUFUS  
 Yeah, I would. It was that other  
 bloke, didn't you see?

The store detective gives him a jaded look - you think you're the first to try this?

STORE DETECTIVE  
 Sorry, I have to insist.

She takes Rufus by the arm. He pulls free.

RUFUS  
 Get off me! You've got no right!

They walk away, moving fast. Rufus looks back, sees the store detective speaking into a radio.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
 Come on!

They race towards an escalator.

Too late. A uniformed guard appears at the top of it. They turn back. See two more guards converging on them. No hope of escape.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Shit!

26 INT. MAURICE'S CAR. DAY.

26

Maurice drives, Alex beside him. Maurice has changed into dry clothes. Brooding.

MAURICE

The police - they won't do anything about the burglary.

ALEX

No, probably not...

Maurice is turning off the main road into Cropsdale. Eye caught by a group of teens, drinking cans at a corner. One of them urinating.

Maurice stares at the youths. One of them sees him looking - gives Maurice two fingers.

Maurice, inscrutable, drives on.

27 EXT. GRIFFIN'S STREET. DAY.

27

Maurice's car approaches, parks in his drive. Maurice and Alex get out.

Next door neighbour, KAY EXLEY, sexy in an 'Only Way is Essex' kind of way, is filling a bird feeder.

She has some juicy gossip to share.

KAY

You heard? There's been another break-in.

Maurice stops, turns.

MAURICE

Where?

KAY

Mrs. Ripley. You know, nice old lady, number ninety-two.

ALEX

She okay?

KAY  
 (relishing it)  
 No. She was there when they got in  
 and they smacked her about a bit.  
 She's gone to A&E.

Maurice takes this in. Then opens the door of the car.

ALEX  
 Dad?

MAURICE  
 I'll be back in a while.

He gets in. Drives off.

KAY  
 (curious)  
 Where's he gone then?

Alex shrugs. Confused by her dad's odd behaviour.

28 INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

28

The room has been put back together. Only sign of the break-in is the duct tape on the sofa cushions.

Amanda dressed in smart trousers and top. Texting when she hears the key in the front door. Starts, guilty. Puts her phone away.

Alex comes in.

AMANDA  
 You're back? I thought you were  
 gone all day.

ALEX  
 We were, but dad... he nearly died.

AMANDA  
 (surprised)  
 What?!

ALEX  
 He slipped, got hung by the strap  
 of his satchel. He couldn't  
 breathe, if I hadn't cut it...

Amanda fights an urge to roll her eyes at Maurice's unbelievable incompetence.

AMANDA  
But he's alright now, is he?

ALEX  
He's acting weird. Kay next door  
said there's been another burglary  
and dad just drove off.

Amanda relieved - she's off the hook.

AMANDA  
He's driving? He must be okay.

Alex takes in Amanda's smart outfit.

ALEX  
You going out?

AMANDA  
Yeah, business lunch...

Alex sits on the sofa, flicks on the TV.

ALEX  
Don't know what I'll do now...

AMANDA  
I told you - you can't be relying  
on your dad. You need to make your  
own friends.

Alex doesn't want to have that conversation. Changes the  
channel. Amanda sighs.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Why don't I give you a few quid,  
you can go into town? Alright?

Alex doesn't seem thrilled by the idea. But nods, agreeing.

29 INT. A&E WARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH HOSPITAL. DAY.

29

Several cubicles, cordoned off with curtains.

In one, MRS RIPLEY (78). Badly bruised face, arm bandaged.  
Surrounded by family - two sons, one of their wives. A  
grandson, JAKE (19), skinny jeans, swooping emo haircut.

Maurice approaches.

MAURICE  
Mrs. Ripley? My name is Maurice  
Griffin - I'm a neighbour.



They all look at him, surprised.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
I thought you might be worried  
about going home...

Eldest son, TED, is a big guy. Sure of himself.

TED  
She's not going back there. She's  
staying with Eric.

He nods at his younger brother. Who doesn't seem too happy.

ERIC  
Yeah, for a bit. And then, yeah,  
we'll see...

MAURICE  
(to Mrs. Ripley)  
But you don't need to worry. You'll  
be safe in Cropsdale.

TED  
Sorry, who are you?

But Mrs. Ripley seems reassured by Maurice.

MRS. RIPLEY  
It's alright, Ted. He's a  
neighbour. (to Maurice) Actually, I  
would like to go home.

TED  
No way, mum! Cropsdale - it's gone  
so bad.

Mrs. Ripley looks at Maurice. Who looks deep into her eyes.

MAURICE  
I promise, you'll be safe.

He takes out his phone.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Mind if I take some photos?

TED  
Mate, I don't know what you...? I  
think you better leave.

MRS. RIPLEY  
Ted! He's trying to help!

She smiles at Maurice. As best she can.

MRS. RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
You go right ahead.

30 INT. CORNER HOUSE RESTAURANT - MINSTER. DAY.

30

The right mix of comfortable and busy.

Amanda and Greg share a nice table. She's enjoying the company, the food, the buzz.

AMANDA  
Maurice - he never took me anywhere  
like this.

Greg registers the past tense. Tries not to look pleased.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
He says for the price of a meal  
out, he could take a whole day off  
work.

GREG  
Must hate his job.

AMANDA  
He does. Always did. He was a  
teacher when I met him. In a  
grammar school - English and  
History.

That surprises Greg.

GREG  
You never told me that.

AMANDA  
He couldn't handle the kids, they  
ran him ragged. Had to give it up  
from stress.

GREG  
That must have been hard. For you,  
I mean...

AMANDA  
Yeah. Twenty five, two kids under  
four, living in Cropsdale. Not what  
I signed up for.

GREG

But now look. Three years, you went from nothing to second highest turnover in Kent. Amazing.

Amanda smiles, enjoying the compliment. Greg sees an opportunity.

GREG (CONT'D)

Amanda, I'm serious what I said. I can give you a good life. You and the kids.

Amanda doesn't want to go there.

AMANDA

(firm)

Let's just enjoy our lunch.

Greg sees this as a strong rebuff. Looks wounded. Amanda sees that, takes his hand.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I am thinking about what you said, and I'll give you my answer soon. Alright?

Greg nods - that's enough for now.

31 INT. GRIFFINS HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY. 31

Alex comes in with some magazines. Frowns when she sees the many boutique bags in the hall. What's this?

She pushes on into...

32 INT. GRIFFINS - BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY. 32

No-one here. But the printer on a side counter is spewing out pages.

Alex takes one, looks at it.

ALEX

(reads)

Take Cropsdale back...?

Hears a noise behind her. It's Maurice - wearing a beautiful shirt, high-end jeans. Hair nicely cut.

Alex takes in this strange vision. Can't believe it - her dad actually looks quite handsome.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Why are you dressed like that?  
 Where did all the bags come from?

MAURICE  
 I needed new clothes.

ALEX  
 Yeah, but-

Maurice points to the flier in her hand.

MAURICE  
 I've called a crisis meeting down  
 the Drapers tonight. So I need your  
 help - can you put fliers through  
 every door on the estate?

Alex's head is spinning - what is this?

ALEX  
 (doubtful)  
 Does mum know about this?

Maurice sees he needs to get her on side.

MAURICE  
 Alex, an old lady got battered in  
 her own home today.

ALEX  
 Yeah, it's terrible, but-

MAURICE  
 This is where we live. It's gotten  
 worse and worse, but I'm going to  
 fix it.

Maurice takes her by the shoulders. Looks deep into her eyes.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
 And I need you to help. Okay?

Alex looks at him - he seems so sure of himself...

33 EXT. CROPSDALE STREET. DAY.

33

Alex has a stack of fliers. Puts one through a letter box.

Walks back on to the street. Nervously eyes three tough  
 looking girls coming towards her.

GANG LEADER  
What you doing?

ALEX  
Nothing. Just fliers.

GANG LEADER  
Show me.

Alex hesitates. Sees she has no choice, hands one over.

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)  
(scornful laugh)  
The fight against crime? Fancy  
yourself, do you?

ALEX  
No! It's just the burglaries-

The gang leader knocks the fliers out of Alex's hand. They spill across the path.

GANG LEADER  
We like a bit of crime. Going to  
fight us, are you?

Alex stares at her, helpless. Then -

BECKY (O.S.)  
Hey! Leave it out!

They all turn, see a tall, athletic black girl in a leather jacket. Crossing the street towards them. This is BECKY (19), shaved head, heavily tattooed.

GANG GIRL #2  
(aggressive)  
Yeah, or what?

But the gang leader clearly knows something about Becky.

GANG LEADER  
(to her sidekick)  
Shut up! (pleasant) Alright, Becky?  
We're just messing about.

But Becky isn't smiling. She's just quietly confident.

BECKY  
You better jog on.

The gang leader nods to her two mates, they slink off.

Becky helps Alex pick up the fliers.

ALEX

Thanks.

BECKY

Don't mind them. Wankers.

Glances at one of the fliers. Smiles.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Take Cropsdale back...?  
Controversial.

ALEX

I'm giving them out for my dad.

Becky shrugs - whatever. Takes a closer look at Alex.

BECKY

I can walk you a bit if you like.  
In case there's any more bother.

Alex smiles, grateful.

ALEX

That would be great.

A man comes out of a house a couple of doors back. Portly, self-important - councillor FREDDIE AMES. Waving a flier.

AMES

Excuse me! Excuse me!

34 INT. MARGATE POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL. DAY.

34

Rufus sits on the bench. Simon paces.

SIMON

This is a fucking nightmare!

RUFUS

It'll be alright, just chill.

SIMON

How's it alright? Get out of here,  
we've got to deal with Reg.

RUFUS

We'll have a sit down, sort  
something out.

Simon's face says he's not looking forward to that.

The door bangs open. A uniformed policeman.

POLICEMAN  
 Alright, geniuses. Let's go!

35 INT. GRIFFINS - BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY.

35

Maurice is sitting at the table, has been working on his laptop. Distracted now by Amanda who is brandishing one of his shopping bags.

AMANDA  
 A grand? What were you thinking?  
 We're struggling as it is!

MAURICE  
 I needed clothes. It's important to  
 look good.

AMANDA  
 For what? You're a coach driver!

A ring at the doorbell. Amanda goes to answer it. Calling back -

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 And what about all the other things  
 we need? Like a new sofa?

She exits into...

36 INT. GRIFFINS - HALLWAY/DRIVE. DAY.

36

Amanda opens the door to Freddie Ames. Holding one of Maurice's fliers.

AMES  
 Maurice Griffin live here?

AMANDA  
 Yes. You're...?

AMES  
 Councillor Freddie Ames.

Freddie holds up the flier.

AMES (CONT'D)  
 It's about this.

She reaches, takes the flier from Freddie's hand. Reads.

AMANDA  
 What's...?

Ames clocks she knew nothing about this. Odd.

Maurice appears.

AMES

Maurice? Freddie Ames. Look mate, I know you're just trying to help, but there's a way to do things...

MAURICE

You've been our councillor for three years, right?

AMES

Yeah, I'm proud to say-

MAURICE

And it's gotten worse round here. Time someone did something.

Amanda has read to the end of the flier. Stunned.

AMANDA

(to Maurice)

You called a meeting...?

Ames sees the nice approach won't get him anywhere. Time to turn up the heat.

AMES

Now you listen to me-

MAURICE

Goodbye, Mr. Ames.

Maurice swings the door shut.

AMANDA

A meeting...?!

Maurice heads back towards the breakfast room. Amanda follows.

37 INT. GRIFFINS - BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY.

37

They come in.

AMANDA

You'll make a bloody fool of yourself!

A penny drops for Amanda.



AMANDA (CONT'D)

This is why you bought the clothes?

Maurice isn't going to get into it. Picks up his laptop.

MAURICE

I need to go, get things ready.

AMANDA

Maurice! Don't you dare!

Maurice heads for the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Maurice! I am warning you!

But he's gone. Front door closes.

Amanda looks around - bewildered.

38 EXT. MARGATE SEAFRONT. DAY.

38

Alex and Becky share a bench. Eating chips, looking out at the grey sea.

Alex has been describing the joys of archaeology.

BECKY

Ever find anything?

BECKY (CONT'D)

Yeah. A bit of a Roman cup. From where Julius Caesar landed.

Becky doesn't seem that impressed. Alex feels a little embarrassed, wants to move on.

ALEX

So what are you into?

BECKY

Music. Going to be a DJ.

ALEX

Cool.

BECKY

Got a spot down the Opal on Tuesdays. You should come.

ALEX

Never been to a club.

Becky seems quite pleased by that.

BECKY  
Proper innocent, aren't you?

Alex smiles, bashful.

ALEX  
Yeah. Suppose I am.

Alex checks the time on her phone.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I better go. Want to get to my  
dad's meeting.

She stands.

BECKY  
Maybe see you around?

ALEX  
Yeah. And thanks for earlier.

Alex walks away. Becky watches her intently. Hard to read.

39 INT. DRAPERS PUB - FUNCTION ROOM. NIGHT.

39

Thirty or forty chairs have been put out. Facing a table. On it, Maurice's laptop.

Not a bad turnout. Twenty or thirty people already seated. Maurice near the door, greeting others as they come in.

MAURICE  
Thanks for coming... Have a seat,  
we'll get started in a minute...

Ames comes in with Superintendent Lott. Ames smiles, menacing.

AMES  
Maurice, I believe you've met  
Superintendent Lott. Good friend of  
mine.

Maurice is not intimidated.

MAURICE  
Thanks for taking the time,  
Superintendent. Must be a busy man,  
the amount of crime around here.

Lott catches the implied insult. Smiles thinly - you'll get yours. They sweep on past.

Jake, Mrs. Ripley's emo grandson, comes in. Nods to Maurice, drifts off to the seats.

Maurice is pleased to see Amanda and Alex arriving.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Hi.

AMANDA

She insisted on coming, so I had to. Mortifying.

ALEX

Good luck, dad.

Suddenly, a tapping sound. Maurice turns to see Ames and Lott have sat behind the table. Ames tapping his pen on it.

AMES

Right, meeting called to order!

Silence falls. Ames looks at Maurice, smiles.

AMES (CONT'D)

Like to thank Maurice for all the work he's done organising this. Well done, mate!

Maurice doesn't react. Inscrutable, stares at Ames. Who is slightly rattled by the cool look.

Ames puts on a grave face. A man who means business.

AMES (CONT'D)

But let's get to it. As you all know, there's been a spate of burglaries and I just want to update you on our response. The council, working with the police...

Maurice walks across to the table. Not in any rush. Ames sees him coming, ignores him.

AMES (CONT'D)

...have put together a plan of action...

MAURICE

We've heard all about your plans, councillor. This is where they get us...

He hits a key on the laptop. Projecting a large image of Mrs. Ripley's face - battered and bruised - on the wall behind.

Uproar. Maurice turns to face the group, waits for the noise to settle.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

A seventy year old woman attacked  
in her own home.

Amanda looking at this, stunned.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Well I don't know about you lot -  
but I'm not having it.

Ames sees he's in danger of being sidelined.

AMES

Now, Maurice, we know you're angry.  
We all are-

Maurice cuts across him. Speaking with a calm confidence.

MAURICE

The council have failed us, the  
police have failed us. They say  
we're victims of crime. I say we're  
victims of them sitting on their  
arses.

A murmur of agreement.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

We're victims of a system that's  
given up on us, that thinks places  
like Cropsdale just don't matter.

Another rumble of agreement, this one tinged with real anger.

Amanda watching this, mesmerised. Can't believe Maurice is carrying the room. For the first time in years, feels a flicker of something that might be pride...

Kay is standing next to her. A gleam in her eye.

KAY

Your Maurice - he's a dark horse.

Maurice waits for the rumble to settle, resumes.

MAURICE

But you know what? If they won't  
help us...

He points over his shoulder at Ames and Lott.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
 ...we got to help ourselves.

A large, muscular guy with a shaved head puts his hand up.  
 This is ARTY (31).

ARTY  
 Yeah, sounds good. But how?

Maurice leans back, hits another key on the laptop.  
 Projecting a map of Cropsdale. Entry and exits marked in red.

MAURICE  
 There's only four ways in and out  
 of the estate. We set up a rota -

Lott stands up.

LOTT  
 Sorry, but this is beginning to  
 sound a lot like vigilantism.

MAURICE  
 We're entitled to protect -

LOTT  
 All due respect, Mr. Griffin - but  
 maybe get your own house in order  
 before you start telling everyone  
 else what to do.

Leaves it hanging. Maurice has no choice but to follow up...

MAURICE  
 Don't know what you mean...?

LOTT  
 I'm sure you're aware your son,  
 Rufus, was cautioned today for  
 shoplifting. Goods worth five  
 hundred pounds.

All eyes on Maurice. He is shocked. Clearly wasn't aware.  
 Lott presses his advantage.

LOTT (CONT'D)  
 You weren't aware? Funny thing, you  
 trying to put the world to rights,  
 don't even know what's going on in  
 your own home...

Everyone stares at Maurice. He knows the night is lost.

LOTT (CONT'D)  
 Now if I can just outline the steps  
 the police are taking...

40 EXT. DRAPERS PUB - CAR PARK. NIGHT.

40

Maurice, Amanda, Alex walk away from the pub. He's carrying his laptop. Face set.

AMANDA  
 Shoplifting? (to Alex) You know  
 about this?

ALEX  
 No!

MAURICE  
 (grim)  
 Don't worry. I'll talk to him.

ARTY (O.S.)  
 Excuse me!

They turn see Arty coming towards them. Maurice presses the laptop into Alex's hands.

MAURICE  
 I'll see you both at home.

AMANDA  
 What? We need to sit Rufus down and-

MAURICE  
 (intense)  
 Amanda, just go!

Amanda takes a step back, shocked by his intensity.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
 I won't be long.

Maurice walks to meet Arty. Amanda not sure what just happened. But sees an opportunity to press her own agenda.

AMANDA  
 Seriously? This nonsense is more  
 important than his own son?

Alex wants to defend her dad. But all she can think of is -

ALEX  
 He said he won't be long.

Across the carpark, Maurice and Arty shake hands.

ARTY  
I'm Arty. Run the MMA place over on  
Ashcroft Road...

Maurice smiling.

MAURICE  
Good to meet you, Arty.

41 INT. GRIFFINS - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

41

Rufus slumped watching TV. Hears the front door open. Amanda and Alex come in. Rufus waves one of Maurice's fliers.

RUFUS  
Is he for real? He's lost the-

AMANDA  
Did you steal headphones?

Rufus is stunned. Sits up.

RUFUS  
It wasn't like that...

Amanda's last shred of hope evaporates. She sits, tries to stay calm.

AMANDA  
I'm in shock. I can't believe it.

RUFUS  
Where you getting this from?

ALEX  
Dad's meeting. Policeman up the  
Drapers, he told half the estate.

RUFUS  
Can he do that? Is that legal?

Amanda looks at him - that's what you're worried about? Rufus summons up his best sheepish look.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
I was helping Simon. He needs money  
for a laptop for college...

Alex gives him a look - yeah, right.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Mum, it's just a caution.

ALEX  
Oh that's alright then.

RUFUS  
Fuck off! At least I have a life!

ALEX  
Yeah, I'm green with envy.

AMANDA  
Alex! Go and make some tea - I need to talk to your brother.

Alex exits. Rufus glaring at her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Just a caution? You think employers don't check? Lots of hotels, they won't even look at you.

RUFUS  
Studying hotel management doesn't mean you end up in a hotel. Me and Simon, we want to open a bar.

Amanda massages the stress from her forehead.

AMANDA  
Rufus, please! I've had enough today...

Rufus sees she means it. Falls silent. Then -

RUFUS  
I'm sorry about the nicking. It was stupid.

AMANDA  
Yeah, it was.

RUFUS  
But you don't need to worry about me, mum. I know what I'm doing.

Amanda looks at him - if only that was true.

Maurice sitting in the driver's seat of his car. Arty beside him, asleep. The digital clock reads 3:47AM.



The sound of an engine and Maurice looks in the rearview, sees a car cruising up the street.

Nudges Arty who wakes instantly.

MAURICE

Car.

They slide down in their seats as the car passes them. Pulls over, parks.

They wait, watch. See a middle-aged man get out. Crosses to a house. Lets himself in.

ARTY

(disappointed)

He's legit.

Silence.

MAURICE

Arty, if we find these guys, we'll have to give them a proper fright.

Arty nods - no hesitation.

ARTY

Whatever it takes. You bash an old lady, you got it coming.

Maurice nods - good man. Beat.

ARTY (CONT'D)

Maurice, how come I never seen you around?

MAURICE

Dunno. Been keeping my head down.

ARTY

So why all this? What changed?

Maurice thinks about it.

MAURICE

Me. I did.

### Day 3

Rufus in the deep sleep of the teenager. Sprawled on top of the duvet in boxers and t-shirt.

Maurice comes in. Same clothes - been out all night.

MAURICE

Rufus.

A groan in response.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Rufus!

RUFUS

Piss off! I'm asleep!

Maurice grabs the duvet, pulls it, flips Rufus on to the floor. A very rude awakening. Rufus clutching his elbow.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

My arm! My fucking arm!

Looks up to see his father looming over him. Intense.

MAURICE

You let me down.

Rufus gets to his feet. Glaring at Maurice.

RUFUS

(to Maurice)

You ever do that again, I'll  
fucking deck you!

Maurice - a thin smile.

MAURICE

I doubt it.

Rufus stares at his father. Knows he's being called out.  
Bottles it.

RUFUS

Fucking bullshit...

MAURICE

Let me down again - you're out on  
the street.

Rufus in shock - what's happening?

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I mean it.

He turns, leaves. Into...

44 INT. GRIFFINS - UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY. 44

Maurice heads for the bathroom. Goes in, closes the door. As Amanda comes out of their bedroom. Just woken up - bed hair, long t-shirt.

AMANDA

Maurice?

She sees Rufus's bedroom door is open. Knocks.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Rufus?

Goes in...

45 INT. GRIFFINS - RUFUS'S BEDROOM. DAY 45

Rufus sitting on the bed, clutching his elbow. Hamming it up.

AMANDA

What's all the noise?

RUFUS

Dad - he threw me off the bed!

AMANDA

(shocked)

He was physical with you?

RUFUS

Really hurt my fucking arm! He's lucky I didn't deck him.

Amanda feels a strange relief. Maurice has crossed a line.

AMANDA

A grand on clothes and now this? I am not having it. I am seriously not having it.

46 EXT. CANTERBURY ROAD. DAY. 46

A Loopleftine coach whizzes along. Sound of singing...

VOICES

The answer is blowing...

47 INT. LOOPLINE COACH. DAY.

47

Passengers, mostly elderly, men and women. Finishing their song...

PASSENGERS  
...in the wind.

They applaud themselves.

Then one old lady calls out -

OLD LADY  
Come on, Maurice! Another one!

Maurice is driving. Smiles into the rearview.

MAURICE  
Alright, you lot are old enough to  
remember this... (sings) People try  
to put us d-down...

Maurice is pretty good. And he's not holding back. One or two  
of the passengers recognise it. Hit the chorus.

PASSENGERS  
Talkin bout my generation

MAURICE  
Just because we get around...

More join in.

PASSENGERS  
Talkin bout my generation...

MAURICE  
Things they do look awful c-c-  
cold...

All the passengers are on it.

PASSENGERS  
Talkin bout my generation...

MAURICE  
I hope I die before I get old...

48 EXT. BOTANY BAY HOTEL - BROADSTAIRS. DAY.

48

The coach parked in the car park.

49 INT. COACH. DAY.

49

Maurice alone. Eating a sandwich, intent on the radio.

JOURNALIST

...been shown time and time again  
that punishment doesn't work.  
Rehabilitation, that's the key...

Maurice frowns as he sees his group of passengers trudging  
towards the coach. Don't look happy.

He kills the radio, opens the door.

The group leader, NIGEL, flurried, is first aboard.

MAURICE

You can't have had lunch? You're  
not gone five minutes.

Nigel holds up a folded sheet of A4.

NIGEL

There's a problem, they've double  
booked.

MAURICE

Show me.

Nigel hands over the page. Maurice checks it.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Down here in black and white.  
You're in for lunch, one thirty.

NIGEL

Yes, but they say they can't  
possibly fit us-

MAURICE

They just need some motivation.

Nigel looks at him - what does that mean?

50 INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

50

Male manager - dapper, confident - and female receptionist  
man the desk.

Receptionist frowning as she notices something odd.

RECEPTIONIST

What's...?

Manager sees where she's looking. Out into the carpark where Maurice's coach is parking diagonally across the gate. No-one will be able to drive in or out.

MANAGER  
(outraged)  
What is that moron...?

51 INT. COACH. DAY.

51

Passengers all back on the coach. Watching as the manager hurries across the car park.

Maurice opens the door. The manager climbs in, furious.

MANAGER  
What are you, an idiot? You can't park here.

MAURICE  
My group - they're booked in for lunch.

MANAGER  
What? You can't park here! You're blocking the whole-

MAURICE  
I'm not moving till they get fed.

The manager begins to understand he is being blackmailed.

MANAGER  
You can't do this! I'll call the police!

MAURICE  
That's up to you. But I'll lock it, take a while to shift.

The manager looks at Maurice with intense loathing. Stymied.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
You need to make a decision.

The manager sees he has no choice.

MANAGER  
Alright, alright!

The bus passengers hear. Are pleased.

The manager leans in close to Maurice.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Have your minute of glory. But I'll  
get you fired for this, you prick.

Maurice doesn't seem too bothered.

52 INT. DRAPER'S PUB. DAY.

52

Empty at this time of day. Except for a couple of solitary  
male drinkers sitting at the bar, studying the racing form.

And REG. Designer combat jacket, expensive haircut. But  
tense. A coiled spring.

Rufus and Simon come in. Rufus trying to look confident.

RUFUS

Alright, Reg?

REG

Sit down.

They do.

REG (CONT'D)

Burgled, eh?

RUFUS

We're gutted. Thing like that -  
it's one in a million.

REG

Mate, I hear a thousand stories.  
Either you've got the money or you  
don't. Which is it?

Simon and Rufus exchange a look.

SIMON

Well, just at the minute-

REG

You don't. So you can't pay, you  
can do a little job for me.

Rufus doesn't like the sound of that.

RUFUS

What kind of job?

REG

Things come up. I'll let you know.

RUFUS  
Yeah, but nothing too... Like I'm  
not into violence or-

REG  
(menacing)  
I'll let you know.

Rufus and Simon - rabbits in the headlights.

53 INT. MARGATE CAFE. DAY.

53

Greg is pitching to a middle-aged couple.

GREG  
But that's all taken care of as  
part of the franchise package...

Trails off, because he has just seen Amanda come in.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Excuse me for one minute.

He crosses to Amanda.

AMANDA  
Sorry, I know I'm interrupting...

GREG  
(concerned)  
Everything okay?

AMANDA  
I've thought about what you said  
and the answer is 'yes'.

Greg feels a wild surge of happiness.

GREG  
You mean...?

AMANDA  
Yeah. Let's make a go of it.

GREG  
Have you told Maurice?

AMANDA  
Tonight.

GREG  
Amanda, that's... I'm so happy.



Amanda smiles, pleased by his profound joy. Kisses his cheek and she's gone.

Greg, drunk with the feeling that a new life has just opened up. Crosses back to the couple. Tries to look normal.

GREG (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Where were we?

54 EXT. LOOPLINE COACH TERMINUS. DAY.

54

Coach pulls in, parks. Maurice gets out.

Mike appears. A little flustered.

MIKE

What happened today? Manager of the Botany Bay was on. Said if I don't fire you, they won't use us again.

MAURICE

He was taking advantage.

MIKE

He's an important client!

Maurice shrugs - can't be helped. Mike doesn't like the attitude.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Only reason I'm not firing you is the art group called too. Said you were brilliant, want you on all their tours.

MAURICE

So we're good?

MIKE

Maurice, I like you because you keep your head down. But just... Just watch your step.

Maurice nods - still doesn't seem too bothered.

55 INT. GRIFFINS - HALLWAY. DAY.

55

Ring at the door. Alex comes to answer it. Surprised to see Becky.

BECKY

Alright?

ALEX

Yeah.

Becky fishes a small MP3 player from her pocket.

BECKY

Made you a playlist. Got to get you some musical education.

ALEX

(surprised)

Thanks.

She looks at Becky, uncertain.

BECKY

Well? Going to ask me in?

56

INT. GRIFFINS - BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY.

56

Alex filling the kettle. Becky plugs some earbuds into the MP3 player.

BECKY

Have a listen.

She puts one bud into her ear, offers the other to Alex. Alex puts it in. Soft alt hip hop - the Young Fathers.

Becky bopping her head in time to the beat.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Sweet, right?

Alex smiles tensely. Finds this uncomfortably intimate.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Relax.

Becky brushes a strand of hair away from Alex's face.

BECKY (CONT'D)

You know you're hot, right?

Alex stares at her. Mesmerised. Is something about to happen?

Moment broken when the front door opens. Alex quickly pulls away. Just as Maurice comes in.

ALEX

Hi dad, this is my friend, Becky.

Maurice favours Becky with a peremptory nod. Doesn't like the look of her shaved head and tattoos.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
She helped with the fliers.

Doesn't cut any ice with Maurice. Pointedly ignores Becky.

An awkward beat.

BECKY  
Right then, I better go.

57 INT. GRIFFINS - HALLWAY. DAY.

57

Alex showing Becky out.

ALEX  
Thanks for the playlist. I'll give you the MP3 when-

BECKY  
No, no, keep it.

Becky gives Alex's hand a little squeeze.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
I'll see you later.

She walks down the drive. Passes Jake who is approaching.

JAKE  
Maurice Griffin live here?

ALEX  
Yeah.

58 INT. GRIFFINS - BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY.

58

Maurice and Jake sit at the table. Alex makes tea.

MAURICE  
I remember - you were at the hospital yesterday...

JAKE  
Mrs. Ripley - she's my nan.

MAURICE  
...and you came to the meeting.

JAKE  
What you're doing, it's really  
good. I want to help.

Maurice senses there's more. Waits.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Thieves, sometimes they sell stuff  
online. On the auction sites.

Alex brings them two teas. Jake smiles at her.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Alex hovers, waiting to hear what Jake has to say.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
So I started looking for my nan's  
things. But there's so many sites,  
thousands of items...

ALEX  
Yeah, and sometimes the stuff's  
only up there for a few minutes.

JAKE  
Exactly. So I wrote a little web  
scraper. (off Alex's surprised  
look) I'm doing computer science...

Maurice sees where this is going.

MAURICE  
You found something?

JAKE  
Yeah. This popped up about twenty  
minutes ago.

Jake takes out his phone, opens it. On screen a photo of a  
vintage bracelet.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
One just like it was taken from my  
nan's. If it's hers it's got  
initials engraved on the back - D.  
R. S. R.

MAURICE  
That's good, Jake. That's very  
good.

59 EXT. STREET. DAY.

59

A dismal estate. Cheap terraced houses, nearly all poorly maintained. Rubbish on the little patch of green.

Maurice's car pulls up. He gets out, rings at a door. Opened by a middle aged woman, SANDRA. Surly -

SANDRA

Yeah?

Maurice is extremely genial.

MAURICE

Sandra? I phoned a few minutes ago - about the bracelet?

Sensing money, Sandra manages the ghost of a smile.

SANDRA

Yeah, right, come in...

60 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

60

Charmless. TV on, clothes drying on the radiator, half eaten curry trays, empty beer cans.

Sandra leads Maurice in. Feels obliged to try for some veneer of friendliness.

SANDRA

Tell you what, you've got good taste.

She takes the bracelet from a shelf. Hands it to Maurice.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Beautiful, that is. My mum's - breaks my heart to sell it.

MAURICE

It is lovely...

He turns the bracelet over. On the back, the initials D. R. S. R.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

But it's stolen.

Sandra rattled, does her best to look outraged.

SANDRA

What? What you say?

Maurice calmly takes out his phone.

MAURICE  
I'm calling the police.

Sandra panics, makes a grab for the bracelet. Maurice slams an elbow into her face. Hard.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
If you resist, I'm entitled to use reasonable force.

Sandra staggers back, blood pouring from her nose. Stares at him, aghast - who is this guy?

Maurice dials a number. Then stops before he hits 'CALL'.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
There is another option. Tell me where you got it.

SANDRA  
I can't! They'd kill me!

MAURICE  
I'll keep you out of it, I promise.

Sandra hesitates, torn. Can she trust him? Then -

SANDRA  
His name's Nicky. Nicky Piper.

61 INT. GRIFFIN - BREAKFAST ROOM. EVENING.

61

Amanda, still in work clothes, is cooking - chops and peas. Becky's MP3 on a dock, playing. Rufus is sitting at the table, Alex is setting it - bringing them up to speed.

ALEX  
So dad rang her, said he'd have a look at the bracelet.

Amanda is not impressed.

AMANDA  
It's ridiculous, all this. He'll get himself in trouble.

ALEX  
I think it's good. Get the community working together.

Eye rolling from Rufus.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
And he was brilliant at the Drapers  
last night... Wasn't he, mum?

AMANDA  
Yeah... better than I expected.

ALEX  
It's the near death thing...

RUFUS  
Don't start with that! He fell into  
a stream.

ALEX  
He nearly died! And I googled it -  
it said people often change after.

That gets Amanda's attention.

AMANDA  
Really? In what way?

ALEX  
I don't know. Like they get a new  
perspective, start a new chapter.

RUFUS  
People don't change - inside he's  
still the same pathetic little man.

A step too far for Amanda. She frowns at him.

AMANDA  
Rufus! Don't talk about your dad  
like that.

Rufus shrugs - just telling it how it is.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Whatever happens, I want you both  
to be good to him.

ALEX  
What you mean? What's happening?

Amanda realises she's said too much.

AMANDA  
Nothing. Just, you know... (moving  
on) I'm going to get into my PJs,  
you keep an eye on the food.

Amanda exits, Alex looking after her - that was weird. Rufus hasn't noticed anything - he's paying attention to the music.

RUFUS

What is that? It's good.

ALEX

Dunno. Friend made me a playlist.

Rufus hams up his astonishment.

RUFUS

A friend? You've got an actual friend?

Alex flicks a pea at him.

ALEX

Fuck off.

RUFUS

This is huge! Imagine you turned out normal - I could come out about us being related.

ALEX

Personally, I'd rather keep it a secret.

They smile at each other - enjoying the banter.

62

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

62

Another downtrodden Margate estate. Quiet, until the growl of an approaching engine. Souped up Golf, pulls up, parks.

Young guy gets out. Homeboy swagger, king of the world. Walks towards a house. Then from behind -

MAURICE (O.S.)

Alright, Nicky?

Nicky turns, sees a figure wearing a hooded anorak, scarf pulled up over his face. Holding a plastic one gallon petrol can. Not a reassuring sight.

NICKY

Who's that...?

MAURICE

Want to have a little chat.

Nicky reaches into his jacket, probably for a weapon.



NICKY

Whoever the fuck you-

But then a fist from behind - like a sledgehammer - smashes into Nicky's kidney. He cries out, turns.

Another scarfed and hooded figure - Arty. Delivers another sledgehammer to Nicky's gut. Winded, he sinks to the ground.

Maurice opens the petrol can, pours petrol all over Nicky.

MAURICE

It's about these burglaries...

Nicky smells the petrol fumes, feels it soaking into his clothes. Sick with fear.

NICKY

No, please....

Tries to get up, but is sent sprawling by a kick from Arty. Maurice continues pouring the petrol till the can is empty.

MAURICE

They've got to stop.

Maurice takes out a Zippo lighter, fires it up. The flame dancing in the breeze. For the first time in his life, Nicky experiences pure, naked terror.

NICKY

No, please! Please don't!

Maurice feints, pretends to throw the lighter. Nicky yelps with fear, cringes away.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Aaaaaah!

Maurice flicks the lighter closed.

MAURICE

This is your only warning. Tell your crew Cropsdale is off limits.

NICKY

Alright, alright! Whatever!

MAURICE

If there's another break-in, we'll be back. And next time...

Flicks the lighter open again. Lights it.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
You'll burn. That's a promise.

Maurice nods to Arty. They walk away.

Nicky happy to lie there for a moment. Knows he's just come up against the real thing.

NICKY  
Fuck...!

Maurice looks up, sees an old man standing in an upstairs window. Their eyes meet. The old man pulls the curtains.

Arty is buoyant.

ARTY  
You were fucking scary, man! He really thought you'd do it.

Maurice looks at Arty. Inscrutable.

MAURICE  
Yeah...

63 INT. HOSPITAL WARD. NIGHT.

63

Mrs. Ripley in a room with three other patients. She's watching the small TV.

Maurice comes in. Mrs. Ripley pleased to see him.

MRS. RIPLEY  
Maurice!

Maurice hands her her bracelet and some other bits of jewellery.

MAURICE  
Most of your stuff. Couldn't get it all.

Mrs. Ripley's eyes filling with tears. As she puts her bracelet on.

MRS. RIPLEY  
It's wonderful! I never thought...

She grips his hand.

MRS. RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
Maurice, thank you so much.

MAURICE

I'll let you get your rest now. But  
anything else you need - anything  
at all - you come to me.

And he's gone. Mrs. Ripley watches him walk away. Something  
like adoration in her eyes.

64 INT. CAR. NIGHT.

64

Maurice drives through Margate. Feeling good. Something  
upbeat on the stereo - Marvin Gaye? Hums along with it.

Watches the streets glide by. His streets. His town.

65 INT. GRIFFINS - PARENTS' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

65

Amanda sitting on the bed, propped against pillows. Wearing t-  
shirt and pyjama bottoms. Nursing a tea.

Listening to the footsteps coming up the stairs. She takes a  
deep breath - this won't be easy.

The door opens and Maurice comes in.

AMANDA

Hi.

He closes the door.

Amanda feels like she's standing on the edge of a cliff.  
Jumps.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Listen, eh, there's something I  
need to -

But Maurice takes the cup from her hands.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What...?

Maurice leans down, kisses her. And it's not the tentative,  
apologetic kiss she's used to. She's shocked to feel a vast  
hunger behind it. Tries to pull away.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Hang on...!

But his mouth is on hers again. The heat coming off him is  
intense, dizzying. For a moment she feels herself being  
carried along... Pulls back.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Maurice, wait, we need to talk...

MAURICE  
After.

And now he's on the bed, kissing her neck. Hands untying the cord of her pyjama bottoms. Feverish. He's never wanted her like this. No-one has ever wanted her like this.

AMANDA  
But...!

Another burning kiss. And this time she abandons herself to it. Returns the kiss passionately.

Feels her pyjama bottoms - practically torn off. And then -

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Ohhhh!

Amanda looking up into Maurice's eyes. Can't believe the feral intensity she sees there. As the tiny part of her that's still outside the moment wonders - what the fuck is happening?

66 EXT. OPAL NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT. 66

Tatty looking. The old-style marquee says this used to be a cinema. Now advertising DJs.

But clearly busy. Bouncers control the queueing punters.

67 INT. OPAL BACK ROOM. NIGHT. 67

Four young gangster types - including Nicky Piper and Reg - play cards. Concentrating. Ignoring the steady thump of bass from the club. And the groans from the other side of the room.

Where a flabby JIMMY PIPER(47) is watching 'Come Dine With Me' on a laptop. Not impressed by the burnt pie the current hostess has taken from the oven.

JIMMY  
Ohhh! You've burnt it, you dozy  
cow! You can't serve that!

Ames comes in. Thump of bass rising and fading as the door opens and closes.

Ames uncomfortable here. Tries to keep it breezy.

AMES  
Alright, Nicky?

This irritates Jimmy. He pauses his show.

JIMMY  
(hostile)  
How the fuck could he be alright?  
He's probably got that post  
traumatic...

AMES  
Yeah, sorry, Jimmy. I meant-

JIMMY  
What you got for us?

Ames takes one of Maurice's fliers from his pocket. Crosses to Jimmy, hands it to him.

AMES  
Seems a bit coincidental. Someone  
has a go at your Nicky same time as  
they're handing these out.

Jimmy has read to the bottom of the flier. Face darkens.

JIMMY  
Who the fuck is Maurice Griffin?

END OF EPISODE