

"Birth of a Psycho"

Screenplay by  
Dustin Bowcott

Birth of a Psycho  
© 2013 Dustin Bowcott

dustin7375@gmail.com

## "Birth of a Psycho"

FFADE IN:

EXT. HARLEQUIN COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY

The sun hides permanently behind a dark cloud that lightly spits rain over the sombre, rat-infested streets that help make up the Harlequin.

Tower blocks reign supreme over just a few houses in an area that holds all the usual trappings of the deprived.

JOHN Crowley (53), greying and slimly built despite a small pot belly, is dressed in his well-worn, oily overalls as he makes his way briskly through the estate. He passes a row of

SHOPS

A group of yobs are hanging around outside, looking for trouble. A couple of the shops are burned out, a long time since last occupation.

One of the yobs spits on the ground, acting tough, following John with his eyes as he passes.

John walks on, not meeting their stares and eventually comes upon a

CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

He cuts across a short grass verge and continues through the playground containing two abused swings and a rickety slide. No children play in the park anymore, now it is occupied by miniature adults that sit around smoking weed and sniffing solvents.

More yobs circle, like vultures on bikes. One YOB, aged around twelve, rides over to John.

YOB

You after anything, fam? Got whites and bees.

JOHN

No, no thank you.

John walks out of the playground and out onto the

## STREET WHERE HE LIVES

He passes a quarrelling couple trading punches. A heroin ADDICT sits on the floor in the middle of the road, with no shoes on and banging a tin can to an indecipherable melody. An old needle sits, discarded, on the ground next to him.

ADDICT

Got any spare change?

JOHN

No I haven't, sorry.

John continues along the street, finally turning up his short drive and inserting the key into the front door of his house. John takes a final look at the estate before stepping inside.

## INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John breathes a sigh of relief as the safety of his home folds in on him. Soothing music plays from the kitchen as CYNTHIA CROWLEY (46), dowdy but could be attractive with more effort, cooks dinner. John stands in the hallway removing his work things.

CYNTHIA (OS)

That you love?

Cynthia pokes her head out of the kitchen, briefly to smile and attempt, without success, to blow a stray hair away from her mouth.

JOHN

I tell you what Cynth', this estate is getting worse.

John sinks his bare feet into the shag pile carpet as he makes his way through into the

## LIVING ROOM

John sits down on the settee, places his feet on the coffee table and switches on the TV with the remote.

JOHN

Twelve year old kid offering me crack and heroin.

John rolls a joint.

JOHN

Where the hell would a twelve year old kid know where to get that from?

KITCHEN

Cynthia, working up a sweat, adds potatoes to the plates, vegetables from the steamer. Gravy.

CYNTHIA

How was work?

LIVING ROOM

John takes a draw from the joint, relaxes in his seat, exhaling slowly.

JOHN

Same as. Just the same boring old shit. You know how it is.

Cynthia walks into the living room with the two plates and waits while John puts out his joint in an ashtray before handing him a plate. She sits down in the armchair next to him.

CYNTHIA

Do you have to smoke that before dinner?

JOHN

It chills me out.

John turns up the TV for the news and they both tuck into their meals as they watch the.

TV

REPORTER

Series of home invasions on estates all over the UK have sparked fears that a new US police style will need to be enforced to help combat it.

## LIVING ROOM

JOHN

See. It's happening everywhere.

CYNTHIA

It's not as bad as that. They always over dramatise things on the TV.

JOHN

This is the news. Real life.

CYNTHIA

Sensationalism.

JOHN

What?

CYNTHIA

Just eat your dinner.

JOHN

Fine, I can see you're not interested.

John turns the TV down and they eat in silence for a while.

JOHN

Anything good on telly tonight?

CYNTHIA

Dunno. I'm not a TV mag.

John sighs but doesn't rise to it.

JOHN

What about that drama?

Cynthia looks at him questioningly.

JOHN

That one where the guy goes crazy and starts killing criminals while dressed as Batman.

CYNTHIA

That's tomorrow night.

They finish their meals and Cynthia takes the plates through into the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

John's ashtray is now fairly full of joints. A documentary is just finishing on TV. Cynthia stands up yawning.

JOHN

You off?

CYNTHIA

Yeah.

JOHN

Early night, eh?

CYNTHIA

Not tonight John.

John tries to hide his disappointment.

JOHN

I'll see you tomorrow after work,  
then.

CYNTHIA

Night, night love.

Cynthia bends down and gives John a peck on his head before leaving the room.

JOHN

Good night.

John switches on the Xbox and begins playing a video game. The time on the clock in the living room reads ten thirty.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia gets into her nightwear and climbs into bed with a book.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John sits playing the Xbox and smoking weed until midnight when he switches everything off. He stretches and yawns before checking all the windows are closed and heading into the

## KITCHEN

where he checks the back door is locked and the bolts pulled over. He then checks all of the windows before heading off up the stairs and into the

## BATHROOM

John urinates then washes his hands and face. He dries himself and walks into the

## BEDROOM

He creeps into bed in darkness and snuggles up to Cynthia but she moves agitatedly away.

CYNTHIA

Not tonight. You haven't even had a bath.

JOHN

I'll have one tomorrow.

CYNTHIA

It's that stuff you smoke, makes you lazy.

John turns to face the other way. Closes his eyes.

## INT. JOHN'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia shakes John awake.

CYNTHIA

John. John, wake up.

JOHN

What is it?

CYNTHIA

Somebody is trying to get in.

John sits up, suddenly alert.

JOHN

What do you mean?

CYNTHIA

The front door is banging. Somebody is trying to get in.

JOHN

Shush.

John strains his ears and he suddenly hears a loud bang. He hurries naked out of bed and heads downstairs to the

FRONT DOOR

As he gets there it BURSTS OPEN, hitting him in the face. He swoons, seeing stars. THREE YOUTHS wearing various masks force their way past him into the house.

The lead youth is JASON PHILLIPS, twenty-four, wearing a stocking over his head. The second youth is DAVID VERBOTEN, twenty, wearing a clown mask. The third youth is KYLE FLOCKTON, fifteen, wearing a gorilla mask and armed with a baseball bat.

JASON

Get him in there! Get him in there!

Jason and David grab John, dragging him into the

LIVING ROOM

Kyle follows behind, closing the front door behind him.

JASON

Sit down there.

Jason points at the settee and slaps John across the head with his open hand. David helps John onto the settee then leaves the room to search the rest of the house.

JASON

Don't you fucking move, dickhead.

John sits staring at them, his one leg shaking in fear. Unable to speak.

David drags Cynthia, in her nightie, into the living room, pushing her onto the floor in front of John. John flinches but is too afraid to move. Cynthia gets up and sits next to him.

JASON

Did I say you could move?

Cynthia looks at him worriedly.

JASON

Get back on the fucking floor.

Cynthia gets back onto the floor. Jason guards them while David and Kyle ransack the rest of the house. They report back not long after.

DAVID

Fuck all here. Just sixty quid and that.

David points at the Xbox.

JASON

Sixty quid and an Xbox.

(to John)

Is that all you got little man?  
Sixty quid and an Xbox?

JOHN

That's it... there's nothing else here. Please, don't hurt us.

David ogles Cynthia; she straightens her nightclothes.

JASON

Nothing else, here.

CYNTHIA

You've got everything now just leave us alone. We don't make much money.

JASON

What about the bank?

Cynthia and John exchange a nervous glance.

CYNTHIA

We don't have any savings.

JASON

Is that right, mate?

John nods his head nervously.

JASON

Are you sure?

JOHN

We don't have anything. Please, just take what you want and go.

David and Kyle search the drawers in the living room. David finds some bank statements and hands them to Jason. Jason scans through them and then shows the letters to John.

JASON

What's this?

John looks at him blankly.

JASON

Says here that you have two thousand, three hundred and fifty-six pounds, twenty-eight pence in your account, Mr John Crowley.

Jason throws the letter towards him but it is too light to get very far, it falls to the floor. John looks away, unable to meet Jason's eye. Cynthia looks on, mouth open in shock.

Jason punches John in the head. John cowers back on the settee, crying out in pain.

JASON

You know why I did that?

John ignores him, hands covering his head, cowering.

JASON

I asked you a fucking question!

JOHN

Yes, yes I know why you did it.

JASON

Why? Why did I do it, you piece of shit? You dirty, scrawny, little fucking maggot.

JOHN

Because I lied... to... you.

JASON

What?

JOHN

Because I lied to you.

JASON

You lied to me, and?

John looks at Jason, trying to figure out what he wants him to say. Mouth opening and closing like a goldfish. Jason lashes out, slapping him, John covers up.

JASON

You're fucking sorry!

CYNTHIA

Leave him alone!

JOHN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Jason sits down in the armchair Cynthia ate her dinner in earlier.

JASON

We've got a long night ahead of us, Johnny boy. A long fucking night.

(to David and Kyle)

Find all the phones in the house.

David and Kyle slice open the house phone wire. They search Cynthia's handbag and John's jacket, recovering a mobile phone from each, placing them on the coffee table.

JASON

Is that all of them?

CYNTHIA

You can't stay here all night.

JASON

If you want to keep opening your mouth I have something here to stick in it. You'll need to open nice and wide.

Jason grabs his crotch, then sits down on the floor with his arm around Cynthia.

JASON

Is that all the phones you have, John?

JOHN

That's it.

JASON

You wouldn't lie to me?

JOHN

Search the house, that is all the phones we have.

CYNTHIA

Our old ones go to charity.

JASON

Tell her to make us all a cup of tea, John me-old-mucka.

Cynthia sits obstinately on the floor, John looks at her imploringly.

JASON

Fucking tell her!

JOHN

Make us a cup of tea.

JASON

Louder!

JOHN

Tea, please. Cynthia.

Jason grins and stands, helping Cynthia to her feet.

JASON

There's a good girl, off you fucking go.

Jason kicks Cynthia in her rear, causing her to cry out as she walks into the kitchen. John flinches as though to defend her but then thinks better of it.

JASON

That's it John, sit tight mate.

(to David and Kyle)

Got to watch this John fella lads, looks like he has some fire in there... somewhere.

Jason leans his face close to John's. John backs his head further into the settee, terrified.

JASON

Yeah, there's a real man in there somewhere. I can see him. I'm going to show you just how far he's buried tonight, John. Would you like that?

Cynthia walks into the kitchen. Sounds of her filling the kettle and switching it on. Cups clanging. John swallows hard and Jason moves away from him, sits down in the armchair.

JASON

Switch on the Xbox for me, John.

John hesitates, but not for too long. He gets up, switching on the Xbox and TV.

Jason takes a pipe out of his pocket and loads a small piece of crack into it. Lights it and draws on it deeply, holding his breath before finally releasing, his face ecstatic. Jason passes the pipe to David.

JASON

You know what John. You're all right you are. Your missus is a bit of a bitch, but you, you're a decent bloke.

Jason, David and Kyle laugh. Kyle starts looking through the games.

KYLE

Shit games you've got here, fam.

John suddenly takes offence, finds some bravado.

JOHN

She's not a bitch.

JASON

Nah, John. I aint having it mate. The real man's too far buried for that, we've already discussed this.

(to Kyle)

Teach the cunt a lesson, kid.

Kyle looks nervous, eyes wide through the mask.

DAVID

E-yah kid. Toot on some of that shit.

David offers Kyle the crack pipe, Kyle looks nervously from it to Jason.

JASON

You want to roll with the big boys then you have to roll like the big boys roll.

Kyle takes the pipe and lights it. Inhales.

JASON

That's it kid. Hold the smoke in.  
Don't waste it.

Kyle hands the pipe to David, but Jason takes it instead.

JASON

Now give the cunt a slap.

JOHN

No please. There's no need. I  
won't say anything again.

Kyle gets control of himself and walks slowly over to John. John looks him in the eye. Kyle is unsure of himself.

JASON

Go on. He can't hurt you. He won't  
even try to stop it. Will you John.

Kyle slaps out at John's head, and laughs, euphoric at the feeling of power. Jason laughs and takes another pull from the pipe. John cowers on the settee as Kyle raises his hand to hit him again.

JASON

That's it. Go on. Teach the cunt  
never to fuck with you.

Kyle hits him again. Then kneels on the sofa next to him and starts punching him over and over again with both hands.

JASON

Tell him Kyle. Tell him he's a  
prick.

KYLE

Fucking prick.

Kyle pushes his head into John's head.

KYLE

Fucking prick!

JASON

That's it kid. Teach the cunt.  
Teach the cunt a lesson!

Cynthia enters the room with three cups of tea and places them down on the table. Kyle stops beating John and sits down like a child caught doing something naughty. Cynthia pretends not to have seen anything.

CYNTHIA

Milk and sugar?

JASON

Of course.

Cynthia walks into the kitchen and comes back with the milk and sugar, placing them down on the table. Kyle takes a seat next to John on the settee, obviously very high from the crack.

KYLE

(to John)

You're a fucking pussy, fam.

Kyle picks up the Xbox controller and begins playing a video game.

JASON

Now come and sit down here on my lap. Keep me company for a while.

Jason pats his knee. Cynthia looks nervously at John.

JASON

No good looking at him. He's not saying shit.

JOHN

Please. I'll take you to the bank in the morning. Just don't hurt us any more.

JASON

Nobody will get hurt so long as you do what I tell you to.

(to Cynthia)

Come on love, come and park yourself here.

(to John)

Tell her to come and have a seat.

Cynthia scowls at John as though angry he isn't doing more to stop this then gets up and seats herself down on Jason's lap. Jason laughs loudly. David picks up the crack pipe and takes a hit.

JASON

Pass me the tea, love.

Cynthia reaches over and passes Jason the cup of tea.

JASON

Now, no peeking anybody. Look  
away, look a-fucking-way!

Jason waits for John and Cynthia to look away before lifting up the stocking covering his face far enough to drink some of the tea. He takes a few sips and pulls the stocking back down.

JASON

I tell you what. That's a fucking  
cracking cup of tea. You've got  
her well trained, John.

(to Cynthia)

Put that back for me.

Cynthia places Jason's cup back onto the table. John watches as Jason begins moving his hand further and further up Cynthia's leg. Jason grins through the stocking.

JASON

Long night ahead of us, John. What  
we going to do with all the time?

John watches as Jason's hand travels all the way to Cynthia's crotch.

JASON

Shame for us not to see her at her  
best, eh John?

Cynthia tries to get up but Jason drags her back down onto his lap. Cynthia struggles with him for a few moments but he is too strong for her.

JASON

(to John)

I bet she's got something sexy  
upstairs to put on.

John looks away from him. Jason grins through the stocking.

JASON

Tell her to go and put on  
something sexy.

John starts hyperventilating.

JASON

(to David and Kyle)

Look at the prick. Look at the  
fucking muppet. Give him a slap,  
kid.

Kyle hits John in the head with the game controller,  
laughs with exhilaration and begins hitting him over  
and over again until the controller falls to pieces.

CYNTHIA

OK. Just stop.

Cynthia stands up. Jason lets her go, grinning.

CYNTHIA

I'll do it. Just please stop.

JASON

What are you waiting for?

JOHN

No, Cynthia...

John is suddenly cut off as Kyle punches him, catching  
him full in the mouth, breaking a tooth, drawing blood.

CYNTHIA

Just stop! I'll do it. Give me  
five minutes.

JASON

You've got three.

Cynthia exits the room. Jason loads up the pipe and  
takes another hit, passing it on to Kyle.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia sits down on the bed for a second, then gets  
up to look out of the window. The street outside is  
empty of passersby.

Cynthia takes a few deep breaths then heads over to  
her underwear drawer, opening it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David takes the crack pipe from Kyle and lights it as Cynthia walks in. She's wearing a tight dress and make-up. Everybody, even John, appreciates her beauty for a second. David, chokes as he splutters out the crack smoke.

JASON

Told ya she'd scrub up well,  
didn't I.

Jason walks over to her, looking at her appreciatively from every angle. He leans in to whisper in her ear.

JASON

You look beautiful.

Jason then walks over to John and leans in, whispering in his ear.

JASON

Tell me I can fuck your wife.

John cowers away from him. Jason suddenly explodes, grabbing John and throwing him from the settee. John hits the coffee table, rolling onto the floor, crying out in fear.

CYNTHIA

No! Please!

Cynthia attempts to pull Jason back but he slaps her with the back of his hand, causing her to fall back against the wall.

JASON

Hold her!

David and Kyle grab a hold of Cynthia.

JASON

(to John)

I've had enough of your shit. I'm  
in fucking charge around here.  
Sick of all this cowering, coward  
bullshit. I don't feel sorry for  
you, I can't stand you. You're  
fucking pathetic.

Jason kicks John hard in the head, then lands on top of him, straddling his chest. Jason punches John twice in the head, then leans in close to speak to him.

JASON

Now before I kill you, tell me I  
can fuck your wife.

John's mouth open and closes with no words coming out.  
Jason headbutts him, breaking his nose.

JASON

Say it!

John speaks in between wracking sobs.

JOHN

You... can... fuck... my wife.

JASON

Why thank you, John. I believe I  
will take you up on that offer.

Jason gets up and drags Cynthia out of the room, she  
barely struggles. John rests on an elbow watching, too  
afraid to move.

JASON

(to David)

Give me a hand to get her up  
stairs.

The clock in the living room reads three in the  
morning. John is left sobbing on the sofa while Kyle  
plays the Xbox with a spare controller.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Noises can be heard from upstairs. Cynthia cries out  
loudly, male voice swearing, slapping sound, Cynthia  
crying out again.

Kyle throws the Xbox controller onto the floor in a  
temper after losing the game.

KYLE

Fuck sake, fam. Fucking game is  
shit.

Kyle stands and paces agitatedly up and down the room  
for a while.

KYLE

How long they going to be? I want  
my turn.

Kyle looks at John, who looks away. Kyle picks up his baseball bat and prods John in the side with it.

KYLE

Look at me. Look at me you fucking  
botty man.

John meets Kyle's eyes. Kyle takes a step back, then regains control.

KYLE

How can you do that, fam? How can  
you sit there while your wife is  
getting fucked up stairs?

John looks away again.

KYLE

If that was my wife, I'd rather be  
dead, fam. Telling you.

Jason and David walk back into the room.

JASON

You're up kid.

Kyle grins broadly.

KYLE

Yes!

Kyle heads out of the room. Jason turns to John.

JASON

Sorry about my little mate. He's  
still a virgin and I promised him  
some pussy tonight. Don't mind do  
ya John?

John looks away from him, Jason enjoys the reaction.

JASON

Don't be like that. You not my  
friend any more? Here you are.

John holds two fingers under John's nose.

JASON

You recognise that smell mate?

John moves his head away and Jason follows him with his fingers.

JASON

Have a good sniff. You remember that smell don't ya. Poor bitch hasn't had a good fuck in years.

JOHN

Just leave me alone.

JASON

Now, now John. I wouldn't have done it if you didn't give me permission. You trying to make out like I'm some sort of rapist?

Jason looks over at David, shaking his head incredulously. Jason sits down next to John and places a comforting arm around him.

JASON

Shall I tell you what I think?  
Look at me, John.

John hesitantly looks at Jason, barely able to hold his eye.

JASON

Good boy. You're learning. I think that your wife hasn't been giving you the old... you know.

Jason makes a sign with his hands signifying sex and laughs cruelly at John's obvious distaste. John looks away again.

JASON

No, John. Keep looking at me,  
until I tell you to stop.

John turns to look at him again, eyes wide with fear.

JASON

I want you to watch how a real man does it. Would you like to see that?

John whimpers and tries to hide his face.

JASON

(to David)  
Ahhh, look at him. He's going all shy.

(to John)  
Don't be shy John. Come on...

Jason stands up and takes John's hand, urging him to get up. John resists.

JASON (CONT.)

Come on mate, come and see how a real man works. She's loving it up there mate. Come and watch.

JOHN

No! No! No!

John stands up and shoves Jason away. Jason almost falls over the coffee table but manages to stay himself.

JASON

Is this it? Is this where you make your stand? Come on then. Come on then, cunt!

Jason puts his hands out to his side, urging John to make another move.

JASON

(to David)

Watch him, mate.

DAVID

I'm on him.

John hyperventilates for a few seconds and then calms down. Sits back down on the settee. Jason and David laugh.

JASON

Thought not, John. I thought not, mate.

Jason grabs John's arm and pulls him into a standing position, John does not resist.

JASON

Come on.

Jason leads John out of the room.

INT. BEDROOM

Kyle sits on the edge of the double bed. Cynthia is lying beneath the covers crying.

KYLE

If they ask, just say we did it.  
Not that I can't do it or  
anything. You're all right and  
everything, it's just that it  
doesn't feel right. Do you know  
what I mean?

The bedroom door opens. Jason, David and John walk in.

JASON

You finished Kyle?

Kyle looks at Cynthia but she still has her back to him.

KYLE

Yeah, we're finished.

JASON

How was it?

KYLE

Just like you said it would be.

JASON

Told ya, didn't I kid. You can  
tell me all about it later.

KYLE

Yeah you did, Jay... I mean, mate.

Jason eyes Kyle like he could kill him.

JASON

(to Kyle)

Get ready to film this, kid. We've  
already been accused of rape. So  
we need to show just how much she  
enjoys herself in case of further  
accusations.

KYLE

(nervously)

Yeah. OK. Of course.

John looks at Cynthia crying on the bed, their eyes meet. Tears begin to fall from John's eyes.

JASON

(to David)

Go on then mate. Get stuck in.  
Pull back the covers.

(to Kyle)

You filming this?

David reaches down and pulls back the bed covers. Cynthia is naked and she curls up in a ball in an attempt to cover herself.

JASON

Go on then mate.

Jason climbs onto the bed himself. Kyle swallows nervously as he starts to film. John is lying on the floor, cowering against the wall, crying.

JASON (OS)

You watching this John?

John whimpers and forces himself to look, quickly looking away again. The clock on the bedroom wall reads four thirty in the morning. John cries uncontrollably.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The clock on the bedroom wall reads nine o'clock in the morning. John is still lying on the floor and is slapped in the face by Jason.

JASON

About time you got up. You ready?

JOHN

Ready?

JASON

The bank. You ready for the bank?

JOHN

Cynthia?

JASON

Don't worry about her, she's  
asleep.

John stands up and looks over at the bed. Cynthia is lying perfectly still with the duvet pulled up to her forehead.

JOHN

Can I just ... ?

JASON

Now John, we've been through this.  
Are you calling me a liar?

JOHN

No, no. Of course not.

JASON

That's good, John. My friend is  
going with you to the bank in a  
few minutes.

JOHN

OK. Anything. I'll do whatever you  
want.

JASON

You try anything funny, try to get  
the attention of the police, or  
anything stupid like that. I will,  
personally, choke that bitch to  
death with my cock, do you  
understand me?

JOHN

I promise I'll do whatever you  
want. I just want this to be over.

John starts to break down again, tears stream down his  
face.

JASON

Now, now. You need to be strong.  
Pull yourself together.

John snuffles and struggles to pull himself together.

JASON

John. John. John!

Jason slaps John across the face and he instantly  
straightens himself out.

JASON

See what fear can do, John? Hold  
onto that. Keep your shit together  
in the bank. Cynthia's life  
depends on you keeping it  
together. You get that?

JOHN

I just want to make sure she's OK.

JASON

Don't you trust me?

JOHN

How can I trust you?

Jason slaps him across the face again.

JASON

Do you trust me?

John nods his head.

JASON

Good. Now go and have a wash,  
brush your teeth, have a shit.

INT. BATHROOM

John uses the toilet, washes his face, brushes his teeth. Takes several deep breaths while looking at himself in the mirror.

INT. LIVING ROOM

John walks into the living room with Jason. David and Kyle are already in there waiting for them. David has removed his mask and is now wearing a baseball cap pulled down low over his head, a scarf covering his lower face.

JASON

(to David)

You ready?

David nods.

JASON

(to John)

John?

John nods his head.

JASON

Don't forget, John.

Jason points upstairs. John acknowledges him with a nod and heads out of the house with David.

EXT. BANK - DAY

David waits on a corner of the bank, trying not to look suspicious.

John comes out of the bank holding a large envelope a short while later and meets up with David. David takes the envelope from him and they leave together.

INT. JOHN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kyle walks into the living room with John and David in tow. Jason is sitting on the settee next to Cynthia. She is staring straight ahead, showing no emotion.

JASON

I took the liberty of bringing her down for you, mate. I gave her a wash, and made her clean all that slutty make-up off. Women, eh?

(to David)

You got it?

DAVID

Yeah, we got it.

JASON

All of it?

DAVID

The lot.

Jason claps his hands together.

JASON

Job well done, I think. Sorry John, but I think you've run out of incentives to keep us around. It's been fun. Thanks for the hospitality.

Jason and his friends leave the house. John hurries over to Cynthia.

JOHN

Cynth'. Thank God, you're alive. I thought...

Cynthia gives him an icy stare before turning to look blankly into space again. John places a hand on her shoulder but she flinches away.

JOHN

Please forgive me.

John kneels on the floor and places his head into Cynthia's lap. She moves his head away forcefully and slaps him.

CYNTHIA

Don't ever fucking touch me!

John stands up, backs away from her.

JOHN

Cynthia.

Cynthia looks away from him, blank look returning to her face.

JOHN

I'm going to have to go out. Call the police. They took all the phones.

EXT. JOHN'S STREET - DAY

John knocks at a neighbour's door. He's obviously distressed as they let him into the house. the neighbour supporting him with concern.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cynthia is wheeled inside on a stretcher by two paramedics. John follows along, hurrying to keep pace with the stretcher.

JOHN

It's OK baby. It'll be alright.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

John is sitting at Cynthia's bedside when DI CHALMERS, late forties, dishevelled, walks in.

CHALMERS

DI Chalmers.

Chalmers sticks out his hand. John takes it automatically, reaching up without standing.

JOHN

Sorry. John. John Crowley.

CHALMERS

That's OK. No need to apologise. You and your wife have been through an extremely traumatic experience. We can leave the questions for another time if you like?

JOHN

I don't mind doing them now.

CHALMERS

I know we can come across as an insensitive bunch at times. However there are usually things you can tell us while they are still fresh in your mind.

John nods agreeably, holding himself together.

CHALMERS

Mind if I sit down, John? OK if I call you John?

JOHN

John's fine.

Chalmers nods and takes a seat, repositioning the plastic chair.

CHALMERS

We'll need to ask you a few more questions at a later date, take a proper statement. Right now, I just want to know if you remember anything specific. You say there were three of them?

JOHN

Yes, three. One of them is called Jason I think, or Jay.

Chalmers looks up from the notebook.

JOHN

One of the others said his name, seemed to be by accident rather than an attempt at disinformation.

Chalmers takes intermittent notes.

CHALMERS

You're probably right. These types of people are not usually very bright.

Chalmers smiles, John doesn't react.

JOHN

Jason or Jay was the leader and I think the oldest. One of them was really young, perhaps sixteen or so.

CHALMERS

He take his mask off?

JOHN

No. It was just the way he acted. The only one that took their mask off was the guy that came with me to the bank.

CHALMERS

Yes. I have a note of that here. We'll be checking CCTV along the route.

John pats at the bed, looks as if he is about to cry, and then pulls himself together again. Chalmers looks at him sympathetically.

CHALMERS

You'll need to have a forensic team go over your house.

John nods his head, not really paying attention.

CHALMERS

They will probably take some of your things for tests.

JOHN

Yes. OK.

CHALMERS

Is there anything else you can remember?

JOHN

No, not right now.

CHALMERS

I imagine you're going to stop here for the night?

JOHN

Yes.

CHALMERS

Do you drive? I can give you a lift home if you like?

JOHN

No, thank you.

Chalmers nods.

CHALMERS

I'd do the same, mate. I'd do the same.

Chalmers gets up and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Cynthia is lying in bed, some stitches in her face, bandages and bruising. John smiles at her as he enters the room, holding a plastic cup of coffee.

JOHN

Good morning.

Cynthia turns her head to look away from him. John approaches her slowly and reaches out a hand to touch her. She wails like a siren, getting louder and louder. John removes his hand.

JOHN

It's OK Cynth'. Look, I've moved my hand.

John takes a step backwards, but Cynthia continues wailing.

Two nurses rush over to the bed and give Cynthia a shot. Cynthia writhes for a few moments with the nurses holding her, and then goes still, begins snoring.

A DOCTOR, holding a clip board, appears next to John.

JOHN

What is going on? What's wrong  
with her?

DOCTOR

Hi. Mr Crowley?

With Cynthia fully calm the nurses leave the ward.

JOHN

Yes. John. John Crowley.

John reaches out his hand and the Doctor takes it.

DOCTOR

Hi, I'm Doctor Patel. Your wife...  
(looks at notes)  
Cynthia, is suffering from severe  
shock.

JOHN

What do you mean?

DOCTOR

Most of the time patients pull  
through just fine, but in some  
extreme cases the shock can last  
for much longer.

JOHN

Most of the time? Pull through?  
You mean this could get more  
serious?

DOCTOR

It's not unusual for people to  
have complete mental breakdowns  
after a traumatic event of this  
scale.

JOHN

She started screaming when I  
touched her.

DOCTOR

Yes, that is a symptom. She may  
also get suicidal which is why  
we're monitoring her.

Tears fall down John's cheeks and the Doctor comforts  
him awkwardly. After a while John separates and  
abruptly pulls himself together.

JOHN

Thank you Doctor. I'll try not to think the worst.

DOCTOR

With what we've given her, she probably won't wake up again for eight hours, or so. You should go home and sleep.

John thinks about it before nodding his head agreeably.

JOHN

OK. I'll come back later.

DOCTOR

You can visit any time.

John heads out of the hospital.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John lets himself in through the front door, removes his shoes in the hallway. He hovers there for a while, staring at nothing, before trudging into the

LIVING ROOM

He sits in his usual seat on the settee and turns on the TV using the remote control. Flicks through the channels. Nothing on, so he switches it off again.

Jason appears, sitting on the sofa with the games controller in his hands. John recoils in horror.

JOHN

What do you want?

JASON

Turn the Xbox on, John.

John scrambles off the sofa and runs out of the living room, slamming the door.

After a short time the living room door opens and John peers his head around. Jason has gone. John walks slowly into the room, looking around. The room is empty.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John awakes with a start. He is still dressed, lying on the settee. He stands up and switches off the TV. He hears a thud from the kitchen and panics.

JASON (OS)  
(whispering)  
I'm in the kitchen.

John sits down on the settee, gripped with fear.

JOHN  
Just go away.

Another thud from the kitchen causes John to whimper.

JOHN  
Please just leave me alone.

JASON  
(whispering)  
Once a coward always a coward, eh  
John.

Jason appears, laughing on the TV SCREEN, flickering in and out of picture. John grabs the ashtray and throws it at the TV. It hits, SMASHING THE SCREEN. John stares at it, panting. Another thud from the kitchen. Head turns sharply to the sound.

JOHN  
Leave me alone!

John strides into the

KITCHEN

and switches on the light. He glares around for a few seconds before switching off the light.

INT. BATHROOM

John uses the toilet, brushes his teeth and washes his face. Looks at himself in the mirror... needs a shave.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

John walks into

## CYNTHIA'S ROOM

She is awake staring blankly at the wall. John takes a seat on the visitors chair, obscuring her view. He smiles at her.

JOHN

Cynthia.

Cynthia turns away from him. John can't prevent tears from falling down his face.

JOHN

I'm so sorry I let you down. I was... scared.

John reaches out a hand and touches the back of her shoulder. Cynthia flinches away dramatically and begins to shake. John moves his hand away quickly.

JOHN

OK. OK Cynthia. I won't touch you again.

Cynthia starts to WAIL.

JOHN

Please Cynthia. I won't touch you again. Please, calm down.

The Doctor enters the room.

DOCTOR

Can I have a word with you... er, John?

John stands up, pulls himself together.

JOHN

Yes, of course.

They exit the room to stand in the

## CORRIDOR

JOHN

Not going down too well at the moment, am I.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry... we're going to have to move Cynthia to a psychiatric facility.

JOHN

What do you mean?

DOCTOR

She has showed signs that she may be suicidal.

JOHN

Showing signs? How do you show signs that you might be suicidal?

DOCTOR

It's just procedure. I'm sorry. She's being moved to the All Saints facility tonight.

JOHN

Oh my God.

DOCTOR

Please, Mr Crowley. Everything will be all right.

JOHN

You keep saying that. Everybody keeps saying that... but it isn't, is it.

John hurries back into

CYNTHIA'S ROOM

and shakes her by the shoulder.

JOHN

Snap out of it, Cynth'. They're taking you to the nut house!

Nurses try to drag John away as Cynthia begins wailing uncontrollably.

JOHN

Please, Cynthia... you have to wake up from this. Please!

John is dragged out of the room by the nurses.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

John wakes up. Clock on the wall says five thirty in the morning. He climbs out of bed and gets dressed into crumpled clothes before shuffling into the

BATHROOM

Where he brushes his teeth then washes his hands and face. He checks his face out in the mirror. Needs a long overdue shave. He makes his way downstairs and into the

KITCHEN

As John walks in we see that the window has been left open all night. John closes it. We then see that the bolts haven't been pulled across and nor was the back door locked. John does both of those things now.

EXT. HARLEQUIN ESTATE - EARLY MORNING

Not many people around as John walks through the estate. A postman, a paperboy, two people jogging and a man struggling to walk three dogs. John arrives at the

BUS STOP

A young lady stands waiting for her bus. John smiles at her as he passes, sits behind her in the stop. She looks nervous until she sees the bus coming. She puts out her hand, indicating for the bus to stop. John gets on behind her.

INT. FACTORY - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

John places his jacket into the locker, shuts it. Three of his colleagues are in there with him. BYRON, a large man, biker, tattoos, looks at John with concern.

BYRON

Sorry to hear about what happened  
John.

KEIRAN, young, ladies man, puts a friendly arm around John's shoulder.

KEIRAN

Yeah, if ever you need us John.

MICHAEL, early thirties, looks on, shaking his head in disgust.

MICHAEL

It's been all over the papers, mate. Everybody here is on your side. Fucking disgusting what happened.

BYRON

I'm here if you need somebody to talk to. We were burgled last year, and I know it's nothing compared to what you've been through, but...

John nods his head in thanks. Byron hands him an old phone.

BYRON

There you are mate.

JOHN

No, it's OK. I'll buy one next week.

BYRON

Take it, what's the matter with you? It's just a shit phone. Keep it until you buy one then. Don't mean shit to me, thing is just sitting in a drawer at home.

John takes it.

JOHN

OK, thanks.

BYRON

There's a mate of mine that trains up dogs.

John looks at him questioningly.

BYRON

Best burglar deterrent you can have. Forget your fancy alarms, you should invest in some real peace of mind.

JOHN

Cynthia would never go for it.

BYRON

She may just change her mind after this.

JOHN

What if they get in?

BYRON

Who?

JOHN

The robbers. What if they get in?

BYRON

My friends have dogs that can take down a man too.

Byron exits the locker room and John follows him out onto the

FACTORY FLOOR

John stands at his machine doing his mundane job. Clock on the wall reads eight in the morning.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

John clocks off. Clock reads five in the afternoon. He heads into the

LOCKER ROOM

and takes his jacket and phone out of his locker. Keiran, Byron and Michael arrive not long after as the room fills with people.

KEIRAN

Hey John, we're all going for a drink if you want to come along?

JOHN

No, it's all right. Not tonight.

BYRON

That offer still stands on the chat John.

John nods his thanks and heads out of the locker room.

EXT./INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John arrives to find DI Chalmers waiting for him. outside his house. Both men look dishevelled.

JOHN

Hello.

CHALMERS

Hello John, how you keeping?

John shrugs his shoulders, inserts the key and opens the front door.

CHALMERS

I'm the bearer of good news today.

Chalmers follows John into the

HALLWAY

and waits politely while John shuts the door.

JOHN

Please...

John indicates for Chalmers to go through into the

LIVING ROOM

John follows in behind.

JOHN

Please sit down, would you like a cup of tea, or?

CHALMERS

No thanks.

Chalmers takes a seat. John remains standing, twisting his hands. Chalmers glances over at the smashed TV screen, then ignores it, smiling up at John.

CHALMERS

We got the bastards.

John stares at him in shock, and suddenly has to take a seat himself.

JOHN

You got them... already?

CHALMERS

Yes. They're all denying it, of course. But we have evidence tying them in. We're pretty positive of a conviction.

JOHN

We?

CHALMERS

The CPS. Crown Prosecution Service.

John nods his head, pretending to understand.

JOHN

I need to make myself some tea. Sure you don't want a cup?

CHALMERS

No, I'm good thanks.

Chalmers follows John into the

KITCHEN

John fills the kettle, switches it on. Places a cup on the side, two sugars.

CHALMERS

If they continue denying it then you may have to give evidence, in court.

John pauses, tea bag poised over the cup. He drops it in.

JOHN

Give evidence? At court? I'm not sure about that.

CHALMERS

I can't guarantee that the evidence we have will be enough on its own John. If you want these bastards to pay properly then...

JOHN

I have to give evidence.

Kettle boils, John pours some hot water into his cup.  
Uses the spoon to bash the tea bag.

CHALMERS

I'll do everything in my power to  
make sure you don't have to. I  
can't guarantee it right now.

Takes the teabag out, throws it in the bin.

JOHN

You need them to confess?

CHALMERS

Yes. We have to go by the book,  
it's the best thing for you. The  
more we have the more likely we  
get a conviction.

John adds milk, stirs; then picks up the mug as though  
to take a sip but his hand begins shaking too much to  
hold the cup properly. Chalmers reaches in and takes  
the cup from him, placing it down on the work top.

JOHN

I want them... to... pay.

John starts crying.

CHALMERS

Come on, come and sit down in here.

Chalmers leads John into the

LIVING ROOM

and sits him down on the settee. John struggles to  
keep control, legs and arms shaking.

CHALMERS

All right. I know, I know.

Chalmers sits down next to John and puts his arm  
around him.

JOHN

Those bastards. Fucking bastards.

John pulls away, getting his head together, wiping the  
snot from his nose with his wrist.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

CHALMERS

You just let it out. Have you seen anyone about this?

JOHN

No. No, I'm fine.

CHALMERS

I'll text you some numbers through later. Victim support, they're all over the internet. Free support.

JOHN

I'm OK.

Chalmers nods.

CHALMERS

How's your wife?

JOHN

She's being booked into a nut house.

Chalmers looks away, not sure what to say.

JOHN

They say she's suicidal. A danger to herself.

Chalmers nods and waits for the silence to stretch a reasonable amount of time.

CHALMERS

There's a fair amount of evidence on these bastards John. I have to ask if you've ever heard the names...

Chalmers pulls out his notepad and begins reading the names from it.

CHALMERS

Jason Phillips, David Verboten, Kyle Flockton?

JOHN

No, never. So, it was Jason then.

CHALMERS

Yes, Jason is the oldest by far  
and definitely the ring leader.  
Kyle is the younger one.

Chalmers phone suddenly BEEPS. He checks it.

CHALMERS

Bloody hell. I'm going to have to  
fly off John. Sorry.

JOHN

OK well, thanks for the news. I'll  
see you out.

CHALMERS

Sorry about this.

JOHN

You have a job to do.

CHALMERS

You use some of those services.  
They're there to help you.

John nods his head.

JOHN

I'll take a look when I get some  
time.

CHALMERS

You should also be prepared for  
the press coverage on this.

John nods and sees Chalmers to the FRONT DOOR.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John lies on the sofa, reading a book. He hears a  
thud. He grabs a wooden baseball bat from next to the  
settee and hurries, ready for war, into the

KITCHEN

Switches on the light. Nobody there. He switches off  
the light and turns. Jason is standing in front of him  
wearing the stocking over his head. John swallows his  
fear and brushes past him, into the

## LIVING ROOM

JOHN

You're not real. I know you're not real.

JASON

Ask Cynthia how real I am.

JOHN

They're going to lock you up for what you did to us. What you did to Cynthia.

Jason laughs cruelly.

JASON

She loved it. Why do you think she won't let you touch her any more?

JOHN

Shut up! You're lying.

JASON

You know I'm not.

JOHN

Just get away from me. Leave me alone!

John swings the bat manically in front of him. Jason backs away into the darkness and disappears. John reaches for his mobile phone and dials a number.

JOHN

Hello? Is that DI Chalmers?

CHALMERS (OS)

Speaking.

JOHN

Jason Phillips. Is he in prison awaiting trial?

CHALMERS (OS)

He's out on bail. Why John, has he been bothering you?

JOHN

No. No, it's OK. I just wanted to make sure in case I bumped into him. Sorry to have bothered you.

CHALMERS (OS)

No bother, John. If he does come around, or you do see him, call the police right away.

JOHN

OK, I will. Thanks. Goodbye.

John hangs up the phone and looks around the empty room.

JOHN

That's it, you fucking coward. Hide. I'm not afraid of you anymore.

John sits down on the settee with the baseball bat across his lap.

INT. FACTORY - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

John hangs back behind a row of lockers as he hears Michael and Keiran speaking about him.

Michael and Keiran are standing looking over a newspaper article that has a picture of John next to it.

MICHAEL

No bullshit mate. So he's sitting there while his wife is getting raped by two blokes upstairs. He's being guarded by a fucking fifteen year old kid mate. And the kid was playing the X-box. John could have done something, I don't care. Leaving her like that is disgusting.

KEIRAN

What was he thinking?

MICHAEL

No fucking balls mate. If that were me, I'd...

John turns the corner and they silence instantly. John opens his locker and pushes in his jacket and mobile phone.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John opens the window in the kitchen, unlocks the back door and goes up to the

BEDROOM

John lies awake in bed. The clock on the wall reads eleven, another minute ticks by.

JOHN

Come on. Where are you?

INT. FACTORY - DAY

John stands at his machine, staring blankly ahead as he works. Colleagues whisper and point. John can just make out some of the whispers from all the chatter and noise.

WHISPERS

Not a real man... wife raped... he was watching. Watching his wife get hurt. Coward... wanker... scum!

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Byron is already there as John walks in. John puts his head down.

BYRON

Hey mate, you feeling OK?

John ignores him, opening the locker and removing his jacket.

BYRON

Don't worry about the wankers in here mate.

At that moment Keiran and Michael walk in and go to their respective lockers. Michael looks at Byron and grins. John exits without another word. Byron approaches Michael.

BYRON

Keep your opinions to yourself from now on.

Michael looks at him innocently.

MICHAEL

What? He left his wife to get raped by some scum bags. What type of a man is that?

BYRON

Ever happened to you has it?

MICHAEL

What?

BYRON

You and your family held against your will? Had to sit there without control of your own home?

MICHAEL

I would have done more than that prick did.

Byron pins Michael against the lockers.

BYRON

You can't say that. You don't know what you would do.

Byron looms menacingly over Michael.

MICHAEL

Can you move out of my way now please?

BYRON

What's the matter, scared? What you going to do about it, big man?

Byron snorts and exits angrily.

INT. ALL SAINTS - DAY

John stands at the reception desk and is pointed in the right direction.

Several mentally ill people meander aimlessly about. Two are attempting to play table tennis but it is mostly a game of 'go fetch the ball'.

John apologetically walks around them. Cynthia is sitting on her own in a bank of wooden chairs set next to a TV, set high up and protected by a perspex screen.

JOHN

Cynth'?

Cynthia ignores him, appearing to be avidly interested in the TV. John sits down next to her.

JOHN

Do you recognise me Cynth'? It's me... John.

Cynthia looks at him for a second or two and then looks back at the TV, showing no recognition whatsoever.

JOHN

Don't you want to go home?

John can't help himself and reaches out a hand to touch her. Cynthia flinches and suddenly starts to wail. Quietly at first, but then it builds louder and louder. Several orderlies hurry over and give her a shot. One ORDERLY gives John a dirty look.

ORDERLY

She doesn't like being touched.

JOHN

She's my wife. Is there somebody I can see, please? A Doctor?

ORDERLY

Wait here.

Cynthia falls asleep in her chair while the Orderly disappears. A psychiatrist, DR FORBES, female, mid thirties, professional, approaches John a short time later.

FORBES

Mr Crowley?

JOHN

Yes.

FORBES

Terribly sorry. Reception were supposed to let me know the moment you arrived.

JOHN

What's wrong with Cynthia?

FORBES

Come into my office for a moment  
and I'll try to explain.

John follows Forbes into her

OFFICE

She takes a seat behind her desk and he sits down  
opposite her.

FORBES

Much quieter in here. Would you  
like anything? Tea?

JOHN

No thank you.

Forbes opens out a file on her desk, on the front page  
is a picture of Cynthia.

FORBES

Has Cynthia ever displayed  
suicidal tendencies before to the  
best of your knowledge?

JOHN

No. I can tell you for a fact.  
Cynthia has never tried to kill  
herself. Why would she want to?

FORBES

Has she ever spoken about it?

JOHN

No, never. Look, where is this  
leading?

FORBES

Cynthia tried to hang herself last  
night.

John stands up in shock.

JOHN

Cynthia would never do that.  
Never. What have you been giving  
her? It must be the drugs.

FORBES

Mr Crowley, please sit down. I understand your position, but please try to remain calm.

John stares at her for a while and then sits down.

FORBES

Cynthia is on medication. You will be provided with full details on that. However I can assure that the medication she is on is helping...

JOHN

How can you say that? She's tried to kill herself and that has never, ever, happened before.

FORBES

Well rather than the medication we should be blaming the traumatic experience Cynthia has been through.

JOHN

So how is that my fault?

FORBES

I'm not blaming you for anything.

John thinks for a second and regains his composure.

JOHN

No. Sorry.

FORBES

Mr Crowley, have you had any help coping with this yourself?

JOHN

I'm fine. I just want my wife back. When will she be able to come home again?

Forbes looks through the file.

FORBES

The recommendation here is for six weeks.

JOHN

Six!

FORBES

Yes the initial order was for two weeks, but since the suicide attempt last night it has now been extended to a minimum of six weeks.

JOHN

Six weeks.

FORBES

Mr Crowley, I know it sounds like a long time but six weeks will soon pass.

JOHN

But what then, if you decide to keep her even longer?

FORBES

That is a possibility.

JOHN

A possibility! How long can you keep her then? Forever?

FORBES

That's not likely Mr...

JOHN

Not likely? Oh my God.

John stands up, clearly distressed.

FORBES

Please calm down...

JOHN

No, I won't calm down. I want my wife home with me. Today.

FORBES

Please believe that I am on your side, Mr Crowley. We all want to see Cynthia get better.

John stares at her, tears falling down his face.

JOHN

I just want her to come home.

Forbes gets up and walks over to comfort John.

FORBES

You really should see somebody Mr  
Crowley.

John suddenly pulls himself together.

JOHN

Cynthia needs me to stay strong  
for her.

John takes a deep breath and wipes the tears off his  
face.

JOHN

When can I visit again?

FORBES

Would you mind coming by for a  
chat yourself tomorrow?

JOHN

What for?

FORBES

Just a chat. It won't take long.

JOHN

Why? I'm fine.

FORBES

I've seen your file, John.

John stares at her in shock.

FORBES

Will you see me?

JOHN

Yes, I will see you.

INT. FACTORY - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

John is standing at his locker when Byron arrives next  
to him, handing him a bit of paper.

BYRON

Take that number.

John takes it and looks at it.

JOHN

What is it?

BYRON

It's for a pal of mine. The dog thing. He's got a few that he's just trained up. He's expecting you after work.

JOHN

After work?

BYRON

Just go and see him. He knows what he's doing. Don't let me down now.

Byron smiles, joking. John nods his head.

JOHN

Thanks. I'll go.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

John stands at the bus stop outside the factory. He pulls the piece of paper from his pocket and dials the number on his mobile.

JOHN

Hello?

INT. THE KNIGHT'S ARMS - NIGHT

John walks into the pub, mostly full of chavvy criminal types. A few eyes watch John as he scours the pub, obviously looking for a specific person.

MARION BRADLEY is a huge man, hells angel. Sitting at a table with a few other hells angels. John makes his way over to the table and the eyes in the pub instantly dismiss him as prey.

JOHN

Hi, are you Marion?

MARION

That I am. You John?

JOHN

Yes.

Marion stands up.

MARION

Come with me, you got a car?

JOHN

No, I came on the bus.

MARION

(to hells angel)

Let me borrow your helmet.

The Hells Angel passes Marion his helmet and Marion passes it on to John who takes it awkwardly.

MARION

Grab that. I'll give you a ride.

EXT. MARION'S BIKE - NIGHT

John rides pillion on Marion's bike through the Harlequin Estate.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Marion pulls the bike to a stop in the grounds of the farm and gets off. John is a little unsteady on his feet as he gets off the bike, Marion helps steady him, chuckling. They both remove their helmets.

MARION

First time on a bike?

JOHN

Yeah.

MARION

Takes a bit of getting used to.

Dogs can be heard barking as he walks into the fenced off area in the farm.

JOHN

What is this place? A dogs home?

MARION

You could say that. We train dogs here. Sometimes we take in strays and train them up too, sell them on. You looking for a particular type?

JOHN

Just one that's protective.

MARION  
Scare away the burglars?

JOHN  
Yeah.

MARION  
Follow me, my friend.

Marion leads John through a gated area where several cages are. A large German Shepherd dog is roaming around in one of them. Marion calls out to it and pets it through the cage.

MARION  
Prebyvaniye, Ninja.

JOHN  
What?

Marion chuckles.

MARION  
We got him from some Russian mobster. Poor bloke had Serious Crimes after him for a couple gangland killings. Had to do a runner over to Eastern Europe, somewhere. Nice bloke. The dog only understands Russian right now, but it shouldn't take long to teach him English commands.

Marion opens the cage and steps into it. John hesitates following him in.

MARION  
It's OK. He knows you're not a threat. Come in and stroke him.

John hesitates warily, but soon begins to feel comfortable as he steps in the cage and strokes the dog.

MARION  
That's it. Isn't he lovely?

JOHN  
Yes he is.

MARION

(to Ninja)

Yes he is, he's a good boy.

(to John)

Only problem with Ninja here is that he can't do much scaring.

JOHN

He looks pretty scary to me.

MARION

Yeah looks, and he will attack too. He just makes no noise, doesn't have a bark. That's why we call him Ninja. You don't hear the bastard coming.

JOHN

Why doesn't he bark?

MARION

The Russians found it funny to remove his voice box. They like to welcome you in and then rip you to pieces. Dangerous bastards if you get on the wrong side of them.

Marion chuckles and walks out of Ninja's cage, locking it back up. He leads John along the other cages but John doesn't see anything he likes.

JOHN

How much for Ninja? I really like him. He seems perfect.

MARION

Do you have any kids?

JOHN

No. Doesn't he like kids?

MARION

He loves kids. It's just that he really loves kids. If you raise your hand to a kid, Ninja will have your arm off. No fucking around.

JOHN

No, I haven't got any kids.

MARION

I bet you haven't got much dough either. I heard what happened to you. If you want Ninja, he's yours.

JOHN

Sounds good. You have a deal.

John pulls some cash out of his pocket.

MARION

Put your money away, like I said, I heard what happened. I'll get you a lead for him too. Nothing special but it will do until you can get him a proper harness.

JOHN

Are you sure?

MARION

Course I am. You can have a lift back in the van if you like?

JOHN

No, it's OK. I'd like to walk.

MARION

Don't forget the basic commands. Prebyvaniye means wait or stand still. So if he's attacking and you want him to stop just shout, prebyvaniye!

JOHN

Prebyvaniye!

MARION

That's it, and if you want him to attack you say, ataka!

JOHN

Ataka!

MARION

Yeah that one's the easy one.

INT. ALL SAINTS - OFFICE - DAY

Forbes closes the office door and takes a seat at her desk. John takes a seat opposite.

FORBES

Thank you for seeing me, John.

John shrugs his shoulders.

FORBES

So, how are you coping?

JOHN

I'm doing OK.

FORBES

Are you seeing a doctor right now?

JOHN

No. I'm fine.

FORBES

You don't look fine.

John looks at her guiltily.

JOHN

I am. I'm fine.

FORBES

I actually find that more surprising.

JOHN

Sorry?

FORBES

After what you've been through it would be highly unusual for there not to be any side effects.

JOHN

I have a dog now, that helps.

Forbes nods understandably.

FORBES

That's good. A dog is a very good idea. Are you any more security conscious since the event?

JOHN

Not especially.

John cuts off abruptly as he realises what he's said. Forbes picks up on it.

FORBES

That's unusual. What about strange voices or noises?

JOHN

I don't hear voices.

Forbes looks at him.

JOHN

Or noises.

FORBES

Would you tell me if you did?

JOHN

No.

Forbes laughs.

FORBES

Well thank you for the honesty. Seriously though, why wouldn't you tell me?

JOHN

This place. You'll not get both of us in here.

FORBES

I'm not a monster, John. I'm here to help you, both of you. You wouldn't end up in here for small bouts of psychosis. I would treat it with tablets.

JOHN

Pills?

FORBES

Yes. Very easily treated. So are you going to be honest with me?

John looks at her hard for a while, hesitates.

JOHN

The voices have come back.

FORBES

The voice?

JOHN

No. Just voices, whispers. Talking about me, about what happened. Mocking me.

Forbes takes a deep breath.

FORBES

You're doing the right thing, John. Thank you for letting me help you.

Forbes gets up and opens a new file. John eyes it nervously as she sits back down at the desk.

JOHN

What's that?

FORBES

Just a file. If I'm to treat you then I have to make a note of everything. Don't worry. You'll be fine. Just a few questions and I should be able to provide you with a prescription.

John relaxes in his chair.

EXT. CHEMIST - DAY

John walks out of the chemist clutching a paper bag containing his prescription.

INT. JOHN'S PLACE - BATHROOM - MONTAGE - NIGHT

John looks in the mirror and swallows a tablet from the prescription bottle.

LIVING ROOM

John puts down a book he is reading and stretches, yawns.

KITCHEN

John closes the kitchen window and heads up to bed.

EXT. GREEN BELT - MORNING

John walks Ninja along a river.

INT. FACTORY

John clocks in at work. Works at his machine. Clocks out.

INT. ALL SAINTS

John sits while Cynthia ignores him, looking out of the window or watching TV.

BATHROOM

John uses the toilet, brushes his teeth, goes to bed.

REPLAY

END MONTAGE

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - TWO MONTHS LATER - DAY

John's eyes shoot awake, he's now clean shaven. Clock on the wall reads five thirty in the morning. He jumps out of bed and heads into the

BATHROOM

Uses the toilet, brushes his teeth and washes his face.

INT. ALL SAINTS - CYNTHIA'S ROOM - DAY

Cynthia is sitting in an arm chair looking out of the window. John is sitting in a chair next to her. She doesn't acknowledge him.

JOHN

I'm in court tomorrow. See those bastards get sent down. What do you think about that?

John reaches out a hand to touch her but then retracts it, thinking better of it.

JOHN

Barrister reckons they'll get very long sentences. Except for the fifteen year old. He's going to get just a couple of years due to his age. He also didn't... you know... touch you.

Cynthia whimpers.

JOHN

It's OK Cynthia. No need to worry. I'll come back and let you know how long they get.

John stands up and leaves the room, walking into the

CORRIDOR

He bumps into Dr Forbes.

JOHN

Dr Forbes?

Forbes turns to face him.

FORBES

Yes, John?

JOHN

I was just wondering how long before you think my wife can come home?

Dr Forbes looks at him sympathetically.

FORBES

It's really hard to say at this stage. Could be months or even years. She may never get better.

John nods and looks forlorn. Forbes places a comforting arm around him.

FORBES

Are you keeping up with the medication I gave you?

JOHN

Yes. I've been fine, thank you. I just wish Cynthia could be too.

FORBES

We're doing the best that we can. Unfortunately the best healer in these types of situations is often just time.

JOHN

But she may never get better?

FORBES

That is a possibility. Most people do recover. I just want you to be prepared for any eventuality.

JOHN

I appreciate that Doctor.

Forbes smiles at him.

FORBES

How are the med's I prescribed you?

JOHN

I haven't had an episode since I started them. How much longer should I take them for?

FORBES

Another four weeks and we'll see how you are. I wouldn't advise stopping just yet. Particularly with the court case coming up.

John nods.

JOHN

OK. I'll pop up tomorrow. No, not tomorrow, I have court. It'll be the next day.

FORBES

OK John. I'll see you then.

JOHN

Bye, Doctor Forbes.

FORBES

Good luck with the case.

EXT. HARLEQUIN ESTATE - NIGHT

John walks Ninja around the Harlequin estate and eventually makes it home, opening the door with his key.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John makes sure that all of the windows are locked and switches off the lights before heading into the

KITCHEN

He gives Ninja some fresh water and food, then locks the windows and back door. John walks wearily up the stairs and goes straight into the

BEDROOM

Where he gets into bed and closes his eyes. Ninja lies on the floor next to him. John reaches down to pet him.

JOHN

Good boy, Ninja. See you in the morning, my friend.

INT. COURT - WAITING AREA - DAY

John is dressed in a suit and sits stock still on the hard wooden benches. Chalmers hurries over to him and speaks in a whisper.

CHALMERS

My God, John, have you heard the news?

JOHN

What news?

Chalmers takes a seat next to him.

CHALMERS

The bloody CPS have lost the forensic evidence.

JOHN

What does that mean?

At that moment the CPS BARRISTER walks over.

BARRISTER

Can I have a word John.  
(to Chalmers)  
Chalmers.

Chalmers nods in acknowledgement. The Barrister walks to a QUIET PART of the waiting area to speak with John.

BARRISTER

I suppose Chalmers has told you already?

JOHN

Only that the forensic evidence is missing?

BARRISTER

Yes. It happens, sometimes. We're going to ask the Judge for an adjournment to give us more time to look for it. I have to say though that it isn't looking good.

JOHN

So, it's over? They're going to walk?

BARRISTER

It's a possibility, John. Yes.

John clutches at the wall to steady himself.

JOHN

How much of a possibility?

BARRISTER

Without the forensic evidence, and your wife still mentally ill. We only have your statement to go by.

JOHN

That's not enough?

BARRISTER

They were wearing masks.

JOHN

What about the confessions?

BARRISTER

Inadmissible, I'm afraid. You have your friend Chalmers to thank for that. The accused have all claimed duress.

JOHN

Duress?

BARRISTER

Chalmers has been suspended from his job. His career is over. You should ask him the ins and outs.

JOHN

Oh my God.

BARRISTER

I have to prepare you for the fact that the defendants could all walk out of here today facing no charges.

John stares over at Chalmers who hangs his head in shame.

JOHN

Because you lost the evidence...

BARRISTER

The evidence on its own could be worked around today. With more time we would find it again. However with the addition of Chalmers being suspended and his alcoholism coming to light I fear the judge won't be inclined to side with us.

JOHN

Free? Walk?

John slides down the wall to sit on the floor.

JOHN

They're going to walk.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Jason, David and Kyle are sitting in the dock together. The JUDGE finishes listening to the DEFENDENT'S BARRISTER who takes a seat.

JUDGE

Stand up please.

Jason, David and Kyle stand.

JUDGE

Due to insufficient evidence I'm calling a close to this case.

BARRISTER

But your honour! The crown will have the evidence in another four weeks. In the interests of justice, please give us more time.

JUDGE

You have had adequate time already. We have rules and I am here to implement those rules. Implement them I will, is that understood?

BARRISTER

M'laud.

The Crown Barrister bows respectfully, sitting down. He turns in his seat to look sorrowfully at John.

JUDGE

Jason Phillips, David Verboten, Kyle Flockton... You are all free to go.

The three defendants cheer and begin leaving the dock.

JOHN

Is that it?

The courtroom stops as John stands up from his seat.

JOHN

They just go home now? Is that it?

JUDGE

I'm sorry Mr Crowley. The law is the law.

John sinks to his knees.

INT. COURT - WAITING AREA

Chalmers is waiting outside the courtroom and meets up with John as he walks out.

CHALMERS

I'm sorry John.

John stares at him in shock.

JOHN

I can't believe it. Just like that. They're all free men. That's not justice. That's not justice!

John cries into Chalmers' shoulder. Chalmers embraces him, a tear falling down his cheek too.

CHALMERS

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry John.

EXT. GREEN BELT - NIGHT

John walks with Ninja on a lead along the river's edge. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bottle of tablets. The bottle has PRESCRIPTION ONLY written on the label in bold letters. John tosses it into the river and bends down to pat Ninja.

JOHN

You're a good boy, Ninja.

Ninja wags his tail.

JOHN

You ready to help me clean up the shit?

John pulls something out of his pocket and places it over his head. It is a stocking. He rolls it all the way down and heads onto the

HARLEQUIN ESTATE

A gang of YOUTHS watch him approaching. They're all high, passing around a crack pipe.

YOUTH 1

Look at this fucking prick.

YOUTH 2

What a dickhead.

As John nears they see Ninja, John's stocking and a baseball bat. Most of the youths run aside from the two with the big mouths.

YOUTH 1

Yeah and what?

YOUTH 2

Come on then dickhead.

YOUTH 1

What you going to do, fam?

YOUTH 2

He thinks he's a boy, fam. He thinks he's a...

BAM! John swings the bat, shattering the youths jaw, sending him sprawling. Youth 1 lands a punch to the side of John's head and Ninja jumps onto the youth.

The Youth screams as Ninja tries to bite into him, just managing to hold him back. John grabs the lead and pulls Ninja in tight.

JOHN

I'm sorry. This shouldn't have happened.

Youth 1 recovers his big mouth as John walks away.

YOUTH 1

What the fuck, fam? What the fuck?

John picks up his pace, starts running and doesn't look back.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

John looks on as Ninja polishes off some dog food.

JOHN

Did you enjoy that? was that nice?

Ninja waggles his tail and walks over to John. John strokes him warmly.

JOHN

Yes, you're a good boy. Yes you are.

Ninja is suddenly alert at something behind John. John doesn't turn around to look and continues to lovingly stroke Ninja.

JOHN

I've been waiting for you.

Jason appears, standing behind John, with the stocking over his head.

JASON

I'm free now, John. They let me go. Said I can come back for you.

John turns to look at Jason, grins at him.

JOHN

I'm not afraid of you any more.

Jason laughs. John tries to grab Jason but he disappears.

JOHN

Now who's afraid? Let's do it, let's do it now.

John waits for a few seconds before opening the kitchen window then makes a point of unlocking the back door. He heads into the

LIVING ROOM

and opens all the windows, the small windows wide and the big ones just a crack. then John walks up the STAIRS and into the

BATHROOM

where he takes a soak in the bath. Ninja waits for him just outside the bathroom door.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

John snuggles under the duvet while Ninja lies down next to the bed. John pets him.

JOHN

Good boy, Ninja. Good boy.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS

John wakes up, beads of sweat on his forehead. screaming from downstairs. John looks at the floor next to his bed. Ninja is not there.

He grabs the baseball bat from the side of the bed and heads cautiously down the stairs.

CRAIG (OS)

Get him off me! Get him off me! Oh god, please. He's biting me! He's biting me!

KITCHEN

Ninja is on top of a burglar, CRAIG ARCHER (22), scruffily dressed in dark clothing. Craig tries to stop Ninja from biting, but takes a few bites in the arm and hands.

JOHN

Prebyvaniye! Prebyvaniye Ninja, Prebyvaniye!

Ninja backs a few inches away from Craig and sits panting, staring at him. John looks down at Craig and smiles.

JOHN

I didn't expect you this fast.

Craig rises up onto his elbows. Ninja edges forward.

JOHN

Prebyvaniye!

Ninja backs down again. Craig is terrified, too afraid to move.

JOHN

I knew you'd come. I've been ready for you.

Craig starts to get up.

JOHN

Don't even try to move. I will  
bury this bat in your skull.

CRAIG

What are you going to do? Call the  
police?

JOHN

I think we're way past that, Jason.

Craig looks at John puzzledly, realising something is  
not quite right here.

CRAIG

I thought this house was empty.  
I'm sorry. Can I go now? I'm  
really sorry. This has all been a  
big mistake.

Craig's face morphs slowly into Jason's, complete with  
stocking and then back again. John struggles to focus.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Jason grabs John and drags him into the living room.  
David and Kyle follow him in, closing the front door  
behind them.

LIVING ROOM

JASON

Sit down on there.

Jason slaps him across the head with his open hand and  
John hurries to comply, sitting on the settee.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John refocuses on Craig who is still on the floor.

JOHN

Get up. Now.

CRAIG

Please mate. Just let me go.

John grabs Craig's top and pulls, ripping it. Craig gets up and allows himself to be pushed into the

LIVING ROOM

Where Craig is forced onto the settee.

JOHN

Sit.

Craig sits, looking scared. John suddenly explodes with rage.

JOHN

Take that fucking look off your face.

John swings the bat, hitting Craig on the left side of his forehead, near the temple, causing it to split and bleed. Craig cries out and huddles into the settee, his hand rising to the wound.

CRAIG

Ouch, ouch, ouch. I'm sorry. please, I'm sorry.

JOHN

Shut the fuck up. Look at you. Look at you now.

John ties Craig's hands and feet up with some textile tape, hog-tying him so that he is resting awkwardly on his knees.

Craig begins to cry uncontrollably, snot dribbles down his face. John slaps him hard across the face.

CRAIG

Please, I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry.

As John looks down, Craig's face begins to morph into Jason's, complete with stocking.

JOHN

Of course you're sorry now. Yeah, you're sorry now. Well that's just too fucking easy. Sorry is not going to work.

CRAIG

I'm sorry sir. I'm sorry, please,  
please, just let me go.

Craig morphs into Jason again. Jason laughs. John roars and punches Craig in the face, breaking his nose.

JOHN

Shut the fuck up, shut the fuck up  
you filthy cunt!

John hurries out of the room and heads upstairs into the

BEDROOM

John searches through the drawers and finds one of Cynthia's stockings, an almost identical colour to the stocking Jason wore over his head. He pulls it down over his face and runs roaring down the stairs into the

LIVING ROOM

Craig's eyes grow wide with fear as John gets right in his face, continuing to roar.

CRAIG

Please, don't hurt me.

John swings the baseball bat hard into Craig's left kneecap. Craig screams like a siren. John drops the bat and hurries over to cover Craig's mouth, using both hands, pushing them hard into Craig's face, stifling the cries.

JOHN

Shut the fuck up. Shut the fuck  
up! You think you deserve to feel  
sorry for yourself, Jason?

Craig is still screaming, although stifled by John's hand.

JOHN

Shut up, or I swear I'm going to  
kill you right now.

Craig quietens to wracking sobs.

JOHN

Amazing what fear can do, eh Jason?

Craig eventually calms and John lets go of him. John falls back onto the sofa, seated next to him, panting with exertion.

CRAIG

Please don't hurt me any more. I promise I'll never do this again. Never.

JOHN

I know you won't, Jason.

CRAIG

I'm not Jason, my name is Craig.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Jason walks over to John and slaps him around the head a couple of times. John cowers back on the settee.

JASON

You know why I did that don't you?

John ignores him, hands covering his head, cowering.

JASON

I asked you a fucking question!

JOHN

Yes, yes I know why you did it.

JASON

Why? Why did I do it, you piece of shit? You dirty, scrawny, little fucking maggot.

JOHN

Because I lied to you.

JASON

What?

JOHN

Because I lied to you.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John is in a trance while Craig sits staring at him in fear.

JOHN

Don't lie to me, Jason.

CRAIG

I'm not lying to you. I honestly do not know who this guy Jason is.

JOHN

Liar!

John picks up the baseball bat. Craig's eyes grow wide through the stocking.

CRAIG

No, please. OK, my name is Jason. My name is Jason.

John stops, bat raised. John lowers the bat and pushes it into Craig's bad leg.

CRAIG

Please, whatever it is I've done. I'm sorry. Just call the police. I deserve to go to prison.

JOHN

You'd like me to call the police? Tell them you broke into my house again?

CRAIG

I didn't break in, the window was open.

JOHN

You broke into my house.

Craig goes quiet.

JOHN

You told me you would come back, and now you're here.

CRAIG

I just wanted money. I'm a heroin addict. I'm sorry.

JOHN

I've told you it is too late for sorry. Did it work for me when you raped Cynthia?

CRAIG

What?

JOHN

Hoping to rape my wife, again?

Jason morphs into Craig and back into Jason again.

CRAIG

What? No, no. I didn't even know you had a wife. You're crazy. Please, I'm not who you think I am. You have to believe me.

JOHN

I'm crazy?

CRAIG

I'm not Jason.

JOHN

I told you not to lie to me. Things are going to get bad for you if you lie to me. Really, really bad.

CRAIG

Please, I'm a good person. I would never hurt anybody.

John picks up the bat and hits Craig across the side of the face with it. Not hard enough to do any real damage, but enough to hurt, a lot.

CRAIG

Please, no. Please stop. That hurts. Please don't hit me again.

Craig cries uncontrollably. John stares at him, bat in hand, ready to hit him again.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - HALLUCINATION - NIGHT

Cynthia is sitting on Jason's lap. Jason smokes on the crack pipe and then offers it to Cynthia. She winks at John who is curled up in a ball on the settee and takes a hit from the pipe. Jason looks at John and laughs while rubbing higher and higher up Cynthia's leg.

CYNTHIA

Ooh yeah.

Cynthia begins kissing Jason through his stocking. She turns to look at John and winks.

CYNTHIA

Now this is what you call a real man. Look at you, you're pathetic.

Cynthia cackles.

END HALLUCINATION

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John is still staring intently at Craig.

JOHN

Let her go! Let her fucking go!

Craig is unconscious but is roused as John bites into his head. Craig screams while John leans in close to whisper in his ear.

JOHN

You touch her again and I will kill you. Do you understand? I will fucking kill you. Right now.

John stands up, bat out at his side.

JOHN

Bury this in your fucking brain. Right now.

CRAIG

No, please. Please. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

John pushes his forehead into Craig's forehead, forcing it back into the seat for a few seconds. John sits back down on the sofa, next to him, panting.

JOHN

Stop fucking crying or I will cut your tongue out.

Craig stops crying instantly and starts sniffing instead. John rolls a joint, takes a few drags, blows smoke in Craig's direction. Calms down.

CRAIG

Oh shit. Please. My name is Craig.  
Craig Archer. I'm only seventeen.  
Please just let me go. I won't  
tell anyone about you, I swear.

John sighs and gets up from the sofa, heading into the

KITCHEN

John grabs a large toolbox and calmly carries it back  
into the

LIVING ROOM

John places the toolbox on the floor next to the  
settee, opens it and begins rummaging around. Craig  
looks at the toolbox with horror.

CRAIG

What are you going to do?

John selects a claw hammer, turns it around.

JOHN

Do you think I'm a fucking idiot?  
You think lying to me will make me  
feel sorry for you? That's not  
going to happen. Not today. No.  
That's not going to fucking  
happen. Do you understand, Jason?

Craig starts crying again.

CRAIG

Yes. I'm sorry for lying. Please  
don't hit me again.

JOHN

Stop fucking crying. Did it help  
me?

CRAIG

If I tell the truth, will you let  
me go?

JOHN

Let you go? No, I don't think I  
can do that.

Silence.

CRAIG

Then what? You're going to kill me?

Craig starts crying loudly. John takes the hammer, and hits Craig in the leg with the claw end. The claw digs into the flesh and Craig screams in agony. John punches Craig in the mouth, catching his knuckle on a tooth. John sucks at the knuckle.

JOHN

I'm going to teach you a lesson,  
Jason.

CRAIG

Please, just call the police. Call  
the police.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - HALLUCINATION - NIGHT

Cynthia is lying back on the bed smoking from the crack pipe. Jason is lying in between her legs having sex with her, his head turned back to look at John who is cowering on the floor.

JASON

This is how a real man does it  
John. Tonight, I'm going to show  
you just how deep you've buried  
yours.

Cynthia leans past Jason's shoulder to look down at John.

CYNTHIA

You're a waste of space, John. You  
were never any good. Now I have a  
real man.

END HALLUCINATION

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John swings the hammer down again and again into Craig's leg. John drops the hammer and then grabs a cushion, using it to stifle Craig's screams. Pushing the cushion into his head with both arms.

JOHN

You're a liar. A fucking liar. She  
can't stand you. She wishes you  
were dead.

Craig eventually goes silent and then starts struggling for breath. John holds the cushion until the struggling stops before letting go and sitting, panting. John lights a joint. Takes a few drags, calms down.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

John sits in the bath and scrubs at his fingernails. The bath water is tinged with red. He empties the bath and climbs out drying himself as he walks into the

BEDROOM

John gets into bed and sighs, fully relaxed. Ninja lies down next to the bed. John reaches down to pet him.

JOHN

Good boy, Ninja. Good boy.

John falls asleep.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

John gets up and dresses in casual clothes. Heads into the

BATHROOM

Where he urinates, then brushes his teeth and washes his face before heading down stairs and into the

KITCHEN

He makes himself a cup of tea and a bowl of porridge. Carries it through to the

LIVING ROOM

John takes a seat on the sofa, next to Craig's battered dead body and eats his porridge. Jason suddenly appears in the chair next to him, laughing.

JOHN

I know you're dead. You can't bother me any more.

JASON

You're just too easy, John.

John ignores him and finishes off the last of his porridge, places the empty bowl onto the coffee table. Takes a sip of tea.

JASON

You think that kid sitting next to you is me, John? How can I be in two places at once?

John sips from his tea as Jason cackles hilariously.

JOHN

I know it's you.

JASON

Then take a look. A real look.

John takes another sip of tea.

JOHN

I don't need to.

JASON

Typical John. Balls all shriveled up in your gut.

JOHN

Shut up.

John looks at Craig for a few seconds and realises it is not Jason. Jason reappears, sitting on the armchair, laughing. John collapses to his knees.

JASON

We're a team you and me, John.

JOHN

We're not a team. You're a disgusting, filthy criminal that ruins people's lives.

JASON

And what are you John? We're the same, we're a team.

JOHN

No. I'll stop you. I will stop you.

Jason laughs.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

John is cutting up Craig's body while Jason is sitting in the armchair laughing.

JASON

What you going to do with all that meat? Dog looks hungry.

John looks over at Ninja. Ninja licks his lips and wags his tail.

KITCHEN

John boils up a slab of meat in a large saucepan, allows it to cool for a while and then places it into Ninja's food bowl.

Just as John walks back into the hallway he hears the letterbox open behind him, somebody is peering through.

CHALMERS (OS)

John! It's me.

JOHN

What do you want?

John heads fully into the living room and eyes the body parts all cut up on the floor.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Chalmers opens the letterbox.

CHALMERS POV - We see right through to the living room but can't see the settee.

CHALMERS (OS)

John! I need to speak to you.  
Please.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John has his hands on his head panicking.

CHALMERS (OS)

John!

John looks around the living room trying to think.

JOHN

Just a second.

John walks out of the living room and closes the door tight behind him. Then heads to the

FRONT DOOR

Opening it. Chalmers stands there awkwardly.

CHALMERS

I know you probably think I've got a nerve showing up here like this.

John nods in agreement.

CHALMERS

It's just that I... Look, could I come in?

John looks as if he is about to decline.

CHALMERS

I won't take much of your time. Please John.

Chalmers places a foot in the doorway and John sighs, moving to the side.

CHALMERS

Thanks John. Just five minutes.

Chalmers walks past John into the

HALLWAY

John follows Chalmers with his eyes as he closes the front door. John makes a point of double locking it. They stand there in silence for a while. Chalmers glances at the living room door and now we see that behind his back John is clutching a hammer.

CHALMERS

Can we sit down for this? It's quite important.

John stares at him blankly.

JOHN

Can't it be said here?

CHALMERS

It's also delicate.

John swallows.

JOHN

I'd rather you didn't.

CHALMERS

Why, what have you got in there?

John's grip on the hammer tightens.

JOHN

OK. If you insist. After you.

Chalmers smiles weakly at John's strange mood and walks into the

LIVING ROOM

Chalmers stops instantly once he sees the body parts.

CHALMERS

My God... what happened?

JOHN

Tea?

CHALMERS

What do you mean? What happened here, John?

JOHN

He broke into my house.

Chalmers glances down and sees the hammer in John's hand.

CHALMERS

I see... and now you kill me.

JOHN

I don't want to.

CHALMERS

Well despite how this may look, you're not actually the person with the upper hand here.

Chalmers pulls a small hand gun out of his pocket but doesn't aim it anywhere.

CHALMERS

Shall we?

Chalmers takes a seat on the settee and John takes a seat next to him. They sit in silence for a short time.

CHALMERS

I've ran this over and over in my mind, the different scenarios. I should add that this wasn't one of them.

Chalmers smiles nervously but John gives nothing away.

CHALMERS

I suppose I should begin with the fact that I've given up drinking.

John smiles weakly, not sure where things are leading.

CHALMERS

It's ruined my life, more completely than I ever imagined it could.

Chalmers looks as if he is about to cry, but he holds it back.

CHALMERS

The long and short of it, John... is that I'm going to die.

John looks at him in shock.

CHALMERS

Terminal. Stage 5 lung cancer, the big one. I'm dead, like yesterday. I could die any day.

Chalmers pauses for a while, John is lost for words.

CHALMERS

You might be wondering what that has to do with you?

Chalmers glances at John as though for acknowledgement of his rhetorical question.

CHALMERS

My whole life was ruined before the cancer. I'd lost my family and everything I ever worked for. The cancer is just the proverbial icing.

JOHN

I'm sorry to hear this.

CHALMERS

So am I John, believe me. So am I.

Chalmers pauses briefly in contemplation.

CHALMERS

Not only have I messed up my own life but I also helped ruin yours.

JOHN

No...

CHALMERS

There is no getting away from it, John. Look at you, look at this. I fucked it up. Now I want to help repair that damage.

Chalmers places the gun back into his pocket.

CHALMERS

Let me help you, John.

JOHN

How can you help me?

CHALMERS

I've been a cunt all my life. My entire life I've lived for myself. My wife and kids hate me. I've done damage that is irreparable. But you... you I can help. I can make things right.

Chalmers looks around at the dead body parts.

CHALMERS

What you've done here is wrong. There's no denying that... and that is a lot to do with me.

There is a long pause.

CHALMERS

I know where the bastards live,  
John. I know where they all live.

John looks at him, realising who he means. Chalmers smiles and nods in acknowledgement.

CHALMERS

Let me help you clean up this mess.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chalmers wipes sweat from his brow, sleeves rolled up on his shirt as he wraps the final body part in plastic.

John waits for him to finish wrapping it and takes it from him, placing it in a suitcase.

CHALMERS

We burn everything. Nothing can be  
linked back to you.

Chalmers stops to have a coughing fit, bloody-phlegm landing on the arm of his shirt.

EXT. GREEN BELT - NIGHT

John and Chalmers walk together depositing the body parts in the river. Chalmers lights up a cigarette and then smiles at a hidden joke. Ninja moves around without a leash on, sniffing at whatever he finds interesting.

CHALMERS

Gave these up two years ago. Not  
much point now, eh.

JOHN

Do you have a plan?

CHALMERS

I do have a vague idea on how  
things will go down.

JOHN

I only care about Jason.

CHALMERS

No, John, we have to get them all.  
We save that bastard till last.

JOHN

Then will it be over?

CHALMERS

Yes it'll be over.

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT

Chalmers and John are wearing stockings over their heads and standing outside the home looking through a large glass window. Chalmers is holding a large crow bar. John a claw hammer.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME

Kyle looks nervous as the other kids laugh and joke while playing video games. Kyle gets an occasional smack around the head by the bullies.

EXT. CHILDRENS HOME

John breathes heavily, clutching a hammer, knuckles white.

CHALMERS

Every night they send the kid to the shop. Four maybe five times... collect drugs, sell drugs, buy cigarettes... whatever.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME

One of the KIDS slaps Kyle around the head.

KID

So you gonna go the shop for me, fam?

KYLE

Yeah, yeah... I'll go the shop for ya.

OTHER KIDS

(mimicking in a squeaky voice)

I'll go, I'll go the shop for ya.

The kids fall about laughing.

KID

Get me ten B and H, yeah.

OTHER KID

Yo, get me some munchies as well  
yeah.

Kyle looks at him questioningly.

OTHER KID

Munchies fam. They're called  
munchies... get me?

Kyle looks puzzled.

OTHER KID

Yo will somebody slap some sense  
up in this likkle blood-claats  
head.

KID

Shut up man... and you're not even  
black so cut that shit.

Other Kid bows his head, clearly not wanting to cause  
a problem.

KID

Kyle, they're in a red packet and  
actually called Munchies, you feel  
me fam?

KYLE

Yeah... yeah I get it.

Kyle takes the money and leaves.

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT

John and Chalmers hide in the shadows as Kyle makes  
his way along the quiet street.

Kyle walks along unaware that he is being followed. He  
makes it alongside a small escort van when he is  
suddenly grabbed from behind.

CHALMERS (OS)

Now!

John holds onto Kyle, one hand over his mouth, while Chalmers quickly opens the back of the van. Kyle struggles like he is fighting for his life and manages to take John to the ground. Chalmers uses his crow bar to hit Kyle in the face. Kyle cries out and lands on the floor holding his face.

CHALMERS

Get him in the fucking van.

After a struggle both Chalmers and John manage to get him in the van. John climbs in the back with him while Chalmers closes the door and jumps into the driving seat.

CHALMERS

You should have hit him.

Chalmers starts the engine and pulls away from the kerb.

JOHN

I didn't want to leave any blood.

Chalmers, breathing heavily, considers the response.

CHALMERS

OK. Good move.

John stands over Kyle who is crying profusely.

JOHN

Do you remember me, Kyle?

KYLE

No... I've never seen you before.

John removes his mask and Kyle begins crying even harder.

KYLE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. They made me do it.

JOHN

They made you rape my wife? They made you beat and terrorise us?

KYLE

Yes. All of it.

JOHN  
You're forgetting that I was  
there. I saw you... the real you.

KYLE  
No, that wasn't me... that  
wasn't...

John cuts him off with a violent hammer blow to the  
head, BAM!

JOHN  
But it was...

BAM!

JOHN (CONT.)  
Fucking you...

BAM! BAM!

JOHN (CONT.)  
Wasn't it. It was you!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

John falls exhausted against the side of the van,  
tears streaming down his face.

JOHN  
It was you. Look what you've done  
to us.

John starts sobbing uncontrollably.

CHALMERS  
That's it John, that's it mate.

EXT. GREEN BELT, CAR PARK - NIGHT

One other car is parked as Chalmers pulls the van in  
to a stop and switches off the lights.

INT. VAN

John looks out of the window at the parked car.

JOHN  
We're going to have to wait till  
they're gone.

Chalmers strains his eyes for a better look and we can see that the windows of the other car are steamed up and it is rocking back and forth. There are also moans coming from inside.

CHALMERS

It's OK. They're busy.

EXT. CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Chalmers and John lift Kyle's body out of the van and carry it into the

GREEN BELT

The undergrowth crunches beneath their feet as they carry the body deeper and deeper into the trees, walking alongside the river.

CHALMERS

You know all of this will be discovered.

JOHN

I don't care.

CHALMERS

Well you should. You want Cynthia back you should care.

JOHN

I'm not afraid anymore.

Chalmers nods.

CHALMERS

Just checking that you get it.

JOHN

I'm not an idiot.

CHALMERS

I can see that John, I can see that.

They dump the body down and suddenly it wheezes into life. Chalmers and John stare at each other in shock.

KYLE

Please don't. No more, no more please.

Chalmers produces the gun from his pocket. John shakes his head and strides forward with the hammer.

CHALMERS

Quickly then.

KYLE

No, please... no...

BAM! BAM!

KYLE

No more... please, I won't tell. I won't...

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

John turns to Chalmers panting, then turns back to Kyle. BAM! BAM! BAM!

CHALMERS

John.

Chalmers catches John's arm.

CHALMERS

It's time to go.

John looks down at the bloody mess and nods wearily.

JOHN

Where's the next one?

CHALMERS

Take it easy John. We'll go tomorrow night.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Chalmers and John walk out of the trees and bump into the STUD, wearing a mostly unbuttoned shirt, from the other parked car.

STUD

What was going on out there?

John grips the hammer in his pocket tightly.

CHALMERS

DI Chalmers, and you are?

Stud gets nervous.

CHALMERS

What are you doing out here? We're hunting down a flasher. Have you seen him?

Stud immediately begins to button up his shirt.

STUD

No... I can't say that I have, officer.

CHALMERS

Well if you do see anything suspicious give the local station a ring.

STUD

Will do, sir.

Chalmers nods to John.

CHALMERS

Sergeant.

John gets into the passenger seat while Chalmers drives.

INT. VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Chalmers starts the engine and pulls the van out of the car park.

CHALMERS

We'll have to switch up our M O for the next one. Can't have some plucky copper putting two and two together.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John strokes Ninja while Chalmers stands in the

KITCHEN

Making tea. Chalmers finishes making the tea and carries two cups through into the

LIVING ROOM

Handing a cup to John who takes it, smiling weakly then sipping it while too hot.

CHALMERS  
I dunno how you can drink it like that.

JOHN  
Always do it.

Silence for a while.

CHALMERS  
So how are you holding up?

Chalmers attempts a sip of his tea but finds it too hot and places the cup on the coffee table.

JOHN  
I won't feel better until I've got Jason.

CHALMERS  
I meant more... how you feel about what happened earlier? He was just a kid.

JOHN  
Fine.

CHALMERS  
To be honest I picked him first because I thought if you were going to lose your nerve it would be with him.

JOHN  
No...

FLASHBACK - The hammer rains down on Kyle's head. BAM!  
BAM! BAM!

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN (CONT.)  
I'm fine.

Chalmers nods and picks up his tea.

JOHN  
I've always had a problem.

CHALMERS

Sorry, John? Miles away.

JOHN

As a kid I always had these urges. Urges to hurt people. Just to lash out. Jason was right. I buried it, buried it deep.

CHALMERS

And did you?

John looks up questioningly.

CHALMERS

Hurt anyone?

JOHN

No. I completely denied the urges were there.

John suddenly stands up.

JOHN

I'm not what you think you know.

CHALMERS

I know John.

JOHN

I can be a real man too. But what's wrong with being a decent one, eh?

CHALMERS

Nothing, there's nothing wrong.

JOHN

I tried, I've really tried to be the best man I can be. Work ten hours a day, almost twelve if you count commuting and I can't even afford a mortgage.

John begins to cry.

JOHN

Then you get bastards like that, thinking they're living in a Hollywood film. It's like they don't realise things have repercussions.

John stops crying, abruptly.

JOHN  
Well things do have repercussions.  
I'm going to show them that.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

John walks in with Ninja, looking tired. Chalmers is in the kitchen cooking breakfast.

CHALMERS (OS)  
Have a seat, I'll bring it through.

John sits down and flicks on the TV. A news channel comes on and he lowers the volume to silent.

Chalmers walks through with two plates containing a full English and hands one to John.

CHALMERS  
Popped out to the shop.

Chalmers takes a seat and looks ravenously at the plate before diving in with a satisfied growl.

JOHN  
Looks nice.

Chalmers agrees with a mouthful of food.

JOHN  
So we do David next.

CHALMERS  
Yes.  
(pause)  
This one will be a tad more difficult though.

Chalmers chuckles at a private joke.

JOHN  
What is it?

CHALMERS  
Nothing really. It's just that it sounds like a bad film. The main man always gets hit last.

JOHN  
Well I'm up for taking him next.

CHALMERS

No, no. Those films have it right,  
it's far more satisfying saving  
the best till last.

Chalmers reaches out and pats John's knee.

CHALMERS

Good things come to those that  
wait.

Chalmers turns serious.

CHALMERS

I want you to promise me something.

JOHN

What?

CHALMERS

After this is over, after I'm  
gone, I want you to get the help  
you know you need.

John sits poker-faced.

CHALMERS

I will help for as long as I can.

JOHN

Yes. I promise

Chalmers waits for a while, weighing up whether John  
is being sincere.

CHALMERS

OK. Well we've got some  
preparations to make.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An ordinary terraced house, lights on. We move around  
the house to the

BACK GARDEN

Chalmers and John, wearing stockings over their heads,  
look through the kitchen window.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

David is stressed out, he rubs exasperatedly at his head.

DAVID  
I'm fucking sick of hearing your  
shit. Sick of it you dirty fucking  
bitch.

CHARLENE, David's long suffering wife cowers in a corner, hands raised to protect her already bruised face.

DAVID  
Why do you make me do it Charlene?

David bites down on his protruding tongue as anger courses through his body.

DAVID  
Eh? Why? Why do you make me do it  
Charlene?

SMACK. David slaps her with an open hand, hitting her arm that is blocking her head.

DAVID  
Eh?

SMACK.

DAVID  
You fucking bitch, dirty fucking  
cunt.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

TOMMY (OS)  
Daddy!

Little Tommy (5) cries out from the living room.  
SMACK. SMACK.

DAVID  
Now look what you've fucking done  
you bitch.

David storms into the

## LIVING ROOM

Little Tommy is sitting at the dining table, waiting for his dinner. David bends down to scream into his face.

DAVID

Shut the fuck up you little cunt  
or I will rip your fucking head  
off!

Little Tommy stops crying and looks back at his Dad in fear.

## KITCHEN

Charlene slides whimpering to a seated position on the floor as David comes back in.

DAVID

Get the fuck upstairs. I've had  
enough of you tonight.

Charlene looks up at him fearfully.

DAVID

NOW!

Charlene scrambles out of the kitchen and into the

## LIVING ROOM

Little Tommy looks at her, worried, tears in his eyes. Charlene goes to him, hugs him.

DAVID (OS)

And take that little cunt with you!

Charlene takes Tommy out of the living room and into the

## HALLWAY

Where she hovers by the FRONT DOOR, her hand touches the door handle fleetingly and then she heads off up the stairs with Tommy in tow.

## KITCHEN

David calms down and takes a beer from the fridge.  
Leaves the kitchen, switching out the light.

## EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chalmers, no longer wearing the mask or displaying any weapons, knocks David's FRONT DOOR. RAP RAP, RAPPETY-RAP. Chalmers turns his back as though admiring the scenery while he waits for the front door to open.

DAVID

What the fuck do you want? You  
even a copper any more?

CHALMERS

Just reshuffled. Murder squad now.

David's face pales.

CHALMERS

It's along those lines I'm here to  
talk to you.

DAVID

Like what? What do you mean?

CHALMERS

It's a little delicate. Is it all  
right if I?

David nods and steps to the side allowing Chalmers in.

## INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Chalmers steps into the hallway.

DAVID

Just go on through to the living  
room.

Chalmers nods politely and heads into the living room.  
David watches him go, shuts the door, wipes the sweat  
from his palms on the legs of his trousers, then  
follows Chalmers.

## LIVING ROOM

Chalmers is standing as David enters.

DAVID

Have a seat.

Chalmers takes a seat at the dining table, the same seat little Tommy sat in. Chalmers looks at his half eaten dinner and chuckles.

CHALMERS

Kids, eh.

DAVID

Yeah, kids... look, what's this about?

CHALMERS

You know Kyle Flockton.

DAVID

You know I do.

CHALMERS

He was found murdered last night.

DAVID

Oh my God.

David leans against a wall in shock.

DAVID

Murdered?

CHALMERS

Yes.

DAVID

Do you know who did it?

CHALMERS

No. He was beaten to death with a blunt instrument, believed to be a hammer.

DAVID

Oh my God, that's just shocking news. He was a good kid.

CHALMERS

It's good kids that go out raping and pillaging is it David?

DAVID

No. No... I didn't mean that. Look... is that it?

CHALMERS

Well I am feeling a bit parched.  
You got any tea?

DAVID

No, sorry. We only drink coffee  
here.

Chalmers gets up and walks into the kitchen. David  
follows him in.

KITCHEN

Chalmers leans against some cupboards near the back  
door.

CHALMERS

Coffee's a second best in my book.

David sneers and makes a show of looking in the  
cupboards.

DAVID

You know what.

David faces Chalmers.

DAVID

We're out of coffee too.

CHALMERS

That's a shame.

DAVID

Yeah... shame. So... was there  
anything else I could help you  
with?

CHALMERS

All in good time young David, all  
in good time.

Chalmers wipes at his brow.

CHALMERS

It's hot in here. Mind if I open  
the back door.

Chalmers turns to the back door but has difficulty  
with the key. David appears standing behind him,  
Chalmers gets nervous.

DAVID

Here.

David wiggles the key, eventually turning it.

DAVID (CONT.)

It gets a little stiff.

David opens the back door, eyes on Chalmers, doesn't notice John right away. John is wearing the ski mask and clutching a crow bar on the other side of the door. David slowly turns his head to look at him. Too late. John pushes the butt of the crow bar into David's face. David cries out in pain as his nose explodes, sinking to his knees, hands covering his face.

John steps into the kitchen and Chalmers closes the door behind him.

CHALMERS

Quiet John, remember the woman and kid are upstairs.

David looks up at the two of them, sees they are in league.

DAVID

What is this? What the fuck...

John silences him with another blow to the head from the crow bar. David cries out in pain and begins to back away from them.

DAVID

Just take whatever you want...  
just don't hurt me.

JOHN

How about we fuck your wife, David?

David senses a way out.

DAVID

Yes, just take her. Do whatever  
you want to her, she likes it  
rough.

John lashes out with the crow bar but misses.

DAVID

What? What do you want me to say?

CHALMERS

This is getting noisy, John.

Suddenly the kitchen door opens. Charlene is standing there. The room stops. Waits for her reaction. She takes in the scene, the two men with stockings over their heads, one armed with a crow bar, her husband bloodied on the floor, weeping for his life.

CHARLENE

Not in the house.

Chalmers nods respectfully and Charlene leaves, closing the kitchen door behind her.

DAVID

Charlene! Charlene you fucking bitch, fucking slut, fucking...

John silences him with another hit in the face and they both drag him out of the back door.

JOHN

I thought we were going to do him in the house?

CHALMERS

Change of plan.

EXT. CHALMER'S VAN - NIGHT

Chalmers is driving while John guards David in the back of the van. David has calmed down now, not wanting to antagonise his captors.

JOHN

We can't go back to that other place.

CHALMERS

I know John. I've got an idea.

DAVID

John?

John removes his stocking.

JOHN

That's right, it's me John.

The true gravity of his situation suddenly dawns on David, it's written all over his face.

DAVID

You going to kill me?

CHALMERS

No David. We're not going to kill you.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charlene mops up the specks of blood on the floor. Tommy stands watching her.

TOMMY

Where's Daddy gone Mommy?

CHARLENE

That wasn't your real Daddy, Tommy. That was a monster pretending to be him. He's gone now, the police came and took him away.

TOMMY

What about Daddy?

CHARLENE

He's on his way to heaven.

EXT. TOWERBLOCK, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

David is standing on the edge of the rooftop. Chalmers and John are behind him.

CHALMERS

Either you jump or we take pieces out of you with the crow bar and then throw you off.

DAVID

I know... it's just... give me a minute.

CHALMERS

What for? It's a simple choice, David.

JOHN

Oh for fuck's sake.

John strides forward and swings the crow bar, hooking into David's leg. David screams and wobbles but doesn't lose his balance. John swings and hits him in the leg again. This time David does overbalances but he falls the wrong way... towards Chalmers and John.

They catch him and drive him to the edge of the building. He pushes desperately, screaming as he tries to get away. Momentum is against him, however.

DAVID

No please... no. I don't want to die. Please, I'm scared. No... please... no.

A brief pause. Then they launch him.

David FREE FALLS in slow motion before landing with a sickening squelch on the ground below.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The news is on the TV, volume all the way down. On the screen are images of the tower block and some police tape. John is petting Ninja, staring at the images on the screen.

JOHN

Well they think it was suicide.  
You were right.

Chalmers walks in from the kitchen clutching two dinner plates.

CHALMERS

Gives us room to take the last one now. No nose copper is going to make any connections.

Chalmers hands John one of the plates and suddenly collapses on the floor, lies rigid, froths at the mouth. John jumps out of his seat and kneels next to him, taking Chalmers' head onto his lap.

JOHN

It's OK, mate. It's OK.

Chalmers wets himself and defecates in his trousers.

JOHN

It's all right, mate. It's all right. Come on now, come on.

John has tears in his eyes and looks around the room not knowing what to do. Chalmers suddenly comes back to life.

CHALMERS

I'm... I'm all right.

JOHN

You fainted.

Chalmers looks down at himself and suddenly gets embarrassed.

CHALMERS

Oh God.

JOHN

Don't worry about it. Can you get up?

CHALMERS

Yes... yes. I feel fine now.

JOHN

Come on then, let's get you up stairs.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chalmers is in a deep bath relaxing when John enters with some clothes, a pair of jogging bottoms (with an elasticated waist) and an overstretched t-shirt.

JOHN

These are the best I can do.

CHALMERS

Thanks John.

John takes a seat on the toilet.

JOHN

You've got nothing to thank me for.

CHALMERS

Oh yes I do.

JOHN

Well I could thank you too.  
Without you I'd be in the nut house.

CHALMERS

If I'd have done my job properly  
in the first place...

JOHN

No. No, I'm not accepting that. It  
had to be done like this. Prison  
is too good for those bastards. It  
had to be done like this.

CHALMERS

Perhaps you are right.

JOHN

They took my soul that night. You  
have given it back to me... and  
I'm never going to lose it again.

INT. CHALMERS' VAN - DRIVING

Ninja is in the back and this time John is driving.  
Chalmers is having difficulty breathing in the  
passenger seat. His window is wound all the way down.

CHALMERS

This one grew up buried in shit.  
From a family of layabouts and  
thieves.

The van travels through an affluent area.

CHALMERS

Just pull up over here, John.

John looks around questioningly.

JOHN

What for?

Chalmers points out of the window at a nice detached  
house.

CHALMERS

Because that's where he lives.

JOHN

I thought you said he was born in  
shit?

CHALMERS

He was. Every now and again,  
something happens that changes a  
pile of shit into something  
better. The shit manages to hide  
its smell, bury it so far that it  
isn't recognisable as shit any  
more. Maybe it even isn't, anymore.

JOHN

I don't understand.

Chalmers has a coughing fit. John waits patiently.

CHALMERS

During the court case, young Jason  
found himself a nice girlfriend.  
Very nice, good girl, career woman  
from a good family. Old man's  
given him a job, she's pregnant  
and they're planning to get  
married.

JOHN

It makes no difference.

CHALMERS

I'm just preparing you for what  
you are about to see.

John pulls the stocking over his face.

JOHN

You wait here, take care of Ninja.

CHALMERS

I'm with you till the end, John. I  
meant what I said.

Chalmers pulls on his own stocking and they climb out  
of the van. John winds down his window a little so  
that Ninja can get some air.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chalmers and John make their way to the rear of the  
house. John stops for a second to admire a new Audi  
parked on the drive.

## BACK GARDEN

John climbs over the back gate then removes the bolts so that Chalmers can walk through. They move around the side of the house and stand at the rear where they can see a family sitting down for a meal in the dining room.

## INT. JASON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jason is sitting down at the head of the table just having shared a joke with his fiancée and her family.

CHARLOTTE (21) is a promising barrister, partly down to her rich parents who are also seated at the table.

JASON

Thanks again for coming.

GERALD (45), Charlotte's father, stands slightly inebriated.

GERALD

Thank you for having us. You're a good lad Jason. They don't make them like you any more.

CHARLOTTE

Now Dad, you know how shy he gets when confronted with flattery.

GERALD

Well if it wasn't due I wouldn't give it. Brightest lad I've employed for a while. You picked a good un there Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Aw, thanks Dad.

Charlotte leans in close to Jason who hugs her back. We see that she is several months pregnant.

Charlotte's parents leave after saying their goodbyes and Jason leads Charlotte into the

## LIVING ROOM

Where he pulls her down on top of him on the settee.

JASON

I love you.

Charlotte looks deep into his eyes.

CHARLOTTE

I love you too.

JASON

You've saved my life.

CHARLOTTE

I wouldn't go that far.

JASON

I mean it. If not for you I'd be doing life in prison. You saved me.

CHARLOTTE

Well you saved me too. I honestly couldn't live without you. So that makes us even.

They kiss and it becomes passionate. Charlotte gets up from the settee pulling at Jason's hand.

CHARLOTTE

So you going to finish what you started?

Jason grins and stands up, allowing himself to be led UPSTAIRS.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Chalmers and John watch the happy couple walk out of the living room.

JOHN

Why should he be happy?

CHALMERS

People change.

JOHN

He doesn't deserve this. He doesn't deserve any of it.

CHALMERS

You're right John... but what about her?

JOHN

What is this? I thought you were here to help me?

CHALMERS

I am helping you. You need to understand everything that is at stake here.

JOHN

I understand.

CHALMERS

Perhaps we should go back and plan a little better.

JOHN

No. We go in tonight.

John uses a crow bar to pry open the window.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason is on top of Charlotte making love to her while looking deep into her eyes. Suddenly a bump from downstairs stops him mid-flow.

JASON

Did you hear that?

Charlotte strains her ears.

CHARLOTTE

No... what?

Jason thinks for a moment.

JASON

Wait here.

Jason gets out of bed and slips his jeans on quickly. Then he heads out of the bedroom and warily down the STAIRS.

INT. CHALMERS' VAN - CONTINUOUS

Ninja repeatedly tries to get out of the van by jumping at the back doors. The lock seems to be giving way.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

John climbs through the window above the sink and quietly climbs down onto the floor. He walks to the back door but there is no key. He looks around the kitchen, eyes spotting a bunch of keys on the work top. He takes the keys and opens the back door. Chalmers walks in shutting the door behind him.

Suddenly the kitchen light comes on. John and Chalmers slightly stunned. Jason is standing there.

JASON

What the fuck?

Chalmers pulls a gun from his pocket.

CHALMERS

Don't try to run, Jason.

Jason eyes the gun, maybe trying to figure out if it is real.

JASON

Who are you, how do you know my name?

Jason raises his hands.

JASON

Look, you can have whatever you want. Car out there is brand new and there is some jewellery upstairs that I will get for you.

JOHN

We're not here for you car and jewellery, Jason.

JASON

Cash? I have cash too.

JOHN

What about in your bank?

JASON

I'm sorry?

JOHN

How much do you have in the bank?

Jason looks suddenly fearful, not in control any more.

JASON

You can have whatever is in the house...

JOHN

The bank, Jason.

JASON

I don't understand. Do we know each other?

JOHN

Don't you remember me?

JASON

You have a stocking covering your face.

JOHN

Where's your pretty little girlfriend?

Chalmers looks at John askance.

JASON

She's not here. I'm trying to cooperate with you. What is your problem?

JOHN

Here's my fucking problem, you fucking...

John lifts up the stocking and it takes Jason a few moments to recognise him.

JASON

Oh my God.

JOHN

He can't help you now.

John pulls the stocking back down and moves towards Jason with the crow bar. Suddenly Charlotte enters the room.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Ninja leaps at the doors again and again.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte takes in the scene. Jason has dropped to his knees in shock with Chalmers pointing the gun at him and John, now stationary, with the crow bar raised.

CHARLOTTE

Please don't hurt him. Take whatever you want.

Chalmers and John exchange a glance. Jason looks imploringly at his fiancée.

JASON

Please don't hurt her.

JOHN

I'm not an evil sadistic cunt like you. It's you I'm here for.

CHARLOTTE

What do you mean? Just take whatever you want and leave.

JOHN

If you knew what I'd come for you probably wouldn't be so willing to let me have it.

Charlotte stares at him strangely. Then John, without another hesitation, strides forward and hits Jason across the head with the crow bar. Jason falls, head split, bleeding.

CHARLOTTE

No!

John raises the crow bar again.

CHARLOTTE

No! Please, take me. Take me instead. Please just don't hurt him.

Charlotte rips open her nightdress, eyes streaming.

CHARLOTTE

Please don't hurt him any more.

Jason is barely conscious, a deep wound on his head. John takes it all in.

JOHN

He has to pay for what he did.

CHARLOTTE

What? What did he do? Whatever it was it couldn't be that terrible. We're having a baby.

John stops at the words, crow bar raised.

JOHN

This wonderful man of yours...

CHALMERS

Careful. Don't give too much away.

JOHN

He deserves what is coming.

CHARLOTTE

We're going to have a baby... please. He's had enough.

JOHN

I'm sorry for your loss.

CHARLOTTE

No!

Charlotte moves in front to block Jason just as John brings the crow bar down... it hits her on the head, splitting it open, claret running down her face. Her eyes look blankly ahead and she falls to the ground.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Ninja jumps again and again at the doors. Suddenly the door bursts open and Ninja leaps out of the van.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John drops the crow bar and stares open-mouthed at Charlotte's prone form.

Jason sees his chance and goes for the gun. He and Chalmers wrestle, the GUN GOES OFF. Chalmers and Jason stare at each other in shock for a while, then Chalmers slumps to the floor.

John runs towards Jason with a roar. Jason raises the gun and fires. John is hit in the shoulder, stopping him in his tracks. Jason fires again, this time hitting John in the chest. John falls to the ground.

Ninja suddenly leaps from nowhere and takes Jason down to the floor, causing him to lose his grip on the gun. Jason tries wrestles with Ninja for a while before Ninja bites out his throat. Jason's hands go to his throat in a futile attempt at stopping the bleeding.

Ninja walks over to John and begins licking his face. John's eyes flick open, HE'S ALIVE! John struggles to his feet and checks out Chalmers. Chalmers is dead.

JOHN

Thank you.

Jason is still gurgling, fighting for his life as blood forms a huge pool around him.

Charlotte moans, causing John to look down at her. He nods, glad that she is alive, and heads out of the house. Ninja follows him.

FADE OUT