

Black title:

JUDGE (V.O.)  
Will the defendant please rise.

The sound of chairs SCRAPING across the floor.

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT - DAY

The head and shoulders of JAMES DUNCAN (32): a handsome man with short unkempt black hair. His face shows immense pressure: stress lines, bloodshot eyes and dark stubble.

JUDGE (O.S.)  
It was no surprise to see you back before  
me so soon.

A series of scenes as the Judge continues to talk:

INT. BEDSIT HALLWAY - DAY

A squalid, dirty hallway. A bundle of letters pop through the front door. James appears and opens his post: all red overdue bills.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
To see that you have been arrested for the  
same crimes is also not out of the  
ordinary.

EXT. TOWN HIGH STREET - DAY

James walks out of a bookmakers, counting a small wedge of cash. A small butch man follows him out.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
These crimes seem to be part of your  
usual routine...

As he walks along, two large skinhead men coming the other way step in front of him. They steer him down a nearby small side street.

JUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...and I feel you may start to view  
yourself as something of an expert in  
your field.

EXT. SIDE STREET

The three men push James against a wall and grab the cash out of his hand. James does not resist; he is resigned to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE (V.O.)

But you are quickly becoming part of the furniture...

They search him, pulling out his wallet and checking it. It is empty, and they throw it on the floor.

JUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...of my court, which is worrying me to say the least.

One of the men gives James a playful slap on the face, and they walk off.

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE STREET- DAY

James walks down street with MARTIN (14): a tall, thin kid with long straggly black hair and dressed in black baggy clothing. James is distant; preoccupied.

Up the street, KAREN and PATRICK get out of their car. Karen (34): a short and overweight blonde, but with a pretty face. Patrick (37): a tall, well built man with cropped black hair. They spot James and Martin.

JUDGE (V.O.)

What does surprise and concern me is that you have started a predictable descent...

James suddenly hugs Martin, taking the boy by surprise. They carry on walking, saying their M.O.S good-byes as Martin turns to enter the house where Karen and Patrick stand.

JUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...into a career of crime, where prison is just seen as a necessary and calculated risk.

James walks past the couple with a smug smile on his face. Patrick starts to go towards him, but Karen pulls him back.

EXT. TOWN HIGH STREET - DAY

Three men, James, HARRY and ALEX, are in deep conversation whilst standing in a busy high street that has a bank across the road.

Harry (32): a stocky man, with closely shaved hair and many tatoos. Alex (27): skinny and scruffy with wild blond hair and always nervously rubbing his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE (V.O.)

I accept the prosecution's argument that you may well re-offend, and it is of primary concern...

James leads their M.O.S conversation, which involves pointing at traffic, and the bank. They stop talking to watch a Securicor van pull into a side road next to the bank.

JUDGE (V.O) (CONT'D)

...to this court that you are becoming increasingly violent during the commission of your crimes.

Then they cross the road to get into a battered white Ford Escort. Alex is the driver.

INT. FORD ESCORT

James, Harry and Alex in the parked car. M.O.S: James continues to speak and point at the men and the high street around him. James signals at Alex, who starts up the car.

JUDGE (V.O.)

I have no hesitation in considering that you have become a danger to the public.

EXT. TOWN HIGH STREET

The Ford Escort speeds off.

INT. JAMES'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

A small, grotty room; furniture consisting of stained mattress, dirty sink, and patio table. The floor is covered in rubbish and clothes.

JUDGE (V.O)

You clearly have no regard for your own safety...

James, Harry and Alex sit at the table. Harry puts a bundle of cloth on the table. Alex reaches for it, but James gets there first. James unwraps, and reveals a handgun. He holds it with absolute fascination.

JUDGE (V.O) (CONT'D)

...or for the safety of others. I find that to be a very serious flaw within your character.

In b.g: Martin sits on the mattress, eating a take away meal. Nobody pays notice to him.

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT - DAY

Back to James, staring ahead with seething anger.

JUDGE (O.S.)

With these factors in mind. I consider  
that you should be remanded in custody  
until trial. You may take him down.

O.S, Chairs SCRAPE across the floor again, but James does not  
move.

James's POV: the wooden panelled court, with the Judge and  
barristers in view. Everybody is standing as the Judge leaves.  
However, it is Alex who is in the dock; handcuffed and  
surrounded by two prison guards. Alex looks around the court.

Alex's POV: James, sitting in the public gallery.

Alex flashes him an apologetic look, but James gives no  
response. The guards lead Alex out of court.

Back to James's seething expression.

O.S. The sound of a car DRIVING ALONG.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - DAY

Alex's white Ford Escort comes around a corner. It takes the  
next left turn expertly, without really slowing down.

The car comes fast into a clearing, but then stalls.

INT. FORD ESCORT

James and Martin are in the car, but the boy Martin is driving.  
He looks at James, who is staring ahead.

JAMES

Damn it son, don't you listen?

Silence.

JAMES (CONT'D)

As your speed comes down, so should your  
gears. It's not rocket science.

Martin looks away, ready to cry. James goes to put a reassuring  
hand on Martin's knee, but then changes it to a playful punch on  
the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hey, don't well up on me. It's important that you concentrate if you want to learn this.

MARTIN

I don't want to learn this.

JAMES

You haven't got the choice, alright. This is the one thing I need from you, so pay bloody close attention.

MARTIN

Sorry dad. Let me try again.

JAMES

We will don't you worry. Look, I know this is strange, but it's important to me. I-

Harry KNOCKS on the car window. He shakes his head in disapproval, and half-turns to go as James winds down the window.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Wait.

HARRY

You desperate bastard. Have you lost it?

JAMES

You right I'm desperate. Get in the car.

HARRY

Using the kid is not an option. We wait for Alex.

JAMES

Get in the car.

HARRY

There's no reason.

JAMES

There is every reason. The boy is a born natural, he learns quick and he's my boy. If you need another, you think about the fact that when we pull this off, we only split the money between me and you. Now get in the bloody car.

Harry pauses, sighs, and gets in the back of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN

What money?

JAMES

Shut up and drive.

(to Harry)

The boy can drive Harry. Trust me when I say this could work.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

The Ford Escort races past some frightened cyclists, dodging them with ease. It takes a few tricky bends well, and manages to come to a perfect skidding stop in a lay by.

INT. FORD ESCORT

Martin is driving. James is in the front. Harry is in the back. They say nothing for a short while.

HARRY

How long have you been driving?

MARTIN

One week.

HARRY

Fuck me Martin, we should have come to you first!

JAMES

Less of the language Harry.

James and Harry both start to laugh.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Right son, you've earned yourself a burger.

INT. KAREN AND PATRICK'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Karen is watching TV in a living room adorned with tacky ornamentals and a black fake leather suite. O.S, the front door SHUTS as quietly as possible, making Karen immediately jump up.

Martin enters the lounge.

KAREN

Decided to make it back then?

MARTIN

I'm not late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

He knows you are to be back by eight.  
The bastard knows that too well.

Martin begins to potter around Karen, opening drawers in a wooden sideboard to grab Formula One magazines. Karen snatches them off him

MARTIN

Hey!

KAREN

Keep it down. If he catches you with his stuff-

MARTIN

But I-

KAREN

I said shut your mouth! You want it, get a job and buy it yourself.

Karen puts the magazines back as they were found.

KAREN (CONT'D)

So, what did he have to say for himself this time?

MARTIN

Ask him yourself.

Karen gives Martin a hard smack across the head.

KAREN

You are one more sly comment away from sleeping rough, you understand? You tell me everything I want to know.

Silence.

KAREN (CONT'D)

So you going to just give me silence then?

Silence. Martin just looks down at his feet.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You make me sick you ungrateful bastard. If you've got nothing to say, I don't want to see you again tonight.

Patrick enters the room. Karen immediately stiffens up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK

Nice time with the criminals was it?

MARTIN

No.

KAREN

He was just apologising for being late.

PATRICK

Let him speak for himself, love.

MARTIN

I'm not late. We went driving.

PATRICK

Driving, heh? To pick up his whores and drugs no doubt.

MARTIN

We were just driving, that's all.

PATRICK

Bollocks. He's never so much as looked twice at you, and suddenly you're thick as thieves? He's up to something.

MARTIN

Just leave him alone.

Martin goes to leave, but Patrick forcefully stops him.

PATRICK

I'll say what I want when I want because this is my house son, just you remember that. You tell your scum of a father that I'm looking forward to the next time he fucks up, OK?

Patrick lets him go, and Martin leaves. Patrick silently fumes.

KAREN

I know love. You shouldn't bother with him.

FADE TO:

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE STREET - DAY

The Ford Escort pulls up outside Martin's house.

INT. FORD ESCORT

James is driving, Martin in the front. There is silence after the engine stops. James awkwardly ruffles Martin's hair.

JAMES

You did well today you hippie!

MARTIN

Dad stop it!

JAMES

Alright, alright. You're a natural though son, always quick to learn.

James strokes Martin's hair in silence.

MARTIN

Dad, what are we doing tomorrow?

JAMES

I just need you to keep the engine running, and drive when I tell you to. You drive round for a bit, and then I'll take over.

More silence. James continues to stroke his hair.

MARTIN

Is this going to get you out of trouble?

JAMES

What do you mean?

MARTIN

Well, Mum always tells me that-

JAMES

Never listen to that bitch, OK? Whatever she says about me, it's the opposite of real, you understand?

Martin nods. More silence.

MARTIN

Dad, after tomorrow, can we still go driving, you know, around here?

JAMES

Sure son. I'll buy a car that's better than this shitheap. How's that?

MARTIN

Cool. We can then go driving some more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

Well, let's see, heh? I need some time  
to sort myself-

They are interrupted by a large BANG on the driver's door, as  
Patrick kicks it hard. Both him and Karen are standing outside.

PATRICK

You have taken the piss once too often  
you prick, get out here!

JAMES

What the hell is your problem, you got a  
screw loose of something?

Patrick kicks the car again.

MARTIN

Stop it!

PATRICK

Martin, you get out now!

(to James)

This is the last time you get to play  
happy families.

JAMES

Are you on drugs? You are you normally  
this psycho in front of my son?

Patrick opens the door and starts to drag James out of the car.  
They struggle as James tries to land punches on him.

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The two men scuffle; throwing punches and screaming. Karen is  
standing alongside.

KAREN

Kick the shit out of him Patrick!

PATRICK

You bastard!

Martin gets out of the car, and starts to punch and kick at  
Patrick in an attempt to get him off James. But Patrick punches  
him, making him fall. Karen grabs Martin, drags him onto his  
feet, and forcibly drags him into the house.

INT. HOUSE.

Karen slams the door shut. Before Martin can react, she slaps  
him hard, silencing him immediately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

You little runt! Where have you been?

MARTIN

With my dad!

KAREN

He's no father, he's a criminal!

MARTIN

Stop calling him that!

Karen grabs Martin's head and forces him to look around.

KAREN

You see this huh? This is what a real dad provides. A roof, four walls, food. Is that not enough for you?

Karen pushes him away.

MARTIN

(screaming)

I don't want any of this! He is not my dad, and you're just a bitch!

Karen goes to slap him again, but Martin grabs her hand in mid swing. Shocked, she tries to pull away, but Martin holds on for a short while, until he decides to release her.

KAREN

(pointing to the stairs)

Get up there. I swear if I so much as hear you breathe for the rest of the day I'll break your neck.

Martin runs up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE - MARTIN'S BEDROOM

Martin, sobbing, turns on his TV and Playstation. He starts to play a driving game by using a toy steering wheel on his desk.

FADE TO:

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE STREET - EARLY MORNING

Martin quietly shuts his front door. He runs down the path, onto the street, and round the corner. The white Ford Escort is waiting for him. He gets in and they drive off.

EXT. TOWN HIGH STREET

The Ford Escort pulls up just before the side road next to the bank. The street is almost empty.

INT. FORD ESCORT

James is driving: cuts and bruises on his face. Harry is in the passenger seat. Martin sits in the back. James leaves the car running.

Nothing is said...

A security van pulls into the side street. Harry and James put on balaclavas.

JAMES

(to Martin)

As soon as we leave, jump into my spot.  
When we come back, drive away carefully  
yes?

Martin nods nervously. The two men get out of the car. Martin immediately jumps into the drivers seat and puts his seat-belt on.

He starts to rev the car a little...

...and fiddles with the heating...

...he turns on the stereo, quickly flicks through some stations, and then turns it off...

...he examines the pedals; a small coin lies on the floor. He tries to bend down to get it, but his face squashes against the centre of the steering wheel, setting off a quick blast of the HORN.

Martin startles himself, and looks around.

A traffic warden appears in view on the other side of road, eyeing up the car.

The warden stops. Martin smiles at him. The warden smiles back, and starts to walk away, but stops, and starts to head towards the car.

Suddenly, the warden is distracted by something O.S, and is then shot in the stomach. He falls to the ground, clutching his midriff.

Martin looks round. James is holding the gun, frozen. Harry runs past, shouting at him to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They enter the car: James in the passenger seat, Harry in the back. They have no money on them.

MARTIN

Dad!

HARRY

(to James)

What were you thinking you arsehole!

JAMES

Drive away now!

EXT. EAST HAM HIGH STREET

The Ford Escort screeches off, just missing the stricken warden. Two cars come into their way, but the Ford Escort expertly avoids them at speed.

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

The Ford Escort is at high speed, expertly dodging through sparse traffic whilst being chased by three police cars.

The Ford Escort approaches a junction.

INT. FORD ESCORT

James and Harry have taken off their balaclavas.

JAMES

Get off here!

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY

The Ford Escort veers off towards the junction: a slightly downhill road, leading to a roundabout. There are two lanes of cars queuing to get on. The Ford Escort veers onto the hard shoulder.

INT. FORD ESCORT

HARRY

Jesus!

James puts a reassuring hand on Martin's shoulder.

JAMES

I know a way out of this.

EXT. CARRIAGEWAY JUNCTION

A motorcyclist pulls out in front of the car.

INT. FORD ESCORT

HARRY

Look out!

Martin pulls sharp on the steering wheel.

EXT. ROUNDABOUT

The Ford Escort is able to swerve past the motorcyclist, but scrapes the steel barrier on the left side of the road.

INT. FORD ESCORT

The steel barrier throws Martin out of control of the car.

MARTIN

Dad!

James does not respond; him and Harry are transfixed on what lies ahead. Martin tries to steer.

EXT. ROUNDABOUT

The Ford Escort veers right, scraping another car. It comes into the path of traffic on the roundabout, but the cars either swerve or brake themselves out of danger. The car does not lose speed. It goes straight into the central island, and hits a group of trees, stopping instantly.

The car's front end is crumpled. The sound of a CONTINUOUS HORN comes from inside.

INT. FORD ESCORT

Martin is slumped on the steering wheel. James is slumped in his seat, blood streaming from his head. His side of the windscreen is cracked and blood smeared.

Harry is lying on the back seat, bleeding from the head, GROANING loudly.

O.S, the increasing volume of POLICE SIRENS and cars SCREECHING TO A HALT.

Martin slowly raises his head groggily, to reveal that he is bleeding from the nose; the seat-belt saved him. He reaches out to James, but there is no response. Martin begins to shake James. Still no response; his father's eyes are wide open.

Martin screams, shaking James frantically. Policemen now surround the doors of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James, now crying, gradually stops shaking his father. He softly calls to his dad; each call becomes subsumed with tears.

Slow motion: the sound of Martin's CRYING, and the police SIRENS, begin to fade. A policeman opens Martin's door to get him out.

MAN#1 (V.O.)

If anything, I'll say one thing. I was not expecting that today.

MAN#2 (V.O.)

Well, it should look good in print.

INT. LUXURY MOBILE TRAILER HOME - DAY

A smartly designed kitchen and lounge area. NICK (25): slim with black hair and handsome features, wearing a khaki shirt and linen trousers, sits on a leather sofa. A Dictaphone sits on his lap whilst he also scribbles notes onto a small pad. He is speaking to someone O.S., who sits in front of him.

NICK

Well, when you ask, you shall receive, heh? It's some story.

MAN (O.S.)

I guess I should say I lied about the car though.

NICK

What do you mean?

MAN (O.S.)

It was a really an 1984 Ford Escort. I changed it when using the story on women.

The men laugh. Nick gathers his things, and stands up.

NICK

Well I won't keep you. It's been a real pleasure. I'll let you have an advance copy next week.

He opens the trailer's door, which lets in the buzz of a nearby CROWD, and the far off sound of man talking on a PA SYSTEM. Those sounds compete with the noise of cars REVVING and SCREECHING. Nick pauses at the door.

NICK (CONT'D)

Tell me. If you get the title today. Will you dedicate it to your father?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence.

MAN (O.S.)

No. But you might hear me thank persons  
unknown for giving me direction.

NICK

(smiles to Man)

Thanks for letting me in.

Nick exits the trailer. The man comes into view by walking to the door. From the back, he is dressed in a red jumpsuit with dozens of corporation logos on it. He is wearing a baseball cap and thick driving gloves and holding a red motor racing helmet.

He stops purposefully at the door for a long moment. He whips off his cap, and ruffles his hair. He puts on his helmet, and walks down the steps. The crowd ROAR.

FADE OUT.

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