

GETAWAY

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Started on
August 29th 2021

First draft
October 3rd 2021

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

Inside of a parked car, there exists only the morning light and the background sounds of birds, far off traffic and wind.

After a moment, FOOTSTEPS can be heard until a MAN makes his way to the driver's side window. He takes a WIRE and sticks it down the glass window and into the door and jimmys the lock until it POPS up.

The man opens the door and throws a LARGE BLACK DUFFEL BAG onto the passenger side seat and climbs in.

He is **TOM**. A pretty-boy with a 5 o'clock shadow in his early 40's, carefully concealed by sunglasses, a baseball cap and driving gloves.

He hot wires the engine until it purrs then pulls away without hurrying. He drives to the end of the street.

After turning the corner, he takes out his phone and begins a text message. Clearly a grade-A-texter, he looks at the road and until he's done typing the message, then quickly glances at it for safety then hits send and puts the phone away.

After driving for a minute or so, Tom pulls over to the side of the road for a beat and ANOTHER MAN gets in the backseat.

He is **RHOD**. A tougher looking man in his early 50's he sports a large ROSE TATTOO on the right side of his neck.

TOM

Alright, Miss Daisy.

RHOD

Fuckin' hell man, why did you get a car instead of a van?

Tom starts driving again.

TOM

Because vans stand out too much. Cars, however, blend in with other cars.

RHOD

But vans have more room to manoeuvre.

TOM

And vans are big sore thumbs that stand out from the crowd and let everyone know you're there.

RHOD

Why did you pick such an old car?

TOM

Because it's old. The owner is going to be of an age that won't have it low-jacked, and is going to be retired and so not looking for their car first thing in a morning to go to work in.

RHOD

Okay, I just think we could have done with something a little more new, spacious and reliable, is all. But, whatever you think is best. You're the driver. I won't say nothing.

TOM

Yeah. I'm the driver, so no telling me 'Go down that street, take a turn here' and such, okay? Not today.

RHOD

Alright, boss. No problem.

A beat of silence.

TOM

You and Kathy make up?

RHOD

Nah, I don't think we will either. I think it's finally run it's course. Oh well, better to have loved and lost than never to have met the fuckin' bitch and had all that great sex in the first place, as the sayin' goes.

They drive in silence until Tom pulls for a new passenger.

He is **SCORZ**. An overweight man in his early 40's holding a newspaper.

SCORZ

Alright, boys!

Alright.

RHOD

Alright.

TOM

RHOD

Holy shit, a newspaper. I don't even remember the last time I looked at an actual newspaper. I get all my news on my phone now I didn't even know they still made them. Hey, gimme.

Scorz hands Rhod the newspaper.

RHOD (CONT'D)

I wanna check out Page 3.

Rhod opens it up to disappointment.

RHOD (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

SCORZ

Yeah, they don't do page 3 anymore.

RHOD

Why the fuck not?

SCORZ

Women's rights.

RHOD

What about 'em?

SCORZ

They think it's demeaning to women to picture a woman with her tits out in the daily newspaper these days.

RHOD

What? Even though they're showing every celebrity nip-slip they can get their hands on?

SCORZ

Yep.

RHOD

That's a little contradictory, isn't it?

SCORZ

Yep.

RHOD

At least the girls on Page 3
volunteered for it, the celebs
walking around just having a good
time and accidentally popping out
of their tops didn't agree to show
their shit off for someone else's
profit, did they?

SCORZ

No.

RHOD

And what about all those Page 3
lovelies? Are you out of a job now?
Have they got to go get regular day
jobs or up off the show to full on
porn mags?

SCORZ

Good point.

RHOD

Do they still make porn mags?

SCORZ

Oh yeah. They're hardcore now, too.

TOM

(surprised)

Shut the fuck up.

SCORZ

Yeah, at least the ones in my local
shop are.

RHOD

Well, I guess they've got to be
when everyone has the hard stuff
right there on their phones for
free, haven't they?

(beat)

Man, I can't believe they stopped
Page 3.

(beat)

Remember when you could do Page 3
at 16? Sam Fox, Lindsey Dawn
Mackenzie, Hannah Claydon.

TOM

Hannah Claydon!

SCORZ

Hannah Claydon!

RHOD (CONT'D)

Yeah, see you know.

(beat)

You used to be able to show your tits in the paper at 16, now you get called a paedo for saying hello to a 16 year old. Even though it's the age of consent.

SCORZ

Yeah, and the Sun still had a 30-day countdown to Emma Watson turning 16 and becoming legal, didn't they?

TOM

Fuck yeah, I remember that.

RHOD

Yeah, but if we did that we'd be called paedos.

TOM

By The Sun.

RHOD

By The Sun, exactly. I don't like the way this world is changing.

SCORZ

Women's rights, bro.

RHOD

Women's rights. What about the rights of women who want to show their tits in the newspaper? What about them? No, they get bullied into shutting up by the so-called 'Woke' people who aren't really woke but are just finally catching up with the rest of the normal people and feel they have to jump forward and make normal shit seem abnormal in order to make themselves look smarter than everyone else for being behind.

Rhod continues reading the paper as they crew continue to drive to the next pick up.

Tom pulls over to the side of the road again and Rhod moves over into the middle for a third passenger.

He is **TERRY**. A short but stocky Londoner in his early 50's

TERRY
Mornin' boys.

Mornin'.

TOM

Mornin'.

SCORZ

RHOD
Did you know they stopped doing
Page 3?

TERRY
Yeah, dykes run the world. Irony,
you'd think they'd want to keep
them there.

Tom pulls off again and the crew sit in silence for a beat.

Rhod goes back to reading the paper.

SCORZ
Hey man, I've seen your porno
collection. You like lesbians.

TERRY
Yeah, I like lesbians, not dykes.

SCORZ
What's the difference?

TERRY
A lesbian is a woman who likes
other women, whereas a dyke is a
woman so ugly to men that she had
no other choice but to be with
other women by default because she
couldn't get a boyfriend and is
angry about it.

Scorz laughs.

TERRY (CONT'D)
They still want that dick but can't
get it, so end up having to get
manly looking girlfriends and buy
strap-ons that have V.A.T attached,
so they end up hating all of us
even more and lash out at men and
the rest of world because of it.

Tom laughs at the wheel.

SCORZ
(laughing)
My God, you're so un-PC.

TERRY

Fuck PC, it's for pussies. Say what you're thinking I say.

RHOD

Here, listen to this: "Gladys Knight, a 65-year old woman from Worcestershire, was sentence to 30-days in prison with hardened criminals yesterday, for refusal to pay council tax for the last 6-months. When asked why she had refused to pay, she said that the 4.9% increase coupled with local service cuts equates to real-term increase of more than a 5%, which by law can only be implemented if voted for by a locals in a referendum, which never took place. Because of this Miss. Knight has said that until this is addressed she will not pay a penny in council tax. Miss. Knight has said if it's what it takes it's what it takes. The Judge said she could be released upon payment of the fees due."

TERRY

What a fucking state. Paedo's walk free but little granny can't afford council tax gets locked up with violent pension pinchers for bringing up a valid point.

RHOD

Can you believe it?

TERRY

Well, yeah sadly, I can. This fuckin' country's run by muppets who are only concerned with their own pockets.

SCORZ

All council money should come from central government anyway.

TERRY

Yeah.

SCORZ

It ain't right that we get taxed on wages, hard earned wages, nationally, and then we have to pay a local tax just for existing.

TOM

Existing?

SCORZ

Yeah. Listen man, everyone has to live somewhere, and it's a different amount in every county--

TERRY

Different amounts in each area of each county.

SCORZ

Exactly, you can't get away with not paying it, so you're charged different amounts for living in different areas. A band-A one bedroom council flat in Nottingham costs four-times more than a band-D four bedroom house in Westminster.

TOM

What? That's disgusting.

SCORZ

Oh yeah. Look up it online. You can see all the bands for all the areas of the country. It's a joke.

TERRY

One without a punch-line by the sounds of it.

SCORZ

The more money you have, the less you have to hand over, and the less you have the more you're having to fork out.

A beat of silence.

TERRY

I guess ours is about to go up then.

The boys chuckle at the in-joke.

Tom pulls over and the passenger side door opens for reveal the last passenger..

He is **DANNY**. A handsome, loud cockney in his early 40's

DANNY
Alright boys.

BOYS
Alright.

DANNY
Why's everyone in the back?
(Referencing Tom)
Has this cunt farted?

TOM
Yes.

Danny moves the large duffel bag and takes his seat up front, resting it on his lap then closing the door.

Tom continues driving.

RHOD
Did you know they stopped Page 3?

TOM
Jesus.

DANNY
Yes, mate. It's a fucking crime. No wonder the newspaper business is suffering. There's many a man who'd buy a newspaper on the way to work just to have a fresh pair to crack one off to in the car on their way to work without leaving a digital footprint on their phone for the wife to find. They better never get rid of Dear Deirde, that's all I can say. I fuckin' love that woman.

TERRY
Dear Diedre! Yes son!

DANNY
In fact, gimme that paper.

Danny reaches into the back seat and grabs the paper from Rhod.

RHOD

Oi, I haven't even read my stars yet. What's the matter with you?

Danny ignores Rhod and searches the pages until he settles on what he's looking for.

RHOD (CONT'D)

(to Terry)

Cheeky prick.

Danny reads from the paper.

DANNY

Dear Deidre, a couple of weeks ago, I introduced my boyfriend to my parents for the first time over a family dinner. Everything went as good as I could have hoped and we all drank on late into the night. When I was tired I decided to go to bed and left my boyfriend watching TV with my mum and dad, which they were fine with. Anyway, a few hours later their drunken laughter awoke me and when I went to ask them to try and keep it down so I could sleep, when from the top of the stairs I was horrified to see them all watching porn together.

The crew 'Oooh'.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Please help me Deidre, as I find it a very uncomfortable situation and I haven't been able to bring myself to bring it up with any of them so far and I don't want to pretend I don't know about it and act as though it never happened. Thank you, Philippa.

SCORZ

Jesus, were they naked?

DANNY

It doesn't say.

TERRY

What did Deidre say?

Danny continues reading.

DANNY

Dear Philippa, thank you for contacting me with this most personal issue. While I understand the immediate feeling of shock you must have felt upon sight of your boyfriend watching pornography with your parents, I think it's important to remember that they were drunk and so not fully themselves. Not only that, but it's important to consider that if you had stayed up, then the chances are that you probably watched porn with them also.

The crew let out cries of disbelief at the comment.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, Deidre, what are you saying?

TERRY

She's really saying this girl would have watched porn with her mum and dad? That's nasty. That's nasty.

SCORZ

That's wrong, man.

Tom shakes his head with a smile.

RHOD

Yes, that's gross. Now can you read me my stars, please? I want to know how my day is going to go.

TOM

Well live it and find out.

TERRY

You don't really believe in that shit, do you?

RHOD

Yes, I do, actually. I'm a very spiritual person deep down.

DANNY

How deep? Your arse?

Scorz laughs.

RHOD

Shut up you and read my stars.

DANNY
Well, which is it, shut up or read
your stars?

RHOD
Read my bloody stars, ya bastard.
Capricorn.

Danny turns to the right page.

DANNY
Jesus Christ.

RHOD
Yes, Jesus Christ's star sign. Go!

DANNY
Jupiter is in Uranus... because
it's full of gas. Get it?

All but Rhod laugh.

RHOD
Yes, it's very funny and you can
make more jokes later just read
mine for real and then you can do
what you like.

DANNY
Okay, but I'll hold you to that and
havin' a go on that real-feel
rubber sex doll you've got.

TERRY
(to Rhod)
You've got what?

RHOD
I won it.

DANNY
(to Terry)
He paid two-grand for it.

TERRY
What?

SCORZ
(to Rhod)
Is it any good?

RHOD
Fucking amazing, mate.

TOM
 (to Rhod)
 Is that why Kathy left?

RHOD
 Shut up, you. Danny. Stars. Now.

DANNY
 (reading)
 "As your romantic life surfs the
 rocky waves heading for a crash,
 your money worries will soon
 disappear as a cash win-fall heads
 your way."

The boys nudge each other with smiles.

RHOD
 I knew it. See? See? What did I
 tell you? They know man, they know.

DANNY
 (reading)
 "Feel like no one takes you
 seriously? A Scorpio's actions will
 soon prove you someone not to be
 trifled with."

Oooh!

SCORZ

Oooh!

TERRY

TOM
 (intrigued)
 I'm a Scorpio. What's mine say?

RHOD
 Oh, but I thought it was all a
 bunch of shit?

TOM
 I did and it is--

RHOD
 Then why do you wanna know all of a
 sudden?

TOM
 Because yours was close and now I'm
 curious.

Oooh!

SCORZ

Oooh!

TERRY

RHOD
You said it, not me.

TERRY
Come on, what's it say?

DANNY
Scorpio. As one career path nears its end, an altercation with a co-worker could lead to a very messy end. As Jupiter enters Uranus, not a joke this time, be on the look out for flashing blue lights as a harbinger of great sadness. What the fuck is a Harbinger?

SCORZ
Be on the look out for flashing lights is a bit on-the-nose, ain't it? Jesus.

TOM
Alright, I'll be on the look out for flashing blue lights, and sirens and little boys in blue.

SCORZ
Fuck it, what does mine say? Libra.

DANNY
"Tread lightly as--

Terry laughs out loud by accident then covers his mouth.

TERRY
Sorry.

DANNY
"Tread lightly as--

Rhod laughs.

Scorz nudges Rhod.

SCORZ
Oi!

RHOD
Sorry. Sorry.

DANNY
"Tread lightly as--" Oh for fuck's sake.

Danny laughs and buries his head in his hands as Rhod and Terry break out laughing. Tom smiles at the wheel.

SCORZ

Yeah, I'm overweight. Big deal--

RHOD

'Big' deal.

They boys laugh harder.

SCORZ

You're a bunch of insensitive arseholes. You know that?

DANNY

Alright, alright, alright. Let's calm it.

The laughter dies die. Danny clears his throat.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Watch your step as a new opportunity arises. While the monetary value may seem ideal, the risks involved far out-weight the rewards."

SCORZ

Right. Thank you.

DANNY

What about you, Terry, you want yours read?

TERRY

After those downers, on a day like today? No thanks.

RHOD

Mine was alright.

TERRY

Ahhh.

A beat of silence.

TOM

Tread lightly.

All but Scorz break out laughing.

SCORZ

Just to remind you all, I'm about to have a gun. So, you know, just sayin'.

RHOD

Alright, alright, alright. We're sorry. Danny, what we got?

DANNY

Yeah, how heavy are we?

Danny unzips the large duffel bag and takes a look through it.

TOM

One hand gun, three shot guns, 4 masks and four tasers.

TERRY

Tasers?

TOM

Just in case. Someone gets froggy, you let them know that that was a warning. We don't want anyone actually getting shot, but they are loaded.

Danny pulls out a handgun with attached silencer.

DANNY

Ooh, silencer. Nice.

RHOD

Dibs.

Rhod reaches out and snatches it from Danny's hand.

DANNY

Jesus man, careful. You could have shot me in the face.

RHOD

Calm down, it's still attached.

Rhod admires his new weapon.

Danny hands Terry and Scorz each a shotgun.

SCORZ

How much are we expecting?

TOM

They had a delivery about half an hour ago, so I'd say a quarter mill is pretty safe.

DANNY

Nice one.

TOM

Split 5 ways that's anything up to 50K each.

RHOD

And no fucking tax.

TOM

No fucking tax.

The boys pull out BALACLAVAS and put them on their heads (but not over their faces).

TOM (CONT'D)

Remember, no doubt they're gonna hit the silent alarm straight away no matter what kind of weapons they see. What you need to be on the look out for is the regular retard who thinks it's a moment to pull out his or her camera phone and start filming like they're on a fucking movie set.

SCORZ

What about video in the bank?

TOM

Yes, there's video in the bank but it's not as good and it doesn't capture sound. Camera phones equal sound, equal accents, equal voice recognition, equal collared. So that's what you need to be on the look out for. You see a phone. Taser them and their phone so everyone else gets the message.

SCORZ

I'm still on the door, right?

TOM

Yes, everything is as planned previously. Right, let's go over it. You go in, Terry you're on crowd control.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

You get in their face and let them know that they're in charge and no one is to look up. Get them all looking down at their feet or turn them around and look down at their feet.

TERRY

Right.

TOM

Scorz, you're on the doors. Keep them covered and the second you see someone even look at them like they're thinking of making a run for it, look them dead in their eyes, cock that shit and say "What?!"

SCORZ

Right.

TOM

Rhod, you're on rough. You grab the closest person who works there that they know, and you poke them with the silencer. Keep it visible to them so it's never not out of their sight. No holding to the ribs, they need to see it, so if you can, hold it to their neck, but be careful.

RHOD

Yep.

TOM

Danny, you're on speaker. You get that cashier door open and the tellers away from their desks. Get them to open the draws one-by-one and have them fill the bags with every note in the draw.

DANNY

Where are the bags?

TOM

In the bottom of that one.

Danny pulls out more black bags from within the first duffel bag.

TOM (CONT'D)

And remember, no matter how tempting you think it is in the moment, no asking to see a safe. Safe's are big and take longer to open, keep you there too long and increase your chances of getting caught. We can only hold so much money anyway so only grab what we can carry. What's in the registers.

RHOD

Yeah, we know man, we know. Come on.

TOM

Rhod, is this our plan or mine?

RHOD

Yours and we all know it so, can we just get on with it already, please?

TOM

We're just making sure everyone remembers every aspect of the job so there are no cock ups--

RHOD

We know--we know--

TOM

Well, clearly not 'cos Scorzy asked 'cos it's his first time. Alright?

RHOD

Alright, well he knows now and we're pros so, can we get it going?

TOM

We're not even there yet, for fuck's sake.

TERRY

Yeah man, chill. He's just going over the plan to make sure everyone remembers their place. Okay?

RHOD

Right.

Rhod looks agitated as he looks out of the window, slightly rocking his body as he stirs.

They drive in silence for a moment.

TOM
Right, we're here.

Tom drives past and bank and parks up with it in the background. Rhod cocks his gun.

TOM (CONT'D)
Right, slowest to fastest in,
slowest to fastest out. Scorz, go.

SCORZ
Right.

Scorz and the gang pull their balaclavas over their faces and Scorz gets out and heads towards the bank.

TOM
Terry, Rhod, be careful.

RHOD
Yes, dad.

Terry gets out and Rhod follows.

TOM
Danny.

DANNY
Yes, mate.

TOM
Keep an eye on Rhod.

DANNY
Yes, mate.

Danny goes to leave and Tom holds his arm back a second.

TOM
Danny.

DANNY
Yes, mate.

TOM
No calling anyone darlin'.

DANNY
Alright, lovely.

Danny leaves and follows the others into the bank.

Tom sits in silence at the wheel for 2-minutes as the crew carry out the bank job off screen. We HEAR minor screams and orders being screamed in the background as they carry out the robbery.

After 2-minutes of waiting, our four masked thieves rush out of the bank in the background and run back to the car.

Scorz and Rhod are the first ones back followed by Danny and Terry. Rhod and Danny are carrying the money bags.

RHOD

Drive!

TOM

No shit.

Tom pulls away quickly and quietly as Rhod and the crew look around out of the windows to see who is looking.

They sit in silence a beat until Tom breaks the silence.

TOM (CONT'D)

How much did we get?

RHOD

We got a lot. But we won't know how much until we count it, will we?

TOM

You know what I mean, fucko. How much?

SCORZ

A lot, mate. It was mostly twenties goin' in the bags so I'd expect at least a hundred grand.

RHOD

(to Scorz)

The fuck do you know about countin'?

Scorz stays silence.

TOM

Any problems?

RHOD

No.

TOM

Anyone you recognise in there that could I.D you from your voice?

RHOD

No.

TOM

What about cameras, did you keep your masks on the whole time?

RHOD

Of course we fucking did, we're not fuckin' amateurs. For fuck's sake.

Scorz, Terry and Danny shoot each other looks. Tom spots it in the rear view.

TOM

Okay, what went wrong.

Rhod pulls his mask off.

RHOD

Nothing fucking went wrong, alright? We went in, we did what we were there to do and we got out with what we went in for. End of. Didn't we?

DANNY

(not believable)
Yes, mate.

TERRY

(unenthusiastic)
Yeah.

Scorz nods with a look that avoids eye contact and the other take their masks off.

Tom doesn't like the expressions he sees on their faces and quickly pulls off down a side street and over.

TOM

Alright, what happened?

RHOD

What the fuck are you doin'? Drive for fuck's sake.

TOM

Not until I know what went down.

RHOD

Tom, the fucking Rozzers are gonna be on us any second. Get fucking moving.

TOM
Not until I know what happened.

TERRY
It was a bad move, that's all.

DANNY
It just came out of nowhere.

Rhod exhales in frustration at the reveal.

TOM
What. The fuck. Happened?

RHOD
Okay, drive and I'll fucking tell
you. Jesus.

Tom pulls out back onto the street and continues. He drives
for a beat and waits for someone to talk.

TOM
Well?

Rhod looks around at the others for answers.

RHOD
Well, tell him.

SCORZ
Well, we was just--

TOM
(to Rhod)
No, from you. I want to hear it
from you.

RHOD
Oh, for fuck's sake. Who does it
matter who you hear it from as long
as you hear it?

TOM
Because I want to hear it in your
voice so I know if it's true or
not.

RHOD
Oh, because you're a fucking lie
detector now. Jesus.

TERRY
Come on, lads. Let's just try to
keep it calm, alright?

TOM
Shut the fuck up!

RHOD
Shut the fuck up!

TOM
Right, tell me what happened or I'm
calling it.

RHOD
We've already done the job, how the
fuck are you gonna call it if we've
already carried it out, you stupid
shit?

Tom SCREETCHS the car over to the side of the road.

TOM
Right, if somebody doesn't talk in
the next 5-seconds, I'm getting out
of this car and you can drive
yourself to the hide out you don't
know the location of.

Rhod pulls his gun out and points it at Tom's head.

RHOD
Drive the fucking car.

DANNY
Jesus, Rhod, calm down mate.

SCORZ
Um...

TERRY
Yeah, Rhod let's just chill out,
shall we?

RHOD
Shut the fuck up!
(to Tom)
You, drive, now!

TOM
I'll drive when you tell 'em what
the fuck went on in there and not
until.

RHOD
(leaning in)
I SHOT SOMEONE, OKAY?!

TOM
You fuckin' what?

RHOD
You heard me!

Tom looks out of the window for the police.

DANNY
Look, it was an accident. Want it,
Tezza?

TERRY
Yes, mate. She was just in the way--

TOM
She? You shot a woman?

RHOD
Yes, I shot a fucking woman,
alright?!

TOM
Jesus Christ, Rhod.

RHOD
What does it matter if it was a
woman or a man? It's still someone
gettin' shot either way.

DANNY
Yeah, man. It doesn't make a
difference whether--

TOM
Shut up Danny!

SCORZ
Tommy, she was just gettin' in the
way. She was shouting about how we
were all going to prison for what
we were doing and that, you know?

TOM
So he shot her?

RHOD
Yes. She was in my face, shouting
and screaming and you know I don't
like that.

TOM

So because some woman tells you the FACTS about what will happen IF we're caught, the absolute facts, you decide to risk us all GETTING caught by shooting her? Are you fucking right in the head?

Rhod points the gun at Tom again.

RHOD

Don't you fucking question my mental health, you fuck!

TERRY

Rhod, calm down, mate.

Rhod points the gun at Terry.

RHOD

Don't tell me to calm down!

TERRY

Okay, mate, okay!

TOM

Yeah, Rhod, that's how you prove you're not crazy, by pointing a gun at everyone. You twat.

Rhod SCREAMS and PUNCHES the back of Tom's seat with each word.

RHOD

Don't. Call. Me. A Twat!

They sit in silence a beat.

Tom pulls his foot down and continues to drive.

TOM

Why the fuck did you have to shoot her?

RHOD

Because she was screaming in my face. You know I don't like it when women start shouting, I can't fuckin' stand 'em when they're like that.

TOM

So you just shot her?

RHOD

Yeah.

TOM

For speaking her mind?

RHOD

Yes, and I'd do it again.

TOM

You'd do it again? You'd do it a--

Tom turns away from the wheel and starts throwing punches at Rhod's shoulder.

DANNY

Jesus Christ.

Danny grabs the wheel and steers the best he can.

TERRY

Hey, hey, hey, calm down. Watch the fucking road. You're gonna get us all killed!

Tom turns back to the wheel and knocks Danny's hands away.

TOM

I got it.

DANNY

Alright, mate.

RHOD

He's only helping. Maybe if you didn't take your hands off the wheel he wouldn't have to.

TOM

Yeah, well maybe if you didn't go around shooting people I wouldn't have to take my hands off the wheel to deal with you.

Rhod scoffs.

RHOD

I'd like to see you try and deal with me, pretty boy.

TOM

Yeah?

RHOD

Yeah.

TOM

You want me to pull this fucker over again and take care of you?

RHOD

Oh, is that a threat?

TOM

A threat? It's a fucking promise, mate. You're gonna get us all caught. Every injury sustained in a job by people caught in the cross-hairs puts more pressure on the police to come after us full on.

RHOD

What, you think I don't know that?

TOM

Clearly fucking not, otherwise you wouldn't go around shooting people unless you absolutely had to.

TERRY

Alright, let's get a hold of ourselves--

TOM

A bit late for that, apparently.

TERRY

Look, what's done is done and we can't take it back. So let's just try and look forward and think about what comes next. What we can control and take it from there, okay?

No one replies.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Right, so how long to the swap-point?

Tom stews for a second before answering.

TOM

3-miles.

TERRY

So about 3-minutes, yeah?

TOM

Yeah.

TERRY

Right then, what's the plan when we get there?

RHOD

Oh yes, Captain, Sir. What's your great plan for when we arrive at our destina--

TERRY

Shut the fuck up, Rodney. Just shut the fuck up, already.

DANNY

Yeah, Rodney, you dipstick.

Rhod leans forward and slap Danny up side the head.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, you fuckin' want some, do ya?!

Danny turns around and starts throwing punches at Rhod. Rhod returns.

TERRY

Hey, hey, hey! What the fuck did we just say?!

Terry and Scorz get in the middle and use their arms to split the pair up.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Cut it the fuck out.

RHOD

Cockney twat!

DANNY

Fuck off.

They sit a silence a beat.

TERRY

So, the plan.

TOM

I've got a clean car waiting. Paid for with cash and still in the previous owner's name, so when we're done with that one we can just leave the keys in the ignition for some lucky sod to find and have a play with.

TERRY

Clothes?

TOM

There's a change of clothes for everyone and the swap. Tops bottoms, shoes and hats. Everything you're wearing now goes up with this heap.

RHOD

The heap that you chose over a fucking van. Why didn't you get a van. Everything wouldn't been alright if you'd just got a van.

TOM

Oh, is that right? It was me getting a car instead of a van that made you shoot that woman, was it?

RHOD

You know what I mean.

TOM

No, I fucking don't, because what you're saying makes no fucking sense.

RHOD

It makes perfect sense.

TOM

Really? Oh well, then, enlighten me, oh great one.

Rhod stares silently out of the window, chewing his lip.

RHOD

It makes perfect sense.

TOM

Shut the fuck up, does it.

SCORZ

Alright, lads, come on. We're not gonna turn back time arguing.

Everyone is quiet for a moment.

TOM

How bad was it?

RHOD

How bad was what?

TOM

How bad--? Are you fucking kidding me? The shot. How bad was the shot? Obviously.

RHOD

I don't know, I shot her in the shoulder, I think.

TOM

You think?

RHOD

Yes, I think I shot her in the shoulder.

TOM

Well, was she alright?

RHOD

How the fuck should I know. She went down if that's what you're asking.

TOM

Jesus.

(to Danny)

Did you see where he got her?

DANNY

No mate, I just saw her lying on her side being held by some other younger woman. Probably her daughter or something.

TOM

Daughter?

RHOD

It wasn't her daughter.

DANNY

How do you know?

TOM

Shut up, Rhod.

(to Danny)

Why do you say daughter?

DANNY

Well, she seemed about the right age and jumped straight to her aid, instantly like she knew her.

RHOD

Didn't say 'Mum' though, did she?

DANNY

I don't know, I was still in shock like everyone else, but does she fuckin' have to?

RHOD

Well, it's what people say, int it?

DANNY

(to Tom)

Look, it might not have been but, fact is she was there and I could see where she was shot because of the angle. Plus I was keeping an eye on them filling the bags, want I?

TOM

(to Scorz)

Did you see?

SCORZ

No mate, I was watching the doors to make sure no one was coming in.

RHOD

You were shitting it, is what you were.

SCORZ

Well, is it any wonder when you start shooting people for saying 'You should be ashamed of yourself'?

TOM

Oh Jesus, is that what she said?

RHOD

Yes it is, and a whole lot of other things too.

TOM

This fucking clown. This fucking clown. If there's one sentence he can't stand it's 'You should be ashamed of yourself'. For fuck's sake.

DANNY

Why's that?

RHOD

None of your fucking business, that's why.

TOM

Oh, who the fuck knows. It's just always been a trigger of his, ever since we was kids. Jesus Christ, you're easy to piss of.

RHOD

Look are we there yet or what?

TOM

Yes, we're there.

RHOD

Good.

TOM

We're there, we're out of the car, we're changed and in the next vehicle. Happy?

RHOD

Oh aren't you a fucking comedian?

TOM

Well don't ask stupid fucking questions then.

RHOD

Okay, Mr. Perfect, how long until we arrive where we're going?

TOM

It's just at the top of this hill.

RHOD
 Right, thank you.
 (beat)
 E.T.A?

TOM
 30-fucking seconds. Can you shut up
 for 30-fucking seconds until we get
 there or do you have to keep
 yappin' to--

POLICE CARS flashing their lights and blurring their SIRENS
 pass the car and everyone goes quiet.

No one speaks while they complete their journey.

Tom turns the car around a bushy corner that appears to be
 out of sight. He looks out of the window for something a
 beat.

TOM (CONT'D)
 What? Where the fuck--

Tom slams on the breaks and gets out of the car.

Through the window we see him take a full look around the
 area.

TOM (CONT'D)
 FUUUUUCK!

TERRY
 Oh fuck.

RHOD
 What?

SCORZ
 The fucking cars' bin nicked, 'ant
 it?

DANNY
 Oh. Shit.

RHOD
 It's not that bad, we've still got
 this one.

DANNY
 Yeah, but we can't keep riding
 around in this one, can we?

RHOD
 Why not? A car's a car.

TERRY

Because the police are gonna be lookin' for this one, aren't they? That's why we had another car waiting to drive away in.

RHOD

Oh shit, you're right.

DANNY

Ya think?!

SCORZ

Where we gonna get a new car from?

RHOD

We're not gettin' a new car.

SCORZ

How the fuck we gonna get away if we're driving around in a stolen car that's being looked for?

RHOD

We'll figure something out. Tom'll come up with something.

Through the window we see Tom take his phone out and call someone.

TOM

Alright, mate, how you doin'?

(beat)

Good. Listen mate, I've got a problem and I need a clean car, fast.

RHOD

Jesus Christ.

TOM

Yeah, listen, it's gotta hold 5 people and I need it, like, 10-minutes ago, mate.

(beat)

I know, believe me, I know, but, the car I had has been stolen and I can't get--

(beat)

No mate, I can't. Listen, I'm on a job and it's gone a bit wrong and--

RHOD

What the fuck is he doin'?

TERRY

Gettin' us a new car. Clearly.

RHOD

He's talkin' about the job, for fuck's sake.

DANNY

Well, we need something. We can't just be driving around in a stolen car with guns and bags of money, can we?

TOM

Yes, mate. Thank you. I'll look after you, don't worry. Cheers.

Tom hangs up the phone and walks back over to the car. He opens the door and grabs the money bags.

RHOD

Hey, what the fuck are you doin'?

Rhod climbs over Terry and out of the car.

Tom takes the bags around the back of the car and opens the boot.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Well?

TOM

Counting the money.

Tom empties out the bags and starts counting out piles of money into 5 even lots.

RHOD

So how much is this new car gonna cost?

TOM

Ten grand.

RHOD

(mocking)

Oh, so it really is a new car. Well then, why don't we just go down to the show room and buy a new one cash?

TOM

Be serious.

RHOD

I am serious. It'll be ours legally with no one looking for it, and it'll probably be a lot cheaper.

TOM

We're not paying for a car, we're paying for a clean escape. And a clean escape is priceless.

RHOD

Really? Sounds like it costs about ten grand to me.

(beat)

Well, it's coming out of your share.

TOM

It's coming out of the whole thing.

RHOD

Like fuck it is. It can come out of yours lot but not a penny is coming out of mine, I'll tell you that right now.

TOM

Then you're not getting in the car, are you?

RHOD

Like fuck I'm not.

TOM

Then you're paying your fair share.

RHOD

You're a shit.

TOM

Oh really?

RHOD

Yes, really. You know, none of this would be happening if you'd put the car in a better place.

TOM

Yeah, no shit.

RHOD

Or if you'd just gotten a van in the first place instead of a car?

TOM
What the fu--? TERRY.

TERRY
Yes, mate.

TOM
Do me a favour, come count this money out into five equal amounts and then take tend grand off the top for the new car.

TERRY
Alright, mate.

TOM
Thank you.

Terry gets out of the car and heads for the back.

Danny starts looking at his phone.

RHOD
Don't you dare take any off of my share. It's not fuckin' happenin'.

TOM
Oh yes, it is. Now tell me--

Tom starts PUSHING Rhod.

TOM (CONT'D)
How the fuck, does me, getting a van, over a car, stop the car I stashed, from being, fucking, NICKED?!

RHOD
I swear to God if you push me again I'll shoot you right in the fuckin' face mate?

TOM
Yeah?

RHOD
Yeah.

Tom pushes Rhod again.

Rhod aims the gun in Tom's face.

DANNY
(shouting)
We've got a fucking problem!

Tom stares at Rhod a beat before replying.

TOM
What?

Rhod holds his ground.

Danny rushes from the car and hands Tom his phone.

Scorz climbs out and stretches his legs.

Tom looks at the phone for a moment then gives it him back, looks at the ground, rests his hands on his legs a moment... then SWINGS on Rhod. He connects with his face and knocks him back. Rhod tries to take aim at him Again but is hit again and again before he can get his aim right.

TOM (CONT'D)
Are you happy now? Hey? Are you?
She's fucking dead!

Rhod gets to his feet and picks up his fallen gun.

RHOD
What the fuck are you talking
about?

TOM
The woman. The woman you shot in
the "shoulder". She's dead. You
shot her in the fucking heart.

RHOD
Bollocks, did I.

DANNY
It's all over the fuckin' news
mate.

Danny holds up his phone. Rhod leans in for a look and holds his hands to his head.

RHOD
Ah shit.

TOM
Ah shit? Ah shit indeed.

RHOD

Well, it's okay, no one knows it was us. Look, we got away.

TOM

Are you serious?

RHOD

Look, the new car will be here any minute and we'll be off. No harm, no foul. We'll cook this one with everything in it--

DANNY

No harm no foul, mate? You just killed someone's old granny, for fuck's sake. What's a matter with you?

TOM

(to Danny)

Well, he's off his head int he? He think as long as we get away fine that that's that. No harm done, job's a good 'un.

RHOD

Okay, I fucked up. But it can't be helped now, just like the car you stashed gettin' nicked, it's an unfortunate circumstance that couldn't have been prevented--

TOM

What?

TERRY

Are you seriously trying to compare his car getting nicked to you shooting an old woman in the chest?

RHOD

Hey, shut up and keep counting, you.

TERRY

Don't you fuckin' tell me what to do, you stupid fucking cunt. You're gonna get us all collared--

RHOD

Don't you call me a cunt.

TERRY

Well, don't be a cunt then.

Rhod points his gun at Terry.

RHOD

Don't you call me a cunt. Not today, not ever.

Terry and Rhod share a stare.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Now count the fucking money and let's figure this out.

Terry goes back to counting.

TOM

Yeah, get ten grand counted so we can get a clean car, get the fuck out of here and away from this loose canon.

Tom points at Rhod.

RHOD

Oh, a 'loose canon' am I?

TOM

Yeah.

RHOD

Well then, if I'm such a loose canon, then why the fuck did you bring me along?

TOM

You know, I thought you'd grown up a bit, but apparently I was wrong.

Rhod scoffs.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're in your 50's for fuck's sake, you'd think at such an age you'd have control over such childish impulses but no. Not a chance.

Rhod turns to the others.

RHOD

Are you lot really gonna just stay silent and let him call me names?

DANNY

Call you names? Call you names? You killed someone's granny, for fuck's sake.

RHOD

Oh, we don't know if she was a granny. Shut up.

DANNY

What does it matter if she wasn't. She was still a person. Look this wasn't supposed to be that kind of job. We picked a nice little local bank because it's small time and not looked after by heavies, and the less of that we have, the easier the steal is. But no, you want to act as though it's the opening scene of 'The Dark Knight' or something and just go in guns blazing. If I'd have known it was gonna turn out like this I wouldn't have bothered.

RHOD

Pussy.

DANNY

Pussy?

RHOD

Pussy, man.

DANNY

I wanted to get some money to buy a house and go straight somewhere. I don't care if it's 30K for a piece of shit up in Middlesborough, I just wanted something to go legit and stop having to keep throwing money away on fucking rent, but, thanks to you, if we get caught, I won't have to worry about paying some fucking prick Tory landlord every month, 'cos I'll be living free at Her Majesty's Behest. Forever.

Rhod is quiet.

Danny turns to Scorz.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What about you, Big Man? What were you going to do with your share before this gimp fucked it up for all of us?

RHOD

(warning)

Hey!

SCORZ

Oh man, don't bring me into it, I just wanna get out of here.

DANNY

Don't bring you into it? I think you'll find you're already smack-bang in the middle of it, Sunshine.

SCORZ

You know what I mean. I don't wanna argue about it. It's fucking happened now let's just try and get past it and out of here.

RHOD

Exactly, he's the right idea. What's done is done. Thank you Scorzy.

TERRY

Fuck that fat pussy prick. He's just soft and doesn't wanna get his blood pressure up. He knows you're dead fucking wrong and you know it too.

Scorz gets back in the back seat.

TOM

(to Terry)

How we lookin' so far?

TERRY

Yeah, just finishing up.

RHOD

Yeah, you make sure you don't take anything off of my share.

TOM

He's taking two from everyone we're all going in the car.

RHOD
You can pay out whatever you want
but I ain't paying out jack shit.

TOM
We'll see about that.

RHOD
Yeah, we will.

TOM
Well, if it's not your car then the
fare out of here is two-grand.
(beat)
Unless you want to get an Uber, of
course.

RHOD
(mocking)
Oh, you're so funny. So funny.

TERRY
Okay, it's done.

Tom and Rhod step closer to Terry at the back of the car.

TERRY (CONT'D)
We're looking at £37,750 each.

RHOD
And you want me to reduce that to
£35,750, do you?

TOM
If you want out of here, yes.

TERRY
That's after the 10K deduction for
the car.

RHOD
Right then, so that's £39,750 for
me and a bit less for you lot.

Rhod reaches in to grab his share and some extra. Terry and
Rhod step between him. Tom pushes him back.

TOM
What the fuck did I tell you? If
you want out, then you pay your
share.

RHOD
I told you--

TOM

You pay your share, from your FREE money. Remember that, FREE money. Your money was FREE. So shut the fuck up. You've got nearly 38-grand you didn't have an hour ago. So grow up--

RHOD

Forty grand, actually.

TOM

and STOP BEING A FUCKING CHILD!

The others look on in agreement.

RHOD

What the fuck are you lot looking at? I bet none of you will talk to me like this 'cos I will knock you the fuck out.

TOM

They're not talking to you, I am.

RHOD

And I'm talking to you, and I'm telling you for the last time, I'm not paying two-grand for a 10-mile taxi ride.

TOM

Listen to me, you impossible child. The police are gonna look at the CCTV from outside the bank, see THIS car, follow it down the street onto the next road, get the CCTV from that street and keep following the car until they reach final tape which shows it heading in this direction, which is when they'll come calling. We're on the clock now. They're on their way. It might take an hour, but they WILL be here.

RHOD

I'm not handing over two-grand. Not doing it. No way.

Tom gives up.

TOM

Oh, fuck this.

Tom walks to the back of the car and starts putting a pile of money into a backpack.

RHOD
What are you doing?

TOM
I'm leaving. I'm not putting up with any of your bullshit anymore. You're a fucking idiot who risks his freedom and the freedom of others, and the LIVES of others over a couple of measly two-grand.

RHOD
If it's so measly then why don't you lot just pay more?

Tom exhales with a laugh.

TOM
Jesus. And just for that, being as I've got a better chance of getting away by not travelling with you and going it on my own--

RHOD
Hey, stop.

Rhod puts the gun back on Tom.

TOM
I'm walking now, so I'll take back my two-grand from the group pot.

Tom takes £2K off of the smallest pile of money, puts it in his back pack and closes it up.

TOM (CONT'D)
Now your share is twenty-five hundred. That's 500 more you're out of pocket.

Tom puts on the backpack and stars to walk away.

RHOD
Hey! Stop right there!

TOM
Or what?

RHOD
Or I'll shoot your fucking face off.

TOM

Oh yeah? Why don't you put that gun down and fight like a man?

Rhod stands quiet, gun on Tom the whole time.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on then, put the gun down, I'll take my bag off, we'll fight and the winner takes the other ones share. How about that? Let's see if you're as tough without that fucking shooter in your hand.

RHOD

I'm telling you, put the money back and get back in the car. Or else.

Tom stands his ground.

TOM

Or else what?

RHOD

I don't take kindly to being robbed. Not now, not ever.

TOM

Robbed? This is my share you idiot.

RHOD

Oh, no it's not. See, if you're not driving then you're not part of the team, and if you're not a part of the team, not it's not your money, it's ours. We went in, we did you job--

TOM

You shot the old lady.

RHOD

We risked it all. You just sat in the fucking car like a scared little girl.

TOM

And planned the job, and did all recon, and mapped out the getaway, found a hide out, got us a clean getaway car--

RHOD

Yeah, a clean getaway car. And where is that?

(beat)

Oh, it got away. Funny that. Now who's the fucking comedian?

TOM

Fuck off.

Tom turns to walk away.

RHOD

I'm telling you, putting the fucking money back in the fucking car and get behind the fucking wheel.

TOM

I'm not getting back in the car. You'll just have to shoot me in the back like a coward. You know, like the kind of man that kills women.

Tom walks away. Rhod lowers the gun and his head.

TOM (CONT'D)

You should be ashamed of yourself.

Rhod looks back up and aims the gun at Tom's head.

RHOD

(loudly)

Bye then!

POP!

Rhod shoots Tom in the back of the head. Tom face-plants dead into the dirt.

TERRY

Jesus Christ!

DANNY

What the fuck are you doing, you fucking psycho?

SCORZ

Oh shit.

Rhod walks up to Tom's body and tucks his gun in the back. He pulls Tom's dead body over and starts removing his backpack from him.

Terry cautiously side steps back to the car. Scorz exits it.

RHOD

I told you I wasn't paying jackshit
for your little taxi ride, didn't
I? And what did you say? What was
it? Oh that's right, 'We'll see'.
Yes and we fucking saw, didn't we?

Rhod stands with the backpack.

Terry takes aim at Rhod with his shotgun.

TERRY

Don't you fuckin' move! Don't you
fuckin' move, I tell ya!

Rhod sees Terry's gun and pulls his own on him.

DANNY

Jesus Christ!

Danny rushes over to Tom to check on him.

RHOD

Oh yeah? What you plannin' on doin'
with that, then?

TERRY

Don't you question me, you prick.
Put the backpack down and back the
fuck up!

RHOD

Now why would I want to do that,
then? Especially when it's my
money.

TERRY

Your money? That's Tom's money. And
you just fucking killed him.

RHOD

Yes, I just killed him, making it
MY money.

TERRY

Bullshit!

RHOD

Take it from me!

Danny stands up and storms towards Rhod.

DANNY

What the fuck is wrong with you?!
What the fuck is wrong with you?!
You fucking cunt! Why would you do
that? He did fucking nothing to
you!

RHOD

Nothing?

DANNY

Nothing!

RHOD

He did nothing to me?

DANNY

He did fucking nothing to you, you
psycho wanker. And you shoot him
like that?!

RHOD

Oh, shut the fuck up, you self
righteous twat. You didn't know him
like I did. You didn't grow up with
him. You didn't have him over your
shoulder your whole life telling
you how you were doing everything
thing and trying to tell you how to
live.

SCORZ

He was just looking out for you,
bro.

RHOD

How the fuck do you know, fat boy?

DANNY

'Cos that's what brothers do. He
was your brother. How could you
kill your own fucking brother?

Rhod thinks a beat about those words.

DANNY (CONT'D)

My brother's a little fucking cunt,
but he's family. He's still my
brother no matter what stupid shit
he does.

RHOD

So you think being related to me should put you in a different position in life?

(beat)

You think that if you're related to me that you can get away with things other non-related people can't?

(beat)

No. Everyone is equal. And if you fuck with me, I fuck with you right back, equally good.

TERRY

You think him telling you that you should be ashamed of yourself for killing an old woman is equal to you killing him?

RHOD

Watch your mouth.

TERRY

You should be a-fucking-shamed of yourself.

Rhod steps forward, raising his gun more.

RHOD

Shut the fuck up!

Danny storms back to the car.

TERRY

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

Rhod is taken aback for a second.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You've fucked this whole thing up and now we've all got to go on the run.

Danny returns with his shotgun.

RHOD

What? Nobody's gonna have to go on the run.

DANNY

Of course, we are. There's a dead body, right there.

Danny points to Tom.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And that's gonna be there when the police get here, which is going to lead them to an ID, which is gonna lead to you, which is gonna lead to us. Then what?

Rhod says nothing.

Danny and Terry play Interview Room.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey, Terry.

TERRY

Yes, Boss.

DANNY

Where were you on the morning on the twenty-first between the hours of 10am and 11am?

TERRY

Oh well, I don't know, officer. At home watching TV, probably.

DANNY

And do you have anyone who can vouch for that?

TERRY

Well, no officer, I live on my own.

DANNY

So you have no witnesses to back your story up?

TERRY

No officer.

(beat)

What about you, son? Where were you on the morning of the twenty-first between 10 and 11?

DANNY

Well, I wasn't robbing a bank with the four friends with criminal records you know me to keep company with. One of whom you found dead at the scene the getaway vehicle was found, that's for sure. Why?

Rhod thinks about their words and bites his lip.

SCORZ

What's your mum gonna say, man?

Rhod's concentration is broken.

RHOD

What?

DANNY

Your mum. He said what's your mum gonna say. She just lost a son. Murdered. Murdered by her other son. One dead and one going to prison for it if he's caught.

TERRY

And not knowing what happened to him if he's not.

RHOD

Shit. I dunno.

TERRY

Of course you don't know, you didn't think it through. You just reacted and now we're in this shit.

Rhod stands quiet for a beat with all guns on him. He lowers his.

RHOD

We have to bury him.

DANNY

What?

RHOD

We have to bury him.

DANNY

We're not burying him. He's not a dog.

Rhod takes aim at Danny.

RHOD

We have to bury him so nobody finds him and it doesn't lead back to us.

(to Terry)

You said it yourself, finding him leads to me leads to you leads to us all gettin' collared.

SCORZ

We need to bury him.

DANNY

Oh, for suck's sake, Scorzy, who's side are you on?

SCORZ

I'm on my own side mate, and my side says don't get caught, and as sad as it is, that means burying him. I'm sorry but it's that or take a gamble on being arrested and going to prison for the rest of our lives.

TERRY

So you're just gonna have your mum not know he's dead? Think he's gone missing and not making contact with her?

RHOD

If he goes missing and we don't, then at worst it should look like he was involved with the bank job and we had nothing to do with it--

TERRY

Are you serious?

RHOD

A woman was killed during the robbery and he fled in shame.

TERRY

Oh, so you're gonna make it sound like he committed your crime?

RHOD

I never said that. I just said that during the robbery, a woman got shot and died and that he was ashamed about it. Which is true.

(beat)

Plus, they're not going to suspect I was involved if they suspect he's dead, 'cos what kind of brother would help cover up his own brother's murder?

DANNY

Exactly.

Rhod looks ashamed.

RHOD

And I can vouch for you lot. See?
Win-win.

TERRY

And if they examine this place
after finding the car, and they
find his body, then what? You're
gonna pretend you know nothing
about it to her face. Hold her to
try and comfort her as she cries
over it, knowing the all the while
you're responsible?

RHOD

I'll deal with that when the time
comes.

TERRY

Stand there at the funeral and act
like everything is okay? Like
you're not the one that put him in
the ground?

RHOD

If I have to.

TERRY

You're disgusting.

RHOD

Shut up.

TERRY

You should be ashamed

Rhod storms up to Terry and sticks his gun in his face.

RHOD

Don't. I'll put one right between
your fucking eyes. I swear.

Danny holds his gun on Rhod.

SCORZ

Hey--

RHOD

If I did it to him, I'll do it to
you.

SCORZ

Hey--

RHOD

What chance does some fuck stand if
my brother means nothing?

SCORZ

Hey!

DANNY

What?

SCORZ

Someone's coming.

Terry, Rhod and Danny turn towards Scorz.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

Up the hill. A guy on a motorbike.

DANNY

This is a dead-end.

RHOD

Must be the guy Tom called.

They each look at each other a beat.

SCORZ

Better drop them guns real quick or
he's gonna get spooked.

RHOD

In the boot.

TERRY

What?

RHOD

Put your guns in the boot.

TERRY

Fuck off, I'm not taking my eyes
off you.

Rhod stops aiming at Terry and tucks his gun into the back of his jeans. He grabs Tom's ankles and starts dragging his body into nearby overgrowth by trees.

RHOD

Terry, I'm sorry. You were right. I
should be ashamed of my actions and
I am.

TERRY
What are you doing?

RHOD
Hiding him. He's gonna get spooked if he sees the guy who called him dead on the ground. Then there's no way out.

Danny grits his teeth.

DANNY
Fuck, open the boot.

Scorz opens the boot and Danny and Terry throw in their shotguns.

RHOD
(to Scorz)
Where's yours?

SCORZ
In the back seat.

RHOD
Throw it in.

Scorz gets his gun from the back seat.

RHOD (CONT'D)
In case it spooks him.

DANNY
It's in the back seat, how would he even see it?

RHOD
Because he's a fucking criminal and criminals are nosey fuckers, alright?

Scorz returns and offers Rhod his shotgun. rhod nods towards the boot and Scorz throws it in. Rhod closes it.

SCORZ
Did someone order a pizza?

A **CAR THIEF** pulls up on a moped with a pizza carry-box on the back. He keeps his helmet on.

CAR THIEF
Alright.

RHOD

Listen, pal, I don't know if you've fucking noticed but time isn't exactly on our side right now so if you don't mind, I'd like to get fucking on with it, okay?

Rhod opens the backpack and takes out £10K in cash.

CAR THIEF

Yeah, and I'm hearing you. Now maybe you could hear me and understand that we're waiting for Tom or it's not happening. Got it?

Rhod throws a bundle of cash at the car thief's feet.

RHOD

Ten grand, right? Right then let's get on with it for fuck's sake.

The Car Thief picks up the money.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Just get on the phone or whatever and get us a car. Fuck, you could have come in a car and just given us a ride back.

CAR THIEF

Yeah, but then I'd run the risk of being caught with you--

RHOD

You are with us.

CAR THIEF

And as I already fucking said--

He throws the money back at Rhod.

CAR THIEF (CONT'D)

I only deal with people I know-- first hand. So until Tom gets back, we'll all wait here or I won't be getting you anything. Now do you understand or should I just fuck off back where I came from now?

DANNY

No, mate, listen, don't do that, alright? Look, we're just looking to get out of here as fast as possible you know.

TERRY

Yeah, the rozzers are gonna be closing in on this location within the hour and we need to be out of here sharpish, okay?

CAR THIEF

Yeah, Tom said you were on a job.

The Car Thief starts eying up their car.

DANNY

That's right. Look, we were on something and something went a little wrong and now we're here and some little fucker's nicked the clean car we had stashed away, so now we need to get a new one to complete the getaway, know-what-I-mean?

RHOD

Jesus Christ, Danny, why not just tell him everything?

CAR THIEF

(referring their car)
This yours?

TERRY

Yes, mate. But it's no good to us any more, so please, can you just get on the blower and make whatever call you've got to do to get a new car here before it's too late or this will all have been for nothing.

CAR THIEF

Yeah, I heard the police were looking for a car matching this description.

TERRY

Right then, you know we're on the clock, then.

CAR THIEF

Bank job on the high street, then. That was you?

DANNY

Yes, mate.

RHOD

Danny, for fuck's sake.

DANNY

He already knows, man. The fucking car's right there.

RHOD

That doesn't mean you can tell him.

CAR THIEF

Yeah, it said a woman was killed. Old woman. Shot in the heart.

RHOD

Yeah, that's right. So why don't you take note of that information and get on the bloody phone and get us a bloody car before someone else ends up dead?

TERRY

Hey, Rhod, calm down, mate, alright?

RHOD

Don't tell me to calm down.

CAR THIEF

Are you threatening me?

DANNY

No, he's not, he's just a bit high strung is all--

RHOD

Yes, I'm threatening you.

DANNY

Because of the situation. That's all.

SCORZ

Oh, fuck.

CAR THIEF

'Cos I don't care who you think you are pal, or who you're related to, you threaten me and you'll wish you hadn't.

RHOD

Ooh, big hard man, aren't we?

TERRY

Look he didn't mean it. Look--

Terry picks up the money from the floor, piles it up and offers it to the Car Thief.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Look, here's the money. It's all there, ten grand right? Just take it, count it and do what you gotta do, okay?

CAR THIEF

Where's Tom?

The crew shoot looks at each other. No one speaks.

CAR THIEF (CONT'D)

(calling out)

TOM?!

RHOD

Oh, for fuck's sake. Fuck this.

Rhod pulls the gun from the back of his jeans and aims it at the Car Thief's head.

TERRY

Rhod, no!

SCORZ

Rhod, man, no. Not another one.

CAR THIEF

Another one?

DANNY

Oh, for fuck's sake, Rhod put the gun down mate. There's been enough blood shed for one day.

RHOD

Yeah? Then tell this prick that if he doesn't get on that phone and get a car here right now, that we'll be burying two dead bodies up here. Okay?

CAR THIEF

What did you say?

RHOD

You heard me, mate.

DANNY

Nothing, mate, he didn't say nothing.

CAR THIEF

Where's Tom?

RHOD

Like I said, Tom's in the trees. Go on. Have a look.

There's silence as everyone looks at each other.

Rhod shakes his gun in Tom's direction. The Car Thief heads in that direction until he comes across Tom's body.

CAR THIEF

Shit.

RHOD

Yeah. Now, Mr. Incredible. If I killed that old bitch at the bank, and my own brother here--

Rhod cocks the gun.

RHOD (CONT'D)

What makes you think you're so special that I won't ice you as well, right here and bury you right the fuck next to him?

CAR THIEF

Alright mate, calm down.

RHOD

Don't tell me to calm down. Just take the money and call whoever you've got to call and get us a car, and everything will be okay. Okay?

CAR THIEF

Okay. Give me the money and I'll get it to my guy and you'll have a car in 10-minutes. Okay?

RHOD

What do you mean 'Get it to him'? Just call him and tell him you've got it.

CAR THIEF

I could call him and tell him that, but how's he gonna get you a car if he doesn't have the money to buy it?

RHOD

Buy what? It's a stolen car, mate, you're not buying anything.

CAR THIEF

No mate, the money is to buy a clean one legally so you can make a clean getaway. Right?

RHOD

So you're gonna buy a new car?

CAR THIEF

I'm gonna buy a second-hand car that's available to go get right now. One that's waiting and requires no paperwork.

RHOD

If it requires no paperwork then how the fuck is it legal?

DANNY

'Cos it's second-hand mate--

RHOD

I wasn't fucking asking you, I was asking Daft Punk over here.

(to the Car Thief)

How is it legal?

CAR THIEF

Because you're really buying a car from someone. Someone who once they have the money, won't feel the need to call the police to report their car stolen because it won't have been. Understand?

SCORZ

Yeah, man. It's so no one comes looking for the back up car--

RHOD

Don't fucking explain it to me, okay? I get it.

SCORZ

Alright, I was just sayin'.

RHOD

Well don't.

SCORZ

Okay.

RHOD

Look mate, you're just gonna have to call your man, tell him you've got the cash and that he has to buy it with his own money and you'll give him his cash when he gets here.

CAR THIEF

Can't do that, mate. He needs the money up front. That's not how this works--

RHOD

Don't tell me how this works, okay? Just make it fucking happen. Now.

TERRY

Rhod, man, he just said he can't. They need the money to buy the car with--

RHOD

I don't care. Either he gets on the phone and his man gets a car here in the next 5-minutes or he's got gonna be going back.

CAR THIEF

Hey man, think about what you're saying. You're not thinking straight.

RHOD

Don't tell me how I'm thinking. I really don't like that.

Terry, Danny and Scorz shake their heads slightly at the Car Thief.

TERRY

It's not like they're buying a new car on finance. They need cash to buy one from a guy who expects money in his hand--

RHOD
They've got money.

Rhod steps towards the Car Thief.

RHOD (CONT'D)
You've got cash. So get on the
phone or you're not going home.

The Car Thief takes a moment as Rhod points the gun at his head.

CAR THIEF
If I'm not back in 5-minutes with
that money in that storage box on
the back of that bike, they're
gonna know something's up, and it's
over for you. Okay?

RHOD
If you don't do exactly as I tell
you right now, it's over for you.
Alright?

The Car Thief takes a quick look at the others who all look nervous. He makes his move.

The Car Thief reaches out and GRABS Rhod's wrists and tries to take the gun from him. Rhod shoots the ground.

TERRY
Shit.

Terry, Danny and Scorz duck for cover.

Rhod tangles with the Car Thief for a moment as they fight for possession of the gun until they get close and the gun GOES OFF and the Car Thief takes a shot to the stomach.

Hit and bleeding, the Car Thief stumbles back a beat and Rhod takes full advantage of the moment, takes aim and FIRES a shot at his head.

The Car Thief pauses a moment standing, staggers a couple of steps then collapses dead.

A moment of silence before...

TERRY (CONT'D)
Fuuuuuck!

Danny and Scorz look on at the dead Car Thief's fallen body.

RHOD

Well, that's two to bury. Back in the car.

Rhod heads back to the car.

DANNY

Back in the car? What are you talking about? We can't go anywhere in that, the cops are looking for it.

RHOD

But we need, forks and spades and shovels, so we've gotta go to a hardware store and pick some shit up. So, back in the car.

TERRY

Rhod, they're looking for the car. It's stupid to go anywhere in it. And we have a moped now. So, how about one of us uses that to go get the shovels and brings them back here.

Rhod stops at the driver side door.

RHOD

Well, for starters, one person can't carry four tools that size on a moped--

TERRY

Then two of us will go--

RHOD

Second, no one is going anywhere. We did this together, we're in this together, so we're staying together.

TERRY

Rhod, think about it, the cops are looking for this car, in this area--

Rhod points the gun at him.

RHOD

Two bodies and a moped or three bodies and a moped?

Terry shuts up.

DANNY

Oh, Rhod, come on, for fuck's sake.
He's just saying, it's being looked
for so it's not a good idea.

Rhod points the gun at Danny.

RHOD

Four bodies and a moped?

DANNY

Jesus Christ.

Danny gets back in the passenger seat.

Scorz gets back in the rear passenger seat.

Rhod looks at Terry and shakes his gun in a 'get in' gesture.
He does.

RHOD

Right then, I'm driving.

Rhod gets behind the wheel, puts on his seat belt and starts
the engine. He waits a beat.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Do we want to get pulled over?

DANNY

No.

RHOD

Well, then, seat belts people.

TERRY

We're in a stolen car that police
are already looking, which doesn't
concern you, but you insist we wear
seat belts, just-in-case?

(beat)

I'm pretty sure if they see the car
they're not gonna be looking for
seat belts.

RHOD

Seat. Belts.

Terry puts on his seat belt. Danny and Scorz follow suit.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Alright.

Rhod pulls away and the group sit in silence for a moment.

RHOD

And are we gonna be parking
anywhere but a car park?

TERRY

I don't know. I didn't know you
were going to B&Q.

RHOD

We want a fork, two spades and a
shovel. Where else are we gonna go
besides B&Q?

TERRY

I don't know, man. I just thought
maybe you knew of another hardware
store or something.

DANNY

Or a garden centre, maybe. They'll
have all we need. We'll just see
whichever is closer, alright?

Rhos looks annoyed.

RHOD

No, we won't see what's closer,
thank you. I said we're going to
B&Q so we're going to fucking B and
fucking Q. Got it?

DANNY

Alright, man. Alright. Whatever you
say.

RHOD

Yes, whatever I say.
(long beat)
Why the fuck would my driving get
us into trouble?

Danny buries his face in his hand.

DANNY

Oh, for fuck's sake.

RHOD

No, really. Why, would my, MY
driving, get us into trouble?

TERRY

I didn't say that it would. I just said I didn't know you could drive, because I've never seen you drive before, so I was curious if you had had lessons or just had someone show you the basics that allow a person to operate a car, or if you were fully licenced. That's all.

RHOD

What's the difference?

TERRY

What? Well, a fully licenced driver has been through the whole process of learning all the little things like indicating at the right time and staying so many seconds behind the vehicle in front, so's not to cause an accident if they suddenly put on the brakes. That's all. I wasn't trying to insult your skills as a driver, I just didn't know what you had any. That's all. I'm sorry.

RHOD

Right. Okay, then.

(long beat)

You know, Kevin's a very good driver. He's showed me all I need to know to drive a car properly.

DANNY

Jesus Christ.

RHOD

What?

TERRY

So you haven't had any driving lessons?

RHOD

Yes, from Kevin.

SCORZ

Who the fuck is Kevin?

RHOD

Kevin Anderson.

TERRY
Kevin Anderson?

RHOD
Yes, Kevin Anderson.

DANNY
Kevin fucking Anderson?

RHOD
Yes, Kevin fucking Anderson.

DANNY
Mate, Kevin Anderson is in the nick
for recklessly driving into the
back of a parked police car. A
parked POLICE car.

RHOD
Yeah, but he knows how to drive a
car, though.

DANNY
Barely.

RHOD
But he can drive though.

Silence.

TERRY
Jesus Christ.

RHOD
What?

TERRY
Kevin Anderson knows how to ride a
bike. He has a motorbike licence.
Not a driver's licence.

RHOD
What's the difference?

DANNY
The vehicle. The vehicle is the
difference.

RHOD
So what?

TERRY

Rhod, would you expect a motorcyclist to be able to driver an 18-wheeler? Or a tank? Or a milk float?

RHOD

Well, no.

TERRY

No, right, because they're different vehicles. You need different licences to drive different vehicles.

RHOD

Ah, they're all the same. They've all got wheels. They've all got engines. What's the bloody problem?

Everyone gives up.

RHOD (CONT'D)

I've actually heard that tanks aren't easier to drive than cars. And milk floats are just a peddle to go a peddle to stop, so I hear.

DANNY

Get a fucking milk float then.

RHOD

And for the record, Kevin crashed a car into the back of that police car, and it was his car. And he wasn't done for driving without a licence. Thank you very much.

SCORZ

Yeah, but, that's because it was one of those Smart cars or something, the kind you can drive with a motorbike licence.

RHOD

Exactly. You can drive a car with a motorbike licence.

DANNY

Not all cars, just some.

Everyone sits in silence a moment.

RHOD

Well, why?

SCORZ

Because of the weight of the car or something. If it's below a certain weight you can get away with it, but not a regular one like this. You can't drive one of these on a motorbike licence.

TERRY

He's right.

RHOD

Yeah, well, all cars weights go up when that fat fuck gets in one, I can tell you that. Then what, does the rule change when there's a fat driver or passenger? No, of course not. Besides, the cars are all basically the same so if you can drive a Smart car or whatever with a motorbike licence, and they're no different from a normal car then I don't see the difference.

TERRY

That's not the point--

RHOD

Weel what is the point then--

Suddenly, the car JERKS and everyone is thrown forward in their seats.

Scorz SHOUTS in fear.

DANNY

Alright, man, you can't drive. Let someone else do it.

TERRY

Yeah, man. Pull over, I'll drive.

RHOD

Oh yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you?

TERRY

What's that supposed to mean?

RHOD

You know what it means. I pull over, we both get out of the car, you trip me over or something and take off in the car with all the money and without me. I'm not stupid.

DANNY

Ah, you're paranoid, man. That's not what he was saying--

Suddenly Rhod CHOPS Danny in the throat.

SCORZ

Hey, man. What was that for?

Terry looks on with caution.

RHOD

Don't call me fucking paranoid.

Everyone sits in silence until Danny recovers.

As Danny recovers the car stops at a traffic light.

A POLICE CAR pulls up at the traffic light along side them on the passenger side.

The crew see the car and look panicked and sit looking dead ahead. All but Rhod.

Rhod looks at past Danny and directly at the police car. He stares without blinking as if waiting for someone to make a move.

Rhod slowly pulls out his gun and holds it on his lap, pointing it at the window, ready for the police to just look his direction.

Everyone notices what he is doing.

Everyone speaks quietly through gritted teeth.

DANNY

Jesus, Rhod. What are you doing?

SCORZ

Rhod, you're gonna get us all caught. They might not have noticed the car but if they see that, it's over.

TERRY

Rhod, use your fucking head, right now. Think about what you're doing. Where you are, what you're driving and who they are.

Rhod continues to stare without blinking.

RHOD

I don't give a fuck who they are.

SCORZ

Rhod, come on, man. What would Tommy say?

Rhod's look becomes less intent.

The light goes green and the police car pulls away without interaction.

RHOD

See? Seat belts.

Rhod smiles as the others give each other a look.

RHOD (CONT'D)

See, we're here now.

Rhod puts his gun away and continues driving.

No one speaks as Rhod pulls the car around the front of the store. He opens his backpack and takes out a couple of notes.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Right, Terry and Danny. Two spades, one fork and one shovel. Make it quick. Remember, if you bail, I've got the money.

Rhod hands Danny the money. They go to get out of the car.

RHOD (CONT'D)

And Danny?

DANNY

Yes, boss.

RHOD

I want change.

Danny struggles to find the words for a second then speaks.

DANNY
(deadpan)
Yeah.

Danny and Terry exit, closing the doors behind them.

Rhod and Scorz sit in silence for a moment.

RHOD
What do you think about Terry?

Scorz is taken aback by the question.

SCORZ
What do you mean?

RHOD
You know, what do you think of him,
in general?

SCORZ
Um, I dunno. What do you think of
of him.

RHOD
Honestly? I think he's a snake. I
think he's out for himself. I think
he wants me out and to put himself
in charge. I think he's gonna try
and screw us over at the first
chance he gets.

SCORZ
Why?

RHOD
Look at him. All his criticizing of
every action I've made today.
(beat)
Constantly speaking up. He's up to
something.
(beat)
I bet they're in there now,
plotting against me. Thinking up a
way to get me out of the picture.

Scorz thinks for a moment before speaking. He chooses his
words carefully, speaking softly enough to not trigger Rhod.

SCORZ
Mate, I know you don't want to hear
this, and I'm not trying to have a
go at all. You know that, I
wouldn't do that, I never have.

Rhod adjusts in his seat, preparing for the worst.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

But you're not yourself when you're not on your meds. I know you don't like to take them because they make your eyes itch, but, it's like that Snickers advert, you know--

Rhod likes this reference.

RHOD

You're not the yourself without a Snickers in you. Yeah.

SCORZ

I know you hate them, but look at what you've done today. Would you have done them if you were taking your meds? No. You'd be sitting here with itching eyes, but you'd be thinking straight.

RHOD

You don't think I'm thinking straight?

SCORZ

Honestly, mate? No, I don't. Not today at least. Usually you're alright. But today... Terry is a good guy. So is Danny. We're all the same us lot. We've all got records. We've all done the same shit, but we've always looked after each other, and no one's ever grassed on anyone or hurt anyone.

(beat)

Remember the Post Office job? The one you did and Terry was in line for stamps for Christmas cards?

Rhod laughs.

RHOD

Yeah.

SCORZ

There's still a five-grand reward for that. Has Terry ever dobbed you in for the money?

TERRY

No.

SCORZ

No. And you said hello you him. Put him right in it.

RHOD

Well, I was surprised to see him, I didn't know he was gonna be there.

SCORZ

I bet he was more surprised.

RHOD

Rozzers had him back for questioning 3 times.

SCORZ

Right, and it could've hurt him.

(beat)

But he never said a word. And he won't say a word about this either. I'm sure of it.

(beat)

I mean, he also might not talk to you again, but I really doubt he's gonna try something suddenly. Not when he's got forty-grand to walk away with.

Rhod thinks it over. He seems to be coming to his senses.

RHOD

Yeah, sounds like something Tom would say.

(beat)

You're probably right. I'm over thinking it. I'm emotionally because of the... you know.

SCORZ

I know mate. It's alright. It's gonna be alright. It's just gonna take some time, that's all.

Rhod think it over a beat then sees Danny and Terry returning with the digging tools.

Terry gets in the back seat with them and Danny gets back in the front.

RHOD

Bloody hell, that was quick.

DANNY

Self check out.

RHOD

They have self check out at B&Q now too? Jesus.

Danny and Terry buckle up. Danny hands Rhod his change.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Thanks. Alright then. Off we go.

Rhod pulls off.

They drive in silence a moment before Rhod tries to lighten the mood.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Funny things, self check out machines. They put them in there to replace checkout people, but then they put checkout people on there to supervise them, make sure they don't go wrong and make sure people aren't stealing.

(beat)

I saw an article online about how supermarkets are suffering massive losses because of people stealing by pretending to buy things and how people should stop doing it, but you know what the headline for the story was?

(beat)

"How You're An Idiot If You Pay For More Than Half Of Your Shopping At The Self Checkout". Can you believe it? It calls you an idiot or paying for more than half of your shopping in the headline then advocates NOT stealing in the article. Who gets paid to write this shit? Some people are just plain mad, mate, I tell you.

Everyone is quite.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Clickbait is what it is.

(beat)

I also saw another one with the headline "Seven Reasons You're Drinking Water Completely Wrong". Can you believe it.

SCORZ

I saw that one.

RHOD

Yeah?

SCORZ

Yeah. I didn't read it but, I saw the headline and it stood out.

RHOD

Yeah.

More silence.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Anyway lads, I've decided. I know I shouldn't have done what I did, so, in good faith, I'm gonna split Tom's share between all of us. Equally.

TERRY

Right.

RHOD

Yeah, £50K each.

DANNY

(looking forward)

Nice.

RHOD

That's right, isn't it? Those numbers?

SCORZ

Um, yeah, sounds about right.

RHOD

Right, then. It's settled. We'll all share it out and, hopefully, we'll all still talk to each other after this.

(beat)

Because I know I shocked you with what I did but, I snapped, you know? I just don't like that expression, that saying, you know?

Danny and Terry give a small nod each.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Alright, then. 5-minutes we'll be back, we'll get this done and we'll be on to brighter horizons.

More silence.

RHOD (CONT'D)
How much were the tools?

DANNY
Nine quid each.

RHOD
Oh, not bad. Two spades and knife
and fork? I mean knife and spoon?
Oh fuck, a fork-and-shovel. That's
the one. Fork and sho-vel.

Terry stares out of the window without looking Rhod's way.

TERRY
(looking forward)
Yep. Everything we need.

RHOD
Alright.
(long beat)
Hey, I was thinking, maybe instead
of burying the motorbike, we could
leave it and make it look like the
owner was the fifth man in the bank
job instead of Tom. What do you
think?

DANNY
Yeah. Sounds good.

Rhod nods happily.

SCORZ
But that would only work if they
caught us four. It wouldn't stop
them from thinking Tom was involved
or change him being reported
missing.

TERRY
Jesus, Scorz, just let it go.

SCORZ
What?

RHOD
What? That will work.

DANNY

Of course it will, mate. Let's just get back already and get the fuck outta Dodge, okay?

Rhod is quiet. He thinks his idea over a moment before coming to the same conclusion.

RHOD

No, you're right. It would only opt out one of us, which could be Tom, but that would mean us getting caught or four others being arrested wrongly. So, you're right.

(long beat)

Look, I'm just trying to be proactive, okay?

(beat)

I'm just trying to think up something.

TERRY

Think up a Time Machine and maybe we can get somewhere.

RHOD

Well, if I could do that we wouldn't need to rob banks and post offices and corner shops and cinemas, would we?

More silence.

RHOD (CONT'D)

(to Terry)

Me and Scorz were just talking about the time I knocked over that post office and you were in line for stamps.

Terry chuckles.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Remember that?

TERRY

You mean when you tried to do a Cockney accent, saw me, instantly broke character and said my name?

RHOD

(smiling)

That's the time.

TERRY
How could I forget?

RHOD
Ah, good times.

Danny and Terry slowly look at each other then eyes back forward.

RHOD (CONT'D)
We've been through a lot together, us. And we shouldn't let something like today's events split us apart, you know?

TERRY
(without looking)
Right.

RHOD
Now all we have to do is get back, dig this hole, bury the bike and... you know...

DANNY
Tom.

RHOD
Yes, Tom, R.I.P--

TERRY
(to self)
In a shallow grave.

RHOD
And that other prick who wanted paying up front, like a... like a...

Rhod realises what he's saying and shuts up.

DANNY
Professional?

Rhos smiles and nods.

RHOD
Yes. Like a professional. I fucked up. I know and I see that now and I'm sorry. I just... I just... having taken my meds for a week or so and, you know, it has an affect on me. So, I hope you'll understand.

Silence. Rhod waits for a reply and starts to look agitated until Scorz breaks the tension.

SCORZ

We understand. Don't we?

Danny adjusts in his seat then speaks calmly.

DANNY

No mate, I don't. I don't understand how someone can just shoot an old lady, point blank in the chest for saying what everyone else was thinking. I don't understand how someone can just put people who are supposed to be their friends in impossible positions like that. Add time to their sentences if they get caught, like that.

RHOD

I said I'm sorry. Look we're nearly back now, just up this hill.

DANNY

I don't understand how someone can just shoot their brother, in the back, of the head, dead like that. And for the simple fact that he was trying to leave with HIS share--

RHOD

That he didn't earn if he wasn't driving us to the safe house.

DANNY

And I damn sure don't under-fucking-stand why someone would then kill yet another person, who he'd only just met, simply because he was trying to do what was asked of him, AND shoot that person dead when that person was our ONLY way out of here in anything other than this piece of fucking shit car, that everyone is looking for. So no, Scorzy, I don't fucking understand. WE don't fucking understand.

Terry moves the spades into the middle seat on the back and leans forward in his seat.

Rhod pulls the car to a stop and loses it.

RHOD

Well, I'm so fucking sorry if not everything went according to fucking plan during our little illegal get together and so things--

Terry reaches into his coat and pulls something out.

DANNY

Now.

RHOD

What?

Rhod looks left just in time to see Terry pull a small piece of rope over his head and around his throat.

Danny grabs the car keys as Terry pulls on the rope as hard as he can.

Rhod is pulled back in his seat and struggles to break free.

SCORZ

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Danny holds Rhod's hands back to aid Terry's effort.

DANNY

Shut the fuck up, Scorzy.

SCORZ

Jesus Christ.

Terry groans as he pulls at the rope. Rhod kicks his legs as he struggles for air.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

Rhod, mate, I didn't know about this. I swear. They must have planned it in the store, like you said?

DANNY

What?

SCORZ

What?

DANNY

What do you mean 'Like you fucking said'?

SCORZ

Well, he said while you were in the shop, that Terry and you might be planning something like.

DANNY

And you you didn't think to mention this?

SCORZ

What? It was nothing, and I talked him out of it. Besides how could I tell you here in the car without him hearing me, for fuck's sake?

While Danny is distracted, Rhod reaches down and grabs his gun. He aims it at Danny as Terry continues to tug at the rope.

DANNY

Oh shit.

Danny goes for the gun but--

POP! POP!

Danny SCREAMS and is thrown back as he is shot twice in the arm and shoulder. He stops tackling Rhod to hold his wounds.

TERRY

FUCK!

SCORZ

Oh no, guys stop it, just stop it!

Terry puts his foot on the back of Rhod's seat for leverage as he pulls. It looks like Rhod is about to pass out... until he turns slightly in his seat and--

POP! POP!

Rhod shoots through the back of his seat and into Terry's hip and stomach. Terry screams in pain and loses his grip.

Rhod takes a large gasp of air and rubs his throat.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

Okay, things are getting a bit mad now-- no offence Rhod--

RHOD

GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE CAR! NOW!

Rhod gets out of the vehicle and waves his gun at everyone.

SCORZ

Oh, what the fuck did you have to do that for?

RHOD

NOW! FUCKING NOW!

Danny, Terry and Scorz get out of the car.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Tools. Get the tools. Now.

Terry grabs the equipment from the car.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Right, get the fuck over here and start digging. All of you.

Rhod leads them over to a flat area.

TERRY

What are you gonna do, Rhod?

RHOD

Start fucking digging.

Terry hands Danny a spade and he starts digging.

DANNY

I'm sorry, Rhod. We were just trying to get out of here in one piece, that's all.

RHOD

Yeah, likely sorry.

Terry hands Scorz and fork and he starts breaking the earth.

TERRY

We was--

RHOD

Shut up. Less talking, more digging.

TERRY

Okay.

Terry offers the shovel to Rhod.

RHOD

Are you taking the piss?

TERRY

Alright.

Terry drops the shovel and starts digging.

DANNY

Look, it's not what it looks like. We weren't trying to kill you. Were we?

RHOD

Oh, really? Well you could have fooled me with the whole attempted murder thing.

DANNY

We weren't trying to kill you, were we? We were just going to choke you unconscious and take off in the car with our shares. That's it.

TERRY

Yeah, exactly. That.

RHOD

Oh, really?

DANNY

Yeah. We were going to leave you the motorbike to get away on. Want we? And your share, of course.

RHOD

Yeah, likely story, mate. Well, Tom's share is mine now.

TERRY

It's true, mate. No matter what you've done, we're still old friends. There's no way we'd try to off you like that.

DANNY

Exactly, mate. If we did then that would be almost the same as you killing Tom, wouldn't it? So that wouldn't make sense.

Rhod paces back-and-forth thinking it over, still angry.

TERRY

Well, what do you think?

RHOD

I think I want to hear less excuse
and more sounds of spade in dirt,
that's what.

TERRY

Come on, you can't blame us. Look
what you did. You went off the deep
end. We had to do something.

DANNY

Tezza!

TERRY

It's true, and you know it.

DANNY

Just dig.

The crew continue digging until Terry stabs his spade into
the ground and we hear a HOLLOW sound.

TERRY

What was that?

Terry hits the ground a couple of more times to the same
sound. He gets down on one knee and clears the earth.

DANNY

What is it?

TERRY

It's a piece of wood.

He clears the earth, finds the edge and lifts it out of the
ground.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Looks like someone already dug half
a hole.

DANNY

You can't dig half a hole, stupid.

TERRY

Well, there's a fucking hole here
and being that it's covered up then
I doubt it's finished, so, yeah,
it's half a hole.

RHOD

Well, it's only half of what we
need so, get in there and start
digging.

They give him a look.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Now!

Rhod points the gun and they get in the hole.

They continue digging.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Why the fuck is there already a hole here?

SCORZ

Could be a serial killer.

DANNY

What?

SCORZ

A serial killer. Maybe someone dug a hole here ready for their next victim or something.

TERRY

Don't be a twat, Scorzy.

SCORZ

I'm not being a twat. How do you know it's not?

RHOD

I bet it's Tom.

SCORZ

What?

RHOD

I bet it was Tom. Yeah, he picked this spot out. He knew it was out away from everywhere so he dug a hole and put a board on it and covered it so no one would see it, then brought us out here-- yeah, he was gonna kill me. But I got to him first.

TERRY

Come on mate, I really doubt--

RHOD

Hey, if you don't shut it, I'll shoot it.

Terry shuts up and continues digging.

DANNY

You know what, I think this is the old allotment site. I think the council bought up the land or something to build houses on a while back.

TERRY

That explains the soft ground.

SCORZ

Best place to bury a body, an allotment. No one questions a man digging a hole in an allotment.

DANNY

Oh, shut up, Scorzy.

SCORZ

I'm just saying.

DANNY

Well, don't.

RHOD

Council houses. Likely story.

DANNY

Yeah. Supposedly. A couple of years since it sold, but yeah, supposed to be.

RHOD

Well, then, it'll be a good place to keep someone buried. They'll build right over it.

TERRY

Or they'll dig them up when they prepare the foundations.

RHOD

No, this'll work. They'll miss this bit, I betcha.

TERRY

How do you know?

RHOD

Because I know you're full of shit and you planned this with Tom.

(MORE)

RHOD (CONT'D)

You were all in on it together for some reason. I know.

SCORZ

Even me? When have I ever done you wrong?

RHOD

Can it. Keep digging.

Rhod paces some more, looking out as he does.

TERRY

You're being crazy.

Rhod throws Terry a look. Danny and Scorz throw him a different look.

TERRY (CONT'D)

It doesn't make any sense for us to off you. We'd have to get rid of you the same way we're getting rid of Tom just to make sure the cops don't come looking for us the way they're going to now.

RHOD

Which is why you dug a hole in advance so no one would ever find me.

Rhod points at the hole with his gun to prove his point.

Terry gives up and stabs his spade into the ground.

TERRY

Okay, I've had enough of this shit. If you're gonna kill us, then you can just do it now--

SCORZ

Terry, no, man.

TERRY

--'cuz I'm not digging my own fucking grave like a sucker.

RHOD

I'm not going to kill you, you prick. If I was going to kill you I would have done it when this twat turned up and took off on his bike, wouldn't I?

DANNY

Yeah but, that was before we tried to kill you.

Terry's eyes go wide as fuck.

RHOD

So you did try to kill me?

TERRY

What the fuck are you doing?

SCORZ

Okay, we need to just calm down--

DANNY

No, I mean, that's how you see it, right? You think that because we-- did what we did--

Rhod suddenly wears a strange, calm smile.

RHOD

Tried to kill me?

DANNY

No, but, because of that thing you probably think we tried to kill you and so I'm assuming that's still how you see it. Which is wrong.

RHOD

So you tried to kill me and I'm wrong. Is that right?

TERRY

No, Roddy, that's not what he's saying--

Rhod points the gun at Terry.

RHOD

Shut up, you. If I want the opinion of the Boston Strangler then I'll fucking ask. Until then, shut up, please.

Terry puts his hands up in retreat.

Rhod turns the gun to Danny.

RHOD (CONT'D)

So, am I wrong?

Danny waits a moment before speaking.

DANNY
About... what?

RHOD
Being wrong, you said I was wrong
and that you tried to kill me.

DANNY
No, I--

RHOD
So I'm wrong about that as well,
then?

DANNY
Well-- no, I was--

RHOD
So I was right?

Rhod looks happy as shit while Danny looks confused as fuck.

DANNY
No, Rhod, look mate, I just said
that--

POP!

Rhod shoots Danny in the face. He falls on his back, dead.

TERRY
Oh Shit! Run Scorzy!

Terry climbs out of the hole and starts running. Rhod smiles like The Joker and takes aim and...

POP!

Rhod shoots Terry in the back of the head. He face plants into the ground, dead.

Scorz panics and runs back towards the car, he looks back over his shoulder as he does and TRIPS over his own feet and to the ground.

Rhod starts LAUGHING like a maniac, but his laughter quickly turns into CRIES and he drops on his arse on the ground. He buries his head in his hands and SCREAMS!

Scorz gets back to his feet and looks back at Rhod. He looks between Rhod and the car, deciding what to do next. He checks his pockets for something. Keys?

Rhod falls onto his back, still crying into his hands.

Scorzy looks back at the car one last time then slowly begins to approach Rhod.

SCORZ

Rhod?

(beat)

Rhod, mate? You okay?

Scorz relaxes and carefully approaches Rhod like a friend.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

I'm coming back, okay? Don't shoot.
Please. That's not an order, it's
just a request.

Rhod speaks through tears.

RHOD

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

SCORZ

Can I approach you? Is that okay?

RHOD

Oh, I'm not going to shoot you,
soft lad. Not you.

SCORZ

Thanks, mate.

Scorz walks up to Rhod and sits by his side.

RHOD

I didn't mean for any of this to
happen.

SCORZ

Oh course not.

RHOD

You know that, right?

SCORZ

Of course, mate. It was just--
unforeseen circumstances and that.

RHOD

Exactly. It wasn't my fault.

SCORZ

Right.

RHOD

Beyond my control. I mean, you heard them, they tried to kill me. On purpose.

SCORZ

Yes, mate.

Rhod leans onto Scorz's shoulder. Scorz comforts him with a hug. Scorz looks around as he hugs him until he stops crying.

RHOD

We'll share all the money, okay?

SCORZ

Okay, mate. Yeah, more for us.

RHOD

Exactly. More for us. They'd only waste their shit on drugs anyway.

(long beat)

A house in Middlesborough. Fuck off. Who the fuck wants to live in Middlesborough?

SCORZ

No one, mate. That's why it's so cheap.

RHOD

Exactly.

(beat)

So, what's that, nearly 100K each or something?

SCORZ

Yes mate, 100K each, just for me and you. Now, let's get out of here before the rozzers turn up.

RHOD

Yeah.

SCORZ

Where are the keys?

RHOD

They're--

Rhod looks at Scorz suspiciously.

Scorz senses it and tries to play friendly.

SCORZ
 Alright, mate?

RHOD
 Is that what you wanted? The keys?

SCORZ
 No, mate. We just need the keys for
 the car to get out of here, you
 know?

(beat)
 Tell you what, let's put these in
 the hole and get out of here, okay?

Scorz walks over to Terry's body, grabs his leg and starts
 dragging him towards the hole.

Rhod looks on, thinking for a moment as he watches Scorz at
 work.

Scorz pulls Terry's body into the hole.

Rhod pushes Danny's half in-half out body all the way in the
 hole.

SCORZ (CONT'D)
 I'll cover them with a surface
 layer. You get the bike to put in.

Scorz picks up a spade.

RHOD
 Yeah.

Rhod turns to get the bike and Scorz BANGS the spade on the
 back of Rhod's head, knocking him straight the ground.

Scorz drops the spade and starts fishing through Rhod's
 pockets for the car keys until he finds them. A semi-
 conscious Rhod moans throughout as he rubs his head.

SCORZ
 I'm sorry, bro, but you lost your
 mind. Okay? Good luck, mate.

Scorz grabs the keys and runs back towards the car.

It looks like he's going to make it until...

POP!

Scorz head explodes and he drops to the floor dead, revealing
 Rhod laying on the ground aiming his gun at him like a
 sniper.

He SCREAMS into the sky.

Rhod slowly climbs to his feet and he staggers back towards the car.

RHOD
I'M JOHN FUCKING WAYNE!

Rhod stops at Scorz's body, retrieves the keys and slowly climbs into the car. He blinks his eyes open and closed as he tries to regain full consciousness and bodily function.

A SIREN sounds in the background.

Rhod blinks hard and takes a look at his surroundings. He buckles up his seat-belt and finds the correct key.

The now obvious POLICE siren slowly gets louder.

Rhod blinks, clears his throat and keys the ignition.

It fails.

He turns the key again... but to no avail.

The police siren gets louder as it gets closer.

Rhod keys the ignition long and hard, still to no success.

He punches the dashboard.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Come. The fuck. On!

He keys it again.

It starts.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Haha!

Rhod pulls forward as the police siren becomes as loud as it can be.

Something big shadows in front of the car and Rhod slams on the breaks. He looks worried.

An unseen **POLICE OFFICER** shouts from nearby.

POLICE OFFICER
Police! Freeze! Get out of the vehicle with your hands up! Now!

Rhod pulls out his gun and takes aim out of the window.

CLICK!

Empty.

RHOD

Fuck.

POLICE OFFICER

Gun!

Rhod unbuckles his seat-belt with one hand and opens the car door with the other.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!

Rhod is filled full of bullets as the officer opens fire.

Rhod looks at his empty gun a beat then drops it and falls back in his seat, dead.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Don't move! Don't move!

The Police Officer comes into view with his gun on Rhod. He kicks the fallen gun away without losing aim then reaches out and feels for a pulse.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

He's down.

The officer lowers his gun and looks around the rest of the car.

FADE OUT: