

6. INT. DINING AREA. NIGHT.

HARRY sits at a small table in the centre of the room, tucking into his dinner. His phone is propped up against a pepper pot and he is watching a loud video. Every now and again he chortles to himself.

Behind him, the door opens quietly and JOE enters the room, his eyes glazed and staring. HARRY glances around at him quickly but doesn't notice anything strange.

HARRY

Mate, come here and look at this. You remember the Liz Truss lettuce, right? This guy on TikTok has dressed up loads of different veg as old Prime Ministers, formed a band with them and made them sing along to Common People ... David Cameron is an aubergine. It's fucking brilliant, it's ... what's up with you?

JOE doesn't reply. HARRY stares at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Joe?

HARRY turns the video off and the sound cuts off abruptly. He gets to his feet, watching JOE closely.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Joe, what are you doing? Joe?

JOE continues to stare into space, ignoring him. HARRY laughs uncertainly and takes a few steps toward him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Alright, mate. Very funny. You can stop now. Whatever the joke is, it's shit.

(beat)

Joe?

(beat)

Alright, fine. If you don't stop dicking around, I'm just going to ignore you.

HARRY turns and begins to make his way back toward the table.

JOE

(mumbling, barely audible)

I've done something bad, Harry. Really bad.

HARRY stops. He turns to face him again.

HARRY

What do you mean, you've done  
something bad? What have you done?

JOE's mouth opens, then closes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Come on, spit it out.

JOE doesn't reply. He raises a shaking hand to his forehead.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Alright. I'll tell you what I'll do  
- I'll just call Georgia and ask  
her, shall I? Because it's pretty  
fucking obvious that that's where  
you've been.

HARRY takes his phone out and begins to search through his  
contacts. JOE's neck snaps toward him suddenly, his eyes  
wide.

JOE

(panic-stricken)

No!

(beat)

Harry, no ... don't - put the  
phone down ...

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's obviously too much to  
ask for you to ever take my  
advice and leave each other  
alone - you have all the  
fucking self control of a dog  
in heat - but maybe she can  
tell me why you're acting so  
weird-

JOE (CONT'D)

I said NO!

JOE crosses the room quickly and snatches the phone away from  
HARRY. HARRY tries to cling on but JOE is too forceful. He  
steps away from HARRY, clutching the phone in his grasp.

HARRY

Jesus, I was only winding you up.  
Come on, give me my phone back.

JOE

(slightly crazed)

You can't call her! You can't!

HARRY

I'm not going to fucking call her.  
I was never going to call her, I  
was just trying to get you to stop  
behaving like a twat-

JOE

She can't know, she ... she can't  
... she'd never ... I'd never ...

BEAT.

HARRY

You didn't cheat on her or something, did you?

JOE

What? No! Of course I ... It has nothing to do with Georgia, alright? It's ... oh, God. Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God.

Suddenly, JOE sinks down to the ground, dropping HARRY's phone beside him. He squats on his haunches, head in his hands.

HARRY

You know what? You're actually starting to scare me a bit now, mate.

BEAT.

JOE

I hit someone.

BEAT.

HARRY

(relieved)

Is that it? Well, if it's any consolation, I doubt you've done much damage. You couldn't punch your way out of a wet paper bag-

JOE

No! You don't understand. I ... I hit someone.

HARRY

What do you mean, you ...

(beat)

Not with ... your car?

JOE nods. HARRY takes this in, slightly stunned.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

(beat)

God, mate. I'm ... I'm so sorry. Fuck. What happened?

JOE

I don't know, I ... I was driving back from Georgia's, and I took the back way down Clarendon Road - you know, near all those old warehouses? It's usually so deserted down there, especially at this time, but he ...

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)  
he just stepped out. I was turning  
the music down, I didn't have time  
to ... I couldn't ...

JOE begins to cry quietly and covers his face again. HARRY  
squats down and places a hand on his shoulder. He picks up  
his phone from the floor and stuffs it into his pocket.

HARRY  
Are you alright?

JOE  
What are you talking about? Of  
course I'm not fucking alright!  
Would you be?

HARRY  
I meant, are you hurt?

JOE shakes his head slowly, still crying.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
That's something at least. What  
about him, the one you hit - is he  
going to be alright? How fast were  
you going?

Slowly, JOE removes his hand from his face and looks at  
HARRY.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh, God. He isn't ... is he?

BEAT.

JOE  
I don't know.

HARRY  
How badly injured did he seem? Was  
he conscious? Was he talking?

JOE  
I don't know.

HARRY  
Well, didn't you ask them?

JOE  
Ask who?

HARRY  
The police, the ambulance - what  
did they-?

BEAT.

JOE lifts up his head but doesn't meet his eyes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Joe?

(beat, uncertainly)  
You did ... you did call them,  
didn't you?

BEAT.

JOE

Not exactly.

HARRY

What do you mean, 'not exactly'?

There is another protracted pause. HARRY lets out a nervous laugh.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Mate, you didn't ... you didn't  
just leave him there, did you? No.  
You can't have. You wouldn't do  
that, would you? You - you couldn't  
...

JOE doesn't reply or look at HARRY. HARRY gets up suddenly and staggers backward, away from him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Joe, what the fuck, mate? How could  
you do something like-? *Why* would  
you ...?

Sudden comprehension begins to dawn on HARRY's face. His expression hardens. JOE still refuses to look at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, Christ. Tell me you haven't.

Suddenly, HARRY grabs JOE by the collar and drags him to his feet. He takes a big sniff, then shakes him roughly. JOE tries in vain to get free and shrinks away from him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You piece of shit. You have.

JOE

(defensively)  
I haven't, I swear!

HARRY

You fucking liar.

JOE

Alright, I had a beer. But it was  
just one, I swear!

HARRY

Just one? You reek of it.

JOE

Okay, maybe ... maybe it was two,  
but no more than that-

HARRY shakes him again, roughly, before letting him go with  
force. JOE stumbles backward slightly.

HARRY

What have you done? What the fuck  
have you done?

JOE

I'm sorry! I-I panicked. It all  
happened so fast and I just ... I  
didn't know what to do!

HARRY

So you thought you'd just leave the  
poor fucker in the road to die, did  
you?

JOE

Oh, God. What if he really is dead,  
Harry? What if I killed him?

HARRY

Then it looks as if Georgia is  
going out with a fucking murderer.  
I can barely stand to look at you.

JOE

Don't say that, please don't say  
that! I didn't ... it was an  
accident!

HARRY

It was a fucking hit and run, you  
stupid twat! You know what this  
means, don't you?

JOE

What?

HARRY

It means you can kiss law school  
goodbye.

JOE

No! Please ...

HARRY

What, you think they'll take you  
with a murder charge, do you? Or  
even a DUI, assuming the poor  
bastard is alive. No, that's it, my  
friend. You're done. And it's no  
more than you deserve.

HARRY begins to walk away.

JOE

Harry ... please - you have to help me.

HARRY

You can't be helped, you've proven that time and time again. This time you're on your own. And if you know what's good for you, you'll get your phone out right now and call an ambulance, then get in your car and drive it straight to the nearest police station and hand yourself in.

JOE

I can't do that.

HARRY

Don't bother, then. They'll catch up to you anyway, before you know it.

JOE

How?

HARRY

Because you can't keep your car hidden forever, Sherlock. They have forensics. They have technology that can detect the exact make and model just from looking at the tracks at the scene and marks on the poor bloke's body. And as soon as they have that info, they'll contact every garage and scrapyard within a fifty-mile radius. The second you take it to be junked or to get it fixed, the garage will tip the police off and it'll all be over. You're fucked either way.

JOE

That won't happen.

HARRY

Oh, you think so, do you? Why's that, then?

JOE

Because my car won't be going anywhere near a garage, or a scrapyard.

HARRY

What are you going to do with it, then? Keep it hidden forever? Set it on fire to erase the evidence? This isn't Line of Duty, you absolute cretin, you-

JOE

(interrupting)

It won't be going anywhere near a garage, because it wasn't my car I was driving. It was yours.

BEAT.

HARRY

What? You can't have, I've had my car all day.

JOE

Not that one.

HARRY

Not that ... what do you mean, *not that one*?

BEAT.

JOE

The Bentley. I took the Bentley.

HARRY

But it's uninsured, it's not roadworthy yet, it's ... it's in my name ...

JOE

Exactly. And there's no way to prove who was driving - it's your word against mine, and if I have to I'll swear on my dead Gran's grave that it was you. Don't even think about turning to Georgia either - she'll back me up, you know she will. So if you know what's good for you, you'll help me figure out a way out of this.

HARRY

You-you can't ... it'll never work, it - you ...

Suddenly the implications of what JOE has done dawn on him. He snaps, letting out a howl of rage and crossing the room at a run. JOE tries to get out of his way but doesn't move quick enough - he grabs him by the throat.



HARRY (CONT'D)  
You piece of shit. Do you  
have any idea what you've  
done? Do you? DO YOU? I'll  
fucking kill you for this,  
I'll ... I'll ...

JOE  
(gasping and struggling for  
air)  
Get - off - Harry, I - can't  
- breathe! Let - go! I'm  
sorry! I'm - sorry-

HARRY squeezes tightly for a second before releasing him,  
pushing him away. JOE bends double, gasping for air. HARRY  
crosses to one of the chairs and tips it over furiously - it  
lands with a crash and JOE flinches, backing into a corner.  
HARRY begins to pace the room, running his hands through his  
hair fretfully. JOE's coughing slowly subsides and he  
straightens up, rubbing his throat as he watches him.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What do we do, Harry?

HARRY  
Shut up. I'm thinking.  
(beat, still pacing)  
How badly damaged is the car?

JOE  
There's a - a dent on the left  
side, and the windscreen is a bit  
smashed. Front headlight is out,  
too.

HARRY  
Shit.  
(beat)  
Where is it now?

JOE  
Outside.

HARRY  
You idiot. Why didn't you put it in  
the garage?

JOE  
I don't know - I didn't think.

HARRY laughs derisively.

HARRY  
Why break the habit of a fucking  
lifetime?

JOE  
I was in shock!

HARRY  
Where is it? Specifically?

JOE

On the drive, but I pulled it right up to the garage door, at an angle - it looks normal from the street.

HARRY

Did anyone see you?

JOE

I don't think so.

HARRY continues to pace, thinking hard. JOE watches him warily.

HARRY

I'm pretty sure that there are no cameras on Clarendon Road. More than half of those warehouses are empty - there's no need for CCTV.

HARRY stops and turns toward him suddenly.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Did you get out of the car?

JOE

When?

HARRY

(furiously)

When do you think?

JOE

Oh. No.

HARRY

Christ, you really are a selfish bastard, aren't you?

He turns away. JOE looks ashamed for a moment, then speaks:

JOE

I did watch him, though.

HARRY

What?

JOE

I watched him. In the rear-view mirror. For a minute or so.

HARRY

You're a saint.

(beat)

And? Did he get up?

JOE

No. But he ...

HARRY rounds on JOE again. JOE flinches away from him quickly.

HARRY

He what? *He what?*

JOE

Moved! He moved. At least, I think he did.

HARRY

How did he move? What did he do?

JOE

He sort of ... rolled around a bit. And I'm pretty sure he moved his arm.

HARRY

So he was conscious?

JOE

I don't know.

HARRY

But he could have been, couldn't he? He could have been conscious.

JOE

Possibly. Yeah.

HARRY

And if he was conscious ... he probably called someone, didn't he? An ambulance.

JOE

I suppose ...

HARRY begins to pace again, thinking furiously. After a moment, he stops. He has reached his decision.

HARRY

Right. Here's what we're going to do. We're going to go back out now. I'm going to take the car, and you're going to follow on behind in yours. We'll take the back streets - less chance of encountering other cars, or cameras.

JOE

Where are we going?

HARRY

To the river.

JOE

Why?

HARRY

Because we're going to dump it, and then in the morning I'm going to report it as stolen.

BEAT.

JOE

Harry, I'm really not sure about this ...

HARRY

Well, thanks to the giant fucking mess you made, we don't have any other choice.

JOE

But if you say it was stolen from here, won't they want to come round and see the garage? Especially if they think it's been involved in a - in an accident ... They'll ask questions, they'll catch us out!

HARRY

It's a risk we're going to have to take.

JOE

I don't know if I can lie to the police, Harry ...

HARRY walks up to him, leaning in closely.

HARRY

Oh, you will. You're going to spend the entire night rehearsing our story until you have it word-perfect, even if it means you don't sleep a wink. Because if you put a single toe out of line tomorrow, I'll make you wish you'd never been born. This is all your fault. It was your choice to drink and drive, not mine. It was your choice to steal my car because you wanted to impress your gold-digging bimbo of a girlfriend, not mine. And it was your choice to fucking hit somebody and leave them there to die in the gutter because you didn't want to face the consequences of your actions, not mine.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

So you're going to follow through with the shitty choices you've made, and we're both going to have to live with it and take it to our graves. Do I make myself clear?

JOE nods wordlessly. HARRY crosses to a hat rack in the corner and grabs two hats and two scarves, tossing a pair to JOE and keeping the other for himself.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Put these on.

They wrap the scarves around the lower halves of their faces and pull the hats down low to their eyebrows. HARRY grabs a set of car keys from a side table and throws them to JOE, who catches them clumsily.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

They leave the room at a run.

FADE OUT.