

IS THIS YOURS?

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SC1. A PEDESTRIAN CROSSING IN A CITY STREET (LATE MORNING AND DRIZZLY)

[THE LIGHTS ARE GREEN. THERE IS A GROUP OF PEDESTRIANS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE STREET WAITING. THE LIGHT TURNS RED FOR TRAFFIC AND THE GREEN MAN COMES ALIGHT FOR PEDESTRIANS. THE GROUPS BEGIN TO CROSS. AFTER SOME SECONDS THE GREEN MAN BEGINS TO FLASH AND THE TRAFFIC LIGHT FLASHES AMBER. A MAN, JIM, COMES DASHES ACROSS AND IS JUST MISSED BY AN ACCELERATING CAR WHOSE DRIVER SOUNDS HIS HORN IN ANGER]

SC2. A CAFÉ NEXT TO THE PEDESTRIAN CROSSING (LATE MORNING)

[IT'S A CLEAN ESTABLISHMENT - NOT AS TRENDY AS A STARBUCKS YET NOT AS BEGRIMED AS A MOTORWAY CAFÉ. THERE ARE FOUR SINGLE CUSTOMERS SITTING ON SEPARATE TABLES. A HUMUROUS CALENDAR SITS ON THE WALL INDICATING THAT IT'S THE LAST DAY IN APRIL. THERE ARE NO EVENTS MARKED AGAINST ANY OF THE DAYS. IT HAS A PICTURE OF A ROUNDABOUT ON IT WITH THE LEGEND 12 INTERESTING CITY-CENTRE ROUNDABOUTS. IT IS A FAIRLY SMALL ESTABLISHMENT AND LOCATED ON THE PERIPHERY OF THE TOWN. OUTSIDE IT'S A DULL DAY WITH LOW BLANKET WHITE CLOUD THREATENING TO CONTINUE DRIZZLING BEYOND THE DAY. INSIDE, A WAITER, GEORGIO, IS SERVING AND CLEANING TABLES. AGED ABOUT 25, HE'S PAUNCHY, AROUND 5FT 8IN, WITH THINNING BROWN HAIR, A HIGH FOREHEAD AND AN EXAGGERATED MANNER. JIM SITS WITH HIS BACK TO CAMERA. HE'S DRESSED CASUAL SMART BUT NOT EXPENSIVE SMART. THE SAME AGE AS GEORGIO, HE IS AROUND 6FT, BOYISHLY HANDSOME WITH AN ANGULAR FACE, GREEN EYES AND DARK BROWN HAIR. HE HAS A CUP OF COFFEE IN FRONT OF HIM. GEORGIO BEGINS TO CLEAR A TABLE ADJOINING HIM. HE NOTICES SOMETHING AND LEANS DOWN PICKING UP A MOBILE PHONE FROM THE SEAT OPPOSITE JIM]

GEORGIO:

IS THIS YOURS?

NO ANSWER

GEORGIO:

HELLO?

JIM:

SORRY, I WAS MILES...

GEORGIO:

IS THIS YOURS?

JIM:

IS IT?

[GEORGIO LOSES PATIENCE AND THROWS
PHONE ONTO TABLE]

GEORGIO:

WELL IT'S YOURS NOW

[WALKS OFF AS JIM EMERGES FROM
DAYDREAM]

JIM:

NO, MINE'S...

[HE SEARCHES IN HIS POCKET AND PULLS
OUT HIS OWN]

...HERE

[HE EXAMINES THE PHONE AND LOOKS AT
THE CONTACT LIST. IT IS EMPTY. THEN HE
LOOKS AT HIS OWN CONTACT LIST. IT
CONTAINS ONE NAME 'CASSIE']

DISSOLVE TO:

SC3. BETTING SHOP INTERIOR

[A STUDENT, CASSIE, ENTERS WITH A BUCKET. SHE IS COLLECTING FOR CHARITY. SHE'S 19, ATTRACTIVE AND PETITE BUT NOT TINY. HER AUBURN HAIR IS IN A PONY TAIL AND SHE IS WEARING A TEE-SHIRT AND SOME JOGGING BOTTOMS AND TRAINERS.

IT'S AN OLD STYLE BOOKIES; BEFORE THE RECENT TRENDY MAKEOVERS. THE PUNTERS ARE THE USUAL RAGAMUFFIN BUNCH OF UNSHAVEN, DISHEVELLED AND UNSUCCESSFUL GAMBLERS IN PLASTIC MACS AND THIRD-HAND NOEL EDMONDS TANK-TOPS. A PALL OF WHITE SMOKE HOVERS LIKE A CLOUD-LINE JUST BELOW THE DIRTY CEILING, EVEN THOUGH SMOKERS HAVE BEEN BANNED FROM THE PREMISES. THE STAFF AREA IS PROTECTED BY GLASS AND HAS THREE TELLERS TAKING BETS BUT DISPENSING FEW WINNINGS]

CASSIE:

IS IT OKAY IF I DRUM UP SOME DOSH FROM THE PUNTERS?

PROPRIETOR (THE SORT OF SEVERE MIDDLE AGED MAN WHO ONCE HAD A SENSE OF HUMOUR BUT COULD SEE NO PROFIT IN IT):

OH SURE. I'LL GIVE YOU A POUND FOR EVERY ONE YOU GET OFF THEM.

CASSIE:

REALLY?

[PROPRIETOR LOOKS SARCASTICALLY AT HER]

CASSIE:

YOU NEVER KNOW, AFTER ALL IT'S FOR CHARITY

PROPRIETOR:

HOW MUCH YOU GOT SO FAR?

CASSIE:

ABOUT A TENNER

PROPRIETOR:

WELL IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE WITH IT I
SUGGEST YOU COVER UP THE BUCKET.

CASSIE:

THEY WOULDN'T...

PROPRIETOR:

THEY'D PROBABLY TAKE YOUR BUCKET.
LOOK AROUND; DO YOU THINK ANY OF
THESE LEAVE WITH MORE THAN THEY
CAME IN WITH? YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER
PUNTER AREN'T YOU?

CASSIE:

AND YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER CYNIC?

PROPRIETOR:

FIRST YEAR IS IT? STILL TRYING TO RIGHT
THE WORLD?

CASSIE:

DO YOU...MIND?

PROPRIETOR:

OH, GO AHEAD.

[SHE MINGLES WITH THE PUNTERS]

CASSIE:

AFTERNOON [LOOKS AROUND AND SEES
ONLY MEN] ...GENTS. WHO CAN SPARE A
BIT OF SILVER FOR PEOPLE WORSE OFF
THAN YOURSELVES

PUNTER:

I'VE GOT ABOUT A POUND IN CHANGE

CASSIE:

THAT'S GREAT

PUNTER:

YEAH, BUT I'M TAKING IT HOME FOR THE
MISSUS. SHE'S ALWAYS TELLING ME SHE'S
WORSE OFF THAN ME.

CASSIE:

COME ON GUYS. MUST BE A WINNER HERE
SOMEWHERE

ANOTHER PUNTER [READING THE FORM]:

MUST BE ONE HERE TOO BUT I HAVEN'T
FOUND ONE ALL DAY

CASSIE:

JUST SOME ODD CHANGE WILL DO; EVEN
10P COULD MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO A
STARVING CHILD

ANOTHER PUNTER:

IT WILL TO MINE. I'VE GOT THE LITTLE
BUGGER'S POCKET MONEY.

CASSIE:

LAST CHANCE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE
TO...

[UNNOTICED BY CASSIE SOMEONE DROPS
A 50P PIECE IN TO THE BUCKET. SHE
HEARS THE CLUNK AND TURNS AROUND
TO SEE A YOUNG MAN, JIM, LEAVING THE
BETTING SHOP]

CASSIE:

WAIT.

[JIM EXITS AND CASSIE FOLLOWS BUT NOT WITHOUT SHAKING HER BUCKET AND FLASHING A SATISFIED GRIN TOWARD THE PROPRIETOR]

CUT TO:

SC4. OUTSIDE BETTING SHOP

[THE DAY IS DREAR AND A HEAVY ATMOSPHERE IS OPPRESSING THE DINGY ALLEY. AT THE END OF THE STREET THERE IS A BUSIER THOROUGHFARE WHERE SHOPPERS ARE WALKING BY]

[CASSIE CATCHES UP WITH JIM]

CASSIE:

THANK YOU

JIM (EARLY TWENTIES – HIS EYES WEAR SADNESS LIKE MASCARA. LESS SCRUFFY THAN THE OTHER PUNTERS NEVERTHELESS HE IS NOT OUT OF PLACE BACK THERE):

WHAT FOR?

CASSIE:

THE DONATION

JIM:

IT LOOKED LONELY ON ITS OWN SITTING IN MY HAND. IT'S AMONG FRIENDS NOW.

CASSIE:

YES AND THEY'LL ALL BE VERY WELCOME WHERE THEY'RE GOING

JIM:

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT?

CASSIE:

I'VE GOT THE BUCKET TO PROVE IT

JIM:

HOW ABOUT A WAGER THEN? I'LL TOSS YOU FOR THE FIFTY PENCE. HEADS I WIN – TAILS YOU WIN?

CASSIE:

GAMBLING'S NOT MY THING

JIM (HALF SMILES):

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MINE EITHER

CASSIE

NO, NO, I'M NOT JUDGING YOU; I JUST CAN'T
SEE ANY FUTURE IN IT

JIM:

WELL THERE'S MORE CHANCE OF ME
WALKING BACK IN THERE AND BACKING A
100-1 SHOT THAN ANY OF THAT [POINTS AT
THE COLLECTION MONEY] "MAKING A
DIFFERENCE" [JIM MIMES THE QUOTATION
MARKS CLICHE]

CASSIE:

EVEN IF YOU'RE RIGHT; EVEN IF ONLY A
FRACTION OF THIS GETS TO WHERE IT
SHOULD – AT LEAST I'VE TRIED.

JIM (RHETORICALLY):

TRYING'S NOT ENOUGH.

CASSIE:

YOU CAN'T COMPARE...

JIM:

FIRST TIME I WALKED IN THIS BOOKIES
WAS FIVE YEARS AGO. NOTHING'S
CHANGED. FIVE YEARS FROM NOW THE
SAME BUCKET WILL BE DOING THE SAME
ROUND FOR THE SAME STARVING PEOPLE,
ONLY IT MIGHT NOT BE YOU CARRYING IT.
YOU'LL HAVE GRADUATED BY THEN –
NICE LITTLE 25 GRAND A YEAR TO START
WITH – BANKING MAYBE, OR INSURANCE.
TAKE YOUR BUCKET ROUND THEN. SEE
HOW GENEROUS THEY ARE.

CASSIE:

I STUDY ART

JIM:

WELL DRAW THEM A CAKE AND SEND
THAT INSTEAD

CASSIE [IGNORING HIS SARCASM]

I WANT TO TEACH. WHAT WOULD YOU
LIKE TO DO?

JIM:

WELL WE COULD GO UP TOWN TONIGHT,
PERHAPS TAKE IN THE THEATRE. I'LL
RESERVE A TABLE AT THE PHEONIX HOTEL
AND WE CAN SUPPER THERE AFTERWARDS
BEFORE MOVING ONTO THE MOONLIGHT
CLUB FOR COCKTAILS AND SOME
ELEGANT DANCING.

[CASSIE PICKS OUT JIM'S 50P FROM THE
BUCKET]

CASSIE:

HERE

JIM:

WHAT'S THIS A CONVERSION? ARE YOU
REALLY STEALING FROM THE STARVING
MILLIONS?

CASSIE:

IT'S NOT STEALING – THE MONEY'S FOR A
CHARITABLE CAUSE.

JIM:

WELL I CONGRATULATE YOU. THE MONEY
HAS INDEED REACHED ITS DESTINATION
UNTAINTED BY THE SULLIED HANDS OF
CORRUPT POLITICIANS.

CASSIE:

YOU KNOW THE PARK?

JIM:

I LIVE IN THIS TOWN. I'M NOT APPEARING
FOR THREE YEARS AT THE EXPENSE OF
THE TAX PAYER

CASSIE:

I'LL MEET YOU AT THE GATES TONIGHT.
EIGHT O'CLOCK OK?

JIM:

AND WHAT WILL WE DO WITH ALL THIS
MONEY?

CASSIE:

I'LL SHOW YOU THE EDUCATED RICH LIVE.

[SHE TURNS TO GO]

JIM:

DOES THIS LEARNED PHILANTHROPIST
HAVE A NAME?

CASSIE:

SHE DOES - CASSIE

JIM:

SEE YOU TONIGHT CASSIE. I'M...

CASSIE:

TELL ME TONIGHT

MIX TO:

SC5. THE CAFE

[JIM STIRS HIS COFFEE CUP. A TEXT ALERT GOES OFF. JIM AUTOMATICALLY PULLS OUT HIS MOBILE PHONE FROM HIS JACKET POCKET - NOTHING THERE. HE PICKS UP THE PHONE THE GEORGIO THREW DOWN WITH HIS FREE HAND. JIM STROKES THE SCREEN IN THE SHAPE OF AN 'S' AND READS THE TEXT. IT SAYS: *SNAKE CHARMER 2:05 KEMPTON PARK*]

JIM:

OH FOR CRYING OUT LOUD THAT'S THE LAST THING I WANT – ANOTHER DONKEY TO BACK.

[JIM TURNS AND IS ABOUT TO GIVE THE PHONE TO GEORGIO WHEN THE TEXT ALERT REPEATS AGAIN GIVING HIM THE NAME OF THE SAME HORSE]

JIM:

YOU'RE PERSISTENT MATE BUT I JUST DON'T HAVE THE ANTE

[AS IF PRE-GUESSING WHAT JIM IS ABOUT TO DO THE TEXT ALERT GOES OFF FOR A THIRD TIME. JIM PAUSES FOR A MOMENT AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET]

GEORGIO (WALKING BACK):

YOU OUGHT TO BE MORE CAREFUL IT'S A NICE PHONE

JIM:

GEORGE

GEORGIO:

GEORGIO!

JIM (POINTS AT HIS COFFEE):

TOP THAT UP WILL YOU

[ANOTHER TEXT ALERT BUZZES IN HIS POCKET. JIM TAKES OUT THE PHONE BUT THE SCREEN IS BLANK. THEN HE TAKES OUT HIS OWN PHONE AND READS IT. IT'S FROM CASSIE AND SAYS 'GOOD LUCK' HE GRIMACES AND PUTS IT AWAY]

MIX TO:

SC6. JIM AND CASSIE'S KITCHEN

[THE KITCHEN IS PETITE BUT FUNCTIONAL. THERE IS A SMALL CIRCULAR TABLE AND JIM IS SITTING ON A CHAIR AND TUCKED IN TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE TABLE SO THAT CASSIE CAN MANUOEVRE AROUND HIM. BESIDE THE FRIDGE THERE IS A CALENDAR WITH A PICTURE OF TENBY BEACH. THERE ARE NO EVENTS MARKED ON IT. ACROSS THE KITCHEN THERE IS A SMALL WINDOW OVER THE SINK WHICH BETRAYS A MINISCULE BUT NEAT GARDEN WITH A TRIM LAWN AND A FEW BORDER FLOWERS BUT NOTHING ELSE. THE HOUSE ITSELF IS AN END TERRACED WITH TWO SMALL BEDROOMS UPSTAIRS AND A SMALL LOUNGE WHICH SITS AT THE FRONT FACING THE STREET. THEY HAVE NO GARAGE. ON THE KITCHEN WINDOW TRAILS OF DRIZZLE RIPPLE DOWN AS CASSIE GAZES OUT. SHE THEN TURNS AND GATHERS HER EQUIPMENT FOR WORK. JIM IS EATING A PIECE OF TOAST]

CASSIE:

CAN'T BE LATE JIM - OFSTED TODAY.

JIM:

YOU'LL PASS – YOU ALWAYS DO.

CASSIE:

YOU'RE ONLY AS GOOD AS YOUR LAST REPORT.

JIM:

ALL YOUR REPORTS ARE WINNERS

CASSIE:

JIM, IN YOUR MURKY PAST, WOULD YOU HAVE EVER BACKED A HORSE CALLED COMPLACENCY?

JIM/CASSIE [TOGETHER]:

WELL DON'T EXPECT ME TOO

[JIM FASTENS HIS TOP BUTTON AND
STARTS TO PUT ON A TIE]

CASSIE:

NOT SHAVING?

JIM [RUBBING HIS CHIN]:

IT'S A SUPERMARKET NOT A BANK

CASSIE:

IT'S YOUR FIRST WEEK – GOOD
IMPRESSIONS AND ALL THAT.

JIM:

ON THAT BASIS YOU'D BE TALKING TO
SOMEONE ELSE AT BREAKFAST

CASSIE:

MOM AND DAD'S SUNDAY – OKAY?

JIM:

IT'S ONLY THURSDAY COULDN'T YOU
HAVE TOLD ME TOMORROW?

CASSIE:

THEY LOVE YOU

JIM:

THEY PITY ME. THEY ALWAYS HAVE.
EVERYTIME THEY SEE ME THERE'S THIS
LOOK IN THEIR EYE LIKE THEY'VE JUST
FOUND A PUPPY DOG IN A SACK BY A
RIVER BANK

CASSIE:

IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO FOR THEIR
SUPPORT.

JIM:

CASS PLEASE JUST USE THE CORRECT
WORD - MONEY

CASSIE:

IT'S GIVEN FREELY WITHOUT ANY
CONDITIONS – IT DOESN'T DESERVE YOUR
RESENTMENT.

JIM:

IT'S NOT MINE

CASSIE:

JIM ANOTHER YEAR OR TWO AND I'LL BE
PICKING UP A DECENT SALARY.

JIM:

AND I'LL BE PUSHING TROLLEYS AROUND
OR FILLING SHELVES.

CASSIE:

JIM, WE ALL THINK LIFE'S ONE LONG
HIGHWAY BUT IT'S JUST LIKE ANY OTHER
ROAD, FULL OF CURVES AND CORNERS
AND EVERY NOW AND THEN WE ARRIVE
AT A FORK; SOMETIMES WE'LL CHOOSE
THE RIGHT PATH AND OTHERTIMES... WELL
- BUT THEY'LL ALWAYS BE ANOTHER
FORK, ALWAYS ANOTHER CHANCE.

JIM:

BUT WHAT IF YOU CHOOSE WRONG AGAIN,
AND AGAIN AT THE NEXT FORK. PERHAPS I
NEED A GUIDE.

CASSIE (IGNORING HIM):

MAYBE YOU WILL HAVE TO HACK AWAY
AT A BIT OF UNDERGROWTH TO FIND IT.

JIM:

WHERE COULD THAT BE THEN; THE AISLE
BETWEEN CEREALS AND CANNED
VEGETABLES MAYBE?

CASSIE:

THIS IS A FIRST STEP, AND YES IT'S HARD
WITH OTHER PEOPLE TELLING YOU WHERE
TO WALK BUT ONE DAY YOU'LL WEAR
YOUR OWN SHOES.

JIM:

CASS, I USED TO FIND YOUR
CONVERSATION FASCINATING WHEN WE
FIRST KNEW EACH OTHER – NOW IT FEELS
LIKE TINITUS

CASSIE:

IF YOU DON'T LIKE WORKING THERE JACK
IT IN - I WON'T MIND

JIM:

YOU SAY YOU WON'T BUT YOU WILL.
THEN YOU PAT ME ON THE HEAD, GIVE ME
A BONE AND TELL ME TO LIE IN THE
CORNER AND REST

CASSIE:

NOT BEFORE I WALK YOU – WE DON'T
WANT YOU SOILING THE CARPET

[SHE PICKS UP HER BRIEFCASE] I'M GOING
– SEE YOU TONIGHT

JIM:

IT'S NOT EVEN EIGHT

CASSIE [SHE IS LOOKING OUT INTO THE
GARDEN. ABOVE IN THE SKY AND UNSEEN
TO HER A SPARROWHAWK KILLS ANOTHER
BIRD MID-FLIGHT]:

SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT TODAY

JIM:

THE OLD CASSIE PREDICTOR

CASSIE:

IT'S NEVER FAILED ME; REMEMBER MY
DRIVING TEST?

JIM:

YOU PASSED SECOND TIME – IT TOOK ME
THREE ATTEMPTS

CASSIE:

FIRST TIME YOU MEAN

JIM:

DID YOU GET YOUR FULL LICENCE?

CASSIE:

I SHOULD HAVE:

MIX TO:

SC7. AN URBAN STREET WITH PARKED CARS ON BOTH SIDES

[A CAR WITH A L PLATE AND A DRIVING SCHOOL LOGO *STREET SAVVY* BLAZONED ON ITS SIDE TURNS INTO IT AND NEGOTIATES THE NARROW CHANNEL BETWEEN THE TWO SETS OF PARKED VEHICLES]

CUT TO:

SC8. INSIDE CAR

[CASSIE IS DRIVING WITH A TEST
EXAMINER BESIDE HER IN THE PASSENGER
SEAT]

EXAMINER:

AT SOME POINT ALONG THIS ROAD I WILL
ASK YOU TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY STOP.
YOU WILL DO SO WHILST CONTROLLING
THE VEHICLE IN A STRAIGHT LINE AND
WITHOUT STALLING

[CASSIE NODS]

CUT TO:

SC9. SHOT OF STREET FROM ABOVE

[CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT]

CUT TO:

SC10. INSIDE CAR

[EXAMINER'S FACE IS AGHAST AND CASSIE
GLANCES TOWARD HIM WITH AN
APOLOGETIC LOOK IN HER EYES THEN
BOTH STARE OUT OF THE WINDSCREEN]

CUT TO:

SC11. STREET

[A CHILD ON A SMALL TRICYCLE PEDALS
OUT BETWEEN THE PARKED CARS ON THE
LEFT LESS THAN TEN FEET FROM CASSIE'S
CAR]

CUT TO:

SC12. JIM AND CASSIE'S KITCHEN

JIM:

CASSIE YOU PUT IN AN UNSCHEDULED
EMERGENCY STOP

CASSIE:

AND JUST AS WELL. I SAVED THAT
CHILD'S LIFE

JIM [READING YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPER-
DISINTERESTED]:

DID YOU?

CASSIE:

THE EXAMINER WAS WHITE WITH SHOCK.
HE LOOKED AT ME AS IF HE HAD A
PSYCHOPATH BEHIND THE WHEEL

JIM [FULLY AWARE OF WHAT SHE'S ABOUT
TO SAY]:

AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

CASSIE:

HE BLOODY FAILED ME

JIM:

QUITE RIGHT

CASSIE:

HE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAID I
KNEW IT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. HE SAID
I STOPPED ABRUPTLY AND IT WAS JUST A
LUCKY COINCIDENCE

JIM:

YOU'RE A WITCH THEN

CASSIE:

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

JIM:

IT'S THE MOTORING EQUIVALENT OF THE
DUCKING STOOL. THE ONLY WAY TO PASS
WAS TO RUN OVER THE KID

CASSIE:

JEEZ THE HAIRS ON MY NECK ARE
STANDING TO ATTENTION

JIM:

MAYBE YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE *YOUR* JOB

CASSIE:

DON'T SAY THAT JIM – WE COULDN'T LIVE
ON YOUR WAGES ALONE

JIM:

BUT WE'D BE EQUAL THEN

CASSIE:

OH NO JIM NOT AGAIN.

JIM:

YOU JUST SAID YOU WOULDN'T MIND!

CASSIE:

I DON'T BUT...

JIM:

CASSIE IT JUST WASN'T ME

CASSIE:

THREE DAYS - HOW DO YOU KNOW AFTER
THREE DAYS?

JIM:

THE JIM PREDICTOR

CASSIE:

NOW I'M REALLY NERVOUS

JIM:

IT MUST BE A CASSIE AFTERSHOCK

CASSIE:

NO I ALWAYS SENSED IT BEFORE. (PAUSE)
I REALLY HAVE TO GO WILL YOU...

JIM:

YES I'LL GO TO THE JOB CENTRE

CASSIE:

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHAT...?

JIM:

THE CASSIE VIBES ARE RUBBING OFF ON
ME

[SHE REACHES DOWN TO KISS HIM AND
STOPS LOOKING AT HIS EYES INTENSELY]

JIM:

WHAT?

CASSIE:

YEARS AGO I WAS ATTRACTED TO YOU BY
THE SADNESS IN YOUR EYES BUT WHEN I
FOUND OUT THE REASON I HATED IT AND
WANTED SO BADLY TO SEE THEM SMILE
BACK AT ME SOMEDAY

JIM:

ARE THEY STILL SAD?

CASSIE SMILES AT HIM AND KISSES HIS
FOREHEAD. JIM CLOSES HIS EYES AND SHE
STROKES BOTH OF HIS EYELIDS WITH HER
THUMBS

MIX TO:

SC13. THE CAFE

[JIM IS FINISHING HIS COFFEE. HE IS
LOOKING AT HIS WATCH STROKING THE
GLASS IN A 'S' SHAPE]

JIM:

I OUGHT TO HAVE MY OWN BOOTH AT
THAT SHIT HOLE.

GEORGIO:

BEG PARDON

JIM:

TALKING TO MYSELF – GOT A HOT DATE
WITH AN EMPLOYMENT CONSULTANT

GEORGIO:

THERE'S A PART-TIME POSITION GOING
HERE BUT I HAVEN'T ACTUALLY
ADVERTISED.

JIM [LAUGHING]:

OH A POSITION!

GEORGIO:

IF YOU WANT TO WORK IT'S A START. I
COULD PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU,
AFTER ALL YOU SEEM TO SPEND A LOT OF
TIME HERE

JIM:

BUT NOT MONEY

GEORGIO:

SO SPEND TIME HERE AND MAKE SOME

JIM:

IT'S A THOUGHT. WHAT DO I NEED?
BLACK PANTS, WHITE SHIRT AND RETITLE
MYSELF GIACOMO, EH GEORGE?

GEORGIO:

IT'S GEORGIO

JIM:

IT WAS GEORGE AT SCHOOL I SEEM TO
RECALL

GEORGIO:

IT'S MY STAGE NAME

JIM:

HOW ARE YOU TREADING THE BOARDS
THESE DAYS?

GEORGIO:

PERSISTING

JIM:

FAILING YOU MEAN?

GEORGIO:

TRYING; THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

JIM:

WHICH IS?

GEORGIO:

I WEAR MY OWN BOOTS DEAR

JIM:

THIS IS LIKE TALKING TO CASSIE

GEORGIO:

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING ELSE?

JIM:

NO, I'LL TAKE A SLOW WANDER ROUND
TOWN- BAREFOOTED PERHAPS.

GEORGIO [LIFTING JIM'S CUP]:

OKAY

JIM [LOOKING AT THE OTHER MOBILE]:

WAIT, GEORGE...SORRY GEORGIO, DO YOU HAVE A MORNING PAPER?

GEORGIO:

WE ARE BROKE TODAY

[GEORGIO FETCHES HIM A PAPER]

[JIM RIFLES THE PAGES UNTIL HE GETS TO THE HORSE RACING SECTION]

JIM:

WHAT AM I AFTER - OH YES – *SNAKE CHARMER*, 2:05 KEMPTON; FUCKING TWO YEAR OLD FILLIES MAIDEN RACE; PROBABLY TWELVE DOG FOOD CANDIDATES.

GEORGIO:

GAMBLING? WELL PAY FOR THE BLOODY COFFEE FIRST

JIM:

GAMBLING'S RIGHT; LOOK AT THIS – *SNAKE CHARMER*; NEVER RUN BEFORE; NO FORM; SMALL STABLE AS WELL, AND OVERALL THEY'VE ONLY HAD ONE WINNER FROM 30 RUNS THIS YEAR; NOTHING OUTSTANDING IN THE BLOODLINES; UP AGAINST TWO HOT HORSES IN THE BETTING WITH GOOD RUNS UNDER THEIR BELT. HOW THE FUCK COULD ANYBODY TIP THIS? WHAT'S THE STARTING PRICE? 50-1!

GEORGIO (HANDS JIM THE BILL):

£2.50 PLEASE; YOU CAN FORGO THE TIP. IF YOU WIN YOU CAN TREAT ME NEXT TIME

[JIM PUTS THE PAPER DOWN AND STARES OUT THE CAFÉ WINDOW. HE SEES HIS OWN FAINT REFLECTION. IT'S RAINING. THERE ARE LINES OF PRECIPITATION RUNNING ACROSS HIS FACE AS IF HE WERE CRYING]

JIM:

FUCK; GEORGIO YOU HAVEN'T A COAT I COULD BORROW?

[LOOKS BACK AT PAPER]

GEORGIO:

I THOUGHT GAMBLERS DIDN'T OWN COATS – OH NO THAT'S SHIRTS ISN'T IT?

JIM: (PLACING 2 X £1 AND 2 X 50P COINS ON THE PLATE)

HERE'S £3. KEEP IT

GEORGIO:

50P? FOR THE COAT?

JIM:

LISTEN - THE PREDICTED GOING IS FIRM BUT NOT IF THIS KEEPS UP; KEMPTON'S ONLY 50 MILES FROM HERE. BUT NO, THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT.

[TAKES ONE OF THE FIFTY PENCE PIECES BACK]

GEORGIO:

CHEAP BASTARD! THERE'S A SPARE JACKET IN THE BACK – IT SHOULD FIT YOU

[JIM RUBS THE EDGE WITH HIS THUMB AND TOSSES IT IN THE AIR]

CUT TO:

SC14. A PARK

[CASSIE CATCHING A COIN FROM THE AIR. SHE IS SITING WITH JIM IN A PARK SITUATED IN A QUIET AREA OF THE CITY - ITS ABOUT A MILE IN CIRCUMFERENCE. THE TIME IS TWILIGHT BUT THERE ARE STILL QUITE A FEW PEOPLE ABOUT, WALKING DOGS, PLAYING FOOTBALL OR SIMPLY STROLLING HAND IN HAND]

[JIM AND CASSIE ARE SITTING ON THE GRASS. THE SUN IS NOW FADING INTO LATE EVENING. THEY HAVE A BAG OF CRISPS AND A PACKET OF WINE GUMS BETWEEN THEM]

CASSIE:

WHAT A FEAST JIM.

JIM:

I HARDLY THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE; ROAST CHICKEN WITH A CHOICE OF WINES AND ALL ON 50P

CASSIE (HOLDING UP THE COIN AS IF IT WERE A CUP):

WITH 5P CHANGE!

JIM:

IS IT ENOUGH FOR DESSERT

CASSIE:

WE'LL BE TOO FULL FOR A THIRD COURSE

JIM:

THERE'S AN ARCADE THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARK. WE SHOULD TAKE OUR LIFE SAVINGS AND GAMBLE IT ALL ON ONE THROW OF THE DICE, OR SHOULD I SAY ONE PULL OF THE ONE ARMED BANDIT, AND SEE IF WE CAN COMPLETE OUR BANQUET

[CASSIE LAUGHS AND THEN SUDDENLY
GOES QUIET]

CASSIE:

IS IT A PROBLEM?

JIM:

ONLY WHEN I LOSE

CASSIE:

FREUD WOULD PROBABLY SAY THAT
PSYCHOLOGICALLY YOU REALLY WANT
TO LOSE

JIM:

FREUD NEVER LAID A BET IN HIS LIFE
THEN

CASSIE:

FREUD MIGHT SAY THAT YOU ONLY THINK
YOU WANT TO WIN

JIM:

I PROBABLY THINK MORE THAN FREUD
THEN

CASSIE:

FUNNY, I'VE NEVER HAD AN ITCH I
COULDN'T SCRATCH

JIM:

I'M MORE THAN AN ITCH DARLING; I'M A
RASH!

CASSIE:

I'M GOING TO NEED A LOTTERY WIN HERE
TO KEEP MYSELF IN CALOMINE LOTION?

JIM:

OH I WOULDN'T GO TO ALL THAT
TROUBLE, JUST KEEP YOUR FINGERNAILS
SHARP

CASSIE:

YOU DON'T SPEND ALL YOUR WAGES
THERE?

JIM:

WHAT WAGES?

CASSIE:

DOLE MONEY THEN?

JIM [LAUGHING]:

I DON'T SEE MUCH OF THAT. THAT'S ONE
CHEQUE I DON'T GET TO BANK.

CASSIE (SITTING UP):

THEN HOW?

JIM:

THE TRUTH?

CASSIE:

I'M READY

JIM:

I STEAL

CASSIE (WITH A LOOK OF CHAGRIN):

IT MAKES SENSE. CAUGHT?

JIM:

TWO TIMES

CASSIE:

JAIL?

JIM:

NOT YET

CASSIE:

BUT YOU STILL STEAL?

JIM:

I'M STILL GAMBLING AREN'T I?

CASSIE (STANDING UP AND POINTING AT HIM WITH HER FINGER):

I CAN'T LET YOU LOVE ME UNTIL I KNOW YOU'RE HONEST

JIM:

I'LL NEVER LOVE YOU

CASSIE:

AH BUT YOU WILL JIM, YOU WILL

JIM (RAISING HIMSELF FROM OFF THE GRASS):

DO YOU WANT TO BET ON IT?

CUT TO:

SC15. LATE NIGHT SHOP EXTERIOR

[A LATE NIGHT GROCERS SELLING THE
USUAL FARE – PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING]

[CASSIE AND JIM EXIT THE SHOP; CASSIE
HAS AN APPLE IN HER HAND]

CASSIE:

THERE! I TOLD YOU - 5P FOR A DESSERT
FOR TWO. AND WHAT A DESSERT DO; YOU
REALISE A WAR WAS STARTED OVER AN
APPLE?

JIM:

A FOOD FIGHT WAS IT?

CASSIE:

THE TROJAN WAR

JIM:

ANOTHER DODGY HORSE STORY, I
BELIEVE.

CASSIE:

A WHOLE CITY LOST

JIM:

WAS IT AN EACH WAY BET?

CASSIE:

NO AND NEITHER WILL YOU BE

JIM:

HOW?

CASSIE:

JUST LISTEN TO ME

JIM:

FOR HOW LONG

CASSIE (STICKING THE APPLE INTO HIS
MOUTH):

FOR ALWAYS

CUT TO:

SC16. A WALL BY THE PARK

[IT'S NIGHTTIME. THIS PART OF THE PARK IS DESERTED. IT'S A WARM NIGHT AND DRY. THERE ARE TREES BEHIND THEM FROM WHICH A FULL MOON CAN BE SEEN AND THERE IS A PATH LEADING INTO AND AROUND THE PARK. THE LIGHTS OF THE LAMPPOSTS TRAIL AWAY IN THE DISTANCE - THEY ARE BOTH SITTING ON THE WALL]

[JIM HAS EATEN HALF THE APPLE AND PASSES IT TO CASSIE]

CASSIE:

NO YOU HAVE IT ALL; I PROMISE YOU A THREE COURSE MEAL. YOU HAVE TO FINISH IT

JIM:

WHAT ABOUT THESE?

[HE PULLS A PEAR AND AN ORANGE FROM UNDERNEATH HIS JACKET. CASSIE CANNOT HIDE HER DISAPPROVAL]

THEY WERE ABOUT TO BE MULCH ANYWAY. WHY DO YOU THINK YOU GOT THE APPLE FOR 5P?

CASSIE:

WHAT WAS THE PROFIT FOR YOU IN STEALING THOSE? YOU CAN'T SELL THEM TO GAMBLE WITH? WHY DO IT AT ALL?

JIM:

IT WAS A TROJAN TECHNIQUE ANYWAY THE ODDS WERE FOR ME. THEY USUALLY ARE IN THIS ARENA?

CASSIE:

COME LIVE WITH ME AND BRING YOUR DOLE CHEQUE. I'LL HELP YOU CASH IT. IT'D BE BETTER

JIM:

IS THAT A PUN?

[BOTH LAUGH]

CASSIE:

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT YOU? YOU LIVE WITH YOUR DAD WHO STEALS YOUR DOLE MONEY AND WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO GAMBLE; YOU'VE LOST YOUR MUM AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A JOB. OH AND YES YOU'RE A COMPULSIVE GAMBLER

JIM:

CASSIE, I'M NOT A PHILANTHROPIC PROJECT

CASSIE:

NO YOU'RE MY GAMBLE.

JIM:

YOU WANT TO BE BITTEN BY THE BUG?

CASSIE:

NO, THE REASON IS FAR MORE COMPLICATED

JIM:

THEN YOU SHOULDN'T TELL ME

CASSIE:

YOU ALREADY KNOW

[SHE PUSHES HIM OFF THE WALL]

MIX TO:

SC17. THE CAFE

[JIM FOLDS UP THE PAPER AND SITS
CONSIDERING WHAT TO DO]

JIM:

GEORGIO, FANCY LENDING ME A FEW BOB?

GEORGIO:

ON MY SALARY?

JIM:

JUST £20

GEORGIO:

WHAT FOR?

JIM:

TO INVEST IN MY FUTURE; YOU WERE
CONCERNED FOR ME A MINUTE AGO

GEORGIO:

CONCERNED NOT OBSESSED

JIM:

OKAY I'LL TAKE THE JOB HERE. GIVE ME
AN ADVANCE

GEORGIO:

WITHOUT SO MUCH AS LIFTING A SALT
CELLAR?

JIM:

I'LL START TODAY, WELL LATER THIS
AFTERNOON. I'LL DO AN EXTRA HOUR
UNPAID TODAY AND TOMORROW

GEORGIO:

HAVE YOU ANY EXPERIENCE?

JIM:

COME ON GEORGE FOR FUCK'S SAKE

GEORGIO:

I'M ONLY TRYING TO HOLD SOME SORT OF FORMAL INTERVIEW. I DON'T OWN THE CAFÉ, I JUST RUN IT, BUT I'LL STILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU. WHAT ABOUT REFERENCES?

JIM:

YOU KNOW WHAT WILL COME OUT BUT YOU DID SAY YOU'D FIX THINGS IF I WANTED IT DIDN'T YOU?

GEORGIO:

OKAY FOR OLD TIMES SAKE I'LL MAKE A COUPLE UP FOR THE FILE, BUT DON'T FUCK UP ON ME

[GEORGIO TAKES A TWENTY OUT OF THE TILL AND HANDS IT OVER. JIM FOLDS IN NEATLY AND THEN CARESSES THE EDGE]

I DON'T CASH UP TILL TONIGHT. IT MUST BE A HOT HORSE

JIM:

SMOKING.

CUT TO:

SC18. BETTING SHOP INTERIOR

[THIS BOOKMAKERS SHOP IS NOW FITTED OUT WITH ALL THE MOD CONS – A WALL FULL OF SCREENS SHOWING RACES FROM DIFFERENT MEETINGS FROM OVER THE COUNTRY. THREE ONE-ARMED BANDITS AND THE DÉCOR IS LESS DATED. THE SMOKERS HAVE TO EXIT THE REAR OF THE SHOP BUT THE FLOOR REMAINS AS DIRTY AS THE OTHER BUT FILLED WITH LOSING SLIPS AND EMPTY FAG PACKETS. THE USUAL MIX OF PUNTERS HASN'T ALTERED THOUGH - BAD SHIRTS, STAINED TROUSERS, TANK TOPS AND RAINCOATS IN HIGH SUMMER; JIM IS SITTING DOWN WATCHING THE SCREENS WITH THE EARLY BETTING. THE 2:05 RACE HASN'T SHOWN YET. A MAN, BOB, TAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER. HE IS WEARING A DIRTY BROWN JACKET, A BRUTUS CHECKED SHIRT, DARK TROUSERS WITH THE BOTTOMS FRAYED AND AN OLD PAIR OF DUNLOP GREEN FLASH PUMPS THAT ARE NEARER GREY THAN THE ORIGINAL WHITE]

BOB:

I THOUGHT YOU'D TAKEN THE CURE SON?

JIM:

OH SHIT! I'M...I'M JUST LOOKING

BOB:

WINDOW SHOPPING - IN A BOOKIES JIM?

JIM [LOOKING CLOSELY AT BOB]:

YOU SHOULD TAKE IT UP. WHICH DECADE ARE WE STYLING OURSELF ON THESE DAYS – SEVENTIES, EIGHTIES?

BOB:

I'VE SURVIVED

JIM:

YOU PERSIST (LOOKS DOWN AT BOB'S DIRTY GREEN FLASH TENNIS SHOES) I SEE YOU DIDN'T MAKE THE FIRST ROUND AT WIMBLEDON THEN?

BOB:

THEY'RE COMFY. FANCY ANYTHING THEN?

JIM:

PRIVACY

BOB [GRINNING]:

IS THAT ONE OF HENRY CECIL'S?

JIM:

YEAH, A DARK HORSE

BOB:

SEEN MUCH OF IT?

JIM:

RARELY, THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT SO PRECIOUS

BOB (GRABBING JIM'S WRIST):

HOW DO I GET A PIECE OF IT?

JIM:

YOU DON'T, IT TAKES BREEDING

BOB:

YOU WERE SPOILT

JIM:

NOT BY YOU

BOB (ALMOST SPITTING THE WORDS):

HOW COULD I? MY FEET WERE FAR TOO BIG FOR THOSE GLASS SLIPPERS

JIM (REARING BACK IN DISGUST):

WHAT'S IT LIKE HAVING TO LIVE OFF JUST
THE ONE DOLE CHEQUE?

BOB:

ISN'T THAT A LITTLE RICH?

JIM:

NOT SINCE AN HOUR AGO

BOB:

WHAT LIES ON THE NEXT RUNG DOWN
FROM SYNCHRONIZED TROLLEY PUSHING
– SCRUBBING SHITHOLE FLOORS LIKE
YOUR MOTHER?

JIM:

AT LEAST SHE WAS EARNING ON HER
KNEES NOT BEGGING

BOB:

YOU SEE YOU DO TAKE AFTER ME

JIM:

ONLY THE SHITTY PARTS

BOB:

THAT DOESN'T LEAVE MUCH JIM

JIM:

THERE'S CASSIE

BOB (POSH VOICE):

THE TEACHER? THE WOMAN WHO KEEPS
YOU? THERE'S RESPECT FOR YOU

JIM:

SHE DOESN'T KEEP ME

BOB:

OH I FORGOT ABOUT THE OTHER TWO SPONSORS. DO YOU WEAR A BRACELET ON YOUR ANKLE SO THEY KNOW WHERE YOU ARE? IF THEY COULD SEE YOU NOW JIM BOY, WOULD THEY BE SO BENEVOLENT?

JIM:

I NEVER ASKED THEM FOR ANYTHING

BOB:

AND YET THEY PROVIDE. ARE THEY NOT SAINTED?

JIM:

THEY SAW YOU AND UNDERSTOOD. WHAT DID I EVER GET FROM YOU?

BOB:

THE BAD SEED OF COURSE; I THINK THEY CALL IT DNA THESE DAYS.

[A ROAR HITS THE SHOP AS A FAVOURITE HITS THE FRONT ON A RACE SHOWING ON THE SCREENS. BOB TURNS TO WATCH. HE TAKES OUT A BETTING SLIP FROM HIS JACKET POCKET]

BOB:

COME ON YOU BASTARD!

[TURNING TO JIM]

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SHARE THE WINNINGS BOY?

[JIM SAYS NOTHING. THE PUNTERS CHEERS SUDDENLY WANE AS ANOTHER HORSE EMERGES FROM THE PACK AND BEGINS TO CHASE DOWN THE FAVOURITE]

JIM:

NO THANKS

[A SUCCESSION OF AAHS AND CURSES FILL THE AIR AS THE FAVOURITE IS CAUGHT AND BEAT ON THE LINE]

JIM (DRIPPING WITH SARCASM):

YOU KEEP IT ALL. I WAS PRETTY GOOD AT THAT MYSELF

BOB (SCREWS UP HIS SLIP AND THROWS IT ON THE FLOOR):

COULDN'T LOSE – THE FUCKER SAID IT COULDN'T LOSE

JIM:

THAT'S THE ONLY SURE BET DAD

BOB:

WHAT DO YOU SAY? FUCK IT; THAT WAS MY LAST TENNER

JIM:

DID WE EVER TALK SO MUCH?

BOB:

NOT EVEN WHEN WE ARGUED

JIM:

I LIKE IT BETTER THAT WAY

BOB [AFTER A PAUSE]:

COME ON - GOT A HOT TIP JIM BOY? SHARE IT WITH YOUR PA AND I'LL LEAVE YOU BE

JIM:

PROMISE?

BOB (THROWING HIS ARMS BACK AND AROUND AT THE BOOKIES):

WHAT ELSE ARE WE EVER LIKELY TO SHARE?

JIM:

YOU SEE THE FIRST RACE AT KEMPTON

BOB [LOOKS AT THE PAPER IN FRONT OF
JIM]:

TWO YEAR OLD MAIDEN FOR FILLIES?

JIM:

THAT'S THE ONE; SECOND FAVOURITE

[THE FIRST SHOW LIGHTS UP ON THE
BOARDS]

BOB:

INTERESTING; GOOD STABLE BUT NOT
MUCH OF A STARTING PRICE.

JIM:

DEPENDS HOW MUCH WE'VE STOLEN TO
PUT ON IT

BOB:

IT'S A STRANGE WORLD INDEED WHEN
THE ROBBER ACCUSES THE THIEF

JIM:

MASTER AND EX-APPRENTICE

BOB (STARING TOWARD JIM'S POCKETS):

SO THAT'S YOUR MONEY THEN? IT HASN'T
ABSCONDED FROM THE LITTLE WOMAN'S
PURSE OR BEEN LIBERATED FROM THE
TILL OF AN ERRANT SHOPKEEPER?

JIM:

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

BOB:

I CAN SMELL IT

JIM:

IT'S GOT A NOSE TOO AND IT AVOIDS YOU
LIKE THE PLAGUE

BOB:

AH TRUE ENOUGH I CAN RECOGNIZE THE
AROMA BUT HAVE RARELY EVER FEASTED
ON IT – BUT AREN'T YOU A LITTLE THIN
TOO SON?

JIM:

WIRY

BOB [LOOKING WARILY AT THE SCREENS]:

WARY DID YOU SAY? YOU WOULDN'T BE
TRYING TO MISLEAD ME NOW SON?

JIM:

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHETHER YOU BACK
IT OR NOT; YOU ASKED ME.

BOB:

IT'S THE NAME YOU SEE, JIM – *SUCKER-
PUNCH*. I'D HATE TO BE THE VICTIM OF
GAMBLER'S PATRICIDE, ESPECIALLY WITH
SUCH AN IRONICALLY NAMED PIECE OF
HORSEFLESH.

JIM:

WELL YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING
DILEMMA THEN? WHAT PRICE FIDELITY, 7-
2?

BOB:

WHERE'S YOUR SLIP?

JIM:

SAFE

BOB:

SHOW ME

JIM:

OH, OH, DON'T LOOK NOW BOB, BUT IT'S SHORTENED TO 3-1. MUST BE SOME MONEY GOING ON SOMEWHERE.

BOB [RUSHING AWAY]:

FUCK! THANKS SON

JIM (TO PHONE):

I'VE PROBABLY INADVERTENTLY GIVEN THAT BASTARD THE WINNER. LOOK AT *SNAKE CHARMER* – 50-1! YOU CAN'T WIN; NOT AT THAT PRICE

[JIM LOOKS BACK AT THE COUNTER. BOB HAS COERCED A PAL TO LEND HIM SOME MONEY AND HAS PLACED HIS BET. HE WINKS AT JIM; JIM SMILES WEAKLY. HE GLANCES BACK AT THE PRICES. SUCKER PUNCH SHORTENS INTO 9-4. ANOTHER TEXT ALERT BUZZES ON THE MOBILE PHONE FOUND IN THE CAFE. HE READS IT - *SNAKE CHARMER 2:05 KEMPTON PARK*]

JIM [PICKS UP A BETTING SLIP BUT SECRETES IT SO THAT BOB CANNOT SEE WHAT HE'S DOING. HE TAKES THE PEN AND THEN HESITATES. HE THEN WRITES OUT A WIN BET ON *SUCKER PUNCH* AT £20. HE LOOKS AT THE SCREEN. *SNAKE CHARMER'S* PRICE IS CONSTANT BUT *SUCKER PUNCH* INCHES IN TO 2:1]:

JIM (TO PHONE):

THERE'S SOME CLEVER MONEY GOING ON THAT NAG WHY NOT YOU.

[JIM BEGINS TO RISE. THE MOBILE GOES OFF AGAIN. HE TAKES IT OUT OF HIS POCKET – BOB ESPIES HIM DOING SO. THE TEXT READS AGAIN *SNAKE CHARMER 2:05 KEMPTON*]

JIM (TO PHONE):

WHERE'S THE FUCKING MONEY THEN?
WHO ARE YOU?

[BOB IS WATCHING HIM INTENTLY, THEN IS DISTRACTED BY AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE TV SCREENS]

ANNOUNCER:

THERE'S AN AVALANCHE OF MONEY COMING IN FOR SUCKER PUNCH

[JIM GOES TO THE COUNTER AND PLACES HIS BET BUT BOB TURNS BACK AND INTERCEPTS HIM]

BOB:

JIM BOY – YOU WOULDN'T BE HOLDING OUT ON YER OLD MAN?

[BOB GRABS JIM'S HAND AND READS WHAT'S ON THE SLIP – SUCKER PUNCH £20 WIN]

BOB:

GOOD. NO USE DOUBLE BLUFFING ME JIM – MY MONEY'S DOWN. GOT NO MORE

[BOB GRABS JIM'S OTHER HAND AND TRIES TO READ THE MOBILE – THE TEXT SCREEN IS BLANK. HE LETS JIM GO]

BOB:

GOT A FRIEND HAVE WE?

[JIM DIVES TOWARD THE COUNTER AND THROWS HIS SLIP AND MONEY AT THE TELLER. HE CHECKS THE SCREEN – THE LAST HORSE IS GOING BEHIND]

JIM:

COME ON MAN – QUICKLY!

[THE TELLER TAKES THE BET. THE STALL GATES LIFT IMMEDIATELY]

SHOP RACING COMMENTATOR:

[THEY'RE OFF IN THIS 6 FURLONG SPRINT FOR 2 YEAR OLD MAIDEN FILLIES. THIS SHOULD BE A REAL SLOG AS THE GROUND HAS SOFTENED UP APPRECIATIVELY. IMMEDIATELY *MORGAN'S DANCE* HAS TAKEN UP THE RUNNING WITH *INDIAN BLOODLINE* IN SECOND....]

MIX TO:

SC19. ANOTHER BETTING SHOP (SEVEN YEARS AGO)

[JIM, YOUNGER, IS WATCHING A RACE ON THE ON-SCREEN TV]

JIM:

COME ON *ELUSIVE*, MY LITTLE BEAUTY,
COME ON.

MATT (A FRIEND):

HOW MUCH YOU PUT ON?

JIM:

EVERYTHING I KNICKED OUT OF THE OLD
MAN'S WALLET...ABOUT FORTY QUID

MATT:

DID YOU TAKE THE PRICE?

JIM:

11-1

MATT:

TO WIN?

JIM:

EACH WAY IS FOR HOUSEWIVES BACKING
GRAND NATIONAL FODDER

[THE HORSES ENTER THE FINAL STRAIGHT.
ELUSIVE IS TWO LENGTHS BEHIND THE
LEADER IN THIRD PLACE]

JIM:

PERFECT – HE'S IN A PRIME POSITION TO
SWOOP.

MATT:

HE'S GONNA GET BLOCKED IF THEY START
TO PACK

JIM:

PULL HIM OUT COME ON – NOW!

[THE RUNNERS ENTER THE FINAL TWO FURLONGS. *ELUSIVE*'S JOCKEY HAS PULLED HIM OUT WIDE FOR A RUN BUT HAS LOST GROUND SLIGHTLY DOING SO]

JIM:

THE BASTARD'S LEFT IT TOO LATE

MATT:

NO, NO, HE'S GOT THE FUCKER RUNNING NOW.

JIM:

YEAH BUT HE'S GOT TO KEEP HIM STRAIGHT. SWITCH THE STICK YOU ARSE

[THE JOCKEY OBEYS AS IF HE'S HEARD THE COMMAND. THE HORSES ARE IN THE FINAL FURLONG AND *ELUSIVE* IS SECOND AND GAINING ON THE LEADER WITH EVERY STRIDE]

MATT:

HE ISN'T GONNA GET THERE

JIM:

YES HE IS

[*ELUSIVE* IS A HEAD BEHIND]

HE FUCKING BETTER

COME ON YOU LAZY BASTARD!

[BOTH HORSES CROSS THE LINE TOGETHER]

MATT:

I DON'T THINK HE GOT UP

JIM:

HE GOT UP

MATT:

I DON'T THINK SO

JIM:

DID YOU HAVE MONEY ON HIM?

MATT:

FUCK NO

JIM:

THEN HE GOT UP

MATT:

OKAY JIM I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO BE
DISAPPOINTED

JIM;

I WON'T BE

[THE PHOTO-FINISH IS ANNOUNCED]

COURSE-COMMENTATOR:

THE RESULT IS NUMBER 6 FIRST AND
NUMBER 2.

MATT:

JIM THAT'S 450 QUID

JIM:

I TOLD YOU MATT, I'M A CLEVER BASTARD

MATT [LOOKING BEHIND HIM]:

MAYBE NOT

[BOB MOVES UP BEHIND JIM AND CRACKS
HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH A BASEBALL
BAT. HE TAKES THE SLIP OUT OF THE
HAND OF THE UNCONSCIOUS JIM. THE
OTHER PUNTERS MOVE AWAY IN SHOCK]

BOB:

MINE I THINK

BETTING SHOP PROPRIETOR:

HEY YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I'M CALLING
THE POLICE!

BOB:

I'LL DO IT FOR YOU. THAT LITTLE SHIT IS
ONLY 15

BETTING-SHOP PROPRIETOR [BECOMES
INSTANTLY MORE SANGUINE AND SHOUTS
TO MATT]:

PROP YOUR FRIEND ON A CHAIR AGAINST
THE WALL. WHEN HE COMES ROUND GET
HIM OUT OF HERE AND DON'T EITHER OF
YOU COME IN HERE AGAIN.

[BOB HANDS THE PROPRIETOR THE SLIP
WITH A HUGE SMILE ON HIS FACE]

BOB:

A WIN BY PROXY – STILL A WIN

MIX TO:

SC20. WEDDING RECEPTION FOR JIM AND CASSIE.

[THE VENUE IS A SMALL CLUB OR PUB. JIM AND CASSIE OCCUPY THE USUAL SEATS AT THE TOP TABLE BUT THE ONLY OTHER OCCUPANTS ARE CASSIE'S PARENTS AND GRAND PARENTS. CASSIE'S FATHER RISES TO MAKE HIS SPEECH. HE IS NOT QUITE ROTUND BUT SOLIDLY BUILT WITH A HOMELY ROUNDED EXPRESSION WHICH BETRAYS A GENEROUS NATURE. HIS WIFE, AMY, IS DELICATE AND PRETTY FOR HER AGE WITH SHARPISH FEATURES]

FRED (CASSIE'S FATHER):

THIS IS A DAY I'VE LONG LOOKED FORWARD TOO – THE DAY MY LITTLE GIRL...WELL SHE'S NOT THAT ANYMORE...I'M NOT A HELL OF A SPEAKER AS THOSE OF YOU WHO KNOW ME WELL – SO I'LL BE BRIEF. MY LASS HAS NEVER CAUSED ME OR THE MISSUS A MOMENT'S GRIEF - ONLY CONSTANT JOY. I KNOW I'M PREACHING TO THOSE AROUND ME WHO KNOW HER...]

[FRED'S SPEECH FADES INTO BACKGROUND]

JIM: (WHISPERING TO CASSIE)

THIS'LL TAKE A WHILE; HE'S NOT MUCH OF A SPEAKER

[CASSIE DIGS HIM IN THE RIBS AND CHUCKLES]

CASSIE:

BUT HE'S A LOT OF A MAN, AS YOU WILL BE BY THE TIME I FINISHED WITH YOU JIMMY BOY.

JIM:

THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT NOW YOU'VE 'CURED' ME OF GAMBLING

CASSIE:

YOU'RE AN OPEN BOOK NOW. WE CAN FILL YOU FULL OF WRITING.

JIM:

EXCEPT I DON'T HAVE A PEN – OR AT
LEAST NONE OF MY OWN

CASSIE:

EVERYTHING MY PARENTS HAVE GIVEN
ME WAS SAVED FOR. IF I HAD MARRIED
GEORGE CLOONEY I'D STILL HAVE GOTTEN
THE MONEY

JIM:

IF YOU HAD MARRIED GEORGE CLOONEY
YOU COULD HAVE GIVEN ME THE MONEY
AND I COULD HAVE WALKED

CASSIE:

THEN I WOULD HAVE LEFT GEORGE
STANDING AT THE ALTAR AND WALKED
AFTER YOU.

JIM:

YOU WOULD AS WELL!

CASSIE:

GEORGE CLOONEY DOESN'T NEED ME JIM

JIM:

CHRIST IS THIS OUR WEDDING OR COMIC
RELIEF NIGHT

CASSIE:

DON'T BE SILLY; MY LOVE FOR YOU IS
MORE THAN JUST CHARITY.

JIM:

DON'T YOU MEAN JUST MORE THAN
CHARITY

CASSIE (SNUGGLING UP TO HIS NECK)

YOU'RE A GREAT LOVER

JIM:

JUDGED AGAINST WHOM – GEORGE
CLOONEY?

[FRED'S VOICE FADES IN – HE IS CLOSING
OFF HIS SPEECH]

FRED:

SO PLEASE CHARGE YOUR GLASSES AS WE
TOAST THE HAPPY COUPLE!

[EVERYONE STANDS. FRED LOOKS
WARILY AT JIM (SEATED) AND THEN
BREAKS INTO A FORCED SMILE AS JIM
CATCHES HIM STARING AT HIM. CASSIE
STANDS UP AFTER THE TOAST AND
EMBRACES HER FATHER – JIM LOOKS
AWAY. BEHIND HIM, THROUGH THE
WINDOW, IT IS BEGINNING TO RAIN.
CASSIE TURNS TO SEE WHAT HE IS
LOOKING AT. JIM STARES AT THEIR
REFLECTION AS RIVULETS OF
PRECIPITATION RUN ACROSS THEIR FACES
LIKE TEARS]

SC21. BETTING-SHOP INTERIOR (PRESENT)

[SOMETHING HITS JIM AND KNOCKS HIM OUT OF HIS DAYDREAM. HE IS PEERING INTO BOB'S ANGRY FACE, HIS FATHER'S LOSING TICKET SHREDDED ON HIS LAP]

BOB:

YOU BASTARD! WHAT KIND OF SON WOULD DO THAT TO ME?

JIM [OBLIVIOUS TO THE RACE RESULT]:

SO *SUCKER-PUNCH* LOST DID SHE?

BOB:

HER? I NEVER BACKED HER; SHE FINISHED LAST. I PUT IT ALL ON *DON'T BELIEVE A WORD* THAT'S FIFTY FUCKING NOTES I OWE SANDY OVER THERE.

JIM:

LOST?

BOB:

BY A FUCKING NOSE

JIM:

WHAT BEAT HER?

BOB:

A RANK OUTSIDER SO YOU CAN KISS YOUR DOSH GOODBYE

JIM:

NAME

BOB:

NAME, WHAT NAME?

JIM:

THE WINNER'S NAME

BOB:

SNAKE CHARMER

JIM:

I DON'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT

CUT TO:

SC22. JIM'S CHILDHOOD HOUSE (SEVEN YEARS AGO)

[JIM IS IN THE KITCHEN WITH A TOWEL OVER HIS HEAD. HIS MOTHER (BETTY) IS COOKING HIM SOME DINNER. THERE IS AN ATTRACTIVE QUALITY ABOUT HER BUT IT HAS BEEN SELF-SUPRESSED. HER CLOTHES ARE OLD STYLE AND COVERED BY AN APRON WHICH SHE SEEMS TO WEAR AT ALL TIMES INDOORS. SHE IS PREMATURELY GREY AND OCCASIONALLY AS SHE TALK TO JIM A WINSOMENESS RISES IN HER BUT IS JUST AS QUICKLY DEFEATED]

JIM:

THAT COCKSUCKER NEARLY CAVED MY HEAD IN

BETTY:

WHY SON?

JIM:

BECAUSE HE HIT ME WITH A FUCKING BASEBALL BAT

BETTY:

YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I WANT TO HEAR

JIM:

ONE OF THE GUYS AT SCHOOL – HIS DAD KNOWS SOMEBODY THAT KNOWS SOMEONE ELSE THAT KNOWS A STABLE LAD – YOU KNOW THE KIND OF THING

BETTY:

IF I DID YOU'D BE STARVING

(PAUSE)

A SLAP ROUND THE EAR WAS ENOUGH – NO NEED TO DO THAT – NOT IN A PUBLIC PLACE. HAS THE SWELLING GONE DOWN?

JIM:

SOME – THE PAIN HASN'T THOUGH

BETTY:

THAT'S ONLY A SHADOW OF THE HURT TO
COME IF YOU LIVE AS HE DOES

JIM:

I'M NOT HIM

BETTY:

NO, NOT COMPLETELY BUT MORE THAN
ENOUGH IN THE IMPORTANT THINGS

JIM:

I'D NEVER STEAL OFF YOU

BETTY:

BUT YOU DO

JIM:

WHEN?

BETTY:

EVERYTIME YOU STEAL OFF HIM OR
ANYBODY ELSE

JIM:

MA I NEED MORE THAN GUILT

BETTY:

I DON'T HAVE MUCH MORE I CAN OFFER
YOU.

JIM:

I'LL DROP THE BIG ONE MA I PROMISE AND
WE'LL LEAVE HIM AND...

BETTY:

THAT'S WHAT BOB TOLD ME WHEN HE
WAS YOUR AGE

JIM:

BEFORE YOU MARRIED HIM?

BETTY:

DOES IT MATTER WHEN HE SAID IT?

JIM:

HOW COULD YOU EVER LOVE HIM?

BETTY:

THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T THEY?

JIM:

MAYBE THEY SHOULD SHOOT THEM ALL?

MIX TO:

SC23. BETTING SHOP

[IT'S TEN MINUTES SINCE THE END OF THE RACE. THERE IS A LARGE KERFUFFLE BEHIND THE COUNTER. BOB IS IN THE CORNER ARGUING WITH SANDY WHO LENT HIM THE MONEY. JIM IS STILL SEATED AND LOOKING AT THE MOBILE PHONE IN HIS HAND]

JIM (WHISPERING):

YOU DID KNOW SOMETHING AFTER ALL

[HE LOOKS AT THE SLIP HE'D WRITTEN OUT WITH *SUCKER-PUNCH* TO WIN AND SCREWS IT UP, THROWING IT TO THE FLOOR. THEN, LOOKING ACROSS AT HIS FATHER WHO IS STILL ARGUING WITH HIS PAL, HE PULLS ANOTHER SLIP FROM HIS POCKET WITH *SNAKE CHARMER* £20 TO WIN]

JIM (WHISPERING):

LUCKY I TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND NOT FOLLOW MY INSTINCT

[HE GOES TO CASH IN HIS SLIP. THE MANAGER HANDS OVER £1020 BUT LOOKS AT HIM WARILY]

MANAGER:

THAT WAS A BIT OF LUCK.

JIM:

NO, NOT REALLY

MANAGER:

BACKED IT ON FORM DID YOU THEN, FIRST TIME OUT?

JIM:

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF GALLOP REPORTS?

MANAGER:

YEAH, I GET WHISPERS

[JIM SITS DOWN AND TUCKS HIS WINNINGS INTO HIS INSIDE JACKET POCKET. HE HAS CAUGHT BOB'S ATTENTION AND HE IS WATCHING HIM INTENTLY FROM A CORNER OF THE SHOP. JIM LOOKS UP AT ONE OF THE SCREENS AND CAN BARELY TAKE IN THE RESULT WHICH IS STILL EMBLAZONED THERE;

KEMPTON 2:05

1. SNAKE CHARMER 50-1

SUDDENLY THERE IS ANOTHER TEXT ALERT. JIM SECRETES THE PHONE FROM OUT OF HIS POCKET AND READS:

KEMPTON 2:35 *ALL THAT GLISTERS*

HE OPENS UP HIS PAPER. THE HORSE IS SECOND FAVOURITE PRICED 6-1. HE PLACES THE PHONE BACK IN HIS JACKET POCKET]

FADE TO:

SC24. BETTING SHOP 2:33

[JIM HAS BEEN WATCHING THE PRICE OF THE HORSE HOVER BETWEEN 6-1 AND 11-2 BUT THERE HAS BEEN NO SIGNIFICANT GAMBLE AND HE WRITES OUT HIS BET.
KEMPTON 2:35

ALL THAT GLISTERS

£500 WIN

HE WALKS SLOWLY TO THE COUNTER AND PLACES THE BET]

MANAGER:

TRYING TO GIVE IT BACK ARE WE?

JIM:

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD; I'VE STILL GOT HALF THE WINNINGS

MANAGER:

GENERATING HEAT IS IT?

JIM:

THE LINING IN MY POCKET IS JUST FINE; MAKE SURE YOU RATTLE THAT TILL IF THIS BABY COMES IN

[JIM TAKES HIS SLIP AND SITS DOWN STARING AT THE HORSES NOW GOING BEHIND THE STALLS. BEHIND HIM BOB IS WRANGLING WITH THE MANAGER]

MANAGER (WHISPERING):

FUCK OFF AND BACK YOUR OWN HORSE

[JIM TURNS AND LAUGHS. THE STALLS OPEN AND THE HORSES JUMP OUT. IT'S A FIVE FURLONG SPRINT. AFTER 3 FURLONGS *ALL THAT GLISTERS* BEGINS TO MOVE UP ON THE OUTSIDE AND BY THE TIME THE HORSES ENTER THE FINAL FURLONG THE RACE IS OVER AND JIM HAS WON ANOTHER £3500. HE TURNS TOWARD THE COUNTER AND BEAMS AT THE MANAGER]

MIX TO:

25. BETTING SHOP COUNTER

[JIM RECEIVES TWO TEXT ALERTS AT THE SAME TIME ON EACH PHONE. HE PICKS UP HIS OWN PHONE AND THERE IS A MESSAGE FROM CASSIE THAT SHE IS STAYING ON IN SCHOOL TO FINISH A REPORT. HE TUTS AND THROWS THE PHONE DOWN ACROSS THE TABLE AND THEN EXCITEDLY PICKS UP THE ROGUE PHONE; IT READS *STRANGE MEETING 5:10* HE CHECKS THE BOARDS BUT CAN'T SEE ANYTHING FOR IT SO WALKS TO THE COUNTER]

JIM:

WHAT COURSE IS *STRANGE MEETING* IN AT 5:10

MANAGER:

YOU'VE WON YOUR LAST HERE MATE

JIM:

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER FOUR RACES LEFT

MANAGER:

TWO STRAIGHT WINS - £4,000 IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS.

[THE MANAGER PAUSES]

I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE CASH TO COVER ANOTHER BET

JIM:

GIVE ME A CHEQUE THEN. (PAUSE) YOU MIGHT WIN IT ALL BACK YET

MANAGER:

I KNOW A COUP WHEN I SEE ONE. I NEED THIS JOB

NO MORE BETS

JIM:

BUT WHERE?

[WALKS BACK TO ONE OF THE TABLES AND
GRABS A NEWSPAPER]

PUNTER (SITTING THERE):

OI! MY MISSUS WANTS TO READ THAT
WHEN I GET HOME

JIM (FLINGING HIM A FIVER):

BUY HER COSMOPOLITAN

[HE EXITS THE SHOP AND LOOKS UP AT
THE RAIN]

JIM:

I HOPE THE THING'S GOT SHOVELS FOR
HOOVES

CUT TO:

SC26. BETTING SHOP (EXTERIOR)

[JIM CLUTCHES THE PHONE AS IF IT WERE A PRECIOUS JEWEL AND WALKS TOWARD A LARGE INDOOR SHOPPING CENTRE. THE RAIN IS GETTING HEAVIER. INSIDE HE OPENS UP THE PAPER AND MANIPULATES IT SO THE RACING PAGES ARE PROMINENT. HE BEGINS TO SCOUR THE RACECARDS LOOKING FOR A HORSE CALLED *STRANGE MEETING*. HE CLIMBS TWO ESCALATORS UNTIL HE REACHES THE FAST FOOD AREAS AND SITS AT A TABLE PLACING THE PAPER DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM. SUDDENLY A LIGHTNING BOLT STREAKS ACROSS THE GLASS DOME WHICH SITS ABOVE THE CENTRE. IT ILLUMINATES THE RAIN IN HIS FACE SO THAT HE APPEARS TO BE CRYING]

SC20. JIM AND CASSIE'S HOTEL ROOM AFTER THE WEDDING RECEPTION

[THEY ARE LYING TOGETHER. CASSIE'S HEAD IS AGAINST JIM'S LEFT ARM WHICH LOLS OUT TO THE SIDE ACROSS HER PILLOW. THE ROOM IS SOMBERLY DECORATED AND ONE CAN HEAR A THUNDER RUMBLING AT A DISTANCE. LIGHTNING STRIKES IN THE SKY OUTSIDE]

JIM (WHISPERING):

ONE THOUSAND, TWO THOUSAND, THREE THOUSAND, FOUR THOUSAND, FIVE THOUSAND, SIX...

[THE THUNDER PEALS]

CASSIE:

COUNTING YOUR WINNINGS HUSBAND?

JIM:

DO YOU THINK WE COULD SPEND ALL THAT IN TENBY?

CASSIE:

THE BEACH IS BEAUTIFUL THERE - AND
YOU HAVE ME

JIM:

I'D RATHER HAVE YOU IN THE SOUTH OF
FRANCE

CASSIE:

SO I NEED DECORATION THEN?

JIM:

AND WHY NOT? CAN'T WE ASPIRE TO THE
SOUTH OF FRANCE RATHER THAN GUILT? I
DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE MY MOTHER

CASSIE:

YOU DON'T ASPIRE JIM, YOU JUMP; BUT
YOU'RE LIKE MOST OF US, WE LACK THE
SPRING TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE.

JIM:

SO YOU STAY ROOTED TO THE SPOT. I'D
RATHER LEAP AND IF I DIDN'T MAKE IT I
KNEW I'D TRIED

CASSIE:

IT'S A LONG WAY TO FALL

JIM:

BUT AT LEAST I'D BE LOOKING AT THE
STARS

CASSIE:

NO – YOU'D BE SEEING OTHERS BUILDING
A BRIDGE TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE

JIM:

WORKING FOR DADDY?

CASSIE:

NOT NECESSARILY – NOT ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

JIM:

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT BUT TENBY!

CASSIE:

YOU JUST DON'T LIKE THE WELSH

(LIGHTNING CRACKS ACROSS THE
WINDOW FRAME)

JIM:

ONE THOUSAND, TWO THOUSAND, THREE
THOUSAND, FOUR...

(THUNDER PEALS)

JIM:

STILL LOSING MONEY

SC21 SHOPPING CENTRE

JIM (TO PHONE):

THIS IS LIKE A FANTASY COME REAL. I FEEL LIKE FUCKING ALADDIN. ALL I NEED TO DO IS RUB THE PHONE

[CONTINUES TO SCAN THE PAPER BUT IS BEGINNING TO BECOME PERPLEXED AS HE IS UNABLE TO FIND NEITHER THE HORSE NOR A RACE SCHEDULED AT THAT TIME]

JIM (TO PHONE):

HOW DO I TELL CASSIE? IF I HAD THE POWER NOW THAT I COULD NEVER LOSE - STILL SHE'D BE PISSED OFF. I'D BE LIKE A DOG WHO'S ROLLED IN SHIT AND CAME UP CLEAN; SHE'D STILL BE ABLE TO SMELL IT. WELL IF SHE CAN'T HANDLE IT TOO BAD. I NEED THIS (CLUTCHING THE PHONE) THIS IS MINE, NOT HERS OR HER PARENTS, MINE. I'VE GOT TO KEEP IT SAFE.

CUT TO:

SC22 THE CAFE

[JIM ENTERS]

JIM:

GEORGIO MY FRIEND I OWE YOU SOME
MONEY

GEORGIO:

YOU ARE ALSO LATE

JIM:

I NEVER SAID AN EXACT TIME, DID I?

GEORGIO:

LOOK FORGET IT, THERE'S AN APRON
HANGING UP BEHIND THAT DOOR AND...

JIM:

I DON'T WANT THE JOB

GEORGIO:

YOU ROTTEN SHIT. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T
HAVE TRUSTED YOU. WHERE'S MY
MONEY?

JIM:

STEADY GEORGIE BOY – HERE'S THE
TWENTY I OWE YOU AND ANOTHER FIFTY
FOR THE TROUBLE

GEORGIO:

OH! OH, WELL, THANKS. I CAN ALWAYS
PUT A CARD IN THE WINDOW NOW – GIVE
THE JOB CENTRE A RING LATER

JIM:

WELL COULD I HAVE A COFFEE BEFORE
YOU DO THAT?

GEORGIO:

OF COURSE

JIM (TO PHONE):

THIS IS WHAT CASSIE CAN'T UNDERSTAND. THERE'S ANOTHER LANGUAGE WHERE MONEY'S CONCERNED. LOOK HOW IT TURNED GEORGIO FROM AGGRESSOR TO PASSIVE SLAVE IN A MATTER OF SECONDS. WHY HOLD A SWORD WHEN A THICK WAD OF BANKNOTES CAN PIERCE THE HARDEST SHELL? WHERE'S THAT PAPER?

[HE GRABS THE PAPER HE READ EARLIER AND TAKES IT OVER TO HIS SEAT. THE PHONE IS FIRMLY GRIPPED IN HIS OTHER HAND]

WHERE ARE YOU MY LITTLE TREASURE?

[HIS FINGERS PORE OVER THE ABC LIST OF RUNNERS AVIDLY]

STRANGE; IT'S NOT LISTED. MAYBE IT'S AN OVERSEAS RACE. THAT'S IT. THEY DON'T PRINT THOSE IN THE PAPER.

GEORGIO [PUTTING A COFFEE DOWN]:

BEG PARDON?

JIM:

GEORGIO, REMEMBER THIS MORNING WHEN YOU HANDED ME THE PHONE?

GEORGIO:

EVENTUALLY

JIM:

I HAD THINGS ON MY MIND.

GEORGIO:

WHAT ABOUT IT?

JIM:

DO YOU REMEMBER WHO WAS SITTING
HERE BEFORE ME?

GEORGIO:

THIS IS A BUSY ESTABLISHMENT; WHY?
LISTEN IF IT'S NOT YOUR PHONE YOU
SHOULD HAND IT IN.

JIM:

OH NO – IT'S MY PHONE.

[GEORGIO SPIES SOMEONE AT THE
WINDOW]

GEORGIO:

CLEAR OFF – YOU'RE NOT COMING IN HERE

JIM (SPINNING AROUND AND SEEING A
MOP OF UNKEMPT HAIR DISAPPEARING
OUT OF THE LARGE CAFÉ WINDOW FRAME)

WHO WAS THAT?

GEORGIO (WALKING TOWARD THE
COUNTER):

AN OLD WASTER; HE'S ALWAYS AFTER A
FREE TEA

(THEN QUIETLY) WHO WEARS GREEN
FLASH THESE DAYS?

[JIM DOESN'T CATCH THIS COMMENT AND
CONTINUES TO ADDRESS THE PHONE]

JIM:

GEORGIO I NEED TO GO

GEORGIO:

CHRIST YOU PLANNING TO GIVE THE
MONEY BACK ALREADY

JIM:

NO, I'M GOING TO RIP THE BASTARDS OFF
FOR ALL THEIR WORTH, I JUST NEED TO
FIND ANOTHER BOOKIES; CHECK
SOMETHIN OUT

[JIM GETS UP AND LEAVES COFFEE AND
PAPER]

JIM:

GEORGIO I'VE GOTTA GO. HERE'S
ANOTHER TWENTY FOR THE DRINK. KEEP
THE CHANGE.

GEORGIO:

OH MY!

[JIM EXITS AND GEORGIO SHOUTS AFTER
HIM]

COME TOMORROW MORNING. YOU CAN
HAVE A FREE CAKE!

CUT TO:

SC23. CITY CENTRE MUTLI-STOREY CAR PARK (MID-AFTERNOON)

[JIM STEPS ONTO THE THIRD LEVEL WHERE HE LEFT HIS CAR COMING INTO TOWN THAT MORNING. THE PHONE IS STILL IN HIS HANDS. THERE IS NO-ONE ABOUT BUT HE IS UNEASY. HE CAN HEAR PADDED FOOTFALLS BEHIND HIM. HE TURNS BUT SEES NOTHING WALKING BACKWARDS FOR A WAY. HE APPROACHES HIS OLD BEATEN-UP BLUE TOYATO COROLLA, WHICH LIES ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE AT THE FAR END, SLOWLY, LISTENING FOR ANOTHER SET OF FOOTPRINTS. HE HEARS NOTHING]

JIM [TALKING TO PHONE]:

MUST BE THIS PACKET IN MY POCKET MAKING ME JUMPY; I'VE NEVER HELD AS MUCH OF MY OWN MONEY EVER BEFORE.

[JIM LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER BUT SEES NO-ONE. AS HE TURNS BACK TO FACE THE WAY HE'S WALKING, A LOW GROWL ECHOES OFF THE CONCRETE WALLS AND PILLARS. HE STOPS DEAD THEN WALKS ON AGAIN ALMOST ON TIP-TOE. ANOTHER GROWL IS HEARD, LIKE SOMEONE IN PAIN. THERE IS A GRAND VOYAGER PARKED NEXT TO HIS CAR. THE SOUND SEEMS TO BE EMANATING FROM THE SPACE BETWEEN THE TWO CARS. JIM GIVES HIMSELF A WIDE BERTH BY MOVING AWAY TOWARD THE CARS PARKED ON THE RIGHT SIDE. HE REACHES THE POINT WHERE HE CAN SEE THE GAP. THERE IS A SMALL DOG, A CROSS BREED, SITTING BY HIS PASSENGER DOOR, AS IF WAITING TO GET IN. THE DOG IS FILTHY LIKE IT HAS ROLLED IN MUD. JIM GOES TO CROUCH AND THE DOG GROWLS AGAIN. HE CONTINUES MAKING A BECKONING GESTURE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND]

JIM:

COME ON THEN – WHO'S A GOOD BOY?

[THE DOG IMMEDIATELY WAGS ITS TAIL. JIM APPROACHES IT AND STARTS TO PAT IT]

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE LOST, SCARED AND COVERED IN SHIT; I UNDERSTAND AND I BET YOU'RE HUNGRY TOO. BUT I'VE GOT NO FOOD AND I'M IN A HURRY. I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU.

[THE DOG OFFERS UP HIS PAW]

WELL I HAVE A BLANKET IN THE BOOT I SUPPOSE I COULD TAKE YOU WITH ME AND DROP YOU IN TO THE RSCPA LATER. OR MAYBE GIVE YOU TO CASSIE. SHE'LL NEED A NEW DOG NOW.

[THE DOG DROPS ITS PAW AND GROWLS AGAIN]

OKAY, OKAY – I WAS JUST DOING ANOTHER DOG A FAVOUR

[THE DOG BARES ITS TEETH AND JIM REALISES IT IS NOT GROWLING AT HIM BUT SOMEONE BEHIND HIM. THERE IS A THUMP AND JIM'S HEAD FALLS TOWARD THE CONCRETE. HE SEES A FLASH OF GREEN FOOTWEAR AND THEN BLACKS OUT]

MIX TO:

SC24. MULTI-STOREY CAR PARK (30 MINUTES LATER)

[JIM STARTS TO COME ROUND AND FEELS A WEIGHT ON HIS CHEST. AS HE OPENS HIS EYES HE CAN SEE THE DOG LYING ON TOP OF HIM. ITS HEAD IS CAVED IN. HE STRUGGLES TO PUSH IT OFF AND HOLDING THE BACK OF HIS OWN HEAD CLAMBERS UP TO HIS FEET. SUDDENLY HE REACHES FOR THE INSIDE POCKET OF HIS JACKET. HIS MONEY IS GONE. THEN HE REACHES FOR THE OUTSIDE AND DISCOVERS THE PHONE IS GONE TOO]

JIM:

THE BASTARD! THAT'S TWICE HE'S KNOCKED ME OUT AND TWICE HE'S ROBBED ME OF MY BIGGEST WINS. HE HASN'T EVEN LEFT ME A STAKE. I GOTTA CALL CASSIE.

[REACHES FOR HIS OWN PHONE AND THEN REMEMBERS]

AW SHIT!

[JIM PICKS UP THE DOG AND GOES TO TOWARD THE REAR OF THE VOYAGER IN ORDER TO DUMP THE DEAD DOG BEHIND IT. HE NOTICES THE DASH HAS THE STARS AND STRIPES FLAG DISPLAYED. HE CHANGES HIS MIND AND THROWS IT BEHIND A RENAULT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS COROLLA]

HOW DO I GET CASS TO BANKROLL ME ON THIS ONE?

[HE CLIMBS IN TO HIS CAR AND DRIVES OUT]

CUT TO:

SC25. PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH ON A MAIN ROAD OUT OF CITY

[JIM IS INSIDE]

JIM:

CASSIE...

CASSIE [INTERRUPTING]:

HOW DID IT GO TODAY?

JIM:

SHITTY AS USUAL

CASSIE:

NOTHING AT ALL

JIM:

OH THAT? NO, NOTHING SUITABLE

CASSIE:

THAT DOESN'T MEAN THERE'S NOTHING FOR YOU?

JIM:

CASSIE SHUT UP FOR A MINUTE PLEASE. I NEED FIFTY QUID URGENTLY

CASSIE:

ME TOO; I HAVE ABOUT THREE QUID ON ME NOW AND I NEED TO FILL UP ON THE WAY HOME, MARY NEEDS DROPPING FIRST.

JIM:

WHAT ABOUT YOUR CARD?

CASSIE:

WE'RE PRACTICALLY BROKE UNTIL MY SALARY GOES IN AT MIDNIGHT. IF I TAKE ANYTHING OUT THEY'LL CHARGE US FOR THE WHOLE OF NEXT MONTH.

JIM [BLURTING OUT]:

DON'T WORRY I CAN SORT THAT OUT

CASSIE:

OH JIM, YOU PROMISED

JIM:

CASSIE IT'S GOOD INFO I'VE ALREADY HAD A GREAT WIN

CASSIE:

THEN YOU DON'T NEED ME THEN DO YOU?

[SHE HANGS UP]

JIM:

SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

CUT TO:

SC26. JIM'S TOYOTA (16:45 PM)

[JIM IS DRIVING HOME. A THICK FOG IS DESCENDING]

JIM (TALKING OUT LOUD):

FOR ONCE IN MY MISERABLE SHITTY EXISTENCE I WAS UP, I'D BEATEN THAT BITCH FATE AT LAST. FINALLY JIM BOY COULD STEP FROM OUT OF THAT DARK LITTLE NICHE, THAT SIMULATED LIFE I PLAYED OUT BENEATH THAT ALTRUISTIC PARASOL THAT CASSIE AND HER PARENTS HELD OVER ME. I COULD FACE THEM NOT ONLY ON EQUAL TERMS BUT WITH AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE UNTIL SOME LOW-LIFE FUCKER CUT MY ARM AWAY.

[THEN SOFTER AS HE PASSES THE BETTING SHOP HE WAS ORIGINALLY HEADING FOR]

IT WASN'T JUST AN ORDINARY THIEF, NO; IT WAS THE GUY THAT ALWAYS STOLE FROM ME. HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME ALL AFTERNOON. I BET HE HIT ME WITH THE SAME BAT AND HE TOOK BOTH PHONES TO HEDGE HIS BET DIDN'T HE?

[JIM BEGINS HEADING UP A STEEP HILL THE FOG THINS OUT AS THE HIGHER HE CLIMBS]

AND I RECOGNIZE THE STYLE, THAT OLD HANDY WORK FROM THE PAST BUT I'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE MOVED TO WHEN MY MOTHER DIED

[JIM REACHES THE APEX OF THE HILL. THE FOG HAS CLEARED AND JIM NOTICES A FIGURE EMERGING FROM IT ON HIS LEFT. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH. IT SAYS 16.55]

OH SWEET JESUS YOU ARE SO GOOD TO ME

[HE SWINGS THE TOYOTA TO THE LEFT AND RAMS IT AGAINST THE KERB LEAVING THE HAND-BRAKE OFF. LEAPING OUT OF THE CAR ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY, HE RUNS TOWARD THE FIGURE WHO SEES JIM ONLY AT THE LAST SECOND. JIM GRABS HIM BY THE NECK AND PINIONS HIM TO A SHOP DOOR]

JIM:

I'VE GOT ANOTHER HEADACHE BOB, JUST LIKE THE ONE I GOT WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN.

BOB:

DON'T MATTER NONE - IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD

JIM:

I'VE GOT TEN MINUTES AND THERE'S A BOOKIE'S FIVE MINUTES DRIVE BACK THAT WAY

BOB:

I CHECKED IT ISN'T THERE

JIM:

SO DID I BUT THERE ARE OTHER RACES, MAYBE EVEN THE GREYHOUNDS

BOB:

NO – NO, I'VE CHECKED THEM ALL. I WAS THAT DESPERATE I HAD THEM CHECK OUT THE NAME. THERE ISN'T EVEN A HORSE OR A DOG CALLED *SUDDEN STROKE*

JIM:

YOU MEAN *STRANGE MEETING*?

BOB:

CHECK IT YOURSELF

[BOB TAKES OUT THE PHONE]

JIM:

THIS IS MY PHONE

BOB:

OH...YES

JIM:

YOU SAD BASTARD YOU PICKED IT UP IN
THE BOOKIES DIDN'T YOU; YOU
THOUGHT...AND

BOB:

THE ONLY TEXT I GOT WAS FROM YOUR
WIFE ABOUT BEING LATE HOME

JIM:

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D CUT OUT THE
MIDDLE MAN AND JUST ROB ME

BOB (NODS):

THEN I FOUND THE OTHER PHONE – WITH
THE MONEY

[HE HOLDS IT OUT TO HIM AND SELECTS
THE TEXT. JIM READS IT *SUDDEN STROKE*
5:00]

JIM:

THAT'S NOT MY MESSAGE. (PAUSE)
WHERE'S THE MONEY?

BOB:

HERE'S WHAT'S LEFT

[BOB HANDS JIM WHAT FEELS LIKE AN
EMPTY PAPER BAG]

JIM:

GONE?

BOB:

PRACTICALLY

JIM:

BUT IF THE HORSE WASN'T THERE WHY
DID YOU BET?

BOB:

WHY DOES ANYBODY BET?

JIM (LOOKING INTO BAG):

A TWENTY - WELL AT LEAST I HAVE A
STAKE

BOB:

ON WHAT?

JIM:

YOU SHOULD'VE CHECKED ALL THE
TEXTS. I HAD A DIFFERENT ONE TO YOU
AND I'VE STILL GOT [LOOKS AT WATCH]
SIX MINUTES

BOB:

THERE'S NOTHLING ELTH

[BOB STARTS TO SLUR AND COLLAPSES
BENEATH JIM]

JIM:

WHAT'S WRONG?

[BEHIND JIM THE WEIGHT OF HIS TOYOTA,
WHICH WAS SNAGGED AGAINST THE KERB,
IS NOW PULLING THE WHEELS STRAIGHT]

BOB:

I DONTH THKNOW

[HE LAYS BOB FLAT ON THE PAVEMENT. BOB'S EYES ARE OPEN BUT HE IS UNABLE TO SPEAK, THEN THE TEXT ALERT BUZZES ON THE MOBILE PHONE. JIM LOOKS DOWN AND READS THE MESSAGE – *SUDDEN STROKE 5:00* THE LIGHT IN BOB'S EYES BEGINS TO DWINDLE AND HIS BODY GOES LIMP. JIM IS STARTLED AS ANOTHER TEXT ALERT ARRIVES ON THE PHONE – HE READS IT *STRANGE MEETING 5:05* HE RUBS IT WITH HIS FOREFINGER MAKING AN 'S' SHAPE. JIM SEES CASSIE IN THE PARK AT TWILIGHT TELLING HIM SHE'D MAKE HIM LOVE HER WHEN SUDDENLY SHE BURSTS INTO FLAME; HE SEES HER AGAIN LYING NEXT TO HIM ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT AND A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES HER DEAD AND FINALLY HE SEES HER SWINGING HER CHARITY BUCKET AFTER HIM BUT BEING CUT DOWN BY A CAR BEFORE SHE COULD REACH HIM AND THEN HE UNDERSTANDS]

JIM:

JESUS, MARY LIVES JUST DOWN THE...

[HE LOOKS BEHIND HIM JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE TOYOTA ROLL OFF. HE CHASES DOWNHILL AFTER IT INTO THE THICK FOG BUT IT PICKS UP SPEED. HE CAN SEE THE FOG LIGHTS DESPITE THE THICKENING MIST MAINTAINING, UNCANNILY, A TRUE LINE ALL THE WAY DOWN. JIM DISAPPEARS INTO THE MIST SCREAMING]

JIM:

CASSIE! CASSIE! CASSIE!

CUT TO:

SC27. A NEARBY STREET

[A CAR MOVES TOWARD A SET OF TRAFFIC LIGHTS]

CUT TO:

SC28. INSIDE CAR

[CASSIE IS DRIVING]

CUT TO:

SC29. HALF WAY DOWN HILL

[JIM IS RUNNING THROUGH THICK FOG]

JIM:

CASSIE! CASSIE!

CUT TO:

SC30. TRAFFIC LIGHTS

[CASSIE IS FIRST IN LINE TO MOVE. THE LIGHTS TURN TO GREEN AND SHE MOVES OFF]

CUT TO:

SC31. ON THE HILL

[THE CAR IS ENVELOPED IN THE FOG AND
BECOMES INVISIBLE AS THE FOG LIGHTS
DISAPPEAR INTO THE GLOOM]

CUT TO:

SC32. :SC32. TRAFFIC LIGHTS

[CASSIE MOVES OFF BUT IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE JUNCTION HER CAR ENGINES DIES.
SHE LOOKS TO HER LEFT AND SEES THE
THICK FOG ROLLING OFF THE HILL]

CASSIE (IN A WHISPER):

JIM

CUT TO:

SC33. BOTTOM OF HILL

[JIM'S CAR COMES RACING OUT OF THE
FOG INTO THE CLEAR HOLLOW AROUND
THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS]

CUT TO:

SC34. TRAFFIC LIGHTS BOTTOM OF HILL

[JIM'S CAR RACES THROUGH THE RED
LIGHT]

CUT TO:

SC35. THE FOGGY HILL

[JIM IS WHEEZING AND BEGINNING TO SLOW WHEN HE HEARS AN ALMIGHTY CRASH AND THE CONTINUOUS SOUND OF A CAR HORN. HIS EYES REACT AND OPEN IN FEAR AND THIS PROMPTS HIM TO PICK UP SPEED]

JIM:

CASSIE! CASSIE! OH GOD WHAT HAVE I DONE?

CUT TO:

SC36. TRAFFIC LIGHTS

[JIM COMES HURTLING OUT OF THE FOG AND SEES HIS CAR SMASHED INTO CASSIE'S. BOTH CARS ARE ABLAZE. HE WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE FIRE]

JIM: CASSIE!

[HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES AND BEGINS TO SOB]

JIM: CASSIE ...I...I LOVE YOU...I REALLY LOVE YOU

[A VOICE ANSWERS HIM FROM HIS RIGHT]

CASSIE:

I KNOW JIM

[CASSIE WALKS TOWARD HIM AND PICKS HIM UP AND CRADLES HIS HEAD. HE LOOKS OUT AND SEES CASSIE'S CAR STOPPED BEFORE THE LIGHTS]

CASSIE:

YOU JUST NEEDED TO SAY IT

JIM:

I THOUGHT I'D KILLED YOU. HOW...?

CASSIE:

I DUNNO; I GUESS I SAW IT COMING

JIM:

BUT...

CASSIE:

SHUT UP JIM BEFORE YOU START SOUNDING LIKE A DRIVING EXAMINER

CUT TO:

SC37. TOP OF THE HILL

[A HOODED FIGURE IS STANDING OVER BOB]

HOODIE:

MATE; ARE YOU OKAY?

[HE BENDS DOWN TO CHECK AND HEARS A BUZZING SOUND CLOSE BY. HE LOOKS AROUND AND SEES THE PHONE. HE PICKS IT UP AND LOOKS AT IT, SEEMINGLY READING A TEXT. HE TOYS WITH THE PHONE FOR A MINUTE AND LOOKS AROUND HIM AND THEN WALKS OFF LEAVING BOB ON THE GROUND. AS HE WALKS AWAY HE TUCKS THE PHONE INTO HIS JACKET POCKET]

FADE OUT.

END

Written by

John Maudlin

SC38.