

40.6

written by

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Made in Highland

INT. LIVING ROOM. COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

Over black a clock ticks down.

As the ticking reaches its crescendo a pill box 'pops' open.

FADE IN

Sat on a grimy sofa, JUNE, 45, Grundge Rocker, tips the contents of a pill box into her palm, then up to her mouth.

MATTY, 23, stylish casual clothes, passes her a glass of water.

MATTY (jokingly)
All out of the strawberry ones?

JUNE
Ooh I'd kill for a Calpol, huff
it down like petrol.

MATTY
Lemme know when you're running
low on the hard stuff and I can
do another run. Tea to wash em
down?

JUNE
My turn on teas pup, I've got
some of your weird fake milk in -
you just sit and look pretty.

June gives Matty's head a rub and exits the living room.

Matty discretely checks his phone and sees an e-mail reply from *Independent Lives*: 'Dear Mr. Sampson, We are sorry you are experiencing difficulty with your support of Ms. Lintott. Please refer to this [online epilepsy training](#) for further assistance.'

Annoyed, he deletes the e-mail, pauses, then un-deletes it.

He reaches for a remote and tries the TV - A red standby light shines at the base, but the screen remains blank.

Matty knocks out the remote's dead batteries, and collects up all the used AAAs from June's coffee table.

Next, Matty inspects a fish-tank next to the TV. Peering closer, he watches one solitary fish swim, his eyes searching over the empty waters of the tank.

MATTY
June?

Matty turns to the door.

MATTY (CONT'D)
June, where's-

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Across the doorway falls June's lifeless body, head coming down hard on the laminate floor.

MATTY

Fuck

Matty grabs a sofa pillow and rushes to June. Kneeling on the floor beside her, he slides the pillow under her head as June's body convulses violently.

Matty starts a pre-set 5min timer on his phone, and pushes away a chest of drawers.

Conflicted about leaving her, Matty runs to the kitchen. Rifling through draws, he retrieves 'Boucalem'.

Returning, Matty checks the timer and scans the packet, but stops, noticing spreading blood stains on the pillow beneath June's head.

His hands begin to shake.

INT. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - LATER

Ambulance lights dance across Matty's ashen face

SUPER: '40.6'

INT. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

FLASHBACK:

(AUDIO STILL COMING FROM JUNE'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY)

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

So you're-

MATTY (O.S.)

-Matty.

*June opens the door to a fresh-faced Matty. Matty offers a handshake introducing himself and mouthing "Matty" in time with his (O.S.) line - June returns with a fist bump. Round Matty's neck hangs an '**Independent Lives**' lanyard.*

Matty gazes at the electric guitars on the wall, the Bob Marley and Nirvana posters, feeling instantly at home.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

When did you notice Ms. Lintott's head injury, Matty?

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Matty and June watch an 80s comedy. June howls with laughter and throws Haribo at the screen, Matty giggling also but at June not the film.

MATTY (O.S.)
 Whilst I was retrieving her
 emergency medication.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
 Why would you need emergency
 medication?

Matty returns from the loo, grin still on his face to find June seizing, and sets his first 5min timer.

MATTY (O.S.)
 In case the seizure lasts over
 5minutes.

Matty loads soiled clothes into a washing machine.

INT. LOUNGE. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

Matty sneaks in with a gift - a fish-tank - and places it in position next to the TV, dropping in two fish.

June buzzes, thrilled to become a new pet owner.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
 But Ms. Lintott was already
 losing blood from a serious head
 injury?

INT. JUNE'S FLAT - PRESENT

A flash of doubt across Matty's face.

INT. KITCHEN. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

FLASHBACK:

Matty, thick jumper and hat, removes a plank of wood covering the kitchen hob, then lights all the gas rings.

JUNE (O.S.)
 -I'm fine.

Matty, glasses, tries to read small print on a boiler, as June starts to have a small absence-seizure. Noticing June, Matty helps steady her, looking over to the still lit gas rings.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
 She got very lucky.

Matty turns the hob off and replaces the plank.

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JUNE (O.S.)
Sure don't feel very fucking
lucky.

Matty sends his original e-mail to *Independent Lives*
requesting support.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
You should be more careful next
time.

JUNE (O.S.)
Not much I can do about them,
mate.

INT. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - PRESENT

Matty's ashen face covered by ambulance lights.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
I was talking to your carer.

INT. HALLWAY. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - LATER

Running water can be heard from a shower.

Matty sits outside a bathroom door with a pile of folded
clothes - the running water trickles off.

JUNE (O.S.)
Oh fucking-

MATTY
-here

Averting his eyes, Matty passes the clothes through a gap in
the door.

JUNE (O.S.)
Oh...cheers. Good pup- Good man.

Matty fiddles with his watch.

JUNE (O.S.)
I fucking pissed myself again,
mate. When did you last piss
yourself?

MATTY
Not sure mate. Don't worry about
it, just one of those things.
Happens.

JUNE (O.S.)
Yer.

From within the bathroom June starts to sob.

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INT. KITCHEN. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE - EVENING

Matty picks up the morning's post and drops off his keys.

Opening a letter he finds a *Blue Light Card* - A front line workers discount card. He studies it, then throws it away and leans against a counter, taking a moments rest.

He removes a plate of cling wrapped food from the fridge, but pauses as a *cough* coming from upstairs draws his attention. Matty returns his dinner to the fridge.

Matty collects some medication from a kitchen cupboard and forces his tired legs upstairs as the coughs intensify.

EXT. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

Matty knocks on the door. Suddenly the post flap pushes open and a small England flag pokes out and waves at him.

Matty takes his flag on a stick.

MATTY
Who's playing?

JUNE (O.S.)
ENGLAND!

Matty looks at his flag dramatically.

MATTY
Ohhh...ok and who against?

The front door opens revealing June in an England top, a painted flag on her face, and a bandage on her head.

JUNE
Frogs. Wife Beater or Crocodile
Dundee?

June offers him a Stella or a Fosters.

MATTY
I can't-

JUNE
-Fosters then, weak as piss.

MATTY
I dunno.

JUNE
Half a one, little diddly bits,
for the football. Little
Diddlies. For ya pal.

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MATTY
...Fine, but I'm sleeping it off
here-

JUNE
-And a shot if we go to
penalties.

Matty's face falls. He follows June through to the sofa;
opposite them football commentary spills out the TV.

JUNE
I tell you Matty, the Lionesses
is where it's at, these chicks
have got balls, and nice hair,
you watch.

Matty looks at June's bloodied bandage - June feels him
looking

JUNE
You done good Matty-Batty.

They cheers. June takes a large swig, Matty takes a small
sip.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty lies in bed watching a business management course.

He stops and listens to the house around him. Removing an
earbud he hears somebody softly moan in pain.

Matty gets out of bed. Off screen we hear him enter another
room and give a comforting 'Shhh' as the moans continue.

INT. LIVING ROOM. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

A sleep-deprived Matty feeds June's fish, bags under his
eyes.

JUNE
What if I get hacked?

June holds a brand new smartphone out like it's a bomb.

MATTY
It would be a huge news story.

JUNE
I just don't think it's for me
mate.

June hands Matty back the phone and walks away. Matty open an
app on the phone as the Tetris theme music starts playing.

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JUNE
Is that from there? No Gameboy?

MATTY
21st century baby. Tetris,
Taxis...TSB, it's a lot easier.

June takes the phone back and gives it some mock consideration. She dials a number. In his pocket Matty's phone rings.

MATTY
Hello?

JUNE
Matty, it's June, just phoning to
say...urm...

June suddenly seems lost. She looks confused at the screen.

MATTY
Juney?

June snaps out of it and seems ok again.

MATTY
You look almost as tired as me.

JUNE
Another big one was it boyo?

Matty can't quite bring himself to talk about home.

MATTY
Yer, couldn't help myself. I'll
grab us some coffees.

INT. KITCHEN. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Entering the kitchen, Matty flicks on the kettle and prepares two mugs. He pours the kettle, but remembers he never filled it up. He gives himself a wake up slap on the cheek.

He fills up the kettle and leans against the counter. He reads a clock on the wall: 3:22pm. Doubt flashes across his face.

Matty slides out a kitchen drawer, removing one of June's pill boxes, and discovers her 2 o'clock pills untouched.

MATTY
June, June!

Matty rushes from the room as steam rises from the kettle.

INT. LOUNGE. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - LATER

June lies fast asleep on the sofa, burnt out by a seizure. Matty lays a Man Utd blanket over her.

Matty stands alone with his guilt in the stillness of June's home. Looking around the room his eyes fall on the fish-tank.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Matty furiously scrubs the tank, removing every grain of dirt. From among the stones he removes a crusted AAA battery.

Depositing the tank back in the lounge, Matty exits the flat, leaving a sleeping June to recover.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE - LATER

Matty sits lost, his mistake racing around in his head.

INT. STAIRWAY. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE

A dejected Matty zips up his hoody as he moves downstairs.

GRANDPARENT (O.S.)

Matty?

Matty freezes. He tip toes down the rest of the way.

INT. KITCHEN. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

One foot out the door, Matty pauses, then turns back. Rummaging in the bin he retrieves his Blue Light Card.

EXT. MOBILE COFFEE VENDOR - LATER

Matty purchases a latte using his **Blue Light Card** discount.

BARISTA

On the house.

Matty nods, caught off guard. Finding a bench he sits to sip his coffee. Turning the cup he finds a message in pen: 'hero'.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty lies fast asleep with his business management course open on his laptop on top of him. A phone call wakes him up.

MATTY

Hey, Juney.

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He rubs the sleep from his eyes, hurriedly pulling on trousers and a t-shirt and moving into the hallway.

He pauses outside his Grandfather's room and listens at the door. He considers knocking, then checks the time on his watch. The ticking rings loudly in his ears. He changes his mind and rushes downstairs.

EXT. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - DAWN

Matty rings the doorbell then lets himself in with a key.

Inside, June sits vacantly on the sofa. Matty checks her pupils for concussion with a torch, but finds no signs of it.

He sees new Epilepsy meds on her coffee table: 'Tegretol'

JUNE (garbled)
I'm good, just...(gestures to her head), I'm good Matty just, new meds, I'm good.

Matty's eyes fall on the fish-tank. In its water the last remaining fish floats on its side.

Looking around the room he finds signs of neglect as if seeing for the first time: beer cans from the football, overflowing ash-trays, uneaten food, curtains barely clinging to their rail

He looks to the door, torn between June and his Grandfather, then makes his decision to stay:

MATTY (V.O.)
"Hi it's Matty, June's in a bad way."

Matty picks a smashed tea mug up off the floor.

MATTY (V.O.)
"I know I'm her key contact, but there's somewhere else I need to--"

He picks up their old England flags and some empty beer cans.

MATTY (V.O.)
"I know it's not on the rota. Can't someone from the office.."

He puts all the sofa cushions back in their place.

MATTY (V.O.)
"...I understand. I understand. That's not your role."

Matty's eyes fall on a calendar on the wall. His eyes bounce around to different names on different days, each with thick black lines through them. Meg. Rich. Jill.

MATTY (V.O.)
"Listen - I'm just, I'm
struggling at the moment...Yes I
saw the online training. Thank
you. ok, ok bye."

His eyes rest on a day with his name on, "Matty-Batty :)".

INT. LOUNGE. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - LATER

Matty's eyes are fixed on a clock as it approaches 10am. He checks his phone for any missed calls.

JUNE
I really appreciate this Matty-
Batty.

Matty winds in a hover cord.

MATTY
Course, mate. (Beat)
Where else would I be?

Matty looks at the clock again - swallows.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Let's get these curtains back up,
ay? Wouldn't want you waking up
during the daytime like the rest
of us.

Matty picks up the loose hanging curtain and stretches up, trying to re-attach it to its rail hooks. The sun shines in through the window on Matty's face.

June slides the coffee table towards Matty, who climbs onto his pedestal to re-attach the hooks 1 by 1.

JUNE
I never used to have carers.

Matty keeps his eyes firmly on the curtain rail.

MATTY
We're not that bad are we?

JUNE
Nah, you're alright Matty. (Beat)
You'd have liked me *before*.

MATTY
I like you now.

Matty's phone starts to vibrate in his pocket.

JUNE (CONT'D)
You know I'd pay you more if I...
(MORE)

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JUNE (CONT'D)
You know money isn't...you're
worth a lot-

June slumps to the ground.

Matty hops down from the table, slides the sofa back out of the way and grabs a cushion to prop under June's head.

He takes his phone from his pocket and starts a 5min timer.

As he does so he spots a missed call from his Grandfather. Phoning back he gets no answer and starts to panic.

Matty looks up at the clock, its ticking louder than ever. He looks down at June as her body shakes, then to the timer on his phone approaching 4minutes, as he starts to breakdown.

He phones Independent Lives again: No answer

MATTY
Fuck!

[Audio: The banging saucepans, wolf whistles, and honking cars of 'Clap for Carers' slowly builds]

For a second everything is still. Matty looks at June one last time and then bolts from the flat.

EXT. COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

Matty rushes into his car and speeds away.

As he drives the 5min timer rings, Matty quickly canceling it.

EXT. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE - LATER

Matty arrives in the driveway and dashes from his car. Desperate to get in the door, he drops his keys.

INT. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matty enters the house and races up the stairs.

MONTAGE SHOWING THE CYCLE OF MATTY'S TIME WITH JUNE:

- 1st Day - Matty reaching out to shake June's hand
- Final Day - Matty bolting from June's flat
- Matty setting his first timer
- Matty ignoring his last timer
- Matty bringing in the fishtank
- Matty finding the last dead fish
- Matty opening his Blue Light Card
- Matty's coffee cup message - 'hero'

He bursts into his Grandfather's room to find him safe and sound, asleep in bed, mouth wide open, snoring gently.

June sits up awake, seizure over, alone in the dark.

FADE OUT

A phone rings. No answer.

Over black: A car pulls up, switches off. A door swings open, feet hitting down on asphalt. Approaching steps. A doorbell dings:

['Clap for Carers' Audio cuts out]

FADE IN

INT. LOUNGE. JUNE'S COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

June calls Matty a second time: No answer

The doorbell dings a second time.

June stands and opens the front door.

DARREN

June?

A brand new carer - DARREN, holds out a hand to shake, around his neck an '**Independent Lives**' lanyard.

June gives an uncertain handshake.

INT. BEDROOM. 1960'S DETACHED HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

In Matty's hands his phone rings unanswered.

Close up on Matty's face, drained.

SUPER: 'According to a skillsforcare report from March 2020, the turnover rate for carers in the UK Independent sector was a jaw dropping 40.6%'.

TITLES: '40.6'

END