

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE WALKWAY - AFTER SUNSET

CHARLES walks down the external corridor of a run-down council estate. It's rough. The type where evicted tenants leave their rubbish and broken furniture on their balconies when they're kicked out, and the new residents can't afford the council fees to come to take it to the dump.

LEATHER SOLED SHOES ECHO OFF THE CONCRETE WALLS

Charles is dressed casually for him in a long coat and collared shirt, but smartly for this place. He reaches a door and stops.

CLUB MUSIC PLAYS INSIDE

Charles knocks. SKAZA opens the door with the safety chain still on and peers out.

SKAZA

Fuck off

Charles steps back, taken aback by the 'greeting'.

CHARLES

Is Samantha there please?

SKAZA

What?

CHARLES

(shouting to be heard)

Is. Samantha. There. Please?

SKAZA

Who the fuck is Samantha?

He narrows his eyes and peers at Charles.

SKAZA (cont'd)

And who the fuck are you old man?

CHARLES

Could you tell Samantha Spencer her father is outside waiting to take her home.

Skaza grunts, then turns back and shouts into the flat.

SKAZA
(shouting back into the house)
There's some old geezer here, asking
about Sammy.

VAL's voice, graveling for a woman, a heavy
smokers voice, comes from inside the flat.

VAL (O.S.)
He a pig?

SKAZA
You a pig?

CHARLES
Excuse me?

SKAZA
A pig? A cop you fuck head.

Skaza turns back into the house.

SKAZA
Nahhh. Don't look like a pig.

VAL (O.S.)
Tell him to fuck off then.

SKAZA
Fuck off.

Skaza goes to shut door before another shout comes from
inside.

VAL (O.S.)
Unless he's buying.

SKAZA
You buying?

CHARLES
No. I'm not buying. I'm looking for
my daughter.

SKAZA
(back into the house)
He's not buying.

VAL (O.S.)
Tell him to fuck off then.

SKAZA
Fuck off.

Skaza reaches to slam the door in Charles' face, but before he can Charles forces his foot between the door and the frame.

SKAZA
I. said. Fuck. Off.

He tries to slam the door closed on every word.

CHARLES
I'm not leaving without Samantha.

Skaza stops trying to slam the door as Val comes up next to him and peers out.

VAL
(to Skaza)
Wait.

A beat.
VAL (cont'd)
Where's Sammy at?

Skaza thinks, then leers at Charles.

SKAZA
I think she little busy right.

VAL
Just go and get her will you.

Skaza, annoyed, disappears back inside the flat.

VAL
Sammy's dad's dead, who are you really mr?

CHARLES
I, I just want her to come home.

Val relents.

VAL
I'll see where she's at.

She steps back and then closes the door. Charles turns putting his back to the concrete wall. The facade of courage he'd maintained collapses as he slumps to the ground.

CHARLES
(to himself)
Thank you.

A minute later.

THE CHAIN ON THE DOOR RATTLES AS IT'S
UNLOCKED.

Charles quickly composes himself and stands up.

The door opens, SAMMY is framed in the light of the door. She is pretty and at least 5 years younger than Val and Skaza.

CHARLES
Samantha. Thank god.

SAMMY
I knew it was you when they told me
someone was asking for Samantha.

CHARLES
What's wrong with Samantha.

SAMMY
Only you call me that.

CHARLES
Do you really want to do this here?

SAMMY
Where the fuck else are we going to
do it Charles?

CHARLES
Mind your language young..

SAMMY
(interrupting)
You're not my fucking father.

Sammy composes herself.

SAMMY (cont'd)
(calmer now)

You're not my father. You're fucking my mum, there's a difference.

Charles is taken aback. He's not used to being yelled at like that.

CHARLES
Samantha, come home. Please.

SAMMY
This is my home.

CHARLES
This isn't a home. It's a...

Charles looks around at the flat. It's dark and grim, a light flickers overhead.

CHARLES (cont'd)
A fucking crack house. And it isn't safe.

SAMMY
And it's safe with you?

She steps towards him, glaring. Unintimidated.

SAMMY (cont'd)
Go on. Say it's safer with you. Say no one will hurt me there.

CHARLES
I'm sorry Samantha, it was an accident. And.

SAMMY
(interrupting again)
And you were drunk. I've heard it before Charles.

Sammy realises how close she is to Charles now and takes a step back.

CHARLES
Ok. Fine. You're right. I fucked up. But I've said I'm sorry. I've said it so many times. What more can I do? What can I do to apologise, to fix it?

SAMMY

You can't fix it. It's done, and it
can't be undone done.

Sammy walks back towards the door. She reaches up to open the
latch.

CHARLES

Well, don't come back for me then.
Come for your mother. She's terrified
Samantha. She's worried you'll get...
(he trails off)

SAMMY

Hurt?

Sammy opens the door and steps inside. Softly, she shuts the
door behind her.

FADE OUT: