1. EXT. GARDEN, MORNING

The sun is high in the sky. There’s the sound of birdsong and a light breeze moves the leaves and flowers.

MARGIE, a woman in her seventies, is wandering around her garden. She's wearing a gardening apron and gloves, carrying a small pair of secateurs and a watering can.

She whistles and sings to herself as she waters plants and checks the state of flowers, pulling out the odd weed as she goes.

She heads into her greenhouse with a wide smile on her face. She checks the ripeness of the tomatoes, squeezing a few as she goes. She picks one or two and puts them in the pocket of her gardening apron.

She smiles as she walks towards her garage.

2. INT. DAY CENTRE, AFTERNOON

There's the clink of china against china. Tea is poured into dainty cups. A plate of biscuits is passed around.

It's held by Margie, who is passing it on to PAT, a woman of a similar age with a blue rinse and smart clothes. Pat smiles and takes a biscuit.

MARGIE
How's the arthritis doing, Pat, duck? I hope you're feeling a bit better.

Pat's eyes widen. She leans in close to Margie.

PAT
A lot better since you helped me out. Your special medicine in the cakes.

MARGIE
It's working, then, duckie?

PAT
Oh, yes. Definitely. (Pauses and smiles.) I've felt happier, too, like summat’s taken years off me. Good stuff, that medicine, whatever it is. I need your doctor.
MARGIE
It really is. It doesn’t half do
the trick.

PAT
Well it has. What's the magic
ingredient, love? I want to ask my
doctor about it or have a look in
Boots myself.

CUT TO:

3. INT. GARAGE SPACE, MORNING

The buzz of extractor units and the throb of heavy lights. The rustle of leaves as cannabis plants sway in the breeze made by several electric fans. The lights in the room beat down like bright sunlight.

The way the plants sway, the heat of the lights and the blow of the fans give the impression of somewhere tropical.

In walks Margie, wearing her gardening gear and carrying the same tools she had in the greenhouse.

She whistles as she works, roaming the garage and dealing with the plants exactly as if they were just her tomatoes. She's clearly enjoying her 'gardening'. She smiles as she inspects leaves and buds.

Margie leans over to check the state of the buds on one of the plants. She smiles wider.

MARGIE
Nearly ready my beauties. So very
nearly there.

4. INT. KITCHEN, DAY

The radio plays in the background; 60's music. Margie sways along to the tunes. She fills the kettle with water and switches it on.

There's the sound of someone coming in through the front door.

NIALL (O.S.)
Ooooh, ah!

Margie smiles as she hears this voice and gets a second cup out of the cupboard.
NIALL walks through the door. He's a young man in his early 20's, with a bit of swagger about him. He helps himself to biscuits from a tin.

NIALL
Hey up, Mammar. You okay?

MARGIE
Can't complain.

Margie slaps his hand as he reaches for another biscuit. Then she smiles, and lets go.

MARGIE
Please and thank you, young man. Or you're no grandson of mine!

NIALL
Sorry Mommar, thanks Mommar.

He grabs a biscuit and shoves it in his mouth in one go. Margie frowns and then laughs, lightly, shaking her head.

NIALL
So, you mashing then?

MARGIE
What does it look like, duck?

Niall sits down. Margie pours water into a teapot and places it in the middle of the table. She covers it with a tea cosy and places the mugs carefully next to it.

NIALL
How's your plants getting on, then?

MARGIE
Looking good. Be changing the light sequences soon to give the growth a spurt and should be ready to crop in about four weeks.

NIALL
And you got the dried stuff from that other lot yet? You don't want to let it get over dry, you know. (laughs) Weighs less, init?

MARGIE
I like it to be nice and dry, you know that. People should get what they pay for in my opinion.
NIALL
Only thinking about you, Mommar.
We pay the same per ounce no matter what you do.

Margie smiles, and pulls the tea cosy from the pot. She pours two mugs of tea, carefully adding sugar, then milk. She’s very exact and precise with every movement.

MARGIE
It's not all about making as much money as possible. Some of us like to do stuff right. Call me old fashioned.

NIALL
I would never do that. I wouldn't dare!

He ducks away as if expecting to get a clout. Margie laughs, loudly, and throws back her head.

MARGIE
Yeah, you're not too big. Not by a long shot.

5. INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY

ADAM stands by his living room window. He watches with a frown as Niall gets into his car. It's shiny, newish.

ADAM
How the fuck's he afford that?
Young un like him, round here.

Adam stares up at the house, checking the roof as if he might see through it. He can see the greenhouse in the back garden poking above the fence.

ADAM
Hmmmmm...

Adam walks over to the coffee table and picks up his mobile phone. He finds the name COL1 and selects it, holding the phone to his ear.

He paces as he waits for the phone to be answered. Calls another number. Finally gets through.

ADAM
Hi, yeah, listen mate. Keep your eyes open. I think there might be something coming from my end...
Yeah, yeah... I dunno for sure but he's driving some posh car.

He picks up an electronic cigarette from a shelf and takes a big draw on it.

He walks over to the window again and leans against it, flicking the net curtain aside just far enough to see. He sees Niall kissing his old gran goodbye and pulls a confused face.

ADAM
Yeah, I dunno, it could be a long shot. But I can feel it in my water. (coughs) It's number 34. Just as you come into the close.

Adam scratches his face and frowns.

ADAM
Yeah, okay. I'll have a look round... Yeah, I'll let you know.

He frowns again.

ADAM
Not sure about that. She's just an old bird... I'll get her to make me a cuppa and ask her nicely. (pause) Okay, sure, I'll do what I need to. (beat) Okay.

He puts down the phone and bites his lip. He bounces from one foot to the next and stares out into the close. He looks disturbed by something.

6. EXT. STREET, DAY

Adam is walking around the close. He's trying to look all innocent but can't help looking shady.

An Asian lad in his late teens comes out of his house and onto the main street. He looks unsure at first when he sees Adam, then he gives him a hesitant smile.

Adam looks in the other direction as if he hasn't seen him. Spits. The boy walks off. Adam shrugs and spits again. He waits until the young lad's out of sight.

Then he goes around to the side of Margie's house. He looks over the fence and at the flowerbeds. They look beautiful in the sunlight, glistening with drops of liquid from where they were recently watered.