

THE LOCK-IN

EPISODE 1
"HANDOVER"

Written by

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INT. "THE THERAPISTS" PUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Half-empty glasses on the side of a grimy sink. Washed-out green tiles covered in graffiti.

A sharp rattle of keys in a rhythmic beat. Echoes in the small space. *One... two... three...* and breathing. A repetitive anxious huff. Keys rattle on each breath --

An UNCONSCIOUS MAN lies face-up on the piss-covered ground. Nose bleeding. Someone on top of him performing CPR. *One... two... three...* the body rocks with each push --

OLIVIA "LIV" DIXON (30s) on her knees, reanimating. Beer-stained tee shirt, large set of keys around her neck, and hair tied in a bun with a Bic pen.

KENNY (O.S.)

Liv. Whatever drink you're having
after that... it's on me.

Behind her, by the door: KENNETH "KENNY" WILSON (30s). Lanky and unshaven. Neck-hanging lanyard. Stack of empty pint glasses in one hand. Visibly at work.

KENNY

I'd rather not call nine-nine-nine.

LIV

I'm doing fine.

A SCRUFFY GUY (20s) rocks on the ground next to Liv.

SCRUFFY GUY

He's dead, ain't he?

LIV

Your mate's gonna be fine. Just you
two be quiet, please.

KENNY

What was he snorting-- where d'you
get that shit from?

SCRUFFY GUY

Some bag-- just some bag. Guy
outside.

KENNY

Green and black jacket?

SCRUFFY GUY

He was wearing a jacket, for sure.

KENNY

(sarcastic)
Cheers, mate. That narrows it down.

Scruffy takes out his keys and a tiny ZIPLOCK BAG from his pocket. Puts a key in. Scoops out white powder from it, takes it to his nose, as --

Kenny SLAPS the bag out of his hand. Cocaine drowns on the soaked floor.

KENNY
Your mate's dying and you're
snorting more, you knobhead?

Scruffy whimpers. Shakes. Head in his hands. Full panic mode.

The door swings open -- a BIG GUY in a green and black jacket enters. Shifty look. Huge spectacles. Clearly A DEALER (30s).

He notices the chaos.

DEALER
What the--

KENNY
Did you sell these guys something?

Dealer throws a wide-open-eyed look at Kenny.

DEALER
(between his teeth)
Dude-- shut up--

KENNY
Hey, everything about you screams
dealer, answer the question-- did
you or did you not?

DEALER
Fuck no!

LIV
If everyone could just keep quiet,
that'd be fantastic.

Kenny gestures for the dealer to leave -- dealer obliges.

Liv continues pushing. *One... two... three...* the door opens again, enters --

EAMON (40s). Big guy. Big bushy beard. Big Teddy Bear energy.

EAMON
(to Kenny)
Thought I heard your voice. D'you
think you could--
(seeing what's going on)
Holy mother of baby Jesus. Hey Liv.

Liv tries to hold it together. Puts on a face.

LIV

Oh hiya!

KENNY

Listen, yeah? Stay out the door.
Keep people out.

EAMON

Gotta go back behind the bar, bruv.

LIV

Can everyone be quiet, please!

EAMON

(to Kenny, whispering)
Right. Okay. I realise this is a
hundred percent *thee* worst time to
ask this but my mate needs some
Chang. Can your guy sort her out--

Kenny grabs Eamon by the collar.

KENNY

Eamon.

EAMON

What?

Kenny points at the unconscious man.

KENNY

Sid Vicious is on his way out and
you want me to sort your mate--

EAMON

Yeah I get that, that's why I said
I know it's the worst time-- pipe
down. Jeez--

SCRUFFY GUY

Can you sort me out, too?

KENNY

You, shut up.

SCRUFFY GUY

Can't survive something like this
without bag, dude, come on--

LIV

ALL OF YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Eamon takes a step out, into --

THE CORRIDOR

He spots someone at the end of it -- TJ (20s), bleached blonde hair, and hands covered in rings and tattoos. A crate full of empty glasses in her arms.

TJ
What's going on in there?

Eamon slams the door behind him.

EAMON
Nothing.

TJ
We're getting slammed. Rush number four. You two better get your shit together 'cause Nigel's coming.

Eamon's eyes open wide. TJ exits. Eamon steps back in --

THE BATHROOM

EAMON
TJ said bossman is coming.

KENNY
Nige is coming?!

LIV
MY DAD'S COMING?!

On that -- the unconscious man JOLTS AWAKE, BOLTS UPRIGHT. Coughing out blood. Everyone turns to look --

Liv lets out a nervous chuckle.

KENNY
Olivia fucking Dixon.

LIV
Holy--

Scruffy guy launches to hug his mate. Cries tears of joy.

KENNY
Can you get these guys out? Call 'em an ambulance?

LIV
Seriously? I just wanted to pop in here for a pint--

KENNY
Have to find my guy before your dad sees him. Chop chop.

LIV
I'm covered in blood and vomit, and I just brought a guy back to life.
(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)

Now you want me to take care of two
bellends snorting rat poison in the
bogs of your pub?!

KENNY

Liv, I love you, but if you never
want to do any of those things,
then you're working in the wrong
industry.

Kenny exits, as --

LIV

Kenny, wait!

INT. "THE THERAPISTS" PUB - CONTINUOUS

Huge venue. High ceilings. Brighton seafront view. Not quite
a pub, not quite a club. Somewhere in between.

Loud music. The classic Sussex crowd. The balding men. The
dolled-up women. The creeps. The football fans. Lads and
lasses. A snapshot of the English pub culture.

THE BAR sits at the centre of the venue like an island in
shark-infested waters. A 360 degrees nightmare.

Kenny scans his surroundings. Searching for his guy.

He swims through the sea of drunks -- clocks HIS DEALER in
the crowd --

Grabs him by the arm -- drags him towards the front door. The
dealer doesn't question it. They've done this dance before.

Approaching the entrance, Kenny notices a man walk through --

NIGEL "NIGE" DIXON (60s) East ender geezer and businessman.
He's worn the same trench coat for about two decades and
there's a plaque somewhere in that pub with his name on it.

Kenny stops dead in his tracks. Steps back towards the back
of the venue. Still pulling the dealer with him. Close call.

AT THE BAR

Nigel nods *hello* to the bar staff as he walks over to

THE BATHROOM

He approaches the door, opens it --

No one. Liv and everyone have left. Another close call.

THE BACKDOOR

Liv carries the formerly-unconscious guy to the back of the pub -- his scruffy friend opens the door --

Behind, Kenny and his dealer sprint in the same direction --

KENNY
Come back for your drink, yeah?
It's on me.

LIV
Fuck you.

Liv vanishes behind a corner of the building. Kenny shoves his dealer out. Shuts the door. Catches his breath --

NIGE (O.S.)
Who was that?

Kenny jumps. Turns around to see Nigel standing right behind.

KENNY
Nige! How you doing, mate?

Silence.

INT. "THE THERAPISTS" PUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Low ceiling. Badly lit. Invoices and other paperwork pile up on a desk that looks like it's about to collapse on itself.

Kenny sits down on an upside-down drinks crate. Invites Nige to do the same on a tiny stall. It's a no.

KENNY
I thought about it. We won't have to shut the pub down. Need about three months to sort it. How long we have 'til demolition?

NIGE
Two months.

KENNY
I need three months.

NIGE
You don't have three months. You have two. You even told the staff yet?

Nige flips through the paperwork on the desk.

KENNY
Won't have to.

NIGE

They need to know. They need to find other jobs.

KENNY

I've got ideas. Schedule a meeting to talk about it?

(off Nige's silence)

Or we can talk about it now, if you want.

NIGE

Who was that geezer?

KENNY

Or we can talk about it now, if you want?

Nige waits for an answer.

KENNY

Nige. It's no one. Just a guy.

NIGE

You looked pretty keen to get him out for *just a guy*.

KENNY

It's nothing.

NIGE

Hustle on the side and all that?

Kenny giggles. It's the nerves.

KENNY

Come on, man.

NIGE

What is it? Sniff? MD?

(off Kenny's silence)

What-- you think I'm gonna do your head in 'cause you're moving gear? You can make money outside of here, you dickhead.

KENNY

Alright, alright! It's coke yeah.

NIGE

He sells it and you take a cut?

KENNY

A very small cut. Keeps Albanian coke out of here. Or the Whitehawk shitheads flogging baking soda and detergent. It's controlled, you know?

NIGE
What's wrong with Albanians?

KENNY
Well-- I've got nothing against
them as a people, if that's your
question?

A pause.

NIGE
What is it-- you skint? I don't pay
you well enough or summa?

KENNY
I thought you said--

NIGE
So not only are you insulting me by
saying I don't pay you well enough--
and on top of that you bring Ronnie
Kray over here to do illegal
activity in my pub?

Kenny freezes. Fell right into that one.

KENNY
You're right. Won't do that again.

NIGE
No, you can carry on if you want.
Just not here, innit.

KENNY
You got it. Won't do it here.

NIGE
No, you're not hearing me, mate.
You're out. Fired. Done for.

Kenny takes this all in. Damn.

KENNY
Nige you can't do this. Not now.

NIGE
What're you still doing here, mate?

A pause. Kenny peels himself off his seat.

KENNY
Right. Fine. Fuck you. Fuck
you and this place. I don't
need it, I don't need you--

NIGE
Yeah go on. That's right,
mate. Go on. Let it all out,
you tosser.

KENNY (CONT'D)
--I can work in any bar I want.

NIGE

You can't. I'll make sure of that.

Kenny is lost for words. Stares at Nige hopelessly.

EXT. "THE THERAPISTS" PUB - NIGHT

Kenny exits the pub.

Peers through the window. Sees Eamon, TJ, and other staff members. Looks at everyone else around. The people. The place. His kingdom.

Checks out the sign above the door one last time:

"THE THERAPISTS" -- Kenny leaves. Possibly forever.

INT. NIGE'S CAR - DAY

Liv snores, her face pressed against the window. Nige wakes her up with a tap on the shoulder.

NIGE

Been in the car five minutes and you're already dozing off.

Liv scratches her eyes.

NIGE

Gotta talk to you about summa. Therapists.

LIV

Just 'cause I fall asleep easily doesn't mean I need therapy--

NIGE

The pub, you idiot.

LIV (CONT'D)

--you meant the pub. Sure.

NIGE

I take it you heard about Kenny.

Liv doesn't need to answer. Here it comes...

NIGE

You're gonna take over. General manager at the T.

Liv doesn't react yet. Doesn't compute.

NIGE

Need you there tonight. Seven 'til close. You don't need to give your notice at the Swan. Already spoke to Will.

LIV

That is-- yeah-- incredibly kind of you dad. But no.

NIGE

Not a discussion.

LIV

Can't run a whole pub. Got clammy hands just thinking about it. Look.

She squeezes her hand in front of his face. He taps it away.

NIGE

Things are not looking good, little one. Got a fuckload of debt to pay off. Rent at the T's too high.

LIV

Why's that my problem--

NIGE

It's our family's problem. It keeps going the way it's going we'll be on universal credit and benefits. I'll end up doing time. You want your dad to do time?

LIV

Why isn't Bri helping out if she's all that?

NIGE

She has been. She's giving me a bit every month. But she's got her own family. She can't just help us out forever--

LIV

Ooh look at me I'm Brianna and I'm so successful and so cool--

NIGE

At least your sister's doing summa. I'm asking you to do this.

LIV

Just sell the place then. It's a shit hole anyway--

NIGE

You think Big Derek gets his Guinness at the T 'cause we got the best Guinness in town-- or because we're the only place that sells it? You know how many places sell Guinness just on King's road alone?

Liv takes a moment to process the question.

LIV

I'm pretty sure most pubs on King's road sell Guinness--

NIGE

I know they fucking do! I wasn't actually asking, genius.

(then)

Big Derek. Ian and Sharon. That Fred geezer and his dog. That bloke with the wig-- these guys come to the T 'cause the T means something to them. Half of 'em live alone. Got nought to do all day. They come to the T, they chew the fat with Eamon or TJ 'cause Eamon and TJ make them feel at home. We make all that money at night with all that nonsense and all those dickheads so we can afford to open in the day for people like Big Derek to feel at home. I don't wanna be the guy that takes that away from them.

Liv stays quiet. Fair enough.

NIGE

C'mon. You ran that pub before.

LIV

Yeah, ten years ago.

NIGE

And since then you been working your knockers off. That's ten years of experience for ya.

She finally turns to stare at her father.

LIV

Dad.

NIGE

What?

LIV

You literally had to change the name of the pub after how much I blew it.

NIGE

Don't give a toss.

LIV

And I just got promoted at the Swan, so why would I leave--

NIGE
You're about to get demoted.

Liv stops short. *What?*

NIGE
You insulted a punter couple nights ago.

LIV
No I didn't.

NIGE
And you threw a pint in his face.

LIV
I didn't.

NIGE
Will showed me CCTV.

Silence.

LIV
Okay. Fine. I threw the pint. But I didn't insult him--

NIGE
Another punter recorded it.

LIV
Fine, I also insulted him.

NIGE
There you go.

Liv tries to say something back but can't find the words.

NIGE
Tell you what. I'm gonna be fair wiv' ya. You got the choice. You can stay at the Swan. Back to bar staff and you'll be everything people'll be nattering 'bout for the next couple months. And you let your dad go broke and your family go to shit. Or-- you come work at the T. General manager.

Liv doesn't respond. Turns to face the road.

INT. "THE THERAPISTS" PUB - DAY

Quiet day. Stark contrast with the previous night.