

THE SAGGAR

by

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"I don't let anybody in. I just rely on myself."
- Robbie Williams

STAGE 1 - 100° C

WATER SMOKING

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

TEDDY SAGGAR (late 40s) waits in a rural village centre.

This brick-shithouse of a man sticks out like a sore thumb in his stonewashed jeans, polo shirt, and shell-suit top.

He looks just as tired of life as life is with him and checks his digital wristwatch.

A taxi eventually pulls up.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - DAY

Teddy dons the headphones to a CD Walkman. A nineties pop song fills his ears and seems to cheer him up a little.

He watches scenery pass by; foliage lining the motorway, industrial estates, and a kiln in the distance, until the taxi enters a dilapidated town centre.

EXT. OFF LICENSE - DAY

Teddy enters the tiny, overstocked shop where the old SHOP KEEPER is sitting behind the counter watching tv. As Teddy makes a B-line for the lager, they catch each other's eye.

SHOP KEEPER

No way!.. No... Wait... Hang on...

I'll get it...

(long beat)

Teddy! How long's it been, son?

TEDDY

A stretch.

Teddy takes a six-pack and crosses to the counter.

SHOP KEEPER

It must be twenty years!

TEDDY

Plus five.

SHOP KEEPER

No way!

TEDDY

Jack Daniels.

The Shop Keeper places a bottle of Jack on the counter. Teddy takes out a few old notes and a load of coins.

SHOP KEEPER

They're no good they are anymore.

The notes. They've changed 'em.

Teddy stares down at his cash.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)
You're alright. Gimme the coins.

Teddy hands over what he has.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)
I dunno if you can still take the
old ones into the bank. Get 'em
changed like.

The Shop Keeper counts through all the pound coins.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)
You're not far off, actually.

TEDDY
What you driving these days?

The Shop Keeper pauses and looks a little wary at Teddy.

SHOP KEEPER
Nine-Eleven. I sold my other shop.
It's just an old one, mind. I
barely bring it out, if I'm honest.
It just stays locked up, safe like.

Teddy remains stoic.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)
(long beat)
You sticking around, fella?

Teddy nods.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)
I'll let you off today then.

TEDDY
Thanks.

SHOP KEEPER
Must be going soft in me old age.

The Shop Keeper bags up the six-pack and Jack Daniels.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Teddy trudges along the dead straight path through rows of graves, passing under an old brick archway.

EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Teddy raises one of the cans of lager to one of the more grand-looking tombstones.

He sits solemnly on a bench and drinks alone.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

As Teddy approaches, an oil-covered female MECHANIC (40s) walks out from under a car and stands aghast.

MECHANIC
Fucking nora! This mean I'm
officially old now?

Teddy smirks. They embrace in a long, tight hug.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)
So good to see ya, mate.

He takes the Jack Daniels from his bag and offers it over. She shakes her head.

TEDDY
What?

INT. GARAGE, OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Mechanic dumps an old gym bag on the table. Teddy peers in and rummages through the contents, surprised.

MECHANIC
That's just under sixty-two grand.

TEDDY
She stopped collecting?

MECHANIC
Stopped? She never bloody started, Teddy. She's never been here. Your old missus, she came round for the first Twelve years. Took the first fifty-seven on her "behalf", like.

Teddy isn't too surprised to hear that.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)
Day she turned eighteen, that was the last I saw of anybody. Since then, I've been stuck with this fucking Pandora's box. Now, I know what you're thinking. I haven't touched a penny, Teddy. Not one, but I'm not gonna lie to ya, it's not been easy with business how it is and all, but everything that's come in is there in that bag. They just stopped paying.

TEDDY

When?

MECHANIC

About ten years ago.

TEDDY

Why?

MECHANIC

I dunno. I dunno who's even running the show now, if I'm honest. It's all a right mess since Reggie died.

TEDDY

Where is she?

MECHANIC

She works in town. I dunno where she lives though. I just see her around like.

Teddy takes a large bundle of twenty-pound notes out of the bag, and offers them across to the Mechanic.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

No, at least wait till you've got what you're owed.

TEDDY

You've waited long enough.

The Mechanic winces and begins to cry, unable to hold back a stream of tears as she breaks down. Teddy remains distant.

MECHANIC

(very thankfully)

You fucking tosser.

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

ANTHEA (late 20s), wearing a sari, is hunched over boxes of donated clothes. As Teddy cautiously enters, he can only see the back of her.

ANTHEA

Be with you in a second.

TEDDY

I was just wondering when Anthea will be in?

ANTHEA

Yeah? Who's asking?

TEDDY

Her dad.

Anthea slowly stands up and looks round shocked. He stares back, clearly moved by what he sees.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I just got out.

ANTHEA
I can see that. Nice, was it?

He shakes his head.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Prison, innit?

A long silence drags as her scowl worsens.

TEDDY
(nodding to sari)
You off to a party?

She rolls her eyes and goes back to sorting clothes.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
There's money, waiting.

ANTHEA
And what would I want with that?

TEDDY
You wouldn't have to work here, for
a start.

She smirks to herself and glares back.

ANTHEA
Because god forbid, your daughter
would want to work somewhere that
prefers to give things away rather
than take them, right?

Teddy remains silent.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
There anything else I can help you
with? We're all out of balaclavas,
sorry.

He stares for a few moments and backs to the door.

TEDDY
I'll be at the Borough Arms, if you
want to catch up.

ANTHEA
Okay.

TEDDY
Right.

ANTHEA

Right then.

Teddy leaves. He glances back inside to see Anthea storm through a staff door.

EXT. COUNCIL GARAGES - DAY

Teddy swings open the doors to reveal an old Jag covered by a sheet. He lifts the sheet and winces at the amount of rust. He shuffles by it and finds some leather suitcases.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

An old traveller's inn turned hotel with an exterior block of additional rooms down one side of the car park.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The light flicks on. Teddy stares at the mediocre decor as if it's palatial.

He lifts his suitcases onto the bed and starts unpacking.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Teddy, still dressed in out-of-date, working class attire, peers up at a townhouse that's currently available for businesses to rent. He seems confused and disappointed.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

With the church spire behind him, Teddy sits on a bench alone, eating fish and chips out of the wrapper.

He pauses, thinks for a moment, and goes back to eating.

INT. PHONE STORE STORE, HIGH STREET

A young SALESMAN demonstrates a smartphone to Teddy, who watches, baffled, as apps rapidly open and close.

SALESMAN

You can Facebook, WhatsApp, Stream, anything really. Ninety-nine quid up front and then just thirty pound a month, mate. It's a good deal, if I'm honest.

TEDDY

So, that's rent to buy, like?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Teddy carefully opens the box to a very simple looking mobile phone and searches around for instructions.

He presses a button and jolts as it springs to life.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Teddy dials various numbers from a notepad only to get a *"Sorry - the number you have dialled has not been recognised. Please try again"* message.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Pacing back and forth with the phone to his ear, Teddy waits while a tone rings.

TEDDY
(into phone)
It's Teddy... How you doing,
mate?... Yeah, I'm back...

A big smile creeps across Teddy's face as joyous laughter and copious swearing cackles from the phone.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Sitting in a dark corner at a table, Teddy and BRUCE (50s), sporting a few tattoos and a rock band t-shirt, swig back pints as music plays.

BRUCE
A job? A fucking job?

Teddy nods.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Like, an actual fucking job? A proper, get up and hate yourself, go to work and hate yourself, come home and hate yourself fucking job?

TEDDY
I've spent this long sat in a cell hating myself, I figure I may as well start getting paid for it.

BRUCE
Fucking hell. What kinda job?

TEDDY
Dunno really. Just need the money. I'd be down the pit if one was still open.

BRUCE

That bad?

Teddy nods "yes".

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You've been fucked over you have.

TEDDY

All the more reason to get on the straight and narrow, I guess.

BRUCE

I hear ya. I know of two guys who've gotten out in the past year. One of 'em went straight down the pub, got rat-arsed, backed his car into a tree, went back in the pub, kicked off with everyone, and ended up getting dragged into a police van. He was back in the slammer the same day he got out.

TEDDY

The other one?

BRUCE

Robbed an offy with a kitchen knife. I think he lasted about a week before they caught him.

Bruce starts rolling a fag.

TEDDY

Fucking hell.

BRUCE

Well, if the thought of going straight doesn't scare that shit out of you, wait till you see the job market.

Bruce gets up.

TEDDY

Where you going?

BRUCE

Well, if you don't mind, your highness, I'm going to venture outside and smoke a fucking fag.

TEDDY

I don't mind.

BRUCE

Right, I'll see you in a min.

TEDDY

Why?

BRUCE

(working it out)

You know you have to smoke outside
now, ya soft bastard?

Teddy gets up.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What ya doing now?

TEDDY

I'll come with.

BRUCE

You ex-cons. You've spent so much
time around other men, you can't
bare to be alone without one.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Teddy follows Bruce out while he lights up and takes a deep,
satisfying draw.

BRUCE

Can I not tempt you?

TEDDY

No, I quit. Once you see it all
become currency, you realise what
it's costing you.

JAY (20s), rotund, built, and looking proud as fuck to be
from the working class, comes swaggering over.

JAY

Look at this posh cunt with his la-
dee-da rollups.

BRUCE

Hey up, Marra! We torate, or what?

JAY

Bloody marvellous, good sir! Crash
us one, will ya?

BRUCE

You can gladly go fuck yourself,
you scrounging bell end. Why do you
think I'm rolling my own, because
I'm suddenly into arts and crafts?

JAY

(to Teddy)

What about you, mate? You got any?

Teddy shakes his head.

JAY (CONT'D)
Chatty cunt, you are.

Teddy shoots Jay an intimidating stare. Bruce leans in.

BRUCE
You be careful. You'd be pretty
fucking solemn if you'd just done
twenty-five for murder.

JAY
(to Teddy)
Fuuuuuck. Sorry mate. Didn't mean
to call you a cunt.

BRUCE
And that, Jay, is why people say
you're all looks and no brains, and
given you're the ugliest fucker I
know, that's saying a lot.

TEDDY
(to Jay)
Hey, you connected, sunshine?

JAY
I get around.

TEDDY
Reggie Smith's son. You know him?

JAY
I know he's a right cunt.

TEDDY
I need to get in touch.

JAY
Yeah? You gonna do us all a favour
and murder him too? Take out one of
the entitled elite so us oppressed
masses can flourish in the
proceeding vacuum?

TEDDY
I'll murder you if you don't stop
talking that fancy bollocks and
answer the question.

JAY
Steady on, mate. All I know is
this, call a cab, a Castletown Cars
one, ask for Fozz, and you'll see
him. That's what they say anyways.

Teddy nods appreciatively. Jay and him size each other up for a moment with a mixture of respect and posturing.

JAY (CONT'D)

Right, well, I've got a desperate need to have a slash, so I better go find a solicitor's letterbox. See you fuckers around.

Jay buggers off.

BRUCE

For a man who's trying to go straight, you're certainly moving in some dodgy circles.

Teddy, now deep in thought, walks back into the pub, leaving Bruce smoking.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Oh, right, ta ra. I was actually enjoying the company.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Teddy waits patiently as cars hum by and normal town centre life goes on around him.

A Castletown Cars Taxi pulls up.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

As Teddy gets in, NEVSEY (30's), an imposing, scary-looking dude, stares back from behind a driver's guard, looking Teddy up and down.

NEVSEY

What's ya name, fella?

TEDDY

Teddy.

NEVSEY

I'll ask once more and you answer properly, okay? Now what's your fucking name?

TEDDY

Teddy Mitchell.

Nevsey glares for a moment, turns back, and drives.

INT. SCRAP YARD, WORKER'S HUT - LATER

Nevsey leads Teddy into the dank confines of a worker's hut where FOZZ (20s) short, fashionable, and looking far too young to be in the position he is, sits at a table counting money and not making any eye contact.

NEVSEY

A Teddy Mitchell, apparently.

Fozz pauses for a moment and goes back to counting.

FOZZ

What can I do for you, Eddie?

TEDDY

Teddy.

Fozz raises his eyes up, fearlessly.

FOZZ

Unless it begins with constable or officer, I couldn't give a fuck if your name's Edward The Confessor.

TEDDY

I want to talk about the deal I had. The one where I did time so Reggie could stay out the slammer.

FOZZ

Interesting. First I've heard about that one.

TEDDY

(dumbfounded)

There's a sum outstanding. It's significant.

FOZZ

So?

TEDDY

Well, I'd appreciate it if the balance was settled.

FOZZ

I'm sure you would, but it doesn't sound like my fucking problem, mate.

TEDDY

It's a big problem for me.

Fozz signals to Nevesy to show Teddy out.

FOZZ
Take this joker back to wherever
you found him.

TEDDY
So that's it? No discussion?

FOZZ
Not unless you wanna work for me?

Teddy goes to leave.

FOZZ (CONT'D)
Just trying to do you a favour,
mate. You're the one that needs
money, mate, not me.

Teddy turns round and leans right into Fozz's face. Nevsey
puts a hand on him, ready to hold him back.

TEDDY
Think about this for a second. You
wouldn't be sat here today if it
wasn't for me. I'm here to honour
your father's deal. You might not
like it, but it's what he would
have wanted.

Fozz masks his intimidation, places the money down, and
stares Teddy back in the eyes.

FOZZ
When I said, I was trying to do you
a favour, that was me deciding not
to have you buried, because believe
this when I tell you, while I can't
be sure you really did a stretch
for my dad, I know for a fact
there's plenty of people who'd do a
long one for me.

They deadeye one another.

FOZZ (CONT'D)
So, since you were apparently a
friend of the family, although I've
never fucking heard of you until
today, I'll let you walk. How's
that for honour?

Teddy backs off and lets Nevsey escort him out while Fozz
goes back to his money.

INT. OATCAKE SHOP - DAY

MOLLY, (Late 20's), a somewhat quirky-looking young woman,
sits idly at the counter, staring into nowhere.

Teddy enters to the ring of the bell.

As he crosses to the counter, she follows him with her eyes and stares back at him. He's a little out of breath and stewing while she couldn't be more at peace.

MOLLY

Diptych.

TEDDY

Sorry?

MOLLY

That's what we need... in society.

A Diptych.

Teddy doesn't know what to say, which is fine, given she's living in her own world anyway.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Everything's just so one-sided. If, like, the media we consume was a diptych, if it was all presented as both sides of every story, with each side enlightening the other, then we wouldn't have to argue about everything anymore, right?

She snaps out of it and beams a proud smile.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hi! Could I interest you in our latest filling? It's pear, goat's cheese, and chopped walnuts!

TEDDY

That what people like now?

MOLLY

Oh no, not at all. They always just want cheese and bacon.

TEDDY

Me too.

MOLLY

You need that gluten free?

TEDDY

...What's gluten?

MOLLY

(stirring batter)

Gluten is the generalised term for a group to proteins found in wheat, rye, and barley. It's known for it's glue like constancy which helps food and maintain its shape.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Do you suffer from celiac disease,
non-celiac gluten sensitivity,
wheat allergy, gluten ataxia, or
dermatitis herpetiformis?

TEDDY

I'm just suffering from hunger.

MOLLY

Well, that doesn't necessarily mean
you don't suffer such a disorder.
It's always worth getting checked.

She pours batter onto the baton and flips bacon.

TEDDY

You're wrong, you know?

She looks back, surprised, and goes back to cooking.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

About the both sides of every story
thing. People like arguing.

She takes that in for a moment, smirks, assembles the
oatcake, and wraps it.

MOLLY

I guess we're diptych right now.

She leans in close as he hands over coins. She's flirtatious
and unafraid to show it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I enlightened you, and you
enlightened me.

TEDDY

First time for everything.

EXT. OATCAKE SHOP - DAY

Teddy leaves bemused with his wrapped oatcake in hand. Molly
suddenly runs out, hugs his bulky waist for a moment, and
runs back.

MOLLY

Sorry!

STAGE 2 - 350° C

DEHYDRATION

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Teddy stares at an open card with a pen poised in his hand.

He sits thinking, unsure of what to write.

He checks the front of it, *Daughter* written comically across the front. It's a card ideally suited for a child.

He sits thinking a little longer, gives up, stuffs the card with cash, and seals it in the envelope, convincing himself that's the best option.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Chunks of torn bread scatter onto the water. A raft of ducks fight over it. Teddy stands at the shore of the lake, feeding them with a vacant look in his eyes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

With his hands in his pockets, Teddy trudges across a pedestrian crossing. A horn blares, and a car blasts by, causing Teddy to leap out of the way.

Teddy stares, shocked, at the car roaring away and double-checks he was on a pedestrian crossing.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Near silence with the odd sporadic cough. Teddy's fingers prod at a keyboard. Various attempts to spell *Curriculum Vitae* type and backtrack across the screen.

Teddy winces and leans back, lost and confused.

A CREEPY GUY keeps jogging back and forth to the printer with guarded urgency.

Teddy idly watches him. The guy couldn't look more suspicious if he tried.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

The printer hums and whirs. A page churns out into Teddy's hands. He stares at it disappointed and goes to walk away.

The printer starts up again. Teddy waits. He looks round to see Creepy Guy staring back with panic in his eyes.

A page from a Thai bride website prints and ceremoniously slides into the output tray.

Teddy gives Creepy Guy a knowing look. Creepy Guy goes back to using his computer as if it's nothing to do with him.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Teddy still sitting at the computer now looking even more fed up and struggling through a book about writing CVs.

His mobile rings. He fumbles it out of his pocket and tries to cancel the call, but he answers it instead.

DEBS
(through phone)
It's ten quid for a handy. Twenty
for a suck-

Teddy prods buttons in a panic and puts her on speaker.

DEBS (CONT'D)
(through speaker)
-THIRTY FIVE FOR A SUCK AND FUCK.

TEDDY
(hushed into phone)
Debs, it's... I'll call you back.

Teddy looks round, mortified to see Creepy Guy returning a knowing look right back at him.

EXT. PUB - DAY

DEBS (late 40's), a woman who defines the term "*all fur coat and no knickers*", puffs on a cigarette and sips on Prosecco, sitting outside on a bench facing Teddy.

DEBS
You still see that ginger knobhead
Bruce?

Teddy nods "yes".

DEBS (CONT'D)
It true he got divorced?

Teddy nods "yes".

DEBS (CONT'D)
Knobhead. You see anyone else from
school?

Teddy shakes his head "no".

DEBS (CONT'D)
You wanna get on Facebook.
Everyone's on there. We all look
proper old now.
(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)
 (sarcastically)
 Life flies by when you're having
 fun, right?

TEDDY
 You know Reggie's son at all, Fozz?

Debs shakes her head "no". Teddy is disappointed and an awkward silence drags for a few long moments.

DEBS
 You used to always have a smile on
 your face, you did. I'm not gonna
 lie. Back in the day, I used to
 think you were well fit.

Her admission is met with little interest.

TEDDY
 It feels like the World's changed
 but the people haven't. I don't get
 it. It's not friendly outside
 anymore and Stoke's one of the
 friendliest places around.

DEBS
 Miserable sod. I know what'll cheer
 you up. We shagging or what?

That gets Teddy's attention.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Teddy and Debs in the throes of passion. He tenderly kisses her neck as they strip.

He tries to kiss her on the lips, but she holds back and focuses on his crotch instead.

DEBS
 You okay?

TEDDY
 Yeah.

He's not okay. He can't get aroused. He tries to kiss her again, and she ducks it, giving him head instead.

He winces awkwardly as her head bobs up and down to a chorus of gagging for what feels like an eternity.

She resurfaces and forces a smile as she beats his flaccid meat like she's trying to extract the dregs of an ancient bottle of ketchup.

He takes her hand from his crotch and gives up.

DEBS
You drank a lot today?

Teddy shakes his head to himself and sits shamefaced.

She rolls her eyes, slips away, straightens her clothes, and quickly readies herself to leave.

DEBS (CONT'D)
Well?

He looks up, confused.

DEBS (CONT'D)
That's a tenner, at least.

With a surprised sigh, he finds a twenty-pound note and hands it over.

DEBS (CONT'D)
You knew what this was, right?

TEDDY
Do I not get the change?

DEBS
I look like a fucking cash till?

She looks around the hotel room, unimpressed.

DEBS (CONT'D)
Shame you don't have your own place. I could get you a great deal on your utilities. Beat any other price. Your mobile on contract?

Teddy shrugs, unsure how to respond to that.

She sneers and leaves with no goodbye. He sits alone and conflicted, taking a pillow and pawing at it.

INT. GYM - DAY

Teddy's grubby trainer-clad feet pound on a treadmill. He pushes himself hard, running from his demons. For his bulk, he has very impressive cardio.

LUNK (30s), an overly preened meathead, grunts as he performs endless sloppy form dumbbell curls.

LUNK
(with reps)
You slag. You slag. You slag.

The Lunk lets the dumbbells crash to the mat and takes a breather, staring shamelessly at a FEMALE GYM-GOER who's becoming increasingly uncomfortable with his presence.

Teddy watches from the corner of his eye and tries to maintain his focus on running.

The Lunk goes back to his curls, staring at the Female Gym-Goer as she works a machine.

LUNK (CONT'D)
 (with reps)
 You slag. You slag. You slag.

She leaves frustrated and returns with a STAFF MEMBER. Teddy averts his eyes and keeps on running.

STAFF MEMBER
 (to Lunk)
 Excuse me, can you not drop the weights on the floor please?

LUNK
 I arna dropping them! That what she told you I'm doing?

FEMALE GYM-GOER
 Tell him about the language too.

LUNK
 Oh for fuck's sake, love. You're in a gym, not a church.

Teddy's pace increases, his eyes intense.

STAFF MEMBER
 Sir, we'd appreciate it if you didn't swear in front of the other members.

FEMALE GYM-GOER
 He's not swearing at the other members, he's calling me a slag!

LUNK
 Yeah right! You wish!

Teddy's feet thud faster and faster.

LUNK (CONT'D)
 Look, I've paid my money to be here! Get the manager if you want.

STAFF MEMBER
 I am the manager actually. Did you do your introductory session?

LUNK
 You think you can show me how to lift weights?

FEMALE GYM-GOER
Someone needs to.

STAFF MEMBER
I don't want to have to do it, but
I can throw you out if you won't
obey our rules, do you understand
what I'm saying?

LUNK
Yeah I do. Just try it.

The Lunk squares up to the short, petite Staff Member.

Teddy nearly falls from the treadmill, exhausted. They all
look round at him, bracing himself and panting heavily.

STAFF MEMBER
You okay, sir?

Teddy glares across at The Lunk.

LUNK
You got a problem as well, you
fucking wally?

STAFF MEMBER
Okay, that's enough. I'm going to
have to ask you to leave now.

LUNK
Fuck off! Make me!

Teddy continues glaring.

TEDDY
Just leave 'em alone!

LUNK
You fucking what?

Teddy paces across the gym, stumbling around equipment toward
the locker room door.

LUNK (CONT'D)
That's it. Good idea. Off you fuck,
old man.

Teddy crashes through the door.

The Staff Member prods The Lunk hard on the chest.

STAFF MEMBER
Leave! Now!

The Lunk smirks to himself, waits a few moments, and slowly
strolls away without a care in the World.

INT. GYM, LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting on a bench, Teddy tries his hardest to calm himself as his rapid breathing continues.

STAFF MEMBER
(outside)
Sir? You okay in there? You okay?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Teddy makes himself a cup of tea and stands in silence. He takes a sip, winces, and checks the milk. It's off.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the door.

He checks out the window, smiles, and swings open the door to reveal Anthea standing there with his card in her hand and a pissed off look on her face.

She thrusts the card at him.

ANTHEA
I don't want this, thanks.

TEDDY
Come in.

ANTHEA
I'm alright.

She tosses the card into the room. The money falls out.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Still got a temper then?

She nods to the corner where a wooden chair lies smashed to pieces. Teddy looks guilty.

TEDDY
I-

ANTHEA
-I don't want anything to do with you, okay? Stop contacting me. I don't want your money. I don't want you in my life. I'm glad you're out. Now go find a new family and try not to ruin that one too.

TEDDY
It was supposed to be a donation to your shop.

ANTHEA

Considering where that's probably
come from, you'd be doing us more
harm than good.

He doesn't know what to say. She goes to leave.

TEDDY

Wait! What do you want? Tell me.
I'll do it. I'll do anything.

Without an ounce of fear, she squares up to him.

ANTHEA

I just told you what I want. I want
you to stay away. Get your life in
order. Get help. Whatever. Just
keep me out of it, okay?

TEDDY

And you think acting like this is
helping?

ANTHEA

Oh no, you need professional help,
you do.

TEDDY

They kept telling me that in prison
but look, I'm still around. Wait,
before you go.

He crosses to the bed and slides out the bag of money.

She rolls her eyes and sighs with disbelief.

ANTHEA

I don't want that.

He tries to hand her the bag. She reels back.

TEDDY

Take it. Take it and I promise I'll
never bother you again.

Anthea couldn't be more offended and holds back tears.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

It should be me telling you what's
best for you, not the other way
around. You need this.

ANTHEA

You telling me what's best for me?
You ended up in prison!

TEDDY
 (lashing out)
 For a crime I didn't commit!

ANTHEA
 That's even worse, dickhead!

Anthea leaves in a hurry.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
 Stay away from me!

TEDDY
 I did it for you!

Unable to contain his fury, Teddy slams the door shut.

INT. GARAGE, OFFICE - EVENING

Teddy and the Mechanic eat fish and chips together as they chat and swig on pop.

MECHANIC
 -she said what the problem actually is, 'cause that's what us women do, you know? Get angry about something but refuse to say what it's about. Hell, I've forgotten what's pissed me off halfway through a benny or two before now. Didn't stop me.

Teddy, avoiding the subject, gets up and stares at the broken cars on lifts. She steals some of his chips.

TEDDY
 You busy?

MECHANIC
 We're steady.

TEDDY
 Yeah?

MECHANIC
 Okay, well we're struggling. Everyone's struggling right now. Nobody's got any money these days and what little they do have is tied up in the never-never.

TEDDY
 What happened to just going out and getting a Saturday job? Now, I need experience which I can't get, qualifications which I can't afford, or a vehicle I don't have.

MECHANIC

You still got the Jag, right?

TEDDY

What I've got is a pile of iron oxide with a silver cat stuck to the bonnet.

MECHANIC

Now you see, if you had a degree, a good one, you could possibly get a job in McDonalds.

Teddy smirks and sits back down.

TEDDY

This Fozz drives a Range Rover apparently. Brand new. Reggie always tried to warn us about being too flash.

MECHANIC

Well, kids rebel against their parents. How'd you think I ended up here? Reggie used to warn us about messing with the biker gangs too.

Teddy wants to know more. She already regrets letting that comment slip.

TEDDY

I thought you said you didn't know what was going on these days?

MECHANIC

Just keep out of it, Teddy. How about you come work for me? That can't be so bad, can it?

TEDDY

What use would I be here? What was it you used to say I had?

MECHANIC

Tool dyslexia. I've never seen anyone so useless with a spanner in my whole life. You're a right spanner with a spanner.

TEDDY

Thanks.

MECHANIC

I can put word out you're looking for work, if you want?

Teddy appreciates that and waits a few moments.

TEDDY

So he's messing with the biker gangs then. He's that stupid?

MECHANIC

Oh fucking hell, Teddy. You're not going to drop it, are you?

Teddy shakes his head "no".

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

From what I hear, and I don't hear much, he's playing one gang against the other.

TEDDY

That's suicide.

MECHANIC

Well, it's probably all going to implode, that's for sure.

Teddy nods in agreement.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

So, best stay away from it then. Life isn't a competition. There's no winning or losing. Let him make his own bed, and let karma make sure he has to sleep in it.

TEDDY

I want what's owed to my daughter.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Beer sloshes from pint glasses and over Teddy's hands as he's bumped returning from the bar. He looks around for an apology and doesn't get one.

He stays calm and sits down with Bruce and Jay.

BRUCE

Look at you. You're fuckeyed already, you are. Look who's become a total fucking lightweight.

TEDDY

No booze inside, just drugs.

JAY

You do any of 'em?

BRUCE

I should hope so. I'd fucking do 'em all if it was me.

TEDDY

I did a little weed, until spice got popular. Used to balance me out, but it's all chemicals now and you don't know what you're getting.

BRUCE

Quite right! Put all the chemicals you want in our food and in our pop, but leave it out of our precious drugs.

JAY

I kinda wanna try spice, if I'm honest. I wanna open my mind, get into new experiences, connect with the Universe.

Teddy isn't too impressed by that.

TEDDY

This not reckless enough for you? When did we all start binge drinking gin?

BRUCE

We drink harder now because life's harder now.

TEDDY

Is it, or are we just older?

BRUCE

No, modern life is stressful as fuck, mate. This is why I'm going to extreme measures. I'm getting a full-body massage. And I don't mean any of that kinky shit. I've had it recommended to me. A proper professional Swedish massage. They don't even touch your knob. That's how fucking good it's supposed to be. I've got the number of a woman in Wolverhampton who does 'em.

TEDDY

Will she come all the way up here?

BRUCE

I dunno.

TEDDY

How much does it cost?

BRUCE

I dunno. I haven't plucked up the courage to phone her yet.

JAY

Zen meditation, that's what I like to throw myself into. Inner peace and mindfulness. Clear the mind so you can really see the World.

TEDDY

Sound like a load of hippy bollocks to me. You'll end up in a cult.

JAY

It's actually quite enlightening, if you must know.

BRUCE

Nah, we're not in LA, Jay. This is shitty old Stoke-on-Trent. The only thing you need to be mindful of here is accidentally treading in dog shit.

Bruce tries to issue Jay with a swift backhander.

JAY

Fuckin' Stoke. The only thing we've ever done is sink a cruise ship!

TEDDY

The Titanic wasn't a cruise ship, she was a liner, and Captain Smith did his best before going down with his ship. That's honourable.

(raising toast)

Be British, boys. Be British.

BRUCE

Some bloke drowning on a posh boat doesn't make Stoke any less of a shithole though, does it? I'm thinking I might have to learn Polish just so I stop feeling like a minority.

TEDDY

I read about this, you know half of 'em are choosing to pick veg over performing brain surgery, right?

BRUCE

Yeah. I don't blame 'em. Just wish they had their own opportunities.

TEDDY

They're choosing work over crime, which is more than we ever did.

Bruce solemnly nods.

JAY

So, by your logic, I should carry on being a dodgy fucker then?

TEDDY

You don't know my logic.

BRUCE

Jay, tell Teddy about that betting stuff you do. You'll like this.

Teddy pretends not to be that interested.

JAY

I only play those free fifty-quid bets online. I used to work for one of the big betting shops, so I've worked out how to do it so I never have to actually spend anything.

BRUCE

Tell him how much you've made.

JAY

Just under twenty-grand.

Jay wants Teddy to be impressed with that.

BRUCE

Genius right? Am I the only fucker around here not sitting on a small fortune?

TEDDY

All that does is prove you're smart, not dodgy. Listen to me, a young lad like you who can do stuff like that should be going into business not crime.

BRUCE

Yeah, he's right, the gambling business, which is basically an excuse to legally rob the poor.

Jay isn't afraid to hide how he feels.

JAY

I dunno about that. Proper scares me that suit and tie bollocks does. I can't be doing with being sat at a computer all day either. I'd get lonely like.

TEDDY

Try prison if you want scary and lonely. There's two ways all men go inside;

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

stuff like that either toughens you up, or it softens you up. You pick which one it is.

JAY

I wanna toughen up.

For the first time, Teddy shoots Jay a respectable nod.

TEDDY

You stick with me son, I'll have you eating barbed wire, shitting nails, and wiping your arse with sandpaper.

BRUCE

Well, I am going to call a masseuse and get a full body massage, and you pair of proper hard bastards can fuck right off.

INT. PUB - LATER

Teddy, Bruce, and Jay erupt in riotous laughter, showing their teeth like howling monkeys. Teddy is clearly now completely plastered.

JAY

Twenty-five years! That's longer than I've been alive, mate.

BRUCE

I can't go twenty-five minutes.

TEDDY

Yeah, but the trick is to have a really good shag before you go in. I'm still trying to catch my breath from the last one.

They laugh again.

BRUCE

Right, that's my mission in life now, to get you laid, sunshine. As soon as fucking possible.

TEDDY

Don't waste your time, mate. I'm not the man I used to be.

BRUCE

Ooh, hello, prison changed you, did it? Something you want to tell us?

JAY

Leave it out. I got no problem with that; gay, bisexual, pansexual stuff. Whatever you're into is another man's business, not mine.

BRUCE

Pansexual? Who's the fuck is shagging kitchenware, and what must that do to your cock?

They laugh once more, a little uncomfortable this time.

JAY

Fuck me! Look the state of that!

BRUCE

Bloody hell, mate.

Still laughing, Teddy looks around and freezes.

MOLLY with a couple of friends, dressed up in 80's gear, looking devastatingly hot and staring right back.

She raises her eyebrows at Teddy and sips on her drink.

JAY

Oh, man. That's it. I'm in love.

BRUCE

Love? I think I just came.

TEDDY

Gentleman, stand aside.

Teddy heaves himself up and makes his way over to Molly.

She separates from her group. Bruce and Jay watch in shock.

JAY

(guttled)

I thought I was in there.

Jay rests his head in his hands. Bruce rubs his hair.

BRUCE

That, my friend, is a proper horny cunt, that is. Two and half decades of stored up jizz, six pints, and someone who's forgotten how old and how ugly he actually fucking is.

Teddy and Molly move to a more private area, their eyes filled with flirtation.

TEDDY

You're taking me back to a better decade.

She gives him a twirl.

MOLLY

You like? I'm going to be a fashion designer.

TEDDY

I do, but I don't think it would look as good on me.

MOLLY

Don't be so hard on yourself. You could totally rock the Rocky Horror look, if you wanted.

TEDDY

Not my scene.

MOLLY

You know the Rocky Horror Picture Show was originally a huge flop until stoners started shouting the lines out during midnight movie screenings?

TEDDY

I prefer the Christmas panto. I think it's Aladdin this year?

MOLLY

Oh no, it isn't!

TEDDY

(long beat)

Isn't it? What is it then?

Molly rolls her eyes.

MOLLY

Are you married?

TEDDY

Divorced, a long time ago.

MOLLY

You still friends?

TEDDY

I dunno. Maybe. She just disappeared. Heart that could freeze a volcano that one.

MOLLY

Or we simply chastise women who are ruthless while admiring men who do the same, all in a bid to dismiss female independence as unladylike.

TEDDY

Believe me, she was no lady, but that's kind of my type.

MOLLY

You got kids?

Teddy looks a little awkward and ashamed.

TEDDY

One. I got a daughter.

MOLLY

It's okay to reproduce, you know?

(elbowing him)

That's why it's such fun. I was going to become an escort for my nymphomania, but I heard most guys don't actually want sex, they just want company.

TEDDY

No offence, but pretty much every girl your age thinks they're a nymphomaniac.

MOLLY

I didn't say I was anything special. I'm sorry I randomly hugged you the other day, by the way. I have issues with being too impulsive and too touchy feely.

TEDDY

Don't be. It was a nice change.

She leans up against him.

MOLLY

Some people don't like being hugged by strangers. If you were Finnish, you'd be really offended.

TEDDY

Potteries, born and bred. Thrown out of clay and fired in a kiln.

He grins. She smiles back, her eyes glistening.

MOLLY

Me too.

TEDDY

Yeah, but with you, they clearly broke the mold.

MOLLY

Oh my god, that's the cheesiest
line I've ever heard, and I make
oatcakes for a living.

EXT. HIGHSTREET - NIGHT

With lampposts reflected on wet paving slabs, Teddy and Molly stumble along the street with Jay, Bruce, and Molly's friends in tow.

They chase, cackle, and randomly hug, all grabbing for whatever intimacy they can find.

Teddy and Molly study one another with a deep attraction, two people seemingly at opposite ends of every spectrum clinging desperately onto one another.

INT. 80'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Within the dark confines of the tiny bar, classic 80's tunes throb from the speakers as a crowd lose themselves in a bygone era of glitter-balls and neon.

Molly and Teddy dance. She's free and uninhibited, and while he's a little wooden by comparison, he couldn't look happier, a man reliving his formative years facing the woman of his teenage dreams.

With the dancers chanting to familiar anthems, Teddy finally starts to really unwind, and genuine happiness fills his eyes. Molly can see it too, and it draws her to him.

Jay talks in one of Molly's friend's ear, clearly boring her a little. Bruce gropes at the other friend, pushing his luck too far and only being rewarded with a slap to the face.

Molly starts to attract the younger men around them, who move in and muscle Teddy out.

He grows increasingly isolated and self-conscious, the music fading out in his ears and Molly disappearing into the masses of attractive youth.

EXT. 80'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Teddy exits with breath bellowing from his mouth. He crosses to a bench, sits down, and appears to have a crisis.

He gazes around the street and up at the sky, looking for answers to his internal dilemma.

Molly exits the club and searches for Teddy. She finds him sitting alone and turns sympathetic. He looks back forlorn.

She wanders over and takes a seat beside him, pushing up close against him and taking out a packet of fags. She offers them over.

MOLLY

I only smoke when I drink a lot. I think I'm kidding myself that it doesn't count when I'm out. Like I'm some sort of vampire that thrives on ethanol and tobacco.

He takes one. They both light up. He chokes a little.

TEDDY

I used to do this until the sun came up. The whole point back then was to be as foolish as possible. Now it feels like I've got little choice about looking like an idiot.

She stares back as she smokes for a few moments. With the light of the club on her face and her hair ruffled from dancing, she couldn't look more beautiful.

MOLLY

Can I be honest with you? For me, personally, I think you're the hottest guy in the room tonight.

He doesn't know how to react.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Look, this is all just an elaborate mating ritual, right? One that's far too unhealthy and far too expensive for most of us?

She turns a little nervous and takes a long draw.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

How about I cut to the chase? You wanna come back to mine, right now?

Now he really doesn't know how to react and just stares back in a world of internal conflict.

Molly moves in and goes to kiss him. He passionately kisses her back. They get increasingly physical until--

Teddy backs off.

TEDDY

Sorry.

He gets up and leaves. She lets him, sitting back and smoking, concluding she must be the problem. Teddy keeps his head down and paces down the street, refusing to let himself turn back.

STAGE 3 - 573° C

QUARTZ INVERSION

EXT. BACKSTREET - DAY

Teddy walks by rundown terraced houses with a couple of Aldi carrier bags swinging from his bulky hands. He looks troubled and lost as he trudges along.

A woman collecting charity bags from doorsteps nearly backs into him. She turns. It's Anthea. They freeze.

What feels like an eternity passes with words on the tips of their tongues and emotion filling their eyes.

RAMESH (30s), a friendly-looking Asian man, wheels along TANVI in a pushchair and stops by them.

RAMESH
Everything alright?

ANTHEA
Yeah, it is, actually.
(beat)
My dad was just leaving.

RAMESH
Teddy?

Teddy shoots him an awkward nod.

ANTHEA
You stalking me now?

RAMESH
Don't be silly. He's got he's got his shopping in his hands, look. Just a coincidence, right?

TEDDY
No offence, mate, but this is family business, so if you don't mind...

Anthea smiles, delighted.

ANTHEA
For you're information, that's my husband and my daughter, and they'll be staying right here.

Teddy is mortified.

TEDDY
I'm sorry. I didn't...

RAMESH
(offering hand)
No problem at all, mate. Ramesh.

Teddy shakes his firmly and looks at the baby.

RAMESH (CONT'D)

Tanvi. She's eighteen months old.

Teddy stares longingly at Tanvi.

Anthea forces eye contact with Ramesh. She wants to get out of there now.

RAMESH (CONT'D)

You erm... you wanna come round ours for dinner later, Teddy?

Anthea is furious, and Teddy can tell.

RAMESH (CONT'D)

You like Indian? We're doing a Manhini Daal, from the town, authentic like.

TEDDY

That's funny you should say that. I got some Indian food to try today. A curry. A Chicken Tikka Masala?

He looks to Anthea like she should be impressed.

ANTHEA

Not really Indian though, innit?

TEDDY

Foreign though, right? Spicy?

RAMESH

Indian enough for me, boss. You up for it then, tonight? It'll be dead nice like. Just us three and the little 'un.

They look to Anthea, who, with her arms firmly crossed, gives a reluctant nod and shoots daggers from her eyes.

EXT. BACKSTREET - MOMENTS LATER

Teddy wanders down the empty street behind the shops with a smile gradually growing on his face.

He can't help but notice a taxi creeping along behind him. He glances back a few times as it gets closer and closer. It suddenly races ahead, stops, and Nevsey steps out.

Nevsey paces toward Teddy, looking like he's about to grab him. Teddy squares up. Nevsey backs down a little.

NEVSEY

Meeting. Now.

INT. POOL ROOMS - DAY

Fozz plays pool by himself, switching fictional players and clearly favouring the odds for one of them. Nevesy ushers Teddy into the room, who's still carrying his shopping bags and looking very confused.

FOZZ

Edward "Teddy" Saggar. "The Saggar".

Fozz crosses over, takes a good look at Teddy, and peers into one of his bags.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

You have to admire the dominance of the free market. People have their issues, but the failings they see aren't the fault of the corporations per se. You see, the smart brands merely set up the offer. It's consumers who make the decision to take it or leave it. So total dominance is really a game of making offers people find pretty much impossible to resist.

(beat)

I've been doing my research on you. You're a violent fucker you are, and a sneaky little thief. Chicken Tikka Masala, nice.

Fozz goes back to winning at pool.

TEDDY

Things had to be done back then, whatever Reggie needed.

FOZZ

And for that, I can assure you, I'm eternally grateful. Seems we got off on the wrong foot, you and me. You'll be pleased to learn your money's coming.

Teddy nods respectfully.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

You could look happier about it.

TEDDY

No offence, but I tend to reserve the kisses and cuddles until I've got the money in my hands.

FOZZ

Furry muff. We're showing good faith.

(MORE)

FOZZ (CONT'D)

All I ask is you show the same in return. Just one last little job to settle the contract.

TEDDY

I've fulfilled my side of the deal.

FOZZ

As I'm aware, the deal was you serve your time. You think that ends when you get out of prison? Not in this country it doesn't, shag. How's the job search going now you're an ex-con? How's "reintegrating with society" working out for you?

Teddy frowns. Fozz smirks to himself and lines up a shot.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Your sentence isn't over yet, mate. Far fucking from it. Besides, don't tell me you don't miss being good at something.

Teddy remains stoic. He does miss it.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

(to Nevsey)

Show him the pic.

Nevsey takes out his phone and shows Teddy a photo.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Recently moved into the area and already making a real name for himself as remarkably intolerable cunt. Put one of ours in hospital after some slap and tickle with the guy's girlfriend which, to be honest, was mostly all slap and very little tickle.

Teddy looks at the photo. It's The Lunk from the gym.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

What I want is an eye-for-and-eye, but what I don't want is it being traced back to me. I don't know what his deal is or who he's connected with. He's got some balls on him, and that suggests he's a guard dog for somebody bigger. Could be a rival gang, for all I know, and I'm certainly not in the mood for a turf war.

TEDDY

If it is a rival gang, the right move is to mark out your territory and make sure they know you're prepared to defend it.

Fozz pauses playing and looks back a little solemn.

FOZZ

You're really from a different world, you are, aren't you? Simpler times. Things aren't like they used to be, my friend. There's no place for nobility in this game anymore.

TEDDY

There always is, if you're willing to stand by it, and, for what it's worth, I'm no longer in the game.

FOZZ

Think about what I'm offering. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, Teddy. You might be able to avoid going back inside for the foreseeable future but you think you can avoid never getting a job, going bankrupt, ending up on the street? Give it enough time, you'll soon be knocking on my door, finding my offers impossible to resist, and finding me a lot less eager to offer a helping hand.

Teddy mulls that over.

EXT. MENSWEAR STORE - DAY

Teddy, still very much looking like a child of the 90's, stares bewildered at the smartly dressed manikins lined up in the shop window.

He looks to the door, not daring to go inside.

INT. SPORTS STORE - DAY

Teddy thumbs through discount polo shirts and offers them to his body. He looks at himself in a distant mirror, self-conscious and lost.

EXT. BACKSTREET - DAY

As Teddy makes his way along in a pair of new trainers, three YOUTHS walk round the corner, all wearing gloves and one of which clearly pockets a flick knife.

Teddy doesn't show fear as they close in. One of the youths holds out his fist. Teddy instinctively fist-bumps him.

YOUTH
Nice kicks, fam.

EXT. ANTHEA'S HOME - NIGHT

Teddy, dressed as smart as he can muster and clasping a moderately priced bottle of wine, stands under a street light staring at the unkempt terraced house.

He psyches himself up and walks to the door. A friendly and well-worn welcome mat at his feet. He rings the bell.

After a long pause, various locks clunk and click. Anthea opens the door and already looks awkward.

TEDDY
Hi.

ANTHEA
Ram's in the kitchen. I'm still getting ready.

He stands there, unsure what to say.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Come in then!

Teddy enters as she escapes upstairs. The house is chaotic with mess. Far too much stuff for far too little space.

INT. ANTHEA'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Music plays from a wireless speaker. Ramesh quickly turns his attention from cooking to Teddy and warmly embraces him.

RAMESH
Good to see you, boss. Let me see to that for you.

He takes the wine from Teddy and looks for glasses.

TEDDY
I used to know a couple who lived on this street. He was a kiln hand, and the missus applied decals.

RAMESH
Yeah? Different times now, mate. It's mostly students down here, but we quite like it really. It keeps us feeling young.

Ramesh hands over a glass of Teddy's wine to him. He's only poured one.

TEDDY

You not...

RAMESH

We don't drink.

TEDDY

Oh... That?-

RAMESH

-A religious thing? No. I'm Sikh, mate, Northern Indian. We don't just allow drinking, we pretty much bloody encourage it.

They share a laugh. Ramesh goes back to cooking and stirs lentils into a paste.

RAMESH (CONT'D)

Make yourself comfortable in the lounge, if you want.

TEDDY

I like watching people cook. I never learned. So, you're not going to put any kind of meat in that?

RAMESH

Doesn't need it, boss. You like the music, or do you want me to put something different on?

Teddy nods along to the tune.

TEDDY

No. This is good. Who is this?

RAMESH

Dunno, if I'm honest. I listen to so much new stuff I can't remember half their names anymore. I like a bit of old-skool too mind; Oasis, Pulp, Stereophonics...

TEDDY

I love Oasis.

Teddy and Ramesh share a nod and a smile.

ANTHEA (O.C.)

You checking on the rice, Ram?

Anthea has reappeared carrying baby Tanvi.

Teddy takes in the sight of his daughter cradling his granddaughter. He tries to make eye contact with Anthea. She tries harder to avert it.

Teddy crosses over to her. She's guarded, like her daughter's being approached by a curious Rottweiler.

He doesn't get too close and crouches a little.

He studies Tanvi for a few moments and looks up at Anthea.

TEDDY

You were this size when I left.

INT. ANTHEA'S HOME, DINING ROOM - LATER

Packed around a tiny table, Teddy, Rameshi, and Anthea eat with Tanvi sitting in a highchair.

Teddy notices dog-eared Pharmacy textbooks piled high on the sideboard.

TEDDY

You a doctor then, Ramesh?

RAMESH

Nah, Anthea's the brainy one, aren't you, Anth?

ANTHEA

(dismissively)

Well, I'm not trying to become a doctor or owt like that. I just wanna work at a pharmacy. I'm doing a course up at Keele like.

TEDDY

Great. I was reading in the paper, education's so expensive now. How do they expect these poor kids to make it all back?

ANTHEA

I dunno. I just wanna help people get better really.

She shoots Teddy a defensive look.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)

Money's tough, but we can manage.

Teddy nods warmly. She turns her attention to feeding Tanvi.

RAMESH

Did you like it, boss?

TEDDY

I never thought I'd say this in my life, but lentils, I think you might be onto something!

Teddy firmly shakes Ramesh's hand.

INT. ANTHEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ramesh bounces Tanvi and holds her aloft, beaming a smile up at her. From the sofa, Teddy watches proudly. Anthea remains cold and curled up on an armchair.

RAMESH

Look who's tired! Look who's tired!
(to Anthea)
I'm going to see if she'll sleep.

Anthea's eyes plead for him to stay, but he exits with the baby, leaving an awkward silence in his wake.

TEDDY

(long beat)
How much does he know about me?

ANTHEA

Everything. We don't keep secrets from each other.

Teddy frowns to himself.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)

It's what people do if they want to stay together these days.

TEDDY

What part of India is he from?

ANTHEA

Bradwell. Good enough for you? You know there's a country called Pakistan too, right?

TEDDY

I don't have a problem with him being foreign. He's actually a nice guy, a really nice guy. You've done really well there.

Anthea stubbornly hides that she's pleased by that.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

It's your finances that bother me.

ANTHEA

Don't let it. Our finances are really none of your business.

TEDDY

I just want to help out family.

ANTHEA

Thanks, but I don't want dirty money in my family.

TEDDY

All money is good money, and the older you get, the more you realise how much you need it.

ANTHEA

No offence, but the problem with you men is you think money is the answer to everything. What's money ever saved you from?

TEDDY

I was hoping it could save you.

They lock eyes for a moment. She's defiant

ANTHEA

You probably need it more than me. You got a job yet?

TEDDY

I have... an offer on the table.

ANTHEA

On the table or under it?

TEDDY

What were you saying about other people's business?

He gives away enough to suggest he's back in crime.

ANTHEA

If you think martyring yourself is going pull me in, you're wrong. I don't care what you do, providing it doesn't affect me or my family.

TEDDY

I would *never* let that happen.

She laughs to herself.

ANTHEA

You spent twenty-five years away from your family and you expect me to believe that? A place where you couldn't have been more powerless to do something if you needed to. Why do you have to take so much pride in something so pathetic?

TEDDY

I was doing it for my family, it's not about pride, that's just what dad's do sometimes, give everything up so their kids are secure.

He's hurt, and she regrets doing that to him.

ANTHEA

There's so much more to life than money, and it worries me that you don't seem to see that. I don't know anything about you as a person, and that freaks me out. You're a stranger, and I have to call you dad. I mean... how are you?

TEDDY

(shrugging)

Fine.

ANTHEA

You eating okay? You exercising?
You got a love life?

Teddy grits his teeth.

TEDDY

Don't you worry about me. This is a walk in the park compared to what I've been living through.

ANTHEA

Then why risk throwing it away?

He sighs and regains some composure.

TEDDY

Tonight's been nice, don't you think?

She isn't so convinced.

EXT. OATCAKE SHOP - DAY

Teddy approaches the shop, looking a little worried but determined. He can see Molly busy behind the counter.

At the last minute, he has second thoughts, u-turns, and starts to walk away.

MOLLY (O.C.)

Hey!

Teddy turns to see Molly has spotted him and running to the door. She looks delighted to see him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Where you going?

TEDDY

(long beat)

The gym.

MOLLY

You wanna coffee?

TEDDY

I gotta get there.

MOLLY

For what? A pilates class you're taking?

TEDDY

You're working. See you later.

MOLLY

Look, I'm not serving cronuts here, and this isn't New York City.

INT. OATCAKE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Molly carefully places a coffee in front of Teddy and takes a seat opposite him. She can sense something is up and tries to smile through her concern.

MOLLY

I usually like to try and be more eloquent than this, but you've got a face like slapped arse right now.

TEDDY

I... What are we doing here?

MOLLY

Drinking coffee. Slowly decaying. Travelling through the infinite expanse of space on an old rock.

TEDDY

You know what I mean.

MOLLY

Look, before we get into this, if this is an age thing, you need appreciate that's just a number.

TEDDY

It's not, and if you were a bit older, you'd understand that.

MOLLY

What's up? Tell me.

Teddy shrugs nonchalantly.

TEDDY

Nothing.

MOLLY

Yeah? Certainly doesn't look like it to me. You ever heard of the shadow personality? We all have one in the back of our mind. It's the complete polar opposite of ourselves. It's like an evil twin that lives within us. It's the person that makes us do the things we never thought we were capable of. Bad things. You nurture your shadow personality too much, you become it, without even realising.

Teddy clenches his jaw and stares for a few moments.

TEDDY

Stay the fuck out of my business and stay the fuck out of my head.

Molly shakes her head, disappointed.

MOLLY

I like you, okay? I really fucking like you, and I want to pursue that. I was under the impression that feeling was mutual, but you're acting like you couldn't hate me more right now.

TEDDY

I have a daughter who's probably older than you. I reckon whatever this is on my part, it's some fucked up result of not seeing her.

MOLLY

Okay, you're in a bad place. I'm sorry I dragged you in. You need to go before... Whatever...

Molly hurries back to the kitchen. Teddy gestures angrily.

TEDDY

Maybe I want a fucking oatcake now I'm here!

MOLLY

Well, here's your fucking oatcake then! Have two!

Molly lobs oatcakes at Teddy, and grabs some cheese.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And here's your fucking cheese!
It's on the house! Have a nice
fucking day!

She throws what she can at him as he hurries out.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Teddy paces along the street through crowds of people. He shoulder barges someone and looks back with an evil glare.

EXT. COUNCIL GARAGES - DAY

Bruce polishes the chrome on his open-face motorbike while Teddy sits on a wall watching the World go by.

BRUCE

Women mate, they're fundamentally fucked up in the head. You know, I called that masseuse, by the way? The way I saw it, she's an hour away, I don't know how much she charges, I don't know how far she travels. So, she answers, and all I say is, "I've just got two questions, how far are you willing to go, and how much will it cost?".

Teddy looks back at Bruce.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

To say she was offended may be an understatement. I'm just glad I wasn't the next guy she had her hands on, I tell you that much.

TEDDY

You've always had a way of putting your foot in it.

BRUCE

Both feet if I get the opportunity.

TEDDY

You remember playing all those games together on the Megadrive?

BRUCE

Still playing 'em, mate!

TEDDY

You know how you'd sometimes start a new game and you'd decide you're going to play it properly this time round?

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

But then, five minutes later,
you're back to your old ways,
letting the girl get captured in
the bathroom just to laugh at the
death scene, even though you just
lost again?

BRUCE

I'm pretty sure that was the point
of that game.

TEDDY

Is that how we all are, though?
Like, we're destined to play things
out the same way even when we try
not to? No choice about making the
same mistakes over and over again,
even when we get another chance to
start over?

Bruce stops polishing.

BRUCE

That's a bit deep, mate. You okay?

TEDDY

Yeah. Why wouldn't I be? Of course
I am, you puff.

They laugh off their concern.

BRUCE

I mean, the way I see it, at the
end of the day, you are who you
are. You can't change that, so why
waste your time trying? If you're
the kind of person who always fucks
things up, then fine, carry on
fucking things up, and enjoy it,
for fuck's sake. I'd rather be who
I'm supposed to be and have every
fucker hate me than act like
someone I'm not just to keep
everyone else happy.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

With music blasting within the bar and shadows motioning in
the windows, Teddy waits outside in the darkness, smoking and
watching the place like a hawk.

He checks his watch. It's 02:00.

The Lunk exits with a TART on his arm, patting her arse as
they drunkenly stagger down the street.

Teddy tosses his smoke and follows from a distance, keeping to the shadows and the other side of the street.

The Lunk gropes the Tart. They shout loudly over one another and laugh. The Lunk spots an empty bottle and kicks it as hard as he can, sending shattered glass across the pathway.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - NIGHT

The streets get darker and darker as Teddy follows the Lunk and the Tart out of the town centre, her heels echoing off the concrete walls of a multi-story car park.

They pause and kiss passionately. Teddy watches. He eventually has a change of heart and walks away.

An ear-piercing scream shrieks from behind him. Teddy runs back and searches to find the Lunk with his arm over the Tart's mouth, pinning her against a wall and feeling her up.

TEDDY

Get off her! Get off her now!

LUNK

Fuck off, you cunt!

Teddy motions to intervene.

TART

Get lost, dickhead!

LUNK

You heard her!

Teddy stands there staring at the two of them, his chest heaving and face distorting into a glower.

TEDDY

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?

The Lunk senses Teddy is about to go apeshit and runs for his life. Wise move. Teddy takes chase.

The Lunk sprints through the night and looks back to see Teddy coming at him like a freight train.

Skidding to a stop, the Lunk squares up.

LUNK

Fucking come on then!

He pulls a knife. Teddy also pulls a knife and grins.

LUNK (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck off!

The Lunk legs it again. The chase continues. They dash into the bright light of a dirty underpass and sprint by graffiti. They both run out the other side.

Streetlights sweep over them. The Lunk gasps for air, his eyes wild. Teddy grunts as he just keeps pumping, his bulk offset by his remarkable stamina.

The Lunk leaps up onto a fence and just about scrabbles over before Teddy can grab at his feet.

He scurries through bushes, trying to keep branches out of his face, and makes his way onto a different backstreet.

He takes a moment to gather his breath. Footsteps. Teddy jogs around the corner.

They both take a moment, glaring at one another as they suck in what oxygen they can, and resume the chase.

The Lunk dives down an alley, drags over bins to block the way, and stands his ground.

LUNK (CONT'D)

You know who I am, mate? You know who I fucking am?

Teddy kicks through the bins like a bulldozer.

LUNK (CONT'D)

You're fucked, mate! That's who you are, fucked!

They both pace down the alley. Teddy catching a little.

LUNK (CONT'D)

What's your problem! I don't fucking know you!

TEDDY

I know you, sunshine!

The Lunk manages to get his phone out of his pocket and fumbles at it before putting it to his ear.

LUNK

Answer me! Where the fuck are you?

Their pace slows and slows as they run to exhaustion.

The Lunk ducks through fencing, into the grounds of a partly demolished building.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING - NIGHT

Teddy stops by the fence, readies his knife, and follows.

The Lunk tries to jump Teddy and stab him in the waist. Teddy blocks his attack, disarms The Lunk, and throws the knife into the rubble.

The Lunk shoulder barges Teddy over, causing Teddy to also lose his knife and fall onto broken bricks.

His arms flailing, the Lunk swings and swings at Teddy with everything he's got. Teddy takes the punches and fights his way back onto his feet.

The Lunk is a poor fighter, failing to land punches, leaving himself exposed, and taking heavy hits off Teddy who puts every pound of his mass into each swing.

Before long, Teddy has the Lunk by the scruff of the neck and is in a position to beat him to a pulp. The Lunk writhes and glares back helplessly.

Teddy pauses and stares into the Lunk's eyes for a moment, his fist raised, ready to break his nose.

TEDDY

Get out of town. You hear me? Get out of town and don't come back!

After a short pause of surprise, Lunk nods appreciatively. Teddy releases him. They both gather their breath, Teddy bracing himself against his knees.

CRACK! The Lunk hits Teddy with a brick and darts away into the darkness.

Disorientated, Teddy clutches his head and can tell he's bleeding. He searches for his knife but is far too dizzy and gives up before stumbling back to the road.

Wiping back blood, Teddy makes his way back through the streets with barely an ounce of energy left.

An engine revs hard, tires screech in the distance.

Teddy lays low as a car races down the street, looking for him, and peels away in a different direction. Teddy tries his hardest to keep to the shadows as he crosses town, the screaming engine echoing off walls nearby.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Teddy winces as he dabs his head wound with tissue. He takes a moment to stare back at the bruised and bloodstained man he was worried he was destined to become.

STAGE 4 - 900° C

SINTERING

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - DAY

Molly sitting on the wall encircling the car park, chewing her nails and looking very nervous. Teddy exits his room and heads by her with purpose, acting like she's not there.

She follows him like a stray cat.

MOLLY
What happened to you?

TEDDY
Bumped my head.

MOLLY
Against what? Mike Tyson?

TEDDY
It's none of your business.

MOLLY
Fine. Can we talk?

TEDDY
You're supposed to be at work.

MOLLY
I've asked for the day off.

Teddy pauses as if he now owes her his time, and softens a little as he takes in her neurotic and awkward appearance.

TEDDY
You don't look sick.

MOLLY
Sometimes people don't, it doesn't mean they aren't. I took it off as holiday anyway.

Teddy goes back to walking. She sighs and catches up.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
You're changing. I can see it. You don't have to. You get to chose.

TEDDY
The last thing I need right now is a psychiatrist. I've got stuff to be getting on with.

MOLLY
I want to talk about us.

Teddy stops in his tracks again, this time with anger.

TEDDY

Listen to me. There is no "us".
You're a kid. I don't need a kid
getting into my head, and I
certainly don't need one getting
into my pants. It's disgusting.

MOLLY

Why push away someone who's trying
to help you? Who are you becoming?

TEDDY

Myself. Now enjoy your little
holiday and fuck off.

He leaves her standing there. She tries not to cry.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - DAY

As tall machines claw at twisted metal, Teddy approaches the
worker's hut to find Nevsey outside smoking.

NEVSEY

Fuck me, you've got some balls
showing up here.

INT. SCRAPYARD, WORKER'S HUT - DAY

Fozz leafs through a morning paper while Teddy sits before
him like a naughty child.

FOZZ

Well, this wasn't exactly what we
had in mind, was it?

Teddy, while stoic, looks tired.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Get the man a coffee, Nevsey.

Nevsey pours a coffee while Fozz stares at the state of
Teddy. Nevsey places the freshly poured brew between them,
along with some sugar and milk.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Very civilised.

Fozz nods for Teddy to go ahead and drink. He does.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

From what I'm hearing this morning,
it seems you came off a lot worse
than him.

TEDDY

I'm a little more rusty than I thought I was. I want another shot.

FOZZ

You must be pretty fucking rusty, lad, because you should know he'll be expecting that. You've lost the element of surprise.

TEDDY

The surprise this time will be the baseball bat.

Fozz laughs, impressed.

FOZZ

I like that you want to fix this. You failed, granted, but you want to make things right. That's what you believe in and that's a decent way to live your life. I respect that. But don't look at this like a failure, see it more as a debt you now have to the organisation. One you can simply work to payback and honour our deal.

TEDDY

The deal was pretty black and white.

FOZZ

Yeah, the deal was you'd fix my problem, not make it worse.

Teddy nods, accepting that rebuttal.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Now, what I believe in is that, when a man is in debt to you, the honourable thing to do is offer that man a greater reward than the debt itself to help them get out of it and rebuild their lives. That's called incentivising. I like to see that as helping my employees grow. Ain't that right, Nevsey?

Nevsey nods as he sips coffee in the corner.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Chatty fucker, that one. Look, I reckon dealing with some meathead that's banging our women about is below you, really. You're overqualified for that role.

(MORE)

FOZZ (CONT'D)

No, what I wanna talk to you about is biker gangs. We've had a few unexpected issues with them lately.

Teddy tries to react like he didn't see them coming.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

You know how sometimes in an action film you've got these two bad guys and they're aiming at the good guy from each side and, right at the last minute, he ducks out the way so they both shoot and bump off each other off. I love it when they do that. That's what I need to do. I need their attention off me and on one another, and you know what biker gangs really take a dislike to, thieving toe-rag bastards going after their bikes.

TEDDY

Dislike might be a bit of an understatement there.

FOZZ

You used to be a thieving toe-rag bastard back in the day, cars and bikes too. You may have lost your edge with the physical stuff, and I get that, you're getting proper old, but I bet you still know how to nick a fucking bike.

TEDDY

What kind of bike?

FOZZ

Fat Boy.

TEDDY

Pardon?

FOZZ

Harley Davidson, Fat Boy. We know someone who's put a deposit down on a particular model, and we know someone in the other gang who's got the exact same thing sitting in storage, ready for summer.

TEDDY

I steal the one in storage, the new one appears, someone thinks their pride and joy has resurfaced?

FOZZ

And anarchy is unleashed.

Teddy takes a moment to take in Fozz's naivety.

TEDDY

Do you know what anarchy actually means, by definition? It means the utter absence of authority. Many see the biker gangs, and they see chaos, while what's really there behind the scenes is stability. It's like armies. People complain about what they do, but they're a necessary evil and they work best when the threat of war is so horrific it maintains peace. You're talking about antagonising some of the most connected, ruthless, and principled individuals in the region. You start a war between them, everybody pays. They find out you're behind it, they will bury you and everyone you're associated with so deep they'll get to hand you over to the devil in person.

Fozz tries not to let his emasculation show and turns dark.

FOZZ

Well, the Devil's for me to deal with, ain't it? All you need to be thinking about is my offer; everything you say your daughter is owed plus a monthly retainer, because, if you do this for me, you'll be working for us full time.

That's a tempting offer.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

I want to see if you're still dedicated to the cause, to the family. You've got two days to decide if that's the case.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Teddy leads Bruce and Jay into the rowdy, crowd-filled pub that's buzzing with weekend hedonism.

JAY

The neoliberal agenda is to pit each of us against one another on a playing field that isn't supposed to be level. The whole point is, I compete with you, and you compete with me, and neither of us even realise we're both losing overall.

BRUCE

Wait, are you competing with me, because I aren't competing with you, you sneaky bastard.

JAY

Well, that's the thing. It might not seem like it, but we actually are, we all are.

BRUCE

Are you fucking competing with me too, Teddy? Am I in some Potteries version of The Lord of the Flies and not even realising it?

TEDDY

If I was competing with either of you pair, you'd fucking know about it. I'll get 'em in.

Teddy muscled his way to the bar, leaving Bruce and Jay to process his dismissive attitude.

JAY

I can't tell if he's a stroppy cunt today, or just an arrogant one.

BRUCE

You have to remember, the male menstrual cycle runs from when he had his last wank to his next.

At the bar, Teddy tries to catch eye contact with the Barmaid and spies Debs staring right back at him from within the crowd.

She offers a tentative wave. He ignores it. She's hurt.

INT. PUB - MINUTES LATER

Debs, somewhat intoxicated, slowly manages to stagger her way through jostling patrons and intercept Teddy as he carries three pints back from the bar.

DEBS

Sorry, am I not even good enough for a hello from you anymore?

TEDDY

I'm not interested in what you've got to offer, okay?

DEBS

You were interested the other day. What's changed?

(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)

The fact you realised can't actually get it up when you need to?

Teddy clenches his jaw.

DEBS (CONT'D)

You think that fat, hairy body of yours is much of a turn-on to the opposite sex either? Good job you can't get that pathetic little thing hard really. There's only so much lube a girl can carry on her, to simulate what you can't achieve.

BRUCE

I think he gets it, love. Jog on and leave him alone.

Teddy turns and faces Debs.

TEDDY

You know what's a real turnoff? What makes my dick shrivel up like cornered mole rat? Grown women who never stopped being little girls. We get it, you were hot once, then you became easy, and now you're just embarrassing - flaunting what little you have in an attempt to scrounge what little you can get. Now, I already paid you to fuck off out my sight once, but I'm not willing to do it again, because while you may be a charity case, I'm not Bob fucking Geldof.

Debs masks her shame with indignity and leaves.

BRUCE

Fucking nora! I dunno what that was all about, but I loved every word-

JAY

-No! Out of order, mate, out of order! No need to hurt her back. Take the high road, I always say.

Teddy knows Jay is right but shoots him a glare anyway.

BRUCE

(glancing away)
Aye up, pidge!

Bruce waves across the lounge. Teddy and Jay look around to see Molly looking lost. She stares back at Teddy with a forlorn and hopeful smile. He remains indifferent.

JAY

Fucking hell, mate. You better get over there before I do.

TEDDY

Yours just went the other way.

Bruce cackles with laughter as Teddy crosses to Molly and smiles down at her flirtatiously. Jay watches, pained.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I thought I told you to stop following me?

MOLLY

Maybe I'm just randomly out drinking on my own? It's a free country, right?

They both smirk a little and stare.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

What really happened to your head?

TEDDY

If you must know, I got in a fight. One that isn't over yet.

MOLLY

Why would I not want to know that?

TEDDY

Because women don't like violence.

MOLLY

Not all women.

Teddy is a little taken aback by that, but Molly is deadly serious. She raises her eyebrows.

Debs returns with fury in her eyes and a muscle-bound LAGER LOU in tow. Teddy swings around.

DEBS

Here he is! This is him! You've done it now, Teddy!

LAGER LOU

Right then, you mouthy cunt! You better fucking apologise to her, or we've got a big fucking problem!

Silence. Teddy thinks for a moment and turns to Debs.

TEDDY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry you turned out to be a washed-up, mess of a human being who shovels on her makeup like a cheap Polish plasterer. I'm sorry your big tits somehow turned into a fat arse. I'm sorry we all grew up, and you didn't. But most of all, I'm sorry you used to be able to choose to suck cocks for presents, and now you have to suck as many of them as you can just to get by.

The silence continues. Debs stares in horror.

MOLLY

You can't match your foundation, either.

BRUCE

Okay, okay! Let's cool it down!

LAGER LOU

You fucking take that back, now!

Teddy stands tall and unafraid.

TEDDY

Or what, pretty boy?

LAGER LOU

Or you and your vampire here get put in your fucking place!

TEDDY

You leave her out of this! You don't know it, but you're dealing with somebody who should not be fucked with right now!

LARGER LOU

You dumb old cunt!

The Lager Lou laughs and punches Teddy right on his wound.

The whole pub seems to gasp as Teddy clutches his skull.

Teddy stumbles around a little and slowly raises back up, seemingly growing a few inches in height as his body firms up and his face glowers down at the Larger Lou.

TEDDY

I fucking warned you, sunshine.

Teddy grabs the Lager Lou by the scruff of the neck and throws him into a table.

The Larger Lout tries to get to his feet, but Teddy grabs him again and knocks him to the floor.

JAY

Leave it now, Teddy!

His arms like sledge hammers, Teddy unleashes the rage inside him as Molly watches, impressed, as everyone else winces in horror.

Bruce and Jay try to intervene, but Teddy sweeps them aside like nothing and continues throwing punches.

This is the real Teddy, violent and unrelenting, and it's hard not to revel in watching him do what he does best.

Debs throws her drink at Molly and goes for her. Bruce grabs Debs and restrains her while Jay protects Molly and stops her from fighting back.

Everyone stands aside and lets Teddy finish the job, mauling the Lager Lout until he's limp and exhausted. The madness in his eyes gradually fading as he realises what he's done.

He looks to Molly, shamefaced. She stares back in love.

BRUCE

(to everyone)

Okay, show's over. You all saw who threw the first punch!

Jay ushers Teddy to his feet.

JAY

Okay, mate. Okay. Calm down.

With fear in his eyes, Teddy throws Jay off him, stumbles to the door, and leaves.

EXT. BACKSTREET - NIGHT

Teddy trudges along the street in turmoil, exhausted while also fuelled with panic.

MOLLY (O.C.)

Teddy!

Teddy turns back to see Molly following him. He tries to hurry away from her but sees blue flashing lights pass by and starts to have a panic attack.

He braces against a brick wall as Molly catches up.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! You did the right thing, okay? You did the right thing.

She moves in and comforts him, quickly getting physical, and oozing sexual energy.

TEDDY

I want to go back inside.

MOLLY

Good! Let's go back then. They started it.

TEDDY

No. I mean inside-inside.

Molly can't believe it.

MOLLY

That's crazy!

TEDDY

I was better off in there. This... this is horrible.

MOLLY

You can be better off out here. Just give it a chance.

TEDDY

Nah, I'm going back now anyway. I've blown it. I always do.

MOLLY

No. You stuck up for me. Nobody's ever done that before.

She manages to hug him and gets his arms around her. They embrace tightly as his breathing calms a little. She nuzzles against his neck and drinks him in.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Come on. I know how to make you feel better.

INT. TAKEAWAY - NIGHT

Molly at the counter with the glow of the display boards cascading over her. Teddy sitting against the window thick with condensation.

Teddy watches Molly ordering, taking in her beauty. She looks back flirtatiously and accentuates her curves.

She sits back with him and places her hand on his thigh.

MOLLY

I've not seen you scared before.

TEDDY
You usually make me feel fearless.

INT. MOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Gorging on their takeaway, Teddy and Molly enter the flat. She shushes him and giggles as she tears off kitchen paper to wipe their hands. Her flat is like a teenager's bedroom.

Drunk on booze and each other, they stare.

TEDDY
Why an old guy like me? What do you see in that?

MOLLY
I should ask the same question.

TEDDY
You're joking me. You're young, you're beautiful. You can have any man you want.

She seems awkward with accepting that truth.

MOLLY
I guess I've just always been into older men. I used to think it was because they're more stable, but I've come to learn it's because men rarely ever have to grow up.

TEDDY
I'm about as stable as a rocking horse. You ever worry we're just attracted to the things that destroy us?

MOLLY
Then stop fighting and let it.

Molly moves in on Teddy and kisses him passionately. They embrace and become increasingly intimate, her leading him and him becoming more and more comfortable.

INT. MOLLY'S FLAT - LATER

Molly lies in bed, sleeping, with Teddy beside her, wide awake.

He scans around the room, taking in the immature posters and trinkets this young woman surrounds herself with.

He suddenly heaves himself up and starts getting dressed. Molly stirs a little and tries to go back to sleep.

Teddy leaves and eases the door shut. Shocked, Molly bolts upright and can't work out what just happened.

EXT. MOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Teddy exits the flat and into the night, pacing away with anger and regret painted across his face.

The door reopens, and Molly peers out undressed and unable to follow barefoot. Rejected, she once again watches Teddy's bulky silhouette disappear into the darkness.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY/NIGHT

Throughout the day, with the curtains pulled closed, Teddy drinks heavily and becomes increasingly distraught until finally bursting out the door and into the night.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

With a determination in his step, Teddy marches along the street, trying to escape his demons.

His world spirals downwards as cars blast by him in a blur of lights, disorientating him and feeding his anxiety.

He trips on curbs and steps in puddles. The wind picks up and blows litter into his path. It's like the universe is punishing him in every way it can.

INT. OFF LICENSE - NIGHT

The TV plays loudly as the Shop Keeper sits watching it from behind the counter. Teddy stumbles in, clearly drunk and distressed.

SHOP KEEPER

Aye up, what do we have here? You alright, son?

Teddy responds with little more than fleeting eye contact and searches out the strongest stuff he can find.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)

Stormy one tonight.

Teddy dumps the bottle on the counter and pats himself down, searching for his wallet.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)

How much you had tonight, son?

The Shop Keeper isn't sure about serving him, but Teddy is an intimidating guy, clearly not to be messed with right now.

He scans the bottle as Teddy rummages through cash.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)
Fifteen forty-nine, to you.

Teddy hands over a wedge of notes.

TEDDY
My debt.

SHOP KEEPER
A man of integrity.

The Shop Keeper opens his cash register and looks up to see Teddy already bustling out the door. He looks worried about him, like he's seen this too many times.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The traffic heavy, an intimidating onslaught of noise. Teddy staggers along the path, having polished off most of the bottle of spirits, unsure of where to head.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - LATER

Sitting on a bench, Teddy swigs back the last of the booze and stares at it furiously. He goes to smash the bottle and thinks better of it.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - LATER

With his eyes vacant of any life, Teddy walks aimlessly and wanders into traffic, letting fate decide if he'll make it to the other side of the road.

Cars honk and swerve around him as he makes it safely to the pavement and begins to sob until he can barely walk.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Teddy grabs at saplings as he makes his way toward a bench with what looks like a woman sitting on it.

He crashes down beside her, catches his breath, and looks her up and down.

She's a statue reading a letter. He leans against her as if she could return some affection.

He can't help but read the letter in her sculpted hands. It's notification that the woman's husband has died at war.

Teddy studies the sorrow in her face, the pain and loss associated with losing a loved one.

He comes to realise what ending his own life would do to others and sits shocked and upset at how close he got.

INT. ANTHEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door pounds. A tired and confused Ramesh opens it to find Teddy standing there with a haunted look on his face. From upstairs, Tanvi cries loudly.

RAMESH
Teddy, you okay, mate?

TEDDY
Is my daughter there.

RAMESH
Come in! Come in!

Ramesh leads Teddy inside and dashes up the stairs.

RAMESH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Anth!

ANTHEA (O.S.)
What's going on!

INT. ANTHEA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Teddy perches on the couch pensively, dizzy with alcohol but sober with emotion.

Anthea enters and stares down at her drunk, booze-soaked father, who stares back like someone just died.

ANTHEA
Dad? What's happened?

TEDDY
When I left you, you were so precious, so vulnerable. When I held you, it was like I couldn't clutch you as tight as I wanted to, or I'd crush your tiny little bones. When I had to go, I spent so much time worrying what this World might do to my little girl.

(beat)

Now I finally meet you, grown up, an adult, independent, fearless, stronger than I've ever been in my life. I can't hold you any more and I don't know how make you happy. I just want you to be happy.

His eyes well with tears. She stares, shocked.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

And I'm scared I can't change.

Teddy breaks down and claws at his face, letting out a pained scream into his bulky, bruised hands.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

And even though I'm worried my freedom might be falling apart and I might be going back inside, I hate the freedom that I have, and I wish the World would just go away.

His breathing intensifies as he shakes.

Anthea hugs him tight. He grips back vice-like. She starts to cry as he weeps into her. After a few moments, they separate and wipe their eyes.

ANTHEA

You nearly crushed me then.

They manage to laugh a little through their tears.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)

I've been wanting to do that since you came back, but it's just felt like you're obsessed with everything that doesn't really matter to me.

TEDDY

I just don't know how to do this. I don't know how to do any of it. All I know about is money and violence, and being strong.

(beat)

But I've never felt so weak.

ANTHEA

That's why you need help.

TEDDY

I do, but that's why I need you.

ANTHEA

And I need you, too, in ways you've not been seeing.

Teddy nods, getting it. They embrace again, even tighter and this time and for each other.

TEDDY

I can't lose you again.

ANTHEA

I'm here right now.

STAGE 5 - 1005°C

VITRIFICATION

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

As shoppers mill around, a busking violinist plays a tune to the accompaniment of the orchestra performing from his PA system. It's impossible to ignore the contrast as the beautiful symphony fills the decaying streets.

Teddy stares at the town's Cenopath, contemplating so many lives lost in war.

JAY (O.S.)

Cowards.

Teddy turns to see Jay standing behind him.

JAY (CONT'D)

That's what they called the ones most affected by the horror back then. We call it PTSD now, and we deal with it.

TEDDY

Do we?

JAY

Well, I guess we try to.

Teddy sits on a bench and invites Jay to join him, which he does. They sit in silence for a few long moments.

JAY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something, mate. Was it prison that turned you so violent, or was it something else?

TEDDY

Prison doesn't expect you to find your own food and put a roof over your head. Prison doesn't make everything about money and who's got the most of it. Prison I got used to pretty quickly, this, whatever this is, is going to take me a while.

JAY

Between me and you, life proper scares the shit out of me.

Teddy nods in agreement.

TEDDY

I may have been around the block a few times, but I probably don't have any answers for you.

JAY

What's it like, you know, being inside?

TEDDY

I wasn't guilty, so it felt like duty rather than punishment. I guess it's different for everybody really. It's the boredom that got me, watching time tick by, knowing you're not really living. Then the shackles finally come off, and you've forgotten how to function.

JAY

I'm worried me doing what I think is the right thing is going to be seen as me doing the wrong thing.

TEDDY

Yeah? For money or for love?

Jay is confused.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

We complicate it but it always comes down to one of those two in the end, and although only one matters, I reckon they can both bring out the worst in us. Don't risk going inside, mate. Not everyone gets out, even if they do eventually walk out the door.

Jay thinks for a moment and nods appreciatively.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

We do all need to be a little selfish though, I've learned that much. Not so we have nice things, but so we're actually happy. That's where we're going wrong. We're giving up everything we have for what, a new car, a new phone, a posh holiday? We're not thinking about what that really costs us.

JAY

I like that. I like that a lot. But here's another question, what if you being happy hurts other people? People you don't want to see hurt?

Teddy thinks for a moment.

TEDDY

If people are hurt by you being happy then something's gone wrong with the World. All you can do is be you, the real you, the best you, whoever the fuck that is, and people should admire that, even if it's less than perfect for them.

JAY

I tell you what, mate, I've been looking to you older blokes for some life advice, and I have to be honest, most of you talk a big game but it's a right load of bollocks when it really comes down to it. What you just said though, I get that, mate. I fucking get that.

Teddy sits back, satisfied, and sniggers to himself.

TEDDY

Well, it doesn't give you the excuse to be a cunt though.

They both share a laugh.

INT. OATCAKE SHOP - DAY

Molly carefully and efficiently puts toppings onto oatcakes, wraps them tight, and hands them over to a customer to find Teddy standing at the counter.

She keeps her head down and carries on working, despite there being no other customers present.

TEDDY

I'm not going to bullshit you, you scare me. Anyone as grown up as you does. I need to take things slower, a lot slower.

MOLLY

Okaaaaaay, you're sure sending out a lot of mixed messages.

TEDDY

I know. I need to get my shit in order.

She pauses working and looks back concerned.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

What?

MOLLY

Do you?

TEDDY

What?

MOLLY

Do you really need to get your shit in order? Really?

TEDDY

Yeah. I thought you'd like that.

MOLLY

Look, some of us are attracted to getting fixed and some of us are attracted to being broken.

TEDDY

Right. I need to grow up, get fixed, stop being broken.

She seems regretful but accepts that.

MOLLY

I know you need to. I'm just not sure if I want you to.

She's dead serious.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

With the radio playing and air-tools whizzing, Teddy approaches the Mechanic as she works on a car.

She looks round to see him clutching a bag, and wipes her hands clean while looking concerned.

MECHANIC

This looks pretty fucking ominous. You off somewhere?

TEDDY

The complete opposite. That job offer, it still on the table?

MECHANIC

Maybe. We could work something out. You sure you're interested? I thought you'd accepted you didn't know which end of a screwdriver you're supposed to hold on to?

TEDDY

I figure that, if you're trying to get back on your feet, you've got to put pride aside and take every favour you can get.

She smiles, impressed.

MECHANIC

You keep talking like that, you might get mistaken for an adult.

TEDDY

I got a counterproposal to your job offer though.

She's confused. He offers over the bag.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Look, tell me to get lost if you want, but me tripping over toolboxes and sucking up your profit isn't what you need. I'm stupid, but I'm not that stupid. I can help in another way though.

She takes the bag, peers in, and looks back, shocked.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I'm looking for a piece of something that matters.

MECHANIC

Are you serious, Teddy?

TEDDY

As a heart attack. I do want do something useful with my hands though. I want to start fixing stuff, not taking it apart.

The Mechanic can't believe it. Shes grabs a broom and hands it over to him.

MECHANIC

There you go, now start fixing this shithole.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Teddy strolls along the road with oil on his hands and a satisfied look on his face.

A Range Rover creeps up beside him. The window rolls down to reveal Nevsey in the passenger seat and Fozz behind the wheel.

The Range Rover stops. Nevsey hops out and opens the back door, not so much out of courtesy as direction.

Teddy sighs and climbs inside.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Fozz seems dark and troubled as the Range Rover sits stationary, staring out the windscreen as Nevsey makes sure Teddy knows he's got his eye on him.

FOZZ

Do you know how wars are won, Teddy? People think it's about taking one flag down and putting another up in its place, but it's all a bit more sinister than that really. Winning a war is about demoralising the enemy to the point fighting feels futile. That's when they surrender, just before they're completely destroyed. Now, you've had your forty-eight hours, what's your fucking answer?

TEDDY

Here's my answer, I think you should get out while you're ahead. Reset. Build something honest. Something that keeps you safe.

FOZZ

That sounds like a no to me.

TEDDY

I don't need that money anymore, and I do things out of loyalty, not because of some fictional debt.

Fozz stews for a few moments as Nevsey glares at Teddy.

FOZZ

That's a shame. I really want you to do this job for me, Teddy.

TEDDY

Well, I guess it's weird how rejecting something seems to make it want you more.

FOZZ

Don't give me that. You always had the chance to back out of the deal.

TEDDY

I didn't have much of a choice when I was stuck in a cage. Now I do have some say, and I'm saying no.

Fozz holds back a rage that's growing inside him.

FOZZ

How is your daughter? She still
shacked up with that Paki?

Teddy manages to make eye contact with Fozz through the rear-view mirror and holds back his fury.

TEDDY

I'll pretend I didn't hear you say that and remind you what your dad used to tell me. Going after family is the lowest of the low. You do that, and you always lose, regardless of getting what you want, because stooping to that level brings shame on the family name, and shame sticks around forever, even if your enemies don't.

Teddy throws the door open and leaves.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

A classic '90s track sings from the speakers, the pub dressed up to host a '90s throwback party complete with karaoke machine.

Bruce, who's dressed as The Dude from The Big Lebowski prods Jay, who's dressed as Vincent Vega from Pulp Fiction.

BRUCE

-And I'm telling you, you can't just put a fucking suit on and call that a costume! It's lazy as fuck!

JAY

I'm Vincent Vega, you twat! Pulp Fiction! And you can talk, wearing just a fucking dressing gown!

BRUCE

I'm The Dude! The Dude! Don't tell me you've never heard of The Dude!

Jay shrugs, none the wiser. Bruce walks away.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

No! No! If I'd known this, I'd have never been friends with you in the first place!

JAY

Beavis and Butthead!

BRUCE

Oh, fuck off!

Teddy emerges from the crowd dressed as the Terminator and looking a little self conscious.

Molly, dressed as Cher from Clueless, follows, dragging a lot of men's gaze with her.

They sip on their drinks and struggle for conversation.

TEDDY

You alright?

MOLLY

I'm just... I got a bit of a headache. I think my body is rejecting the bimbo aesthetic.

TEDDY

You look incredible.

MOLLY

You ever feel trying to be someone else only helps remind you who you really are?

TEDDY

Come on. It's a party. Try to have some fun.

MOLLY

I think I chose the wrong costume. Nobody was really miserable enough in the nineties for me.

Ramesh walks in dressed as Ali G to an unexpected applause.

A little shy, Anthea follows, dressed rather too well as Edward Scissor Hands. Molly punches herself.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Goths. How'd I forget about goths?

Teddy welcomes Ramesh and Anthea with open arms. Hugs and kisses are exchanged. With Teddy's back to her, Molly seems a little distant and conflicted.

ANTHEA

We don't usually come out to pubs.

TEDDY

It's like this every night.

She laughs. Teddy is delighted to see her smile.

MOLLY

(to Anthea)

I love your costume. I'm jealous.

ANTHEA

Thanks. I like yours.

TEDDY

This is Molly.

Uncomfortable nods are gestured back and forth. It's clear Anthea is struggling with the age difference.

MOLLY

I'm not usually dressed as a slutty schoolgirl.

ANTHEA

The girl from Clueless, right? She was supposed to be sixteen in that.

Molly winces.

RAMESH

Cher! I love that movie.

(Cher impression)

As if!

MOLLY

It's really smarter than it looks.

Anthea nods, perhaps not believing that. Molly winces even more. Teddy and Ramesh exchange a look, knowing this isn't going as well as it could.

Before either can interject, the music cuts, and a romantic backing track plays.

They turn to see Jay standing upon the tiny makeshift stage in his suit and tie with the microphone to his mouth.

Everyone holds their breath as the music builds, ready to cringe as Jay attempts to sing.

But it's beautiful.

Jay's soft voice gets the attention from everyone in the pub, who turn and watch in stunned silence.

He rolls up and down octaves like a pro. The only person who seems to know he's capable of this is Bruce who nods along, raises his pint, and leans into the person next to him.

BRUCE

Talented little cunt, ain't he?

Ramesh holds his ringing phone up to show Anthea.

RAMESH

Baby sitter.

He exits the pub. Anthea stands beside Molly. The mutual awkwardness is palpable. Teddy smiles at both of them to try and ease the tension.

Molly focuses on Jay's singing and becomes increasingly lost in it, it seems to touch her on a profound level, Jay opening up his troubled heart to the World.

ANTHEA
OH MY GOD!

Horror-stricken, Anthea runs to the door where Ramesh is walking back in bloodied and beaten.

Everyone rushes to his aid.

TEDDY
You okay, mate?

ANTHEA
Does he look fucking okay?

Ramesh nods to Teddy to show he's not too badly off.

Bruce dashes outside and back in.

BRUCE
They've fucked off up the road.

JAY
You should have chased 'em!

BRUCE
I'm wearing fucking sandals!

Molly hands napkins to Anthea to help mop up the blood.

ANTHEA
This is why we hardly ever come out. Fucking bigots!

Ramesh checks his phone. It's cracked. For the first time, he seems pissed off.

JAY
Let's get you up A&E, mate, and we'll be filing a police report too, don't you worry.

BRUCE
Racists, they're fucking everywhere these days. I thought we were past all this shit.

While they help Ramesh out, Teddy stands alone and guilty, knowing this wasn't purely about race.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Teddy sitting on the end of this bed with a pensive look, dwelling on what's happened and the situation he's in.

He swipes out his phone and punches at the buttons.

TEDDY

(into phone)

I need to start dealing with my problems and right now you're the biggest. I want this over and done with for good. I'll bring you what you need.

EXT. DISUSED FACTORY - DAY

Old cobblestones under Teddy's boots. He stands there stoic and alone in the shadow of vacant old pottery workshops with the wind whipping at him.

Fozz's Range Rover skulks through the old iron gates, creeps toward Teddy, and eases to a halt.

Out get Fozz and Nevsey looking a little confused.

FOZZ

Ominous location to meet, Teddy.

TEDDY

We used to do a lot of deals here.

FOZZ

Well, you're dealing with me now. So, where's the bike?

TEDDY

I'm not bringing you the bike.

Fozz tries to remain calm but seethes.

FOZZ

You know, you're like a fucking woman you are! A right fickle little bitch!

TEDDY

I don't want to work for you? Why are you so angry about that?

FOZZ

If you respected my father, you should respect me, but because you can't handle me being younger than you, you don't!

TEDDY

What? I don't respect you because actions speak louder than words. You know what makes a man a man? Finding respect for people, as hard as that can be sometimes, rather than demanding it for yourself.

Fozz is furious. They start circling one another.

FOZZ

I always hated your guts, acting like you were my dad's real son, just 'cause you were so alike. I bet you think doing twenty-five for him made your little fantasy come true, don't you?

TEDDY

So you always knew who I was?

FOZZ

Hardly mate, and don't go thinking he gave a shit about you once you were inside. You never notice he didn't visit you?

TEDDY

He couldn't visit me, but he did write, every chance he got.

Fozz never knew that.

FOZZ

Bullshit! Fucking bullshit!

TEDDY

Look, I had no idea you felt this way. Sorry about that. It ain't my fault. I suggest you open up more about your feelings in the future.

FOZZ

Don't talk to me like I'm some fucking queer!

Fozz storms to the Range Rover and returns with a gun, which he aims at Teddy.

NEVSEY

Fozz, it's broad daylight.

Fozz shoves Nevsey back.

FOZZ

Fuck off! I don't need your dumb opinion either.

TEDDY

Think about what you're doing.

FOZZ

No, you think about what you've done! Think about the disrespect you've shown me, shown my family. Not so fucking hard now, are you? On your fucking knees, you cunt!

Teddy eases down onto the ground.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Not the first time you've done that in front of a man in the last twenty-five years, I bet. Hands behind your head.

Teddy obliges. Nevsey looks around, concerned.

NEVSEY

I say we just go.

FOZZ

I say you shut the fuck up unless you want to be next.

Nevsey is offended. Fozz puts his gun to Teddy's head.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Any last regrets?

TEDDY

Yeah, pretty much all of it.

FOZZ

You know what's sad about old men like you? You get soft and forget life's always been about winners and losers, with the losers dying off and the winners cleaning up. That's what kills you in the end.

TEDDY

No, old men like me work out life isn't a zero-sum game.

Teddy stares with absolute sincerity, his words ringing true in Fozz's ears.

An engine breaks the silence. Fozz snaps round to see a gleaming black Jaguar pull up at the gate.

Out get five bulky men clad in leather biker attire. Fozz stares, shocked.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

That's not a real gun, is it?

FOZZ

It fucking is, mate.

TEDDY

Nah, I don't think it is. Because, if that thing was real, right now, you'd be making sure they know it is, rather than standing there shaking like a shitting dog

FOZZ

Well, I guess you'll find out if it is or isn't in a sec.

The deep off-beat pulse of v-twin engines. A group of Harleys approach around the building behind them. They pull up and the rival biker gang climb off.

Fozz can't believe it, surrounded by his enemies.

TEDDY

I did warn you I'd bring you what you need.

Unafraid of the firearm to his head, Teddy eases back to his feet, face to face with Fozz.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

We may not all be on the same team, but there's certain things we're all united on. You think burying me will fix your problems, go ahead and try it, see what happens.

The gun shakes in Fozz's hand, pressed up against Teddy's skull, his front faltering and fear showing.

Teddy remains indifferent, a little unsure if that gun is the real deal or not.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Deal with your demons, before they deal with you.

Teddy turns walks away from Fozz. Maybe that gun is real, but either way, Fozz, while clearly very tempted, is too afraid to pull the trigger.

FOZZ

Fuck!

Fozz glances back and forth at the biker gangs and realises Nevsey is now backing away from everyone. He's not going to go down for his boss now.

FOZZ (CONT'D)

Nevsey! Nevsey! Get here, you fucking pussy!

Teddy crosses around a wall where Bruce is hidden, waiting on his bike, which he fires into life.

BRUCE

I always say, it's best to all get together, have a nice little chat, and clear the air.

They put on helmets. Teddy climbs on the back and they ride away, leaving Fozz to face his enemies alone as they slowly close in from either side.

EXT. MOLLY'S FLAT - DAY

A bustling bouquet of flowers in one of Teddy's hands, a box of fancy chocolates in the other.

He approaches the flat and gazes up to the window to catch a glimpse of Molly. She spots him approaching and looks cagey.

He waves. She doesn't wave back. He stops in his tracks.

Jay walks by the window, placing his hands on Molly's hips as he passes and not realising Teddy is outside.

She stares back down at Teddy filled with guilt.

Teddy processes what he sees, a woman he adores with a man he admires. While a little hurt, he accepts it.

As he walks away, Molly regretfully watches him leave, conflicted over the choice she's made.

Teddy goes to throw the flowers away in a bin and pauses. He sniffs them and chooses to keep them instead, carrying on with dignity in his stride.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Tanvi sitting in her pram with Ramesh entertaining her, watching the ducks in the lake as Teddy and Anthea throw bread to them beside one another.

TEDDY

I think I'm starting to get it now. You're not a little girl anymore. I need to stop being scared of that and start loving it instead.

ANTHEA

You're not the only victim of this toxic bullshit. All of us are.

TEDDY

I am the one who needs to change though.

ANTHEA

You do, I do, we all do, every one of us, person by person. Not a lot, just a little, just enough to keep us all on the right course.

He nods. She turns and looks at her father with admiration.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)

We can do it though, together.

TEDDY

I'm certainly willing to try.

They continue throwing bread in a few moments of peaceful togetherness. He may be a little afraid, but he's ready for the next chapter of his life.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(re: Tanvi)

She'll grow up in a better World. Children always should.

They take a moment to watch Tanvi together.

ANTHEA

You know, something I've always wanted to ask you, do you regret what you did in the past? All the violence?

TEDDY

I think what you really want to ask is, am I past it?

She nods, worried.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(poetically)

It is impossible, I concluded, to find any satisfaction in the thought of the destruction of men as though beasts, whether they be English, French, German or anything else, seems a crime to the whole march of civilisation.

She lets out a relieved sigh. He puts an arm around her and pulls her close.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I guess we've got a lot of catching up to do.

THE END