

Breathe

By

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FADE IN:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1) BIG BEN at dawn
- 2) The LONDON EYE at day
- 3) HM PRISON BELMARSH at dusk

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A portrayal of modern life in London. A bustling commercial paradise for thriving designer brands, vibrant coffee shops, and ubiquitous fast-food chains.

Tourists, workers and locals pour in and out of an archetypal London routemaster whilst mountains of black cabs and cars are brought to a standstill by traffic lights.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

It's funny... you seem to spend your whole life heading one direction. And yet, that way of living that you're so comfortable with, can completely change.

We follow a SUAVELY SUITED MAN, as he leads the pack of pedestrians crossing the road. Then, as he heads down into a tube station, grabbing a LONDON METRO on his way.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

As simple as that sounds, I ain't talking about winning the lottery or any such thing.

INT. TUBE STATION

Rush hour. He navigates his way through the maze of people to reach the barriers, where he swipes his oyster card.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

More that subtler change, upon a moment of realisation; that conflict between so many things - that is... your heart and your head, your ambition and caution, your consciousness and pride.

INT. TUBE CORRIDOR

He walks down the escalator and past a BUSKER, playing JAZZ SAX.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
That subtle change that touches
everyone at one point or another.

INT. TUBE PLATFORM

Adverts stare at him, covering the entire wall across. NOISE builds. Wind begins blowing his hair backwards as he reads.

INSERT : METRO FRONT PAGE

2 young attractive faces stand out- a WOMAN and RICKY HEALY.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
And turns your life inside out.

The train zooms past, blowing his hair backwards. He squeezes into the last carriage against a flow of people.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
Real change is an internal thing.
Just sometimes you need a great
fall to find that truth.

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE

We look at the amazing cultural spread of Londoners. People of varying ethnicity, ages and social ladders.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
They say life is so short... It's
true, can you remember the
beginning? As the saying goes, time
flies, it waits for no man.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: BREATHE

EXT. LONDON - DAY

We're flying over TOWER BRIDGE, witnessing immense SKYSCRAPERS, the iconic TOWER OF LONDON and the beautiful RIVER THAMES.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

Sometimes I just long to recollect those gaps and remember my roots -- A time when I had so many open roads. Where I could have become somebody, more... More than just who I am. A lousy criminal you see on the TV.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION CELL - DAY

Handcuffed and pale, with a hefty BRUISE on his head, CHRISTIAN (early 30s) sits staring at the steel door.

An empty chair stands across him. A flickering light bulb and a barred window form the only shards of light.

The door opens. MALCOLM (mid 40s) approaches in a slow purposeful stroll. Momentarily, they wait for each other to speak. Malcolm leans forward. Christian holds his gaze.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'm going to tell you the truth...
The truth I want ringing in your ears.

Christian leans back, defiant, despite his broken face.

MALCOLM

You have two options. One - talk now and hope... you say enough for you to be cleared of all the charges, because inmates know. They always find out and there's nowhere a snitch can hide inside. I promise you that.

(intimidatingly)

Or you can spend the twenty-five miserable years you deserve in a place unimaginable in its filth and monstrosity, and then, you can only pray you survive them, that's all you'll probably ever be free to do.

CHRISTIAN

That's the truth?

MALCOLM

The truth...

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
And it's ringing in my ears.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A crescent-shaped street, lined with bungalows of the same style: quaint and unassuming. Where TED STEVENSON (early 60s) drives to his home in his little Nissan.

INT. NISSAN MICRA

He wears goofy glasses, but they only seem natural on his wise face. He parks the car in his driveway and smirks at a little pink balloon attached to his postbox.

EXT. TED'S HOME

Ted gets out of the backseat two big bags, full of presents.

INT. TED'S HOME - HALLWAY

He drops the presents on the hallway table. He picks up his mail: Bills, Advertisement slips and three birthday cards. He focuses on one of them. *Dad* is scrawled on it.

Cautiously excited he opens it -- there's a DVD: Rounders. He frowns taking it out and then a flimsy piece of card.

INSERT CARD: Happy birthday dad. Matt Damon is a dick.

Ted puts the card away, finally letting out a sigh. He walks into his living room -

INT. LIVING ROOM

- where he sees PENNY THOMPSON (early 50s) in her lingerie holding a little cake. Immediately, they both laugh.

PENNY
Oh Mr. Stevenson.

TED
Penny...

PENNY
Please save me! I feel ridiculous standing like this.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Penny...

PENNY

We've got probably ten minutes before the others start getting suspicious.

TED

The others?

PENNY

Yeah in my place.

Ted thinks for a moment, Penny begins to laugh.

TED

No, you haven't, you haven't organized a party next door for me?

PENNY

Surprise!

TED

Wow... that's really sweet.

PENNY

I thought it was pretty sad.

He walks to her and blows out the cake's little candle.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday To You!

They giggle and each take a bite, cake crumbling everywhere.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Oh... Oh god.

TED

No don't worry about that... Mmmm, delicious. So this party is waiting for us?

PENNY

Gosh, I wouldn't call it a party my love. I'd say you'd probably need ten people excluding my family to call it that.

TED

You only found ten people?

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

Six- sorry...

TED

Don't tell me who.

PENNY

Trust me, I won't... By the way,
it's not really my fault I could
only find six.

TED

Well I have to say, this is the
most wonderfully romantic thing
anyone's done for me. Don't ruin
it.

He kisses her.

PENNY

Ha ha! Oh, I didn't invite any
teachers. Sorry! I couldn't face
having more than one.

TED

I hope you didn't invite any of my
other friends as well.

PENNY

Who? Your card friends? Not a
chance.

TED

You put that silly balloon on my
postbox, didn't you?

PENNY

Guilty.

TED

I am wondering though, how did you
know my favorite colour?

PENNY

I know everything, don't you know?

INT. PENNY'S DRAWING ROOM - LATER - MONTAGE

- Ted is greeted by a couple in their 40s.

(CONTINUED)

COUPLE

Happy Birthday!! / Yes, happy birthday Ted. Looking great.

TED

Why thank you.

- Ted, champagne in hand, is talking to an ELDERLY MAN.

TED

Yes, Lilly is well... She just, was hit hard by her mother's death, like a lot of us and, and she's doing fine, I believe, in Spain at the moment.

ELDERLY MAN

Yes, well she's a lovely girl, I'm glad she's getting better.

TED

Well, when I see her, I'll send her your regards.

ELDERLY MAN

Oh, thank you.

- Ted talking to another MAN (50s), having a little laugh.

TED

Whatever happened to the times you just went to the pub on your birthday, and bemoaned your old age?

MAN

Oh yes, I mean men don't want a big fuss on their birthdays. No just a pint to drink, that'll do us fine.

TED

Absolutely... Not that I don't like bubbly.

- Ted with Penny's family: MUM, DAD, BROTHER and SISTER.

SISTER

Oh I know so many of Penny's secrets.

TED

Spill the beans.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

No don't!

SISTER

But that would be cruel.

TED

That's what sisters are there for.

SISTER

No, sorry, I just can't.

Ted feigns drastic disappointment.

SISTER (CONT'D)

Oh maybe just one.

Everyone apart from Penny laughs.

- Ted blowing out a proper birthday cake, his friends all around, having a good time.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A little bathroom, the noise of a loo FLUSHING.

JESSICA BALIUA (early 40s and beautiful in a fighter kind of way) stands, holding her digital pregnancy test strip up in to the light. Her face says it all: fear and amazement in one.

Pregnant. She rinses her face in cold water, sits down on the loo seat -- thinks a little -- takes out her phone -- thinks a little -- dials a number known by heart.

INT. DARCY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A real mess: beer bottles, clothes on floor, a man sleeping on a sofa in a suit: PAUL (40s), yesterdays Chinese everywhere... And DARCY MAYES (mid 30s): tired, groggy and grumpy, but otherwise not bad looking -- on the phone.

DARCY

Hello? -- Hello? Hello? -- Please talk... At least, don't ring in the morning.... Maybe you've sat on your phone Jessica? -- Hello? Right - five seconds before I hang up.

He counts to five on his fingers. Nothing. And his grumpiness fades into disappointment, slight desperation.

(CONTINUED)

DARCY (CONT'D)
Look, hello?

JESSICA (O. S.)
I'm sorry. Just it's so hard.

Darcy softens totally- his voice, his features, his stance.

DARCY
Jessica.

JESSICA (O. S.)
Darcy --

DARCY
Jessica. Are you alright?

JESSICA (O. S.)
-- I'm...

Jessica's now crying

DARCY
Do you want to come home?

JESSICA (O. S.)
Yes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Darcy cleaning up the place with real urgency. He reluctantly prods Paul, who sheepishly gets up.

DARCY
Hey, Paul, sorry. You've got to go.

PAUL
What's happened?

DARCY
Don't ask why, but Jessica's coming home.

PAUL
Why?

DARCY
Huh, I really don't know... Do you reckon you could help me clean up this place though? I don't want her to see it like this.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Err, sure, I'll just have a glass
of water first if that's alright.

(walking out)

And I'll pay you by Tuesday. You
have my word Darcy.

DARCY

That'll be great.

EXT. TIMBER MILL WAY - EVENING

An empty street, illuminated by the glow of street lights on
the wet asphalt. A white ford parks outside a run-down gym.

INT. WHITE FORD

Raindrops PATTERN disconcertingly on the rooftop.

Goosebumps spread across Christian's trembling arm, as he
stares through the windshield onto the grizzly night sky.

He sits there, perfectly still, next to a familiar face. A
pallid Ricky (Irish, mid 30s) disheveled and slumped, closes
his eyes and breathes deeply. Bearded and rough looking.

CHRISTIAN

You ready?

Ricky slowly opens his eyes, looking determined.

RICKY

Let's do it.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Dumbbells off their racks, a tattered cycling machine and
scattered boxing bags. A rather large derelict gymnasium.

NICKY and SOLOMON, two security men, prison tattoos on their
chunky necks, wait next to JEROLD RAMIREZ (late 40s): lean,
dark and intense- immediately dangerous and quite evil.

NICKY

They're late.

Drenched, Christian and Ricky walk about five steps into the
gym, carrying suitcases. Nicky and Solomon march to them.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY (CONT'D)

Hands up! Backs to the wall.

As Solomon menacingly exhibits his .45 ACP Christian and Ricky raise their free hands up.

SOLOMON

Move it! Now!

CHRISTIAN

What-

RICKY

(overlapping with above)

Argh fuck. Is this a stitch up?

SOLOMON

Against the wall!

Christian and Ricky take a step back. Christian: Angry.

CHRISTIAN

You gonna tell us what the bloody hell is going on Ramirez?

NICKY

Whoa, whoa, whoa... relax. We need to search you, for wires, guns and all. Then you can talk with us. Security, that's all.

CHRISTIAN

Security... Get your hounds to back down now Ramirez. Now, or we'll fuck right off right now.

SOLOMON

Watch yourself sonny...

CHRISTIAN

You talking to me... old boy?

NICKY

Hey. Calm it!

Nicky cautiously walks towards Christian and Ricky, his hands in the air, as if surrendering.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Down here, this is just how we do things, nothing personal. Just co-operate, that's all. You're new to us, see.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

You remember who we work for? And you don't trust us? Take one step closer, and we're off.

RICKY

Too right!

Nicky stops, nervously glancing at Solomon.

NICKY

Look there's no need for this. Round here we don't care who you work for, where you're from, so long as you're respectful, you hear?

CHRISTIAN

It's a matter of respect. We're not taking orders, *you hear*.

RICKY

That's fucking that.

CHRISTIAN

(to Solomon)

That cleared, lower your gun, *sonny*, and let's go straight to what we came here for.

Christian and Ricky both lower their hands. Christian bullishly takes a few steps forward.

SOLOMON

Don't fucking move! Hands back up!

Solomon's gun's arrowed at Christian's temple, finger poised on the trigger. But Christian continues deliberately slowly walking towards him, passing Nicky.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I said, back the fuck down. Now. Get back to the fucking wall.

CHRISTIAN

You gonna shoot me tough guy?

Christian stops, his nose centimeters apart from Solomon's. They stare icily against each other.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Because you better... Or can we leave this kiddie nonsense behind?

(CONTINUED)

RICKY
(to Solomon)
Boyo would you leave it out. You're
aggravating him.

SOLOMON
Last chance. Don't make me....

Ricky grasps his gun tucked at the back of his jeans.
Nicky's hand twitches by his waist. Both on the edge.

RICKY
Hey boyo! Don't you think about it.

SOLOMON
Remember! I'm the one with the gun
on your head!

Christian holds his gaze -- Tension's rising every second --
Solomon about to blast. Playing dare.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Are you deaf?

Suddenly a bullet flies through the side of Solomon's head.
THUMP-- as he falls onto the ground.

NICKY
Fucking hell!

RAMIREZ (O. S.)
My friends, I apologise.

Ramirez lowers his weapon; a disenchanted look towards the
body sprawled across the floor.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
We know you're trustworthy and we
don't wish to anger your boss. Keep
your guns if you want. Now let's
not play silly games.

Christian nods looking shocked. He suddenly whips round and
shoots Ramirez three times in the chest.

Simultaneously, Ricky shoots Nicky in the neck.

Ricky coolly tucks away his revolver into his jeans. Ramirez
GRUNTS in agony, onto his last breaths. Christian heads to
him until they're only a couple of meters apart.

CHRISTIAN
Son of a bitch- remember Louis?

Ramirez stares meekly back at Christian.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Night Ramirez.

Ramirez attempts to reach for his gun lying on the floor.
Christian aims and fires- between the eyes.

Christian mops his brow before picking up a briefcase placed
next Ramirez's lifeless body and chucking it at Ricky.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I'll clean up. Can you put it in
the backseat?

RICKY
Right.

Ricky catches the briefcase. He opens it up, bundles of 50
pounds notes inside.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Right.

He looks around the gym at the carnage left behind and
shudders before exiting with the bag and his own case.

Christian opens his case. Takes out a pair of rubber gloves.

EXT. TIMBER MILL WAY - LATER

The wind HOWLS whilst Ricky and Christian emerge from the
gym, struggling to carry Nicky's body to the boot.

They bundle him inside.

CHRISTIAN
You want a cigarette?

Christian takes out a pack of Marlboro Golds.

RICKY
Ummm... yeah.

Christian lights them both up as Ricky dials 999 on his
mobile. He then walks to the Ford.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

I'll start the car.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S)

Emergency, which service?

RICKY

Police...

POLICE WOMAN (O.S)

Okay then...

Ricky takes a deep inhale, before talking to the police.

RICKY

I want to report gunshots.

2ND POLICE WOMAN (O.S)

Can you tell my the address of-

RICKY

By the old gym on Timber Mill
Way... I'm certain they were... I
heard them. I was running by... For
sure... My name, call me Paddy.

INT. WHITE FORD - CONTINUOUS

Roads appear like a dream, blurring and throbbing into one another, as Christian drives. He's snapped back to reality.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Do you think he was going to shoot?

CHRISTIAN

I... don't know. What do you think?

Ricky just ponders, still pale.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Look, I was counting down, alright,
before backing off- like three...
two... and BAM! Ramirez killed him.

RICKY

I'm just figuring how you do that?

Christian huffs a little. Takes a deep breath.

CHRISTIAN

I ain't no crazed loose cannon, you
know that right?

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Oh sure...

CHRISTIAN

No I mean, I'm just as shit scared
in those situation as any-one else.
Just pretending to be hard-

RICKY

Loony*.

CHRISTIAN

- but what are we? Fucking actors.
You and you're Irish whatever...

RICKY

Oh sure...

CHRISTIAN

Me and my... craziness. Look we
both know how to act tough Ricky.

RICKY

Jesus. I don't think you think
through, think through what you do.

CHRISTIAN

Think through?

RICKY

It ain't acting class. Oh look, I'm
Joe Pesci. I'm fucking superman.
Jason Bourne yesterday...

CHRISTIAN

Sod off Ricky. Things escalated in
there, it's just being spontaneous.

RICKY

That's what I mean, I don't
escalate. You? You do, and I want
to know how you do that?

CHRISTIAN

I reacted, I was forced to
escalate. To do the job...

RICKY

Shit. You're a maniac, a maniac
Christian. You don't know what it's
like to be there, watching you.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Really?

RICKY

And I just want to know how a level-headed fella such as yourself, can become the maniac from inside there. Not why but how. I mean you know what I mean. What you act? Feck me, you act.

CHRISTIAN

You wanna know? Well err... here's what I do. All I do. All I can do... is tell myself, in those situations, to breathe.

RICKY

Breathe?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, breathe. That's it. The most important thing. Like meditation.

Ricky shakes his head, bemused and frightened.

RICKY

Breathe... That's a cracker. You'd have made a great actor. Oh yeah.

CHRISTIAN

(beat)

That's enough. The job's done. Finished. Let's just forget it.

RICKY

Well, that's all I was needing to say... I ain't having a go, just, a little worried. To be fair.

CHRISTIAN

Well, thank fuck it's over.

A phone RINGS. Christian puts PIERRE ORFEVRE on loudspeaker.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Pierre.

PIERRE (O. S.)

(Educated English accent)

Christian. Just checking everything went well. How did it go?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
Was smooth Pierre. All sorted.

PIERRE (O. S.)
Great. Meet Monday then, same time.

CHRISTIAN
Sure.

PIERRE (O. S.)
Alors, see you then.

Pierre hangs up, just as a police car whizzes past them. A little silence.

RICKY
He's got a right to be worried.

CHRISTIAN
He does, but he'll understand.
(beat)
Where do we dump the body? You know somewhere? I haven't a clue.

RICKY
I know a place. It ain't pretty.

A DRUNK starts staggering across the road ahead.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Jesus...

Christian slams on the brakes -- barely halting in time. The ford nudges the drunk, who stumbles to the floor.

CHRISTIAN
Shit.

EXT. WHITE FORD

The drunk stands back up - sort of. He falls over again. Soon Ricky's, out pulling the drunk to his feet, and balancing him. The drunk mumbles something very disoriented.

RICKY
There you go.

The drunk pat's Ricky's shoulder -- begins hollering.

DRUNK
Whoaa...

(CONTINUED)

The drunk laughs hysterically, pat's Ricky's shoulder and begins staggering across the road again. Ricky holds him.

RICKY

Hey there! Stay off the road man.
Jesus fella! You hear me?

DRUNK

(slurring aggressively)
But I... Hey!

The drunk takes a swing at Ricky. Misses.

RICKY

Steady on there fella... You'll get
yourself hurt.

DRUNK

Animals! Watch out yer animals!

Christian's out the ford and exchanges a thoughtful look with Ricky. The drunk has to balance himself on Ricky.

RICKY

Look here, we're not trying to hurt
you or something, just take care-

DRUNK

I'm just... I need...

CHRISTIAN

You wanna us to give you a lift
somewhere?

Ricky stares at Christian. Suddenly the drunk yelps.

DRUNK

Oh me arm!

RICKY

Yeah probably hurts a little... Now
you want a ride or not?

CHRISTIAN

We're a taxi pal. You wouldn't
believe. It's your lucky day.

RICKY

I think we'll be on our way.

The drunk suddenly chuckles again at them.

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK

Taxi? You're a taxi?

He puts his hands on his head dejectedly.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

I got no money. I can't believe it.
I got no money.

CHRISTIAN

It's fine, this one's on us pal.

RICKY

What part of London you from?

DRUNK

Huh?

RICKY

I said, where you based laddie?

DRUNK

Err... Stockwall. You Irish?

RICKY

Fella, we're a long way away from
there... You sure?

DRUNK

Harry? He left me here...

RICKY

I'm not surprised.

DRUNK

Take me to Brixton.

CHRISTIAN

Come on mate - we'll give you a
lift then.

The drunk nods, but doesn't move.

RICKY

Come on fella, for the life of you!
It's bleeding cold and wet out
here.

CHRISTIAN

English Summer for you...

They guide the drunk to their car and help him inside the
backseat, providing various words of encouragement.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
Just chill out. You want the radio?

He leans in, turns on the radio, and closes the car door.

Standing outside, for the first time we see Christian and Ricky share a laugh.

RICKY
Boy- been some day huh.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah. What the hell he's doing out here? Better not throw up.

RICKY
Pierre wouldn't be happy...

They both crack up - nerves frazzled - bordering hysterical.

CHRISTIAN
Man oh man...

Ricky looks through the back window.

RICKY
He's passed out.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah?

RICKY
Yeah. Come on, let's take him to a hostel or something.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah okay.
(beat)
Do you mind driving? I was struggling to concentrate earlier.

RICKY
No problem fella.

They walk to their car doors. Christian hesitates/

CHRISTIAN
What err hostel'll take him? A motel?

RICKY
I dunno. A shite one?

CHRISTIAN

He's too gone. Take him to my place-

RICKY

No come on Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Better than the streets of Brixton.

RICKY

You're not being serious are you? I mean, we helped that fella plenty enough as it is.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah... you have Izz, it'll be fine. I'll kick him out in the morning.

RICKY

Alright then. I know you. Huh, but, I always had you as a ladies man.

CHRISTIAN

Well you better watch yourself Ricky.

They chuckle entering the Ford. It speeds off into the dark.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Even in the night, you can tell it's a nice part of London.

The Ford parks and Christian gets out. He leans into the backseat occupied by the drunk.

CHRISTIAN

Come on- get up. We're here. Wake up.

RICKY (O.S)

Do you think you can hurry up?

INT. WHITE FORD

Ricky frowns becoming increasingly aware the drunk is not about to wake up from his stupor any time soon. Slaps him.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY (CONT'D)
Get up you bastard.

CHRISTIAN
I need you to help me carry him.

RICKY
I ain't carrying that dirtbag.
Smells like an old dumpster.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah well, thanks for the help.

Christian starts to slowly drag the drunk out of the car.

RICKY
Why you looking after this man eh
Christian?

CHRISTIAN
Well I nearly ran over him? If you
don't remember. And it's miserable
outside- he could get pneumonia.

RICKY
So- we can dump him at a hospital.

CHRISTIAN
That wont do the hospital much good
would it?

RICKY
You pity him...

CHRISTIAN
Yeah I do... And I'll have a word
with him tomorrow. Tell him how
bloody stupid he was. Probably will
just get angry at me mind but you
never know.

RICKY
Well, who knows? Good luck to ya.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S HOME

Christian now lifts up the Drunk in his arms, like a
princess. Ricky gets out. They start walking to the house.

CHRISTIAN
Can you open my front door for me?

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Hands full?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, and get a cushion and blanket from the drawing room. I'll leave him in the porch.

RICKY

Everyone feels sorry for a drunk... or find them to be some comic relief or something. You're no different.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S HOME - PORCH

Ricky retrieves the key from under the door mat.

RICKY (CONT'D)

If only you knew how many battered wives I knew where I grew up.

Ricky unlocks the door and they go through.

INT. HALLWAY

The lights are on.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah well, you -

RICKY

Hold it. Your lights are...

Christian and Ricky suddenly stop dead, because in front of them, is NATALIA HILL (late 20s): very pretty but with heavy bags under her eyes.

NATALIA

You two never fail to amaze me.

RICKY

Well, I'll leave you two here now.

(to Christian)

You err... have a lot of explaining to do.

(to Natalia)

Sort him out would ya for me.

Christian stares in amused horror at Ricky who walks off. Natalia laughs.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIA

What's this? Or should I say- who?

CHRISTIAN

This err... is a chap.

NATALIA

Phew he reeks. Or is that you? Huh,
I always had you as a ladies man.

CHRISTIAN

That's exactly what Ricky said.

NATALIA

Long story?

CHRISTIAN

Err... kind of.

(beat)

I wasn't expecting you.

NATALIA

I know.

CHRISTIAN

You okay?

NATALIA

Umm... I came. Because...

CHRISTIAN

Anna?

NATALIA

It's got bad... She's doing all
these tests and it'd be nice for
her... for me... if you'd-

CHRISTIAN

Okay.

NATALIA

It's... scary, Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Is she?

NATALIA

Probably...

INT. DARCY'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

The ALARM goes off, abruptly waking Darcy and Jessica in their modest bedroom.

DARCY

Argh... Where is it? Urgh... Jess.

With eyes wide shut he blindly attempts to locate the alarm on the wrong side of the bed. It DRONES on and on...

Jessica turns it off and turns on her bedside lamp giggling. Darcy opens his eye tired eyes briefly, slurring his speech.

DARCY (CONT'D)

You moved it.

JESSICA

No. So, what's it like getting up at 6.00? This must be like a new record or something.

DARCY

Awful. Never again, I swear...

JESSICA

Don't close your eyes again, you have got to get up. Darcy don't.

Darcy ignores her only to be HIT, off-guard, by a pillow seconds later. He lets off a well-natured grumbling chuckle.

DARCY

Okay, okay. I'm up. I'm getting up!

JESSICA

You better.

DARCY

Honnnnestly... If I'm getting woken like that every morning I might just buy the car back.

Jessica, smiling, rolls over on top of Darcy, kissing him on the forehead. He smiles at her. And they laugh over nothing.

JESSICA

You wish.

DARCY

You're weird, morning bird.

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA
You only just noticed?

DARCY
Rather stupidly yes.

Jessica frowns playfully.

JESSICA
And you need serious adjusting to
my time zone. I'll make us
breakfast. Take a shower.

Darcy get's stiffly out of bed. In boxers, he stretches.

DARCY
Okay, if you say so.

Darcy, grinning, leans down to Jessica and kisses her before
stroking BANOFFEE - the King's Charles Cavalier nestled in
dog bedding in front of their bed.

DARCY (CONT'D)
You'd be a nicer alarm Banoffee
pie.

JESSICA
I can't believe I agreed to call
her Banoffee.

DARCY
What? It's her colour.

JESSICA
I just can't take that name
seriously. I don't even like
Banoffee Pie!

Darcy picks Banoffee up and gives her a good-morning kiss.
He puts her down onto the bed before grabbing a towel and
traipsing to the bathroom. Jessica tuts.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Sorry Banoffee, you're not allowed
on the bed, as lovely as you are.

Banoffee jumps down back to her dog-basket and it's comfy
rags. Meanwhile, Jessica exits through the bedroom's other
door. Curvaceous body wrapped warmly by her sheets.

We're left looking at the cute, lazy Banoffee.

JESSICA (O. S.) (CONT'D)
Do you want tea?

DARCY (O. S.)
Coffee today please!

EXT. LONDON PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

The grand entrance of a London public school.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Inside the school LUCY walks casually to her class, clutching files. She enters a classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A well-kept classroom, historical posters lining the walls, filled by a dozen or so engaged pupils (aged 15-16), looking up at Ted -- Lucy waltzes in. Ted nods at her

LUCY
Sorry sir, had a music lesson.

TED
That's okay... So remember people!
Always use inference, and include
this word- infer, as many times as
possible. Examiners will love you
for it, I guarantee that.

(beat)
Right, I think that's quite enough
syllabus and wretched exam
technique covered for one day, so
let's do something different but
nevertheless related. Let me ask
one of you a deep probing
question...

Ted strolls down a row of desks to one corner before picking out TONY, on the diagonally opposite corner. He jolts up.

TED (CONT'D)
Tony... Now Mr. Mandela and Mr.
Biko, quite inspirational figures,
fought long and hard for greater
equality in South Africa. However,
on a global scale, how far do you
believe the world has come in
fairness and indeed equality over
the past century?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Well, er... I guess, it's come far in some respects but it's obviously not equal yet, or even remotely fair, on face value, like-

A couple of classmates snigger.

TONY (CONT'D)

Well, I mean, you just have to look at the contrasts between Africa and America or Europe, for example. People have such varied opportunities, right? But overall, the world's better, in individual countries. Like in South Africa the treatment of Blacks is better.

TED

Anyone disagree?... No? No debaters here? No-one wants to take on Tony. Maybe he's right?

The class laugh. Ted picks up a piece of paper on his desk.

TED (CONT'D)

Now, I've researched some pretty terrifying statistics. I hope they're more or less accurate. So could you imagine that the world were to be squashed into a village of a hundred people, representing perfectly the earth's human population. How many people do you think would own or even share a computer? Any guesses?

A few mutterings. ROSIE's hand rises the quickest.

TED (CONT'D)

Rosie?

ROSIE

um.. around 35?

TED

Hum... Believe it or not, far fewer. Only 22 would. What about how many people wouldn't have electricity in any amount at their homes? Steven?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

30?

TED

That's a very good guess. In reality, 27 wouldn't, in any amount and a lot who do, use it for essentials alone, not TVs obviously. What about an education? Now that's a humdinger.

Ted walks along a row, getting guesses from each person.

STUDENTS

like 67, no idea- 57, 70?, way lower 50?

TED

Okay, I'll stop there, because that's so close; sadly just 49 would be fortunate enough to be educated and a quarter would be illiterate. Almost 20 wouldn't be able to even write! Now, bear in mind guys you all have an education, electricity and at least one computer in your house, dare I guess. Right? That's perspective... Meanwhile, I'll tell you also, astonishingly, that 17 would be undernourished and 22 overweight. And 13 wouldn't have clean, safe water to drink.

Ted pauses, studying the class; a twinkle in his eye.

TED (CONT'D)

Most staggering of all is how wealth is to be shared. You wouldn't believe that one person would own 46% of the villages wealth whilst fifty people only 2%. It's quite gobsmacking, isn't it. There's 1826 billionaires in this world we live in and the richest 85 people are as wealthy as the poorest 3 billion combined. Quite staggering...

Ted looks at the class for effect, all paying attention.

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)

So what does this all mean, because I'm not saying this to make you feel guilty? Gratefulness for your privileges and luck is far more poignant and honorable than guilt. I'll tell you what, in my eyes, this means.

(surveys the class)

Two things... ONE, this world isn't fair, not remotely. And TWO, there are many more Mandalas, Luther-Kings and Gandhis out there, the real question is who are they? As these inspirational figures showed with their often humble beginnings, they could well be anyone from well anywhere... You can go a minute early if you want.

Ted starts to rub off writing on the board as all the class pack up. Tony's the quickest.

TONY

Thanks for the lesson sir.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Natalia, Christian and ANNA (7) go in to meet DR. TORRINGTON (40s). She immediately gives a friendly smile to Anna.

DR. TORRINGTON
(shaking hands)

Hi.

CHRISTIAN

Hi.

NATALIA

Hi.

DR. TORRINGTON
And you must be Anna. Hello, very nice to meet you. Okay, how's your day been?

They all sit.

ANNA
It's been good.

(CONTINUED)

DR. TORRINGTON

You've been very busy, doing lots of tests and that, so I'm very glad you're so well.

NATALIA

Yeah, we've been really busy, last few days...

ANNA

Yeah.

DR. TORRINGTON

What I wanted to talk about -- To talk to you about, is we have to think about how long you might have to wait for a transplant. And we have to think about when to list you.

Anna rests her head on her mum's shoulder for comfort.

DR. TORRINGTON (CONT'D)

What I'm worried about is, your life over the next year or so might become quite tiring, and we don't want that. A lot more than it is currently, unless we do something.

NATALIA

Would you recommend her to...?

DR. TORRINGTON

What I'll say is, I can't say Anna come in now and we'll get you a transplant tomorrow. We could have a suitable lung replacement next week, we could have one in two years, or four, but that's why it can be wiser to be on the list as you never know when a transplant is possible I'm afraid.

CHRISTIAN

And if she were to go on the list and get a new lung, and it all went well, how long do these new lungs last, typically?

DR. TORRINGTON

It's very hard to say, because there is no typical. Sometimes five or ten years, sometimes longer, sometimes less.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Okay...

DR. TORRINGTON

I'm sorry I can't give a clearer answer.

CHRISTIAN

No. no...

DR. TORRINGTON

Anna, there's a lot to talk about, would you like to ask any questions?

ANNA

Umm... Can't think of any.

DR. TORRINGTON

That's okay. But I just want to make clear that they'll be no secrets between you and me. There will be conversations I have with your Mum and Christian, but I will always tell you what is discussed. Ultimately, this is your own personal decision, and there's no wrong answer, just what you feel.

ANNA

I think... I think I know, but I'm not sure.

NATALIA

Darling, don't worry, you have time to be sure.

DR. TORRINGTON

And you can always ask me anything you want to, Anna. There will be no secrets. Okay, deal. Deal?

ANNA

Yep.

DR. TORRINGTON

Okay, deal.

Anna and Dr. Torrington exchange sweet smiles.

DR. TORRINGTON (CONT'D)

So looking at the test results...

INT. WORKPLACE- DAY

A heaving workplace full of people, computers and movement. Darcy is inevitably surfing the internet, passing time.

An unknown colleague, a RUNNER, confronts him.

RUNNER
Are you Darcy Mayes?

DARCY
Yep, that's me.

RUNNER
Mr. White has told me to tell you
to go to his office.

DARCY
What? Now?

RUNNER
Afraid so pal.

DARCY
This isn't good is it?

RUNNER
I dunno. But I do know this guy is
a real jerk. Keep that between us
though pal.

DARCY
Really? Great! Which office is it?

RUNNER
(pointing)
That one.

DARCY
Cool thanks.

The colleague leaves and Darcy walks over to the office. The nameplate reads outside: ADAM WHITE. He knocks.

ADAM WHITE (O.S)
Come in.

INT. SECOND POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Malcolm finishes writing a final note and looks up at a weary Christian.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I need more. OK? Plain and simple.
I appreciate what you've said, but
it's not enough. You got more?

CHRISTIAN

Why would you write everything
down? I mean, it's all recorded,
right? You're probably wearing
wires. This whole room bugged for
God's sake: why the hell bother?

MALCOLM

I'm a meticulous man... So--

CHRISTIAN

I'd like a coffee.

MALCOLM

A coffee?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I've got a pretty damn big
head ache, right now, and haven't
slept for the last couple of days,
so I'd appreciate a coffee, okay.

MALCOLM

Coffee...
(leaving)
Milk? Sugar?

CHRISTIAN

Just milk, thanks.

Malcolm exits, leaving Christian grimacing at his own reflection. He touches his bruise on his head sorely.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF TWO WAY MIRROR

Malcolm looks at BRUCE (40s), then at Christian.

MALCOLM

He'll crack.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
Not on a friend.

MALCOLM
We'll see.

INT. SECOND POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Malcolm returns, cup in hand.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Okay. Tell me about Pierre Orfevre.

CHRISTIAN
Who?

MALCOLM
Pierre Orfevre. Ring a bell?

CHRISTIAN
Nope... Sounds kinda familiar, but
can't put anything on him... Sorry.

MALCOLM
Never heard of him?

CHRISTIAN
No.

MALCOLM
You sure?

CHRISTIAN
Jesus Christ, I'll say again, I
don't know this guy... Orfevre or
whatever his name is.

MALCOLM
Hmmm...

Malcolm smiles falsely before LAUNCHING the cup of coffee at
the wall. A murderous look about him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Now listen here asshole, because I
don't play games with murderers.
Three people might be dead because
of you! Three. You, son of a bitch,
have already killed two. That
means, everything we want, that you
know, must be said. Understood. If
you lie to me again, these talks

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
are over, and you are fucked.
Fucked for life.

Silence engulfs the room. Frustration and anger building.

CHRISTIAN
How dare you?

MALCOLM
How dare I what?

CHRISTIAN
I didn't murder those people, so
don't you go fucking implying that.

MALCOLM
Those people are dead because of
you-

CHRISTIAN
- You think you know what I did?
You think you know how everything
happened? Well, fuck you and your
lies... You've blown it.

MALCOLM
Fuck you.

CHRISTIAN
And you call yourself a policeman -
you call yourself a professional.

Bruce walks in.

MALCOLM
Fuck you, you're the liar.

BRUCE
Hey, hey ya Malcolm, that'll do for
now, have a break...

Malcolm stares. Venomous. Bruce sighs and exits.

MALCOLM
(to Christian)
Your pride's going to fuck you up.

Christian's transforming into a wreck, as if hit by a truck.
Malcolm cools down for a moment.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

That's that, that's that then? What a shame...

Sighing and then sighing again, Malcolm collects his notes.

CHRISTIAN

You think I don't know I can't reverse what I did. I'd die a hundred times to stop what happened from happening. Believe me!

MALCOLM

Pierre Ofevre, Christian. Then I believe you.

CHRISTIAN

Just send me to jail. Where guys like me belong right? I'm done...

Christian, voice petering out, head down, wrecked. Malcolm puts his fists down on the table and looks fiercely at Christian.

MALCOLM

Don't bullshit me Christian... I know you're a good actor. Look at me! Can you help me help you?

CHRISTIAN

I'm, I'm a fucking murderer.

INT. BMW - DAY

Christian drives Ricky in his immaculate car. They appear notably different: clean shaven and dressed in suits.

CHRISTIAN

Hey buddy, you alright? You not looking to good Ricky. Something going on?

Ricky forces a smile.

RICKY

I'm well... How come you ask?

CHRISTIAN

(shrugs)
Meh. You just seem kinda distant.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Oh yeah?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, that was all. Forget it.

RICKY

You want to know the story.

CHRISTIAN

Story?

RICKY

What I'm thinking.

CHRISTIAN

Right.

RICKY

Right, I'm going to have to be fair with you. It's just I've been having things, these things playing on my mind recently- spinning around you know, and what it is, is: I'm not going to do this stuff no more Christian... What I mean...

CHRISTIAN

This --

RICKY

-- This job, that our lives evolve around. What we do every day. It's just not me any more -- there's, you know, a different life for me. After. I've saved some money. I'm going to settle down. Like... start anew. Figured somewhere abroad, away, far away from it all. There come's a time -

Christian just stares blankly through the windscreen.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I've been meaning to tell you, really, as soon as we finished with the Ramirez thing. I'd be lying if I said I had it in me to continue like this... I'm sorry Christian.

CHRISTIAN

You're serious about this?

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Christian, don't be daft, I
wouldn't tell you if I weren't.

CHRISTIAN

Okay.

Christian has a poker face. Ricky waits, growing upset.

RICKY

Okay? That all?

CHRISTIAN

What?

RICKY

Well, one thing I wasn't expecting,
telling you, was that.

CHRISTIAN

What? What do you want me to say?
It's your decision. Don't tell me
you just realised what you just
said.

RICKY

Jesus Christian.

(beat)

I mean, don't you wonder? Sometimes
I wonder, what the hell we're
doing? I mean screw the pay. Life's
not about cash and drugs anyway.
We're ripped off on it anyways.

CHRISTIAN

Ripped off? What are you saying?

RICKY

And with the visits we have to make
and things we have to do, they're
just not good, for us, anymore. I
mean this. Specially after Louis.
Why-

CHRISTIAN

Why what? No you come on Ricky.
I'll respect your decision and all
but don't start preaching that
moral crap with me. We do what we
do for a living. As you say, that's
fucking that.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Oh yeah, what living's that then? I never signed up to the army! We killed men the other day. Think... bad men, but men, just like us.

CHRISTIAN

That was fucking personal. Not the job. It screwed the job. That's why we're driving to Pierre now, with a lot of explaining to do.

RICKY

Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIAN

What we did; we put our balls on the line, because of Louis, because of what they did. You get that-

RICKY

Oh yeah. And what good's that for him then? Revenge from the grave?

CHRISTIAN

Oh, I dunno? Nothing. Nothing! He's still dead... That's not the point though. You don't get to one of us, without it coming back at you. That's the point. They deserved what they got. They weren't men. They killed our best friend.

Ricky bangs the bonnet in frustration.

RICKY

That maybe true, but what we did, just let them fuck with my head more. Maybe- I ain't built like you-

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Because you don't get the point... Okay, answer this wiseguy: if we were to have quit, do you honestly think those scores we did, those drug-dealers we robbed, whatever it was that we did, wouldn't have been done by someone else?

RICKY

No it's you who doesn't get the point though. That's not the point.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

How's it not? We didn't co-ordinate those scores, we were hired. We are hired men. It's a job. Mr. Davis would have happily just hired other more merciless and sadistic souls instead instead of us. He wouldn't blink for a second...

RICKY

So what?

CHRISTIAN

So don't you go beat yourself up about what we've done. We do what we do for a living. Just that. There's no need for all the guilt.

RICKY

Feck it.

(beat)

Christian, let's face it, would you quit being such an imbecile. I mean it took me a while, but come on...

CHRISTIAN

Imbecile? I thought I was a maniac.

RICKY

You're a fucking imbecile to carry on like this. Like me. But with you, there's this crappy baggage you seem to have, this problem I've always had with you and I say this because I love you...

CHRISTIAN

Uh huh, what's that?

RICKY

You're just full of shit.

They both laugh at the climax. Scared, strange laughter.

CHRISTIAN

That stung.

RICKY

I mean it though... How anything you do is alright, so long as you have some kinda stupid logic defending it. Like some kid. By that reasoning everything you do is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICKY (cont'd)
alright, you're so full of excuses.
At the end of the day fella, it's
no joke, just the same old
thought-out bullshit.

CHRISTIAN
Ricky. What your saying is...

RICKY
No, don't try me Christian. Don't.
I mean it, all of it... Just open
your eyes for god's sake, cos
you're sounding like one of the
other guys, the types we aren't,
and I'd never forgive myself for
letting you go become one of them.

They arrive. Christian parks and cuts the engine.

RICKY
I didn't mean to be harsh, it's
just the way it comes out, you-

CHRISTIAN
No. Ricky, I know it was...

RICKY
And I know you're smarter than
that... You fool!

Christian laughs.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah Ricky thanks. Thanks for being
straight with me, appreciated.

RICKY
We cool?

CHRISTIAN
Yeah.

A silence ensues, more peaceful- one where you could
appreciate the nice day. Ricky pulls out his hand -

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I'm with you all the way.

RICKY
I know.

Slowly Christian takes it, a firm shake, his face contorted
with happiness and fear. Ricky smiles warmly. They get out.

EXT. STREET

Ricky and Christian walk along the affluent houses with their smart gates and tidy pathways.

CHRISTIAN
You're the next god-damn Oprah.
Those poor souls would be shredded
to smithereens.

RICKY
Excuses! Excuses!

Christian and Ricky laugh.

EXT. PIERRE'S HOUSE

They knock. PIERRE ORFEVRE (French, 50s, bordering-obese) opens, flashing a larger than life smile. He checks his Omega watch.

PIERRE
As efficient as ever, I see.

CHRISTIAN
Hello Pierre, how are things?
Haven't seen you since- well the
funeral.

RICKY
Are you well?

Pierre shakes vigorously both Ricky's and Christian's hands.

PIERRE
Super. How are you, my friends?

They enter the house, Pierre slapping Ricky's back.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
What a day!

INT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Full of modern machines the kitchen represents a great mess. Pierre boils the kettle.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
Coffee, anyone?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
Yeah, love one thanks.

PIERRE
Coffee Ricky?

RICKY
(shaking head)
Thanks.

PIERRE
Make yourselves welcome.

Pierre makes the coffees as Ricky analysis the plans of a bank, printed on a large A3 paper by a chunky file.

RICKY
Bank? What are we? In the 1950s?
You can't be serious Pierre.

PIERRE
I know- but I've made sure- it's safe. Extra sure. Read the file, look at the plans. As the English say, this one's a peach.

Christian smiles but he's nervous.

CHRISTIAN
I'm not sure about this...

PIERRE
Alright then. Least enjoy the coffee, there's other stuff I've got to talk to you about.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah?

RICKY
Big vault, no windows Christian.

CHRISTIAN
You're joking.

PIERRE
We have all you need, and with your skills, it'll be a piece of cake.

CHRISTIAN
Alright, alright Pierre- your acting strange. What's this other business about.

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

Hmmm... What about a smoke?

Pierre puts one in his mouth, offers one to Christian, then to Ricky who declines.

He lights Christian's up, then his own.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Yeah, heard you were going to quit.
So soon though.

Ricky shifts uncomfortably as they make eye-contact.

RICKY

I lapse every now and then.

PIERRE

Guess I couldn't believe till I saw
it with my own eyes. No coffee
either? Each one for themselves.
Coffee and cigarettes, that's the
life.

CHRISTIAN

C'est la vie.

PIERRE

Monsieur! Alors Christian, vous
avez appris le francais...

CHRISTIAN

Some day Pierre, some day.

PIERRE

Ricky, you would like water?

RICKY

Yeah, thanks.

CHRISTIAN

Let me see.

Christian takes the bank plan from Ricky, who eyes him suspiciously. Pierre heads over to the water cooler.

PIERRE

For me, being killed by cigarettes
seems a decent way to go.

RICKY

You in trouble Pierre?

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

That's our job -- Tell me, what happened down at the deal? Ramirez is dead. Just after your exchange. One of his own guys. Did you hear?

Pierre hands Ricky a glass of water and slumps down in the remaining seat.

CHRISTIAN

I heard that too, I don't know? Ricky and I completed the exchange and everything was good, cool.

PIERRE

Yes, well, Mr. Davis is a very angry man at the moment.

RICKY

I bet he's raging.

PIERRE

Searching for Ramirez's man.

RICKY

He'll trace the drugs in no time. Good luck to the poor guy.

PIERRE

Well, just keep your heads down for a while. It was bad timing, for you. He was a good businessman.

Christian has a slurp of his coffee.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Now the other stuff. Let's not talk here.

Ricky raises his eyebrows.

INT. LOUIS' FLAT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nice, simple and homely. Ricky and Christian look around in amazement. Pierre stares at them, a big smile on his face.

CHRISTIAN

How the hell did you get Louis' flat?

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

Rent. I rent.

RICKY

I thought it went to his brother.

PIERRE

Yes, and me and him have a very causal agreement, beneficial for both parties.

RICKY

I see... So, looks nice as usual. Can I ask, why did you bring us here?

PIERRE

Apart from Louis' brother, no-one knows I have this place. I'm scared my place is bugged Ricky.

CHRISTIAN

Oh and we shouldn't be worried about this place.

PIERRE

Trust. I trust you to do the right thing...

RICKY

Right... So you want to know what really went down with Ramirez?

PIERRE

Well, I hate to say it, but you have really put me in the shit, with your little stunt.

CHRISTIAN

Well, if we did that stunt, we would be sorry for any issues it could of caused you.

PIERRE

Well, what you didn't know is unfortunately people thought I hated poor old Ramirez. So --

RICKY

And were they lying?

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

No.

RICKY

Well Pierre, mind my bluntness,
then you should understand, in my
book.

Pierre pauses. He makes a brilliant movement with his arms -
very french- to show enough has been said on that matter.

PIERRE

I would love to show you round.

Ricky and Christian exchange curious looks.

INT. LOUIS' FLAT - BEDROOM

The bedroom has been turned into an office. Folders, boxes,
notebooks all stacked. Tapes and mobile phones in one box.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

This is where I keep my paper
trail.

Ricky and Christian exchange shocked looks. It's a mess.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

You two are smart. You know I don't
have a trail, at least not to me.

RICKY

So this bedroom is heaving with
folders and files, not linked to
you?

CHRISTIAN

Then who the hell to?

Pierre frowns at them.

PIERRE

None of your business, actually. I
think you two can leave.

RICKY

Pierre, are you well?

PIERRE

Super Ricky. Thank you.

He shoes them out.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Pierre. Okay, okay Pierre... One last thing.

PIERRE

Yes Christian.

CHRISTIAN

We need the lot: passports, driving licenses, foreign bank accounts, national-

RICKY

What he's trying to say. We need new identities. And I need one for my woman too.

PIERRE

You took so long to ask, I almost thought you wouldn't... You too Christian?

CHRISTIAN

Yes.

PIERRE

Alors, and the bank job?

CHRISTIAN

Err... Banks. A lot of potential for a lot of collateral damage.

RICKY

It is sound isn't it Pierre?

PIERRE

Yes. You have my word.

CHRISTIAN

We'll tell you after reading the file Pierre.

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

Ricky and ISABEL HALLET (late 20s) are snuggled on a sofa, wrapped under a blanket, snacking on Haribo.

ISABEL

The adverts... They're so annoying.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

I know right, always coming on at the wrong time. Hey, stop eating all the rings!

Izzy laughs gobbling down the two haribo rings she held.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Ah Izz, those were the best ones...

ISABEL

Uh huh, that's why I scoffed them.

RICKY

Isabella Hallet, you are a piggy.

ISABEL

Oink, oink.

RICKY

A happy one at that.

They both laugh.

ISABEL

Hey how was work? You've been busy the last week.

Ricky kisses Izzy's cheek.

RICKY

Yeah, it was good. Stressful but I did everything I needed.

They sit there, watching a chicken advert.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Hey, if I asked you, to leave to Madrid, with me, would you come?

ISABEL

Seriously or what?

RICKY

Oh, I dunno, just hypothetically.

Izzy ponders, thrown slightly.

ISABEL

Yeah, probably. Not without a mega fight though.

Ricky laughs.

RICKY

Is that so. Okay. What about Zambia?

Izzy answers in seconds. Again Ricky laughs.

ISABEL

Absolutely not. Is this a game?

RICKY

That's fair suppose, Kay, purely hypothetical and wot-knot, blah, blah, blah... What would you say if I were secretly an under-cover spy?

ISABEL

Ha, yeah right. I would fall even more in love with you, marry you, and force you to quit your job. I'm far more important!

Ricky chuckles. She looks at him in the eyes smiling.

ISABEL

I wouldn't be that surprised actually, thinking bout it.

RICKY

You wouldn't?

ISABEL

No. I could see it. Any other weird questions?

Ricky smiles and kisses Izzy on the lips. He turns to the TV again, smelling Izzy's hair. Truly happy.

RICKY

Err... no more... Wait, kay: What about if I were to say I were a criminal?

ISABEL

A what?

RICKY

You know- a criminal. I dunno, like white collar stuff you see on the TV.

ISABEL

Seriously, that's kinda difficult. To imagine how you'd react, you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL (cont'd)
know. Ummm... I'd slap you a few
times. I mean it's a hard one. I
love you and all...

RICKY
And I love you too.

His cheesiness earns a kiss. Adorable.

ISABEL
I wouldn't really know what to do.
That's too tricky.

RICKY
Oh yeah?

ISABEL
Are you?

RICKY
What?

ISABEL
A criminal.

RICKY
You're joking?

ISABEL
So you aren't?

Ricky pauses, analyzing Izzy, uncomfortable and Izzy looks
to sense it slightly.

RICKY
I'm merely an engineer, not very
exciting I know.

ISABEL
I dunno?

Izzy smiles, and they start kissing again. Passionately.
This stops abruptly with Izzy pushing Ricky away.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Quick, the film's starting again!

RICKY
- Izzy...

Dread fills Izzy face, Ricky's voice is suddenly croaky.

ISABEL

Yeah? I'm going to have to slap
you, aren't I?

RICKY

Yeah.

EXT. GRASSHOPPER PUB - EVENING

Darcy- stumbling and staggering about the streets, until he
reaches a grotty building with broken Neon lights reading
'THE GRASSHOPPER'.

INT. GRASSHOPPER PUB - CONTINUOUS

A buzzing, large, seedy pub; joyfully loud.

BAR

Darcy manages to sit down on a stall next to a BIG BLACK
GUY, and catches the BARMAN's attention.

DARCY

A whiskey please, old friend.

BARMAN

(frowning)

That's a pound fifty.

DARCY

Yeah...

Darcy looks in his wallet, no notes. He empties his pockets
and puts a few coins on the bar. Half falling to the floor.

BACK OF PUB- CORRESPONDING TIMING

Cigarette smoke hangs in the air; men shooting pool and
throwing darts; poker and blackjack being played on dining
tables brimming with gamblers.

POV: ON POKER TABLE.

Ted is playing with GARY, TIM (both 40s) and two OTHER GUYS
(in their 20s). The DEALER (30s) deals out the cards.

Ted raises his; an ever so slight frown. Gary bets large on
the pre-flop: FIVE pounds.

(CONTINUED)

GARY
Let's get things going hey Tim.

TIM
I call.

OTHER GUYS
I'm out/ Yeah, me too.

They throw their cards to the dealers. Ted calls.

The next three cards go out- A TEN, SEVEN and NINE. Gary and Tim both check.

TED
Twenty.

The folded men smirk at each other.

GARY
Bold move...

Gary raises by TWENTY-FIVE.

GARY (CONT'D)
That's me, all in. Ted, never
bullshit a bullshiter, don't you
teach your kids that at school?

He laughs at his own wit. Tim upset, throws in his cards.

TIM
Gary, you taking the piss? I'm not
made of millions.

GARY
Oh piss off.

TED
I'll call.

Gary burrows his forehead, surprised.

TIM
Ooh. This is a round, boys.

DEALER
Well, show your cards ladies.

In corresponding timing Ted reveals POCKET NINES to Gary's TEN and a KING. It's tight. Gary POUNDS his hand onto the table, a deflated look about him. The next two cards go out.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Come on!

An ACE. The dealer lingers over the next card.

GARY

Shit. Come on! Come on!

TIM

Come on!

GARY

Piss off Tim -- Get on with it...

A few spectators GASP as the last card goes out. Another SEVEN. The dealer smiles. Tim cheekily pats Gary's back.

DEALER

Full house, grandpa wins.

Ted, brimming, takes his winnings. Gary: absolutely sunk, speechless.

TIM

You got played Gary. Serves you right for being a right knob.

Ted gives Gary a friendly nod. Gary acknowledges it.

OTHER GUYS

Grandpa's got the moves/ I'm grabbing a beer.

TIM

Round on Ted?

TED

I'm off. I'm afraid.

GARY

(to Ted)

See you next week. Get it all back.

TIM

Tough game.

GARY

Shut it Tim.

Ted puts on his coat, as Gary leaves, head down.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Well, see you later folks.

DEALER

You off?

TIM

Yeah, why don't you play a little longer? Take all our hard-earned cash as well.

STRANGER

What, your JSA?

A lot laugh, Tim glares.

TIM

What kinda joke is that? Assholes-the lot of you.

OTHER GUYS

Oh come of it Tim / Here we go...

TED

Always leave on a high. That's my philosophy if you want to know Tim.

Tim laughs and shakes Ted's hand.

TIM

You sly minx you. No wonder you're a teacher.

TED

(to dealer)

And think twice before calling me grandpa.

The dealer laughs. Ted leaves them, a spring in his step.

DEALER

(ensuring Ted hears)

Bad-man Grandpa.

BAR - CORRESPONDING TIMING

Darcy only now realises he's considerably short of money. He pleadingly looks at the barman, clutching various coins.

DARCY

87p, come on, for a pal.

(CONTINUED)

BIG GUY
You're not serious, really mate?

BARMAN
(grumpily)
No. Besides you can't count.

The big man laughs.

DARCY
What?

BIG GUY
Look.

He briefly considers showing Darcy how he has over a pound.

BARMAN
And I'm not your "pal" either.

Darcy sighs, faintly understanding things. He looks around.

DARCY
Anyone want to buy a poor man a
drink?!

People look at him disapprovingly, no-one offers. A short
STUBBY MAN, a few stools away, aggressively responds.

STUBBY MAN
We don't buy drunks drink! Get a
job.

Darcy frowns, he understood that.

DARCY
Get lost.
(to big guy)
Can you believe that guy? I lost my
job today.

STUBBY MAN (O.S)
No you get lost.

DARCY
I mean, what's that guys problem? I
know I'm not a cute blond or
something, but jeez what a...

He holds, along with most of the folk talking, to witness a
ROBBERY.

TED

(CONTINUED)

held up by a much younger man: BILL DAMON, rough and tough. He has his three cronies seated watching the TV on his left. The barman looks angrily on. Ted looks petrified.

BILL

You don't want trouble old man.
Give me your wallet.
(to everyone)
Don't know what the fuck you all
looking at!

BARMAN

(shouting to Bill)
Look, you plonker. Do that outside
of here. What are you? Stupid? This
is not going to happen.
(to big guy)
Can you escort this wanker out. And
his thug friends. Too much drink...
I'll phone the police.

The big guy, clearly a pal of the Barman, nods and gets up.

BILL

(to big guy)
Hey leave it out.

The vibrant atmosphere's turned cold. The music plays on.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. GRASSHOPPER PUB - MOMENTS EARLIER

Three men walk down the road, beer cans in their hands.
ADRIAN looks at the pub.

ADRIAN

Hey! John, isn't that Bill, you
remember him?

JOHN looks across at the pub, seeing Bill get up.

JOHN

You are kidding. That geezer is
something else.

INT. GRASSHOPPER PUB - LATER

Fight in motion: Just as the wallets exchanging hands, Bill is taken out by HARRY, the third man.

A fight ERUPTS between him, his cronies and the attackers whilst Ted escapes forgetting all about his wallet.

Darcy cautiously edges closer to the fight, to get a good view. He's knocked down by the livid barman, who brushes him in an effort to get into the thick of the action.

Despite the barman's and big guy's best efforts, the fight expands engulfing everywhere, with so many testosterone filled men.

It has a raw, ragged CLUMSINESS to it only keeping rhythm to the music being played in the bar. A girl calls the cops.

The stubby man, enjoying himself, shoves Darcy over again. Darcy attempts to land a punch.

STRANGER

ROZZERS!

Darcy, having missed completely, notices Ted's wallet.

The POLICEWOMAN, just arrived, immediately gets sucked into the mess, elbowed in the nose by Harry.

She pulls Harry up by the scruff of the neck with her left hand, and reaches for her handcuffs with her right.

HARRY

Now, wait a minute officer...

POLICEWOMAN

Now should I make that assault?

HARRY

It was an accident!

POLICEWOMAN

Then don't talk and I wont.

She cuffs Harry.

HARRY

Thankyou, thank you officer.

POLICEWOMAN

Who started it?

Harry points to Bill, on the floor in pain.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)

Now boys, fights over! Unless you
want to spend the night over.

(to Bill)

You there. Get up.

People oafishly get off each other. Darcy dives for the
exit, wallet in his pocket.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S HOME - PORCH - EVENING

Christian, tipsy, unlocks the front door. He drops the key,
kicks it under the doormat and enters his home leading an
equally happy tipsy Natalia.

NATALIA

Tell me a funny story.

CHRISTIAN

A story? Well I could tell one of
Anna's favorites.

NATALIA

Stop it! One you haven't told
before.

CHRISTIAN

Hmmm... Okay.

INT. HALL WAY

NATALIA

And not one made up. Not one made
up kids story.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, Okay... Okay, I got one.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Beautiful artwork; heaps of books; classy. They're sitting
on the sofa; Christian telling the story animatedly.

CHRISTIAN

So, you know, I'm sitting there,
twenty-two, no clue how to conduct
an interview, yet alone who to
employ, and the first guy comes in
and sits down, sweating, a lot,
really nervous.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIA

Uh huh, so what do you say?

CHRISTIAN

I say right, *'So... what do you offer to us?'*, very serious you know. But then... oh boy, you can't imagine... I'm telling you: silent and deadly, I assure you, like toxic bad, and the guy, he's gone like a tomato, never seen someone go so red and I just can't help it, I'm dying inside, literally, and I just laugh so hard. It was awful...

NATALIA

Oh no... Hey, that was just a mean story.

CHRISTIAN

No wait... So I like regather myself, just about, and the guy he's verging on a breakdown, I tell you. He really wants this job. He's sweating, crying, stinking. He's desperate for the job. And I'm like: *'sorry, um, so what do you offer this restaurant?'* *'What can you do?'*

NATALIA

Yeah...

CHRISTIAN

And then he goes, you wouldn't believe it... quite brilliant, all of a sudden as cool as a cucumber: *'Well sir, I do kind of cook with onions and cabbage, a lot'*.

NATALIA

Oh no!

CHRISTIAN

And then even more embarrassingly he says *'... and err-I can lick my elbow'*.

Natalia lets out an embarrassing snort, to which Christian laughs.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIA

Oh my god... Sorry that's funny,
who on earth would say that? So
what did you say to him?

CHRISTIAN

'What planet do you come from!'

They laugh.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I gave him the job, he had a sense
of humor. I wanted a funny guy-

NATALIA

You did not.

CHRISTIAN

No wait... I haven't told you the
best part. That, that was Louis.

Natalia bursts again, unable to control her giggles.

NATALIA

No way! Oh my god, that's too good.

CHRISTIAN

I think he must of taken something
that day, or... must of, god knows.

NATALIA

God knows what though.

She looks at Christian -- touches him affectionately. He
suddenly looks somber.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

You miss him?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah... You know, I swore to him,
to not tell anyone about that. It
was too ridiculous.

NATALIA

I'm glad you told me. It was sweet.

Natalia seductively puts her arms around his neck. Christian
holds her waist, but he's no longer trying to impress.

CHRISTIAN

Real loose cannon. Real sharp and
smart.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIA

He was.

CHRISTIAN

Those moments, they're the ones
that make our lives tick, right?

NATALIA

The surreal ones?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, the ones, the ones that
present a meaningful crossroads,
you know what I mean... even if you
don't realise it?

NATALIA

Err... not really, Indie dude.

And they laugh and they hug.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

GUY (Thai, 50s), waits by his parked land-rover. A sporty
Honda rolls up by the land-rover. Pierre gets out.

PIERRE

Car Parks... Cost fortunes just to
drive through them.

They shake hands.

GUY

So Pierre, for the last time I
feel, here is your order.

He goes into his boot, takes out a box.

PIERRE

Thanks. I have no complaints Guy.

GUY

Me neither. Seven-- going out with
a bang.

PIERRE

Do you mind if I check in my car,
before I pay.

GUY

No, no worries at all Pierre.

INT. HONDA

Pierre opens the box and sees, among other vital papers, seven new passports. He briefly but efficiently looks at each, and checks the rest of the documents.

Satisfied, he grabs a large briefcase.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

PIERRE

As always they're perfect.

GUY

I know.

Pierre passes the briefcase. Guy looks inside it and smiles at what he sees.

PIERRE

I've put a little extra. Well deserved.

PASSPORT MAN

Well, wish you the best in your future endeavors Pierre.

PIERRE

Toi aussi.

INT. UPPER STORAGE ROOM - DAWN

Christian and Ricky are working; disabling an Alarm system with an engineers kit. Christian stops, yawning.

CHRISTIAN

(whispering and pointing)
You nearly done yet Ricky? It's almost morning.

Ricky nods in the dark.

RICKY

Let's get out of here.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, I'll be a minute.

INT. DARCY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jessica explodes into the small, unkempt room. Darcy pursuing her.

DARCY

Where you going? What you -

JESSICA

Oh stop it Darcy. I don't need this right now. I really don't. I'm going.

DARCY

Look, stay Jess. I'm sorry for what I said last night.

Jessica puts on her coat and heads towards the front door.

JESSICA

You couldn't say much last night. But at least be reasonable in the morning.

DARCY

Hey. You know I didn't mean it that way. I'm just worn out... Tired and grumpy, and extra-ordinarily hung over. I'm sorry.

She storms back around.

JESSICA

What? So you can have a go at me about how I tidy this place? Your a really asshole when you're drunk, huh. You're still drunk right?

Darcy has his hands on hips, cramped over.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm busy Darse, everyday, all day working for us. And what do you do?

Darcy runs over to the bin and begins dry-heaving

DARCY

Sorry.

JESSICA

You. You come back last night so pissed you collapsed. Reeking of gin and god knows what else with a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA (cont'd)
bleeding nose... And grinning about
it. So why waste my time reasoning
with you? What do you expect?

Darcy gets back up from the bin.

DARCY
Look- that's not fair. I had a bad
day alright... And I was just
saying, not critising, the house
was messy again.

JESSICA
Yeah alright.

DARCY
I got fired. I lost my job Jessica.
I was feeling down.

JESSICA
Really, so... you just decide to
get pissed - like that'll help?

DARCY
No, it's just my mistake, you know
once I start on one I can't stop.
And I was weak, my mood, because-

JESSICA
Because what?

DARCY
Because... because of what's
happening between us I really want
to work you know and that damn
chief executive.

JESSICA
Oh stop already, I've heard enough
about him already. Poor guy.

DARCY
Poor guy, no, he was a real-

JESSICA
A real what? Somebody doing his
job? What was he Darcy?

DARCY
What...

JESSICA

Yeah, what is this Darse?

DARCY

I don't know. I don't know what to say. I took it wrong.

JESSICA

Darcy. You used to take it wrong. You still do. You never stop.

DARCY

Look, I was annoyed. I was thinking of you, and I know that sounds stupid, I know that sounds pathetic.

JESSICA

What were you thinking about me... that got you so depressed?

DARCY

Not you, and not depressed. Just like how are we going to cope? It's not like your job has a high salary is it? That's why you do so many hours. And the rent...

JESSICA

The rent.

DARCY

it's crazy now. I've got this massive mortgage to pay off and fucking law bills still. Those lawyers, they're the worst. Like, I sometimes feel hopeless, what are we going to do?

JESSICA

Guess what Darse, a couple of years ago I would have felt sorry for you, probably comforted you... But now, being the best best friend I can be I'm telling you to grow up Darse, because you're in danger, and I mean it, of losing yourself.

DARCY

Oh, pfft, what? What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

Fine, ignore me.

DARCY

No come on Jess. Thanks, like...
But you don't understand, I am...
I'm burnt. Really. And you gotta
understand that life's being tough
with me right now and I could use
some help here, at least some
support from my girlfriend. And I
want to change.

JESSICA

Next you'll say 'I'm trying to
change'.

DARCY

No. No I wont. I will change. And
I'm saying stuff I don't normally
say right now, because it's
building up inside of me. I'm sorry
about last night- really- I'm an
absolute knob.

JESSICA

Can you stop being such a cry baby!
I accept your apology, just...

She waits for Darcy to respond, but he can't - gobsmacked.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You have never ever had it tough
before, have you? What, you were
brought up in a normal English
family, you had an education, you
got your job nice and quickly, no
struggle involved, some hard work.

DARCY

Jessica.

JESSICA

Do you know what tough is? Did you
ever have to work night and day
shifts at the back of a grotty
restaurant for years, earning less
than the minimum wage because you
needed a home? That was tough.

DARCY

No. But...

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

No, you've always had a roof. And you've always had family to help you. My family, they relied on me. Darcy you're a good guy, you can be the best guy I've ever known, and I hope you will be. But your life's been a breeze and at every hiccup in it you lose your way, and think life's so tough. Darcy: Get a grip. This is life- it's bad and then good: embrace it.

Jessica shrugs her shoulders and starts to leave.

DARCY (CONT'D)

(almost pleadingly)

Jess, I know what you've gone through and I admire you. But there's stuff I've had which you haven't like a divorce, losing millions due to someone else. It isn't a competition but, but those things can affect you mentally. And what's hardest of all is I now feel like I'm losing you. Again. And I don't want that. I really, really don't want that. I want you to stay.

JESSICA

I feel awful too Darse, but I can't, not after last night, not after everything. I'm going to Francisca's for a day. I need some, thought time to myself, at this moment. There's stuff I got going on as well.

She opens the front door.

DARCY

You don't have to go. We can talk about this. The dog needs a walk.

Jessica turns round, showing Darcy her unhappiness.

JESSICA

(gently)

I want to.

(CONTINUED)

DARCY

Love you Jessica Baliua. I love
you.

EXT. DARCY'S HOME

Jessica exits upset but briefly smiles after hearing those
sweet words.

INT. DARCY'S LIVING ROOM

Darcy sighs seeing the door close, berating himself. He puts
his hands in his pocket, and pulls out a wallet. Surprised,
he opens it up, seeing various bank cards and a wad of cash.

He pulls out a business card revealing the wallet's owner:
Ted Stevenson; History Tutor; Contact Number 01932 632839.

He looks longingly at the notes inside, taking them out and
counting them, one by one. There's over 200.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Christ...

He returns the notes as he walks to Banoffee. He strokes her
and then sits besides her. He takes out his mobile.

Business card in hand he dials and then waits, rubbing his
hangover head in deep thought.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Hello-

TED (O.S.)

Hello?

DARCY

Argh hello. Is that Ted Stevenson
on the line?

TED (O.S.)

Speaking. Umm... who's this?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

DAVID SAMPSON (50s), tied to a chair, gagged, dried tears on
his cheeks. He can only look at the two men in suits
supervising him: JONES (40s) and SMITHY (30s). Both armed.

Pierre strolls in.

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE
Untie him.

SMITHY
(to David)
Not a word.

Smithy takes off the gag and unties David.

SMITHY (CONT'D)
Stay seated.

PIERRE
David Sampson. You can speak.

DAVID
Who, who are you? What do you want?

PIERRE
But I ask the questions. And what
you really should be wanting to
know is who I work for.

DAVID
Please...

PIERRE
I work for the most feared criminal
in this beautiful ugly city. I'm
good at my job. Very good... That
makes me indispensable. Do you know
what that means?

DAVID
No.

PIERRE
It means if anything were to happen
to me in consequence of you, I can
assure you that the favor will be
re-paid and with much much more
severity.

DAVID
I don't understand? I -

PIERRE
Do you love your daughter?

DAVID
My daughter? What's my daughter got
to do with this?

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

Yes. Little Maddie. I understand you don't see her much, but do you still love her?

DAVID

How do you know that?

PIERRE

I know everything there is to know about you. Your middle name - you're commute - your dogs. I know you are divorced for eight years, and have had three girlfriends since. I know none have lasted more than a couple of months; that you go to church every week and I know recently you went on holiday to Iceland. It's a beautiful place. Was the weather nice?

David finally throws up. He GROANS.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

And most importantly, I know you're a Bank Manager.

DAVID

What? What do you want. I can get it to you? Just let me go...

PIERRE

(to Smithy and Jones)

You two can leave.

They go upstairs. The door SHUTS.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

So I ask you again, do you love your daughter?

DAVID

Yes.

PIERRE

Do you know who I am?

DAVID

No.

Pierre takes out his pocket a warrant card.

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

I'm a police officer and I work for one of the most feared criminal's in London. I don't want to hurt your daughter. You can trust me. But I won't hesitate to if you don't do what I want. Trust me. Are you still thinking of calling the police, if I let you go?

David shakes his head.

DAVID

Please, let me go.

PIERRE

We're partners now then. Let me explain...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Natalia and Christian wait, worn out. FOOTSTEPS approach.

DR. TORRINGTON (O.S)

I'm sorry the operation has been-

She's taken Natalia and Christian by surprise, they look up at her, desperate for good news.

DR. TORRINGTON (CONT'D)

sorry, um.... so long. But it looks like everything has gone to plan, and Anna has responded very well to the transplant. It looks like -

Natalia cries in joy, hugging Christian tight. Christian smiles wondrously. Dr. Torrington smiles back warmly.

INT. NISAN MICRA - DAY

Ted is driving Darcy in his car, pottering along.

DARCY

Well cheers again for driving me to my place Ted. I really appreciate it. I'm afraid to say I sold my car a few days ago, and have been using London transport and my legs since.

(CONTINUED)

TED

No, no problem whatsoever. It's the least I can do for your kindness. As I said, I'm heading this way anyway from school.

(beat)

It was some fight last night.

DARCY

I can't even remember it.

TED

Were you knocked out?

DARCY

Maybe, my black-out was pretty bad today. I'm just glad I didn't mug you to be honest. It's been some difficult recent days for me.

TED

Yeah, we all have rough times, you've got to just keep looking forward I suppose. I guess you don't want to talk about it.

DARCY

Yeah, not really I guess. The rough and tumble of life... So how long have you been a teacher for Ted?

TED

Hmm, let's see. I believe the best part of 27 odd years, though at different schools of course.

DARCY

Wow. That's great. I'm guessing it's pretty rewarding.

TED

Yeah, I enjoy it still. I still feel it's time well spent.

DARCY

I was actually thinking of enrolling in a teacher training programme.

TED

You should.

(CONTINUED)

DARCY

Yeah, maybe... So, which schools have you worked at?

TED

Oh plenty, scattered everywhere, in Ireland, America- but none famous.

DARCY

None I would have heard of.

TED

Basically.

DARCY

And er... which country did you like teaching the best then?

TED

Well, call me biased, but the schools in England are the best in my opinion. But America was a lot of fun. Ireland? I was young and a bit raw teaching wise. I was in a rougher part. Didn't spend long there. So umm... I'd have to say America, Chicago.

DARCY

Really? And, nothing ever bother you about teaching?

TED

Well the kids are fine, so long as you want to know them. Though maybe not every second...

Ted laughs to himself.

TED (CONT'D)

And the staff room politics can be simply hilarious, so long as you're not the victim.

DARCY

Uh huh. I bet. And what made you want to become a teacher?

TED

Oh I don't know, I guess I found the idea rewarding, like you said. And then, there's the holidays.

(CONTINUED)

DARCY

Ah. Of course. The holidays.
Shoulda known. You almost had me.

They laugh.

TED

So what's your line of work?

DARCY

You really want to hear my sob
story?

TED

Go on...

DARCY

Well, I was sacked a few days ago,
from a job I worked at for a year
printing, faxing and sending
documents everywhere. Dull as hell.

TED

Doesn't sound like you miss it. And
before?

DARCY

Yeah, before that I was a London
stockbroker. Bit different huh...
Then I guess I got greedy, and a
whole lot of us did- you read the
papers. I took a big hit and er
haven't been able to get back into
the game since. A massive cock-up.
It is what it is though.

TED

And did you enjoy that work?

DARCY

What being a broker? Yeah. For
sure. It was, what's a good word,
exhilarating. But then I guess it
was taking over me a bit.

(beat)

Can I ask, because you don't seem
the kind, what were you doing in
that grotty bar?

TED

Poker. I confess I have my
pastimes, well problems really:
namely gambling. But luckily I have
a knack of winning at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

DARCY

That's cool. Ever been to Vegas? Or should I be saying Monte Carlo?

TED

Oh I wish, no, always a fantasy but I was never that serious. Besides, I'm a bit to old for that now. Too much excitement for an old fogy like me.

Darcy laughs, shaking his head.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Christian and Ricky sit on a bench, enjoying the fresh air. They watch a young MAN throw a Frisbee to a chasing dog.

CHRISTIAN

Big day tomorrow.

RICKY

No going back.

CHRISTIAN

No going back.

RICKY

You know what makes me sad?

CHRISTIAN

Do I want to know?

RICKY

My mum. Her and James have got ready this whole meal and thing with all the cousins and other people I don't know. Wanted me to come on Sunday.

CHRISTIAN

You know, that makes me really sad. Your mum didn't invite me!

RICKY

Oh she didn't! She doesn't know, but she's just missed big big trouble.

CHRISTIAN

Grace! To think she said I was family.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Oh, hey now, don't take it to heart... I think she may be suspecting me and Izzy to be getting engaged soon.

CHRISTIAN

Not far off there then.

RICKY

Steady on. She's going to leave with me, nothing more...

Christian mockingly nods. Ricky can't hold back a smile.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Yet...

CHRISTIAN

Shame: Grace does do a good roast.

RICKY

Oh yeah, good potatoes.

Both Christian and Ricky laugh. The Frisbee lands by Ricky's feet. He picks it up and gives it a little throw.

RICKY (CONT'D)

That news with Anna- that was good eh?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, for sure. Amazing. I was more scared than I had ever been...

RICKY

Yeah. You gonna leave with Natalia?

CHRISTIAN

Why you asking?

RICKY

Just answer the bleeding question..

Christian shifts his gaze from Ricky, uncomfortable.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Jesus. That's a... you haven't asked her... You two are the ones.

CHRISTIAN

Don't say that.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Sorry- was that offensive?

CHRISTIAN

It was unnecessary.

RICKY

Right- so you know it too.

CHRISTIAN

No. We are not the ones, whatever that means. Ricky, you've been watching to much mama-mia!

RICKY

Very good. What you going to say next? You don't fucking love her?

CHRISTIAN

What? Ricky you're crossing the line.

RICKY

Am I? Am I really? Because the way I see it, I mean let's face it: you go through so much with somebody- and you don't throw it away because of some... Pride?

CHRISTIAN

You're dead wrong.

RICKY

No, I'm serious. I fucking know what I'm talking about.

CHRISTIAN

You? You're fucking Irish and you can't even tell a Guinness from a Magners.

RICKY

Oh, that's funny... You want to know what really funny? You, being a coward for once in your life.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah well what you're not is not my hoodoo therapist or my relationship coach, so Ricky, fuck off.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

What I'm not is really Irish by the way. I've not been there for twenty years.

CHRISTIAN

Forget the Irish thing.

RICKY

And you think it's right to let Natalia think you were just another asshole who ditched her?

CHRISTIAN

Ricky, did you not hear me? This isn't some soap you watch on ITV.

RICKY

No, this is real. Very really, and least I have the balls to tell my girlfriend who I am.... Or are you scared she will stop loving you?

CHRISTIAN

Right- I'm off.

RICKY

I was.

Christian gets up.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I was scared.

CHRISTIAN

I'm off.

RICKY

Bye- bye then.

Christian begins walking away. Ricky calls after him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Least you'll have all the memories, those you never leave behind eh. Those you'll just live, like a sad old man to regret you sod!

INT. THE GOLDEN PALACE - EVENING

The romantic setting of a Chinese restaurant. People are chatting enjoying their food, mostly as couples though there is one noisy family. Darcy and Jessica are in the corner, on the surface content, waiting for their plates to be taken.

DARCY

Yeah, so we got talking, and it turned out he's a really likable guy. Talks in a funny, nice way. So yeah, I think I'll phone him again. Anyway, I'm going on a bit, just wanted to say I'm glad I met him.

JESSICA

Yeah well I'm glad you helped him. You know, you're a good man Darcy, you just shouldn't drink so much of

Jessica taps Darcy's wine glass. They both laugh.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

And you'll be great... Special occasions are fine though!

DARCY

Course.

Jessica takes a large swig of her wine. She looks nervously down at her empty plate.

JESSICA

Thanks for the dinner. This means a lot, I know how much you try...

DARCY

Ah, no, it was, it was fine, one of the boys, he owed me a little and it's all sorted so I can treat you like you deserve for a little bit.

Jessica smiles, but it's a nervous one. She touches her neck and braves herself, staring absorbingly into Darcy's eyes.

Darcy, seemingly oblivious to Jessica's nerves, only turns away from her to look at the noisy family where a screaming kid is attracting a lot of attention.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Kids...

He looks at Jessica, an amused expression on his face. He notices Jessica's discomfort.

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA
What do you think of kids?

DARCY
I hope that kid isn't annoying you.

JESSICA
Huh... No. No- he isn't.

DARCY
Oh.

Darcy, looks back over at the baby on the other table.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Me? Err... Yeah, I guess I think
kids are great. We all were once
kids after all right.... I mean...

Darcy appears to gauge what Jessica's inferring. He freezes.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Wait, what?

Darcy gulps down some water, suddenly shifty like a runner.

JESSICA
Darcy, I mean, do you want kids?
I'm pregnant Darse.

He chokes slightly on his water. His eye's bulge.

DARCY
WOW... That's, that's... Great!
Shocking... but amazing! I mean...
Wow, how long have you known?

Jessica beams, close to tears.

JESSICA
Since Tuesday.

DARCY
Oh... man, I can't... believe this.
Wait, sorry, just you certain it
wasn't a mistake, huh you know,
cause I've heard that's happened
before and the doctor told us...

JESSICA
I've checked twice... I'm pregnant.

(CONTINUED)

DARCY

Wow... I need a job! This is, this-

JESSICA

I want to have it...

DARCY

Yeah, me too. Just I need a job,
and we probably need a new home,
you know. Maybe outside
London? Shit...

JESSICA

I'm so happy, and scared.

DARCY

I am too. I am too...

Jessica giggles. She has the widest smile in the world now.
She and Darcy get up and hug. People turn their heads.

JESSICA

So??? how you feeling?

Darcy shakes his head, completely lost in emotion.

DARCY

Err... Flabbergasted would be a
good word. Like this could be the
best day of my life. The doctors...

Darcy can't finish, a tear down his cheek. Jessica gulps.

JESSICA

Darcy... we had split up.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S - LATER

Darcy's bent over the sink, in deep thought. He stands up,
walks around a little, then takes out his phone and dials a
number.

DARCY

Mum. Jessica's pregnant!

DARCY'S MUM (O.S)

Darcy?! Can you talk to me about
this?

DARCY

I can't!

(CONTINUED)

Darcy hangs up, his face like an excited guilty school-kid; and stares at himself in the mirror. Suddenly his smile drops. He puts his hand in his pocket subconsciously.

The noise of a loo FLUSHING. A MAN walks out and looks curiously at Darcy, who seems startled by his presence.

MAN

Big day?

He smiles genuinely washing his hands, but Darcy's distant.

DARCY

I've got no-one to talk to about stuff like this. That's sad isn't it?

MAN

Err...

DARCY

Sorry.

MAN

No worries. Umm... good luck.

The man leaves without drying his hands as Darcy takes Ted Stevenson's card out his pocket. He smiles briefly. Then fear seems to grip him as he struggles to lift his arm.

DARCY

(slurred)

What the?

INT. GOLDEN PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Darcy sits down back, shaken. Jessica looks at him alarmed.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I think the moment got to me a little. I was feeling a little fuzzy.

JESSICA

You better now?

DARCY

Oh yeah. Back to normal. Just, well it was a lot to take in.

Jessica laughs, and Darcy relaxes too.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

Pierre waits by the Honda. He checks his watch and raises his eyebrows. Then, in the space of 10 seconds, two cars pull up besides him: Christian's BMW and Ricky's Volvo.

The two get out of their separate cars and approach Pierre, who takes two folders out the Honda and hands to them each.

PIERRE
As efficient as ever.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. LONDON ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Christian and Ricky are running for their lives until Ricky, momentarily ahead, opens the door to a block of flats.

As Ricky bundles inside, Christian looks behind to see a motorbike emerge amongst the polluted smog, looking venomous. A gunshot narrowly misses Christian.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

They're halfway up the building, clambering up the stairs.

INT. TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

They run down a corridor, until Ricky reaches the last door. He fumbles as he inserts his key into the apartment door.

INT. FLAT

Christian manages five steps into the room before he is hiked up by TWO HUGE MEN, transported across the room and thrown through the window.

His last sight is LOUIS (60s) standing next to a smiling Lavezzi.

LOUIS
I'm old Christian.

EXT. FLAT

Christian looks on as the pavement becomes closer and closer. He realises the nightmare. Everything goes black.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The duvet erupts upwards, as Christian rises: sweaty and panicked. As the clock shows, it's 3 AM. Natalia, next to him, does not stand a chance of remaining asleep.

NATALIA

Honey, are you alright? Christian??

Christian gathers his surroundings, and slowly lies back down on his back, eye's alert still glimmering terror.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

You okay? My god, you're really hot.

She feels his forehead.

CHRISTIAN

I'm really sweaty.

NATALIA

I know-

She hugs him comfortingly.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

But everything's okay now... Do you want me to get you some water? Will that make you feel better

CHRISTIAN

Err... No. Don't worry, I'll get it. Get back to sleep.

Christian, slides out of the bed; looks around dazedly.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry for waking you.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

A towel draped on the wet floor. A large assortment of powders, gels and other bathroom 'necessities'.

Christian brushes his teeth thoroughly, his hair wet. His eyes a stinging red.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

He finishes a last mouthful of his breakfast: marmalade on toast. He washes up his plate, whilst looking at a bunch of pictures of Natalia and her family and friends. He spots one of himself, late 20s, with Natalia and smiles sadly.

He puts it inside his backpack, left below the table, which he picks up. Turning to leave he hears softly behind him:

NATALIA

Where you going?

Natalia, in a dressing gown, looks curiously at Christian.

CHRISTIAN

I've got to go Natalia.

NATALIA

Where?

CHRISTIAN

For good.

Confusions reigns over Natalia's face. She notices an envelope left on the table.

NATALIA

What's this?

CHRISTIAN

It's for Anna, and you.

Natalia shakes her head as she looks inside the envelope- there's thousands of pounds.

NATALIA

For Anna? I... Don't you... this is hollow Christian -- Really...

Christian appears to be braving back tears.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

I've got to go.

NATALIA

I'm... What the fuck? A pay-off?

CHRISTIAN

I know... I know, I know, I know.
But, it's all I can do right now,
the money... And she's young, so
young, she's the bravest girl I
know - Can you accept it?

NATALIA

Please. Christian.

CHRISTIAN

I just want her to have a good
time. To go out, and do everything
she can do, and the money, it's...

She drops the envelope.

NATALIA

It's not you is it? It's cheap.

CHRISTIAN

You, you don't really know me
Natalia.

NATALIA

No?

CHRISTIAN

Well you do, but enough.

An awful silence, then just as Natalia steps forwards to
touch Christian, he turns away.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

NATALIA

Christian. Please, look at me for
god's sake.

CHRISTIAN

I've got to go.

NATALIA

I, I know why you're leaving.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

It's not about you. It's me. It's-

NATALIA

You mean it's because of what you do.

Christian turns red. Natalia reads his reaction, and a growing pained knowing expression fills her face.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

So it is...

Her face now sinks. Christian's heart breaking.

CHRISTIAN

Is it bad?

NATALIA

Is it bad? It's, it's not bad, it's just not you.

CHRISTIAN

I'm going to go... I'm sorry.

NATALIA

You don't have to. I know now.

CHRISTIAN

I do. I still do. I have to hide Natalia. And from people worse than the police. And I can't involve you in it, and Anna, that's not fair.

NATALIA

But... why can't you just quit?

CHRISTIAN

I am. And people like me, who know things like me, can't quit like me.

NATALIA

What?

CHRISTIAN

They'll kill me.

NATALIA

I - I don't know... what to think.

Then, they hug each other for probably the last time. Seconds pass until they split.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIA
I'm gonna miss you.

CHRISTIAN
Don't get me started...

NATALIA
I'm going to miss you so much.

CHRISTIAN
Me too...

NATALIA
Stay safe, I've already got one
person I love in hospital, and
that's hard enough.

CHRISTIAN
So you don't hate me?

NATALIA
Maybe by tomorrow I really will.
Not now, no. I love you.

Christian kisses her forehead. Tears roll down his cheeks.

CHRISTIAN
I'm sorry really. I've never been
good enough for you really.

He turns to leave.

NATALIA
Christian-

Christian stops by the door. Turns. Natalia's lips tremble.

NATALIA (CONT'D)
Bye.

EXT. FRENCH COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The sun is shining. Darcy hazily walks to a coffee shop,
where Ted is outside. Ted flags him down.

TED
Hey.

DARCY
Hi. Err- thanks for coming to see
me.

Darcy sits down on Ted's table.

(CONTINUED)

TED

No problem whatsoever.
(concerned)
You well?

DARCY

Yeah... well maybe. Truth is I don't know what to think right now, that's why I phoned you. We only have met once before, I know, but you seem to be a level-headed guy and I needed to talk to someone who doesn't know me that well. You understand. To make it easier.

Ted nods.

DARCY (CONT'D)

But I don't really know why--

TED

I understand... So what's happened because on the phone you seemed pretty: well...

DARCY

Yeah, I know. It's... You know how I mentioned I had a girlfriend.

TED

Yes. Jessica wasn't it?

DARCY

Yep, that's her name... She's pregnant... But not with my kid.

Ted shifts awkwardly, startled by Darcy's bluntness.

TED

Oh. Well... is she?

DARCY

Cheating?

TED

Well yes. I don't want to be intrusive or anything but...

DARCY

No. She's not having an affair... We split for a few weeks a month ago. Our relationship has been strange to say the least.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Most relationships are.

DARCY

And it's been extremely stressful, for both of us, and I can't help but feel I've let her down. She doesn't want an abortion, and I don't either really, no certainly, but it's not happened how we pictured it would, with us. She never would have got pregnant, at least whilst with me. And it's just not the right time really.

TED

You two weren't ready?

DARCY

No, well yes, and... you see, I can't... And I'm questioning myself, and I shouldn't be but... I've been such a bird-brain recently. I don't even feel responsible enough to father her kid. And I don't know what to say.

TED

Well, my late wife and I, we were told we couldn't have kids too.

DARCY

I'm sorry to hear that.

TED

Don't be. It's too easy to live that life of regret. But I can tell you from my life, children are special, I mean really special. Me and Juliet, we even adopted.

DARCY

Really, that's great. Did you, and her, um... ever conflict? Sorry, that's a stupid question? I mean -

TED

Was it a mutual decision to adopt?

DARCY

Yeah. Sorry, none of my business.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Don't worry, I get what you mean.
Umm... No. No, we both wanted kids.

DARCY

Oh.

TED

Our greatest fear was, given she was four when we adopted her, she wouldn't accept us ever totally. It was hard, of course. But we knew we could love her as if she was our own, and in the end I firmly believe that led to her loving us.

(beat)

If I could give any advice, it would be, so long as you feel you could love Jessica and love her kid as your own, then that child, that kid, will be your own. And I do get this feeling that you could, truly.

Darcy smiles, touched.

DARCY

Shit. Oh why am I such a... I'm sorry Ted for dumping this on you. Never had a conversation like this in my life.

TED

No, not at all. It's important.

They reflect for a while. Watching the pigeons flutter.

DARCY

Listen Ted, I'm going to go back home, I'm a bit all over the place at the moment.

TED

Umm... yeah.

DARCY

Thanks for your time, it really was helpful. You're a good friend to have. Umm... I hope we can meet again, maybe have a normal chat?

Ted laughs and they shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Hey look, I'll drive you to your house, I'm sorry I'm no counselor.

DARCY

You're a good guy, that's all that matters, and I feel, like, you know a lot. Umm... I suppose, a ride would be great.

Ted checks his watch.

TED

Do you mind if we stop off at the bank though first. It closes at 4.

INT. NISAN MICRA - CONTINUOUS

TED

You ever thought of what you're going to do next- work-wise?

DARCY

A bit. Thinking of becoming an Economics teacher? But I'm not qualified and -

TED

You've got a degree. That's a start. What was it - 2.1?

DARCY

Firsts.

TED

Oh... sorry.

DARCY

No, don't Ted... Surprises most.

TED

Well... getting qualified isn't really going to be a problem then.

Ted parks by a coffee shop, opposite the Regale bank.

TED (CONT'D)

Here we are...

EXT. REGALE BANK - LATER

From the eyes of a CCTV camera:

Two police officers shake hands with Jones, suavely suited and reading a paper sitting outside the Italian coffee shop. They cross the street into the REGALE BANK.

EXT. ITALIAN COFFEE SHOP

Jones watches the officers enter the bank. He gets up, begins walking, heading towards a White Ford. As he walks, his phone BEEPS. He checks it -

INSERT: PHONE - NEW MESSAGE

Times up when they're out.

INT. WHITE FORD

Jones enters it, chucks down his paper and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is bare, apart from on the table, where there's a tape PLAYING classical music. Which quietens...

PIERRE (O.S)
(from tape)
I guess he's not turning up Smithy.

SMITHY (O.S)
Wait a little Pierre, it's not like
Craig Davis has to always be on
time.

PIERRE (O. S.)
Craig Davis is always on time. Turn
up the music again would you --
It's Ravel. Beautiful isn't it?

SMITHY (O.S)
Not if we don't hear the bell.

Classical music BLARES from the tape.

EXT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two HIT-MEN, leather jackets and shades, ring the bell. They wait a little... Smithy appears behind them, gun raised.

SMITHY

Don't move. Your mate in the van is dead. You move, you are too. I want to see your hands.

The hit-men reluctantly lift their hands.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

On your knees.

INT. LOUIS' FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pierre finalising packing. He answers his mobile.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VAN - DAY

Smithy on the phone, driving the two hit-men and their MATE (30s): all handcuffed and strapped in by their seat belts.

SMITHY

Pierre.

PIERRE

He come?

SMITHY

They... They came. What do you want me to do with them?

PIERRE

The basement then.

END INTERCUT

Pierre hangs up. He finishes zipping up his second suitcase. His phone RINGS again. He answers it.

JONES (O.S.)

Pierre.

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

Speaking... Jones?

JONES (O.S)

They've entered the bank. No police. All's good. But I've just received a message from Davis' guy. Wants them gone.

PIERRE

No police?

JONES (O.S.)

No police. It's all good. What do you want me to do? Follow orders?

PIERRE

No... No. Just wait though, see if anything happens.

INT. VAN - CORRESPONDING TIMING

Smithy studies his grim-faced companions, taking a right-turn.

SMITHY

You guys work for the wrong man.

HIT-MAN

What does the basement mean? You gonna leave us to rot fucking underground?

SMITHY

No - you're going to live. Long as you don't do something stupid.

INT. LOUIS FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Suitcases packed, weary and exhausted, Pierre sits down on his sofa and stares at the switched off TV. Numb.

INT. REGALE BANK - DAY

A family run bank with no windows and only one door showing the outside world.

There's six customers inside, cuing or filing out forms; CARL, a security guard, looking diligent; and three cashiers, all occupied. The customers include Darcy and Ted.

(CONTINUED)

The police officers enter: only now do we see the inevitable: Ricky's and Christian's faces clearly.

DARCY

wobbles slightly, standing in the line. He feels his head, an acute pain, before bending over. In the background, Ricky and Christian are confronted by Carl.

TED

You alright? You look a bit gray.

DARCY

No, not really. I might take a seat. My chest's starting to kill me.

Ted looks thoughtfully at Darcy. The background discussion between Carl and Christian appears increasingly animated.

TED

That's strange. Have you ever felt that before?

DARCY

No, not that I can remember.

TED

You want to go out, get some fresh air?

DARCY

No, I'll just sit, there's seats in here.

CARL

stares at Christian, eyes narrowed, beard untamed.

CHRISTIAN

Look! I have had direct orders to evacuate the building. Where's your manager?

CARL

He'll be coming. What's this all about? Can I see your permit?

Christian pulls out a permit, waving it in front of the guards face.

CHRISTIAN

Now will you do your bloody job?

RICKY

addresses all the customers, at the center of the bank.

RICKY

Will everyone please leave the bank, that includes cashiers. I repeat this bank is closed. Sorry for any inconveniences.

DAVID SAMPSON

arrives in a pickle. There are MUMBLES of discontent and confusion from customers, as Carl eyes Ricky suspiciously.

DAVID

(towards Christian)

No, there's really no need officer, this is some mistake.

CHRISTIAN

Then you would be happy to have me look around.

David is panicking, scared shitless.

DAVID

No... No one leave!

People who are walking towards the door, stop bewildered. A couple of people look towards Ricky who, also bewildered, signals for them to stop too. David starts talking, rapidly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Officer, can you do this when the bank shuts. This is terrible for business. The bank closes soon.

CHRISTIAN

Soon is long enough for things to change. I need to see your safes immediately.

DAVID

Why?

CARL

Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
We're the police!

DAVID
This is a mistake.

CHRISTIAN
There's been information gathered suggesting otherwise. Your behavior is hardly assuring me it's wrong.

DAVID
Well I can't have you snooping around.

CHRISTIAN
Mr?

DAVID
Sampson.

CHRISTIAN
Mr. Sampson. You are impeding justice. Who the hell do you think you are?

DAVID
This is a very reputable bank. We have highly confidential client belongings inside these walls.

RICKY
Well, I suppose we'd better start there then.

A SMARTLY DRESSED man decides to leave.

DAVID
Stay there! Please.

CARL
Sir?

The man stops. David turns back to Christian, gibbering.

DAVID
You do not understand. I do not mind you asking me questions but I can't have you looking in my vaults, in some of the deposit boxes. It depends specifically where you wander but...

CHRISTIAN

This is a police matter. And unless you start co-operating with us properly, you can be charged with-

DAVID

I will not co-operate!

CARL

David? Sir?

RICKY

Sorry?

CHRISTIAN

Then you are under arrest.

DAVID

Okay. But I will not let you in, until I call my wife and kid. Officer, I have been kidnapped, blackmailed, you do not understand.

CHRISTIAN

What?!

Cautiously Christian reaches into his pocket. Ricky stands still, stunned. Carl puts his hands to head. Customers gawp.

DAVID

Call your superiors. I want to talk to them. I have been set-up. You do not understand.

CHRISTIAN

Okay...

He nods at Ricky gravely, who starts to walk to the door.

RICKY

I'm going to check with my colleague outside.

(to customers)

People stay inside. Do not panic at what is going on. Do not make any calls. Let's keep this contained.

The customers and cashiers remain half-way out the bank, amazed by the events unfolding before their eyes. Darcy is the only one still sitting, cramped over on a chair, at the side of the bank.

Christian stares at David. He has his hand behind his waist.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
What are you talking about?

DAVID
I...

In a swift sudden movement, Christian pulls out a 44 caliber gun straight into Carl's forehead. A woman customer (20s), LILLY, SCREAMS.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh god.

RICKY

slams the bank door shut, cutting off the last shard of outside light. He turns wavering a menacing MAC 10 FIREARM.

RICKY
Hands up! No sudden movements!

Everyone shuts up. Ricky notices Darcy, isolated from everyone else.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Get up. Stand next to the rest.

Darcy stands and goes next to Ted, ghostly white.

CHRISTIAN

having hit Carl in the head with his gun, presses it into the guard's forehead.

CHRISTIAN
Up, they go

The guard puts his hand up, eyes watering from the previous blow and Christian takes Carl's radio. Meanwhile,

RICKY

bellows out orders.

RICKY
Everyone keep calm! We don't want to hurt you. We don't need to touch you; so long as you all co-operate. This will only be a few minutes.

CHRISTIAN

cuffs Carl on the floor and grabs viciously his beard.

CHRISTIAN

You know what Mr. Sampson is
talking about?

CARL

I don't know what he's saying. I
promise.

CUSTOMERS

are in a state of shock; tears trickle slightly down Lilly's
cheeks, and a tall man's, LIAM (50s), face darkens with
anger. No-one screams. Ricky continues instructing them.

RICKY

(Soothingly)

Okay. I want everyone to walk into
space, I must see everyone's hands
and everyone's face. Remember, you
all have insurance from robbery,
even the manager. And no misguided
belief that you are the one who can
be a hero is worth dying for....

People do what Ricky tells them: they co-operate. Someone's
phone RINGS.

RICKY (CONT'D)

(growling)

Leave it.

CHRISTIAN

takes out his phone. He dials rapidly.

CHRISTIAN

J. We're walking this one out.
Something up.

JONES (O.S)

What? What's up?

CHRISTIAN

We're heading.

EXT. REGALE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Three police cars in the distance driving towards the bank.

INT. WHITE FORD

JONES

Okay. If it's dodgy...

The three police cars come into view of the Ford.

JONES (CONT'D)

Shit.

CHRISTIAN (O.S)

Hey J- everything fine?

JONES

NO. Place is crawling. Three police cars. See if they pass...

CHRISTIAN (O.S)

What?!

The police cars park. Policeman get out.

JONES

They're not passing. Too late to make a move- sorry...

Jones drives off, hanging up, scanning the horizon paranoid. He rapidly dials on the phone as another police-car passes.

JONES (CONT'D)

Pierre... Police. Police everywhere.

PIERRE (O. S.)

I know. I informed them.

JONES

What? But we robbed the place yesterday. But the bank manager.

PIERRE (O. S.)

Listen- it's the best way. You trust me Jones.

JONES

Fuck.

Jones hangs up.

INT. REGALE BANK - DAY

Christian gulps, putting the phone in his pocket.

RICKY

What? No...

Christian makes a cut-throat signal. Ricky immediately starts pacing side to side of the bank, thinking hard.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Shit.

CHRISTIAN

puts his arm around the blanched manager. He quietly talks in David's ear, but the sense of urgency is clear.

CHRISTIAN

You don't take risks with us. You do everything I tell you to. First off I need the key to lock that door.

Christian points at the front door.

DARCY

who's breathing has become very short, grabs his chest, to the alarm of Ted.

TED

You okay?

DARCY

I think... I've got a real big pain here.

TED

What?! Darcy, can you focus on your breathing, and keep calm. You might be having a panic attack.

RICKY

(towards them)

Shut up!

DARCY

(under breath)

Okay. Keep calm...

(CONTINUED)

TED

My god.

DAVID

is hurriedly retrieving the key from the unconscious guard. *Which pocket? There, that one. Oh shit, there's a whole set of keys.* He takes too long umming and arrring.

CHRISTIAN

HURRY THE FUCK UP!

DAVID

He-here.

David finds it, hands it to Christian, who throws the key at Ricky, now by the door.

RICKY

What if J has got it wrong?

CHRISTIAN

We don't have the fucking time to waste!

Ricky nods sadly. He unlocks the door and partially opens it not letting himself become exposed to the light. Raises his gun.

EXT. REGALE BANK - DAY

Many cops are filing out of four police cars. They hold guns in their hands and slowly approach the bank, led by Malcolm who's holding a gas canister.

Passerby run out of their way. Suddenly they see the BANK DOOR open slightly. That's when they hear a blistering GUNSHOT, aimed at the sky. The door SLAMS back shut.

Malcolm stops and the rest of the policemen imitate him. He looks at KIRAN (50s).

KIRAN

Well we got the right bank... Well, what do we do now?

Malcolm starts walking back.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Well we can forget a gas raid. It'll be a blood bath. It was a gamble before.

(CONTINUED)

(speaks into radio)
It looks like we've got a hostage
situation here. Tape up the area.
(back to kiran)
Kiran, I'll tell you what we're
going to do...

INT. REGALE BANK - SECONDS EARLIER

RICKY

SLAMS the door shut and locks it. He then leans against it
and slides down until sat on the cold ground. Devastated.

CHRISTIAN

is still talking in David's ear.

CHRISTIAN
You have a lot of explaining to do.
Let's move.

David freezes.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
MOVE!

Reluctantly David escorts Christian out of the main room.

RICKY

stands up again, facing everyone in the bank. Even with his
gun, he looks somber not threatening. He looks at the clock.

INSERT: BANK CLOCK

As it CLICKS from 3:46 to 3:47 PM.

RICKY
No talking, but you can lower your
hands now. I want you all to pass
me your phones. Just chuck them at
my feet.

People move again, obeying.

INT. SAFE ROOM - LATER

The safe room is large with hundreds of depositary boxes and a huge open vault with very little money inside. Too little.

CHRISTIAN

This is it? The bank has no money?

DAVID

(offended)

There isn't any. We were robbed yesterday.

Christian shakes his head in disbelief. Thinking hard.

CHRISTIAN

The kidnapppers?

DAVID

Yes.

CHRISTIAN

And why did they kidnap you?

DAVID

To threaten me --

CHRISTIAN

-- To rob your own bank, whilst security was down because of us. Wow... Convenient. Genius really.

DAVID

I'm finished aren't I?

CHRISTIAN

Unless you can explain where the money went, or have proof you were kidnapped, yes.

DAVID

You don't know the kidnapppers?

CHRISTIAN

I most certainly know them. I thought I worked for them. They are untouchable unfortunately. I cannot help you Mr. Sampson.

DAVID

David.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

David, we're going down together.
At least until I think of
something.

Christian looks around.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

You robbed the depositary boxes?

DAVID

No. Just six-million in cash. Which
leaves 300, 000 thousand left.

CHRISTIAN

Why the 300, 000?

DAVID

They demanded six million. I'm not
a criminal.

CHRISTIAN

I see... You wiped the place down
right? In fact, doesn't matter any
more now does it?

DAVID

Err...

CHRISTIAN

Just shut up for a moment... Argh!

DAVID

What?

CHRISTIAN

I think I can help you David. And
if it's the last good thing I do, I
will.

David smiles for the first time.

DAVID

You can? How?

CHRISTIAN

The keys to this room.

DAVID

You're going to lock us in here.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
All of you...

David hurriedly looks for his keys.

INT. REGALE BANK - LATER

INSERT: BANK CLOCK

As it CLICKS from 2:36 to 2:37 PM.

Phones piled by Ricky's feet. No one talks. People are becoming tired of standing. Ricky tries to be personal.

RICKY
Names... What are all your names?

Ricky looks around... Make's eye contact with CRAIG (20s).

CRAIG
Craig.

RICKY
Craig.

LIAM
Err... Liam.

Darcy is now leaning on Ted, really not well.

CASHIER LADY
Charlie.

RICKY
Liam. Charlie.

TED
Can my friend sit down?! I think he's about to have a panic attack. Please.

Ricky just stares at Ted, flabbergasted.

CASHIER LADY/ CHARLIE
My god he looks terrible.

RICKY
Err... Okay, just him...

Too late. Darcy begins to wobble alarmingly. He takes a few steps forward and then - suddenly - COLLAPSES.

(CONTINUED)

Ricky runs over to Darcy, as everyone else freezes. Lilly again screams.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Everyone keep calm. He may have
just fainted. It'll be alright.

Ted leans over his unconscious friend panicked. He checks Darcy's pulse, before falling backwards shattered.

Ricky shoves Ted away, checks Darcy's pulse and breathing. Immediately he starts to perform CPR. The crucifix around his neck slips out in the process. He looks back at Ted who stares at his crucifix necklace.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I think he's had a heart attack. We
gotta do CPR.

Ricky and Ted make eye contact. They exchange grave nods.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Is anyone here a doctor?

The customers look at each other, desperate. No-one.

TED
My god. He's been --

RICKY (CONT'D)
Breathe... Come on!

Ricky points at Liam.

RICKY (CONT'D)
You there. Swap.

Panicked, Liam objects.

LIAM
I can't...

RICKY
Well find somebody who can!

Lilly, dried tears on her cheeks, starts jogging to Ricky.

LILLY (SHAKILY)
I can.

RICKY
That's great.

Ready to swap -- Lilly nods scared -- clumsily yet swiftly they swap. Ricky pulls out his phone, dialing 999.

RICKY
Ambulance!

INT. REGALE BANK - STAFF AREA - CONTINUOUS

Christian carries two rubbish bins, filled by the little money left inside the vault, through the corridors leading to the main bank room from the safe room. He begins to run.

RICKY (V.O.)
We need an Ambulance urgently. --
We need help, someone's collapsed,
it's a heart attack, he's stopped
breathing -- Yes we're doing that
-- Regale Bank, you know? -- Five
minutes. Well, be fast please,
we're in real trouble here -- Now,
there's something, you should know.
There's a little problem. These two
fellas are robbing the bank.

EXT. REGALE BANK CRIME SCENE - DAY

Teams of policemen are situated outside the bank, chatting, some visibly armed to the teeth. On the houses and shops opposite the bank a couple of snipers have been stationed.

An Ambulance is sidelined behind a blockade of police cars. Uniformed policemen have pushed back passersby and are stringing police tape.

Malcolm looks quizzically at his right hand man DANNY, (handsome thirty something). They're talking to a young FEMALE DOCTOR.

FEMALE DOCTOR
We've been called. A man's had a
heart attack inside it seems. If
it's true, we need to get to him
fast.

MALCOLM
Well there's an armed robbery in
process inside there. We're going
to have to negotiate with them
first. This could be a dangerous
situation for you guys- you can't
just stroll inside.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE DOCTOR

Okay, do whatever you have to do, but do it quick. Time is of the essence here... I'm going to get out of your way now.

MALCOLM

We will, thanks.

She walks off. Danny admiring her ass.

DANNY

Nice...

Malcolm chuckles briefly. He looks up at the rooftops.

MALCOLM

Pointless.

DANNY

What?

MALCOLM

Snipers on a bank with no windows...

DANNY

Oh. Yeah.

MALCOLM

Have we had any updates on the camera and alarm issue?

DANNY

Yes, the camera's on a loop, and they've bypassed all the alarms. They're good.

MALCOLM

They're clever, doesn't mean they're good. Any chance we could fix this?

DANNY

They'd have already broken all the camera's... But we're trying.

MALCOLM

Would they need an inside man to break the security system?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

It's a possibility, or they're very highly skilled, specialised at what they do.

MALCOLM

What about the fire exit?

DANNY

We still have a team there, ready to break in but they're assuming these robbers have cased the joint, and are aware of this other entrance.

MALCOLM

Yes, we can't risk hostages. Not whilst I'm in charge. Shit, this is going to blow up. These robbers, who gave them a chance? They must have had an outside man... Or worse an inside.

DANNY

Not easy...

Malcolm thinks briefly. He grabs his speaker, and walks towards the bank. Danny goes to follow him but Malcolm signals him to not. About two meters from the door Malcolm stops and speaks clearly into his speaker.

MALCOLM

Bank robbers. There's an ambulance waiting for you.

INT. REGALE BANK - EARLIER

Sweat dripping down his forehead, Ricky hangs up his phone and points his gun at everyone once more, their faces ashen.

Lilly valiantly continues pressing Darcy's chest. Liam picks up the courage to ask what many are thinking.

LIAM

What did they say?

RICKY

You know what they said. It's a cardiac arrest. We have to keep doing CPR, and never stop. They say, the sooner he reaches a defibrillator the better his chance of survival.

(CONTINUED)

People stare at Ricky and Darcy, deeply worried.

RICKY (CONT'D)
We'll get him to the ambulance.
Don't worry about that...

CHRISTIAN

returns, with the two bins.

CHRISTIAN
We're having a little fire!

Shell shocked, he stares at Darcy, receiving CPR.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Oh... you -

RICKY
Guy's had a heart attack.

CHRISTIAN
You called the ambulance right?

RICKY
Yeah, they'll be here in a couple
of minutes...

CHRISTIAN
Okay...
(beat)
Beautiful people, here's what we're
going to do!

INT. SAFE ROOM - LATER

Christian, gun in hand, directs the hostages inside. He handcuffs Carl to a metal bar inside - then David.

CHRISTIAN
(to Carl)
Do not fuck with me.

One by one the hostages fill the big vault whilst Christian addresses them all.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Me and my partner are going to look
after that man, he's going to be
okay. We're looking after him, so
don't worry we'll look after you.
But if anyone tries anything, they
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
will end up with a bullet in their
skull - today, tomorrow, next
year... The only thing for sure,
they will...

(beat)

Anyone with claustrophobia here?

None of the hostages say anything.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
That's good.

Liam enters, he's the last hostage. He sits down like the
rest. Christian looks at Liam and then Craig.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You and you. I need your jumpers,
trousers and shoes. Quick.

Liam and Craig exchange looks for a moment. Too long.
Christian points his gun at Charlie, who begins sobbing.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
DON'T MESS ME AROUND! JUMPERS,
SHOES!!!

They take off their jumpers...

INT. REGALE BANK - LATER

Only Ted, Ricky, Lilly and Darcy remain. Ricky is burn all
the bank's cash: all £300, 000. Ted is resuscitating Darcy.

TED
Swap.

Lilly swaps with him. Ted walks next to Ricky, watching the
cash burn. PANTING.

RICKY
Tired.

TED
Yes.

RICKY
You know - I suppose it's not such
a coincidence. It's a small world.
I suppose you see your past
students all the time.

(CONTINUED)

TED
Not too often.

RICKY
Not like this.

TED
No.

Lilly briefly looks at Ricky and Ted shocked.

RICKY
I was wondering, I don't think I've seen one of my teachers since I left school, you're the first.

TED
Suppose they are all in Ireland

RICKY
I suppose so.

TED
It's a strange world -- What are you doing Ricky with this? Why are-

RICKY
- What's his name?

TED
Um... He's called Darcy.

RICKY
Darcy... A good man?

TED
I think so-

MALCOLM (O.S)
Bank robbers! There's an ambulance waiting for you...

EXT. REGALE BANK

Malcolm continues into his speaker.

MALCOLM
If there is a person dying in there, get them out! We know there's two of you. One of you come out, and we won't arrest you. I repeat it's safe for one of you to talk with me. My name is Malcolm.

INT. REGALE BANK - DAY

Christian and Ricky are dressed in civilian clothing. Ted is resuscitating Darcy. Lilly taking a break.

Ricky puts a hand on Christian's shoulder.

RICKY

Good luck.

Christian takes a deep breath, smiles reassuringly, and leaves the bank.

EXT. REGALE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm waits by Kiran, hands on hip. Then, the bank door opens and Christian exits in a panicked fashion.

CHRISTIAN

Don't shoot me! Don't arrest me!
I'm in-innocent, their hostage.

Christian falls to the ground, hands up. Kiran searches him.

KIRAN

Clean.

CHRISTIAN

I'm innocent. I'm innocent.

Malcolm studies Christian.

MALCOLM

What's your name son?

CHRISTIAN

Christian.

MALCOLM

You have ID?

CHRISTIAN

They- they ta-ta-took it.

MALCOLM

Well you know you're no longer a
hostage.

Christian fervently shakes his head. He plays the part of a traumatized man well. His stutter faultless.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Yea- yes I am. The-they say, say I have ta-ta-two minutes, be-before they shoot someone, to ta-tell you what I know and ga-get back.

MALCOLM

Then tell me what you know. Quick son.

Christian's glued to the spot, words unable to leave him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Don't worry son... Take your time.

This approach appears to work better.

CHRISTIAN

The-the-they need an a-ambuu-lance. They're two po-policemen.

MALCOLM

Okay, I'm going to ask you questions. You can answer them: YES, NO, MAYBE and if you want, you can justify them. You can do this?

Christian nods.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Okay, has someone had a heart attack?

Christian fervently nods.

CHRISTIAN

A ma-man.

MALCOLM

Are they armed?

CHRISTIAN

Yea- yes.

MALCOLM

Have any hostages been hurt?

Christian struggles at this question.

CHRISTIAN

Yes, er, an, the manager, the, and the um, se-se-curity ga-guard.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
Seriously hurt?

Christian begins shaking a little too fervently.

CHRISTIAN
They ta-ta-told me to say. Err...
Bring a stretcher with fer-fer-four
doctors. Not pa-pa-police. I
gotta-ta go. Um. I got no
ta-ta-time. I...

MALCOLM
Are you sure they're policemen?

CHRISTIAN
They, they're da-da-dressed up as
policemen. I-I gotta go. I hav-

MALCOLM
Okay. You go.

Just as Christian turns, Malcolm calls out to stop him.

MALCOLM
Christian!

Christian turns mystified and anxious.

CHRISTIAN
I got-ta-ta go n-now.

MALCOLM
I know. Tell them, to give one
hostage in return for the stretcher
and paramedics.

CHRISTIAN
No.. They might-a... The-the-they-

MALCOLM
(strongly)
Tell them! If they refuse, come out
and tell me.

Christian turns and runs back to the bank. Malcolm frowns watching him knock and eventually be let in. He starts walking back to his fellow officers, shaking his head.

KIRAN
This is weird.

INT. SAFE ROOM - LATER

People are chatting, letting their emotions go, all talking at once.

CASHIER LADY 2
They're, they're not what you expect robbers to be like. They're-

LIAM
I still think we should do some-

CRAIG
You, you must know something.

DAVID
I don't. I'm sor-

The sound of a key unlocking. Everybody goes quiet... The door opens revealing Ricky, who points warningly at them with his gun.

RICKY
I understand you might need some air.

The hostages nod, still silent.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I'll open this door every three or so minutes we're here. When I leave this bank, I'll make sure the keys in the vault door for the police to get to you with. This will not last much longer.
(to someone behind him)
You go in now.

Lilly appears, and sits down besides Liam, who's in his underwear and t-shirt.

CRAIG
What about the other man?

RICKY
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER MAN?

CRAIG
Nothing...

RICKY
I am not letting him talk to any of you. You have a fucking problem?

Ricky closes the vault door on them.

EXT. REGALE BANK - LATER

Malcolm is discussing with Danny as the press arrive in two big vans.

MALCOLM

Oh here comes the press.
Woo-Pa-Dee-Do!

They look as a woman presenter gets out the van, urging the camera men to hurry up and get ready. Behind the taping a decent crowd has accumulated to watch events unfold.

DANNY

Wonder if one of us leaked. Seems
outstandingly quick.

MALCOLM

Probably. You know, Danny, I don't
trust that guy.

DANNY

What, the retard. I mean -

MALCOLM

Yeah. No ID. Definitely a suspect.

They watch as Christian exits the bank again, and runs awkwardly to them. As soon as he reaches them, he starts mumbling out of breath.

CHRISTIAN

The-the-they will accept your
offe-fer, ba-ba-but the-they would
like to give ma-mama-more than one
hostage.

Malcolm raises his eyebrows. Looks quizzically at Christian.

MALCOLM

How many?

CHRISTIAN

Ta-ta-two...

MALCOLM

Two?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Yes, a-a-and er-er, the-they
ta-ta-told me to ta-tell you who
they were...

MALCOLM

Who? The ones being freed?

CHRISTIAN

He ha-has a fa-father anda fefrend.

MALCOLM

The man with the heart attack has
his father and friend by him?

Christian nods.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Is that all Christian?

CHRISTIAN

The-they sa-said you have ta-two
minutes.

MALCOLM

Be fast. Okay.

INT. REGALE BANK - LATER

INSERT: BANK CLOCK

As it CLICKS from 3.55 PM to 3.56 PM.

Christian is now doing the CPR on Darcy. Ted sits besides
Darcy, holding his hand. Ricky sits down next to Ted.

TED

Do you think its fate, I was here
when you came?

RICKY

I believe in fate Mr. Stevenson.

Ted forces a smile.

TED

He was going to be a dad. You- you
should give up Ricky... Truly.

RICKY

What's your first name Mr.
Stevenson?

(CONTINUED)

TED

Ted.

RICKY

We're not going to let him go. I promise you that Ted. He's going to be out of here in no time.

CHRISTIAN

Listen here Ted! Ricky- is a nice guy- I know that, you know that. I'm not. You do anything and I will make sure I am not the only one who get's hurt. I will-

TED

- I get the message.

CLOSE UP: BANK DOOR

There's a knock on the door...

Christian indicates for Ted to take over CPR for Darcy. They smoothly swap. Christian jolts up, takes out his gun as-

RICKY

goes to the door. Slowly he unlocks it. He knocks hard on it

RICKY

You! Open the door!

Christian moves to the other side of the door, gun ready, pointing to where the doctors will have to come through.

EXT. REGALE BANK - MOMENTS EARLIER

The sound of a door unlocking. A MUFFLE - the word 'you' faintly distinguishable. Two KNOCKS.

Four paramedics wait. Nothing happens. A nod. Cautiously one opens the door; Malcolm nervously watches in the background.

INT. REGALE BANK - CONTINUOUS

The paramedic sees Christian. He hurries along. As do the rest, two bringing a stretcher. Ricky slams the door shut.

CHRISTIAN

Hands in t'air!

The doctors raise their hands.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

grabs DOCTOR 1 and starts searching for a gun or wire.
Checking even the crotch and backside.

RICKY

You nervous? If I find anything,
you're dead.

The three others watch nervously. Christian takes a
different approach, masking his voice.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, you tree, I want you all to
undress, even you me lady. Now if I
notice any suspicious movement,
it'll be a bad day for all of us,
because my friend over tere will
shoot your friend over tere.

He points warningly at Doctor 1.

CHRISTIAN

Ten fecking getta on wit it.

The female doctor is the fastest undressing.

RICKY

We have a situation. You can either
get me caught and all the customers
in the bank vault will be shot by
my partner. Or you can save this
man's life over there -

The three paramedics are down to their lingerie and boxers.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, very good. Getta dressed.

RICKY

(overlapping with above)
- and let me get away, because I'm
walking out with you... It's a
moral dilemma. But if my partner
over there doesn't receive a text,
indicating I'm a free man, believe
me, you do not want to consider
what'll happen.

CHRISTIAN

Do we have ta show you whose lives
are at stake here?

(CONTINUED)

The female doctor shakes her head. As the doctors dress and then head to Darcy, Ricky takes Christian to the side.

RICKY

Punch me.

CHRISTIAN

What?

Ricky shuts his eyes.

RICKY

I don't want to get caught.

EXT. REGALE BANK - LATER

Ted and Ricky run alongside the doctors hurriedly carrying Darcy in a stretcher to the ambulance. They pass Kiran.

Real tears flow down on Ted's face whilst Ricky look pale and worried, displaying a huge black eye, bleeding. Malcolm steps in their path, just before they get in the ambulance.

MALCOLM

Hey, where you going? You're not going with him. We need to question you. I want to see your IDs.

The female Doctor gets down from the ambulance. Doctor 1 is busy setting up the defibrillator. Darcy being loaded into the ambulance by DOCTOR 2 and DOCTOR 3.

FEMALE DOCTOR

It's OK, they're not the robbers.

MALCOLM

How could you be sure?

He looks at the pair. Innocent? They're very convincing.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What happened to your eye?

RICKY

I-

TED

He got attacked by them.

MALCOLM

Why?

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

I was angry. He's like a brother to me- Darcy.

MALCOLM

So they let you go? Why?

RICKY

Officer, with greatest respect, these men they only let us go to be with him. I don't know, maybe they were sorry for him, but they said that was part of the agreement, and that you'd honor it. Maybe they had a human side?

Malcolm laughs.

DOCTOR 1

We're ready.

MALCOLM

Well you're not following their orders no more...

(to female doctor)

Go.

The female doctor looks absolutely stuck.

TED

Officer, please...

RICKY

Sorry sir, I don't understand your suspicions. If we were the bank robbers, whose holding up the people in there?! I'm going to start getting fucking heated.

MALCOLM

You better not...

RICKY

No, no disrespect, but it ain't right what you're doing...

(beat)

We just want to be besides our friend. It could be the last time- you know--

FEMALE DOCTOR

They're not the robber -- There's enough room inside the ambulance for them. Let them come.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

And I get this really bad feeling
in my gut that he needs us there.
Or something bad's gonna happen.

MALCOLM

Bad feeling huh?

A yell from the ambulance. The female doctor gets in.

DOCTOR 1

We've got to go officer!

Malcolm looks at the ambulance, then Ted and Ricky.

TED

Please...

MALCOLM

Kiran! Leo!

The two officers look over at Malcolm. He nods.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Quit staring! Get over here fast!

LEO (40s) and Kiran start jogging to the ambulance.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Don't lose these two you hear. Now
get in the ambulance quick. You
know the questions to ask them.

LEO

Okay boss.

MALCOLM

You can fit?

DOCTOR 2

Yeah they can fit. It'll be a
squeeze but it wont affect us.

Ricky grabs Malcolm's hand, his eyes shimmering his relief.

RICKY

Thank you! Thank you so much!
They're in there- the two robbers,
terrorizing everyone. You're a good
man.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

One more question. The guy they
send out.

RICKY

The stutterer...

MALCOLM

Yeah him. He's not the robber.

Ricky laughs briefly. Embarrassed he stops himself.

RICKY

What? No. He's, some guy. He's not
the ones.

MALCOLM

Okay, thanks.

RICKY

No. Nothing...

Ricky clambers into the ambulance. Very cramped. Kiran
closes the doors and the ambulance drives off.

MALCOLM

A bloody nightmare.

INT. REGALE BANK - LATER

Christian's on the phone, alone in the bank.

CHRISTIAN

Natalia?

NATALIA

Christian?

CHRISTIAN

I just wanted to hear your voice.

NATALIA

You okay?

CHRISTIAN

I love you. I'm sorry... Don't let
Anna watch the news. Can you do
that...

NATALIA

Christian... what's happened?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
Promise me.

NATALIA
Yes I promise.

CHRISTIAN
I'm sorry.

Christian hangs up. He shakes his head, gutted. And leaves.

EXT. REGALE BANK - DAY

The bank door opens again and Christian ambles again towards Malcolm. Malcolm walks back from where the ambulance was stationed to Danny, arms crossed.

DANNY
Hello.

MALCOLM
Hello.

Christian reaches Malcolm, even more petrified than before.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
What are they saying?

CHRISTIAN
Yes. They- er- wan you, ta-to talk
in-inside in fa-five...

Danny starts laughing. He tries hard to stop.

MALCOLM
They want me to go in there?

Christian nods. Danny still is laughing.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
What are you laughing at Dan?

DANNY
Oh, err... nothing sir.

CHRISTIAN
In fa-five, an, I- I can go na-now.

MALCOLM
They've let you go. Why?

Christian can't respond.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Any reason?

Malcolm smells something, his face momentarily confused.

CHRISTIAN

I - I the-the-thought that
the-the-they would kill me...

CLOSE UP- CHRISTIAN'S TROUSERS (WET).

MALCOLM

Oh.

Malcolm wraps his arm around Danny's shoulder and continues talking to Christian.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

This here is Danny. You'll have to
stay with him for a while. Clean
yourself up. Don't worry you've
been incredibly brave Christian.

Bruce taps Malcolm on the shoulder. Danny nods.

BRUCE

Malcolm... It's time.

DANNY

(to Christian)
Come with me...

CHRISTIAN

Oh... I... I wa.. Ok.

Christian gives up his question and ambles alongside Danny.

DANNY

You alright there boss?

CHRISTIAN

I-I gotta go to the la-loo.

Danny nods.

DANNY

Right. I'll have to go with you.

CHRISTIAN

Er... I-I, I get na-nervous when,
per-per-people watch me.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Umm... that's okay, I wont watch.
We'll go to that cafe over there.

Christian smiles and Danny starts walking towards the cafe.

CHRISTIAN

Fa-thanks.

DANNY

And then I've got to ask you a few
important questions I'm afraid.

CHRISTIAN

Ca- Can you not wa-walk so c-close?

DANNY

Oh, I see, the attention.... Okay,
I'll be right behind you though.

A PRESS REPORTER tries to get Danny's attention.

PRESS REPORTER

Hey - Any update?

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm not authorised to answer any
questions. You'll have to speak to
the superintendent.

Jones, sitting outside the cafe, watches Christian pass him.
Christian pays no attention to him as he goes into the cafe.

INT. ITALIAN CAFE - TOILET - LATER

The GENTLEMEN's door close behind Christian. He goes
straight to the middle cubicle.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE

Christian takes off his shoes and leaves them there. In his
socks he's about to open the cubicle door...

DANNY (O.S)

You nearly done my man? I thought
you were cleaning your trousers.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I-I was, when I th-thought
I-I should ta-take a-a dump.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (O.S)

Oh... Yeah well hurry up, okay.

Christian hears Danny's little laugh and the door close. He exits the cubicle -

INT. TOILET

and fiddles with the cubicle's lock from outside to make it read engaged. Looking around he sees the back window.

He opens it to see if he can fit through - he can't. He goes behind the wall hiding the urinals -- takes a deep breath.

DANNY

enters again. Looks around and stares at the open window.

DANNY

Can you hurry up a bit Christian?
My boss now wants to ask you a few
more questions. And he doesn't have
long...

He puts his hand on his holster and walks to the cubicles.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Christian? I could of sworn...

He sees the cubicles still locked, knocks.

DANNY

Christian?

He checks under it -- sees Christian's two shoes -- Prepares to batter it down.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Christian? You o-

As he begins to charge, his two arms are seized by Christian, who falls on him. Overbalanced, Danny tumbles.

Danny's head thumps the cubical door, almost knocking him cold. Dazed, he struggles, gripping his gun. Christian wrestles the gun out of Danny's hand.

CHRISTIAN

Scream; say a word: I shoot you.

Christian takes Danny's radio, and with the gun, thumps Danny on the head- knocking him cold.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Christian drags Danny into the cubicle, puts on his boots, and takes Danny's gun and radio. He hears the toilet door close -- turns pointing his gun -- at Jones, holding a cap.

JONES

The ford's outside. Key on the wheel. Where's the policeman?

CHRISTIAN

He's fine.

JONES

Where?

He takes out his gun -- sees Christian's trousers.

CHRISTIAN

No.

JONES

What?

CHRISTIAN

Don't shoot him, he's out cold.

JONES

He could get up any moment.

CHRISTIAN

He won't...

JONES

Shit... Change.

Jones is tearing off his suit, and Christian his clothes.

CHRISTIAN

Okay...

Jones looks caught in two minds. Christian's nerves jangle.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

What?

JONES

You should know. Craig Davis didn't call the police.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

What? What makes you think that?

JONES

Craig Davis ordered me to kill you.

CHRISTIAN

Fuck...

Christian looks at Jones' gun. He squeezes Danny's gun.

JONES

(going to Danny)

I'll take his clothes.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

And you're not?

Jones walks past him, putting away his gun, He opens the cubicle's door, handing Christian his own suit.

JONES

No... You better get out of here fast.

CHRISTIAN

You know which hospital Ricky's heading?

JONES

Prince Albert. But you won't catch him. Everything you and him need is in the car.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks Jones.

Christian begins walking out.

JONES

You want my advice- leave him. Each to their own now.

INT. CAFE STAIRWAY

Christian notices an Out Of Order sign hanging on the Gent's door. He heads up the stairs putting on the baseball cap.

INT. CAFE

Christian walks through the cafe casually and coolly. No-one looks at him, too distracted by outside. He leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Darcy's chest is wired, strapped up to a heart monitor and defibrillator. Nervous faces staring at him.

DOCTOR 1 jolts him. The monitor eerily stays the same. Ricky clutches his crucifix.

DOCTOR 2
Analyzing rhythm. No pulse.

DOCTOR 2 restarts CPR as the defibrillator re-charges -- then DOCTOR 1 Jolts him again.

DOCTOR 2
Analyzing rhythm. No pulse.

FEMALE DOCTOR
Come on...

Darcy's in spasm -- Doctor 2 restarts CPR --

RICKY
Fuck he's spasming.

LEO
Come on big guy.

TED
Is that okay? Come on Darcy.

Doctor 1 takes a deep breath and pumps Darcy's chest again. Hearts in mouths. BLEEP... The monitor splutters.

DOCTOR 2
Good pulse, Good pulse here!
Getting stronger.

KIRAN
He's gonna live!

TED
My god.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE DOCTOR
Strong heartbeat, he's got a strong
heartbeat now.

RICKY
WOO HOOOOO- WHOOOOO!

Happiness everywhere all at once! Ted collapses in relief as
Darcy vaguely returns to consciousness, highly confused.

DOCTOR 3
Just relax, you hear me, you're
going to be okay.

DOCTOR 2
It's okay, it's okay, just take it
easy.

FEMALE DOCTOR
Keep your head there, it's okay.

DOCTOR 3
Just some oxygen.

Doctor 3 puts an oxygen mask on Darcy.

DOCTOR 2
5 deep breaths Darcy.

Ricky takes out his phone.

RICKY
I've got his sister's number. I'll
giver her a text.

KIRAN
Okay...

DOCTOR 1
(overlapping w above)
Maxolon.

Kiran watches over Ricky, paying attention to everything he
texts. Meanwhile, Doctor 1 stabilizes Darcy with a shot of
Maxolon -- Doctor 3 lifts the oxygen mask.

DOCTOR 3
Can you remember where you were?

DARCY
(mumbling)
Ba- a bank...

DOCTOR 1

That's good...

TED

Darcy, you remember me?

DARCY

Te-Ted.

FEMALE DOCTOR

This is really positive...

Meanwhile Leo checks his earpiece: a grave look fills his face. The ambulance stops suddenly.

LEO

You sure?

The doctors all freeze. Ricky reacts quickly, grabbing Kiran around the neck. Kiran goes for his holster, but it's empty.

Ricky has Kiran's gun... on Kiran's head.

RICKY

I couldn't send the message! I've got to send the message!

Leo takes out his gun but Ricky is swinging Kiran around wildly, giving Leo no chance of a clean shot.

FEMALE DOCTOR

You got to let him go! Please, you don't understand...

The doctors and Ted dive out the way leaving Darcy in a precarious position between Ricky and Leo. They all huddle to a corner. Kiran is struggling, and is stronger than Ricky

LEO

Drop your gun!

RICKY

No. I'm going to give you three seconds! If he doesn't stop struggling and you don't lower your gun, two of us are being shot.

Kiran almost gets loose of Ricky, but Ricky manages to hold on. They collide into the heart monitor. Leo had a brief clear shot there.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE DOCTOR

He has to send a message, when he's free. That's why we lied. The hostages - they're in danger.

DOCTOR 2

Listen, officer, please, don't shoot. It could be bigger than you think.

Ted and the Doctors are paralyzed in fear. Darcy murmurs something. A SHOT! Ricky's shot Leo in the foot. He SCREAMS.

RICKY (CONT'D)

One!

Leo's holding the gun shaking, balancing on Ted -- Kiran lowers the intensity of his struggle.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Two! I will shoot him.

Kiran stops struggling but Ricky's still swaying about all over the place to make a shot on him harder. Leo looks wild.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Three! Drop it.

Leo buckles, finally lowering his gun. Ricky only tightens his grip over Kiran. He gingerly drops his gun.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Hands up. Kick it to...

Ricky pauses -- looking around -- changing his mind.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Step on it!

Leo reluctantly steps on his gun. Ricky, who has no arms free, hears his phone ring.

INSERT: RICKY'S BACK POCKET (VIBRATING)

EXT. STREET - DAY (EARLIER)

All the curious passerby looking at the Bank aid Christian as he casually walks away from the cafe. Unfortunately, there are lots of police strolling about as well.

Christian stops walking by the white Ford. He subtly finds the car key. He sees Bruce entering the cafe, almost bumping into Jones leaving.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce stops and turns, looking at Jones walk down the street, wearing Christian's old top. Christian watches Bruce speak into his radio.

BRUCE
(from Danny's radio)
What's happening Danny? Malcolm
will go skitz soon.

CHRISTIAN
(impersonating Danny)
Chill. Having coffee... Inside.

BRUCE
Oh- See you inside.

Christian enters the Ford.

EXT. REGALE BANK - DAY

More of the public are there, inquiring, witnessing the action surrounding the bank. At the moment: Malcolm speaking to JEFFERY (30s), who's wiring him.

MALCOLM
Hey, where's Danny.

JEFFERY
I don't know? Hey, Luke!

LUKE (20s) stands by LAURA (30s) 30 feet away.

JEFFERY
Where's Danny?

LUKE
I dunno? He was last with Brucie
and that Christian chap. The guy
with the stutter, you know?

JEFFERY
Yeah, I know.

Jeff finishes wiring Malcolm as Luke and Laura talk in the backdrop.

LUKE
Hey! Laura thinks they went to have
a coffee. I'm serious. Bruce is
checking it out. Unbelievable.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA

Yeah, I saw them head inside!

JEFFERY

What? Are they kidding?

Malcolm not listening, muttering to himself.

MALCOLM

If we were the bank robbers, whose holding up the people in there?

JEFFERY

I'm sorry, what?

MALCOLM

It's what one of people they let go said. But it's a bank... Contact Leo and Kiran, get an update.

JEFFERY

Yeah sure...

All of a sudden, Malcolm angrily starts walking to the Bank.

JEFFERY

Hey Malcolm, you going in now? It's not been five minutes... Hey Mal?

Malcolm starts running to the bank door.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What a bloody mess. Get that ambulance stopped, surrounded.

JEFFERY

The quickest response time would be us. Mal... wait.

(checks his earpiece.)

What?!

INT. ITALIAN CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Bruce is evacuating the cafe, yelling into his radio.

BRUCE

Christian's gone! Danny's gone!

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The paramedics continue caring for Darcy. The ambulance is still stationary. Kiran and Leo have their hands in the air.

Ricky in complete control: one hand holding his phone, the other pointing a gun at Leo and Kiran opposite him. The other gun under his foot. Ted and Darcy just spectators.

CHRISTIAN (O.S)

(from phone)

Ricky! The police, you've got to get out! I've made it... I'm in the ford.

FEMALE DOCTOR

(overlapping with above)

You tell him, we did nothing. You tell him, we did all we could...

INT. REGALE BANK - DAY

Malcolm stands, looking at the ashes from the fire. It's eerily quiet and still. Malcolm speaks into his radio.

MALCOLM

All clear. We can enter.

INT. REGALE BANK - SAFE ROOM

Malcolm opens the door, to see all the customers and bank staff stuffed inside.

They stare quizzically at Malcolm. A COUPLE hugs each other.

LIAM

We're free?

Malcolm nods... Slowly, people start standing up- some faces show happiness and relief, others: slight disappointment - their adventure over. David just stares at Malcolm.

LILLY

Did you catch them?

Malcolm shakes his head. Lilly smiles.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Lights BLAZING, Bruce and Jeffery HURTLE down a busy road. In the distance two other police-vehicles' lights flash.

INT. WHITE FORD - DAY

Christian is driving furiously, shouting into his phone, recklessly overtaking. He has a gun on his passenger seat.

CHRISTIAN

Ricky! The police, you've got to get out! I've made it... I'm in the Ford. I'll be around, looking for you. Has the ambulance stopped?

RICKY (O.S)

Yes.

CHRISTIAN

Shit! If I don't see you: good luck. Meet at Pierre's place... we have unfinished business.

RICKY (O.S)

What do you mean?

CHRISTIAN

It was Pierre. Pierre snaked.

RICKY (O.S)

Right... I'm going to go.

Christian sees something, like an ambulance, in the distance, pulled over.

CHRISTIAN

No way! I see you. Don't go! Not yet. I think I see your ambulance. By the lights. Man oh man...

RICKY

You see the ambulance?

CHRISTIAN

Yes, I'll give you a text when to leave. Take a hostage.

RICKY

No more hostages.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

I mean it. Bring that man. Prevents
cops shooting at us. Your teacher.

RICKY (O.S)

I don't fucking like this. OK. OK.

Christian hangs up. He's reached a large cue by the lights.

EXT. REGALE BANK - DAY

Passerby clap as Malcolm leads out the hostages. Liam is
flocked by his wife and kids. Police tear them apart.

PRESS REPORTER

Where's the robbers?

MALCOLM

We are pursuing them at this
moment. You better get a heli!

INT. WHITE FORD - DAY

Christian drives closer to the ambulance, but it's causing
real trouble stationed by the traffic lights. Cars piled up.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Ricky stares at his mobile in his left hand. Still holding a
gun in the right, with the other tucked in his trousers.

RICKY

Ted, get ready to get out the
ambulance.

TED

Ricky...

RICKY

It's a white ford. No funny
business Ted. I can trust you can't
I? Your friend will get to hospital
quicker this way -- And they're not
going to shoot at us with you
inside. It'll be fine. Swear.

LEO

You're not going to get away with
this.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Give me one fucking reason why I don't shoot you two dead now? What have I got to lose?

KIRAN

You'll get life...

RICKY

I'm not getting anything.

He looks anxiously at his phone again. No messages.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Shit!

Ricky shoots Kiran in the foot, as well.

KIRAN

Fuck! Argh...

RICKY

Now! Now Ted!

Ricky grabs Ted, opens the ambulance door and shoves Ted through with a gun at his head. Leo and Kiran are helpless.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS (RED)

Ricky and Ted are out of the ambulance and running...

INT. WHITE FORD

Christian -- very frustrated -- ten cars behind ambulance -- texts now. He sends. Then looks up again to be shocked -- he sees Ricky running with Ted. The lights turn yellow.

RICKY

(yelling to Ted)

Get in the back!

Ted enters as we see the ambulance start again on green. Ricky jumps in, and looks at his wing mirror. Immediately, he sees a flashing police car. And another...

RICKY

Drive!

Christian doesn't need telling -- Ricky chucks the gun out the window -- Ted grabs the back of his seat, as the Ford SCREECHES in Acceleration, taking a last minute right.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

We're going to make it Ricky. Can you believe it? We're out.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - LATER

Car chase in motion. A view from above:

Christian takes as many turnings as possibly in an effort to lose the track of both police cars in pursuit. It's incredibly aggressive and skillful driving.

He takes residential roads and they're remarkably clear from the traffic lights. However, the police remain on him like vultures; he loses one of the police vehicles but shortly after there's two more. It's fast, it's furious.

INT. POLICE CAR - CAR CHASE

Bruce is zooming along- no sight of the getaway Ford. Jefferey relays news from the radio.

JEFFERY

Shit! He's on the road ahead, we're catching them. Take a left!

Bruce gives it all he's got, making a dramatic left turn.

BRUCE

Bit more of a congested area coming up.

They keep flying along, then they see, a white ford cross on an intersection three streets ahead, FULL PELT.

JEFFEREY

That's it.

BRUCE

We're coming for you...

Bruce accelerates even harder.

JEFFEREY

Don't push it Bruce. Shhhiittt!

Bruce takes a sharp right.

JEFFEREY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

They're not gonna stay on that road
for long...

INT. WHITE FORD - CAR CHASE

Christian bolts across the intersection...

RICKY

We're losing them! Just need to get
through here-

CHRISTIAN

I need to get off this street.

It's a busy street. A jam forming ahead, and the pavements
are full. Christian takes a right.

This road's not much better, and worse a new police car
appears - Bruce is right on their tale.

A MOTHER and her KID dart across a road, apparently unaware
the speed Christian's driving at. Cutting it very fine when:

Disaster Looms.

Suddenly the child slips. Christian brakes but it's too
late. The mother turns, fear etched on her face, and tries
to help her kid up. Desperately, she smothers her kid.

Christian yanks hard on the wheel, desperate to divert the
Ford rightwards.

By a WHISKER, the mother and her kid are just missed and
Bruce in pursuit manages to brake in time. Barely.

However, a motorbike zooms towards the Ford.

The RIDER with his GIRLFRIEND hanging behind him looks on in
terror. Both have helmets, but only the rider is properly
dressed for riding, in leather.

Now Christian tries to drag the car back into the left lane,
as the rider attempts to get his motorbike as narrow to the
pavement as possible.

Three frozen pedestrians stare in terror, fearing being run
over.

The motorbike connects with the pavement and crashes, and
Christian can only watch as the motorbike bounces and bumps
ferociously into the Ford's right side, hitting Ricky
instantly. He knows this is probably it.

Christian's head thumps the wheel, leaving a dent, knocking him cold.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

We're flying above the accident, and it's all over, as we see policemen getting out their cars and running to the crashed vehicles issuing pedestrians back.

One pedestrian throws up after seeing the mangled Rider's girlfriend. The rider is up, walking! Just about at least - he's skidded on his leather jeans 15 metres and is being supported by pedestrians. Desperate he heads to where his girlfriend lies. The Ford is smoking and crumpled into half.

The mother, only now lets go of her child, shell-shocked to still be alive.

INT. WHITE FORD - CONTINUOUS

Christian is being pulled out, very slowly and strenuously from the wreckage by Bruce. He gains a little consciousness.

And begins whimpering seeing himself, stuck, and Ricky beside him dead and finally Ted seemingly dead.

CHRISTIAN

Save him...

Bruce ignores Christian's instructions.

BRUCE

You're awake. You're going to live
Christian or whatever your name is.
Come on- can you wriggle out of
there?

CHRISTIAN

Save him. Save him.

Bruce only now sees Ted in the backseat, crumpled. Jeffery arrives. His first act- to pull the Ford's back door off.

INT. SECOND POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Malcolm seated, listening patiently to Christian, no longer writing things down.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Three rules to being a crook: don't snitch; don't get caught; and as the Mafia would say: don't get wracked.

MALCOLM

Is that so?

CHRISTIAN

It's a simple game- that's the code. And I'll be lucky if I don't break all those rules.

MALCOLM

You'll still be a crook.

CHRISTIAN

I will.

MALCOLM

What puzzles me is you're an engineer; a property man; a restaurant owner. What the fuck are you doing acting all gangster, robbing banks?

CHRISTIAN

A lot of us never intended to be criminals when we were young. Take Ricky, he was dragged into it by his uncle- he's a locksmith.

MALCOLM

And you?

CHRISTIAN

I... I was a dealer when I was young. Though I was the face of innocence. Not one of those shady characters lurking on street corners, you know. Up a league.

MALCOLM

And then you worked in a team. How many partners have you had? Just Ricky?

CHRISTIAN

Friends... We're not cops.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

Friend, not partner, who else?

CHRISTIAN

Louis... died last-

MALCOLM

I know about that. He was the third man in that profitable property business you had going on....

CHRISTIAN

He was a hit-man, a driver.

MALCOLM

He's dead.

CHRISTIAN

Yes, my friends haven't been faring too well recently...

MALCOLM

Maybe there's a link?

INT. DARCY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jessica is sitting on a sofa, engrossed on the News channel. Banoffee starts barking.

NEWS REPORTER 1

We're on the scene here, in Regale Bank, where an extra-ordinary and most inventive attempt to escape justice has ended in tragedy...

Jessica only now notices a presence in the room. Banoffee's gone quite. She turns round to see Darcy. They stare at each other for a moment, intimately.

JESSICA

I saw your interview in the hospital. It was the first time I knew...

DARCY

You should check the news more often. It was live.

NEWS REPORTER 1 (CONT'D) (O.S)

(overlapping with above)

Carl Hughes, the security guard tells us how everyone was locked up

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWS REPORTER 1 (CONT'D) (O.S) (cont'd)
in Regale Bank's vault, whilst the
robbers burnt 6 million in cash and
tricked their way so close to
freedom. He'll join us very shortly
to talk more about his experiences-

Jessica puts the reporter on mute, still staring at Darcy.
She smiles. He smiles. They laugh. Jessica leaps up and they
both run to each other until they're in a tight, very
comforting hug.

DARCY

I'm a very lucky man. I never want
to lose you, you hear? I was so
close...

JESSICA

I never want to let you go...

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

Isabel sits watching the TV, crying. She's comforted by her
MOTHER, putting her hand around Izzy's shoulder.

MOTHER

It's okay, my sweet girl.

She looks up at the ceiling, gutted for her girl...

ISABEL

(sobbing)

He- he was a good man. Whatever
they say.

MOTHER

I know honey. We know.

Isabel can't watch anymore, and turns her face into her
mum's shoulder sobbing hysterically.

ISABEL

(muffled scream)

Why!

She turns her head sideways looking away from her Mum and
the TV, into us. Her mum continues ushering her sweetly.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Ricky? Come back.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Awww sweetheart. It'll be okay.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Penny lies asleep in a chair besides Ted's bed. He's awake, but he can't move. Tubes protrude from his bandaged body, attached to all kinds of drips and feeds. His legs in the air; all of him bandaged like a mummy.

Around them on the table, the windowsill, the floor; are hundreds of cards and dozens of flowers.

LILLY (20s), pretty and tanned, enters and carefully navigates her way around the flowers to her Dad.

LILLY

Dad?

A smile fills Ted's face - as wide as the moon.

TED

Lilly. I'm so happy to see you.

LILLY

Oh Dad.

Tears gush down her cheek, as she tries to hug/ kiss her dad -- she ends up pecking him on the cheek.

LILLY (CONT'D)

Oh god, I hope I didn't hurt...

TED

No, don't worry. Didn't hurt. I'm on a lot of anesthetic. Can't feel a thing!

Lilly laughs which brings the widest smile to Ted's face.

LILLY

I'm so sorry...

TED

No I am. But not now. I'm so happy to see you... I am so happy...

He moves his fingers slightly. Lilly holds his hand.

LILLY

When I saw the news, I thought, I might not see Dad again, ever

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LILLY (cont'd)
again. And that hurt, I love you
Dad.

TED
I know.

Lilly begins crying.

LILLY
What did the doctors say?

TED
Give it a year, I'll be good as
new.

Lilly breaks, becoming hysterical, barely able to pronounce
her words. Ted - to weak to stop her, to hug her.

LILLY
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I've been
making you out to be the worst,
because, because your not, your the
best. Every little thing, every
imperfection you had, I seized. I
was so angry... I needed someone to
be angry at, a scape-goat Dad. I'm
sorry... I was so--

TED
Lilly stop. Stop. Not now..

LILLY
Oh - sorry...

TED
Water under the bridge.

Ted grins infectiously. Lilly smiles, gulping tears, and
sees Penny staring at her. Penny gets up, and walks to her.

LILLY
Hi...

TED
Oh, Penny. Can I introduce you to
Lilly, my lovely daughter. Lilly,
this is Penny Thompson. She's my
best friend and I love her.

PENNY
Lilly, I've heard so much.

LILLY

You have?

PENNY

Oh, naturally love.

Penny warmly hugs Lilly. Lilly regathers herself.

PENNY (CONT'D)

It's lovely to put a face to you.

LILLY

Oh... I hope I didn't disappoint.

They both laugh... Ted smiles looking at them.

INT. BLACK GETAWAY CAR - DAY

Christian driving slowly. He pulls over, where a Toyota seems to have broken down.

EXT. HARD SHOULDER - DAY

Christian opens his boot -- Pierre steps out the Toyota carrying a large trunk. He passes it over to Christian who puts it in the boot, silent, clicking something discretely.

PIERRE

Craig Davis got what he deserved.
If anything good happened out of
this sorry episode of events, it
was that. He went for us.

CHRISTIAN

Why did you do it?

PIERRE

I -- I was angry -- And rash-- what
you and Ricky had done. Cost me
almost my life, my job, my
livelihood. But I had no right.

CHRISTIAN

You didn't?

PIERRE

I tried to kill two birds with one
stone. But I thought you'd realised
sooner... I didn't think things
would happen.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Well I realised after, that it was you... I trusted you.

PIERRE

I didn't believe you were blind.

CHRISTIAN

And I never realised you had planned to save me as well. Not until it all had happened. But you gambled on me being a rat for that.

PIERRE

That was a certainty - maybe not with others but you and Ricky were never ruined like the rest... I only gambled on the bank manager.

CHRISTIAN

From wrecking your scheme to escape with the money you set him up with?

PIERRE

There was no proof he did it.

CHRISTIAN

He nearly confessed in front of everyone in the bank!

PIERRE

Christian, I made a mistake... I made a mess... But we are where we are. And I'm giving you half- half the money. The other half to me and my men. I can't change back time.

CHRISTIAN

Ricky is dead. An innocent woman is dead. You read the papers. You don't play with lives Pierre. You want to rat on your boss, you do it yourself! Don't play god, using people like puppets! Forcing them through tragedy to do your dirty work for you.

PIERRE

You two would be dead without me -

CHRISTIAN

- without Jones.

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

Who gave Jones his orders?

CHRISTIAN

What?

PIERRE

Who do you think gave Jones his orders not to kill you? Jones himself? Against Craig Davis?

CHRISTIAN

Jones was a good man.

PIERRE

Not a powerful one. I saved you.

CHRISTIAN

Why? Why did you tell Jones not to kill us? Tell me why you came back for me? A calculated man like you -

PIERRE

Call it guilt, and making peace.

CHRISTIAN

Guilt... And Peace?

Pierre extends his hand. Christian stops moving around.

PIERRE

Well, you have all you need. Have a good life Christian.... Remember, owning a story can be hard but not nearly as difficult as spending your life running from it.

Christian nods, before gingerly shaking Pierre's hand.

CHRISTIAN

I'm not running.

Pierre's eyes light up. He hears SIRENS. He starts running to his Honda, but it's too late.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Where you going? Where you going?

POLICE are suddenly arriving from everywhere. Pierre stops running, turns around and looks Christian in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

PIERRE

I'm sorry about Ricky.

Christian nods again. Pierre raises his hands up in the air and goes down on his knees as Malcolm sprints towards him.

EXT. REGALE BANK - DAY

A PRESS REPORTER is exclaiming to a CAMERAMAN outside the bank.

PRESS REPORTER

The Regale Bank robbery which led eventually and tragically to two deaths in a getaway car crash, and the highly publicized arrest of Christian Healy has received another late twist.

INT. LOUIS' FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Malcolm goes in, followed by Kiran. He looks at all the files, all the boxes, a mine-field of information. Smiles.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS:

- Five CORRUPT POLICEMEN are arrested, in their HOMES, WORKPLACE, the PARK. Malcolm makes the last one, delighted.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

I was controversially let free under a witness-protection programme following my cooperation with the police which led to the arrests of five high profile police officers within the Scotland Yard. The eyes and ears of Pierre Ofevre.

2) The arrests of four criminals (RUSSIAN TRAFFICKER, YARDY DRUG-DEALER, WHITE LAWYER, THAI PASSPORT DEALER). The final arrest is of Guy; happening in the car park at night.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

Of a whole little empire of crooks - any me and Pierre had the dirty on, from accountants to hit-men... They all fell. 42 of them.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. COURT-ROOM - DAY

We see CRAIG DAVIS (late 50s, Black), criminal mastermind maybe but he just looks like the ordinary Joe, only smartly dressed. He's tucked behind two despondent DEFENSE LAWYERS.

His face, roughened and dark, doesn't look away from the witness stand - where Christian stands, answering questions.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

Of Craig Davis, 58. A notorious trafficker, murderer, fraudster and drug dealer distributor. He trusted Pierre Ofevre with his life. A man who had accumulated solid evidence exposing Craig Davis' laundering of 400 million pounds through illegal ring-fencing on off-shore accounts.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

The prison doors shut on Craig Davis' glum face.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

The biggest scam of its kind in history. Davis, previously a highly acclaimed businessman, was served with a sentence for life on the 4th of August 2015. Fucked for life.

EXT. HARD SHOULDER - DAY

Malcolm arrests Pierre on the bonnet. Six policemen stand around, watching the arrest alongside Christian. They clap.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

Of Pierre Ofevre, 54. Wanted for the theft of eight million from the Regale Bank -- They say, I was the best Nark the MET ever had. I guess they have Pierre to thank for that.

A policemen proudly offers his hand to Christian. Christian stares at him angrily.

INT. PRISON- SHOWER ROOM - DAY

The Yardie drug dealer stabs Pierre in the stomach, three times. He walks away, leaving Pierre alone for his last moments. Water falls on his face, quickly turning red.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

My witness-protection scheme landed me in a charming, little southern village called Bursledon. Most believe, an unearned release. Some feel, a chance for redemption.

EXT. RIVER HAMBLE - DAY

Christian, Natalia, Anna (all 8 years older) and STEPHANIE (five) walk along the rocky path, besides the water.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

Me? I feel irredeemable, I'd label myself an irredeemable character, for what I've done. But, I'll try my best to prove the believers right... What my release is though, without doubt, is a second chance.

Stephanie runs to where a tiny, little pink Ferry is docked.

STEPHANIE

Pink Ferry! Anna- catch up!

Anna smiles wryly at Christian and Natalia, and runs after her little sister onto the little boat. Christian puts his arms around Natalia's shoulder. He smiles.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

A second chance I won't forget...

Christian and Natalia board the boat, Christian paying for the tickets. The TICKET MAN smiles at the four of them.

CHRISTIAN

How much?

TICKET MAN

2 pounds.

The boat sets off across the small lake. Stephanie, hyper, shouting out the names of all the boats name they pass.