

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

GRANDAD

Written by

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EXT. THE PLAYGROUND - LATE AFTERNOON

GRANDDAD, mid-forties, a tough London gangster with a rough, boxer's face, misshapen nose and cauliflower ear, pushes his four-year-old granddaughter SALLY on the SWINGS. It is late afternoon, the sun low in the sky, shadows lengthening. As the swing goes back and forth, Sally tips back her head to look at Granddad upside-down. She laughs and he pokes his tongue out at her playfully.

GRANDDAD looks at his watch.

GRANDDAD
Five more minutes. Your mum will
want you back for tea.

SALLY
It's not dark, Granddad. Mum said be
back before dark.

GRANDDAD
It's getting dark.

SALLY
Can we come back tomorrow?

GRANDDAD
Sure.

EXT. RUN DOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - SUNSET

As the sun nears the horizon, painting an ordinary street in shades of gold and orange, Granddad scoops a tired Sally up on to his shoulders.

His pace slows as he sees two POLICECARS parked in the street ahead.

EXT. OUTSIDE ALICE'S HOUSE - SUNSET

ALICE, early twenties, is Granddad's tired-looking, underweight, pale, stressed daughter. As Granddad approaches with Sally on his shoulders, Alice is stood in her DOORWAY arguing with a POLICE SERGEANT and FIVE POLICE OFFICERS. Her husband MIKE, thirty and overweight, restrains her with an arm around her waist.

GRANDDAD
What's all this, then?

ALICE

What do you fucking think? They're
looking for you, aren't they!

The Police Officers turn towards Granddad, fanning out and walking towards him.

POLICE SERGEANT

Put the girl down, Sir.

Gently, Granddad lifts Sally from his shoulders and sets her down beside him.

ALICE

Come here, Sally!

The Police Officers rapidly close in as a frightened SALLY runs past them into ALICE'S arms.

GRANDDAD

What's all...

Two Police Officers grab Granddad by the arms.

POLICE SERGEANT

I am arresting you...

Snarling, Granddad tries to wrench his arms free from the two Police Officers holding him. There is an intense struggle during which the other officers also seek to restrain Granddad.

The Police Sergeant continues with the arrest and caution but can't be heard over the sound of the struggle.

Granddad is brought crashing to the floor, his temple cut by the impact. As the Police Officers cuff his hands behind his back, SALLY can be heard screaming.

GRANDDAD is bundled towards the back of a POLICE CAR, still struggling.

POLICE SERGEANT

(initially inaudible) ...
anything you do say may
be given in evidence.)

Sally is in Alice's arms with Mike stood behind them both. As Granddad is pushed into the POLICE CAR, he looks back at Sally and Alice, blood flowing down his face.

SALLY

(shouting)
Granddad!

INT. AN OFFICE IN HM PRISON BELMARSH - DAY

SUPER: 18 years later

Grandad, now in his early sixties, sits on an ORANGE PLASTIC CHAIR. Across the DESK from him, in a PADDED CHAIR, sits MR BENJAMIN, a black, fifty year old prison warder.

MR. BENJAMIN

You know how much it cost to keep you inside?

GRANDAD

Why, you gonna give me a bill?

MR. BENJAMIN

We should. Thirty five grand a year. Thirty five fucking thousand pounds.

GRANDAD

(looking around exaggeratedly)

Well, you'd think they could brighten the place up a...

MR. BENJAMIN

How long was your stretch?

GRANDAD

Eighteen years, Mr. Benjamin.

MR. BENJAMIN

Eighteen years... so, you've cost the taxpayers ... six hundred and thirty thousand.

GRANDAD

Well, maybe I should of got community service then.

MR. BENJAMIN

Cut the crap and listen to me!

GRANDAD

Well I suppose I have to... today.

MR. BENJAMIN

If you'd kept your nose clean, cooperated just a bit, you could of been out of here six years ago. This attitude of yours only hurts you, you know.

GRANDAD

That it?

MR. BENJAMIN

No. That's not it. I don't want to see you again. Don't want you back here in six months for another eighteen years.

GRANDAD

Glad to hear it.

MR. BENJAMIN

What's your plan, then?

GRANDAD

On the outside? Don't worry about it. I've done my counselling, seen the resettlement officer fuck knows how many times even though I still own my own gaff. It's sorted.

MR. BENJAMIN

Is it? Is it now? I don't mean where are you gonna live or if your benefits are sorted. I mean, what's your plan to stay out of here?

GRANDAD

You don't think I'm rehabilitated? You disappoint me, Mr Benjamin.

MR. BENJAMIN

Fuck off. You're not a bad guy. You could make a life for yourself.

GRANDAD

All I want to do is see my family.

MR. BENJAMIN

Really? Why is it they never visited?

GRANDAD says nothing for a while. Looks at the floor and then back up at MR. BENJAMIN.

GRANDAD

We finished?

MR. BENJAMIN

Ask yourself this. Who you gonna be when you're back out there? Your family, the ones who never came to see you, how are you gonna fit in?

GRANDAD

(slowly)

Well, I don't see how that's your
fucking problem... Mr. Benjamin.

EXT. BELMARSH PRISON - DAY

With a rucksack slung over his shoulder, Grandad leaves the PRISON GATES. It is a dreary day. He looks up and down the street, before walking towards a BUS STOP.

EXT. RUN DOWN STREET OUTSIDE ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike is up a ladder, clearing some muck from his gutter. A BOY ON A BIKE rides very close to the ladder's foot, making Mike wobble.

MIKE

Watch it!

The Boy On A BIKE looks back and raises his middle finger.

MIKE (cont'd)

Little cunts

GRANDAD walks in to view behind MIKE.

GRANDAD

Language, Michael.

Mike turns, startled, nearly stumbling on the already precarious ladder.

MIKE

What the fuck? Fuck!

GRANDAD

Nice to see you too, Mike.

MIKE

What are you doing here? When did
you get out?

GRANDAD

Today. And why do you think? To see
Alice and Sally. Get my keys, too.

Mike begins to climb down the ladder, unsteady and flustered.

MIKE

They're not here.

GRANDAD

Sally and Alice or my keys?

MIKE

Keys are inside somewhere.

GRANDAD

Fair enough. Can I come in then?
I'll wait for Alice to get back.

Now back on the ground, Mike takes a deep breath.

MIKE

No. No you can't. It's not that
easy.

GRANDAD tries to smile but grimaces.

GRANDAD

I get it. Alice don't want to see
me. I really do get it. But I hoped
we might, you know, talk things
over.

MIKE

Yeah. Well... there's that. You're
right.

GRANDAD

Something else?

MIKE

Look, Alice ain't well. Hasn't been
for a while.

GRANDAD

What kind of not well?

MIKE

No, no, not that. Nothing like
that.

GRANDAD

What then?

MIKE

She should be the one to tell you.

GRANDAD

Well, that ain't gonna happen
unless she talks to me, is it? But
fuck it, Mike, you've said this
much. What's up?

MIKE

It's cancer. Bowel cancer. That's where she is, at chemo.

GRANDAD

No one told me.

Mike shrugs and heads to the FRONT DOOR.

GRANDAD (cont'd)

Is she... I mean--

MIKE

Look. I'll tell her you've been round. I don't want her upset. She has enough on her plate.

Grandad nods.

GRANDAD

Is Sally with her then?

Facing the door, back towards Grandad, Mike sighs.

MIKE

No. Sal isn't with her. She don't live with us now.

GRANDAD

No?

MIKE

Why the fuck should she. She's twenty two now.

Mike looks over his shoulder at Grandad and meets a hard stare.

MIKE (cont'd)

(turning around)

Nah, I mean...no. She moved out... Look, have you got a number? If Alice wants, she might call you.

Grandad fishes in his pocket, brings out a cheap-looking smartphone.

GRANDAD

Yeah... just got this. Ummm....

Grandad stabs his finger at the screen a couple of times.

GRANDDAD (cont'd)
Don't know the number, must be on
here--

MIKE
It's alright, give it here. I'll
call my number, that way I'll have
yours on my phone.

GRANDDAD passes the phone to MIKE.

GRANDDAD
(Absently)
I'll need those keys, too.

Mike calls his own MOBILE PHONE from Grandad's.

MIKE
We haven't checked your place in a
while. A long while, actually.

Mike passes Grandad's smartphone back to him.

MIKE (cont'd)
It'll be okay. People still know
it's your gaff. Wouldn't be mad
enough to break in.

Grandad, chewing his cheek, nods distractedly.

MIKE (cont'd)
You know, after what happened with
your Sarah... Well, Alice cleared
out her stuff. Years ago.

EXT. A RUNDOWN RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT IN LONDON - DAY

Grandad walks past a group of MENACING LOOKING BOYS who eye
him as they sit on their BIKES. He pays them no attention.

Crossing the street, he fishes in his coat pocket for a SET
OF KEYS and unlocks a GATE at the side of a BLOCK OF
MAISONETTES.

EXT. CONCRETE STEPS AND LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Grandad ascends concrete steps to a walkway outside a line
of maisonettes.

EXT. WALKWAY OUTSIDE MAISONETTES - CONTINUOUS

Grandad stops at a faded, grimy blue door and unlocks it.

INT. HALLWAY OF GRANDAD'S MAISONETTE - CONTINUOUS

Closing the door behind him, Grandad steps into the flat, kicking aside a stack of envelopes and free papers piled under the letterbox.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF GRANDAD'S MAISONETTE - CONTINUOUS

Everything is DUSTY. COBWEBS cover ORNAMENTS and PICTURE FRAMES. GRANDAD pulls open the curtain and dust swirls in the sunlight. He looks down at a FRAMED PICTURE. A younger him stood beside his LATE WIFE, SARAH on their wedding day.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY

Grandad sits opposite a PREGNANT WOMAN and a WOMAN HOLDING A BABY. The train is CROWDED WITH PEOPLE. TWO DRUNK MEN in their fifties stand nearby, one with a can of TENANTS EXTRA LAGER in his hand.

Grandad is looking at the baby while the women talk to each other. The Baby begins to cry.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Need a change?

The WOMAN HOLDING A BABY lifts the child from her lap and gives his nappy an experimental sniff.

WOMAN HOLDING A BABY

Nah. It's past the time for his feed

PREGNANT WOMAN

Feed him then.

WOMAN HOLDING BABY

What, here?

PREGNANT WOMAN

Why not?

As the Pregnant Woman takes a bottle of water from her bag and sips it, the Baby's cries grow louder. The Woman Holding A Baby adjusts her top, shifts awkwardly in her seat, and momentarily exposes one breast before the Baby's head covers it. The crying stops.

DRUNK MAN 1
Oh put it away love! That's enough
to put anyone off.

PREGNANT WOMAN
You what?

The Two Drunk Men laugh and look away.

PREGNANT WOMAN (cont'd)
Oi! You! What did you say?

DRUNK MAN 1
Alright, calm down love. She's the
one who fished it out.

PREGNANT WOMAN
Well you don't have to look, you
fucking perv.

DRUNK MAN 1 takes a step towards her angrily as the train
shakes, making him stumble to one side.

GRANDAD stands up

GRANDAD
Alright. Cool it. Leave her alone.

Drunk Man 1 squares up to Grandad as Drunk Man 2 steps
forwards and looks at Grandad over his friend's shoulder.

GRANDAD grins while giving a confident stare. His right foot
goes back.

DRUNK MAN 2
(pulling on his friends
arm)
Leave it, come on.

DRUNK MAN 1 allows himself to be pulled away.

DRUNK MAN 1
(looking back at GRANDAD)
Wanker!

GRANDAD sits back down. The Pregnant Woman glares at him
while the Woman Holding A Baby gives him a little smile.

INT. JOB CENTRE PLUS - DAY

Grandad sits across a COUNTER from his JOB COACH. They are
separated by a GLASS SCREEN.

The Job Coach, an early twenties, slightly built man with thinning hair and round glasses, looks at a COMPUTER.

Behind Grandad a YOUNG MAN is shouting and swearing as TWO SECURITY GUARDS usher him out of the building.

JOB COACH

So both of these charities help ex-offenders.

The JOB COACH pushes TWO LEAFLETS under the screen.

GRANDAD

I don't need charity.

JOB COACH

Not money. Help. Help you to find work or training.

GRANDAD

I thought that was your job.

JOB COACH

I want to see evidence you've made contact with the charities. If you can't demonstrate you're making a serious attempt to find work, your benefits will be sanctioned.

GRANDAD

I'm here aren't I? What have you got for me.

JOB COACH

You should understand that ex-offenders are a special case. The charities have advisors--

GRANDAD

Fuck me, I've had enough advice, I want a fucking job.

Grandad stands up, snatches up the leaflets, and walks out.

INT. THE BLACK LION PUBLIC HOUSE - EVENING

White walls flanking the bar area have large THREE LIONS motifs stencilled across them in black paint. A UNION JACK hangs above a HUGE TV permanently showing sports channels.

Grandad is sat with RONNIE, a frail, red-faced old man in a WHEELCHAIR with an OXYGEN TANK to hand. Occasionally, Ronnie slips an OXYGEN MASK over his nose and mouth.

A short distance away, at a different table, sits NICK, a sharply dressed, well-groomed club-owner in his thirties. He is the son of one of Grandad's former associates.

GRANDAD
(looking at his phone)
How do you know if someone's left
you a message on this thing?

RONNIE
(wheezing)
Give it here, give it here...

Grandad passes Ronnie the phone. He studies it a moment.

RONNIE (cont'd)
(demonstrating to Grandad)
See? This is the numbers that have
called you. There ain't none, so
there won't be no messages.

Grandad sits back in his chair and sighs.

RONNIE (cont'd)
But, look here, see, these are your
text messages. If someone leaves
you a voicemail, there'll be a text
about it.

GRANDAD
I had any texts?

RONNIE
(coughing and laughing)
Nah. I know you've been gone
awhile, but we had fucking mobiles
back then.

GRANDAD
Not like these things we didn't.

RONNIE
Not that different.

GRANDAD
(snatching phone back)
It's like a fucking computer. Never
had time for all this bollocks.

RONNIE
World's moved on. You'll catch up.

GRANDAD
Will I?

RONNIE

Course you fucking will. Getting
back in the game?

GRANDAD

Nah... I'm done.

RONNIE

What's the plan then?

GRANDAD

Job, I guess.

Ronnie frowns.

RONNIE

If I was your age, I'd be right
back in. Miss it.

GRANDAD

Well that's it, 'init. I get back
in the game, I go back inside.
Simple as.

RONNIE

It was the life though, weren't it.
Girls, money, cars...

GRANDAD

You were the ladies man, not me.

RONNIE

You didn't do bad. Your Sarah, she
was a looker.

GRANDAD

Yeah, well...

RONNIE

Didn't mean to speak out of turn. I
forget, sometimes.

GRANDAD

So, where's all the others?

Sat a short distance away, Nick overhears and looks at
Grandad.

RONNIE

Dead...in prison...or skipped
abroad...I'm the only one left.
Well, you and me.

Nick walks over to Grandad and Ronnie's table.

NICK

How ya doing, Ronnie, you old reprobate?

RONNIE

Oi! Less of the old, you cheeky fucker.

NICK, laughing, sits himself down.

NICK

Get you a drink, Ronnie? What about your mate here?

RONNIE

Don't mind if I do, Jamesons. As for my mate, your dad knows him well.

Nick scrutinises Grandad.

RONNIE (cont'd)

(to Grandad)

This is Nick, Patrick's son.

NICK

(to Grandad)

I fucking know you from me dad's old photos. You're Al, aren't you? Alan Johnson?

GRANDAD

Yeah.

NICK

Fuck me, my dad's always talking about you. Told me on the phone you were due out. Nice to meet ya.

GRANDAD

He did? How is he?

NICK

Yeah, he's good. Real good. Overseas now. Retired, like.

GRANDAD

We got in some scrapes.

NICK

Yeah. Yeah you did. I know all about 'em. Dad reckons you were the toughest fucker he knew.

Grandad shrugs.

GRANDAD

What about them drinks? I'd go for
a whisky myself.

NICK

(calling over to the bar)
Two Jamesons. Make 'em large ones.

RONNIE begins to laugh and then cough. A prolonged fit.

GRANDAD

You ok, Ronnie?

Ronnie breathes in deeply through his mask.

RONNIE

I was just...I was just remembering
(more coughing)... when
you and Patrick went out
of town to torch that
showroom...)

GRANDAD

Fuck off, Ronnie. That was thirty
years ago.

NICK

What's all this? Don't think I know
that one.

RONNIE

Insurance job, but the dopey
fuckers only burned down the wrong
place.

NICK laughs. GRANDAD doesn't.

RONNIE (cont'd)

(to Grandad)

Ah you can play the hard man now.
But you and Pat were pretty fucking
sheepish when you told the
governor, weren't you.

GRANDAD

Fuck off..Pay him no mind, Nick.
Reckon he's lost his marbles. Who
knows what the fuck he's got in
that tank.

NICK
(laughing)
I'll ask my old dad about it.
According to him, it was the glory
days.

GRANDAD
You can, but I wouldn't.

Grandad's phone buzzes. He picks it up, touches the screen,
and growls in frustration.

RONNIE
Give it here.

Grandad passes him the phone.

RONNIE (cont'd)
You've got an appointment.
Employment advisor.

Ronnie passes the phone back to Grandad, who reads the text.

NICK
(to Grandad)
You looking for work?

GRANDAD
Yeah.

Nick brings a BUSINESS CARD out of his jacket pocket and
hands it to Grandad.

NICK
Drop by the club later, I might
have something for you.

EXT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

Grandad walks past young people queuing to enter the club.
He passes a YOUNG WOMAN (SALLY) who bears a striking
resemblance to HIS WIFE (seen in the PHOTO in his flat).
GRANDAD looks at her curiously. She is VERY DRUNK.

At the door a big man in his forties with a shaved head -
BARRY - oversees TWO DOORMEN.

As Grandad approaches, Barry grabs a frightened looking
young man by the neck and throws him away from the doors.

BARRY
Now fuck off!

Walking around the queue and up towards the door, GRANDAD is stopped by BARRY.

BARRY (cont'd)
Where the fuck do you think you're going?

GRANDAD
I'm here to see Nick.

BARRY
Are you now? Your name Al?

GRANDAD nods. BARRY looks him up and down contemptuously.

BARRY (cont'd)
Well, don't know what I was expecting. According to Nick, your some kind of living legend.

GRANDAD
He inside, is he?

BARRY jerks a thumb towards the door and steps aside elaborately with a mock bow.

INT. THE SCARLET CLUB - EVENING

GRANDAD pushes past crowds of young people, some of whom shoot him curious looks. The music is very loud. We see GRANDAD lean across a bar and say something to a BAR WORKER.

BAR WORKER
(shouting over the music)
Upstairs, door behind the bar.

GRANDAD walks up a carpeted stairway, although still thumping, the music is quieter up here. Club goes lounge on padded sofas by glass tables.

GRANDAD walks to a bar, less crowded than downstairs. He says something to the BAR STAFF, one of whom points to a door behind him.

GRANDAD walks behind the bar and pauses at the door, goes to open it, and then, stopping, knocks. When there's no answer, he opens it and walks through.

INT NICK'S OFFICE - EVENING

In contrast to the club, the office is quite dilapidated. A SCUFFED OLD DESK, RACKING SHELVES WITH FOLDERS, A COMPUTER, A FEW OFFICE CHAIRS and a SOFA.

NICK is at his desk, talking on the phone, he waives GRANDAD to the couch.

NICK

I don't give a fuck. Tell him he's got until the weekend. The weekend, right? If he ain't here Friday night, that's it. Alright. Yeah.

Nick hangs up his phone and turns to GRANDAD.

NICK (cont'd)

Fucking parasites. Take your money and fucking flake on you.

GRANDAD looks at NICK questioningly.

NICK (cont'd)

DJ. Lad called Charlie. Supposed to be on tonight.

GRANDAD

Hope that's not what you want me for.

NICK

What?

GRANDAD

Well, I reckon my taste in music might be a bit old for your crowd.

NICK

(laughing)

No, no, that's not what I've got in mind for you.

GRANDAD

Thought not. So what do you have in mind?

NICK

Security consultant.

GRANDAD

A bouncer, you mean?

NICK

Nah, you need a licence for that now. We could get you one, but I'm thinking of something a bit different.

GRANDAD

Right. Look, I'm keeping my nose clean. Thanks, but I've only been out five minutes.

NICK

What? No. No, nothing like that. This is a straight business. Well, straight enough. I'm not my dad.

GRANDAD

Ok. What would a security consultant do?

NICK

Be here. Show your face. Let the word spread your on my team.

GRANDAD

Looked a pretty handy team already out front.

NICK

You mean Barry?

Grandad shrugs.

GRANDAD

Big bald fucker.

NICK

Yeah that's Barry. He handles the doors...and a few things that I want to keep my distance from.

GRANDAD

Distance?

NICK

There's dealers at every club, Nick. Mine are just in house. He keeps the others out and makes sure nothing's too obvious.

GRANDAD

That doesn't sound so straight.

NICK

Happens at every club, and you can get closed down if you don't stop it. This way, it keeps things quiet.

GRANDAD

So what do you want me for?

NICK

There's always gangs wanting an in. Wanting to deal here. Like I say, Barry keeps 'em out, but there have been threats.

GRANDAD

Like I said, I'm out of all this.

NICK

I'm not asking you to deal. Not asking you to hurt anyone. Just show your face here at night. Hang about. Have a few drinks. If there's trouble, you help out.

GRANDAD looks thoughtful, begins to shake his head.

NICK (cont'd)

It's worth a hundred quid to you every night. Not bad just for hanging out with pretty girls and listening to music.

GRANDAD

Get deafened by it, you mean... I don't see why you need me.

NICK

Reputation. You've got one. Will make chancers think twice.

GRANDAD

You reckon? No one knows me.

NICK

That's not true. Sure, the youngsters don't, but up the top of the tree, you're still a face to be reckoned with.

GRANDAD

I don't know, Nick. It's a good offer, but if you get raided, I could be back inside.

NICK

It ain't like that, Nick. There's distance, see, between me and any dealing. Barry don't sell, none of my staff do. We've just got a couple of lads we let in. If anyone's gonna get nicked, it ain't me, and it certainly won't be you.

GRANDAD

So you're not supplying then? Whose supplying the stuff?

NICK

Let Barry worry about that.

GRANDAD

Let me think about it, Nick.

NICK

Okay. Offers there. Don't think too long.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

GRANDAD comes down the stairs. Stopping, he looks at the clearly DRUNK GIRL (SALLY) he saw outside. She is half-carried, half-walked towards the exit by TWO YOUNG MEN. The girl bears a striking resemblance to the woman seen in GRANDAD's wedding photo in his flat.

EXT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

The DRUNK GIRL (SALLY) is led by the TWO YOUNG MEN away from the club. GRANDAD follows

SALLY

I need a cab. I've got to get home.

YOUNG MAN 1

Don't worry, we'll get you back.

SALLY

Where are my friends? Have they gone?

YOUNG MAN 2

They've ditched you. Don't worry, we'll look after you.

GRANDAD

Taxi rank is that way.

YOUNG MAN 1
What? Fuck off, we're sorting it.

GRANDAD
(to SALLY)
You know these guys?

SALLY
(looking at the YOUNG MEN
and swaying)
Yeah, we were dancing. I've lost my
friends.

GRANDAD
Alright. I'll call you a cab.

GRANDAD brings out his phone. The TWO YOUNG MEN take SALLY
by the arms and make to walk her away.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
I wouldn't.

YOUNG MAN 2
She's coming with us.

GRANDAD stops keying numbers and looks at the YOUNG MEN.

GRANDAD
I'll tell you how it is. You two
are gonna make nice and fuck off.
She stays here and I put her in a
cab.

YOUNG MAN 1
Or what?

GRANDAD
Stay around and find out.

YOUNG MAN 2 leers and takes a step forward. GRANDAD hits him
with two quick jabs from his left fist, and then floors him
with a right hook. GRANDAD looks at YOUNG MAN 1

YOUNG MAN 1
(Picking his friend up and
leading him off)
You fucking crazy old cunt.

GRANDAD looks at SALLY, now slumped on the floor leaning
against a wall.

GRANDAD
What's your name?

SALLY

Sally...

GRANDAD

Sally what?

SALLY

Sally...Sally...Clithero

GRANDAD looks down at her for a while.

EXT. ALTON HOUSE - NIGHT

GRANDAD helps SALLY out of a TAXI outside a large block of flats. A sign above the GLASS DOORS reads ALTON HOUSE SUPPORTED LIVING.

GRANDAD

(speaking into the cab)

Wait here, mate.

GRANDAD walks SALLY to the glass doors where she fumbles at a panel trying to remember the security code.

SALLY

9..1..5...2... No... 9...1...2...5

There is a buzz, and the door opens. Without a look back, SALLY stumbles through the door and into the lobby beyond, where a tired SECURITY GUARD looks up at her.

SALLY (cont'd)

(to the guard)

I'm drunk!

The door closes, leaving GRANDAD out on the street.

GRANDAD

(still looking through the doors)

Goodnight, Sally

INT. GRANDAD'S MAISONETTE - MORNING

GRANDAD is sat at his kitchen table. He pours CEREALS into a BOWL. The table is littered with leaflets from the JOB CENTRE and charities working with prisoners.

As he sits eating, his MOBILE PHONE buzzes. He opens the text more adroitly than he has managed before.

The TEXT MESSAGE reads:

Got your number from Ronnie. Thought it over yet? Nick.

GRANDDAD walks into his bedroom and opens a CLOSET. One half is empty while his clothes hang in the other half. He looks at the empty side awhile before choosing a SUIT.

EXT. ALTON HOUSE - MORNING

GRANDDAD presses the RECEPTION BUTTON on the KEYPAD besides the GLASS DOORS leading in to Alton House.

A voice answers through the intercom.

VOICE ON INTERCOM
Can I help you?

GRANDDAD
Yeah, I'm looking for Sally Clithero.

VOICE ON INTERCOM
If you are trying to contact a resident, you'll need to buzz their flat directly.

GRANDDAD
Sure, what's her flat number?

VOICE ON INTERCOM
I can't give out that information, Sir.

GRANDDAD
What? Why?

VOICE ON INTERCOM
If there's a resident you wish to contact, I suggest you call them and ask for their flat number.

GRANDDAD
I don't know her number.

VOICE ON INTERCOM
I'm sorry, I can't help you.

A GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE chatting excitedly approach the door. Granddad steps aside so they can use the KEYPAD.

GRANDDAD
Do any of you know Sally Clithero?

A YOUNG FEMALE RESIDENT starts to answer but stops when a YOUNG MALE RESIDENT shakes his head at her.

YOUNG MALE RESIDENT
Why you asking?

GRANDAD
It's nothing bad, I just need to
speak with her.

YOUNG MALE RESIDENT
What about?

GRANDAD
Look, I know she lives here. I just
want to know her flat number.

The YOUNG MALE RESIDENT and FEMALE RESIDENT look at each other.

YOUNG FEMALE RESIDENT
Who are you?

GRANDAD
I'm her... I helped her last night.
Helped her get home.

YOUNG FEMALE RESIDENT
What's your name?

GRANDAD
Look, if you're her friend, just go
tell her the man who helped her
last night is here, would you?
Please?

YOUNG FEMALE RESIDENT
Alright.

EXT. ALTON HOUSE - MORNING

GRANDAD is sat at a GARDEN TABLE a short distance from the GLASS DOORS. Behind him, through the doors, we see SALLY and the YOUNG MALE AND FEMALE RESIDENT approach and look out at him.

After a few moments, SALLY opens the door and walks towards GRANDAD, flanked by her two friends, stopping about ten feet behind him.

GRANDAD looks around and sees her. SALLY, hungover, is pasty faced and looks younger without her makeup.

SALLY

You want to see me?

GRANDAD

Yeah. Hi again, Sally. How you feeling?

SALLY

Do I know you?

GRANDAD

I got you into the taxi last night. Brought you home.

SALLY

Do I owe you money for it or something?

GRANDAD

No, no. Nothing like that. I just wanted to talk to you.

SALLY

Go on then.

GRANDAD

I mean, just you.

GRANDAD looks at her two friends. SALLY looks at them and shrugs, nodding her head towards the doors. Reluctantly, the TWO YOUNG RESIDENTS walk back towards ALTON HOUSE.

SALLY

What's this all about?

GRANDAD

Just sit down for a minute, Sally.

Pulling her CARDIGAN around her, SALLY sits opposite GRANDAD.

SALLY

Well?

GRANDAD

Okay. You probably don't remember me. But I'm your mum's dad. Your grandad.

Taken aback, SALLY says nothing for a few moments. When she speaks, her eyes look a little tearful.

SALLY

Course I remember you... didn't recognise you, but I remember you.

GRANDAD smiles.

GRANDAD

You do? I mean, you were only little. I thought, maybe...

SALLY smiles at him.

SALLY

No, I wouldn't forget you. You used to... Well, I remember you. Used to ask Mum about you a lot.

GRANDAD

What did she say?

SALLY

That you were inside. That we couldn't see you.

GRANDAD nods.

SALLY (cont'd)

When I was a bit older, I asked if I could write to you. But...

GRANDAD

But she said no?

SALLY

Yeah...

GRANDAD

Well, she's got her reasons. Not her fault.

SALLY looks at GRANDAD questioningly.

GRANDAD (cont'd)

I wasn't the best dad...

SALLY nods, chews her cheek and looks thoughtful.

GRANDAD (cont'd)

So what's this place, then?

SALLY

Alton House? It's supported accommodation. Not bad. Got my own flat.

GRANDAD
Supported?

SALLY
Yeah. Support workers. Help you
sort out your benefits. Get a job.
Training.

GRANDAD
Right. Sounds good.

SALLY
I'll be moving on though soon. Can
only stay here two years. They'll
help me get a new place.

GRANDAD
Wouldn't go back to your mum and
dad's, then?

SALLY
Nah.

SALLY looks at GRANDAD for a few moments.

SALLY (cont'd)
We don't get on. Me and my dad.

GRANDAD
Right...

SALLY
He's stepped up now. What with mum
being ill. But before...

GRANDAD
Before?

SALLY
Aw he's just a cunt.

There are a few moments of uncomfortable silence.

GRANDAD
So, these support workers, they
sort you out with a job or
training?

SALLY brightens.

SALLY
Yeah, I'm an IT apprentice. Work
for the council.

GRANDAD
Nice. Good on you.

They sit silently for a few moments.

SALLY
Have you spoken to Mum?

GRANDAD
I called round. She wasn't in.
Having chemo... How much do you
know about that?

SALLY
About the chemo?

GRANDAD
No, about her illness... I was
thinking, they do miracles these
days don't they?

SALLY looks at GRANDAD sadly.

SALLY
You should talk to Mum.

GRANDAD
I'd like to but...

SALLY
I still see her. Go round when
Dad's working. He's part-time now,
stays home to look after her.

SALLY shivers and looks back towards Alton House.

SALLY (cont'd)
I've got to get in. Feel as rough
as. I'll have a word with her. Give
me your number.

GRANDAD passes SALLY his phone.

GRANDAD
Call your number from it. Then
we'll have each others.

INT. GRANDAD'S MAISONETTE - DAY

GRANDAD is sat looking through a PHOTO ALBUM. We see PHOTOS
OF HIS LATE WIFE as well as PHOTOS OF GRANDAD, ALICE and
SALLY from many years ago.

His PHONE buzzes.

GRANDAD looks at the message. It reads:

Mum says come round at ten tomorrow for coffee. I'll be there. Sal xx

EXT. OUTSIDE ALICE'S HOUSE - MORNING

As GRANDAD walks towards the front door, he hears shouting from down the street. An angry OLDER WOMAN is yelling at TWO BOYS ON BIKES, one of whom clutches a handbag as they ride off.

GRANDAD pauses, looking towards the woman. When he sees that NEIGHBOURS are coming out of their houses and going to her aid, he continues up to the door and knocks.

SALLY opens the door.

SALLY
(in a loud cheerful voice)
Hiya! Come on in.
(then in a quiet voice)
She don't look well. Be ready for that. And...

GRANDAD looks at SALLY questioningly.

SALLY (cont'd)
Well...She wasn't exactly keen to see you...Don't expect much.

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY

GRANDAD follows SALLY into a SMALL HALLWAY beyond the door. There's a SHOE RACK with neatly arranged SHOES and COATS hanging on HOOKS. A STAIRCASE leads upstairs but SALLY opens a side door and ushers GRANDAD into a nicely decorated room with modern furniture.

ALICE is sat in a WHEELCHAIR wearing a DRESSING GOWN. She is stick thin, almost impossibly thin. Her skin is like brown parchment stretched over her bones.

Although only about FORTY YEARS OLD she appears aged. She looks up at GRANDAD briefly, then away again, shaking her head.

GRANDAD stops still. Shocked. Lost for words.

SALLY
I'll put the kettle on.

SALLY walks through the living room and into the KITCHEN through an ARCH.

GRANDAD continues to stand, looking at ALICE.

ALICE
Sit down then.

Pulling himself together, GRANDAD sits on the couch opposite ALICE. There is a TV REMOTE CONTROL on her lap.

ALICE (cont'd)
I was watching my morning shows. I like the morning TV.

GRANDAD looks at the blank TV set.

GRANDAD
Oh...right...Don't let me stop you. Put 'em back on, if you like.

ALICE
Thought you wanted to talk to me.

GRANDAD
Yeah...Yeah I do...

ALICE gives him a challenging stare.

ALICE
Well, go on then.

GRANDAD
Okay...Yeah...Ummm...
(he forces a small laugh)
Thought about this a lot...I mean...a lot...what I'd say to you...

ALICE
Have you? Don't seem like it.

GRANDAD
Well...
(nervously)
It's all gone out of my head.

SALLY
(calling through the archway)
Tea or coffee?

GRANDAD
Err...Coffee...thanks.

SALLY
Mum?

ALICE
Nah. I'm alright.

SALLY
You take sugar, Grandad?

GRANDAD turns his head, surprised and pleased to hear Alice call him Grandad.

GRANDAD
Yes...Yes, two, please.

ALICE looks at him. Her expression is not friendly. Half mocking, half wary.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
So..I wanted to ask you...ask you
if, you know, we could start again.

ALICE
Again? Weren't it enough the first
time?

GRANDAD
No, I mean, start over. New.

ALICE looks at him coldly.

ALICE
Why?

GRANDAD
Cos...cos, well, I've missed you...
and Sally...and...um...

ALICE
And now you've got old and there's
no sluts for you to run about with
and no one left you can rob. That
it?

GRANDAD doesn't say anything. He looks at the floor and then through the arch to where SALLY is making coffee. SALLY raises her eyebrows at him and gives a mock scared look.

SALLY
(mouthing the words
inaudibly)
She'll come round. It's alright.

GRANDAD looks back towards ALICE.

GRANDAD
You're not well, love.

ALICE
Tell me about it.

GRANDAD
Mike told me it was bowel cancer.

ALICE
Was. In my liver too now.

GRANDAD
What...I mean...what are they doing
about it?

ALICE
Not much they can do.

GRANDAD
Right...so...right...

ALICE
Chemo can set it back. Delay
things. Won't get rid of it.

SALLY brings in TWO MUGS OF COFFEE. Handing one to GRANDAD,
she sits down close to ALICE and puts a hand on her arm.

SALLY
Nurse from the hospice told us
people sometimes last years. Much
longer than expected. Go into
remission, you know.

ALICE smiles at SALLY sadly.

ALICE
He should know. Tell him.

SALLY
Shouldn't...Oh, okay...

SALLY looks at GRANDAD and gives a flat, unhappy smile.

SALLY (cont'd)

So...maybe three months, maybe six...But like I said, that nurse told us that sometimes its longer than they think.

GRANDAD looks at them both. SALLY with a hopeful expression, ALICE defeated, weary.

GRANDAD

I want...I want to help.

ALICE

You a doctor now then?

SALLY

Mum!

GRANDAD

No, I mean, there must be something I can do? Something you need help with?

SALLY

Well, there's the appointments.

ALICE

Shut up, Sal.

GRANDAD

Appointments?

SALLY looks at ALICE.

ALICE

It's alright. Don't pay me any mind. I'm only the one who's gotta go with him.

GRANDAD

Chemo appointments?

SALLY

Yeah. Dad takes her mostly, but if he's working, they send a driver. Good of 'em... But Mum, well...she gets nervous about it, when no one's with her.

GRANDAD

Okay...I'll do that. You just let me know when.

ALICE
You got yourself a motor sorted,
then?

GRANDDAD nods thoughtfully.

GRANDDAD
It's on my list. Don't worry. Just
let me know when.

SALLY smiles at GRANDDAD.

EXT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

GRANDDAD makes his way to the doors, pushing his way past the queuing crowd of YOUNG CLUBGOERS.

BARRY is at the door again and block's GRANDDAD'S path.

BARRY
Oh it's the second coming of our
lord and saviour.

GRANDDAD says nothing, just looks at BARRY and tilts his head to one side.

BARRY (cont'd)
(stepping aside)
Go on then. You can keep us all
safe.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

GRANDDAD walks into the club. Over the heads of a crowd of DANCING CLUB GOERS he can see a MIXED RACE DJ (CHARLIE) playing tracks, with girls dancing beside him.

GRANDDAD walks up the stairs.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - EVENING

GRANDDAD opens the door and walks in. Nick is chatting to an ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN who sits seductively on the edge of his desk.

NICK nods at GRANDDAD and inclines his head towards the couch.

NICK
Give us a minute will you, love.

As the ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN leaves the office, GRANDAD sits on the couch.

NICK (cont'd)
Not bad, eh? One of the perks of
the job.

GRANDAD
Very nice.

NICK
I was glad you called. So you're
in, then.

GRANDAD
Yeah, I'm in. But I meant it, just
security. I'm not getting into any
of your side projects.

NICK
That's all I want. Nice one.
Starting tonight?

GRANDAD
Yeah. Starting tonight.

NICK gets out his PHONE.

NICK
I'll get Barry up here. He can show
you about, introduce you.

GRANDAD
Nah. It's alright. I'll find my way
around.

GRANDAD walks towards the door.

NICK
If you say so.

With the door half open, GRANDAD turns around.

GRANDAD
Cash in hand at the end of each
shift?

NICK
Like we said.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

GRANDAD walks around, weaving between groups of dancers, stepping aside and catching the arm of a DRUNK GIRL IN HIGH HEELS who nearly falls on him.

From a distance, we see him joking with a BOUNCER who laughs and pats GRANDAD'S arm, the words unheard against the thumping music.

GRANDAD looks at the DANCING CLUB GOERS and notices two tough looking men staring sullenly up at the DJ, CHARLIE, a young mixed-race man.

The music stops momentarily as CHARLIE, finishes his set.

CHARLIE

And I will be back! Back after
beer. Don't go nowhere and dance
on.

The music starts again, loud as before, as CHARLIE walks past GRANDAD towards the bar.

GRANDAD

(to the bouncer)
Popular is he?

BOUNCER

They all fucking love him, Christ
knows why.

The two sullen looking men follow CHARLIE, but don't approach him, instead, they sit nearby, still watching. GRANDAD walks to the bar and stands alongside CHARLIE.

CHARLIE

You're a bit old for this crowd
ain't you?

GRANDAD looks CHARLIE up and down.

GRANDAD

I'm Al. Security consultant.

CHARLIE

I feel safer already.

GRANDAD

(nodding in the direction
of the SULLEN MEN)
Friends of yours?

CHARLIE, smiling, looks over at the men. The smile fades.

CHARLIE
Er...No...No they're not.

GRANDAD
When does your next set start?

CHARLIE
Half hour.

GRANDAD
Okay, head out the back, to the alley, like you're having a fag break.

CHARLIE
What?

GRANDAD
Just do it.

CHARLIE walks to the rear of the club, through a door beside a bar that leads to a STORAGE ROOM with a FIRE EXIT.

As GRANDAD watches, the TWO SURLY MEN get up and follow.

GRANDAD nods over to the BOUNCER and together they head off after the SURLY MEN.

EXT. AN ALLEY BEHIND THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

CHARLIE opens the fire door and walks down a FLIGHT OF STEPS into the alley. It is dark save for a dim light set above the door.

He turns at the bottom of the steps as the TWO SURLY MEN come after him.

SURLY MAN 1
Oi. We want you.

CHARLIE
What? What's this about?

SURLY MAN 2
Don't give us that, you cunt!

The TWO SURLY MEN draw closer and CHARLIE backs away.

SURLY MAN 1
We've got a little something for ya.

SURLY MAN 1 reaches into his pocket but stops and turns, hand still in pocket, when GRANDAD and the BOUNCER appear at the top of the steps.

GRANDAD
What's this about then?

SURLY MAN 2
None of your business.

GRANDAD
Well, it sort of is. Anyway,
whatever you've got in mind ain't
happening. On your way.

The TWO SURLY MEN look at each other, back over their shoulders at CHARLIE and then back at GRANDAD, who is now walking down the steps with the BOUNCER.

The TWO SURLY MEN begin to walk away. As he does, SURLY MAN 1 turns back towards Charlie, drawing his hand out of his pocket and showing a knife.

SURLY MAN 1
Pay your fucking debts.

As the TWO SURLY MEN run off, BARRY comes in to view behind GRANDAD and the BOUNCER.

BARRY
What the fuck's going on here?

BOUNCER
Couple of lads threatening Charlie.

BARRY looks down the alley at the retreating SURLY MEN then directs a hard look at CHARLIE.

BARRY
Is that right?

GRANDAD
So what were they after?

BARRY
I'll sort this.
(then to the bouncer)
Get back inside.

The bouncer walks back into the club. BARRY looks at GRANDAD. CHARLIE looks uncomfortable. GRANDAD shrugs and follows the BOUNCER.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

GRANDDAD, looking tired, watches as the CLUBGOERS stream out of the club. CHARLIE appears at his shoulder.

CHARLIE
Err...thanks for earlier.

GRANDDAD gives a little shrug.

GRANDDAD
That's ok.

CHARLIE
I'm heading home now. Ain't far.

GRANDDAD
Right.

CHARLIE
See err...I was thinking you might...

GRANDDAD
What?

CHARLIE
Thinking you might walk me there.

GRANDDAD
Want me to hold your hand too?

CHARLIE
Well, those guys, you know...what if they're waiting for me?

GRANDDAD
Thought Barry was sorting it?

CHARLIE
Would you? Walk me?

GRANDDAD
Oh for fucks sake, come on then.

EXT. LONDON STREET - EARLY HOURS OF MORNING

GRANDDAD and CHARLIE walk along a deserted street. They are talking. GRANDDAD keeps an eye out as they walk, looking in to alleys and dark shop doorways.

CHARLIE

So I thought I'd try and make a living at it, you know? I mean you've got have the talent for it, an ear for the music, the sounds, but you need the personality for it too.

GRANDAD

(disinterested)

Right.

CHARLIE

So it was private gigs, parties, all that. But I made a name for myself. Spot at the club sealed the deal.

GRANDAD

Sure.

CHARLIE

So it'll be Ibiza next. Lined up for the summer. Sun, fun, girls and music.

GRANDAD

Did I ask?

CHARLIE

Eh?

GRANDAD

You've been bending my ear about DJing for the last ten minutes. Did I ask?

CHARLIE

Well, no...But I thought you'd be interested. Better than walking in silence, right?

GRANDAD

Is it?

CHARLIE

That's me over there anyway.

GRANDAD and CHARLIE cross the street to the door of CHARLIE'S flat block.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Thanks, I appreciate that.

GRANDAD turns and begins to step away.

GRANDAD
Yeah alright.

CHARLIE
You need anything, you let me know.

GRANDAD turns back and looks CHARLIE up and down.

GRANDAD
Like what?

CHARLIE
Any gear. You know. Something to
take the edge off.

GRANDAD rolls his eyes and turns away again, but then checks himself.

GRANDAD
You know where I can get a cheap
motor?

CHARLIE is thoughtful a moment.

CHARLIE
How cheap?

GRANDAD
Cheap, cheap. Cheap as.

CHARLIE blows his cheeks out, nods and grins.

CHARLIE
I think it might be your lucky day.

EXT. RESIDENTS CAR PARK AT REAR OF RUN DOWN FLATS - DAYTIME

CHARLIE and GRANDAD stand looking at an extremely battered, OLD CAR. A few steps away, a LANKY MAN with greasy hair and a TATTY GREEN COAT draws on a cigarette.

GRANDAD
Fucking hell.

CHARLIE
Well what do you expect for a few
hundred quid. Wasn't gonna be a
Jag.

GRANDAD gives CHARLIE a disbelieving look.

GRANDAD
Does it even fucking run?

LANKY MAN
(drawing keys from his
pocket)
Yeah, yeah, of course. Here, start
her up.

He hands the keys to GRANDAD, who walks round to the driver's door and has difficulty opening it. He shoots CHARLIE a hard look.

CHARLIE
It's a good runner though, right?

LANKY MAN
Yeah. Sound as. Runs good. Not let
me down.

GRANDAD
Why you selling it, then?

LANKY MAN
I need the cash.

GRANDAD manages to open the door, gets in, leaving the door open, and notices the PLASTIC TRIM is peeling away from the door's inside. He shakes his head.

CHARLIE reaches in and wedges the trim back in place.

CHARLIE
See? Sorted.

GRANDAD turns the ignition key. The car starts easily and despite its age, the engine runs smoothly.

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY

GRANDAD pulls up in the BATTERED CAR. As he gets out, ALICE appears at her FRONT DOOR. She is standing but has her chair, folded, beside her. She gives the car a shocked look.

ALICE
It gonna get us there?

GRANDAD
Yeah. Don't worry. You ok walking?

ALICE
For short distances, yeah.

She walks to the car unsteadily as GRANDAD put the chair in the boot, then hurries to open the passenger door.

ALICE gets in.

ALICE (cont'd)

Thanks.

I/E. GRANDAD'S CAR - DAY

GRANDAD drives ALICE to the hospital. ALICE'S seatbelt is stuck, he reaches across and tugs on it, then helps click it in place.

GRANDAD

It's not a limo, but it'll do the job. I'll sort something better in a few weeks.

ALICE

Yeah? You coming in to some money or something?

GRANDAD

I've got a bit of work. I can scrape enough together for something half decent.

ALICE

Work?

GRANDAD

Yeah. Security. Over at the Scarlet Club.

ALICE

Oh fucking hell. Here we go. You think I don't know who owns that?

GRANDAD

What? It's just security. Security Consultant, in fact.

ALICE

Take me home. Fucking forget it.

GRANDAD

No. Honestly. Just security. That's it.

ALICE

Fucking Pat's son owns that place.

GRANDAD

Yeah, but the boy's legit. I'm just working, honestly, just work.

ALICE looks angrily out of the passenger window. It starts to rain.

ALICE

Just working?

GRANDAD

Just working.

ALICE

If you're fucking lying to me...

GRANDAD

I'm not.

INT. CHEMOTHERAPY SUITE - DAY

ALICE is sat in a reclining chair, one of a line, each separated from the next by a plastic curtain. CHEMOTHERAPY DRUGS drip from a bag into tubes connected to a catheter in the top of her hand. GRANDAD is sat in an ordinary chair beside her.

NURSES tend to OTHER PATIENTS in nearby chairs.

GRANDAD

So, it make you sick or anything?

ALICE rolls her eyes and looks away.

GRANDAD (cont'd)

Can I get you a paper or anything?

ALICE

(speaking quietly)
Why didn't you come?

GRANDAD

Eh?

ALICE

To see Mum off. Why didn't you come.

GRANDAD

Well, I couldn't, could I.

ALICE

Don't give me that. They'd have given you compassionate leave.

GRANDAD

I don't know about that. My sentence had only just started.

ALICE gives him a challenging, mocking look.

GRANDAD (cont'd)

And you wouldn't have wanted me there with a screw cuffed to my arm.

ALICE looks away and shakes her head. GRANDAD watches her nervously for a few moments.

GRANDAD (cont'd)

Okay...okay. I couldn't. I couldn't come. I just...I just couldn't do it...Couldn't bring myself to.

ALICE

Wouldn't.

GRANDAD

Couldn't. I couldn't even think about her. I just couldn't.

ALICE

(angrily))

Well the rest of us didn't have a choice. You know? We just had to get on with it.

GRANDAD

You wanted me to come?

ALICE

You should have come.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

GRANDAD leans with his back on the bar, watching the CLUBGOERS dance. His eyes are drawn to a TRIO OF ATTRACTIVE WOMEN dancing together. He watches them.

BARRY comes up beside him, unseen.

BARRY

Get stuck in.

GRANDAD starts, looking uncomfortable he turns back to face the bar.

BARRY (cont'd)
Why not? Plenty to choose from. How long was you inside? Ten years?

GRANDAD
Eighteen.

BARRY
You must be gagging for it.

GRANDAD doesn't reply.

BARRY reaches into his jacket pocket and brings out a BUSINESS CARD and passes it along the bar towards GRANDAD.

BARRY (cont'd)
Here. Do yourself a favour.

GRANDAD looks at the CARD. It is an add for an ESCORT AGENCY showing an attractive, semi-naked girl along with a web address.

GRANDAD pushes the card back towards BARRY contemptuously.

BARRY picks up the card and walks off, laughing.

BARRY (cont'd)
Try and do a guy a favour.

INT. GRANDAD'S MAISONETTE - EVENING

GRANDAD sits in an armchair flicking the TV from channel to channel. A bottle of whisky is open on the table beside him. He takes a drink, shuts off the telly and sighs.

Picking up his phone, GRANDAD pauses a moment and then searches the screen for its internet browser.

He pauses again, thinking, and then taps in the web address from the card.

A website opens, a purple screen with photos of girls to one side with inviting descriptions of the girls beside them.

GRANDAD'S eye is drawn to one particular girl. The name beneath the picture is Candy (but the girl is actually RYSA).

He clicks on her photo and goes through to her page, flicking through REVEALING PHOTOS, a LIST OF SERVICES and PRICES for half hour, hourly and longer appointments.

Suddenly cross with himself, GRANDAD tosses the phone to one side and clicks the TV back on. He pours another drink but glances back at his phone.

I/E. GRANDAD'S CAR - DAYTIME

GRANDAD is driving ALICE back from a chemo appointment. She is clearly feeling unwell and looks distressed. The car gets stuck in traffic.

GRANDAD
Don't worry. I'll get you home in
no time.

ALICE
Yeah.

GRANDAD
No, really. It's just the lights.

The TRAFFIC LIGHTS turn green but the cars don't move. GRANDAD rolls down his window.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
(shouting out of the
window)
Come on you dozy twat!

ALICE
Fucking hell, must you?

The traffic begins to move. GRANDAD pulls off, winding up his window.

ALICE (cont'd)
That's your answer to everything.
Fucking yell at it, hit it.

GRANDAD
I just want to get you home, is
all.

ALICE looks across at GRANDAD, her expression angry.

ALICE
That's how it was with Mum.

GRANDAD
Your mum wasn't well.

ALICE

Too right she wasn't. And that was the cure, was it? You yelling, getting handy?

GRANDDAD

I never hit her.

ALICE

No. But you held her up against the wall by her fucking throat, didn't you?

GRANDDAD looks uncomfortable, doesn't meet ALICE'S eyes.

ALICE (cont'd)

You remember that? In the kitchen?

GRANDDAD

Look, you were small. There were things going on you couldn't understand.

ALICE

Bollocks. I was there! What was there to understand? You losing your rag.

GRANDDAD

She wasn't well...she...she'd get out of control.

ALICE

Yeah! And so would you. I had to pull you off of her. You remember?

GRANDDAD

Yeah...I remember.

ALICE continues to look at GRANDDAD, the anger still evident.

ALICE

Do you remember when you held me up against the wall by my throat?

GRANDDAD looks at her and then back at the road. He nods.

INT. GRANDDAD'S MAISONETTE - EVENING

GRANDDAD is lying on his bed drinking whisky. He gets up, walks into the living room and flicks on the TV before slumping in his armchair. He flicks through the channels before groaning and switching it off.

Picking up his phone, he visits the escort website again, looking at RHYSA'S picture.

He pauses a moment and then clicks on the number and sends a text.

GRANDAD
(text message)
Are you free? I'd like to see you

He puts the phone back down, picks up the remote again but his phone buzzes. It is a reply from RHYSA

RHYSA
(text message)
Sure bby incall or outcall?

GRANDAD looks at the phone nervously. Taking a deep breath he texts back.

GRANDAD
(text message)
You'll come here?

There is a few moments and then RYSA replies.

RHYSA
How long and what hotel bby?

GRANDAD texts back.

GRANDAD
(text message)
At my flat. An hour?

RHYSA replies.

RHYSA
Outcall just hotel bby. You come here.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, FLATS AND BEDSITS

GRANDAD parks his CAR outside a rundown building divided into flats and bedsits. There is a narrow alley beside an exterior STAIRCASE.

He sends another text.

GRANDAD
(text message)
I'm here.

He waits nervously for a reply.

RHYSA
(text message)
Ok bby. Up stairs. Green door.

GRANDDAD looks at himself in the rear view mirror and, with a deep breath, gets out of the car. He walks to the foot of the EXTERIOR STAIRS, looks about, goes up and knocks at the door.

RHYSA opens the door, but stands behind it, so only her hand can be seen.

RYSA
Come in, baby.

GRANDDAD walks in.

INT. RHYSA'S BEDROOM

RHYSA is an attractive Eastern European woman in her late twenties. Looking down GRANDDAD's body, we can see the top of her head moving.

Abruptly she sits up and we see her face.

RYSA
What's the matter?

GRANDDAD
(embarrassed)
I don't know. It's not you. That was...that was nice.

RYSA shrugs and looks at him, puzzled.

RYSA
What then?

GRANDDAD
It's just... Just been a long time.

RYSA
You not well? Bad heart?

GRANDDAD
No, no, nothing like that.

RYSA
You don't get money back.

GRANDAD
I'm not asking. Er..my time's not
up...we could try again?

RYSA
I keep trying but...

GRANDAD
Okay. How about a massage then.

RYSA
Just massage? Ok

GRANDAD turns over and RYSA begins to rub his back. Her phone buzzes and she picks it up, still rubbing with one hand. She starts to tap in a reply.

GRANDAD
I prefer it with both hands.

RYSA rolls her eyes, finishes her text and leans in with both hands.

RYSA
You feel tense. Knots.

GRANDAD
Yeah.

RYSA
Work?

GRANDAD
Family.

RYSA
You married?

GRANDAD
Nah. Well, I was... long time ago.

RYSA
Divorced?

GRANDAD
No... no, she passed.

RHYSA turns the corners of her mouth down and carries on with the massage.

RYSA
My father pass.

GRANDAD

Yeah?

RYSA

Yeah. Silly man. Too much drink.
Gets himself killed.

GRANDAD

Killed?

RYSA

Yes. Bad people.

GRANDAD

That was back home?

RYSA

Yes. Back home. Before I come. When
little.

GRANDAD

Sorry to hear that.

RHYSA shrugs.

RYSA

Okay baby. It is time to get
dressed now.

GRANDAD looks at his watch and frowns but doesn't say anything. He starts getting dressed.

RHYSA

You come back see me again. You
know where I am now. Just text.

GRANDAD

What if, er... what if I just
wanted a massage? Came just for
that?

RHYSA

Just massage? Thirty. Half hour.
Fifty with happy ending.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

Over the thump of music and the noise of the CLUBGOERS, GRANDAD hears a shout from the STOREROOM at the rear of the club. Walking over, he opens the door.

Inside, two of the bouncers are holding a BLOODIED YOUNG MAN while BARRY hits him.

BARRY
(to the BLOODIED YOUNG MAN)
If I see your face again you won't
fucking leave, you got me?

The BLOODIED YOUNG MAN nods weakly and BARRY hits him again, splitting open his lips. As BARRY'S fist comes back for another punch, GRANDAD intervenes.

GRANDAD
Alright, you don't want to kill
him.

BARRY
(to GRANDAD)
Stay out of it. Go on, fuck off.

GRANDAD
I don't know what he's done, but
you're gonna fucking kill him and
you don't want that.

BARRY
What do you know about what I want?

BARRY turns back towards the BLOODIED YOUNG MAN, raising his fist to hit him, but a DRUNK CLUBGOER stumbles through the open door and stares.

BARRY (cont'd)
(to the DRUNK CLUBGOER)
Oi! Out. This isn't the fucking
toilets.

The DRUNK CLUBGOER leaves.

BARRY (cont'd)
(To the BOUNCERS)
Get him out of here.

As the BOUNCERS open the fire exit and manhandle the BLOODIED YOUNG MAN out, BARRY turns back to GRANDAD.

BARRY (cont'd)
I'm gonna say this just once, don't
fucking interfere in my business.
Got it?

GRANDAD looks at him silently and BARRY angrily shoulder barges him out of the way and heads back into the club.

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY

As GRANDAD pulls up in his CAR, ALICE and SALLY leave the house. SALLY carries ALICE'S folded wheel chair in one arm while supporting her mum with the other.

GRANDAD exits the car and takes the chair.

GRANDAD
You coming with us, Sally?

SALLY
(brightly)
Yeah, I've got the day off.

GRANDAD opens the CAR doors and SALLY helps ALICE in.

INT. CHEMOTHERAPY SUITE - DAY

GRANDAD and SALLY sit either side of ALICE in her RECLINING CHAIR as she receives IV chemotherapy.

SALLY
I'm gonna go for a pee.

SALLY gets up and leaves, ALICE watches after her with a sad expression.

GRANDAD
What's the trouble between her and Mike?

ALICE
Oh you know. Dad's and daughters.

GRANDAD
Sally said that things hadn't been right with Mike...He been treating you ok?

ALICE doesn't reply. Looks away and shakes her head.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
What you were saying the other day... About me. You know, being handy...

ALICE looks back at him.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
I know I wasn't a good dad. I did try with Mum.
(MORE)

GRANDAD (cont'd)
I wasn't the right person. Couldn't
cope with it... I did try.

ALICE nods.

ALICE
I'll give you that. You tried. It's
not all on you. Mum...Mum was a
handful.

GRANDAD gives a rueful smile.

GRANDAD
I should of got more help...Made
more time. I just didn't know what
to do. And you were right, what you
said in the car. Yelling, anger...
I guess that's me... Was me.

ALICE gives GRANDAD a considering look.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
But I wouldn't like to think that
Mike had... that Mike was...

ALICE
Like you? You know, all I wanted
was to get away from you. Soon as I
could. Jumped at the chance when
Mike asked me to move in with him.

GRANDAD nods sadly.

ALICE (cont'd)
So keen to get away and what did I
do? Ran off and fucking married
you.

GRANDAD opens his mouth to say something, but does not know
what to say.

ALICE (cont'd)
I'll give him his fucking due.
Always worked hard. Stayed on the
right side of the law. And he's
looked after me, I mean really
looked after me, since all this...

ALICE gestures at the BAG OF IV FLUID.

SALLY comes back. ALICE shoots GRANDAD a look.

ALICE (cont'd)
(as brightly as she can
muster)
Alright, love?

I/E. GRANDAD'S CAR - DAY

SALLY is in the back seat, leaning forward to talk to ALICE in the front as GRANDAD drives. ALICE, although weary and sick, is smiling.

SALLY
So his mum chased her right out of
the house. Didn't even have her
knickers on.

ALICE
She always was a crazy bitch.

SALLY
She's outdone herself now!

ALICE laughs.

ALICE
What you doing Sunday?

SALLY
Don't know, why?

ALICE
I was thinking of doing a roast,
like we used to, you know, but I'd
need a hand.

SALLY looks concerned.

SALLY
Will Dad be there?

ALICE
Yeah... Look, I need to see things
are right...before...

SALLY
That's up to him.

ALICE
Will you do it? For me?

SALLY doesn't say anything.

ALICE (cont'd)
I want things to be right. It's
bothering me. Please?

SALLY
Ok. But if he says anything...

ALICE
He won't. I promise. He wants to
see you.

SALLY
Okay.

GRANDDAD looks across at SALLY, nods his head and smiles.

ALICE
I was gonna ask you too.

GRANDDAD
Me?

ALICE
No, your fucking car. Of course
you.

GRANDDAD
Right. Yeah. I'd like that.

ALICE
I'll need you by eleven, Sal. You
can come at one. Don't be late.

GRANDDAD nods and SALLY gives him a smile.

INT. LARGE PHARMACY/SHOP LIKE BOOTS - DAY

GRANDDAD is looking at a VIAGRA display on a countertop. A
FEMALE PHARMACY ASSISTANT is serving a customer. She turns
to face GRANDDAD.

FEMALE PHARMACY ASSISTANT
How can I help?

GRANDDAD
Oh... er... nothing. I'm just
looking.

GRANDDAD turns and walks away. The FEMALE PHARMACY ASSISTANT
watches him go with a sympathetic expression on her face.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET OUTSIDE RYSA'S FLAT

GRANDAD pulls up but sees BARRY on the steps leading to RHYSA'S flat. BARRY descends the steps and, noticing GRANDAD, walks over to the car.

GRANDAD winds down the window.

BARRY
What you doing here?

GRANDAD
Seeing a friend.

BARRY looks over his shoulder towards RHYSA'S flat and laughs.

BARRY
I knew you were a dirty fucker.

GRANDAD
Makes two of us then.

BARRY
Nah. I don't fuck 'em. Wouldn't touch 'em with yours.

BARRY walks away and gets in his CAR. GRANDAD waits until he's pulled off, then gets out and heads towards the steps.

INT. RHYSA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

GRANDAD is getting undressed, but leaves his BOXER SHORTS on. RHYSA, in a ROBE, looks unhappy, eyes red. There's a slight red mark on her face too.

GRANDAD lies face down on the bed.

RHYSA
Just massage?

GRANDAD
Yeah.

RHYSA slips off the ROBE, she is dressed in SKIMPY LINGERIE, and sits down on the edge of the bed.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
You ok?

RHYSA
Yeah.

GRANDAD
You don't look happy.

RHYSA begins to rub his back.

RHYSA
I'm happy. I'm always happy.

GRANDAD
How do you know Barry.

RHYSA stops rubbing.

RHYSA
You know Barry?

GRANDAD
Not well. Work with him.

RHYSA doesn't say anything but begins to rub GRANDAD'S back again.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
Is he your pimp?

RHYSA makes a face.

RHYSA
Why questions? You want back rubbed or not?

GRANDAD
It's just... Look, he's not a nice guy... If you're in trouble..?

RHYSA
No trouble. You want happy ending?

GRANDAD
Nah.

RHYSA
Is okay. I give happy ending.

GRANDAD
Nah. You're alright. Just the message.

RHYSA shrugs.

EXT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

The club is just opening, BARRY and a DOORMAN are stood outside as GRANDAD approaches.

BARRY
Still walking straight then?

BARRY nudges the DOORMAN and both laugh.

GRANDAD
You got a problem?

The DOORMAN stops laughing.

BARRY
Don't come it with me. Where's your sense of humour?

GRANDAD
I want a word.

GRANDAD nods his head towards the club door.

BARRY
Yeah, well, it'll have to wait, come find me later.

GRANDAD
Now.

GRANDAD walks in to the club.

BARRY
Fuck's sake.

BARRY follows him in.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

GRANDAD and BARRY are stood at a quiet end of the bar. It is early, the music is quiet and there are few customers.

BARRY
What then?

GRANDAD
You looking after that girl?

BARRY
Rhysa? How's that your business?

GRANDAD

You pimping her out?

BARRY gives GRANDAD an unsmiling look.

BARRY

I look after a few girls. Make sure no one bothers them. Why, what's she said?

GRANDAD

Nothing. But she didn't look happy.

BARRY

Fuck me. You're not going soft on her, are you?

GRANDAD

I wanna make sure she's okay.

BARRY

You dozy twat. It's just her job. Just cos she puts a smile on your face, don't mean she likes you.

GRANDAD

I'm gonna see her again, and when I do, I want to see her happy. Got me?

BARRY

Oh yeah, and what you gonna do if she's not.

GRANDAD

If she's not, I'll sort it out.

BARRY

Will you now. I thought I told you, stay out of my business. I won't tell you again.

BARRY walks away.

EXT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - NIGHTTIME

CHARLIE is having a cigarette. GRANDAD escorts a WASTED MAN and TWO FEMALE CLUBGOERS out of the club. He hails a TAXI.

GRANDAD
(to the TWO FEMALE
CLUBGOERS)
If I was you, I'd get him to A and
E.

FEMALE CLUBGOER 1
He's alright.

GRANDAD
(as the FEMALE CLUBGOERS
help the WASTED MAN into
the taxi)
Suit yourself.

Spotting CHARLIE, GRANDAD walks over and leans against the
wall beside him.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
What do you reckon he's on?

CHARLIE shrugs.

CHARLIE
Fuck knows. Too much, that's for
sure.

GRANDAD
What do they take these days?

CHARLIE
Anything and everything to get high
and get fucked.

GRANDAD
Oh yeah? What do they take for
that?

CHARLIE
For what?

GRANDAD
For fucking.

CHARLIE
Why, you want something?

GRANDAD
What? No. Just wondered.

CHARLIE
You want it, I've got it. Viagra
mixed with MDMA. Get you loved up
and keep you going all night long.

GRANDAD
I'm just asking.

CHARLIE grins at him, stubs out his cigarette and begins to walk away.

CHARLIE
(over his shoulder)
You know where I am.

INT. RHYSA'S BEDROOM - DAY

RHYSA leads GRANDAD through the door. She looks angry. GRANDAD starts to take off his jacket but she stops him.

RHYSA
What you say to Barry?

GRANDAD
Why? Did he do anything to you?

RHYSA
Is not your business. Why you cause trouble?

GRANDAD
Why are you working for him? He's bad news.

RHYSA
Why you care? You don't know me.

GRANDAD
I guess not. It's just the pother day, you looked down. I heard him shouting.

RHYSA
Barry always shout. Money.

GRANDAD
You have to give him what you earn?

RHYSA makes a face and its on the side of the bed. GRANDAD sits down beside her.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
You don't need him. Why don't you set up on your own?

RHYSA
You think I want to do this?

GRANDAD
Well... You don't?

RHYSA
Is deal. I must pay back Barry.

GRANDAD
You borrowed money from him?

RHYSA
Not me. Boyfriend. He in trouble.
Owe money.

GRANDAD
And this boyfriend is happy with
you doing this?

RHYSA
He gone. Went back home.

GRANDAD
To your country?

RHYSA nods.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
So wait, let me get this straight.
This boyfriend of yours owed Barry
money, right?

RHYSA nods.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
But you're the one who has to pay
him back? Out of the money you
earn?

RHYSA
Yes.

GRANDAD
And you agreed to that?

RHYSA
He talk me in to it.

GRANDAD
Who, Barry?

RHYSA
No. Boyfriend. He say he get hurt I
don't do it. Just for little while
then he back with money for Barry.

GRANDAD
How long ago was this?

RHYSA
Years.

GRANDAD
And he never came back.

RHYSA makes a sad face.

RHYSA
I stupid. Don't think he meant to
come back.

GRANDAD
Well why don't you just pack up
your stuff and leave? I've got my
car outside. Shit, we can find
somewhere safe for you.

RHYSA
I want to go home.

GRANDAD
Okay then. We'll sort something
out. We'll find you somewhere to
stay then get you a flight back.
I'll need a few days to get...

RHYSA
No. Barry has passport. And if he
find out...

GRANDAD
Barry has your passport?

RHYSA
Yes. And if I run off...

GRANDAD
What? What would he do if you ran
off?

RHYSA
What you think?

GRANDAD thinks for a moment then rolls his eyes.

GRANDAD
Well, I wouldn't normally say this,
but there's always the police?
They'd nick him.

RHYSA looks scared.

RHYSA
No! No police.

GRANDAD
But...

RHYSA
No police! You go now. Don't make
more trouble for me.

GRANDAD stands up slowly.

GRANDAD
You've got my number, right? On
your phone?

RHYSA
Hm

GRANDAD
Think it over. We could sort
something. You want me to help,
call.

RHYSA
You go now. No more trouble,
please. No police.

Looking concerned, GRANDAD leaves.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - SATURDAY NIGHT

GRANDAD shoulders his way past CLUBGOERS who look at him indignantly. At the bar he takes one of the BAR WORKERS by the arm.

GRANDAD
Where's Barry?

BAR WORKER
Out back I think.

GRANDAD walks to the STOREROOM door, as he opens it he can hear raised voices and someone cry out. The FIRE EXIT is open, in the alley beyond he can see CHARLIE pinned up against the wall by BARRY.

EXT. AN ALLEY BEHIND THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB

GRANDDAD runs down the steps. BARRY'S back is to him. BARRY is holding a bleeding CHARLIE up against the wall by his throat.

BARRY

You thought I wouldn't find out?
More scared of those Armenian cunts
than me, eh?

BARRY hits CHARLIE in the face.

GRANDDAD grabs BARRY around the head. His left forearm against his mouth while his right hand grabs the left. He jerks back hard, crushing BARRY'S lips against his teeth. Surprised and in pain, BARRY wrenches his head up to free his mouth, but this exposes his throat and GRANDDAD yanks his forearm back against it.

BARRY chokes, going red in the face, as GRANDDAD pulls back violently, taking a step back so BARRY falls to the ground, his throat still choked by GRANDDAD'S arm.

BARRY flails wildly, but begins to gasp. Before BARRY blacks out, GRANDDAD releases him, leaving him lying on the ground.

GRANDDAD turns to CHARLIE, takes a step towards him.

GRANDDAD

Fuck. You alright, son?

CHARLIE seems disorientated, bleeding heavily from the nose and mouth.

CHARLIE

Yeah... Yeah

Behind GRANDDAD, BARRY moves. He takes something from his pocket and begins to stand. We see that it is heavy BRASS KNUCKLE DUSTER.

GRANDDAD turns back to him.

GRANDDAD

Haven't you had enough?

BARRY swings his fist. GRANDDAD, bringing up his arms in a boxer's stance, blocks it with his forearm, but there's a crack as the KNUCKLE DUSTER breaks a bone.

GRANDDAD staggers back, tries to defend himself one-armed, but is hit hard on the side of the head and falls against the alley wall.

CHARLIE staggers away.

BARRY

You've had this coming you dopey cunt. Lording it round this place like you meant something.

GRANDDAD tries to stand but BARRY kicks him against the wall. GRANDDAD'S head strikes the bricks and blood runs down over his ear.

BARRY (cont'd)

Who the fuck do you think you are? Security consultant? Do you know why your here? Do you?

GRANDDAD tries to stand but BARRY kicks him over, puts one foot on the back of GRANDDAD'S neck and pushes his face down onto the concrete.

BARRY (cont'd)

Thought Nick needed you? That your reputation would keep trouble makers away? No one knows who the fuck you are. You're no one. Nothing.

BARRY continues to grind GRANDDAD'S face into the concrete.

BARRY (cont'd)

Only reason you're here is that Nick's dad asked him to do you a favour. Sort you out. Give you job and see you right. Fucking charity.

GRANDDAD groans. CHARLIE appears back at the top of the steps, NICK is with him.

NICK

Barry! What the fuck?

BARRY gets one more kick in against GRANDDAD'S head, stamping his foot down.

GRANDDAD blacks out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MID MORNING SUNDAY

GRANDDAD is asleep in a HOSPITAL BED in a private room. CHARLIE, battered and brusied, is asleep in a chair beside him.

GRANDDAD'S head is bandaged. His face is cut, swollen and bruised. His left arm is in a cast. A heart monitor beeps beside him and an IV drip is attached to his arm.

GRANDDAD stirs, groans, and opens his eyes. Beside him, CHARLIE wakes up.

CHARLIE
You're awake! I'll get a nurse.

GRANDDAD
(through swollen lips)
What? Wait. I don't...

CHARLIE
You're in hospital. Me and Nick brought you here last night. Was worried about you, man.

GRANDDAD looks dazed, confused.

GRANDDAD
Barry...

CHARLIE
Cunt sucker punched you.

CHARLIE goes to the door.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Nurse! He's awake.

As CHARLIE sits back down, a nurse enters.

NURSE
How are we feeling, Mr. Johnson?

GRANDDAD still looks confused. The nurse begins to check his vital signs.

GRANDDAD
What day is it?

CHARLIE
Sunday. You've been out for hours.

GRANDDAD tries to sit up. The nurse puts a hand on his chest.

NURSE
Just lie back, Mr. Johnson. Stay there. I'm going to get the doctor to look at you.

GRANDAD

What time is it Charlie?

CHARLIE

Er.. about ten or eleven. My battery's dead.

GRANDAD

Shit. Charlie, I've got to get out of here.

CHARLIE

What? You can't go anywhere.

GRANDAD

My daughter. I've got to be there by one.

CHARLIE

Be where?

GRANDAD

Sunday lunch. I've got to be there.

CHARLIE

It's okay. You're confused. You've had a real hard knock...

GRANDAD

No, I'm...

The NURSE returns with DOCTOR SHAW.

DR. SHAW

Good morning, Mr. Johnson. I'm glad to see you awake. I'm Doctor Shaw.

GRANDAD

Doctor, I've got to get out of here.

DR. SHAW

Don't worry. We won't keep you any longer than we must.

DR SHAW looks at GRANDAD'S notes.

DR. SHAW (cont'd)

You suffered a head injury last night. Your skull isn't fractured but you have concussion.

(MORE)

DR. SHAW (cont'd)

We ran a CT scan, there's no bleed on the brain, But I'm going to keep you in for observation for a couple of days.

GRANDAD

No...

DR. SHAW

Your left forearm has suffered a fracture. Not too serious but I want our specialist to look at the X-rays in case there's anything we missed.

GRANDAD

Doc, listen to me. I've got to go. I need to be somewhere, it's important.

NURSE

More important than your life, Mr. Johnson?

GRANDAD

Look, I'll come back, whatever, but I need to go. I have to be at my daughter's.

DR. SHAW

I can't allow that, Mr. Johnson.

FROM blackened eyes GRANDAD fixes DOCTOR SHAW with a determined look.

GRANDAD

Well, you can't stop me.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL - DAY

CHARLIE and GRANDAD come out of the HOSPITAL'S REVOLVING FRONT DOOR. GRANDAD is dressed in the BLOODIED CLOTHES he wore last night. His head is still BANDAGED and his LEFT ARM is in a cast.

CHARLIE is carrying a CLEAR PLASTIC BAG containing BOXES OF TABLETS.

CHARLIE

You're fucking mad, you know that? Why didn't you just text them? Let them know?

GRANDAD

I've got to be there.

CHARLIE

What's so fucking important? It's Sunday lunch, right?

GRANDAD

Yeah and I'm late. How long does it take to fill out some papers and get pain killers?

CHARLIE

You can't blame them. You shouldn't be leaving.

GRANDAD

Yeah well, I am.

CHARLIE

Well at least let me take you home or something?

GRANDAD

I'm not going home. I need a taxi. Here...

GRANDAD passes CHARLIE his phone.

GRANDAD (cont'd)

Call me a cab, and then you can text my granddaughter. Just say I got a bit hurt but I'm fine and on my way.

CHARLIE

They're gonna freak out when they see you.

GRANDAD

Just call the cab.

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE

GRANDAD gets out of a taxi. As he approaches the FRONT DOOR, Sally opens it.

SALLY

Jesus!

GRANDAD

It's not as bad as it looks.

SALLY
What happened?

GRANDAD
Just a bit of bother. At the club.

SALLY
A bit of bother?

SALLY steps out of the front door, half closing it.

SALLY (cont'd)
Mum's upset. Not well. think she
thought she'd be able to cook
dinner. She couldn't. I mean, I
did. And then with you being
late...

SALLY looks GRANDAD up and down.

SALLY (cont'd)
She's not gonna like this.

GRANDAD
I'll apologise. Explain.

INT. ALICE'S KITCHEN

A sick and angry-looking ALICE is sat in her wheelchair at the table. MIKE is beside her. They've eaten and the EMPTY PLATES and SERVING DISHES are spread out before them.

There is an UNOPENED BOTTLE of wine.

As SALLY and GRANDAD enter, ALICE'S eyes go wide.

ALICE
What the..? Oh no.

GRANDAD
I'm sorry, Alice. There was trouble
at the...

ALICE
I should have known. I should have
known.

GRANDAD
I'm really sorry. I was at the
hospital. Tried to get here but...

ALICE

Why am I so stupid? What did I expect. We can never have anything nice, anything normal, with you around.

SALLY

Listen to him, Mum.

ALICE

(her voice rising)

No! No! And I don't want you listening to him either. Just get out! Get out! You spoil everything.

ALICE tries to get up from her chair, holding her side, but slumps back down.

GRANDDAD

Love, I'm really sorry, it's not what you think.

ALICE

(shrieking)

Just get out!

MIKE stands up.

MIKE

Okay, Al. I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

GRANDDAD opens his mouth, as if to say something. In her chair, Alice begins to sob.

MIKE (cont'd)

Go! Now! I mean it.

GRANDDAD turns to leave.

GRANDDAD

I'm sorry.

ALICE

(shouting between sobs)

Get out!

GRANDDAD leaves, followed by a worried looking SALLY.

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY

GRANDDAD is walking away from the front door, unsteady, head down. SALLY appears in the doorway behind him.

SALLY

Grandad!

GRANDAD turns to face her, stood where the police car had been on the day he was arrested eighteen years ago.

He smiles weekly.

GRANDAD

Call me?

SALLY turns to look back in the hose. She can hear her mother crying. With a nod at GRANDAD, she closes the front door.

GRANDAD looks at the closed door for a moment and then shuffles away.

A MONTAGE OF GRANDAD AT HIS FLAT. THE BRUSIES AND CUTS PROGRESSIVELY HEALING AS AN UNKEMPT BEARD GROWS. WE SEE HIM LAID ON HIS BED UNABLE TO SLEEP, LOOKING OUT OF HIS WINDOW AT A RAINY STREET, PICKING UP HIS PHONE TO CHECK FOR MESSAGES AND SEEING NONE, FLICKING THROUGH CHANNLES ON HIS TV, LOOKING AT OLD FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS.

INT. THE BLACK LION PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

GRANDAD, clothes dishevelled and with an unkempt beard is sat with RONNIE drinking a PINT OF BEER. RONNIE, sat in his WHEELCHAIR, is wheezing and using his OXYGEN.

RONNIE

(between uses of his oxygen mask)

Can't choose....your family...Al.

GRANDAD

Mm

RONNIE

They'll...come round.

GRANDAD

Yeah.

RONNIE looks at his old friend awhile, holding his OXYGEN MASK to his face.

RONNIE

In the end...it is...what it is.

GRANDAD
No point crying over spilt milk?

RONNIE
Something like...something Like
that.

GRANDAD shrugs. His PHONE buzzes. It is a message from SALLY. GRANDAD sits up in his seat and reads it.

SALLY
(text message)
Need to see you, Sal xx

GRANDAD writes out a reply. It reads:

Hey! Goot to hear from you. Everything ok?

But then he deletes it. Tries again, writing:

GRANDAD
(text message)
Sure. Where are you?

SALLY replies:

SALLY
(text message)
Mine. Text me when you get here x

GRANDAD
(to RONNIE)
It's sally. Wants to see me.

RONNIE
What did I tell you.

INT. TOILETS IN THE BLACK LION - DAY

GRANDAD looks at his dishevelled reflection in the MIRROR above the WASH BASINS. He tries to smooth down his clothes, runs some water and pats down his hair and beard. He shakes his head and grimaces at himself.

EXT. ALTON HOUSE - DAY

As GRANDAD walks from his CAR to the OUTSIDE TABLE he is sending a text. He sits himself down and watches a group of LAUGHING YOUNG PEOPLE walk across the GRASS and through the GLASS DOORS.

Moments later, SALLY comes out. She is pale, drawn, thinner than before. Clutching her CARDIGAN about her, she comes to the table. GRANDDAD half stands, sitting again as she does.

He looks at her red eyes.

GRANDDAD
What's happened?

SALLY screws up her face and cries.

SALLY
It's Mum. She's got worse. Went for a stay in the hospice to give Dad some respite but...but she's not coming out. She was meant to come home today.

GRANDDAD
Not coming out?

SALLY
No. She's not well enough.

SALLY cries.

SALLY (cont'd)
I think this might be it.

GRANDDAD doesn't know what to say. Hesitantly, he reaches out his hand and lays it on SALLY'S arm.

SALLY continues to cry.

SALLY (cont'd)
I've been looking forward to her coming out.

GRANDDAD
How long has she been in there?

SALLY
A week. I thought... I thought...

GRANDDAD
You thought what?

SALLY
There was this nurse. One that comes out to your house. She told me about people who... you know, go on for years when they've been given months...

GRANDAD squeezes her arm.

GRANDAD
You been into the hospice to see
her?

SALLY
No...I don't like it there...it's
nice but...

GRANDAD
I get it. Do you want to though? I
mean, do you want to now?

SALLY nods her head.

GRANDAD thinks for a moment.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
Okay. She'll want to see us at our
best. Go and change. Have a cup of
tea. I'll go sort myself and come
back for you in an hour.

SALLY looks at him, only now noticing his beard and
dishevelled appearance.

She swallows.

SALLY
She won't want to see you, Grandad.

GRANDAD nods slowly.

GRANDAD
She'll want to see you though.

He stands up.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
I'll be back in an hour.

SALLY
I'm sorry i haven't called. It's
just...well, Mum didn't want me to
and evrything is so complicated.

GRANDAD nods.

GRANDAD
I get it.

INT. GRANDAD'S MAISONETTE - DAY

GRANDAD showers, trims his beard and shaves, gets a fresh suit from his wardrobe. He looks presentable again. Looking at himself in the mirror, he nods.

I/E. GRANDAD'S CAR - DAY

GRANDAD, driving past some shops, sees a GIFT SHOP and pulls over.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

GRANDAD leaves the GIFT SHOP holding a card and a TEDDY BEAR

CUT TO:

EXT. ALTON HOUSE - DAY

ALICE waits at the curbside, she has put on makeup and looks less distressed than before. GRANDAD pulls up, leans across his seat and opens the passenger door.

SALLY
Looking sharp

GRANDAD smiles at her and she gets in.

EXT. ST JONN'S HOSPICE - DAY

GRANDAD pulls up in the car park, he and SALLY walk to the entrance, past a sign reading ST JOHN'S HOSPICE

INT. ST JONN'S HOSPICE - DAY

SALLY and GRANDAD walk past a room where several very ill residents are sat in chairs, talking in a relaxed happy way. As they pass another room, a family sits around a bed solemnly. An old man lies there with a family member holding his hand.

As they walk along a corridor, they spot ALICE in bed through a glass window in the wall. MIKE is beside her.

MIKE spots them, gets up and comes out into the corridor.

GRANDAD

How is she?

MIKE shrugs sadly and looks sidelong at SALLY.

MIKE

There's a family room down here.
Come on.

GRANDAD and SALLY follow MIKE down the corridor.

INT. FAMILY ROOM IN HOSPICE - DAY

The room is comfortable, warm carpet, bright colours, comfortable chairs. Paintings on the walls show tranquil scenes of nature. MIKE sits across from SALLY and GRANDAD. He looks at SALLY awhile, reaches out to take her hand. Initially SALLY seems hesitant, but takes his.

SALLY

No...

MIKE

It's gonna be days, Sally. Just a few days.

SALLY looks angrily at the floor, looks up, blinking tears from her eyes.

SALLY

No!

MIKE looks towards GRANDAD and gives him a sympathetic look.

MIKE

I'm sorry, Al.

GRANDAD says nothing, he looks at a PAINTING OF A MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ON THE BEACH.

SALLY

Is she awake?

MIKE

Yeah. You can go to talk to her, if you like. But...

SALLY starts to stand up but stops, looking at MIKE questioningly.

MIKE sighs and looks from GRANDAD to SALLY.

MIKE (cont'd)
Don't say anything about your
grandad being here. I'm sorry, Al,
but I don't want her upset.

GRANDAD looks distressed.

MIKE (cont'd)
Go on, Sal. Go keep her company.

SALLY looks sadly at GRANDAD and leaves.

MIKE (cont'd)
I am sorry, Al.

GRANDAD nods his head.

GRANDAD
Will you give her these?

GRANDAD hands MIKE the card and TEDDY BEAR. MIKE gives the
TEDDY BEAR a bewildered look.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
I just thought, you know... she
might like it.

MIKE
(not unkindly)
Right. Sure

GRANDAD
I mean, when she was a kid... I
don't know. She'd...

GRANDAD chokes up but does not cry.

MIKE
They've got people here you can
talk to...

GRANDAD waives the idea away with his hand.

MIKE (cont'd)
I better get back to her, Al.

GRANDAD
Will you tell I was here? That I'd
like to see her?

MIKE
I'll have to see, Al. If she brings
you up, and doesn't seem upset,
sure.

GRANDAD is crestfallen.

MIKE (cont'd)
I really don't want her upset
and... She won't have your name
mentioned...

GRANDAD nods. MIKE gets up to leave.

MIKE (cont'd)
I'll have Sal keep you in the loop.
Let you know what's happening.

As MIKE leaves, GRANDAD looks back at the PAINTING OF A MAN,
WOMAN AND CHILD ON THE BEACH.

INT. GRANDAD'S MAISONETTE - DAY (A FEW DAYS LATER)

GRANDAD is listening to music and sipping whisky. He looks
melancholy. His phone rings, it is SALLY, distraught.

SALLY
Grandad, she... she's gone.

GRANDAD sits bolt upright.

GRANDAD
When?

SALLY
Just now... I left her and she was
sleeping... she's eaten nothing for
days. Just went home to change
and..

SALLY cries.

GRANDAD
It's alright, it's alright love.

SALLY
No it's not! It's not alright!
There was no one there with her.
They phoned Dad at work and he
phoned me.

GRANDAD
Your dad's still working?

SALLY
Has to. Say's it's the only thing
that keeps him sane. But I was
meant to be there with her.

GRANDAD

Listen to me, Sally. It's alright.
It's okay.

SALLY

What do you mean?

GRANDAD

That you ain't done nothing wrong.
That...that it'll be alright, I
don't know...it will.

SALLY hangs up.

GRANDAD (cont'd)

(to himself)

Fuck.

EXT. ALTON HOUSE - EVENING

SALLY and GRANDAD stand beside the OUTDOOR TABLE looking up at the MOON and STARS faintly visible against the city light. SALLY is SMOKING A CIGGARETTE.

GRANDAD puts his arm around her. They stand in silence.

SALLY

Sorry I hung up on you.

GRANDAD

It's okay.

SALLY

Dad told me a nurse said that's what happens. People hang on while family are there. They hang on. That it's a relief for them...to be able to let go...when they're on their own. Said it's what happens.

GRANDAD

How... How was she. You know, at the end?

SALLY shakes her head.

SALLY

They stopped worrying about how much morphine she had. Just gave her as much as she needed to be comfortable. Not in pain. Dreamy. Like talking to someone in a dream.

GRANDAD

Did she... did she mention me?

SALLY purses her lips and gives GRANDAD a sad little shake of her head.

SALLY

I put the bear on her pillow though. It was next to her.

GRANDAD nods and squeezes her shoulders.

EXT. RIVERBANK PATH - DAY

GRANDAD walks beside the river. Stops, picks up a stone and send it skipping across the surface. As it sinks, he watches the ripples spread and then disappear.

Taking out his phone, he calls SALLY.

SALLY

Hi Grandad.

GRANDAD

Have you spoken to your dad today?

SALLY

(sounding troubled)

Yeah.

GRANDAD

Did he say...Did he say anything about...you know, the funeral?

There's a pause.

SALLY

Yeah...Mum helped plan it...with Dad.

GRANDAD

Right. You know when?

SALLY

I'll let you know.

GRANDAD

It'll be okay for me to be there?

SALLY

Yeah. Yeah it will be okay.

GRANDAD

Good.

SALLY

(bitterly)

It won't be big or fancy.

GRANDAD

No?

SALLY

No... Do you know how much everything costs? Thousands. Dad's only been working part time...

GRANDAD

And there's no money?

SALLY

There's a grant. Dad can get it. But just for the basics, you know. Can't afford cars or anything.

GRANDAD

Right.

SALLY

It makes me angry. I want people to see that she was somebody. The neighbours to see. You know? When it was my friend's dad, the cars picked the family up from his house. Man walked down the road in a top hat and everything.

GRANDAD

How much for that? How much for all the bells and whistles?

SALLY

Oh I don't know, Grandad. More than we've got. Lokk, I've gotta go. Speak later.

GRANDAD

Bye, love.

GRANDAD continues walking beside the river, grey clouds reflected in its dark surface.

INT. THE BLACK LION PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

GRANDAD sits with RONNIE half watching a football game on TV. RONNIE, WHEELCHAIR and OXYGEN CYLINDER, occasionally coughs.

RONNIE notices GRANDAD looking into space.

RONNIE
You okay, Al?

Pulled out of his thoughts, GRANDAD looks surprised.

GRANDAD
Yeah, yeah, Ron.

RONNIE
Sad times.

GRANDAD
Yeah... Here, Ronnie, you've planned a few funerals, right?

RONNIE
Too many.

GRANDAD
How much they usually run to?

RONNIE
Well, you can spend as much as you like. Thiusands, if you want.

GRANDAD
Say you wanted the basics, plus a couple of cars, flowers, you know, do it right.

RONNIE
At least five grand. Maybe a bit more. You struggling?

GRANDAD
Nah, nah...

On the TV a goal is scored, GRANDAD takes the opportunity to distract RONNIE.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
Look at that. Now we're struggling.

RONNIE turns his attention back to the game, GRANDAD looks pensive.

INT. GRANDDAD'S MAISONETTE - DAY

GRANDDAD is looking at funeral brochures and lists of costs. He picks up his phone, looks through numbers until the first one in the call log. He calls this - ringing MIKE.

GRANDDAD

Hi Mike, it's Al.

MIKE

(disconsolate)

Hey, Al. What's up?

GRANDDAD

I've been thinking about the funeral. They're expensive things. Didn't want you to think you had to shoulder that on your own.

MIKE

Right. That's good of you, Al. You're alright, there's a grant. It will cover the basics.

GRANDDAD

Yeah. What if...what if there was more money. You know, for cars and things?

MIKE

Really?

GRANDDAD

I'm not sure what I can do. But, how much more, for all the bells and whistles?

MIKE

Well, they offer a great package. You know, cars for all the family, service in a church as well as at the crem. Elegant, but I'd need about three grand more than I've got, even with the grant.

GRANDDAD

Three grand. Right. I'm not promising, but let me see what I can do.

GRANDDAD hangs up and texts NICK.

The text reads: Are you in the office today?

EXT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - DAYTIME

The doors are closed but as Grandad approaches, CHARLIE comes out. He looks surprised but happy to see GRANDAD.

CHARLIE

Al! Nice to see you. You been okay?

GRANDAD

Alright, Charlie. Nick still here?

CHARLIE

Yeah, but er... Barry is about too.

GRANDAD nods, looks down for a moment.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

You know, er...I meant to say, thanks. Barry might of... well, you know.

GRANDAD

Things sorted between you and him?

CHARLIE turns the corners of his mouth down and nods.

CHARLIE

Yeah...I mean, yeah...sorted.

GRANDAD looks at CHARLIE quizzically.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Well, put it this way, he's given me a chance to sort things out.

GRANDAD

I don't know what you've got mixed up in, Charlie, but you want to get yourself out.

CHARLIE

Yeah. I do. I will...Ibiza's where I want to be.

With a nod, GRANDAD walks past him and into the club.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

GRANDAD looks around the door, already ajar. Nick is looking at his computer screen, he smiles as GRANDAD comes in.

NICK

Al, good to see you. On the mend?
how come you haven't been in?

GRANDDAD sits down and gives NICK an appraising look.

GRANDDAD

Is it right your dad told you to
hire me, sort me out with some
cash?

NICK

Who told you that?

GRANDDAD

Barry.

NICK

Right...well, yeah, my old dad
reccomended you.

GRANDDAD raises hie eyebrows a bit and looks at NICK.

GRANDDAD

So, you didn't need a security
consultant.

NICK

We always need security, Al. You
did a good job.

GRANDDAD

And all that stuff about faces
higher up the tree knowing me and
steering clear?

NICK

Okay, so I wanted you onboard,
that's all.

GRANDDAD

Your dad, Pat, he was a good
friend. I don't want charity.

NICK

Look, let me get Barry up here.
Let's square things up. He owes you
an apology. And I do want you here,
Al.

NICK texts BARRY. It reads:

Come to the office.

GRANDAD

Give it a rest, Nick. Look, you want to do me a favour to make your dad happy, there's one you can do.

NICK

I'm listening.

GRANDAD

A loan. I'll pay you back, but by working the doors like the other lads.

NICK

How much?

GRANDAD

Three grand.

NICK

That's a lot of night's at the doorman's rate, Al. Look, if you need a new motor or something...

GRANDAD

Funeral.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAR AREA OUTSIDE NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

BARRY approaches the door, still ajar, and hearing GRANDAD'S voice, stops and listens, unseen by GRANDAD and NICK.

NICK

Funeral...right. Okay, you got it. Take me a bit to get the three thousand together but drop by the office tomorrow about two. I'll have the cash for you.

GRANDAD

Appreciate it. And you schedule me in for shifts on the door and i'll pay you back.

NICK

Sure. Now where's...

BARRY walks in, nods at NICK and gives GRANDAD a not-unfriendly look.

NICK (cont'd)
Good. Barry, you got something you
want to say to Al?

BARRY nods slowly, as if in thought.

BARRY
Things got out of hand, Al.
Unnecessary.

GRANDAD just looks at him.

NICK
Al's gonna be doing some shifts on
the door, Barry. I don't want any
bad blood between you.

BARRY
None from my end. I think we both
know how things stand now don't we,
Al?

NICK looks questioningly at GRANDAD, who nods his head and
stands up.

NICK
Two o'clock tomorrow.

GRANDAD
Cheers, Nick.

GRANDAD and BARRY leave.

INT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB

GRANDAD and BARRY are walking down the carpeted stairway.

BARRY
That's the way it is. Sometimes you
gotta show someone their place.

GRANDAD gives hi a look.

GRANDAD
Sometimes you do.

INT. GRANDAD'S MAISONETTE - DAY

GRANDAD is eating breakfast at his kitchen table. His phone
rings. Caller ID says: SALLY

GRANDAD answers the call.

GRANDAD
Hello, Sally.

SALLY
Hi grandad. Just spoke to Dad. He says you've sorted more money for mum?

GRANDAD
Yeah.

SALLY
Amazing. Can't believe it.
Thanks...thanks a lot.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE

GRANDAD stands before Nick's desk. Nick, seated and on the phone, points at the receiver and mimes someone speaking too much.

NICK
(into the phone)
Yeah, yeah. Got ya.

He opens a drawer in his desk and tosses GRANDAD a fat ENVELOPE OF BANK NOTES.

GRANDAD nods at Nick.

GRANDAD
(quietly)
Thanks, Nick.

Still engrossed in his call, Nick holds his thumb up to GRANDAD.

EXT. THE SCARLET NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

GRANDAD walks to his CAR, opens its battered door, and gets in, tossing the ENVELOPE OF BANK NOTES onto the passenger seat.

His phone rings. CALLER ID says R

GRANDAD
(on phone)
Hello?

RHYSA
(sounding distraught)
You mean it when you say you help
me?

GRANDAD
Slow down. What's up.

RHYSA
It Barry. He hurt me. I've got to
get out of here...get out now.

GRANDAD
Okay, okay. What's he done?

RHYSA
You come get me? Come get me now?

GRANDAD
Sure. Calm down.

RHYSA
You come now?

GRANDAD
I'm on my way.

GRANDAD tosses his phone onto the passenger seat, beside the
ENVELOPE OF BANK NOTES and pulls away.

EXT. OUTSIDE RHYSA'S FLAT - NIGHT

GRANDAD hurries towards the foot of the EXTERIOR STAIRS,
behind him a burly figure looms from the ALLEY BESIDE THE
FLAT. Over GRANDAD'S shoulder, we see a truncheon raised to
strike.

Sensing the movement, Grandad twists, the truncheon hits his
shoulder.

GRANDAD
Christ!

He turns, but the truncheon hits him again, across his upper
arm. We see that the burly figure is Barry.

GRANDAD (cont'd)
What the fuck! You trying to kill
me?

BARRY
This'll teach you not to be a white
fucking knight, eh?
(MORE)

BARRY (cont'd)
No one tell you whores aren't worth
it? Muggers, just use their cunt
rather than a knife.

Grandad lifts his fists painfully.

BARRY (cont'd)
So where is it?

GRANDAD
What?

BARRY
You know what. The three grand Nick
just gave you.

GRANDAD
That what this is about? Three
grand?

BARRY
Yeah. Where is it?

GRANDAD
What's three grand to you? You must
be raking it in.

Truncheon still raised, Barry mockingly mimes being
thoughtful.

BARRY
You're right. I'm not after three
grand. I'm after your three grand,
you arrogant cunt.

Barry lashes out with truncheon, Grandad sidesteps and
punches him in the stomach and face.

Barry staggers back, drops the truncheon and brings out a
long-bladed lock-knife.

BARRY (cont'd)
(opening the knife)
You've been asking for this.
Swanning around the club like you
owned the place. Thinking you were
all that. Well you're nothing.
Nothing!

As Barry lunges with the knife, Grandad moves forward,
catching Barry under the armpit and forcing his arm back and
up, his other arm is pushed against Barry's head and neck.

For a few moments they struggle and then, with a heave, Granddad forces Barry's arm so far up that the shoulder dislocates. Barry drops the knife.

BARRY (cont'd)
What the fuck. What the fuck. Look
what you've done.

Granddad kicks the knife aside.

BARRY (cont'd)
I need a doctor. I need a fucking
doctor.

Suddenly yelling in pain, BARRY falls to the floor and glares at Granddad.

BARRY (cont'd)
I'm gonna fucking kill you.

GRANDDAD
No you're not. We're finished.
Done.

Granddad crouches down beside Barry.

GRANDDAD (cont'd)
I'm done with all this. There was a
time when I've stuck that knife in
you.

Granddad looks at the knife.

GRANDDAD (cont'd)
But I'm out. You can have the
fucking club. You can do what you
like. Just don't come near me. Cos
if you do, I'll forget I'm a
changed man.

Granddad leans over Barry, his face contorted in anger.

GRANDDAD (cont'd)
Same goes for Charlie at the club,
even for Rhysa for that matter. I
hear you've hurt 'em and I'll
introduce you to the man I was.

Barry edges back along the ground. With his good arm he pushes himself up, whimpering in pain.

GRANDDAD (cont'd)
And believe me, you don't want to
meet him.

With an inarticulate cry of anger and fear Barry limps off down the darkened street.

Rhysa comes to the top of the steps.

RHYSA
I'm sorry.

She walks down the steps, looking at Grandad as he rubs his shoulder painfully.

RHYSA (cont'd)
I no want to do call you, but Barry say he wipe it off my debt.

GRANDAD
Fuck it. Forget about it. But get away from him, will you? There's places you can go.

RHYSA
Why you still kind to me? After what I did?

Grandad shrugs.

RHYSA (cont'd)
You don't know me.

GRANDAD
You remind me of someone.

RHYSA
Why you got so much money anyway?

Rhysa looks at GRANDAD'S BATTERED CAR parked beneath a lamppost.

RHYSA (cont'd)
You buy new car?

GRANDAD grins ruefully.

GRANDAD
Nah. I think that one suits me.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAY PARK - MORNING

Grandad sits on a bench in the same park he took Sally to as a child. It is early, the sun has not risen far. There are long shadows.

He has cleaned himself up, but looks a bit battered.

Sally, wrapped in a warm coat, approaches and sits beside him.

SALLY

What you call me so early for...and what's happened to you now?

GRANDAD

Nothing. Rowdy punter at the club.

SALLY

If you say so...

GRANDAD

Here. Give it to your dad. For, you know.

He hands her the ENVELOPE FULL OF BANK NOTES.

SALLY

You got it!

GRANDAD

It should be enough.

Sally hugs him.

SALLY

Do you remember when you'd bring me here?

GRANDAD

You remember?

SALLY

Yeah, course. It made me happy. I always wanted to go to the park, but you're the only one who'd take me. Dad at work, Mum busy and Nan... well.

GRANDAD

I liked taking you.

SALLY looks at him fondly.

SALLY

I was only little. But I remember. You were the only one who wanted to do the things I wanted to do.

She sits up against him, leaning her head on his shoulder.

SALLY (cont'd)
I can't stop thinking of Mum.

GRANDAD
Let's think about her together.

In the light of the rising sun, as the shadows decrease,
Sally and Grandad sit together, close to the SWINGS.

FADE TO BLACK.