

SCRIPT TITLE

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EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

A small fishing boat is out at sea, red buoys bob up and down in the water. Fizz, (fifties, bald, a bit ruff looking) baits his last lobster pot, throws in the water and heads for home.

On the way back he spots a blue buoy in the water.

Looking angry he pulls along side the buoy. He grabs a pole, hooks it and pulls it up. As it breaks the surface of the water there's a plastic covered package tied to the rope.

He pulls it out of the water, lays it on a bench, picks up a fillet knife and slits open the plastic. Inside is four plastic covered bricks. He stabs into one to reveal brown powder. He takes the packages to the cabin, sits down, takes out his phone and dials.

EXT. COMING INTO PORT- MINUTES LATER

Fishing boat chugs along into the port where Fizz ties it to the side of the harbour wall.

He sits down and looks at his watch, takes out his phone and dials.

Tony (late forties), big and bald 'wearing fishing gear walks along the port. He answers his phone.

TONY

I can see you.

Fizz turns round to see Tony walking towards him. He climbs off the boat and walks towards him.

FIZZ

Where the fuck were you this morning?

TONY

Sorry man, I slept in.

Fizz sneers at Tony.

FIZZ

Take a walk with me, I've got something to show you.

TONY
I bet you do, I've told you before,
I'm not like that.

They both laugh and walk away.

EXT. THE ROCKS- MINUTES LATER.

Tony and Fizz sit on a rock overlooking the sea. Tony's eyes are lit up, he has the package in his hand.

TONY
How did it get there?

FIZZ
Donno but it's our ticket out of
here.

TONY
You've got the wrong Tony, You're
looking for Mr. Montana.

Fizz pretends to pull his dick out.

FIZZ
Say hello to my little friend.

They both laugh.

FIZZ
Where's your balls man?

TONY
Usually on your wife's chin.

FIZZ
My ex wife, get it right.

Tony bursts out laughing.

FIZZ (CONT'D)
Seriously man, I need to get away
from the stink of fish, I'm
starting to smell like you.

Tony jokingly slaps Fizz on the side of the head.

FIZZ (CONT'D)
Come on man.

TONY
Great idea, have you got Pablo
Escobars phone number?

FIZZ
Think about it, classic car,
driving along, surf boards on the
roof.

(CUT TO: Tony going into a
dream state.

FIZZ (CONT'D)
Tony.
(Tony snaps out of dream)

FIZZ (CONT'D)
Well?

TONY
Honestly Fizz, it's not for me, I'm
happy with what I've got.

FIZZ
Let's go for a pint, my round.

TONY
For fuck sake, you must be serious.

Fizz laughs, they start walking to the pub.

EXT. HARBOUR- NEXT MORNING.

Gangster 1 (big, nasty looking) snoops around Fizz's boat, he spots a blue bhoy lying on the deck. Tony stands just along from the boat smoking a fag waiting on Fizz. He looks at Gangster 1 wondering what he's doing. Gangster 1 turns round and looks at Tony.

GANGSTER 1
Do you know who's boat this is?

TONY
No.

Gangster 1 suspiciously looks at Tony then turns round to see who else he can ask.

Tony walks away, he turns a corner and walks up some stairs. From the top of the stairs he watches Gangster 1 as he talks to Jim, (middle aged fisherman)

JIM

Yeah, you cant miss him, bald head,
yellow oil skins.

Gangster 1, expressionless, turns his head to look for Gangster 2. He spots him and shouts him over.

GANGSTER 1

I know whose boat it is, let's reel
the fucker in.

Fizz walks along the road, around the corner from where Gangster 1 and 2 walk towards. Tony, still up the stairs can see that Fizz and the gangsters are going to cross paths. He runs down the stairs just as Fizz is about to walk round the corner.

Fizz sees him. Tony puts his index finger up to his mouth.

TONY

Shhhhh.

Tony pulls Fizz up the stairs as the gangsters walk straight past them. As they're passing, Fizz and Tony can hear them talking.

GANGSTER 1

We'll torch him and his fucking
boat, last bit of fishing he'll be
doing.

Fizz looks at Tony.

FIZZ

We need to get the fuck out of
here.

TONY

What do you mean we?

FIZZ

They'll find out you work with me,
you're in baw deep.

INT. IN A CAR- MINUTES LATER

Fizz and Tony drive away from harbour. Tony growls at Fizz.

TONY
I canny believe you dragged me into
this.

They drive into the distance.

EXT. THE BEACH- ONE YEAR LATER

An old classic car drives towards the beach with surfboards on the roof. There's two people in the car. It's not visible who they are.

The car doors open. All we can see is the bottom of two guys legs. As the camera pans up we see that it's not Fizz and Tony, it's two surfers. The surfers take their surfboards off the roof and walk towards the sea.

The camera pans round to reveal Fizz and Tony sitting on the beach, out of their heads, in rags, dirty and unshaven.

Fizz puts a hypodermic syringe in the top pocket of his jacket. Tony turns round and spots the surfers and points them out to Fizz.

FIZZ
That could have been us.

Fizz pulls himself up to his feet. He has shit on his trousers. Tony tries to stand up but falls down.

Fizz holds out his hand, Tony takes his hand, Fizz tries to pull him up but they both fall to the ground.

THE END.

