

AN UNSUITABLE WOMAN

By

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1. EXT. STOKE TOWN HALL - DAY

A large, greying, three-storey council building stands beside a busy main road.

There are four large pillars above the entrance, and two lamp posts either side holding flags displaying STOKE CITY COUNCIL.

2. INT. TOWN HALL COUNCIL OFFICE - DAY

NATALIE, 37, sits in an office of the Town Hall. She is average height, slim, with light hair. She looks aggravated. Scars and lines of hard living line her forehead and eyes. A SOCIAL WORKER, 42, a short, fat woman with brown hair is sat next to her with a notepad and pen.

SOCIAL WORKER
Criminal record checks are standard.

NATALIE
From 15 years ago.

SOCIAL WORKER
It doesn't matter, we have to do these checks to ensure suitability.

Natalie goes to her bag and pulls out a scrunched-up letter.

NATALIE
This isn't fair.

Natalie shakes her head in defiance.

NATALIE
Why don't you just do checks for every parent out there?

SOCIAL WORKER
Natalie-

NATALIE
Cos any parent can be unsuitable-

SOCIAL WORKER
You have to understand that it's different Natalie, the reason the assessment process is so thorough is because fostered children have particular needs, that must be met within their new family.

(CONTINUED)

Natalie shakes her head in disagreement.

SOCIAL WORKER
It's true Natalie.

NATALIE
No, that makes no sense, you are
punishing me for.

SOCIAL WORKER
We're not trying to punish you.

NATALIE
Something that happened years ago.

SOCIAL WORKER
Nobody is trying to punish you but
you have to accept that what has
been revealed to us is a serious
criminal offence.

The Social Worker readjusts herself to face Natalie fully.

SOCIAL WORKER
I appreciate everything you're
saying but its the end of the road.

With nothing left to say, Natalie looks down and shakes her
head.

SOCIAL WORKER
You've just turned up without an
appointment so I can't talk to you
about this anymore.

She begins to talk in script, like a robot.

SOCIAL WORKER
If you are unhappy with the
decision, or the service you have
received, you can make a complaint
through the agency's complaints
procedures within 28 days. Your
agency should provide you with
details.

Natalie shakes her head. Then the shaking of the head
graduates to a small cry.

3. EXT. PUB - DAY

There is a small pub, THE PLOUGH INN, on a relatively deserted street. Around the pub are rows of terraced houses.

4. INT. PUB - DAY

NATALIE, TIM (37, average height, slim, dark hair) and his parents, CHRISTOPHER (early 60's, large, overweight) and CLAIRE (early 60's, average height, thin, light hair) sit together in a fairly empty traditional pub, eating. Natalie is sat a small distance away, abstracted, arms folded.

The family appear embarrassed at her behavior, with Christopher and Claire exchanging glances. Christopher is a big man and not just figuratively. He is broad and large and rooted to the ground.

Tim slides a pint glass closer to Natalie. He looks for a little sign of gratitude, but Natalie responds with nothing.

Tim holds out his hand and takes Natalie's, as a sign of reconciliation. There is no response from her. Tim withdraws his hand and looks away for a moment, but he can't help but look back.

He looks away, and then back for any kind of reaction. He nods at the gin & tonic in front of her.

TIM

Do you want it or not?

Natalie gets up, knocking the drink over the table and Tim, and heads out of the door.

5. EXT. STREET - DAY

Natalie walks down the street, arms folded, head down, until she comes to a bus stop where she sits alone.

6. INT. PUB - DAY

As Tim wipes the mess, Claire offers help, attempting to pat his trousers down with a napkin. Tim reacts, frustrated and embarrassed.

TIM

It's all right, leave it!

(CONTINUED)

He dabs himself with the cloth and then gives up, leaving his head in his hands. Christopher leans over and pats him on the shoulder. Tim gets up from his seat.

CHRISTOPHER
Don't go running after her!

TIM
I'm not!

Tim indicates a little too defensively to his jeans, soaked with beer at the crotch, and walks off towards the toilet.

CHRISTOPHER
I told you not to marry that woman,
look at the life you're living!

Tim does not respond, pushing the toilet door with such force that the BARMAN stops serving and turns to see Tim disappear as the door swings back.

7. INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Natalie sits cramped behind the till in an empty corner shop. The radio plays. She leans her head back. She opens a can of coke and sips it.

8. INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

She drags three crates of beer away along the floor, all the way to the middle of the shop.

She opens one of the crates, and begins to stack the shelves, placing each 4-pack of canned beer heavily on the shelf each time.

9. INT. NATALIE & TIM'S FLAT - NIGHT

Natalie sits at a small kitchen table, eating alone and with disinterest, slowly stirring her soup repeatedly. The kitchen clock says 3:12 AM.

It is a tiny council flat. Natalie sits with her back leaning against the kitchen cupboard as she eats. The small circular table has been pushed into the corner, against the opened kitchen door. Decoration is scant.

Natalie takes the soup bowl and empties the contents into the bin in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

She takes her seat again. In front of her is the creased letter from the Council. She takes it and looks at it.

After a few moments, she scrunches it up and lets it drop out of her hands and onto the table. She joins her hands together, and then rests her head in her hands.

10. INT. NATALIE & TIM'S FLAT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tim sleeps on the sofa, squeezing his body under a thin blanket.

11. INT. NATALIE & TIM'S FLAT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Natalie sits on the edge of her bed. She then turns off her bedside table light, and goes to bed.

12. EXT. MOBILE PHONE COMPANY CALL CENTRE - DAY

A large, modern building completely surrounded by huge, black railings. Well dressed WORKERS enter through a small turnstile into the buildings forecourt, where there are pockets of workers scattered in small groups smoking.

13. INT. MOBILE PHONE COMPANY CALL CENTRE - CANTEEN - DAY

Tim sits amongst several of his colleagues eating and chatting. Tim is not the center of the conversation; TWO of his colleagues, ALEX, 31, an average height man with brown hair greying above the ear, and ROBERT, 40, a large, overweight man with glasses.

ROBERT

I've always said that he's not a real right back. He works hard and everything, but I think he's just thought stick him at right back cos we've got no one else to play there right now.

ALEX

Every time he gets the ball he knocks it about a meter in front of him then starts panicking!

There is a chorus of laughter from them all. Tim adjusts his seating so he is closer to Alex.

(CONTINUED)

TIM
(soft, mumbling voice)
He's not comfortable on.

ALEX
(interrupting)
When he gets the ball he's like
this.

He gets up, and imitates a footballer dancing around a football, over-exaggerating and waiving his elbows around. The table again burst out laughing.

14. INT. NATALIE & TIM'S FLAT BEDROOM - DAY

Natalie lies awake in her bed. Her alarm clock hits 06:00, and she reaches over to her bedside table and turns it off just as it begins to RING.

After a few moments, Natalie wills herself out of bed, pushing her body forward, pulling away the duvet and finishing sitting upright with her feet planted to the ground in one swift movement. Her face bears the weight of a sleepless night.

15. INT. NATALIE & TIM'S FLAT BATHROOM - DAY

Natalie drenches her head under the shower, remaining motionless and exhaling heavily.

16. EXT. ESTATE - DAY

Natalie makes her way down the stairs, onto the ground floor and walks through the estate towards the bus stop.

17. EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Natalie waits at the bus stop for her bus to work. Beside her a TODDLER cries in his young MOTHER'S arms. She can't be older than 20. Natalie stares at the child, watching as his mother tries to settle him, gently shaking him.

MOTHER
Shush. OK, OK, shush.

The toddler eventually stops crying, and Natalie wills herself back to her newspaper.

18. EXT. FACTORY - DAY

Natalie approaches the factory entrance, a certain poise and sternness in her walk. A large sign reads LA FORNA above the buildings doors. The building does not inspire; it's a large building with just a few windows on its upper floors. It's surrounded by nothing but a large car park, just off a dual carriageway.

19. INT. FACTORY - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Natalie enters the factory, not even bothering to acknowledge the reception staff, and simply taps her ID card on the entrance gate and walking past them.

20. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Natalie marches through the factory, dodging past other workers as she makes her way up several flights of stairs towards a door with a sign saying HUMAN RESOURCES.

21. INT. FACTORY HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DAY

Natalie bursts into the small office and heads straight for the HR WORKER, 30, a woman with blond hair, a slightly podgy face and thin-rimmed glasses. She's organised; everything on her table is laid out neatly. The room is small, with four desks propped up against the wall, surrounded by wall units and shelves holding dozens of files.

There is a plant in the corner and a water fountain by the door. There is a seat next to the desk she approaches, but Natalie opts to stand. The HR worker is engulfed in work, typing at frantic speed on her PC.

This is disrupted as Natalie angrily slams a piece of paper onto the table. She is upset and fed up. The HR worker stops what she's doing and looks up, a little startled.

NATALIE

Done!

The HR worker scans the piece of paper, then simply puts it in a tray on her desk, adding it to an overflowing pile of forms.

NATALIE

I've had enough of these SIX month contracts. I've been working here for years as a temp - give me a permanent job!

The HR worker just stares back blankly. There are THREE other STAFF MEMBERS scattered around the open plan office, who have now stopped their own work to observe the action, watching in silence as she walks out.

22. EXT. FACTORY CAR PARK - DAY

Natalie sits alone, smoking a cigarette, breathing in deeply and exhaling heavily and dramatically. Stressed, she places her head in her hand, rubbing her forehead.

23. INT. MOBILE PHONE COMPANY CALL CENTRE - DAY

A call centre worker, a slim MAN in his early thirties walks through the call centre, along a long row of desks until he comes to where Tim is sitting on the phone. He stands beside Tim while he wraps up a conversation with a woman.

TIM

OK that's fine, £112.42 is what it works out per month, so I can set that up now for you.

WOMAN

Can I call you back duck, I've not got my bank details with me I'm at work you see?

TIM

OK, when can I call you back?

Tim reaches out and grabs a notepad and pen.

WOMAN

Erm, let me call you back because I don't know when I will be free see.

TIM

OK, my name is Tim, I'm the only Tim in this call centre and I'll be here until 8pm, but you must call me back because they are about to refer the debt to the county court, OK?

WOMAN

I will call you back duck I promise.

(CONTINUED)

TIM
I'll speak to you later today
madam. Bye.

WOMAN
Bye.

Tim ends the call by pressing on the phone keypad. He then takes off his headset and turns to the young man.

YOUNG MAN
Tim can I have a union form please?

Tim reaches out to a drawer on his table and pulls out a two-page form.

TIM
If you need any help filling it in
email me.

The young man takes the form and walks off. Tim places the headset back on and presses his phone keypad again. A call immediately comes through.

TIM
Hello, is this Mr Alan O'Reilly?

MR O'REILLY
(cautiously)
Erm, yeah?

TIM
This is Tim from RTM Credit
Control, are you OK to speak to us
regarding an outstanding debt right
now?

24. INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

Natalie walks through a busy department store. She picks a babygro from a rack, holds it up and stares at it for a moment, before putting it in her basket with three other items of baby clothing.

She moves to another section and casually throws in an assortment of bottles, dummies and bibs without stopping to look at the pricing.

25. INT. SHOPPING CENTRE CHECKOUT - DAY

Natalie comes to the counter, and the SALES ASSISTANT, a girl in her late teens, takes the baby clothes from her.

SALES ASSISTANT

Thanks.

As she scans the items, the sales assistant looks curiously at them, at Natalie, and then at Natalie's stomach, clearly missing a bump. She's confused but tries to remain professional.

NATALIE

They're not mine, they're just for a friend.

The sales assistant smiles and continues scanning.

SALES ASSISTANT

I see you in here quite often buying baby stuff.

Natalie is beginning to look agitated.

NATALIE

Like I said, I'm helping a friend out.

Natalie cuts the sales assistant a serious look that gets the girl nervous. The sales assistant puts her head to the scanner, avoiding eye contact and increasing the speed of her scanning considerably. But she carries on playing the game anyway, smiling.

SALES ASSISTANT

She's very lucky to have a friend like you.

Natalie responds with an awkward, forced smile as she begins to bag all the baby items.

26. NATALIE & TIMS'S FLAT - DAY

Natalie enters the flat. No one else is home. She takes several shopping bags full of baby wear up to her room.

27. NATALIE & TIM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

She takes a suitcase from under her bed and unlocks it. The suitcase is full of baby clothing, some still in its packaging.

She carefully places the new purchases in the suitcase, before locking it and placing it back under her bed. Natalie gets upset as she does this, sighing heavily. There is a long pause. She then takes the suitcase out from the bed again, opens it, and takes out some of the baby clothes.

She holds a babygro aloft, staring at it, before placing it back carefully in the suitcase. She then looks at herself in the mirror on the wall. She takes off her shirt to reveal a huge scar running across her lower abdomen. She stares at herself, and then puts her shirt back on.

28. EXT. FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

Christopher and Tim attempt to push SAM, 37, through the front door. The doorway does not seem to be big enough. Sam is a wide built, bulky man, with short hair styled into a crop.

The house itself is a modest, semi-detached building. The small flowerbed by the window is well maintained and the driveway looks newly paved. The front door is to the side of the house, away from the main street but visible enough for neighbors to see what's happening.

Christopher attempts to push it through with a huge effort. Tim stops pushing all of a sudden.

TIM

My finger! Stop a sec my fingers
fucking stuck!

They both release their grip, and the wheelchair collapses onto the floor, with Sam falling back onto the porch. Tim grasps his finger, placing his hands between his thighs. Christopher single-handedly lifts the wheelchair back to its starting position. Having watched the action from a distance, Claire now emerges from the front door.

CLAIRE

It's not gonna go through!

CHRISTOPHER

OK, Tim, turn it the other way.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Your gonna damage the wheelchair
like that.

Tim, still grimacing in pain, uses the back of his adjoined hands to wipe the sweat from his brow, with Christopher panting with a combination of fatigue and frustration, using one hand to lean against the frame of the door.

CHRISTOPHER

We're gonna have to take you out of
the wheelchair, and carry you in.

Sam shakes his head on the instant.

SAM

I don't wanna be carried in!

The commotion has attracted an audience; neighbors come out of their houses to observe from their doorsteps. Sam absorbs their stares, then makes an abortive attempt to free the jammed wheelchair from the doorway, aggressively jerking his body left and right. After several attempts, he concedes.

SAM

Alright, just get me in!

Both Tim and Christopher advance towards Sam. Christopher turns to Tim and gives him an instructive pat on the shoulder.

CHRISTOPHER

Wait, we can't carry him from the
front, go from inside.

Both men enter the small, wooden garden door that leads to the garden and enter the house via the kitchen, with Christopher just able to squeeze his frame through it.

Sam continues to attempt to free the wheelchair from the doorway with the same fury of aggressive jerks, in between looking from side to side at the neighbors who stand and observe from their doorsteps.

Claire kneels down by Sam and gives him a motherly rub on his upper forearm. A passing neighbor walks by.

NEIGHBOUR

Do you need any help?

Claire stands up immediately. Sam runs his hands over his head, exhaling heavily in rising anger and frustration.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

No you're alright love, we've got it sorted.

NEIGHBOUR

You sure?

CLAIRE

Yeah, but thanks for offering.

The neighbour walks away just as Tim and Christopher emerge.

CLAIRE

Will you two just get him in!

An emotional Claire barges past them both in frustration and back into the house. Christopher opens both palms to Sam, who pushes himself up to allow Christopher to pull up his torso, while Tim elevates both his legs.

29. INT. FAMILY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Both men struggle down the small, narrow hallway towards the living room where, in anticipation, Claire readjusts the cushions on the burgundy sofa.

30. INT. FAMILY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The small, square shaped living room is adorned with balloons and above the TV a 'Welcome home Sam' banner hangs. Various military clothing have been placed around the room.

Pushed against the wall is a small table with greeting cards placed on them and a small cake. As they enter the living room, Christopher attempts to lighten the mood.

CHRISTOPHER

Christ, you've put on some weight son!

The joke achieves nothing, with Sam remaining stone-faced and stiff. They place him upright on the sofa, where Sam then repositions himself to the extreme end.

Tim and Christopher pant with exertion, with the latter crouching down and wicking sweat off his brow. He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his perspired face.

Claire sits on the end of the sofa and puts her arm around her humiliated son, who sits with his arms folded. He comes closer to her and whispers.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

The neighbours were staring at me,
weren't they?

CLAIRE

No Sam, no one was staring.

Sam chuckles to himself.

SAM

Yeah right, the whole fucking
street saw that.

Claire smiles around the room.

CLAIRE

Welcome home son!

The response from the room is muted. Sam is unmoved, shaking his head with his fingers across his mouth. Christopher sits on the edge of the sofa, still trying to regain his breath.

31. INT. FAMILY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tim runs his swollen finger under a cold tap in the kitchen. He then turns, still holding his finger and enters the living room.

32. INT. FAMILY HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Christopher and Claire are sat on the sofa, with Tim taking his place in the settee with Natalie seated stiffly and uncomfortably next to him. Sam, in his wheelchair is sat against a wall.

CHRISTOPHER

Son, I promise I will find the
money to extend the doorway for
you.

Sam smiles and shakes his head.

SAM

It's alright.

CHRISTOPHER

No, listen, we are gonna fix all
the doorways downstairs.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Look, there won't be any need for all this cos I will be walking properly within six months.

Christopher, Tim and Claire exchange cynical, worried glances. Sam picks up on each one.

SAM

I guarantee you. Six Months.

There is a lack of enthusiasm from the rest of the room. Sam sighs, shaking his head with a defiant smile. Sam rests his chin on his hand, looking away from his family. Natalie remains silent, taking a huge gulp from her wine glass.

33. INT. FAMILY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tim, sat next to Natalie, leans back in the sofa, talking to his mother and father.

TIM

They've got to do a CRB check for everyone.

Tim hesitates before continuing.

TIM

Obviously Natalie's stuff came up so that's it. But its in the past, its not fair.

CLAIRE

Can you appeal?

(NATALIE)

(interrupting)

Not against a criminal record like that. Look.

Natalie rubs her forehead in repressed frustration.

NATALIE

There's no point talking about it. They're not going to change their minds, I'm never gonna be a foster mother, or any kind of mother so that's it.

There is a long silence.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
Forget about it.

There is something final in her response. The rest of the room exchange awkward glances.

34. EXT. FACTORY DELIVERY AREA - DAY

Natalie stands beside a large crate of cardboard boxes in a deserted car park at the back of the factory. In front of her is a large DELIVERY MAN, wearing a navy fleece and a HV jacket, clipboard in hand.

NATALIE
You can't just leave it here!

DELIVERY MAN
I can because it's in black and white OK?

He points at the delivery invoice.

NATALIE
I can see that but-

DELIVERY MAN
Here's where I need to drop it off.

NATALIE
I know, but this is what I'm trying to tell you I can't physically get it inside myself!

Natalie makes a hand gesture, like she's carrying a box and putting it to one side.

NATALIE
This is the first time we've used you, usually we get the deliveries during the day, there is no one here to help me this time of the morning.

DELIVERY MAN
I'm not insured though!

NATALIE
OK but I can't leave it here cos it will get robbed so I need it inside!

(CONTINUED)

DELIVERY MAN
I'm not insured for that babe.

Natalie's face suddenly becomes stern.

NATALIE
OK, why are you calling me babe
for?

The Delivery Driver has heard enough. He sets the crate into motion with a one-armed tug, back in the direction of the truck. Natalie holds her arms out in frustration.

NATALIE
What you doing?

The Delivery Man stops pulling the crate; he takes his clipboard and holds it out to her.

DELIVERY MAN
Are you signing for this or not?

Natalie dramatically drops her arms, letting them smack against the sides of her body. She then puts her arms on her waist and SIGHS.

35. INT. FACTORY - DAY

Natalie slowly drags the trolley. It dwarfs her in size and she cautiously pushes it from its side. As she brings it into the main factory floor, it gets stuck on something and tilts over, falling onto her foot. Natalie SCREAMS as the trolley crashes to the ground.

36. INT. HOSPITAL A&E - DAY

Natalie and Tim sit side by side in the waiting area. Beside them, a young WOMAN bounces a CRYING BABY on her knee. Natalie can't help but stare. The knee bouncing achieves nothing and the baby continues to CRY.

The young woman plants a kiss to the baby's head, and holds the baby over her shoulder. Natalie and the child make eye contact and Natalie flicks a few fingers in front of her. The baby settles at once, and breaks a smile, reaching out and clutching Natalie's small finger.

Suddenly, Natalie can't take any more. She gets up, forgetting her injury and pressing down on her foot. She grimaces.

(CONTINUED)

Natalie raises her foot from the floor and attempts to balance on just one, placing her hand on Tim's shoulder.

NATALIE

I need to go.

Natalie is becoming hysterical and Tim can't understand why. He then looks to the now CRYING baby and it clicks.

TIM

OK, relax.

Tim places his arm around Natalie's waist as she limps out of the hospital.

37. INT. CALL CENTRE MEETING ROOM - DAY

Tim sits at the table, well dressed in black suit trousers, a silver tie and a navy blue shirt, slightly over-sized. There are two of his colleagues sat beside him, and in front of him two MANAGERS.

One is a middle aged man, NIGEL, grey haired and of average height, wearing a tailored navy suit. The other is a woman, MICHELLE, with strawberry blond hair, tall and with thin-rimmed glasses. Around the table are drying sandwich crusts from a previous meeting.

TIM

He's told me that he did not realise that there were no calls coming through.

MICHELLE

That is rubbish! It was the busiest time of the day!

NIGEL

We've checked the call audits, he has been making external calls to the same mobile phone number at the same time for the last eight days.

He takes out an A4 piece of paper, with stats printed on them.

NIGEL

The number 07935965667 was called 12 times in two days. Now this is not a customer number, We've checked.

Tim shakes his head, without much conviction.

(CONTINUED)

TIM
That's not true.

WOMAN
It is!

NIGEL
The evidence is here in front of
you.

At this point, one of Tim's colleagues, a tall young man,
PETER, gets involved.

PETER
That's my Nan's number, I call to
see if she's OK.

NIGEL
No, I'm not having that.

TIM
This isn't fair. This is part of a
wider plan.

Tim doesn't really look people in the eye when he speaks,
raising his head only a few inches.

TIM
To reduce the band one workforce by
setting unrealistic targets and
sacking people on the slightest
pretext. You've sacked twelve
customer service advisers in the
last month.

Michelle springs into life, re-adjusting herself and not
even allowing Tim to finish his sentence before responding.

MICHELLE
That's because we have been doing
the call audits to ensure that we
maintain our high standards of
customer service.

TIM
Yeah, OK, OK, well then that's a
training issue not a sackable
offense. He must be given his job
back, given sufficient training to
do his job or we will ballot our
members over industrial action.

Tim is not very clear in his speaking, mumbling some of his words and not projecting his voice. Both Nigel and Michelle are disinterested.

38. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BINA (25, Asian with long black hair tied into a tight bun) sits in the corner of a packed house, amongst NINE other foreign workers, asylum seekers, and illegal immigrants. She holds a sleeping baby, RESHMA, in her arms.

Bina is wide eyed, skinny and small. She wears a green cloth with a flower pattern, a matching fabric is wrapped around her head.

ANGELO, (40, white, large, bald headed)the landlord/employment agent, addresses Bina, a young brown haired Ukrainian, BARBARA, and a lanky Bulgarian man, STILIAN.

Bina looks up to Angelo as he speaks. He's tall, bald headed and wears a black winter coat with a hood, stone wash blue jeans and brown walking boots.

ANGELO

The rent will be £400 per month including council tax and the water bill. The electricity and gas bill is paid separately every three months.

When Angelo dips his chin to talk, his forehead sticks out, making his bald head look huge.

ANGELO

If you move out before the three months, I will calculate the bill you owe and take it out of your deposit.

Angelo gets up and gestures for them all to follow him as he leaves the room.

39. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Angelo shows Bina to her living space, a small bedroom with two beds, three single mattresses placed on the floor, four sleeping bags with large pillows placed underneath them and a sleeping bag placed on top of a broken-off bed headboard.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELO

Bina, this is your sleeping place
for now.

Angelo points to a sleeping bag, pushed against the wall,
with several pillows underneath it. This is Bina's bed. He
then points to a single mattress in the corner of the room.

ANGELO

When this person leaves, you get
this mattress.

Angelo looks at Bina and opens his arms out, dropping his
chin again.

ANGELO

I'm sorry but your baby issue is
not my problem. In Leicester it was
different, there is no room here.

He points to a disused baby carrier in the room.

ANGELO

You can use this.

He walks across the room to get it, bringing it back to Bina
to inspect.

ANGELO

The couple that had it are not
coming back.

Angelo inspects the baby carrier, dusting it down a little.

ANGELO

See, you just wipe it a bit and you
can use it.

Bina stares at the carrier in shock.

40. INT. IMMIGRANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Angelo sits at a circular table with Bina, Barbara and
Stilian. There are three separate piles of money on the
table, £500 in each. Angelo writes on a notebook.

ANGELO

You can either work in a food
packing place near here, they make
pizzas and frozen food, you'll be
paid the same wage as when you were
working in Leicester. There is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGELO (cont'd)
another place that pluck chickens
in Stafford. A van can pick you up
and drop you everyday.

He puts the wads of cash in his jacket pocket and turns his notebook page.

ANGELO
There is a place I know in
Wolverhampton, same kind of thing
but it is a little bit far from
here. If you don't like it here,
tell me and I will see if you can
move there.

A pause.

STILIAN
How much is the pay?

Angelo responds instantly, barely allowing the young man to complete his question.

ANGELO
The pay is the same, £4 per hour.
The rent?

Angelo rocks his head from side to side and pouts his lips, considering his answer.

ANGELO
It's a little bit more expensive,
but I can do something for you if
you want to change.

42. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Bina and RESHMA, her BABY girl, sleep with Reshma in the carrier beside her. Around them, other workers sleep in the room.

43. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE - MORNING

Bina slowly wakes from her bed. It's 5am. She slowly goes to her makeshift cot and picks up Reshma.

44. INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A sleepy Bina takes a swig of a baby bottle, and begins to feed Reshma, carrying her in her arms as she sucks milk from the bottle.

45. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKER'S HOUSE - DAY

Bina carries Reshma in the baby carrier, and quietly kneels down to where another GIRL is sleeping. It's still dark, and Bina leaves the room light off to avoid waking the entire room. She tries to wake up Barbara gently.

BINA
(whispering)
Barbara?

There is no response, although Barbara moves slightly.

BINA
(whispering)
Barbara.

BARBARA
What?

BINA
What shift are you working today?

BARBARA
Ten-ten.

She gently places Reshma beside her mattress.

BINA
I've fed her. Feed her again at
nine please.

Barbara gives a sleepy response.

BARBARA
OK OK.

BINA
Leave her with Zuzi when you go to
work.

Barbara mumbles in her sleep.

BARBARA
OK.

Bina softly kisses Reshma, before reluctantly leaving, slowly closing the door while still looking at her child. After a few moments, Barbara wills herself awake, sits up and pulls the baby closer to her.

46. INT. FACTORY CHANGING ROOM - MORNING

Bina stands along a mass of human bodies changing from one uniform into another. The room is ultra bright, with some workers still half asleep.

There is a mass of people of all ethnicities in one room, with people stuffing clothing into lockers and scrambling for uniforms from the large trolleys placed around the room.

47. INT. FACTORY - DAY

Bina is guided through the factory by YANIS, (27, average height, dark hair, North African complexion.

YANIS

You see this white woman?

He points to Natalie's office.

YANIS

Natalie? Me.

He now points to himself.

YANIS

I am her assistant.

They walk into a small room, with a bench in the middle.

YANIS

When you come in you sit down, take two of these bags, put over your feet, then you can turn over here. Don't ever let your shoes touch this side.

They walk to a sink.

YANIS

Wash your hands here, when you come in, when you come out.

Yanis picks up a clipper board with A4 paper.

(CONTINUED)

YANIS

See this board? Sign your name here, and write your name here when you start in the morning, and when you finish at night, or they won't pay you right. It always happens, many people always forget, and they can sack you, they won't even tell you why, they just do.

They get close to a wall and maintain this position. Bina listens very carefully.

YANIS

OK.

He looks around for somewhere she can work. He moves to a corner of the room with bread rolls scattered all over the floor, some in thick blue boxes.

YANIS

OK come here. Take this bread, and this garlic. You bend the bread a little to make it easier, then you put it inside. Not too much, or it will break.

Yanis quickly breaks the bread in half to demonstrate, before throwing it into a blue box full of broken bread pieces.

YANIS

Do one now so I can see.

Bina bends the garlic bread slightly. Yanis observes. He reaches out to a nearby table and takes a blue plastic bowl full of frozen garlic butter, cut into circles.

YANIS

Now put the butter inside.

Bina slowly puts garlic slices into the bread.

YANIS

That's good.

Bina is much quicker now, but still makes an error, breaking a bread roll. Yanis stops her.

YANIS

Always put the garlic in softly, because you put it in too hard, it just breaks.

Bina nods and restarts.

48. INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Natalie sits down talking to a young man. He's skinny, a little disheveled in appearance, and with a thick southern Irish accent. In the background there is the sound of CHURNING machinery.

NATALIE

I know what it's like to try and start a fresh after prison; I was in Drake Hall for four years.

The boy looks to the floor. Natalie breaks a small smile.

NATALIE

Believe me, its not worth losing your job over a muffin.

NATALIE

Look you're English, which I need cos barely no one else speaks English in here. I went from working in the freezer room to shift Manager. Second chances are rare but I'm gonna give you one. But if I see you eating produce again, you'll walk. Simple as that.

49. INT. FACTORY OFFICE - NIGHT

Natalie sits in a deserted and dim lit office, typing, but not really. Unable to concentrate, she abandons the work.

50. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Tim sits alone in the kitchen, still in his work clothes, eating.

51. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The kitchen is a chaotic mix of various housemates all trying to make dinner at the same time. Yanis, washing up at the sink, stands face to face with with Angelo.

YANIS

All you do is come here and say electricity bill, gas bill, water
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YANIS (cont'd)
bill, this bill, this bill. My room
is fucking freezing man. I'm not
paying no fucking bill.

ANGELO.
It's not this month, it's from last
month.

Yanis explodes.

YANIS
Then fix the heater in my room! All
you do is collect money, money.

Angelo holds his palms up.

ANGELO
OK, its cool I will.

YANIS
That's what you say, every time
it's don't worry, it's cool,
nothings cool! You always say it's
alright, look nothing is alright.

ANGELO
OK.

Yanis waives his hand in the air, spraying washing up foam
over the kitchen.

ANGELO
Look what you are doing!

YANIS
I'm not paying! If you wanna kick
me out kick me out I'm not paying
till you fix my heater man!

Yanis resumes his washing up, even more aggressively.

52. INT. HOSPITAL GYM - DAY

Chris and Claire look on as Sam struggles during a
rehabilitation session. With help from the PHYSIO, Chris
makes a few tentative steps forward, before stumbling. The
physio is tall, well built and has a soft, calming Northern
Irish accent.

(CONTINUED)

PHYSIO

OK, Sam, don't push it or you'll hurt yourself.

Sam shakes his head in frustration as he takes his place back in his wheelchair, his head in his hands. Claire offered a hand on his shoulder, though it achieves nothing.

53. INT. PHYSIO'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam is seated with Christopher and Claire beside him. The Physio sits at his desk in front of him.

PHYSIO

You have to consider.

Sam shakes his head.

SAM

No. It's not an option.

PHYSIO

It has to be an option. You have to consider that the number of operations you've had on both knees and the damage already done to the anterior cruciate ligaments through the initial impact means that it is an option. Your knees will painfully swell up every time you try to get out of that chair and walk. Knee replacements are the only solution.

Sam reacts angrily.

SAM

And how long are they gonna last for? I'm gonna be wheelchair bound by the time I'm in my fifties.

PHYSIO

OK, I understand considering the lifespan of the prosthetic knee is important.

The Physio readjusts himself in his seat and comes closer.

PHYSIO

The artificial knee joint is made of metal alloys, plastics and polymers. Generally, they last about 20 years

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Exactly!

PHYSIO

OK, but the lifespan of an artificial knee varies based on certain specific criteria, including your gender and bone density.

There is a pause as Sam takes in the information.

PHYSIO

Sam, listen to me, your knee joints simply cannot take the strain of your body. You will be in agony day in day out trying to walk unassisted.

Sam remains SILENT. He can barely make eye contact with him.

54. EXT. FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

Chris stands in front of his front doorway with a BUILDER.

BUILDER

We can extend it by about 30 centimeters each way.

Christopher looks on, with a slightly concerned look on his face.

55. INT. FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

Sam sits in the kitchen with Claire, at the table. His tea lies untouched beside him.

SAM

I promise you, I can do it. If I strengthen the muscles around my knee and lose some upper body weight then, you know?

CLAIRE

Sam.

SAM

Wait, if I do all that and then with the physio I can do it. I'm not having fucking knee replacements at 37!

Sam gives an intense stare at Claire, but he can't maintain it for long, looking towards the floor and placing his hand on his temple.

56. INT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Tim waits in line at the newsagents, a newspaper and a frozen pie in his hand. He gets to the front of the queue, where he is greeted by a middle aged WOMAN.

SHOPKEEPER

Hi Tim.

TIM

Hi love, Can I have 20 Benson, and
10 lucky dips for Saturday please.

She turns to the lottery machine, presses its buttons, and the sound of printing is heard as the ticket emerges. He gives the woman behind the till his debit card. She puts it into the chip and pin machine.

SHOPKEEPER

How's Natalie doing?

TIM

She's fine. Thanks for sorting her
out with a few hours last week.

SHOPKEEPER

That's fine.

She fiddles with the chip and pin.

SHOPKEEPER

Sorry Tim this says it's declined.

Tim seems genuinely surprised. There is a short PAUSE.

SHOPKEEPER

Do you want me to try again?

TIM

Yeah, thanks. Was working fine
yesterday.

She puts the card in the machine again. Tim takes a look behind him at the developing queue behind him.

SHOPKEEPER

Yeah, it's done the same thing
again.

Tim is confused, scratching the back of his head.

57. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Tim sits at the kitchen table, with a bunch of bank statements in his hand. After a moment of staring at them intensely, he drops the statements on the table and walks up the stairs to the bedroom.

58. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Tim rummages around the bedroom, opening draws and cupboards. He then kneels down beside the bed, and pulls a small suitcase from under it. He places it on top of the bed, and tries unsuccessfully to force the padlock open.

He then leaves the room and goes back downstairs into the kitchen.

59. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Tim opens a low placed cupboard and takes out a pair of pliers. He then goes back upstairs.

60. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Tim cuts the padlock open with the pliers, and opens the suitcase. Tim rummages through the baby clothes inside.

The bedroom door CREAKS, and Tim turns to see Natalie, in her work clothes, standing at the door.

There is a pause. Natalie can't speak or make eye contact with him and just looks at the baby clothes, scattered all over the bed. After a moment, Natalie slowly comes forward and pushes him out the way and folds the clothes, placing them back into the suitcase. Tim attempts to stop her, placing his hand over the suitcase. Natalie pushes his hand away.

NATALIE

Get off.

Tim withdraws his hand.

NATALIE

Just get out!

With tears in her eyes, she continues re-packing the suitcase as Tim walks out of the room.

61. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

All the factory workers living together congregate around the dinner table in the kitchen where they eat and drink. Around the table are plates of broken bread rolls. Some of them have notepads on the table. Bina sits at the table holding Reshma, reading from an English language book.

BINA

So, an acronym is a kind of word formation, but a abbreviation is, it's more of an initial.

BARBARA

Like MBA?

BINA

Yes.

YANIS

Or like UKBA.

There is a little laughter from the table.

62. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Stilian plays beautiful guitar to the housemates around the table, sitting on a chair with his legs crossed. He comes to the end of a passionate song, and finishes to much APPLAUSE from the others and takes a sip of his red wine.

63. INT. IMMIGRANT HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is SILENT as all the housemates listen to Yanis talking.

YANIS

It's true. That why I prefer
England I can just walk anywhere
and no one asks me what am I doing
in this place, why am I standing in
this place. In France.

He points to himself.

YANIS

They think I am a terrorist.

64. INT. IMMIGRANTS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

An African immigrant, ADE, average height and lean faced, peels the label from his bottled beer as he speaks.

ADE

Now, so I've now got to Calais. And then the truck just stops.

He makes a hand gesture, slicing his palms through the air.

ADE

Then the man next to me gives me a plastic bag and tells me to put it over my head. I'm thinking what is this? And he is pushing me and putting the bag on my head and he is putting his own.

He adjusts himself.

ADE

So I am breathing through this bag, suffocating. And then can you imagine? A stick, a metal stick.

He looks to another man at the table.

ADE

What do you call it?

MAN

It's for finding oxygen.

ADE

Ah ha. A metal stick just comes next to where we are sitting. Not knowing that they are putting sticks inside the van to see if there are people inside. So I'm holding my breath and suffocating and at the same time I am just praying in my heart, God, please see me through.

65. INT. IMMIGRANTS HOUSE - MORNING

Bina carries Reshma as she KNOCKS on Yanis's door. There is no answer, so she KNOCKS again.

(CONTINUED)

BINA

Yanis!

A sleepy Yanis emerges.

BINA

Yanis, can you please look after Reshma, Barbara has changed her shift today.

Yanis takes the baby.

BINA

Thank you. She has been fed just now, please feed her again in 3 hours, the food is in the fridge.

YANIS

Look, I've got plans this evening so don't do any overtime.

Bina kisses Reshma before rushing away.

YANIS

Seriously, don't be late.

Yanis takes Reshma into his room, places her down beside him, relaxes on his bed and turns on his TV.

66. INT. FACTORY - DAY

Bina unwraps the cling film from her sandwich and eats her lunch at a table in the canteen, surrounded by other WORKERS.

67. EXT. FACTORY - DAY

Bina sits on the steps outside the factory, talking on the phone.

BINA

Hi Yanis, how is Reshma?

YANIS

She has been fed twice, she's sleeping so everything is cool.

BINA

Yanis thank you, I owe you.

(CONTINUED)

YANIS
Remember, don't do overtime because
I've got plans.

68. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Bina stands by the conveyor belt amongst her work colleagues as Natalie inspects their work, going through a pile of garlic bread. She turns to the MAN operating the packaging machine.

NATALIE
This is all wrong, all of it.

She picks one up and shows him.

NATALIE
Look, this is the wrong packaging.
We have to do it all again.

MAN
All of them?

Natalie opens another box and inspects the packaging

NATALIE
This box too. You gotta take it all
out and start again.

Natalie turns to the rest of the WORKERS.

NATALIE
Sorry but there has been a mistake
with the packaging, we are gonna
need to repack the bread.

There is a chorus of SIGHS from the workers.

NATALIE
I'm sorry, I'm staying too.

Natalie picks up one of the boxes, takes out one of the garlic bread packs and begins to place them back on the conveyor belt.

NATALIE
Can you all please start unpacking
the bread?

The workers sluggishly begin taking the boxes.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

When we're finished please remember
to sign the time sheet or you won't
get paid your overtime.

Natalie gives an almost apologetic expression, tilting her
head to one side before continuing.

69. EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Bina waits for the bus, alone at a bus stop.

70. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bina enters the house and runs strait to Yanis's room.

71. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKER'S HOUSE - YANIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bina KNOCKS on Yanis's door.

BINA

Yanis!

Before she can even finish her word, Yanis opens the door
sharply, saying nothing. He simply leaves the door open for
Bina to enter. He's well dressed. With his back to her, he
sprays aftershave on himself and picks up his phone and
wallet from his table. Bina picks Reshma up from Yanis's
bed.

BINA

I'm so sorry, we had to work late
again because of a mistake.

There is no response from Yanis, who simply picks up his
jacket and breezes past Bina without even looking at her. He
heads down the stairs.

YANIS

This is the last time. It is not my
responsibility to take care of your
child.

There is a SLAM of the door as Yanis leaves. Bina sits on
the edge of the bed, holds Reshma and gives a helpless SIGH.

72. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bina sits on Yanis's bed, holding Reshma with one hand while on the phone.

BINA
Barbara?

BARBARA
(whispering)

Hi.

BINA
Are you around tomorrow?

BARBARA
I can't look after the baby, I'm coming home late tonight then I'm at college tomorrow.

There is a brief pause. Bina is visibly worried.

BINA
Do you know where the others are?

BARBARA
Tomaz and his girlfriend are not back from Poland yet. I'm not sure about the others.

There is a much longer silence.

BARBARA
I'm gonna have to go, if they see me using my phone I'm in trouble. Sorry.

She ends the phone call. Bina puts the phone on the bed, and drops her head into her hand.

73. INT. STREET - DAY

Bina walks out of the house, carrying a large holdall bag over her shoulder, stopping every few moments to slowly readjust her grip on it.

74. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Natalie marches with purpose through the factory. She's wearing makeup; her apron is gleaming white over a black skirt and polished black shoes.

75. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Natalie walks beside Yanis through the factory. They come to a large pile of boxes.

NATALIE

All these boxes need to be moved.

She moves to another part of the factory. There are broken pieces of bread all over the floor, and scrunched up packaging pushed into a corner.

NATALIE

All this, needs to be cleaned, OK?
There is no way that the directors
can see this or we are all in
trouble.

Natalie immediately begins picking up the broken pieces of bread from the floor. Yanis takes a little longer, giving a brief SIGH before he grabs a large plastic bag from nearby and joins Natalie, throwing the packaging into it.

76. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Bina puts down her sweeping brush, and hurriedly walks to the door. She exchanges glances with her SUPERVISOR.

BINA

I'm just going to the toilet
quickly.

SUPERVISOR

How many times do you need to go to
the toilet in one hour?

She ignores him and leaves the room. She jogs through the crowded factory, until she finally comes to a quiet corner.

Amidst the noisy factory, Bina couches down, opens her holdall and attends to Bina, cradling her. She checks to make sure her sleeping arrangements are OK.

77. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

The WORKERS stand silent and fearful, as Natalie and a COMPANY DIRECTOR inspect their work. He's tall, lanky, with soft features that have aged and enough hair to have some strands tucked behind his ear. He picks up a pizza base, looks at it for a short moment before turning to Natalie.

DIRECTOR

This isn't good enough, this is useless.

His calm but stern nature and delivery proclaims his stature and level of seniority. Natalie nods all too quickly and subordinate.

DIRECTOR

The cheese and the tomato sauce are not spread out proportionately.

Natalie turns to Yanis.

NATALIE

OK Yanis?

Yanis nods diligently.

NATALIE

You need to explain to them to put the tomato on all of.

Natalie points to the edges of the pizza base. She looks at him for understanding, nodding her head.

NATALIE

You understand?

Yanis nods.

78. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Natalie scans a collection of boxes, quality controlling them with a clipboard in her hand.

79. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Bina stands by the conveyor belt, sprinkling handfuls of cheese onto a pizza base. Her supervisor looks over to her.

(CONTINUED)

SUPERVISOR

Bina!

Bina stops what she's doing and walks over.

SUPERVISOR

Go to the bread area they need more people.

BINA

Yanis told me to stay here.

SUPERVISOR

I don't care what Yanis said!

He points to his chest.

SUPERVISOR

I'm higher than Yanis, go to bread.

Hesitant, Bina stares at him.

SUPERVISOR

I'm talking to you.

She reluctantly agrees, running through the factory to a large, open area where dozens of workers stand at tables picking out bread from blue crates. Bina approaches a GIRL, who seems to be supervising.

The girl points to where she wants her, and Bina takes her place in-between two other workers, where she hurriedly begins to throw bread from it onto a conveyor belt, the panic visible on her face. Every few moments she turns her face to the direction of the boxes where Bina lies.

80. INT. FACTORY - DAY

Natalie moves a few of the boxes to one side and opens them, inspecting the packaging of the bread rolls and then placing them back in. She stops what she's doing when she hears the sound of CRYING from one of the boxes.

She remains still for a moment, looking around herself, then continues working. After a few seconds she hears the CRYING again.

She comes closer the sound, locates the box, and opens it to find a baby in a holdall, wrapped up in a blanket and supported by a couple of pillows.

(CONTINUED)

Natalie pauses for a moment, then she picks up the holdall from the box, placing it gently on the floor and begins to pick the baby up, stopping and looking up once she hears the running feet of Bina coming towards her.

Bina rushes to pick up Bina. Natalie, with nothing to say, simply stands aside in shock.

BINA

I'm sorry it's my baby!

The panic rises to Bina's throat. She can barely get her words out.

81. INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Natalie stands with her arms folded, observing Bina as she cradles her baby. There is a mutual wariness between them.

NATALIE

How many months is she?

BINA

Five.

Natalie looks at her with envy on her lips.

NATALIE

You can't just bring a baby into work and leave her on the factory floor.

She waits for any kind of response, and gets nothing.

NATALIE

You know, what if we had a fire, or something like that? Or the directors found her?

There is no response. Natalie's voice is shaky and unstable, as if she can't close all the thoughts chasing around her head. When she's talking her voice does not have that hard edge that her employees have become used to.

NATALIE

What's her name?

BINA

Reshma.

Bina smiles an awkward, weary half smile. Natalie comes close and Bina offers the child to her to hold. Natalie freezes for a moment, then slowly takes Bina in her arms.

(CONTINUED)

Natalie's hard features softened into a smile and a little warmth sparkles in her ice-blue eyes. As she hold the child, the baby gurgles and smiles and Natalie's world improves in seconds. Reshma makes no noise in her arms.

Bina observes, having only known her as formidable and daunting in public, amazed to witness Natalie's tenderness with the child.

82. INT. FACTORY CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Bina takes her coat from her locker, taking a moment to compose herself, dropping her head and recovering from the shock, wiping her eyes as she does.

83. EXT. STREET - DAY

Bina, Natalie and Reshma get on a bus together, with Reshma still in her holdall.

84. INT. BUS - NIGHT

Bina and Natalie sit down beside each other, Reshma in-between.

BINA

Then we lived in Leicester for some months.

NATALIE

Where is your boyfriend now?

BINA

He's in Birmingham. The immigration people found that he was working, so we had to leave.

NATALIE

Why can't you go and live with him?

BINA

He said no. He's trying to move us to London. But he's doing different jobs all the time so it's not safe for Reshma. He is going to come for us, then we will leave together.

Natalie plays with Reshma's fingers.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
What is it like where you live?

Pause.

BINA
Difficult. There is not much
privacy.

Bina looks out of the window as the bus passes a large park.

85. EXT. BUS - NIGHT

Natalie gets up, and turns to Bina.

NATALIE
Look, I've got some baby clothes at
home, that were a present for
someone but she had a boy. I can
bring them tomorrow for you if you
want?

BINA
Thank you.

Natalie gets off the bus. The bus pulls away, and Bina
returns to Reshma.

86. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Natalie enters the flat. She drops her bag by the front door
and goes straight upstairs

87. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalie enters her room and unlocks the suitcase from under
her bed, taking out the baby clothes. She holds them out,
pulling the price tag of a few of them and putting them to
one side.

88. INT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The eleven housemates are all in the small kitchen, some
cooking, some sitting down at the large circular table.

TOMAZ, a broadly built Pole, opens his cupboard to find that
his brown bread is finished, picking up the empty plastic
bag and holding it up. He turns to a seated Yanis and taps
him on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

TOMAZ

When you finish my bread at least
have the decency to replace it!

YANIS

Just me?

TOMAZ

You are the only other person who
eats brown bread in this house, I'm
just coming back from a long day at
work to go back out and buy bread.
I'm sick of this shit! No respect!

YANIS

OK, I will buy some tomorrow no
problem!

TOMAZ

No, I want bread for tomorrow
morning. Go now!

YANIS

It's raining outside I'm not going
out!

Tomaz slams the cupboard door shut.

TOMAZ

I don't care if it's raining!

Yanis returns to his food.

YANIS

I'm not going out in the rain, end
of conversation.

TOMAS

I want my bread!

YANIS

End of conversation!

Tomaz, imploding with anger, throws the bag with just one
end slice remaining at Yanis, missing him but landing on his
food.

TOMAZ

Lazy shit!

Yanis gets out of his seat and pounces on Tomaz. They
grapple with each other before they both crash to the floor.
Tomaz hurls Yanis onto the table and swings a punch, missing

(CONTINUED)

his target but forcing Bina to lean back to avoid being hit, sending her off her chair with Reshma in her hands and onto the floor.

She instinctively places her hand on Reshma's head as she falls, keeping the baby off the ground. Some of the braver housemates attempt to separate the two. Barbara is hysterical, SHOUTING at the fighters as they land blows on each other around the kitchen.

The housemates continue to try to separate them both as they fall to the ground.

89. INT. IMMIGRANTS HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

Tomaz stands at his bedroom door, shirtless with a bloody nose and a large bump on the corner of his forehead. His eye appears to be swelling. In front of him are four other HOUSEMATES acting as peacekeepers. He holds out his palms, talking as calmly as he can while still breathing heavily.

TOMAZ

I'm calm OK, I'm calm but all I am saying is that if I want to, I can kill him. OK? I can.

90. EXT. IMMIGRANT WORKERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Bina is in hysterics as she SHOUTS at Angelo down the phone, standing by the front door as Barbara attempts to calm her down, placing a hand on her shoulder.

BINA

I want to leave, no more. They nearly killed my baby!

ANGELO

It's OK, I will talk with them. No problem.

BINA

Angelo no! Reshma is not safe here. They are fighting, they are smoking!

ANGELO

OK, it's lam. What do you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)

BINA

You said I can go to Wolverhampton.

ANGELO

In Wolverhampton there is no one to stay with your baby when you work. I can move you there, but I don't know where your baby will stay. Maybe find someone to look after her.

91. INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Bina sits with Natalie in her small office, Reshma beside them in a pushchair.

BINA

Maybe for a month or so. I can't take her with me to Wolverhampton.

Natalie remains silent, looking at Reshma and taking all the information in.

NATALIE

When are you going?

BINA

Now.

Natalie looks up at Bina in shock, and then at Reshma, who begins to cry in Bina's arms.

92. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Natalie carries a crying Reshma in one arm, and uses the other hand to call Tim. His phone rings for a moment then goes to his voice mail.

TIM (VOICEMAIL)

Hi, this is Tim, can't get to the phone, leave me a message and I will get back to ya.

93. INT. INDOOR FOOTBALL PITCH - NIGHT

Tim plays football with his friends.

94. EXT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Tim walks towards the flat door, wearing a long sleeve football shirt, shorts, and trainers. Over his shoulder is a sports bag. He gets to the door and knocks.

There is no response, so he ruffles in his bag for his keys, opens the door, drops his bag on the floor and walks into the front room.

TIM

Can't you hear me knocking?

95. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Tim is met by Natalie, sat on the sofa, feeding Reshma.

96. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Tim stands over the baby, who is lying on the sofa on top of a blanket. Natalie sits beside her.

NATALIE

Look, her mother's just left her at a police station. They just called and said they need someone to look after her for a couple of days until they find her. No one else was around to take her.

TIM

They can't just expect us to do this cos there's no one else available.

NATALIE

Yeah, er, and if I said no then how would that look in the future?

Tim takes a moment to absorb all the information.

TIM

So, what about the criminal record?

NATALIE

Oh Tim stop going on about that I've told you! It's an emergency so they weren't focusing on that stuff! If you don't want us to do fostering then just say it now and I can call the council tomorrow to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (cont'd)
come and pick her up! Don't make me
shout in front of the baby.

There is a long pause. Natalie resumes unpacking Reshma's belongings. Tim comes close.

TIM
What's her name?

NATALIE
Reshma.

She gently pulls him nearer. Tim kneels down by Reshma, rubs her gently, and then picks her up.

97. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie sits on the sofa, while Claire sits uncomfortably on the hardened end of the other; there is no other space to sit down in the small front room. Claire places the huge bag of nappies she has bought on top of another pile beside her. Reshma lies in a cot in the middle of the room. All around her are unopened packs of nappies, baby wipes and bottled baby food bought in bulk.

CLAIRE
These things usually take months to
sort out?

Natalie is too nervous. She simply stutters off and turns her attention back to unpacking powdered baby milk from a plastic bag.

NATALIE
They needed someone to look after
her on a temporary basis in an
emergency.

CLAIRE
But what about your criminal
record, isn't that the reason
you've been rejected?

Natalie is caught off guard by the question, and tries to regain her composure by turning away from Claire and moving a pack of nappies to another position in the living room, for no apparent reason.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

They weren't really focusing on that this time, it was more about finding a temporary home for her.

CLAIRE

That can't be right.

Natalie responds a little defensively, but not enough to alarm Claire, still doing everything she can to look too busy for the discussion. She turns her face towards Claire, albeit slightly, and gestures towards the cot.

NATALIE

Well it clearly is right cos I've got the baby in my living room.

CLAIRE

It makes no sense.

Claire is perplexed, looking to the ground, trying to make sense of it all. Natalie, aware Claire's thinking, mumbles something that she hopes will satisfy the woman and at the same time stop her from pursuing the conversation any further.

CLAIRE

What did you say?

NATALIE

Seriously, it's all fine and under control.

It looks for a moment as if Claire is going to say some more on the subject, then she lets it drop and takes out some baby food from a supermarket bag. In her nervousness, Natalie drops a large tin of baby food, spreading powdered milk everywhere.

For a second, Natalie looks like she's about to lose her temper. But she regains control of herself as quickly as she loses it, turning like a robot to face Claire and blows out her cheeks, smiling at her error. Claire stands up to assist and now both women smile but the mood turns serious almost immediately as Reshma begins to CRY.

Claire makes an instinctive move to the child as she is closest; Natalie appears in a flash, positioning her body between Claire and the cot without actually barging her out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

It's OK, I've got her!

As Natalie picks the child up, she offers Claire a smile. But this is not an apologetic smile; it's a smile of self-assurance. Claire looks at the baby and peers over. She tries to do this with great subtlety and patience, yet just enough to satisfy her curiosity.

She watches Natalie pick the baby and changes her nappy as if she's been a mother for years, changing the nappy, wiping Reshma's bottom and replacing it with a new one in one seamless effort. Claire is impressed but tries not to show it.

Natalie picks Reshma up, rests her over her chest and shoulder and gently rocks her into silence with formidable control, bouncing on her toes and speaking softly to her in words Claire can't discern. Claire sits and observes in amazement, watching Natalie facing up to this new responsibility with the maturity that motherhood requires.

98. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Natalie changes Reshma's nappy on the bed.

NATALIE

Who's the most beautiful baby in the world?

She tickles Reshma's tummy.

NATALIE

Yes.

Natalie beams.

NATALIE

You're the most beautiful, Reshma.

Reshma makes a noise, and Natalie looks relieved by these magic words.

Natalie lifts up Reshma over her, and looks at her, smiling talking and whispering. This child, an unexpected godsend in her torrid life.

99. INT. BABY & MOTHER CLASS - NIGHT

Natalie and Reshma sit in a hall room amongst other mothers and their babies.

Natalie sits on a mat the floor in a sports hall, her legs spread apart and Reshma lying in-between. All around her are other mothers with their babies. In the centre is the CLASS INSTRUCTOR, sitting as they are.

CLASS INSTRUCTOR
Thank you for all coming tonight,
apologies for the delayed start.
So.

She looks around the class.

CLASS INSTRUCTOR
Anyone here for the first time?

Natalie looks around the class, before nervously raising her hand. The class instructor offers a welcoming smile.

CLASS INSTRUCTOR
OK, just one. And your name is?

NATALIE
Natalie.

CLASS INSTRUCTOR
OK, Natalie and?

Natalie smiles, lost for a moment.

NATALIE
Reshma!

CLASS INSTRUCTOR
Natalie and Reshma, welcome to
mother and baby class.

100. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

Natalie observes Tim changing Reshma's nappy. He's nervous, pouring talcum powder everywhere.

NATALIE
Relax. You need to feel at ease.

TIM
Alright.

Tim focuses on the task in hand. Natalie peers over him.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Do you want me to do it?

Tim responds without even stopping to look up.

TIM

It's OK, I'm fine.

101. INT. MOBILE PHONE COMPANY CALL CENTRE - DAY

Tim walks through the busy call centre and comes to a desk where a WOMAN, YVONNE, is sat in front of a PC.

TIM

Yvonne, Can you put me down for OT?
this weekend?

Yvonne stops eating and looks up from her PC.

YVONNE

Wow, I thought you said overtime
was exploitation?

Tim simply remains silent and looks to the floor.

YVONNE

OK, what day?

TIM

Saturday and Sunday.

Yvonne stares at the screen.

YVONNE

Saturday and Sunday, yeah OK, what
times?

TIM

Eight to eight if poss.

YVONNE

You saving for something?

Tim nods.

YVONNE

Are you joining the picket line
tomorrow?

Tim scratches the back of his head.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Erm, yeah intending to.

YVONNE

Viva revolution!

Tim offers a faint smile.

102. INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Natalie pushes Reshma in her pram through a supermarket aisle. she holds a small basket in one hand, and places a few bottles of baby food into it.

103. INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Natalie stands at a self service checkout, scanning bottles of baby food. She stops and looks in her purse, and then looks around her. There is a SUPERMARKET WORKER assisting another WOMAN behind her.

Natalie slips several items into a carrier bag without scanning them. She then pulls out a £10 note from her purse and pays for the scanned items. She packs up the shopping, places the bags under Reshma's pram, and walks towards the exit, her head down and focused on Reshma.

104. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Natalie and Tim both sit in the small kitchen, around the table eating and feeding Reshma.

NATALIE

Your mum says that the call centre staff are striking tomorrow.

TIM

So?

NATALIE

So we can't afford to lose a days pay so you're not, I'm telling you right now.

TIM

It's one day.

NATALIE

Look, look, that's not the point.

Tim is baffled.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

The point is that we need every penny for Reshma. I'm working nights now, I'm knackered, but it's what I have to do. Whether you like it or not you've got responsibilities at home now.

Tim looks away, shaking his head.

TIM

Don't talk to me about my responsibilities, don't be stupid.

NATALIE

We can't afford to lose a days pay, we need that money. So sorry love but, just no.

Natalie gives a straight-palmed gesture over the table on her last word. Tim responds a little too calmly and diplomatically.

TIM

Natalie, don't talk to me like that.

NATALIE

I'm not interested.

TIM

I'm the union representative, do you realise that?

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE

No.

TIM

Natalie, I don't need your permission to.

Before he can finish, Natalie gets up and leaves the table, waking with Reshma in her arms into the bedroom.

TIM

Natalie, come back and sit down.

Natalie pays no more attention to him and carries on into the bedroom, and the door SLAMS shut on his words. Tim resumes his eating. After a few moments, he throws his food off the table and onto the floor, SMASHING the plate in the

process. He exhales heavily, and rests his head on his adjoined knuckles.

105. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Natalie walks towards a loading bay in the factory. Its relatively quite, with just a few night shifters scattered in various corners of the factory floor, where there are several large metal crates full of food produce. She opens one, and begins to unload boxes of frozen pizza bases from them, yawning as she piles them up onto a trolley beside her.

106. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tim sleeps in his bed, over the duvet and wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He is woken to the sound of Reshma CRYING beside him. He quickly gets up, picks up Reshma and rocks her gently as he walks towards the kitchen.

107. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tim attempts to feed her milk from a bottle, but Reshma continues to CRY.

TIM

Shush.OK.

He bounces gently on his toes and continues cradling her.

108. EXT. ESTATE - DAY

Natalie walks towards her flat, carrying a large bag containing bread rolls. The surrounding area is deserted.

109. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

Natalie enters the flat and walks toward the kitchen.

110. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

She places the bag of broken bread rolls on the kitchen worktop. She then goes into the bedroom.

111. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

She quietly opens the door and peers in. Tim is crashed out over the bed, with Reshma sleeping beside him. Natalie slowly takes off her shoes, gets on the bed, snuggles up next to Tim, with Reshma in-between them.

She places her hand on Tim's waist. Tim wakes up on the instant, gets up, and turns to his bedside table, where his clock reads 07.34.

TIM

shit!

Tim hurls himself up from the bed, and hurries out of the room. Natalie lies on the bed with her eyes open.

112. EXT. ESTATE - DAY

Tim is inside his car as a group of YOUTHS push his car down the street. After a few meters, the engine starts and Tim drives off, beeping his horn in thanks and sticking a thumb up through the driver's window.

113. EXT. CALL CENTRE CAR PARK - DAY

Tim sits motionless in the car, tired and lost in his thoughts. There are a few other cars scattered across the car park. From his windscreen he can see the picket line in full view.

His mobile phone vibrates, and he picks it up from the passenger seat to see Natalie's name on the screen. He lets it vibrate for a little longer before switching it off.

114. EXT. CALL CENTRE ENTRANCE/PICKET LINE - DAY

Tim approaches the entrance to the factory. To his left is a congregation of ten workers, all drinking tea from white polystyrene cups. A few have pamphlets in their hands.

As they stand, passing cars blow their horns. They turn their attention to the approaching Tim.

STRIKER

Talk about leading from example,
been here since 7am mate.

Tim walks head down and charges straight into work. The workers stare in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

STRIKER

What you think your doing?

Tim continues towards the factory doors.

STRIKER

Tim!

A couple of tea cups are hurled towards Tim, both missing by some distance. Another lands by his heels.

115. INT. PUB - NIGHT

Christopher and Claire enter the pub. The pub is full with call centre workers. One of them, a young looking man spots Christopher entering.

MAN

Look at em. Excuse me, your family aint welcome in this pub anymore.

They both look around, uncertain as to who he is referring to.

MAN

Yes I'm talking to you, Tim fucking scabbed on us.

CHRISTOPHER

Not my son.

MAN

Yes it was your son. He walked straight past the picket line.

He talks in a loud, broad tone, his words long and hanging, allowing the entire room to hear.

CHRISTOPHER

You're talking rubbish.

YOUNG MAN

What you talking about you weren't there, ask anyone.

CHRISTOPHER

Do you want me to hit yer?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah yeah maybe 30 years ago.

The BARMAN, young, tall and skinny with a stud piercing his eyebrow, looks across, sensing trouble.

(CONTINUED)

BARMAN
Alright guys.

He turns his attention to Christopher.

BARMAN
Mate what do you want to drink?

CHRISTOPHER
You tell him to calm down!

YOUNG MAN
What am I doing, you're the one
threatening me, just telling it
like it is, your sons a scab.

CHRISTOPHER
(restrained by Claire)
I am gonna punch you in a sec.

YOUNG MAN
Of course you will.

BARMAN
I said leave it or you lot can get
out!

YOUNG MAN
He's threatening me mate.

BARMAN
I'm not interested.

Christopher points at the young man

CHRISTOPHER
I'm promising you.

YOUNG MAN
Anytime.

Christopher turns his body back to the bar.

116. EXT. FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim unlocks the front door with his keys and enters the
house.

117. INT. FAMILY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tim is pounced on by the family DOG, rubbing his head and brushing him away.

He approaches the living room, where Christopher (rising to his feet) and Claire are sat on the sofa. Sam is in his wheelchair opposite them. Tim calls out.

TIM

Hi.

He begins to take off his coat as Christopher comes towards him.

TIM

Dad have you still got that car battery in the garage?

Before he can finish, Christopher interrupts aggressively, taking Tim by complete surprise.

CHRISTOPHER

Did you go into work today?

There is no response from Tim, mulling over his answer. He seems to want to lie, but Christopher's expression suggests otherwise.

There is now a look of shameful regret on Tim's face. But Christopher is not finished, moving forward from his position and approaching his son.

CHRISTOPHER

Did you fucking work today?

Tim is forced to take a small movement back, while still attempting to show that he's not intimidated. He nods slightly.

TIM

Well, you obviously know I did So why ask?

Christopher pushes Tim with both hands in the chest.

CHRISTOPHER

Why?

CLAIRE

OK, Chris, you don't have to push him!

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

(shouts)

Claire stop defending him all the time!

He returns to deal with Tim.

CHRISTOPHER

I go to my own pub, and we get sworn at cos my own son's acting like a cunt!

A vein comes out on Christopher's forehead and now Tim feels intimidated. Shamefaced, he drops his head in silence, not knowing quite how to respond or what to say.

Christopher pokes him in the cheek. Tim suddenly looks up with a little aggression.

TIM

OK, let me explain why don't you? We need more money for the little one so.

CHRISTOPHER

I get some little shit, insulting me and your mother, telling me to get out of my own local.

TIM

Did you hear what I said?

SAM

Always said since him and that tramp have taken in that paki baby he's been acting like a prick. Be a man.

Tim, with his index finger, signals for him to shut up.

TIM

What you mean be a Man? I'm all fucking man!

SAM

Of course you are.

TIM

And no one's talking to you so you can shut the fuck up.

Christopher turns to Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

I'm dealing with it alright?

SAM

Nah, its always Natalie said this,
Natalie said that. It's time to be
the man of the house.

Tim launches forward and punches Sam, pushing his chair over. The unbalanced Sam grasps onto the kitchen dining table, only clutching the table cloth, sweeping it and all kitchenware off it at he uses another hand to try and break his fall.

CLAIRE

Oh my God!

Tim stands nearby and comes closer, standing over him, goading him and spreading his fisted arms while being restrained by Christopher.

Sam attempts to get up amidst the wreckage. His hands flapping full of aggression, his upper body tenses as he struggles to get up.

Christopher, who has released Tim, attempts to help him, holding his torso in an attempt to stop him from trying to reach his brother, but he's much much stronger than his father and had no problem disengaging himself from him. Tim cautiously takes a few steps back.

SAM

Yeah that's right, acting like your
ten men, go for me when I can't
stand up and fight, you know if it
wasn't for my knees it would be a.

Christopher waves hand aggressively with all the might that he can muster and points to him, using one hand to sit upright.

SAM

Fucking different story!

He struggles to get back into his wheelchair, barking back the help of his mother.

SAM

Don't touch me, I can do it!

Eventually, his frustration leads him to hurl the wheelchair away from him, lying on his back as Claire and Christopher try to get him up. He shields his face as he cries, his bulging biceps belying his weakness.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Don't fucking touch me!

CHRISTOPHER
Come on son, get up.

He tenses his body, making their task harder.

118. INT. STREET - DAY

Natalie pushes Reshma down a quiet street. To each side of her there is nothing but terraced housing.

119. INT. BUS STOP - DAY

Natalie stands in the bus stop, Reshma sleeping in the pram. An ELDERLY MAN sits beside her and observes.

MAN
Is that your baby?

Natalie ignores him.

MAN
Excuse me.

He touches her arm.

MAN
Is that.

Natalie reacts on instant.

NATALIE
Do you mind not touching me?

MAN
Ok, but I asked you a question is that your baby?

A bus approaches.

NATALIE
I'm looking after her.

MAN
You? Looking after a baby? I don't believe that for a second.

NATALIE

And who cares what you believe, who
are you-

The man repositions himself, ready for an argument.

MAN

I'll tell you who I am! I'm someone
who knows about you, young lady,
I'm the grandfather of that little
girl you killed.

He emphasizes his words, pointing at Natalie. Natalie closes her eyes, just for a moment. She's heard this too many times before and she's had enough.

MAN

(shouts)

I'm someone who's not forgotten the
damage you caused to my family!

He again gesticulates, pointing forward as if to suggest that the family he is referring to are standing in front of them.

MAN

(shouts)

That's who I am!

NATALIE

So I don't deserve a second chance?

MAN

Not someone like you. Not after
what you did. You're the scum of
the earth, from the gutters!

The man spits at Natalie, who instinctively covers Reshma's face, taking the man's saliva full in the face. The bus stops and Natalie gets up, avoiding eye contact with him.

MAN

(shouts)

There is no way that they are
letting people like you raise other
people's children, would not even
let you have your own, you're the
lowest of the low!

Natalie and Reshma get on the bus.

120. INT. BUS - DAY

Natalie sits on the bus, tears slowly develop in her eyes, and one streams down her left cheek, which she quickly attends to, wiping both tears and saliva off her face with her hand.

121. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tim sits on the sofa with his head leaned back. Reshma lies beside him. There is football on the TV in front of him but he shows no real interest, dangling a toy in front of her.

122. INT. CORNER SHOP - NIGHT

Natalie stands behind the till at shop. A MAN takes two 4-packs of canned lager from the fridge and approaches the till. He places the cans on the counter.

NATALIE

Ten pounds please.

The man takes a £10 note out of his wallet as Natalie bags up the cans. Natalie takes the £10 from him, opens the till then closes it again without putting the £10 in, pushing it in-between the till and the counter. She then begins fumbling with the receipt feed.

NATALIE

Sorry, this has been playing up all day.

The man takes the beer from the counter.

MAN

No bother about the receipt love.

Natalie watches as the man leaves the shop. She then takes the £10 note and folds it around a larger wad of bank notes in her pocket.

123. INT. CORNER SHOP STOCKROOM - NIGHT

Natalie stuffs a small rucksack full with food from the stockroom shelf.

124. INT. CORNER SHOP - NIGHT

Natalie turns off the lights in the store, grabs another tin of food from the shelf on her way out, before setting the alarm, locking the door behind her and setting off down the street.

125. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalie lies in her bed, her head beside Reshma, watching her sleep. She covers her in kisses, from her head to toe. Life now has a beautiful face. Reshma begins to cry, and Natalie's smile widens, the sound of a flock of seagulls drowning out the baby's cry.

126. INT. STOKE ON TRENT TRAIN STATION

There is the sound of seagulls as Natalie waits on the station concourse with Reshma in a pram. There are a few other people waiting next to her, looking up at the small departure screen placed high in a corner. A train pulls in, and Natalie and Reshma walk onto the platform.

127. INT. RHYL TRAIN STATION

Natalie steps off the train and walks into the small station concourse, where Bina is standing by a ticket machine. She sees them, and runs over. She picks up Reshma from the pram and embraces her. Natalie smiles and watches.

128. EXT. RHYL BEACH - DAY

Natalie and Bina walk along Rhyl beach. It's bright and fine and there's big white clouds scudding across the sky, only it's chilly and they keep moving or they'll soon feel the cold. Natalie takes Bina's arm and gives it a squeeze, Reshma in-between them both.

129. INT. RHYL BEACH CAFE - DAY

Bina and Natalie sit at a table in a small beachside café, in a cramped area of the room. The rest of the cafe is empty, apart from a waitress (21, slim with brown hair tied back in a bun) making herself look busy by wiping tables. Reshma sleeps in her pram beside them.

(CONTINUED)

BINA

It's a bit easier in Woverhampton.
Not so many people living together
this time.

NATALIE

Have you seen your boyfriend at
all?

BINA

No. the immigration people came to
the warehouse where he was working.
They didn't catch him, and Angelo
got him a job in Walsall. He says
he has a friend who lives in London
who can help us.

There is a short silence.

BINA

We are always running. But I'll
never go back to Pakistan.

Bina looks out the window to the beach.

BINA

So what about you're family?

There is a short silence.

NATALIE

My family? Ok, erm, I've not spoken
to my mum in years. When my dad
died I was banned from his funeral.
My little brother wants nothing to
do with me.

She slowly stirs her tea.

NATALIE

Tim?

She smiles and looks out of the window and shrugs.

NATALIE

He's a husband. No one else was
going to have me.

She takes a sip of her tea, slurping.

NATALIE

And my in-laws hate my guts.
Apparently I'm trash and Tim never
should have married me.

(CONTINUED)

BINA

Do you like working at the factory?

NATALIE

No, I hate it. But, I was once in prison so they gave me my first job when I came out. It's the best I'm ever gonna do.

There is a pause.

BINA

What did you do?

Natalie takes a deep breath and smiles for a moment, before her face turns serious again.

NATALIE

Erm, when I was twenty-two we.

She stops for a moment to compose herself.

NATALIE

I accidentally killed a little girl.

Bina remains silent.

NATALIE

I was driving when I was banned, and drinking, and this girl was crossing the road, and I tried to stop but I was too drunk, and I hit her.

There is a short silence.

NATALIE

Then we drove away, and then crashed into a car. I cut my stomach up, had to have an operation, and now I can't have children.

She looks out to the sea and breaths it all in, lost in her thoughts.

NATALIE

I guess I got what I deserved.

There is a long painful silence between them. Natalie breaks this by puffing out her cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
Pretty bad isn't it?

At this point, Reshma CRIES, and both women instinctively stand up in unison, towards the baby. There is an exchange of embarrassed but sympathetic looks between them both, a look of understanding of roles.

Natalie reluctantly stands back as Bina attends to the baby, with the longing look of someone wishing to be the one to hold the child. Reshma settles, and they both sit down.

There is an excruciating, long silence between them. Bina looks at Reshma, and then at Natalie, who avoids eye contact. Bina hands Reshma to Natalie, who takes her. Natalie smiles as she sits with her on her lap, using one hand to wipe away a small tear developing from the corner of her eye.

130. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

She gets up from bed, and attends to Reshma in the cot in front of her.

131. INT/EXT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

Natalie stands in the kitchen sipping from a sports drink. She's wearing a faded grey hooded jumper and blue baggy shorts that sit just above her knees. She puts the drink on the kitchen worktop, jingles her keys in her pocket and walks out the door.

She walks down the stairs to the street, where she begins to jog slowly out of the estate and onto the main road.

132. EXT. STREET - DAY

Natalie runs, the sun rising around her and goes for a run around the estate and finally comes to the open road.

133. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

Tim picks up Reshma, takes her to the living room and begins to spoon feed her from a small pot.

134. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Reshma lies on the sofa, on top of a towel as Tim slowly changes her nappy.

135. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

She comes home, stretches her body after her run, and eats a healthy combination of an orange and an energy bar.

136. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

Tim sits in the front room, holding Reshma while Natalie prepares baby food, taking a swig of the milk from the bottle to gauge its temperature as she enters the living room.

There is a SMASH from outside, and the sound of running feet. Tim puts Reshma down onto the sofa and gets up, looking out of the window. He then heads for the door. Natalie picks up Reshma.

137. EXT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAY - DAY

Tim walks out of the front door, down the stairs and jogs out to the street, to find his car windscreen smashed, with the word SCAB spray painted on the bonnet. A small group of TEENAGERS stand watching nearby, and Tim takes aim at them, running across the road. Tim marches towards a BOY, who takes a couple of steps back. Tim grabs the startled kid by the throat.

TIM

Say it! Go on, say it!

The boy tries to free himself but Tim's too strong. The other teenagers try to help, getting in between them both. Natalie watches the scuffle from across the street with Reshma in her arms.

NATALIE

(shouts)

Very mature, let the whole estate see what kind of family we are!

Tim, marching ahead of her, turns.

TIM

Have you seen my car?

(CONTINUED)

Tim suddenly turns and goes back outside. He points at the kids from across the street.

TIM
(shouts)
Next time I see you near my car I'm
gonna twat you, and you won't wake
up!

TEENAGER
It wasn't even us!

Natalie, with Reshma in her arms, ushers Tim back upstairs.

138. EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Tim sits down at a bus stop, dressed in his usual work
apparel of trousers, shirt and tie.

139. INT. MOBILE PHONE COMPANY CALL CENTRE - DAY

Tim walks into the busy call centre. There are a few gazes
in his direction, but nothing that makes him react. He gets
to his desk, where the word 'traitor' has been printed in
bold type on A4 pages, scattered all over his desk, stuck on
his screen with blue tape and on his seat.

Tim looks at the desk, and then out to the call centre. A
few WORKERS look up to see his reaction. Tim picks up the
small bin by his desk, and begins to take the pages down.

140. INT. MOBILE PHONE COMPANY CALL CENTRE - DAY

Tim rubs his head in frustration as an angry customer
SCREAMS down the phone at him.

CUSTOMER
Now that is not acceptable!

TIM
Ok, what do you want me to do? I
can't get the phone to you within
the next hour what you're asking is
impossible.

CUSTOMER
Listen to what I am asking!

(CONTINUED)

TIM

I am listening but if you let me finish-

CUSTOMER

Put me through to a manager, because I'm not talking to you anymore you're useless!

TIM

With respect sir-

CUSTOMER

Put me through to a manager.

TIM

With respect, you will be dealing with me today.

CUSTOMER

Are these calls recorded?

TIM

All calls are recorded for training and fact verification-

CUSTOMER

(shouts)

Then I am asking you, on record, to put me through to someone in authority, a senior member of staff, someone who is capable of taking ownership.

TIM

(shouts)

I am taking ownership!

CUSTOMER

(shouts)

Of taking ownership of a customer complaint and making a decision. You are not that person. Put me through to someone that is!

TIM

Fuck off!

Tim slams the phone down on his shouting. He puts his head in his hands for a moment.

141. INT. MOBILE PHONE COMPANY CALL CENTRE - DAY

Nigel leans over the desk of one of Tim's colleagues.

NIGEL

Did he hang up on that customer?

COLLEAGUE

Erm, I'm not sure.

NIGEL

Pull up that phone call right now.

Nigel puts on a headset while the colleague fiddles with her PC. He's enthused, like he can't wait to listen to the call to confirm what he believes is true. He looks over to where Tim is sitting.

142. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

Natalie stands in the living room, putting on her shoes. She picks up Reshma from the cot and puts her into the pushchair in the small hallway.

NATALIE

Are you ready for mother and baby class?

She fastens her belt in the pushchair.

NATALIE

You're going to have fun at mother and baby class aren't you?

There is a firm knock on the door. Before Natalie can react the door KNOCKS again.

NATALIE

OK!

She turns and opens the door. PRAVEEN, Asian, tall, chubby with long hair, bursts through her.

PRAVEEN

Where is my daughter?

Natalie reacts on the instant, gripping hold of his jacket, only for Bina to appear behind him.

BINA

Natalie, it's OK, it's her father!
He is the father.

(CONTINUED)

Natalie releases her grip and Praveen unfastens Reshma from the pushchair. He holds her over his shoulder and buries his head in her side. Natalie, terrified, has no idea what is happening.

PRAVEEN

Reshma!

Praveen makes for the door but Bina slams it shut and holds her palm out.

BINA

Wait!

NATALIE

Bina, what you doing?

PRAVEEN

We are leaving with our daughter!

BINA

We have to go to London! The immigration know where Praveen is!

Natalie is on the verge of tears; her lower lip trembles and her breathing is unsteady.

NATALIE

What, so you were gonna just barge in here and just take Reshma and leave, no warning no goodbye no nothing?

BINA

I've been trying to explain that you have helped us.

PRAVEEN

Thank you for your help but we don't need you anymore.

Reshma begins to cry amidst all the commotion.

NATALIE

Oh, OK look now you're scaring Reshma.

Bina tries to take control.

BINA

OK Praveen come.

(CONTINUED)

She gestures for Praveen to give her the child, coming towards him and holding her arms out. She picks Reshma from his shoulders. Natalie panics.

NATALIE
OK, lets just sit down and talk.

PRAVEEN
Where are her things?

Praveen makes for the living room.

NATALIE
Bina tell him to stop, he can't
just walk in here!

Natalie follows him into the living room.

NATALIE
Everything she has I bought with my
money!

PRAVEEN
You can't stop up leaving!

NATALIE
I'm not trying to!

Natalie turns to Bina

NATALIE
Bina tell him!

Praveen turns to Natalie.

PRAVEEN
OK, I know you've helped us but we
have no time, we have someone who
can keep us in London.

NATALIE
You need money. How you gonna get
to London? Where you gonna live?
How will Reshma eat?

PRAVEEN
Who do you think you are? You are
not better than us!

NATALIE
I'm not trying to be!

PRAVEEN

What makes you think you can raise
my child better than us?

NATALIE

I don't, I just want to help.

The front door opens and Tim emerges to find the three of them in a tussle over Reshma. In his hand is a supermarket bag with Pampers and a small baby toy. Natalie turns to meet him before he can enter the room.

TIM

Who are these?

Tim can taste the tension in the room.

NATALIE

OK, I need you two to give me just
two minutes!

She ushers them into the kitchen.

TIM

What you doing?

NATALIE

I'm sorry Bina, just give me one
second!

TIM

Who are they?

Natalie ignores his question.

NATALIE

What are you doing home by this
time?

TIM

I've been sacked. Who are these
people?

NATALIE

Tell me you are joking!

TIM

Do I sound like I'm joking?

There is a pause.

(CONTINUED)

TIM
Who are they?

NATALIE
Erm, they are just some people from
work looking for a reference.

Tim listens, but once their eyes meet he sees enough in them
to convince him that she is lying.

TIM
So why have they got Reshma in
their hands?

Tim stares at her. He tries to ascertain truth in Natalie's
eyes. There is a long pause.

NATALIE
OK, Reshma belongs to her.

TIM
What do you mean she belongs to
her?

NATALIE
That's her real mother!

TIM
Well, she's not supposed to just
turn up, I thought they were meant
to get permission from social
services to see-

NATALIE
It's got nothing to do with social
services! They don't know anything
about it!

There is a short pause before Tim begins to shake his head,
part in disbelief and part in indignation.

TIM
I knew it.

NATALIE
OK Tim listen.

TIM
You lying bitch I knew it!

Natalie tries to get Tim to stay still for just a moment so
she can resume her explanation.

TIM
You bitch.

NATALIE
It didn't happen on purpose, she
needed my help, she had nowhere to
look after Reshma.

Tim explodes.

TIM
So why lie?

NATALIE
Because I knew you would tell your
mum and dad, I don't know!

TIM
Christ, my mum and dad, they think
we are real foster parents!

NATALIE
We are! We're looking after her
aren't we?

143. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Bina and Reshma sit with Praveen, listening to the arguing
from the other room.

144. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie and Tim stand in the living room.

TIM
They're leaving!

Natalie's heart is thumping and she does not know where she
is for a minute. She shakes her head, partly to say no and
partly to clear her mind, think strait, and regain control
of the argument.

NATALIE
(firmly)
No.

Natalie points at him, opening her body and seeming to
command the space of the entire room. Her voice is coarse
and loud because she can't control it properly.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

They are all staying here!

Tim has never seen, nor heard her this determined. Tim gestures to his surroundings.

TIM

In a one bedroom flat?

NATALIE

We're not having this conversation.

It's Tim's turn to try and keep her still so she can listen fully.

TIM

Look, we've looked after her, we've done our bit, if they ready to have her back then let them!

NATALIE

Just like that like we never existed!

TIM

This is how real fostering works!

NATALIE

If they get caught they'll all get deported!

TIM

They are illegal immigrants?

NATALIE

They are asylum seekers, there's a difference! They are staying, end of.

Tim can't believe what he's hearing. Natalie walks out of the room into the kitchen, leaving Tim on his own.

145. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Natalie, Reshma and Bina sleep together in her bed.

146. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Praveen sleeps on the sofa.

147. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Tim sleeps in the bath, two pillows propping up his head and his legs uncomfortably hanging over the bath's edge.

148. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie waits by the living room door as Bina kisses Reshma goodbye. Praveen sits upright on the sofa, his blanket covering his legs as he holds Reshma.

Bina turns to leave.

NATALIE

OK Praveen you don't answer the door to anyone? If anyone knocks on the door, even the postman you stay still and say nothing. Keep the curtains closed too OK?

Praveen nods. Natalie and Bina leave the flat.

149. INT. PUB - NIGHT

Sam sits in a pub with his FRIEND, blond, lanky with a goatee beard.

FRIEND

I saw around 10 of them getting out of the van and into the factory. All of them foreign looking, I'm not saying that to be funny like, it's just when I asked Natalie a few weeks ago she told me that they weren't taking anyone on. Can you ask her again for me?

SAM

(thinking)

Yeah, I'll sort you out.

Sam ponders on his comments.

SAM

So you sure all of them were foreign?

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

Yeah, we were on our way back from
Vale on Tuesday, ask my dad if you
want.

He gestures to his dad, at the bar. Sam continues pondering.

FRIEND

Don't go back and say that to her,
I don't want her to think I've got
a problem with em.

150. EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Natalie and Bina sit together, side by side, waiting for the
bus.

151. INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Natalie sits in her office, going through all the signed
time sheets. She wipes her tired eyes. The clock above her
says 06:34. There is sudden SHOUTING from the main factory
floor.

Natalie looks up to see several men wearing navy vests under
blue t-shirts, with UK BORDER AGENCY printed on the back
marching with intent past her window. Natalie gets up
immediately and heads for the door.

152. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Natalie opens the door to find a mass of bodies running in
different directions attempting to evade the clutches of the
UK Border Agents. Several POLICE OFFICERS attempt to grip
fleeing workers.

As Natalie makes her way to the freezer department, she
passes an AFRICAN MAN, head in his hands, as a POLICE
OFFICER handcuffs him while a UK BORDER AGENT interrogators
him. He's tall, with shoulder length hair and well spoken.
He sits down next to him.

UK BORDER AGENT

You've been identified as being in
the country illegally, OK?

The African man remains motionless, on the verge of tears.

(CONTINUED)

UK BORDER AGENT
You are going to be taken to
Longton police station for further
questioning. You will then be
transferred to an immigration
detention centre pending your
removal from the UK. Do you
understand?

153. INT. FACTORY - DAY

Yanis is pinned against a wall by a POLICE OFFICER. A UK
BORDER AGENT puts Yanis's index finger into a fingerprint
scanner.

UK BORDER AGENT
How long have you been in the
United Kingdom for?

YANIS
(shouts)
I told you, two years. I've a right
to be here!

POLICE OFFICER
OK, no need to shout!

UK BORDER AGENT
OK, you don't have to shout at me!
We'll see in a minute.

The UK Border Agent looks at the scanner reading.

154. INT. FACTORY FREEZER DEPARTMENT - DAY

An army of UK BORDER AGENTS storm the freezer department. On
the instant, ONE MAN tries to flee from a side door.

UK BORDER AGENT
(shouts)
Stop! Don't run!

The room explodes with panic. As he makes for the door he
sees the agent is reinforced by TWO other AGENTS, one of
them a woman, who closes in on him.

He attempts to run past her, but when he does he sees six
more AGENTS have him covered on all sides. He hesitates, and
as he does the woman AGENT recovers ground, rugby tackling
him to the ground before TWO POLICE OFFICERS assist.

Amidst the mayhem, Bina stands amongst a group of workers being ushered into a corner by several UK BORDER AGENTS and POLICE OFFICERS.

155. EXT. FACTORY CAR PARK - DAY

WORKERS begin to be taken out of the factory. After a few moments, Bina emerges, flanked by TWO AGENTS. Amongst the others, she is escorted down the road and put inside a van, before being driven away.

156. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Tim sits at the kitchen table, with a cup of coffee beside him while he looks through employment opportunities on his laptop. He looks up as Praveen emerges.

PRAVEEN

Can I use your shower?

TIM

Yeah, sure.

Praveen points to the living room.

PRAVEEN

Please, watch Reshma.

TIM

Yeah, of course.

Praveen heads for the bathroom, while Tim gets up with his laptop and goes to the living room. Reshma lies on the sofa. Tim sits beside her, tickles her stomach and resumes his job hunting.

157. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY

Praveen showers in the bathroom.

158. INT. FACTORY HR OFFICE - DAY

Natalie stands amongst her manager and THREE other senior workers at the factory. TWO POLICE OFFICERS and a UK BORDER AGENT stand in the middle of the room.

UK BORDER AGENT

28 people were arrested after
checks showed that none had the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

UK BORDER AGENT (cont'd)
right to be in the UK. 10 had overstayed their visit visas, four were working in breach of their student visas and fourteen were failed asylum seekers. There is no reason why these people should be working in the UK. We are issuing you with a potential fine of £10,000 in respect of each illegal worker.

There are gasps from the THREE management staff.

UK BORDER AGENT
This will have to be paid unless your business can prove that it carried out proper pre-employment checks. Did you inspect all passports, Home Office letters, visas?

FACTORY MANAGER
We use an employment agency, they do the checks-

UK BORDER AGENT
No, it's the responsibility of the employers to carry out these checks, and you know that.

159. INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Natalie scans the factory floor, looking for Bina. She sees Yanis sitting in a corner, nursing his bruised wrists. He appears tired and shell-shocked, like he's been through a traumatic ordeal.

Natalie runs towards him and crouches down.

NATALIE
Yanis are you alright?

Yanis nods.

NATALIE
OK, where is Bina?

YANIS
She's gone, with the others and the immigration people.

(CONTINUED)

Natalie gets up, panic on her face. She feels for her phone in her pocket, but realises it's not there. She turns to go to her office, but sees that two UK BORDER AGENCY staff are occupying it, scanning through paperwork. She turns away from the office and heads for the exit door, but is pulled back by a MANAGER.

MANAGER

Natalie, can you come and help me with the immigration lot, I need to speak to head office.

He gestures for her to follow him but Natalie is not interested.

NATALIE

I can't I've got to get home there is an emergency!

MANAGER

Natalie there is an emergency here, get in that office if you want to keep your job!

Natalie ignores him and runs out of the factory.

MANAGER

Natalie!

160. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tim is sat in the living room beside Reshma, who is lying down on the sofa. Tim gets up, takes his empty cup of coffee and goes to the kitchen.

161. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

There is a loud KNOCK on the door, and he turns around. The door KNOCKS heavily again.

Tim freezes. Praveen emerges from the bathroom, wearing only his jeans and drying his hair with a towel. Suddenly twelve UKBA officers and police burst through the door. Praveen makes a dash for the bathroom window, then stops and tries to bulldoze through them all to reach Reshma.

He is gripped by three AGENTS, who haul him to the ground and handcuff him. A Police officer grabs Tim and ushers him into the living room.

(CONTINUED)

TIM
OK, easy!

162. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

He is followed in by Praveen, half naked, handcuffed and gripped by several officers. They sit him down on the sofa. One of the officers picks up Reshma.

PRAVEEN
Don't touch my daughter!

Praveen attempts to get up and charge at the officer, but is restrained by the agents holding him. They place him face down on the sofa to keep him still.

UK BORDER AGENT
Stay still!

TIM
That's his daughter!

OFFICER
This is your daughter?

PRAVEEN
Put her down!

OFFICER
Just relax, I'm not harming her OK?

PRAVEEN
Please!

OFFICER
Try and calm down I'm not hurting her OK?

UK BORDER AGENT
What's your name?

TIM
It's Praveen!

UK BORDER AGENT
Is it Praveen?

PRAVEEN
Yes!

(CONTINUED)

UK BORDER AGENT
OK Praveen, I'm just going to sit
you up so I can talk to you OK?

Praveen nods.

PRAVEEN
OK!

Praveen is sat up by the officers.

UK BORDER AGENT
Praveen, based on intelligence, we
have reason to believe that you are
in the UK illegally. Can you prove
that you have a right to be living
in the UK?

Praveen shakes his head and sighs.

UK BORDER AGENT
OK Praveen, we are going to arrest
and detain you while action is
taken to remove you and your
daughter from the UK. Is there
anyone else with you here?

Praveen shakes his head.

UK BORDER AGENT
Are you sure? Where is the baby's
mother?

PRAVEEN
I don't know.

UK BORDER AGENT
You don't know where the mother of
your child is?

PRAVEEN
No.

The agent turns to one of his colleagues.

UK BORDER AGENT
He's not telling the truth.

COLLEAGUE
I know, he's not going to tell us.
There's women's clothing in the
bedroom.

UK BORDER AGENT

Praveen, I'm going to let you go and gather your things. One of my colleagues is going to escort you. We are giving you 30 minutes OK? Your baby will be down here with us.

Praveen is led upstairs. The Border agent turns his attention to Tim.

UK BORDER AGENT

OK, Mr Scott, how did Praveen and his daughter come to be living in your house?

TIM

They are not living here, they are just staying for a couple of nights.

UK BORDER AGENT

OK, that's fine but how? How did it happen? A failed asylum seeker does not just turn up in your home, how did you meet?

163. INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Bina sits at a table in an interview room, with two UK Border Agents in front of him.

UK BORDER AGENT

OK, your asylum claim was rejected 6 months ago, yet you have continued to live and work in the UK.

Bina says nothing.

UK BORDER AGENT

You will be transferred to immigration detention centre pending your removal from the UK, do you understand?

Bina puts her head in her hands and breaks down crying.

164. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tim is sitting down, sprawled out on the sofa. Natalie bursts through the front door.

NATALIE

Tim!

Tim says nothing. Natalie runs upstairs to find that Praveen, and Reshma's belongings are gone. She runs back downstairs.

NATALIE

Reshma is gone!

TIM

You think I don't know that? I was here when they burst through the door and handcuffed me in my own home!

Natalie puts her head in her hands.

NATALIE

(shouts)

And you just let them in! Yeah, just come in and take them! No probs!

TIM

What did you want me to do?

NATALIE

I bet you didn't even put up a fight!

TIM

Maybe if you had let them leave when they wanted to they wouldn't have got caught!

NATALIE

Like you care about them! You didn't even want Reshma!

TIM

What makes you think you're the only one who cares about it?

NATALIE

It?

(CONTINUED)

TIM

I mean her.

NATALIE

It? What is it? Her name is Reshma!
You wanted this to happen!

Tim gets up from the sofa.

TIM

No, I'm not taking the blame!

Tim begins to walk out of the room. Natalie follows him.

NATALIE

You did this!

Natalie gives Tim a powerful, aggressive shove in the back and something snaps inside of him. He turns around on the instant and grabs Natalie by the neck, drives her through the living room and onto the sofa.

He sits over her, and brings his head into hers, SHOUTING in her ear. Natalie is terrified.

TIM

Now listen to me! What happened today was not my fault and you know it. I am not to blame and it is as simple as that. What's your problem? What makes you think that you can come home, every day, and talk to me like I'm nothing?

Natalie stops struggling against him, and becomes motionless and limp. She looks away from him as he continues SHOUTING in her ear.

TIM

(shouts)

I, am sick and tired of people,
talking to me like I'm nothing.
Don't ever, ever, push me again, or
I will fucking knock you out.

He releases Natalie, gets up and storms out of the house, slamming the door with such force that the foundations of the flat rock.

Part panting, part catching her breath and part CRYING, Natalie remains motionless, with one hand grasping her neck and the other hanging lifelessly over the sofa.

165. INT. STOKE CITY COUNCIL OFFICE - DAY

Natalie comes out of a lift, opens the door to the office and heads inside without knocking or asking for anyone. It's a relatively large, open plan office with a dark grey decor. The blinds are closed and the room appears dark even though it's daytime.

Natalie's sudden appearance gets the attention of the SIX workers in the office, who all stop what they are doing and look towards her. Natalie notices someone she's met before.

NATALIE

You! I want to speak to you right now!

Natalie takes a seat at her desk.

166. INT. STOKE CITY COUNCIL - SOCIAL WORKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Natalie stands outside the office.

SOCIAL WORKER

I will try to find someone to come and talk to you but I can't tell you how long you'll have to wait.

NATALIE

I need to know where they are!

SOCIAL WORKER

OK, bear in mind I've come out to see you out of kindness; you've just walked in here without an appointment, without even calling ahead. So exercise some patience please!

The social worker hurries off, leaving Natalie standing alone in the long corridor. She leans her body against the wall, bouncing on her toes.

167. INT. STOKE CITY COUNCIL - SOCIAL WORKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Natalie sits in front of the two social services workers. The most senior is a large, plainish sort of woman with dark hair and slightly overweight, with a way of looking strait through Natalie as though she is not there.

She sips her tea, dainty, with her little finger sticking out.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

What's going to happen to Reshma
and Bina?

SOCIAL WORKER 2

From what I've been told They've
been placed in a detention centre
awaiting deportation.

NATALIE

I want to appeal.

SOCIAL WORKER 2

I'm afraid its already gone passed
that stage some time ago.

There is a long pause.

NATALIE

Can I still look after her while
this is happening?

The social worker 2 readjusts herself in her seat and shakes
her head slightly before responding to the question.
Natalie's face becomes passive, the face of a woman who is
not in a hurry to hear the answer.

SOCIAL WORKER 2

Look Natalie.

NATALIE

Mrs Scott.

SOCIAL WORKER 2

Excuse me, Mrs Scott.

She has a tone to her voice that signals finality. Natalie
stammers, tapping her left foot on the floor and shaking her
hands around her head as if the words she can't articulate
are in there, hiding away from her.

The social worker's face has a naturally stern expression
that makes her look as if she is concentrating especially
hard on remembering something, and she speaks in an
unhurried monotone.

SOCIAL WORKER 2

I want to make it clear that this
is completely out of our remit.
We've got nothing to do with the UK
Border Agency in this context. I've
contacted them out of kindness. Now
if there are genuine concerns about

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SOCIAL WORKER 2 (cont'd)
Reshma's welfare raised by her
mother, then in those circumstances
where possible, we will endeavor to
place the child with a suitable
registered foster family in the
local area until deportation.

Natalie takes a moment to respond as the reality of the
words take hold of her.

NATALIE
But you're not even considering
everything that's happened.

Her voice is close to breaking. She tenses her face muscles
and bites into her cheeks. But in a desire that comes from
wanting what she believes is hers, even when it's slipping
away from her by the very second.

NATALIE
You know, I helped raise her.

The social worker listens with patience, but not too much
understanding, not even bothering to look Natalie in the eye
as she speaks.

NATALIE
For weeks, she was well looked
after, and loved.

SOCIAL WORKER 1
We know, but it's not as simple as
that, it's a much more complex
situation and you know this.

NATALIE
OK, why can't I just look after
Reshma until they go back to
Pakistan?

There are sighs of frustration from across the table. Social
worker 2 rolls her eyes with undisguised frustration, as if
Natalie's wanting of Reshma is an aberration on her part.
The social worker gives her answer in the confident tone of
one who is competent and knows it.

SOCIAL WORKER 1
We know you've looked after her but
the fact remains that.

Natalie's jaw freezes. She is red eyed, disheveled and manic. However, she does not protest. She bares the impact of the words with a firmness of character and courage. There is an agonizing silence.

SOCIAL WORKER 1
You're previous convictions make
you unsuitable. I'm sorry.

NATALIE
I've changed. I've changed.

She dismisses Natalie's pleas in more or less the same way.

SOCIAL WORKER 1
We know you've changed. What you've
done is admirable.

Natalie stares at her, detesting her with every ounce of her body. Natalie is going to say something, but holds back. She just looks at her eyes, intensely and without challenge.

168. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Natalie sits at the kitchen table, a picture of Reshma in front of her. Suddenly the front door unlocks and Christopher and Claire burst through.

CHRISTOPHER
Natalie!

Natalie is startled. She looks up to see Christopher burst into the kitchen, followed by Claire. He points at Natalie, who remains seated.

CHRISTOPHER
Listen to me. We've come here to
get Tim's things cos he's not
coming back here, but I wanna tell
you that you don't call him, you
don't contact him, you're nothing
to him and you're nothing to us!

CLAIRE
As for me I've nothing to say to
you, you've deceived me for the
last time.

Natalie explodes.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Who do you think you are bursting into my home talking down to me?

CLAIRE

No, don't try and play the victim with us!

NATALIE

I'm the one who's lost Reshma! I've had enough of you talking to me like I'm trash!

CHRISTOPHER

That's cos you are!

NATALIE

You behave like I intended to kill that girl. I've been to prison and I've come out, but you still punish me. You look down at me like I'm not good enough for your precious son! Tim shows me no love whatsoever!

CLAIRE

Now I'll stop you there young lady-

NATALIE

Yeah, defend him of course-

CLAIRE

I will defend him because that's not true.

NATALIE

I get no respect from anyone. I wake up each morning and go to work just like you do. I get people abusing me in the street, like I have no right to ever be a mother. It's me, I'm the one who always has to accept no. I can never be anything other than a murderer.

Natalie's eyes swell up with the tears of the loss of a motherhood that's filled her with such happiness that it can't be broken by common sense.

NATALIE

I just tried to help someone, and then it felt like it was real.

Natalie speaks in a frantic speed.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Then, I thought that looking after
Reshma would prove to you that I
can be a mother and that we-

Natalie takes a moment find her words. She's still taking far too fast and now it's making her breathing erratic. Claire just looks at her. The news is piercing and right now, they both can only listen to Natalie's various heartbroken tones of anger, sorrow and frustration.

NATALIE

That it would make me properly part
of the family and we could be
closer.

Claire notices that Natalie's lips are dry and her breathing is irregular. She is visibly dehydrated. Claire comes closer.

CLAIRE

Calm down, you're not breathing, I
can't hear you properly.

Natalie pays no attention.

NATALIE

I want to be a mother.

She seems immersed in a remote, inaccessible world. Claire comes closer and turns her face to hers so that she can read her lips.

CLAIRE

OK Nat.

NATALIE

Why does everyone else get a second
chance apart from me?

Christopher, bewildered, at first does nothing, but can't avoid making eye contact with Natalie, who's looking up to breathe better. Natalie dries up her tears, but as soon as Claire comes closer and places her hand on her head in an act of comfort, the tears come right back again.

Upon seeing Natalie's despair, Claire holds her. Natalie buries her face in her shoulder. Her pale head rests against the side of her upper arm. She turns her face away and covers her mouth with three of her fingers.

She's abandoned and exhausted in a moment that represents a long awaited moment of female bonding between the pair.

169. INT. TRAIN - DAY

Natalie sits on a train. She is well dressed, wearing a smart black jacket over a white blouse and black trousers.

She stares longingly out of the window.

170. EXT. DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

Natalie looks around the large room at all of the other immigrants visiting friends and family members. Natalie is let through a large metal door. There is an X-RAY MACHINE immediately in front of her. Natalie empties the belongings in her bag and pockets and steps through.

171. INT. DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

Natalie walks down a small hallway leading to a large, well lit room. It resembles a prison visitation room. Natalie looks around and finally sees Bina and Reshma. Suddenly she beams - never has the view instilled such inner peace.

172. INT. DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

Natalie walks over to where they are seated. Bina does not look well, and her face seems thinner than usual. She's looking older and rather fragile. Natalie sits down opposite them, a table keeping them apart.

Reshma gestures and Natalie know immediately that she is not really a stranger to her.

NATALIE

Hello! Reshma, Hi!

The love in her voice is palpable. As far as she's concerned, Reshma knows who she is and just for a second, her large brown eyes slide round to her.

BINA

We are going back home.

Natalie nods, and then pushes her shoulders to the chair. She breaks a thin smile, like she was expecting this.

BINA

Praveen has already been deported.
We'll go maybe tomorrow or the day
after.

Natalie is very disturbed by what Bina is telling her.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Maybe I can come to visit in
Pakistan?

BINA

I don't think you can afford it.

Natalie breaks a wide smile. Natalie goes to her handbag and pulls out two photographs.

NATALIE

I've got something for you both.

She can barely bring herself to hand over the pictures, her hands shaking as if her entire being is in the last stages of decline.

NATALIE

Just pictures of me and stuff.

Bina looks at them for a moment. There is a picture of them all at the beach. Bina turns it to read the back. It simply says 'you, me and Bina'. She smiles at her.

BINA

Thank you.

She puts it into her pocket. Bina gets up, with Reshma in her arms and sits next to her. She places Reshma into Natalie's arms. Reshma gestures, and Natalie beams, looking at Bina quickly, just to confirm that the gesture was real and not something that occurred in her imagination.

NATALIE

Reshma! Hello Reshma it's Natalie!

Natalie rubs her index finger over Reshma's chest.

NATALIE

Reshma, how are you? Are you
alright?

Reshma gestures again and Natalie loves her more than ever. She looks at Reshma with as much sadness as happiness, so much love that she almost gets upset. And this is what she's waiting for, because she is silent in her arms.

Reshma makes a little noise and she loves her like she never thought possible except in her dreams. Reshma grips Natalie's fingertip and smiles at her. Natalie is going to cry.

(CONTINUED)

Bina puts her arm around Natalie and she collapses her head into her. Natalie tries to recover, before speaking, but she can't.

Bina and Reshma get up, Bina waves, and begin to walk away. Natalie sits and watches Bina and Reshma leave the room. This is where Natalie's dreams end. As Bina walks away, Natalie's damaged hazel eyes are fixed on an image that continues to gain distance in front of her.

Bina turns and waves. Natalie waves back and then Bina and Reshma disappear into the security check-point, her eyes open and staring at a fading world.

173. EXT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - DAY

Natalie slowly walks up the staircase to her flat.

174. EXT/INT. NATALIE AND TIM'S FLAT - DAY

Natalie enters the flat, and on coming into the empty house, breathes deeply in an attempt to control her emotions. She looks around the flat and spots Reshma's pram. The sight of it is almost enough to push her over the edge.

175. INT. TIM & NATALIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Natalie closes the window to the rest of the world. Testing the limits of her sadness, she digs her hand inside the cupboard and drags out a baby dress.

She holds it against her nose and smells a scent that still can't console her. She then climbs into the bed, still in her clothes.

176. INT. PUB - DAY

Christopher, Claire, Sam, Tim and Natalie sit in a corner of the pub together. There is an awkward silence at the table. Natalie drinks a third of her pint in one gulp, just like she used to.

She sits in the pub, staring through her pint glass into a future that seems to offer nothing much at all. A waiter brings food to the table for them. Natalie accepts the food without pleasure, barely acknowledging the man serving her.

(CONTINUED)

There is a brittle laughter around the table as Christopher mumbles a joke as the food is placed on the table. Natalie smiles, but she is torn. Her predicament weights on her shoulders and creates a slouch that belies her 37 years.

The fret lines on her face seem more profound than before, mirroring the fractures in her life. And soon enough, a tear spreads across her defined cheekbone.

She takes a final gulp of her pint, a drink she clearly has no thirst for, her expression, just like her glass, as empty and as hollow as her life has now become.

Once finished, Natalie gets up and walks out of the pub. While Tim looks up to her as she leaves, neither him, Christopher, Claire or Sam make any move or say anything as she walks out into the street. They sit in silence.

177. EXT. STREET - DAY

Natalie walks alone down the deserted street. She goes into her small bag, pulls out a baby toy and throws it to the floor. She continues walking, away from the pub, past her home, always walking forward, but with no destination in sight.

CUT TO: CREDITS