

GRANGE PARK

Episode One

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BLACK.

The sound of snorting.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Sammy - mid 20's and fake in every sense of the word - sinks into the sofa, rubs her nose. She leans over a coffee table littered with fag ends, beer bottles, even a condom. She goes in for another hit, when...

HALLIE (O.S.)  
I'm starvin'.

Reveal HALLIE, 8, obese, and the epitome of spoiled brat.

SAMMY  
There's leftover pizza.

HALLIE  
I'm sick of pizza.

A cringe-worthy RINGTONE. Sammy rummages for her phone in her dressing gown pocket, answers it.

SAMMY  
(into phone)  
Slaaag!

She cackles.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
How's ya asshole this mornin'?

More cackling. More intense. More annoying.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
Ya dirty bastard!

HALLIE  
I'm star -

SAMMY  
(to Hallie)  
Fuck off. Mam's busy.

Hallie stomps out of the room. Sammy continues to cackle.

She reaches over to a jacket that has been strewn across the sofa. She rummages in the pocket, pulls out a small bag of pills, looks around, then conceals them under the sofa cushion.



JOSHUA  
Can we go to the trampoline thingy  
today, before the party?

MICHELLE  
Not today. Mam needs to be somewhere.

JOSHUA  
Can I come?

MICHELLE  
No. Auntie Laura's mindin' you.

He groans.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
(laughing)  
Behave!

**INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jack enters. Joanne, mid 50's, is sat on the sofa.

JACK  
I'm off.

JOANNE  
Remember what I said.

JACK  
Yeah.

He leans into Joanne, kisses her on the cheek.

OFF SCREEN: a muffled sound of someone pretending to vomit.

Joanne turns to her husband, JOHN, 70, who is sat in a wheelchair, an oxygen mask covering his face.

JOANNE  
(to Jack)  
Save us a slice o' cake.

John removes the mask, takes a swig from a can of lager.

JOHN  
Don't fuckin' bother.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY**

A MAN in his 30's buttons his shirt as he tiptoes down the stairs. This is DARREN, Sammy's boss and fuck buddy (one of them).

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Darren picks up a bottle of beer from the table.

Sammy is still sat on the sofa, engrossed in her phone, smoking.

DARREN  
Don't be late, babe.

He leans down to kiss her on the cheek. She recoils.

SAMMY  
I'll get there when I'm ready.  
'Babe'.

Darren sighs, picks up the jacket and a gift-wrapped box from the sofa.

DARREN  
Suit yourself.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Hallie is sat on the kitchen top stuffing a slice of pizza into her mouth.

Darren approaches. As he pours the bottle of beer down the sink, he hands her the gift-wrapped box.

DARREN  
Happy birthday.

She drops the slice of pizza, grabs the box with both hands, rips off the paper to reveal a doll. Excitedly, she tears open the box, pulls out the doll.

HALLIE  
I love it!

DARREN  
You got to give her a name.

HALLIE  
Baby Sasha!

Hallie jumps down from the kitchen top, wraps her arms around Darren's waist.

**EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - DAY**

GRANGE PARK, a council estate in Northern England: closely packed houses and gardens filled with unwanted crap.

Various residents are sat in their front gardens smoking fags, joints, and swigging cans of lager. Some are still in their pajamas. Someone's even in a 'onesie'.

Kids on bikes swerve along the road dodging speeding traffic.

MUSIC blasts out from someone's window.

Darren trudges down the garden path.

Sammy's neighbour, MAXINE (40 and fat), is sat out in the adjoining garden, beer can in one hand, joint in the other. Her flabby arms are smothered in tattoos.

MAXINE

Mornin', Dean.

DARREN

It's Darren.

MAXINE

You must be t'other one.

DARREN

What did you say?

MAXINE

Nothin'.

Shaking his head, Darren makes his way to the roadside to his BMW, abruptly stops. Shit! Someone has keyed it.

DARREN

For fuck's sake!

MAXINE

That's what 'appens when ya bring ya fancy shit round 'ere.

Darren turns, looks at Sammy's Range Rover parked in the driveway.

DARREN  
What about her fancy shit?

MAXINE  
(taking a drag)  
Peeps 'round 'ere like our Sammy.

Pissed off, Darren climbs into his car, starts up the engine. Classical music erupts from the stereo.

At that moment the postman, the actual DEAN (20's, scrawny) strides up Sammy's driveway, up to the front door, knocks, then pushes the door ajar.

DEAN  
You there, babe?

SAMMY (O.S.)  
Yeah, babe. Come in.

MAXINE  
(to Dean)  
Mornin', Dean.

DEAN  
Mornin', love. Got Sam's mail.

MAXINE  
(smirking)  
Is that what ya call it?

Darren's face is creased with anger as he watches Dean enter the house. His gaze is distracted by Hallie, who peers out of the living room window, sadness in her eyes.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Dean enters the kitchen. Sammy is sat on the kitchen table, on her mobile, her legs crossed.

SAMMY  
(into phone)  
Get 'ere for three. I need ya help  
with the balloons.

She gestures to Dean with her index finger: 'come here'.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Yeah, bring Josh if ya have to.

She hangs up, looks at Dean holding several envelopes.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
Those had better not be fuckin'  
bills.

DEAN  
Nah. Looks like cards.

He dumps the mail on the table. Sammy uncrosses her legs.

DEAN (cont'd)  
Where's the kid?

SAMMY  
Fuck knows.

Dean moves in closer, grabs Sammy by the thighs.

DEAN  
How long we got?

SAMMY  
Ten minutes.

DEAN  
Work?

SAMMY  
Nah, fuck work. Shoppin'.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - HALLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Hallie has her hands over her ears. Tears streaming down her face. She gazes at a large round badge that reads: '8 today'.

**INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Michelle is sat at the kitchen table with LAURA: mid-20's, pale and slightly overweight, and smoking a joint.

Michelle sips on a coffee whilst momentarily peering out the window to check on Joshua, who is playing in the garden.

MICHELLE  
You'd better put that out before Josh  
comes in.

LAURA  
It's my house, miss la-di-da.

MICHELLE  
And that's your nephew.

LAURA  
You takin' him round Sammy's early,  
then?

MICHELLE  
Gonna have to. You can't have him.  
Obviously what's his face comes  
before family.

LAURA  
This one's different.

MICHELLE  
He's employed. It's a start.

LAURA  
Jus' give him a chance.

MICHELLE  
Like I gave all the others a chance?

LAURA  
Yeah.

MICHELLE  
If he breaks your heart, I'll break  
his face.

Laura stares at the table, biting her lip.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
What's up with ya?

LAURA  
It's more serious than ya think.

MICHELLE  
What do ya mean?

LAURA  
I'm -

She hesitates.

MICHELLE  
Tell me you're joking.

Laura shakes her head.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
 You've only known this fella five  
 friggin' minutes!

LAURA  
 It was an accident!

MICHELLE  
 There's precautions, Laura. There's  
 no such thing as an accident. Just  
 irresponsibility.

LAURA  
 You sound like mam.

MICHELLE  
 You're a friggin' idiot.

LAURA  
 Now you sound like dad.

MICHELLE  
 So, what ya gonna do?

LAURA  
 I think he's the one, Shell.

MICHELLE  
 You need to tell mam.

At that moment, Laura's phone rings: a video call from  
 Sammy.

LAURA  
 (into phone)  
 What do'ya want?

SAMMY  
 Can ya get Gunner to get me some blow  
 for the party?

Michelle snatches the phone off Laura.

MICHELLE  
 (into phone)  
 It's your daughter's eighth birthday,  
 not a friggin' rave!

SAMMY  
 Fuck off and put Laura back on.

Michelle drops the phone on the kitchen table, gets up,  
 flounces out the back door into the garden.

MICHELLE  
Joshua, we're going!

Back to Laura and Sammy...

LAURA  
I thought you was skint.

SAMMY  
I got some dough.

LAURA  
How?

SAMMY  
Doesn't matter.

LAURA  
I'll see what I can do.

SAMMY  
And I need you to 'ave our Hallie  
this mornin'.

LAURA  
For fuck's sake, Sam.

SAMMY  
I'm workin', alright?

Michelle enters the kitchen with Josh.

MICHELLE  
(to Laura)  
She's gonna get caught.

SAMMY  
Fuck ya self, Shell!

MICHELLE  
(to Sammy)  
You can't keep claimin' and workin'.

SAMMY  
You think you're better than us?

LAURA  
She's got a point, Shell. You're  
workin' class like the rest of us.

MICHELLE

(to Laura)

The rest of us, eh? You got to be workin' to be workin' class.

LAURA

Cheeky bitch!

Michelle turns to Josh.

MICHELLE

Come on.

**EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

In the car park...

Jack is sat in his run down Golf, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel.

His phone rings: the caller is 'Chloe'. He doesn't answer. He places his phone face down on the passenger seat, then glances at his watch.

JACK

Shittin' hell.

**INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Joanne and Michelle are sat on the sofa, supping a cuppa, while Josh plays on his phone.

Harry is in the background building with Lego.

John is fast asleep.

JOANNE

So what happened at our Laura's?

MICHELLE

It wasn't Laura. It was Sammy.

JOANNE

Not again. Well, Josh can stay with me.

MICHELLE

Thanks, mam.

Michelle takes a sip of her coffee.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
You heard about Laura's new fella?

JOANNE  
Somethin' about how he's a real gent.  
Proper decent type. Makes a change.  
I'm happy for her.

MICHELLE  
What's dad said?

JOANNE  
Nowt.

MICHELLE  
That's not like dad.

JOANNE  
Shush. He doesn't know.

Joanne glances over to John to check he is still asleep.

MICHELLE  
He's gonna have a fit when he finds  
out about -

Silence.

JOANNE  
About what?

Harry chirps up:

HARRY  
About what?

MICHELLE  
Nothin'. Laura can tell ya.

JOANNE  
She's comin' over this aft. Bringin'  
Hallie. Then meetin' this fella of  
hers.

Harry puts on the sock puppet.

MICHELLE  
(to Joanne)  
Why, what's mam of the year doin'?

JOANNE  
Work.

MICHELLE  
Pigs might friggin' fly.

Harry is now speaking to himself, alternating between his own voice, and the made-up voice of the puppet.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
What's with the sock?

JOANNE  
Don't ask.

MICHELLE  
(to Harry)  
Harry, are ya comin' to the party?

Harry ignores her, talks louder to himself.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
It would do ya good.

JOANNE  
He's not listening to ya.

MICHELLE  
(to Harry)  
All of us are goin'.

...which is enough to send Harry into a panic. He covers his ears with his hands, screaming hysterically.

John bolts up, instantly reaches for his oxygen mask, puts it on.

JOANNE  
(to Harry)  
Look what you've done!

Harry charges out of the room, still screaming.

**EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Jack continues to wait. He gazes at his phone: four missed calls from 'Chloe'. Then, a text message from 'Big Kev' that reads: 'black Audi. 2 mins'.

He pulls a wad of cash out from his wallet. Counts it. There's at least two hundred quid.

He gets out of the car, looks around, sees a black Audi on the far side of the car park. He takes a deep breath, slowly begins to walk towards the Audi, when -

CHLOE (O.S.)  
I've been waitin' for ya inside.

Jack stops in his tracks. Shit.

He turns to see CHLOE, 17, dolled up and dressed in gym gear, holding her phone.

CHLOE  
Tried callin' ya.

JACK  
Sorry, babe.

He pulls her close, halfheartedly kisses her on the cheek.

CHLOE  
What ya doin'?

JACK  
Nothin'. Just waitin' for a call.

CHLOE  
I'll wait with ya.

JACK  
No. You go inside. I won't be long.

CHLOE  
I'll wait.

Shit.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

Slowly, Sammy pushes a trolley around the children's clothing section, stealthily looking around.

Then, the annoying ringtone blares out of her bag.

She pulls the trolley in close to a rack of girls' dresses, answers the phone.

SAMMY  
What the fuck do ya want?

DARREN (V.O.)  
When are you coming into work?

INTERCUT between Sammy and Darren, who is sat in an OFFICE.

SAMMY  
I'm not. I'm busy.

DARREN  
You can't keep bunking off.

SAMMY  
O'right. I'll stop shaggin' ya then,  
yeah?

DARREN  
That's not -

SAMMY  
Jus' fuck off.

She hangs up, looks around. The coast looks clear.

She pulls a dress from the hanger, stuffs it into her handbag, when -

MICKEY (O.S.)  
You goin' to pay for that, love?

She turns, sees a rotund and bearded security guard, MICKEY, early 30's, arms folded, eyebrow raised.

MICKEY  
Open your bag.

A defiant silence.

MICKEY (cont'd)  
Or should I call the Police?

SAMMY  
This is harassment. You want me to  
scream down the shop?

MICKEY  
Nice try. Open the bag.

Reluctantly, Sammy hands her bag over to Mickey. He peers inside, pulls out the dress, a boxed bottle of perfume, and a small bottle of vodka.

MICKEY (cont'd)  
Come with me.

SAMMY  
For fuck's sake.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Darren sinks back into a chair, clearly pissed off. A COLLEAGUE knocks at the door.

DARREN

Come in.

A young and pretty girl in her teens sheepishly enters. It is MONICA.

MONICA

Mister Grady. I'm sorry to bother you.

DARREN

What can I do for you, Monica?

MONICA

It's just, I'm collecting money, you know, for my sponsored run, for the hospice. And you very kindly -

DARREN

Of course.

He digs into his pocket, pulls out his wallet.

DARREN (cont'd)

How much was it?

MONICA

Twenty pounds. Please.

Darren opens his wallet. It's empty.

DARREN

Wait a minute.

MONICA

Are you okay?

DARREN

There was over a hundred quid in here!

Frantically, he checks his jacket pocket. The pills are missing, too.

MONICA

Shall I come back?

Enraged, Darren grabs his phone, dials Sammy's number, as Monica scuttles out of the office.

It rings out - goes to answerphone.

DARREN

Fuck!

He hurls the phone across the office.

**INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Michelle is sat facing DEBBIE (40's, dressed in New Age clothing with lots of beads and charms to boot). She rubs her wrist, striped with scars, around two-inches in length.

DEBRA

How're you sleeping?

MICHELLE

Better.

DEBRA

No nightmares?

MICHELLE

Just one. The same one.

DEBRA

The cage?

Michelle nods.

DEBRA (cont'd)

It's a normal image to project in dreams. You were trapped for so long. The unhappy marriage. The abuse. The -

Michelle's knee trembles violently. Distress in her eyes.

DEBRA

Let's move on. Are you still keeping a journal?

MICHELLE

Yeah.

DEBRA

Daily?

MICHELLE

Yes.

DEBRA

What have you written as your goal?

MICHELLE

Peace.

DEBRA

From the past?

MICHELLE

From the present.

**INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The room is small but packed with Lego. Harry lies on his bed staring into the eyes of his sock puppet: two buttons of different size and colour.

Then, a gentle knock at the door.

The door opens half-way, as Joanne peers inside.

JOANNE

(stern)

Ya comin' downstairs?

A prolonged silence. Harry gazes blankly at the ceiling.

JOANNE (cont'd)

Fine.

Joanne leaves, abruptly closing the door behind her.

Harry makes fists with the sock puppet then speaks to himself in a strange voice.

HARRY

They don't get us.

**EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

A phone bleeps. Jack retrieves it from his pocket. A text message from Big Kev: 'where r you?'

CHLOE

Who's that?

JACK  
Jus' mam. Let's go inside.

CHLOE  
Is she callin' ya?

JACK  
No. Let's go.

Jack puts his arm around Chloe. As they walk towards the gym, he turns back, looks at the black Audi.

**INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SUPERMARKET - DAY**

Sammy is sat at a table whilst Mickey perches on the edge. Tense silence, broken by -

SAMMY  
So, what ya gonna do?

MICKEY  
I'm gonna have to call the Police.

SAMMY  
You can't! It's my little girl's birthday. I jus' wanted to get her somethin' nice.

MICKEY  
A bottle of vodka?

Sammy huffs, extends her middle finger.

MICKEY (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, love. You broke the law.

SAMMY  
We can work somethin' out.

MICKEY  
Like what?

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Chloe sets up a tripod in front of a wall mirror, attaches her phone to it.

Halfheartedly, Jack performs a series of bicep curls using a barbell.

Chloe presses record on her phone, proceeds to perform lunge squats in front of it.

A group of MALES in their mid-30's stare at Chloe, lasciviously. She catches their lustful eyes in the mirror, smiles at them.

Jack does not look at his girlfriend, but rather watches a muscly, tattooed MAN lifting a heavy weight.

In a sudden movement, Jack discards the bar, strides over to Chloe.

JACK  
Goin' for a piss.

He heads towards the toilet, looks back, sees that Chloe is busy with her phone, then makes a sharp exit out of the gym.

**EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

As Jack races through the car park, he pulls out his phone: three missed calls from 'Big Kev'.

From afar, he sees the black Audi rev its engine, then begin to set off.

As the car pulls left, it speeds up, heading straight for Jack.

The breaks squeal. Jack stops running, now frozen.

A bald, brawny, tattooed MAN in his 40's leans out of the car window. BIG KEV.

BIG KEV  
What the fuck you doin'?

He hastens out the car, strides over to Jack, who is fear-stricken.

Big Kev shoves Jack forcefully. He stumbles, hits the ground.

BIG KEV (cont'd)  
I asked you a fuckin' question, gay boy.

Jack cowers.

JACK  
I'm sorry, mate. I'm sorry.

BIG KEV  
I'm not your pissin' mate.

JACK  
I'm your buyer. I've got the cash.

Big Kev drives his steel-capped boot into Jack's stomach.

BIG KEV  
Where is it?

Still cowering, Jack retrieves his wallet from his pocket, hands it to Big Kev.

Big Kev pulls out a wad of cash, counts a bunch of notes, stuffs them into his pocket, then counts some more.

BIG KEV  
This is for keepin' us waitin', cunt.

He shoves the remaining notes into his pocket, then hurls the empty wallet at Jack.

Big Kev turns to another MAN sat inside the car, nods at him.

The man climbs out of the car, hands a small plastic bag to Big Kev.

BIG KEV (cont'd)  
Don't piss us around again!

He throws the bag at Jack, followed by the sound of a small bottle smashing.

Big Kev and the man climb back into the car, speed off.

Holding his stomach, Jack sits up, takes the bag, pulls out two vials of liquid: one broken, the other in tact.

Then, his phone bleeps. A text message from Chloe: 'got sum sick vids. Where r u?'

**INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SUPERMARKET - DAY**

Mickey is still sat on the edge of the table, but now his trousers are around his ankles, and Sammy's lips are around his penis. He grabs her by the hair, pulls hard. Sammy gags.

**INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

The kettle boils.

Hallie and Josh stuff their faces with crisps.

Joanne pours a cuppa, hands it to Laura.

JOANNE

They've upped his meds and oxygen.

LAURA

He's a fighter, alright.

JOANNE

No, he's just stubborn. I think he's given up.

LAURA

Don't say that, mam.

JOANNE

Now you're all grown up, what use are we, eh? Except for maybe mindin' grand kids.

Laura stares into her cup.

JOANNE (cont'd)

You okay, love?

LAURA

(to Hallie)

You and Josh play outside.

Hallie groans.

LAURA (cont'd)

Outside. Now!

**EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - DAY**

A car pulls up.

Inside the car, Mickey leans in, gives Sammy a kiss. She climbs out of the car, waves coyly at Mickey.

Darren is parked across the street, watching everything.

As Mickey speeds off, Darren gets out the car, marches over to Sammy's house.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - DAY**

A loud knock at the door. Sammy yanks it open.

DARREN  
Where the fuck is my money?

SAMMY  
Fuck ya self!

Darren barges his way inside.

DARREN  
You robbed me! What for? More sniff?

SAMMY  
I didn't rob ya.

DARREN  
So who was that, eh? That scruffy cunt.

SAMMY  
None of ya fuckin' business.

DARREN  
The postman, too? How many guys you shaggin', eh?

He lunges, grabs Sammy by the throat, pushes her up against the wall, squeezes tight.

DARREN (cont'd)  
You fuckin' whore!

At that moment, Michelle arrives. She grabs Darren by the arm, tears him away from Sammy.

MICHELLE  
Get off her, ya bastard!

DARREN  
Who the fuck are you?

SAMMY  
He's abusin' me Shell, accusin' me of all sorts of shit, beatin' me up!

DARREN  
You lying slag!

MICHELLE  
I'm calling the Police.

SAMMY  
No. Don't.

MICHELLE  
Why not?

DARREN  
Don't bother. I'm out of here.

Darren turns to leave, then -

DARREN (cont'd)  
(to Sammy)  
And by the way, you're fired. And I'm  
docking the hundred you nicked from  
your wages. And another eighty for  
the pills.

SAMMY  
You can't do that, ya fuckin' wanker!

She lashes out at Darren, but Michelle restrains her.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
(to Darren)  
You're a shit shag anyway, cunt!

She spits at him.

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Chloe performs a dumbbell exercise in front of the mirror,  
as Jack approaches.

JACK  
We're goin'.

CHLOE  
What? I 'aint finished.

Jack grabs Chloe by the arm, as if to pull her away. She  
recoils.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Get off!

The group of gym guys smirk at Jack.

JACK  
I feel like shit.

CHLOE  
What's up?

Jack glances at the gym guys, still sniggering.

JACK  
Fuck it. I'm outta here.

Jack takes off.

**EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Jack is sat in his car staring into the bag of vials. Then, a knock on the window: Chloe.

He throws the bag onto the passenger seat and, nervously, winds down the window.

CHLOE  
What's in the bag?

JACK  
Nothin'.

CHLOE  
You're so secretive. What's goin' on?

JACK  
Nowt.

CHLOE  
Was it those guys?

JACK  
What guys?

CHLOE  
In the gym.

JACK  
Oh, them. Nah.

CHLOE  
Well don't let pretty boy wankers  
like that get to ya, okay?

She leans into the car, kisses Jack.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Love you, babe.

Jack smiles.

JACK

You comin'?

CHLOE

Nah. Got a few more sets to do, then busy for a bit. I'll meet ya at mine. Say 4ish.

Jack starts the engine.

CHLOE (cont'd)

Don't be late, or your mam will kill us.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - HALLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Sammy scans the room. She picks up a pair of roller blades, a doll, and a iPad.

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Chloe returns to her spot in front of the mirror. The gym guys are still there, still gawping.

GYM GUY

Where's ya boyfriend gone, eh?

Chloe turns to him, smiles coyly.

CHLOE

He's gone runnin' home to his mammy.

Gawping turns to laughter.

GYM GUY

Sounds like ya need a real man, love.

Chloe tosses her phone to him. He catches it, shocked.

CHLOE

Give us ya number, then.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Michelle is blowing up balloons. There must be at least a hundred of them.

Sammy dumps the doll, roller blades, and iPad on the table.

MICHELLE

How many balloons does an eight year old need?

SAMMY

There needs to be more than Candice's birthday.

MICHELLE

Who's Candice?

SAMMY

Rochelle's little bastard.

Sammy grabs some wrapping paper and sellotape.

MICHELLE

Hallie wants to get one up on Candice?

SAMMY

Fuck Hallie. I wanna get one up on Rochelle.

Sammy proceeds to wrap up the roller blades.

MICHELLE

What ya doin'?

SAMMY

Wrappin' up Hallie's shit.

MICHELLE

I got her them blades last year!

SAMMY

So?

MICHELLE

So what the friggin' hell are you playin' at?

SAMMY

If I wrap 'em up it looks like she's got more shit, don't it?

MICHELLE

But Hallie already knows they're not new.

SAMMY  
Fuck that. I want the peeps on Insta  
to think I've bought her loads o' new  
shit.

MICHELLE  
Why?

SAMMY  
More likes. And 'cause I'm a good  
mam.

A balloon slips from Michelle's mouth, flies around the  
room.

A momentary silence.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
How did ya deal with it?

MICHELLE  
Deal with what?

SAMMY  
Ya know, when Darren grabbed me. How  
did ya used to deal with it from Rob,  
like every day?

MICHELLE  
Didn't have a choice.

**INT. GUM CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Still pissed off, Darren is sat in the clinic waiting room.  
A rotund NURSE in her 50's appears.

NURSE  
Darren Grady.

Darren stands.

NURSE (cont'd)  
This way, love.

As he follows the nurse out of the waiting room, he sees  
someone familiar stood at the reception desk: Dean.

**INT. GUM CLINIC - A TOILET - DAY**

The nurse hands Darren a plastic cup.

NURSE  
Fill it half way, then put it on the  
side.

She points to a shelf underneath a latch.

NURSE (cont'd)  
Knock on the latch and I'll grab it  
from t'other side.

The nurse leaves the toilet, closing the door behind her.

Darren unzips his trousers, poised to piss.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Laura enters with Josh and Hallie in tow.

The room is filled with balloons. We can barely see the  
carpet.

SAMMY  
You're early. I said five.

MICHELLE  
I thought you was seein' ya fella  
this aft?

LAURA  
He cancelled.

MICHELLE  
Here we go again.

LAURA  
How many balloons?

SAMMY  
Fuck off.

MICHELLE  
That's what I said.

Hallie and Joshua start bouncing on the sofa cushions.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
Be careful, Joshua.

LAURA  
When's pressie time?

HALLIE

Yay!

SAMMY

When I'm ready.

She grabs Laura by the arm.

SAMMY (cont'd)

Come and help me decide what to put on.

As she leads Laura out of the room, she turns to Michelle.

SAMMY (cont'd)

You're comin', too.

They leave.

**INT. GUM CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Darren bursts back into the waiting room, panting, as if he's been running, charges over to Dean - who is now sat down - and hurls a full cup of urine at his face.

DARREN

What the fuck?

Darren sprints towards the entrance, passing shocked nurses and patients.

As he pulls open the door, he slams into a young woman entering the clinic: Chloe.

He pushes past her, almost knocking her to the floor.

CHLOE

Watch it, dick head!

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

As Joshua continues to bounce, he jumps off, displacing a cushion.

HALLIE

What's that?

JOSHUA

What's what?

Hallie picks up the bag of pills.

JOSHUA (cont'd)  
Has your mam been hiding sweeties?

Then, Sammy's voice booms from the hallway, getting louder...

HALLIE  
They're coming back, hide them!

Josh stuffs the pills inside his pocket as Sammy, Laura, and Michelle enter the room. Sammy has a beer. Michelle has a cuppa.

SAMMY  
It's pressie time!

**INT. CHLOE'S HOUSE - CHLOE'S BEDROOM - EN SUITE - DAY**

The shower is running, steaming up the en suite.

Jack is perched on the toilet, next to the basin. A vial of liquid rests on the edge of the basin.

Tentatively, he unwraps a 3ml syringe, fixes a needle to it. He plunges the needle into the vial as the barrel fills with a thick, oily substance.

He is sweating. Nervous.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hallie's face is full of excitement.

SAMMY  
Auntie Shell can give you ya pressies  
while I film it.

Michelle hands Hallie a present. Impatiently, she tears of the paper to reveal a set of headphones. Unimpressed, she tosses them aside.

HALLIE  
Next.

Meanwhile, Sammy is filming on her phone.

MICHELLE  
What's the magic word?

Hallie stares at her with a blank expression.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
Never mind.

Michelle passes her another present. Hallie rips of the paper. It is the stolen dress.

HALLIE  
Yuk.

SAMMY  
Ya said ya wanted a new dress!

HALLIE  
I hate yellow!

SAMMY  
Mam spent a fortune on that dress.

Dejection in Hallie's face. Sammy stops filming.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
I'm gonna have to edit that shit out now.

MICHELLE  
(to Hallie)  
I'm sure your mam can take it back, get ya a different colour.

Hallie's face lights up.

SAMMY  
She can wear that one, the ungrateful little bitch.

**INT. CHLOE'S HOUSE - CHLOE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Chloe stomps into the room, begins to undress. She can hear the shower running from the en suite.

CHLOE  
Are ya still in the shower? We're gonna be late!

She hammers her fist on the door of the en suite.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Hurry the fuck up!

Silence.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Jack?

Nothing.

She tries the door handle. It won't budge.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Jack. Open the door. Jack?

Still nothing.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Fuck ya then.

She retrieves a dress from her wardrobe, continues to undress.

**EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY**

Several people drink lager and wine in a hot tub.

Somehow Sammy has managed to squeeze a bouncy castle into her small back yard.

Josh and Hallie run around, dodging other kids.

The garden is full of over made-up Barbie clones with their overweight boyfriends.

Sammy is chugging a bottle of lager, flirting with a random guy - probably a neighbour, and probably no more than 16.

Laura approaches Sammy from behind.

LAURA  
Alright, Sam.

Sammy doesn't turn round.

SAMMY  
I'm busy. Get ya self a drink.

LAURA  
Can't.

SAMMY  
Don't be daft.

LAURA  
My new fella is 'ere.

Sammy turns to see Laura's new fella, hand in hand with Laura.

It is Mickey.

**INT. CHLOE'S HOUSE - CHLOE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Chloe is now wearing a short black dress.

CHLOE  
C'mon. It 'aint funny.

She tries the door handle again.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Jack? Jack?

Now panic.

She drives her shoulder into the door of the en suite. It doesn't budge. She tries again. Nothing.

Then, with one precise kick to the door handle, it swings open to a cloud of condensation.

As the steam dissipates, she sees Jack lying on the floor.

He splutters - short, shallow coughs - and clutches his chest. A needle hangs out of his shoulder.

Chloe screams.

**EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT**

Coffee in hand, Michelle wistfully gazes into the starry night.

Then, the sound of a wheelie bin toppling over followed by a series of inebriated 'hush' sounds.

She creeps round the side of the house to see Sammy and Mickey, kissing passionately.

Then, the sound of a text message.

With her lips still stuck to Mickey's bearded face, Sammy retrieves her phone from her pocket.

SAMMY  
Gotta go.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Beer in hand and swaying from side to side, Sammy reads a text message from 'Gunner'. It reads: 'can't get the stuff, soz.'

Furiously, she texts back: 'thank fuck I got another stash, tosser.'

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sammy swaggers into an empty living room, stepping on and popping balloons. She pulls off a sofa cushion.

Nothing there.

She pulls the rest of them off, throwing them into the air.

Nothing.

SAMMY

Hallie!

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - HALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sammy storms into the room. Hallie is playing with CANDICE, 8.

SAMMY

Get out, Candice.

A look of surprise on Candice's face.

SAMMY (cont'd)

I said out!

On the verge of tears, Candice runs out of the room.

SAMMY (cont'd)

(to Hallie)

You been rootin' down the side o' the sofa?

Hallie's silence says it all.

SAMMY (cont'd)

What did ya do with 'em?

Silence. Sammy grabs Hallie by the shoulders, shakes her.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
 What did ya do with 'em, ya little  
 bitch?

Hallie begins to cry.

HALLIE  
 We just wanted some sweeties.

Sammy stops shaking her.

SAMMY  
 Who's 'we'?

HALLIE  
 Me and Josh.

The colour seeps from Sammy's face.

SAMMY  
 Where's the sweeties?

Silence. Sammy grabs Hallie again, shakes her more violently  
 this time.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
 Where's the fuckin' sweeties?

HALLIE  
 Josh ate one. He said they were  
 disgustin', so we binned 'em.

SAMMY  
 He ate one?

HALLIE  
 Maybe two.

Horror in Sammy's eyes.

**INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Joanne opens a can of lager, hands it to John.

JOANNE  
 Here ya go, love.

JOHN  
 What're you after?

JOANNE  
 Nothin'

JOHN  
Nothin' my arse. Spit it out.

Joanne starts to play with her wedding ring, takes a deep breath.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Spit it out, woman!

JOANNE  
It's our Laura.

JOHN  
What now? She back at AA?

JOANNE  
No. It's worse.

JOHN  
The only thing worse than that is -  
The penny drops.

JOHN (cont'd)  
The fuckin' slag!

JOANNE  
Don't call our daughter a slag!

JOHN  
She ain't no daughter 'o mine.

He begins to splutter. He swigs some lager. Coughs again, this time more violently.

JOANNE  
Love?

He reaches for the oxygen canister, grabs the mask, then falls from his wheelchair.

JOANNE (cont'd)  
John! Oh my God, John!

Sprawled on the floor, his face turns purple as he struggles to breathe.

**EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Joshua is floating in the hot tub, his face down in the water, lifeless.

Michelle screams.

Mickey races from the kitchen, sees Joshua in the hot tub, and without hesitation pulls him out from the water, lays him on the grass.

Michelle collapses to the ground by Joshua's side, tears streaming.

Mickey checks for a pulse. Nothing.

MICKEY  
Call an ambulance!

By now, all the guests have formed a circle around Joshua, but nobody moves. They are all stunned and silent, except for Hallie, who cries hysterically.

MICKEY (cont'd)  
Call a fuckin' ambulance!

Laura grabs her phone, dials.

Mickey proceeds to perform CPR. He breathes into Joshua's mouth. Waits. Repeats.

Nothing.

MICHELLE  
He's dead! He's dead!

MICKEY  
He's not fuckin' dead.

Mickey breathes into Joshua's airway again, then compresses his chest. One. Two. Three. Four...

Still nothing.

MICHELLE  
Joshua, it's mam. I love ya so much.  
If ya can hear me, I jus' want ya to  
know. I love ya so much. Don't leave  
me. Please don't leave me.

Mickey tries again. Nothing.

Michelle falls back onto the grass, curled up in a fetal position, wailing.

Then -

A splutter. A cough. Movement.

Michelle's tears turn to astonishment as she bolts up, sees Joshua coming round.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
Thank God! Thank God!

She cradles Joshua in her arms, squeezes him tight.

Relief among the guests, except for one, who remains silent and guilty: Sammy.

Mickey turns to Michelle.

MICKEY  
Is he okay?

Joy turns to anger.

MICHELLE  
I saw you with our Sam, ya slimy  
bastard.

Shock. Guilt.

MICKEY  
(whispering)  
Don't say anythin'.

MICHELLE  
Why shouldn't I?

MICKEY  
I just saved your kid's life!

MICHELLE  
And that gives you the right to cheat  
on my little sister, with my other  
sister?

The guests begin to crowd around Joshua and Michelle, except for you know who...

Mickey stands. As he makes to leave, he brushes past Laura.

LAURA  
Where ya goin'?

No answer. He bolts inside the house. Laura follows.

In the distance, the sound of an ambulance siren.

**EXT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

An ambulance is parked outside. A PARAMEDIC wheels John out on a stretcher. Joanne walks alongside, trying to keep up pace, holding John's hand.

**EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mickey climbs into his car, starts the engine.

A knock at the passenger side window: it is Laura.

LAURA

Where the fuck ya goin'? What's goin' on?

Laura pulls open the car door, slips inside.

The engine roars as Mickey takes off.

**INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe stands over Jack, who is laid on a stretcher. A DOCTOR and a NURSE hover over him, discussing among themselves.

Chloe's phone bleeps - a text message from an unknown number. It reads: 'hey it's Kyle from the gym xxx.'

DOCTOR

(to Chloe)

Has he injected anabolic steroids before?

Silence. She is engrossed in her phone, smiling to herself.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Miss?

CHLOE

Sorry. What?

**INT. MICKEY'S CAR - NIGHT**

The car speeds down a residential street.

LAURA

Slow down.

Mickey speeds up.

LAURA (cont'd)  
I said slow down!

Mickey turns on the radio. Music blasts out as the car swerves onto the opposite side of the road.

Laura switches off the music.

LAURA (cont'd)  
How much ya had to drink?

MICKEY  
Stop havin' a go.

LAURA  
Havin' a go? You're too drunk to drive!

MICKEY  
What the fuck do you care? I didn't ask you to get inside the car, did I?

LAURA  
How can ya drink drive with a fuckin' baby in the car?

MICKEY  
What the fuck you on about?

LAURA  
I'm up the fuckin' duff, you cunt!

Mickey turns to Laura, the car swerves onto the footpath, then...

SLAM. A body flies across the footpath, crumpling to the asphalt.

Mickey slams on the breaks.

LAURA  
Ya fuckin' lunatic!

She lamps Mickey across the face. He turns to her, raises his fist, but before he can defend himself, Laura lands a another punch, and another.

Mickey touches his nose: blood.

MICKEY  
You crazy bitch!

LAURA  
What the fuck ya waitin' for, go!

MICKEY  
But what about -

LAURA  
Fuck 'em! Let's go!

MICKEY  
Fuck you.

Mickey steps out of the car, spits blood onto the ground, then hurries over to the body lying on the pavement.

He kneels down, checks their pulse. Relief.

As the local residents begin to pour into the road - some clutching their phones - Laura steps out of the car. She calls out to the nosey neighbours:

LAURA  
(feigning calm)  
It's okay, we're gonna get 'em to the hospital! Go back inside!

Some of the residents take photos, some are filming.

With both arms, Mickey lifts the body: a teenage girl.

LAURA  
(to Mickey)  
Hurry the fuck up!

**INT. HOSPITAL - CHILDREN'S WARD - NIGHT**

Josh is fast asleep in a bed. Michelle pulls the sheet close to his chin, then runs her fingers through his floppy hair.

She breathes heavily, as if about to have a panic attack.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Joanne is stood outside the Emergency Department, smoking a fag, her hand shaking.

She hears someone laughing on their phone, looks over to the ambulance bay. A familiar face. Joanne approaches.

JOANNE  
Chloe?

Chloe turns round.

CHLOE  
(into phone)  
Gotta go.

She hangs up.

JOANNE  
What're you doin' here?

At that moment, a speeding car zigzags into the ambulance bay, heading towards Joanne and Chloe.

Joanne grabs Chloe, jumps out of the way, as the car smashes into the side of a parked ambulance.

Enraged, Joanne strides over to the car.

JOANNE  
What ya doin', ya maniac! Ya could  
'ave killed us!

She pulls the driver's side door open to reveal Mickey.

Joanne leans into the car, snatches Mickey's shirt collar, yanks him out of the vehicle.

Without any resistance, he flops to the ground in a heap, barely conscious.

Joanne stares at his bloodied face, then hears the sound of the passenger door slamming shut. She looks up.

Disbelief and shock mixed with anger as she glares at Laura staring back at her: she is close to tears, her breathing is rapid.

JOANNE (cont'd)  
What the bleedin' hell is goin' on?

LAURA  
Mam. We're in so much shit.

JACK (O.S.)  
Mam?

Joanne and Laura both turn around to see Jack standing next to Chloe.

JOANNE  
(to Jack)  
What the hell are you doin' here?

CHLOE  
 (to Jack)  
 They let you out already?

JACK  
 (to Joanne)  
 Is dad alright?

LAURA  
 (to Joanne)  
 Is Josh alright?

JOANNE  
 What's happened to Josh?

Confusion all round.

**INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A series of impatient knocks at the front door. It sounds like someone is trying to break it down.

Sammy charges down the stairs wearing a nightie, curlers in her hair.

SAMMY  
 Do ya know what fuckin' time it is?

More knocking. As she unlocks the door...

SAMMY (cont'd)  
 Fuck off, Darren!

She yanks open the door to reveal two POLICEMEN.

POLICEMAN #1  
 Samantha Watson?

SAMMY  
 What do ya want?

POLICEMAN #1  
 You're under arrest, love.

Then, an innocent voice.

HALLIE (O.S.)  
 Mam. Who is it?

Sammy turns round, sees Hallie stood at the top of the stairs, Baby Sasha the doll cradled in her arms.

