

Great Uncle Charlie's Gold Watch

written by

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(c) 2025

Screenplay

Final draft

TOPOGRAPHICAL POV:

EXT. TRAIN STATION CAR PARK - CLEAR NIGHT

The monotonous sound of the instrumental music of Popcorn (Jean-Michel-Jarre) rings out as a row of local CABS sit on rank and wait for the next train to pull in.

OLIVER V.O

(London accent)

It was as much of a surprise to me as I know it was for him. Moreso, the joy for him was simply too much to bear as fate appeared inside my vehicle that night when I was instructed to go and pick up miserable old Charlie. He was somebody I had never met. This is the story of what happened the night when I - Oliver Stokes picked up miserable old Charlie and my life changed forevermore.

TAXI RADIO CIRCUIT V.O

Red 49, go to 98 Habgood Street and pick up miserable old Charlie. Drop him at the working men's club and arrange a pick up for later on.

INT. LICENSED CAB - NIGHT

Fed up biracial cab driver OLIVER (30) Call sign: (RED 49), picks up the message.

RED 49

Roger that.

Red 49 immediately pulls off the rank as the sound of Popcorn fades out.

EXT. HABGOOD STREET - NIGHT

A scruffy decorated street with run down terrace houses occupy both sides.

Old motorbikes, broken down cars, and wheelie bins strewn across the pavements and driveways.

Red 49 pulls up outside the address and toots his horn as he waits for Charlie to exit one of the houses.

Aged grey haired CHARLIE is a big man in a big coat.

He exits the house, then climbs inside the waiting cab.

INT. LICENSED CAB - NIGHT

Charlie settles in the passenger seat and belts up as Red 49 sets the fare meter.

Charley gawps as he looks at a preoccupied Red 49.

CHARLIE

(gruffly)

I haven't seen you before. You new?

RED 49

Fairly.

CHARLIE

When did you start working for that lot, then?

RED 49

About a month ago.

CHARLIE

You got the short straw tonight, then. They always give the new drivers this job. They don't like me at that cab office.

Red 49 quietly nods in acknowledgement.

RED 49

The working men's club, then, is it?

CHARLIE

That's right, son. My only salvation these days.

Red 49 checks his mirrors and pulls off.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You seem a bit more friendlier than the other drivers.

RED 49

Do I?

CHARLIE

You do actually.

RED 49

Thanks. I'll take that as a compliment.

CHARLIE

They're a load of miserable old sods at that place.

RED 49

I wouldn't know. Are they?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I know the reason why, as well.

RED 49

What's that, then?

CHARLIE

Cos it's only a small job. It's not worth their while, is it?

RED 49

It's fine by me. It is what it is.

CHARLIE

You don't seem to mind then?

RED 49

Nah. Listen, if I was here for the money, I'd be claiming benefits, wouldn't I?

Charlie grins.

CHARLIE

I was a taxi driver meself once. I retired ten years ago.

RED 49

(aback)

Did ya?

CHARLIE

Yeah. But don't take offence...
not like you lot. I was a proper
London taxi driver. I studied the
Knowledge to earn the right to
ply for hire.

RED 49

Did ya?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Licensed by the PCO back
then. It's TFL now. Forty-five
years of service and not even as
much as a goodbye, thank you very
much when I sent the badge back.
They're a right ungrateful lot of
pen pushers at TFL.

RED 49

(empathetically)

That wasn't very nice, was it?

CHARLIE

No, it wasn't, son. They didn't
respect us. They never will,
probably.

RED 49

Well, it just so happens I'm
about to get my badge.

CHARLIE

You doing the knowledge, then?

RED 49

Yeah. Just finishing off the
suburbs, then I'm done. Should be
out for christmas.

CHARLIE

Green?

RED 49

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Good on you, son. It's tough out
there nowadays.

Red 49 pulls up outside the working men's club and hits the
fare meter that shows £5,40.

Charlie sifts through his coat pockets and searches for some loose change to pay the fare.

He bears a curious look upon his face as he does so.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What's your name, then, son? I'll ask for you later.

RED 49

Oliver.

CHARLIE

Oliver what?

RED 49

Stokes.

CHARLIE

Oliver Stokes?

RED 49

Yeah, that's right.

CHARLIE

Well, well, well. We've got something in common, you and me.

RED 49

Yeah? What's that?

CHARLIE

We share the same surname as one another.

RED 49

Really? That's cool.

CHARLIE

Where are you from, then?

RED 49

Shoreditch.

CHARLIE

Shoreditch?

RED 49

(chuckles)

Yeah.

CHARLIE

I was born in Shoreditch m'self.
That's where all my family
originate from - Shoreditch.

RED 49

Really?

CHARLIE

Yeah. What's your father's name?

RED 49

William.

CHARLIE

(aback)

William Stokes?

RED 49

Yeah. That's right.

CHARLIE

Well I never! I'm his uncle. Has
he ever told you about his uncle
Charlie?

RED 49

No, he didn't. He died last year.

CHARLIE

Oh no! I'm really sorry to hear
that, son. Cancer was it?

RED 49

Yeah, it was actually... of the
lungs. It spread.

CHARLIE

Cor blimey! I never knew that.

RED 49

So that makes you my
grandfather's brother, right?

CHARLIE

Yeah, it does. We didn't speak to
one another for thirty years.

RED 49

Why not?

CHARLIE

I can't even remember what is was over now, son.

RED 49

So you're my great uncle Charlie, then?

Charlie becomes emotional and begins to cry into the hollow of his hands.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Sorry, son. I just can't believe it's taken something like this to bring us together, that's all.

RED 49

Nah, I'm sorry, I never meant to upset you. Are you okay, great uncle Charlie?

He hands Charlie a tissue.

Charlie wipes the tears from his eyes, then blows his nose into the tissue.

CHARLIE

Ah, that's okay, son. I'm just really chuffed that I've actually met a close relative I never knew I even had.

RED 49

Yeah. Me too.

CHARLIE

You've really made my day... you really have, son. I dunno what to say. I'm so overjoyed. Will you come and visit me now you know where to find me? We can talk shop.

RED 49

Of course I will. You can give me some tips on how to be a professional taxi driver like yourself.

CHARLIE

You'll be what they call a butter boy when you get out there.

RED 49

A butter boy?

CHARLIE

A novice. Then when you buy your own taxi, you'll be a Musher.

RED 49

That's exactly what I need to know. I'll be knocking on your door for more of that sort of thing.

Charlie shakes his head in bewilderment.

CHARLIE

Oh don't ask me, son. It's all changed since I was a cabbie, I bet. From what I've heard it's tough out there... what with all the cycles lanes and restrictions you've gotta put up with nowadays.

RED 49

I know. Tell me about it.

CHARLIE

Just wait till I tell them in there I just met my great nephew. They'll be thrilled to bits for me. Don't laugh, but they call me Billy-no-mates.

RED 49

That's not very nice, is it?

CHARLIE

I know. But it's true. Will you still come and pick me up later?

RED 49

Of course I will. And just to let you know it's no charge for family.

Charlie slips off his solid gold watch.

CHARLIE

Here. Take this. Just so you won't forget. They usually forget to send somebody. I usually have to walk home.

Red 49 gently pushes his hand away.

RED 49

Woah-woah-woah. I can't take that, great uncle Charlie. I'll be here to pick you up, don't worry.

CHARLIE

No, you don't understand, son. I want you to keep it, so you won't forget me when you're a proper London taxi driver. I haven't got long. I'm ill. They told me I haven't got long to live you see.

(clears throat)

And just so that you know that watch was given to me by the great Charlie Chaplin. Have you heard of him?

RED 49

(nods head)

No way!

CHARLIE

Yeah. He almost missed his flight if it wasn't for me. He dropped his passport in the back of my taxi. It was lying on the floor when I picked up another passenger who handed it back to me.

RED 49

What did you do?

CHARLIE

Well, I drove all the way back to Heathrow like a bleeding maniac to give him it back, didn't I?

(catches his breath)

Just as they were going to close the gate, I spotted him at the check-in desk. When I placed it in his hand, he just looked at me and smiled.

RED 49

That's an incredible story. So it's got provenance?

CHARLIE

Yeah, it certainly does, son. He took it off his wrist and told me that he would never forget what I did for him, and that London's taxi drivers will always have a place in his heart. He said that if ever I should lose it, it will find it's way back to me, somehow, because he'd blessed it to bring me luck. And that's a fact, so look after it, son. It's yours. I want you to have it. And I know he would too.

RED 49

Well, I won't forget that story in a hurry, great uncle Charlie. You are one in a million in my book.

CHARLIE

That's exactly what he said. Now look at the inscription on the back.

Red 49 looks at the name inscribed on the back of the watch. It reads as "Charlie,"

RED 49

(chuckles)

It's a good job you had the same name as him, then.

CHARLIE

It is, son, so you look after it.

RED 49

OK. You win.

CHARLIE

Good lad.

(catches breath)

Oh. I meant to ask, have you got any siblings?

RED 49

Nah. Just me.

CHARLIE

OK.

Charlie hands him the watch, then climbs out of the vehicle.

EXT. WORKING MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Red 49's POV:

Charlie walks up the few steps towards the entrance doors of the club, but staggers and feels his chest, before he collapses on the steps.

Red 49 flies out of the cab and races up the steps. He kneels down beside Charlie and frantically shakes him to wake up.

RED 49

C'mon, great uncle Charlie. You can do it! For fuck sake, don't die! Not tonight, please! I haven't even gotten to know you properly! Please! C'mon Charlie, for fuck sake, don't die, for fuck sake, Charlie!

Charlie lies prone and slumped across the steps with his eyes completely blank and wide open.

Red 49 is then surrounded by other PEOPLE who attempt to assist.

He gets to his feet and moves away.

A PARAMEDIC steps forward and kneels down beside the Charlie

PARAMEDIC

I'm a paramedic. Let me see if I can help.

He feels for a pulse, then continuously pumps Charlie's chest in an attempt to revive him.

Red 49 sits on the steps with his head in his hands.

He looks up as the Paramedic solemnly shakes his head.

PARAMEDIC

He's gone.

Red 49 gasps in horror, then runs back to his vehicle.

INT. LICENSED CAB - NIGHT

He leans over the steering wheel and despairs.

RADIO CIRCUIT V.O

*Red 49, are you RTB yet? Red 49
answer your radio!*

Protracted silence.

Red 49 switches off his radio and drives away.

INT - BEDROOM - MORNING.

Oliver lies in bed. His eyes are closed.

Petite, pixie haired TINA (28) enters and climbs into bed next to him.

TINA

Ollie... you awake?

He opens his eyes.

OLIVER

I know- I know. Yeah, I'm awake.

He finally lifts himself up against the plumped pillows behind him.

TINA

Have you decided what to do?

OLIVER

Yeah.

TINA

What then?

OLIVER
I'm going to hand in my radio.

TINA
What about the watch?

OLIVER
I'm keeping it. It's what he
wanted me to do.

TINA
It looks expensive.

He sits up and stares at her.

OLIVER
It's a family heirloom.

TINA
Just saying.

The doorbell rings.

Oliver jumps out of bed and looks through the window.

His POV:

A smartly dressed middle-aged MAN and WOMAN.

OLIVER
What do they want?

TINA
Who is it?

OLIVER
I dunno.

He slips on a dressing gown and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

He runs down the stairs and opens the door.

OLIVER
Can I help you?

DI ORME
Oliver Stokes?

OLIVER

Yeah.

DI ORME O.S

I'm Detective Inspector Orme.
This is my colleague DS Coombs.
We'd like you to get dressed and
come with us for a chat regarding
the death of a passenger you
picked up last night.

OLIVER

(aback)

What for?

DS COOMBS O.S

We just want to talk to you about
what happened.

OLIVER

He was my great uncle.

DS COOMBS O.S

You can explain everything to us
back at the station.

OLIVER

Why can't we just do that here?

DS COOMBS O.S

Because we'd prefer to do it at
the station.

OLIVER

Are you arresting me?

DI ORME O.S

No. We just want to speak to you
at the moment.

OLIVER

He suffered a heart attack. How's
that anything to do with me?

DI ORME O.S

We have a witness who states that
she saw you running away from the
scene, before you drove off in a
hurry.

OLIVER

What?! That's ridiculous!

(sighs)

Can I get dressed?

DI ORME O.S

Of course. But hurry up.

OLIVER

You betterc come in.

They enter and stand redundantly inside the lounge.

He closes the door, then races up the stairs.

BEDROOM - CONT'D

Tina stands by the door in her dressing gown when he rushes in.

TINA

What's going on?

He quickly slips on his chinos and a clean vest.

OLIVER

They're old bill. They want to talk to me about Charlie's death.

TINA

Oh what?! But you didn't do anything, did you?

OLIVER

No! Don't worry, they haven't got a leg to stand on if they try to pin anything on me.

TINA

Oliver, leave the watch here. They might say you stole it from him.

OLIVER

Yeah.

He slips off the watch and hands it to her.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

OLIVER V.O

So here I am, a suspect in the death of my great uncle Charlie, all because of some interfering passer-by who thinks she saw something that never happened. You just couldn't make this stuff up.

Oliver sits rigidly at a small table.

DI Orme and DS Coombs sit opposite.

DI ORME

Right then. Explain to us what happened from the moment you picked up Charlie to the moment you dropped him off?

OLIVER

It was the first time I'd met him. We got on really well. He was a retired taxi driver, and I'm about to become one.

DS COOMBS

How come?

Oliver shrugs his shoulders.

OLIVER

How come what?

DS COOMBS

It was the first time you'd picked him up?

OLIVER

I was just never given the job of taking him to the club, that's all. I've only been working there for the last month. It's just temporary till I pass out.

DI ORME

So what did you talk about, before you dropped him off?

OLIVER

Well, we talked about the Knowledge of London. He asked me where I was from. I told him I was from Shoreditch. With that, he asked me my name. I told him, then he became really excited, then told me that we were related.

DS COOMBS

How were you related?

OLIVER

I'm the great nephew he never knew he had. Actually, he got really upset which made me feel quite emotional m'self. He said he was overjoyed, and I had made his day.

DI ORME

D' you think you may have caused him to suffer a coronary?

OLIVER

No! Do you?

DI ORME

Why did you drive off, then? Why didn't you stay with him? You could have saved his life, maybe.

OLIVER

There was a paramedic, trying to resuscitate him. Once I knew he'd gone, I just panicked, I s'pose. I didn't know what to do. I've never been in that kind of situation before, have I?

DS COOMBS

Our witness says you might have stolen something from him.

OLIVER

That's absurd! He gave me his watch before he got out the car. He told me he was ill and that he wanted me to have it to remember him by. I can even tell you the story behind it if you want?

(pauses)

You interested, or not?

DI ORME

No, we are not.

OLIVER

I thought as much.

DS COOMBS

Where is it now - the watch?

OLIVER

It's at home. He gave it to me in good faith. I never stole anything from him. Why would I? He was my great uncle Charlie.

DI Orme gets to his feet.

DI ORME

OK. We're just going to take a quick look at the CCTV. If you're telling us the truth, you can go home. If not, we can provide you with a solicitor, or you can get your own one. It's up to you.

OLIVER

Yeah. Right. I'll ring my wife then and tell her to come and get me, unless you can drive back as you've brought me here under false pretences.

DS COOMBS

At this moment in time, we only have your word for it.

OLIVER

I dunno why this witness is causing trouble. I wouldn't have deliberately caused my great uncle to die, would I? That's completely absurd. I'm about to become a London taxi driver.

DI ORME

OK. Wait here.

The Detectives glance at one another, then exit.

Beat.

The Detectives return to the room carrying a bag.

Oliver gets to his feet.

DI ORME

OK. You can go. The CCTV footage clears you of any wrongdoing. However, it turns out you are his only living relative that we can find, so I would suggest that you might want to make arrangements for his funeral. You need to find out if he made a will. You may need to write to the administration and tell them you are willing to be the executor of his assets, should he have anything of value.

DI Orme hands him the bag.

DS COOMBS

That's everything he had on him.
Good luck.

Oliver stands in bewilderment and shakes his head.

OLIVER

Can I get lift home, or is that too much to ask?

DI ORME

We'll get you a lift.

OLIVER

Thanks.

EXT/INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Oliver opens the front door. Tina follows him inside.

They hold their noses, before they quickly open the windows and leave the front door wide open.

CU: Charlie's old diesel taxi parked outside.

OLIVER V.O

Charlie never made a will and testament, so as power of attorney I had to write a letter of administration to the court asking to manage his assets and affairs, including his estate, which could equate to an inheritance as his only living relative. I'd already been given the keys to his property in Habgood Street when the detective handed me his belongings. It was at the house that Tina and I had gotten the biggest shock of our lives. Charlie was a hoarder, and he had accumulated a mass of items, from paintings to musical instruments, vinyl records, books etc; you name it and he had it stacked somewhere in one of the rooms inside his three bedroom property.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tina wears marigold gloves and carries a black sack as she enters. She opens the fridge and begins to empty the contents into the sack.

OLIVER V.O

The food in the fridge had to be binned. It was rank.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Oliver enters and shakes his head in annoyance at the hoarded goods that lie discarded about the room.

OLIVER V.O (CONT'D)

I came over all faint. A cold feeling struck me. So I opened the windows, then sat on his unmade bed to get myself together. I felt the floorboards creak under my feet. This concerned me slightly, since it would have been quite precarious for Charlie, what with his weight. He was a big man and must have weighed at least eighteen stone. So I immediately bent down to check.

Oliver bends down to feel the floorboards beneath his feet.

He pulls out a plastic shopping bag containing contents. He places the bag upon the bed, then gasps in surprise when he looks inside.

OLIVER (ASIDE)

Holy shit!

Tina enters the room.

TINA

What's wrong?

He shows her the rolls of cash inside the bag.

OLIVER

Look at it. It's all fifties. There must be at least a hundred grand here.

TINA

Let's count it.

They begin to count each bundle in denominations of fifty pound notes.

Beat.

OLIVER

That's it. A hundred and Thirty-six grand. Jes-us.

Tina stares at him in wonder.

TINA

What are we going to do with it?

OLIVER

Well, if we declare it, they'll
just tax it, won't they?

Tina continues to stare at him in wonder.

TINA

It would help with a number of
things, like pay for the funeral,
unless he has a life insurance
policy.

OLIVER

We could use it for house
clearance, and renovation work, I
s'pose.

TINA

What about all this stuff? It
must be worth a small fortune.

OLIVER

Yeah, it must be. But it's my job
to get it all cleared. We'll get
someone in to evaluate what it's
all worth, then we'll hand all
the proceeds to probate.

TINA

OK. Once we get everything
cleared out, I think we should
just move in.

OLIVER

But we have to wait until it goes
through probate. It'll be ours
eventually, anyway, wonnit?

TINA

Yeah, it will.

EXT. CEMETERY CAR PARK - DAY.

OLIVER V.O

So we finally laid Charlie to rest and gave him a proper funeral, even though there were only three of us there to see him off. As power of attorney I was the sole benefactor of his estate which meant that his house was now my house, and his wealth became my wealth.

Oliver cycles into the graveyard carrying flowers.

DI Orme spots him and raises a surprised brow at him.

DI ORME

That's one way of keeping y'self fit.

OLIVER

You can say that again.

He jumps off his bike and offers an outstretched hand to the detective.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Fancy seeing you here.

DI ORME

The camera never lies. What are you doing here, anyway?

OLIVER

I've just popped over to have word with my great uncle Charlie. We buried him here last week.

DI ORME

Good luck finding him. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack if you don't know where to look.

OLIVER

That won't be difficult.

DI ORME

Let's go for a little walk. I wanna show you something.

OLIVER

Sure. I never even had a chance
to get to know him properly.

DI Orme makes strides towards the burial grounds.

Oliver navigates his bicycle as he follows behind.

OLIVER

He worked hard his whole life and
died on the steps of a working
men's club. No justicee is there?

DI ORME

No, there isn't.

OLIVER

Not really, anyway.

DI ORME

My old man's buried here. Believe
it or not he was a cabbie.

OLIVER

You kept that quiet at the
station.

DI ORME

Yeah.

Short silence.

OLIVER

Where are we're going?

DI ORME

I'm taking you to meet him. Keep
up.

OLIVER

Oh.

DI ORME

I think it would be a good idea
for you to show respect to a
departed colleague.

They stop and gaze down at a neatly turned out grave.

DI ORME

It's this one.

DI ORME (CONT'D)

Alright dad. I've brought somebody to see you. He's one of you lot, except this one knows where he's going.

He chuckles at his own joke.

OLIVER

I'm sorry for your loss, mate.

DI Orme looks up at him with a raised brow.

DI ORME

He had a coronary whilst parked on the taxi rank at Liverpool Street Station.

OLIVER

Jeez. That's awful.

DI Orme gets to his feet.

DI ORME

C'mon.

They sit on a bench in view of his father's grave.

OLIVER

I need to find Charlie.

DI ORME

Sure.

OLIVER

See ya again, maybe.

DI ORME

Yeah.

He smiles as Oliver wanders off with his bike.

OVER BLACK: FOUR WEEKS LATER.

INT. ICONIC TAXI - STORMY NIGHT

Oliver sits behind the wheel and resets his fare meter.

CU: Charlie's watch strapped to his wrist.

OLIVER V.O

It was an horrendous night at work, what with the inclemental weather, and the first time I'd experienced an awkward female customer. Something that stuck with me when Charlie handed me the watch was when he said that Chaplin had told him the watch would always find its way back should he lose it. Tonight I would experience evidence of that statement myself.

LITTLE RED HOODIE (24), wears a red hooded rain jacket as she runs across the road towards his taxi.

She opens the back door and climbs in.

He turns to face her and smiles.

She grins back at him as she flicks the rain water off her jacket.

OLIVER

Blimey! You're keen.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

So would you be if you just got caught in a downpour.

OLIVER

I'd say so.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

It's so shit out there. It hasn't stopped all day.

Her hood drops off her head and she flicks her long brown hair back to reveal a pale, but pretty face.

OLIVER

You remind me of Little Red Riding Hood sitting there.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Oh, don't you start. I've had to put up with that all night in the wine bar.

OLIVER

So where are you off to?

LITTLE RED HOODIE
Shoreditch House.

OLIVER
Right.

He hits the meter and sets off.

She places her umbrella down next to her and crosses her legs.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
So how's your night been, then?

OLIVER
(sighs)
Don't ask.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
That bad?

OLIVER
You could say that.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
Would you like me to brighten it
up a bit for you?

OLIVER
Oh yeah. How'd you propose to do
that, then?

He checks his rear-view mirror.

His POV: She unzips her shiny red coat to reveal a low cut
black dress, black stockings and red French knickers.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
What'd ya think, then?

OLIVER
Are you trying to wind me up, or
get me nicked?

LITTLE RED HOODIE
I don't know. Am I?

She flashes a thigh.

OLIVER
(tuts annoyance)
Can you just stop that, please?

LITTLE RED HOODIE
I thought you wanted cheering up.
Make your mind up.

OLIVER
Not like that I don't. You'll get
me shot if you carry on acting
up.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
It's only a bit of fun. Cheer up,
mate.

She sits up straight and quietly stares out the window.

OLIVER
I get it, I do. But it's really
distracting.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
You remind me of my dad. He's a
cabbie too.

OLIVER
(aside)
Christ!

She chuckles and moves to the flip-up seat directly behind
his partition window.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
Don'tcha fancy me, then?

OLIVER
It's not that. I'm happily
married. And I'm working.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
Good answer.

OLIVER
There's a time and place for
everything.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
You wouldn't be the first taxi
driver I've had sex with in the
back of his cab, you know?

OLIVER
(shocked)
What?!

LITTLE RED HOODIE
You're the first that's turned me
down though.

OLIVER
Am I?

LITTLE RED HOODIE
Yeah, you are. Are you gay?

OLIVER
Right! That's it! Out!

EXT. STREET - STORMY NIGHT

He stops the cab and quickly climbs out.

He opens the rear passenger door while he gets soaked in the
downpour.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
What'd you think you're doing?!

OLIVER
C'mon, out! I'm getting soaked
here.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
No! I'm not moving!

OLIVER
Out, or I'll have you removed.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
You miserable old sod!

She eventually climbs out.

Charlie's watch falls off his wrist as he slams the door
shut.

He climbs back in and drives off.

CU: The watch lies discarded on the pavement.

Little Red Hoodie spots the watch. She picks it up.

She grins knowingly as she zips up her hooded jacket and
stands at the side of the road where she waits for another
taxi to appear.

INT. MOVING TAXI - NIGHT

Oliver winces at the flash of headlights as his windscreen wipers go back and forth.

CU: Umbrella on the back seat.

He bites his lip and spins the taxi around.

OLIVER
(aside)

Shit!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Little Red Hoodie continues to stand on the pavement.

Oliver spots her and stops the taxi at the side of the road.
She immediately climbs in and sits in the back.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

She spots her umbrella on the back seat and gasps.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
Oh, it's you again.

OLIVER
That's right.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
There its is! My umbrella!

OLIVER
Yeah, that's right. You see, I'm
not that miserable. I cam back
for ya.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
That's all right. It's a good job
you did though.

OLIVER
Why's that?

LITTLE RED HOODIE
It just is.

OLIVER
Just behave yourself this time.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

I will, don't you worry.

OLIVER

Right, let's get you to
Shoreditch House in one piece,
shall we?

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Yes please. And thanks for coming
back. It proves you're a decent
fella.

OLIVER

Think nothing of it.

He eyes her through his rear view mirror, as she shows him
the gold watch.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Or did you really come back for
this?

OLIVER

Shit! Where did you get that?

He checks his wrist.

She hands him the watch through the partitioned window.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Karma.

OLIVER

Yeah. It must've fallen off when
I slammed the door.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

It did. I saw it. But you never
gave me the chance to tell you.

OLIVER

I'm sorry about that. I'm just
having a really testing night.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

You must be doing well if you can
afford a Rolex.

OLIVER

It was my great uncle's,
actually. He gave me it before he
passed away. I only wear it for
good luck. He was cabbie.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Well, you can't say I didn't try.
It could've been your lucky night
if you wanted it to be.

OLIVER

Yeah. Don't start that again.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Oops.

INT. SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT - DAY

OLIVER V.O

*You really couldn't make this
stuff up if you tried. But
Charlie's gold watch was
beginning to write it's own story
as I found out soon enough when I
decided to use the washroom at
the supermarket.*

Oliver and Tina walk towards the exit.

She pushes a trolley loaded with groceries.

OLIVER

I just need the toilet.

TINA

OK. I'll check the bill outside.

He walks off.

She pushes the trolley outside and begins to check the
itemised bill.

INT. TOILET - DAY

He enters and immediately uses one of the three urinals.

Four threatening YOUTHS of different ethnicities soon follow
him inside.

Oliver zips up his fly, then turns to use one of the sink basins to wash his hands.

Unconcerned, he stares at his reflection in the mirror. The Youths appear behind him.

WANG (16) turns on the tap and deliberately splashes him with water as his associates snigger.

Oliver ignores the provocation and uses the hand drier.

KANE FRANK (16) A tall, thin lad.

He looks at the watch.

KANE FRANK

Let me see that, bruv.

OLIVER

What for? It's worthless.

KANE FRANK

I said let me see it, bruv.

Oliver slides off the watch and hands to him.

Kane Frank studies it carefully. His inquisitive associates look on.

OLIVER

It's fake. I bought it in Turkey last year.

KANE FRANK

This ain't no fake, bruv. It's the real deal. It's a proper Rolex.

He stares at the inscription on the back.

OLIVER

I told you it's fake.

KANE FRANK

Are you Charlie?

OLIVER

Yeah.

KANE FRANK

No one inscribes a fake watch, bruv.

OLIVER

Just give me it back, will ya?

Kane Frank rolls his big beady eyes at him.

KANE FRANK

Are you takin' the fuckin' piss, bruv? What... you think we're stupid or summink? This is the real deal. I ain't giving you nutting, bruv.

OLIVER

I bought it in Turkey. It doesn't even keep proper time. It keeps stopping.

KANE FRANK

That's coz it's a movement watch, you dickhead.

Kane Frank suddenly headbutts him.

Oliver falls back against the hand drier.

OLIVER

You bastard!

He suffers from a number of blows before they exit with the watch.

Oliver lies on the floor injured and bloodied.

Beat.

An ageing SHOPPER enters and assists him.

SHOPPER

Oh no! Are you okay?

He kneels down and helps Oliver back to his feet.

SHOPPER (CONT'D)

Hey. What happened? Did you slip on the wet tiles?

Oliver looks up at him.

OLIVER

I'm fine.

SHOPPER

Shall I call an ambulance, or security?

OLIVER

Nah-nah, you're okay. I'll be all right.

He gets up and brushes himself down, then wipes his bleeding lip with tissue, before he exits.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CON'T

Oliver covers his mouth as he approaches Tina.

She gasps when she spots his facial injuries.

The SHOP MANAGER quickly approaches.

SHOP MANAGER

Excuse me. Are you all right, sir? What happened to you?

OLIVER

I'm fine. I just got jacked in the toilets by four youths. They caught me with a sucker punch, that's all.

MANAGER

Inside the toilet?

OLIVER

It's okay, mate. I'll be fine.

TINA

Oh, Oliver, are you hurt?

OLIVER

Nah-nah. They stole the watch.

MANAGER

This is outrageous! I'll call security. We can't have this sort of thing happening on the premises.

Oliver shakes his head and sighs.

MANAGER

I'll fetch security.

TINA
(to Manager)
It's a bit late for that. They'll
be well gone by now.

OLIVER
Leave it. I'm fine.

TINA
(to manager)
What you should do is call the
police.

OLIVER
No! No police. I'll deal with it.
Let's just go home.

MANAGER
Are you sure there's nothing we
can do for you, sir? We can get
you cleaned up if you like?

Oliver shakes his head at him as they exit.

OLIVER
No police.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK - DAY

Tina loads up the boot with groceries. Oliver enters the
vehicle and starts the engine.

Once she's in, he reverses out of the bay, then drives slowly
towards the exit.

His POV: The same Youths cycle out of the car park.

She side eyes him knowingly as he begins to follow the
Youths.

TINA
That's them, isn't it?

OLIVER
Yep.

TINA
What are you going to do?

OLIVER
Follow them.

TINA

Oh, let's just go home, Oliver. I don't want you to get hurt.

OLIVER

I want that watch back.

He stops the vehicle and observes them as they cycle into a concrete maze of high rise blocks and underground car parks.

POV: They high five with other Youths as they show off the watch.

OLIVER

OK.

He turns the vehicle around and they drive off.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

They sit at the table.

TINA

How'd you feel?

OLIVER

I'm fine. I've just taken a couple of tablets.

TINA

You should go to the police. Tell them what happened. You might get it back before they have a chance to sell it on. You know where they are. You can show the police who stole it.

OLIVER

Nah. They won't do anything... not now. They'll just say I should've reported it at the time. Anyway, they've probably sold it already.

TINA

I knew something like this was going to happen one day. It's an expensive watch. It was only a matter of time before somebody spotted it and wanted to take it off of you.

OLIVER

I know. That's what hurts. I should've have listened.

TINA

Bastards! How dare they do that.

OLIVER

I know.

TINA

Never mind. At least you're okay. I love you.

OLIVER

Thanks.

TINA

You should've told them it was a fake.

OLIVER

Don't you start. I did. I tried to put the doubt into their little minds.

TINA

So what are you going to do today, then?

OLIVER

I haven't decided yet. I think I'm gonna try and get it back somehow.

TINA

Oh don't be silly, Oliver. It's not worth the trouble. We can always get you another watch.

OLIVER

Not like that one. That watch meant the world to me. I'm gutted. It's been bringing me luck.

TINA

Well, just don't do anything stupid. Go to the police and tell them what happened.

OLIVER

Sure.

TINA

Right, I'm off to pull some pints. I'll see you tonight.

OLIVER

Yeah. Have a good day, babe.

TINA

Promise me you won't do anything stupid, Oliver, will you?

OLIVER

No, I won't. Go on, go.

TINA

Promise me?

OLIVER

I promise.

She kisses his cheek, then slips on her coat and exits.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

JORDAN (14) rides up to an immaculately dressed OLD JOE WILKES (82).

JORDAN

Oi, Mister. Wanna buy a watch?

OLD JOE WILKES

I beg your hearty pardon?

He climbs off his bike and shows him the gold watch.

JORDAN

My brother reckons it's worth five K. But he's just an idiot.

OLD JOE WILKES

I haven't got five K.

Old Joe Wilkes inspects the watch.

JORDAN

What'll you give me, then?

OLD JOE WILKES

It's not real.

JORDAN

How'd ya know that?

OLD JOE WILKES

Can't you see the second hand
moves too quickly. And it says
Charlie on the back. Whose is it?
Where did you get it?

Jordan looks bewildered as he stares at the watch.

JORDAN

None of your bizniz.

OLD JOE WILKES

I don't really want it.

He rolls up his sleeve and shows the boy his old leather
strap watch.

OLD JOE WILKES

See the difference? Now that's a
real watch.

JORDAN

So what.

OLD JOE WILKES

I'm afraid it's not worth much at
all.

JORDAN

Give me a hundred peas.

OLD JOE WILKES

(chuckles)

A hundred peas?

JORDAN

Money.

OLD JOE WILKES

I don't carry that kind of money
on me, especially around here.

JORDAN

Fifty peas then?

OLD JOE WILKES
I'll give you ten peas. That's
all I've got.

JORDAN
Alright! Done!

Old Joe Wilkes gives him the money from his wallet.

Jordan gives him the watch and cycles off.

INT. DEVONSHIRE ARMS P.H - DAY

Tina pulls pints.

Old Joe Wilkes enters and approaches the bar.

She serves a CUSTOMER then turns to him.

TINA
(pleasantly)
What can I get you?

OLD JOE WILKES
A Virgin Mary, please?

TINA
Of course.

She prepares his drink.

He produces his wallet.

She passes his drink to him.

He taps his credit card on the card reader situated on the
bar.

Her POV: Charlie's watch strapped to his wrist.

She stands in reverie as she gazes at the watch on his wrist
as he takes his drink to a table.

She watches him closely as he begins to read messages on his
phone.

He looks up at her and passes her a friendly smile.

She smiles back at him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Kane Frank stands in his boxers and frantically searches his pockets, drawers and cupboards for the watch.

KANE FRANK
(lividly)
JORDAN?! JORDAN?!

Jordan enters with a guilty look upon his pasty face.

JORDAN
What?

KANE FRANK
Where's my watch, you little
fucker?

JORDAN
(knowingly)
What watch? Leave me alone.

KANE FRANK
Jordan, tell me you didn't take
that watch and sell it to
somebody!

JORDAN
No! I never touched your silly
fake watch.

KANE FRANK
I'm gonna fucking kill you, you
little fucker! You've sold that
watch, haven'tcha?!

JORDAN
No! Blame somebody else! I'm not
the only one living here! Blame
dad! Go on, I dare you!

KANE FRANK
I'll kill you if you've sold that
watch! It's worth thousands of
peas, bruv!

Jordan legs it out of the flat.

KANE FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna kill you!

Kane Frank chases him.

INT. DEVONSHIRE ARMS P.H- CONT'D

Old Joe Wilkes approaches the bar and places his empty glass down on the counter.

Tina picks it up and sticks it inside the washer.

OLD JOE WILKES

Do I know you from somewhere? You look quite familiar.

TINA

No, I don't think so, unless you've been in before.

OLD JOE WILKES

No. It's my first time, actually. But you do look rather familiar to me. Maybe we met in another life. You remind me of my late wife.

TINA

(chuckles)

Oh yeah?. That's what they all say.

OLD JOE WILKES

Ha! True.

TINA

Sorry, that just sounded rude.

OLD JOE WILKES

Oh, I never received it that way.

TINA

Thanks.

OLD JOE WILKES

Listen, I was just going to have some dinner at that quaint little French restaurant across the road. Can I tempt you to join me, or have you eaten already?

TINA

Actually, I'd love to if you don't mind waiting? I finish in half-hour.

OLD JOE WILKES
Pour me a lemonade, then.

She turns to pour him a lemonade.

INT. SACRE BLEU RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tina and old Joe Wilkes are seated comfortably at a small candle lit table. They share a bottle of red.

OLD JOE WILKES
It was very kind of you to accept
my offer of dinner. I wasn't
expecting you to say yes to that.

TINA
Why not? You're very charming.
Besides, you have a nice watch.
Where'd you get it?

He looks at the watch as he shakes his head in dismay.

OLD JOE WILKES
Oh. This? It's worthless. It
belonged to someone called
Charlie. It's inscribed on the
back, you see?

He slides the watch off his wrist and shows her. She handles it knowingly.

TINA
Actually, would you believe me if
I told you it was once owned by
Charlie Chaplin?

OLD JOE WILKES
Good gracious! Really?

TINA
Yes. My husband was given it by
his great uncle whose name is
also Charlie. He had it stolen
yesterday afternoon. He was
jumped at the supermarket by four
youths.

OLD JOE WILKES
Oh, good gracious me. I am so
sorry to hear that. Keep it.

She studies the watch thoughtfully, then smiles at him.

TINA

Are you sure I can't give you
anything for it?

OLD JOE WILKES

Oh no. I don't quite know what
made me buy it really.

TINA

How did you come by it?

OLD JOE WILKES

I was waiting for the bus this
morning. Some little tyke raced
up to me on his bike and asked me
if I would give him a hundred
quid for it. He talked me into
it.

TINA

You gave him a hundred quid?

OLD JOE WILKES

I'm just a big softy, I suppose.

TINA

You gave him a hundred pounds?

OLD JOE WILKES

Oh no... I'm not that soft. I got
him down to ten pounds. Mind you,
I thought it looked like the real
deal at first, until a friend of
mine told me it is actually a
fake. The ticker moves too fast,
apparently. And it stops ticking
all together when you take it
off. No fool like an old fool,
eh?

TINA

Right! I'm paying for dinner.

OLD JOE WILKES

Oh no. But you-

TINA

I insist!

OLD JOE WILKES
Well, okay, if you're really
sure.

TINA
And remind me to give you what
you paid for it.

Waiter approaches table.

She looks up at him and grins.

TINA
Now what shall we have?

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Oliver sits in the armchair with a bottle of beer to hand.

Tina enters bearing a wide grin.

She quietly takes off her coat, then collects two flutes from
the cupboard and opens a bottle of bubbly.

She walks behind him and brings her free hand in front of his
face.

Charlie's watch rests in the palm of her hand.

He gasps and stares at it in bewilderment, then jumps to his
feet.

OLIVER
How did you get it?

TINA
Oh, it's a long a story. Come to
bed and I'll tell you all about
it. You'll be blown away.

He bears a huge grin as he follows her up the stairs.

THE END