

**Last Meat**  
**by**  
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**EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY**

A quiet little strip of shops.

TANFASTIC Tanning Salon is sandwiched between WOK THIS WAY and THE CHOP SHOP.

The car park is empty

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

A teenage boy's room. Messy, but strangely clean. Shoes left on the floor, video game controllers on the bed and a pile of clothes next to the recently polished wardrobe.

A MOBILE PHONE sits on the perfectly pressed pillow.

On the screen we see a PHOTOGRAPH of

SHAUN, late teens, goofy smile.

**EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT**

The kind of place where even cats are reluctant to roam.

The shattered windscreen of a car.

Flat tyres.

Bullet holes in the car windows.

A BODY on the floor next to the car.

**EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT**

THREE TEENAGE BOYS, hoods up, balaclavas on, cycling through the town.

They ride up the middle of the road forcing cars to stop or move out of their way.

It's obvious who runs this place.

**BLACK**

**CREDITS**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

From the photograph we recognise SHAUN, wide innocent eyes, awkward smile and a mop of hair that hasn't seen a brush or comb for at least a year.

Shaun stares silently at his image on his phone. He has obviously not managed to master the art of the selfie.

Shaun continually adjusts his expression until he finds an expression he is happy with.

He finally presses RECORD on the phone.

SHAUN

Hello. I'm Shaun, Shaun McDonald.  
I'm making this video to tell you  
about my family.

Shaun thinks he hears someone coming into the room.

He freezes as he waits for the FOOTSTEPS to pass.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

We're trying to stick together, but  
this town has become a scary place  
to live. But, in the best traditions  
of journalism, I'm getting myself  
out there to show the world what's  
happening here.

Shaun presses the STOP button.

**BLACK**

**INT. CHOP SHOP BUTCHERS - DAY**

A traditional BUTCHERS SHOP. The kind of place where people come for a pound of liver and stay for a half hour chat.

The counter and the furnishings are gleaming. The people who run this place obviously love what they do.

One of them, MARTHA MCDONALD, 46 years old, immaculate make-up, crisp white apron. Even the blood splatters on the apron look organised.

Martha has her head down as she skillfully removes bones from lumps of meat.

In the background, at a CHOPPING COUNTER, JOE MCDONALD, 47 years old, angrily attacks part of a PIG'S CARCASS with a cleaver.

Martha sighs as she shoots him a look.

JOE

What?

Martha carefully puts her knife down.

MARTHA

You need to do it with love. With respect. The creature deserves better than to be hacked like that.

Joe rolls his eyes.

JOE

Sorry.

Martha composes herself by taking a deep breath.

Joe picks up the cleaver and CHOPS straight through the carcass. The sound makes Martha jump.

Before she can confront him, she finds herself staring at an IPHONE.

The phone belongs to SHAUN.

MARTHA

Get that thing out of my face.

Shaun raises a finger to his lips as he continues to film Martha. He zooms in on her skillful knife work.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Are you recording this?

Shaun nods.

SHAUN

It's just a family portrait thing for college.

In the background Joe throws down the cleaver.

He rips off his apron and throws it to the floor.

JOE

I'll see you at home.

Joe stops in front of Shaun.

JOE (CONT'D)

You shoulda' done a real course. Something useful.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)  
Car mechanics or some  
such...something useful.  
Journalism? Where's that gonna' get  
you?

With that, Joe turns, slams the door and goes, leaving Martha and Shaun facing each other in an awkward silence.

SHAUN  
I don't think that'll make the cut.

MARTHA  
He does have a point...

SHAUN  
Really?

Shaun turns to go.

MARTHA  
Wait! Don't. You know I'd do  
anything for you.

Shaun pauses.

SHAUN  
I need to go.

Shaun leaves. Martha picks up the knife and gets back to work.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A small, cramped room. No clutter. Martha flutters about, there's nothing to clean or tidy, but she tries to find something.

Shaun sprawled across the sofa and Joe staring at sports on the tv.

Joe takes his phone from his pocket. Martha watches as he looks at the screen.

MARTHA  
Who is it?

Joe swipes the screen.

JOE  
Just a sports thing...

Martha looks at him again, even as she buzzes around her eyes never leave Joe.

Joe feels her gaze and crumbles under the pressure. He stands up and walks out.

SHAUN

If you two are going to fight could you let me know? Give me a chance to get my angles sorted out.

Martha sits herself down on the sofa.

MARTHA

We're not fighting. It's just that things are hard. You've seen how quiet the shop is.

SHAUN

Yeah, I know.

**EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY**

Martha and Joe approach the Chop Shop.

JOE

You wanna' take a day off today? We'll go and do something. Get lunch maybe. You choose.

MARTHA

No. I'm working through this. We've got to turn a corner at some point. We'll get some leaflets. Do a special offer.

Joe grabs Martha's hand.

JOE

We need a bit of time. It'll do us good. Maybe take a few days off. Come back fresh. Sort out a marketing plan.

Martha shrugs his hand off. She walks ahead. He stops. Stares at the ground.

Martha continues to the shop. She pulls a bunch of keys from her bag. She inserts a key into the padlock.

Nothing.

She twists the key. Nothing. Rattles the padlock. Nothing.

It dawns on her...

MARTHA

Joe!

Joe looks up the heavens. Braces himself as he takes an age to reach Martha.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Is this...

JOE

He's right. If we don't pay our bills...then, there's consequences.

MARTHA

Consequences? He's your brother. We missed one payment.

JOE

Yeah, but then there was the fine for late payment...

MARTHA

Fine? That man is your brother! What happened to looking out for your family?

Joe doesn't have an answer.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

We need to sort this. No, you need to sort this. If I speak to him I swear I'll kill him.

JOE

I think we just need to calm down a little. At the end of the day, he's a business man. He hasn't got where he is by being nice.

Martha's eye is caught by THREE TEENAGERS entering the TANFASTIC SALON. They tie up a PIT BULL to a post outside the shop.

MARTHA

I can't do everything. I'm doing what I can but this one is in your hands.

**EXT. TANFASTIC - DAY**

MOODY, nineteen years old, but wears the furrowed brow of an eighty year old, points at the PIT BULL. He kneels down to speak to the dog

MOODY  
Hannibal, kill any fucker that  
comes near.

The GANG laugh, not because it's funny, because they're scared.

Moody opens up the door, oblivious to the fact that Joe and Martha are watching them

**INT. TANFASTIC - DAY**

We are inside a tanning salon - not that you'd notice from the reception. A cheap MDF desk, a laptop and a phone. The real business in this place happens in the back rooms.

Moody leads the gang in, waiting until the last one has entered before making sure the sign on the door reads "CLOSED".

**EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY**

Martha and Joe trudge away from the shop. Martha turns around, she catches the dog's eye and it begins to bark.

**INT. TANFASTIC - BACK ROOM - DAY**

Moody, feet up, XBox controller in his hand, staring intently at a 50" wall-mounted tv screen.

The RUMBLE of GUN FIRE shakes the room.

MOODY  
That'll teach you not fuck with me.

PAUL, 19 years old, probably a geek if it wasn't for the company he was keeping throws down his controller in anger.

MOODY (CONT'D)  
That thing had better not be  
broken.

Paul, glances at Moody whose eyes don't shift from the screen.



PAUL  
It slipped.

Watching on is ROB, 19 year old, was described as 'stocky' in his early teens, but his current lifestyle means he's now overweight if not officially obese.

ROB  
Give me that. I'll show you how it's done.

Moody nods.

MOODY  
Oh, will you?

Rob picks up the controller.

MOODY (CONT'D)  
You don't really think you can take me do you?

Rob looks nervously at Moody.

ROB  
I can try.

MOODY  
Yeah. You can try.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Martha rolls and kneads pastry. It looks more like assault than baking.

Bowls of assorted chopped meat around the kitchen.

Martha takes a break from battering dough to listen to

LOCAL NEWS on the RADIO.

NEWS REPORTER  
Last night's murder brings to five the number of so-called killings in just two days. Newdale Police deny that the town is now a No-Go Zone for Police Officers. In other news, a police sniffer dog has found five bags of methamphetamine in...

Martha turns off the radio as Joe enters.

Martha looks him up and down.

MARTHA  
You going somewhere?

Joe is too busy checking his phone.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Somewhere important?

JOE  
What? Sorry...I was just...

Martha picks up her rolling pin and turns her back on him.

MARTHA  
You'd better not be.

JOE  
Be what?

MARTHA  
We've talked about this.

JOE  
What's the alternative? You come up  
with a plan and let me know?

Martha throws the rolling pin down.

MARTHA  
This is the plan. I'll sell stuff  
from here. Sell to shops. Maybe get  
a website. Shaun could do that.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE  
Really?

MARTHA  
Well somebody has to look after  
this family

Joe is exasperated.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Family. You know what that means  
right?

JOE  
We didn't pay him. We owe him  
money. We pay our way. If we can't,  
then there are consequences. Look,  
don't worry. It's easy. I just turn  
up, they pay me and I'm on my way.  
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Charlie said if I do a full  
collection there could be a bonus.

Martha picks up the rolling pin again. She wields it like a warrior. She's aggressive enough to make Joe take a step back.

MARTHA

You know how I feel about violence.

JOE

I won't be violent. They just hand  
the cash over and I'm on my way.  
Nobody messes with Charlie.

MARTHA

So you're an agent of violence?

Joe laughs.

JOE

An agent of violence?

Martha, tries a different tact.

MARTHA

This last thing this town needs is  
another plastic gangster.

Joe isn't paying attention.

He's too busy reading a text message.

JOE

Gotta go.

**INT. TANFASTIC - DAY**

Paul and Rob involved in a very heated game of Call of Duty while Moody paces up and down.

MOODY

I've got two years to make this  
work.

ROB

Well chill the fuck out then.  
You'll work something out.

MOODY

My parents aren't like yours. They  
actually give a fuck.

Rob and Paul both laugh.

MOODY (CONT'D)

Not about me...but about their cash. If I fuck this up they'll fuck me off.

PAUL

So you got two whole years to sort this shit out? Sit down and chill for fuck's sake.

Moody continues pacing. His steps becoming quicker.

MOODY

If they knew what was going on they'd kill me. But it fucking works.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Joe stares in the rear view mirror. Creasing his eyes to try to find his meanest look.

With his brow suitably furrowed he throws open the car door and bounds out.

**EXT. TANFASTIC CAR PARK - DAY**

Joe swaggers across the car park towards

**TANFASTIC**

Joe stands at the entrance. He mutters under his breath.

JOE

You can do this. You can fucking do this.

He takes a deep breath and continues to mutter.

JOE (CONT'D)

Your payment is due. Your payment is due. I said your fucking payment is due. You want me to rip your heart out you little prick. Your payment is due.

Joe takes a final deep breath and heads into Tanfastic.

He stands at the

**RECEPTION DESK**

Nobody there. He looks around.

No buzzer or bell.

Joe paces up and down.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hello?

He thinks about leaving.

But Moody swaggers in.

MOODY

Yeah?

Joe puffs out his chest.

JOE

I'm here to collect.

MOODY

You are?

JOE

I'm here to collect.

MOODY

I heard you. Collect what?

JOE

Your tax is due.

MOODY

Says?

Rob and Paul have followed Moody and attempt to look menacing in the doorway.

JOE

Listen. Just pay what and I'm gone.

MOODY

And if I don't?

Joe wasn't prepared for this.

Paul and Rob are impressed with Moody's attitude.

JOE

You will.

MOODY

You know what? I don't think I will. I've not had a bill. I've not had an invoice. So, I don't think I'll be paying any tax. Ok?

Rob and Paul have grown in confidence and edge towards Joe.

Joe looks and the three young men and weighs up his chances.

JOE

You do know if I have to make a second call there will be additional charges?

MOODY

You do know that if you come back here I'll fucking kill you?

Joe manages to keep his composure as he turns to leave.

JOE

I'll be back.

He cringes as he realises what he has said...

Rob and Paul jeer and laugh as Joe heads back to his car.

Moody doesn't find it so funny.

MOODY

Prick.

Rob gets in Moody's face.

ROB

You gonna'let him get away with that?

Moody watches as Joe climbs into his car.

PAUL

Did you hear him? I'll be back. Prick.

ROB

Maybe he won't be such a pussy next time.

PAUL

The prick's out of his depth.

ROB  
You're trying to build a rep'. You  
look fucking weak. You've gotta'  
send out a message.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Joe bouncing his head off the steering wheel in frustration.  
He looks up to see  
Moody, Rob and Paul riding towards him on Mountain Bikes.  
Joe quickly fires up the ignition and the car SCREECHES out  
of the

**CAR PARK**

Joe looks in his passenger wing mirror.  
Paul on his bike closing in on him.  
He looks in the driver's wing mirror.  
Rob on his bike closing in.  
Moody cuts across the front of the car.  
Joe SLAMS the brakes.  
Moody throws his bike to the ground.  
Rob on one side of the car. Paul on the other.  
Both doors pulled open.

JOE  
Just fuck off. Fuck off. Leave me  
alone.

Moody strides towards him.

MOODY  
Get out.

JOE  
I just needed some cash. I've got a  
family. I've got a wife.

ROB  
You can't let him get away with  
this. Make him pay.

Moody looks nervously at Rob.

Paul backs away.

MOODY  
Get out of the car.

JOE  
I was just...

MOODY  
Get out of the fucking car.

Joe does as he is told.

MOODY (CONT'D)  
Now kneel.

Joe pauses.

MOODY (CONT'D)  
I said kneel.

Joe gets on his knees.

Moody pulls a HANDGUN from his trousers.

Joe begins to sob.

JOE  
No. No. No!

Paul looks at the gun. Shocked.

PAUL  
Just beat the prick.

ROB  
Show him you mean business. Do it  
or you'll look like a pussy.

Moody points the gun at Joe. Hand shaking. Brow sweating.

Joe looks up. Pleading.

BANG

**BLACK**



**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

A HEARSE with an arrangement of flowers spelling "DAD" draws up as MOURNERS gather outside the church.

Shaun steps out first. He takes Martha's hand and leads her into the church.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Shaun, eyes red from crying. Stares into the screen.

SHAUN

I don't know what to do, or how I'll do it. But something has to be done. These people are ripping the heart out of this town.

Shaun rubs his eyes with one hand while he continues to film.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Martha, ear to the door, listens intently to every word.

The door OPENS.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Shaun turns the camera onto Martha.

MARTHA

You can get this on camera if you want. If one of those bastards touches a hair on your head then I swear I won't sleep until I've ripped their bloody hearts out. Do you know that?

Shaun smiles.

SHAUN

And so continues the cycle of violence.

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

A WAKE.

Mountains of SAUSAGE ROLLS, PIES and SANDWICHES on every table.

EMPTY GLASSES scattered around.

OLD PEOPLE engaged in drunken stories of how it was in the good old days.

Charlie, alone at the bar, watches as Martha accepts hug after hug of condolence.

Except for the Mascara tracks down her cheeks, she seems to be coping remarkably well.

Shaun, iphone in hand, films Charlie as he creeps towards him.

CHARLIE

I'm not being funny, but isn't that a bit weird?

Shaun shakes his head.

SHAUN

It's the family portrait I'm doing for college. I want to finish it for dad.

Charlie downs his umpteenth shot of whisky.

CHARLIE

You can interview me.

Shaun pauses.

He considers the offer for a moment.

He pulls out a seat opposite Charlie.

SHAUN

Could you just say something about dad?

Charlie smiles.

He winks at Shaun.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Course I can son. Just give me a minute.

Charlie straightens his shirt collar and runs his hand across his bald head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Me and you dad. We were like brothers. We were brothers. We were brought up in the same house. The same mum, the same dad. We were brothers.

Charlie laughs to himself.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Seriously though. He was a good man your dad. Always did the right thing. Always wanted to stay on the straight. But y'know son. We all make mistakes.

Charlie pauses to down another whisky.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Some people get punished immediately. Like your father. Others, they just have to wait. Knowing that vengeance is coming.

Charlie pauses, takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You want me stop there son?

Shaun shakes his head.

SHAUN

Tell me what you know. What happened to him.

CHARLIE

Well I'll try. I'll tell you what I know son.

Shaun nods encouragement.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's a short story. After he lost his job, he was struggling for cash. You know that right? Well he agreed to do a bit of work for me. Well what happened next was, your dad, he was a good man. But...he seems to have ended up in the wrong place.

SHAUN

But what happened next? How did he actually die? Who killed him? I want to know how he died.

Charlie puffs out his cheeks,takes a sip of his drink.

Shaun, choking back tears.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

The police won't even investigate. Nobody cares.

Charlie lets out a big breath.

CHARLIE

I blame myself every day. I should have done something.

Shaun doesn't reply.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'll make it right son.

Shaun presses STOP.

**EXT. PUB - NIGHT**

Shaun leans against the wall, KARAOKE singing drifts from the pub window.

KEVIN,late teens,he has dragged himself from his Playstation for a couple of hours, stands awkwardly next to Shaun.

Shaun,uncomfortable with this invasion of personal space shuffles away.

KEVIN

How's it going?

SHAUN

Great. You?

Kevin tries again.

KEVIN

Sorry about your dad.

SHAUN

Yeah. Me too.

Shaun shakes his head.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
Sorry Kev', it's just all a bit,  
y'know...

KEVIN  
Yeah mate. I know.

Shaun livens up, he gives Kevin a hug.

SHAUN  
Thanks for coming. It means a lot.  
Honestly.

Kevin, unaccustomed to man hugs, stands with his arms by his side. He coughs...

KEVIN  
So how's the movie coming along?

SHAUN  
Movie? Who told you?

KEVIN  
Your mum. Said she's sick of you  
sticking your iphone in her face.

Shaun laughs. The mood lightens. They remember that they were once good friends.

SHAUN  
Hardly a movie. Just a family thing  
I was doing for college. But I'm  
thinking of doing an investigation  
into what happened to dad. Proper  
journalism.

Kevin offers Shaun a cigarette.

Shaun declines with a shake of his head.

KEVIN  
What do you know?

SHAUN  
Not much. He was doing a job for my  
Uncle. His car was attacked and he  
was shot. No idea who did it or  
why.

KEVIN  
There's one lad I know. A lad  
called Michael Moody. Bit of a tit.  
Calls himself The M Man now.

Kevin lights his cigarette.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He was in my English class at school. Quiet. Kept his head down. A rich kid. Fancies himself as a gangster now. His mum and gave him a shop for his birthday.

Kevin blows a ring of smoke and watches it rise.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

So he uses the shop as a front for his stuff. He's got a flat too. Calls it the Playboy Mansion. More like the Playstation room. Him and his goons just sit around smoking weed and playing games.

Shaun can't hide his disgust at the fact that Kevin is smoking in his face.

SHAUN

Is that it? Not much to get my teeth into then?

KEVIN

No,there's more. Basically he's just a kid doing a bit of dealing. But he's started acting all El Chapo.

Shaun suddenly perks up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

This could all be bullshit. But I think you should know. I'd want to know. Like I say,it could be bullshit...

Shaun getting impatient...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

A mate of mine goes round there to play FIFA,he reckons they've got into taking people out. He said they were crying like babies after they'd done it. Really shitting themselves. But he said Moody was just like,"it's business, that's all."

Shaun thinks for a moment.

SHAUN  
Fucking business? So, this Moody, you  
think he'd talk to me?

KEVIN  
He's a mouthy prick. He'll talk to  
anyone.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Shaun staring at himself in the mirror.

HAIR CLIPPERS in his hand.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Martha, surrounded by pie dishes and chopped meat. She  
assaults a ball of pastry.

Shaun walks in wearing a BASEBALL CAP.

He opens the fridge door.

MARTHA  
I've got pies in the oven.

Shaun pulls out a YOGHURT from the fridge.

SHAUN  
This'll do for now.

Martha, disappointed, continues to attack the ball of pastry.

MARTHA  
How's things?

Shaun slurps his yoghurt.

SHAUN  
Good. I need to go out tonight  
though.

Martha puts down the pastry.

MARTHA  
Oh? Really? Where? Who with?

SHAUN  
Just an interview. Somebody at  
college knows somebody who's  
arranged for me to see somebody.

MARTHA

Somebody has arranged for you to meet somebody? Who the hell is somebody? And who is this somebody you're meeting?

Shaun licks yoghurt from the spoon.

SHAUN

There's nothing to worry about. He just knows these lads who'll be good for my new project.

Martha picks up her ROLLING PIN.

She turns her back on Shaun. He pulls off his cap revealing His SHAVED HEAD.

Martha turns around.

MARTHA

What the...?

Shaun smiles at her.

SHAUN

I'll grow it back. It's just for this project. I need to try to fit in.

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

The middle of the deserted estate.

Shaun KNOCKS on a door.

He takes deep breaths as he tries to compose himself.

The door opens.

Rob and Paul answer.

They both wear BALACLAVAS and BLACK SKI JACKETS.

Paul steps forward.

He leans into Shaun.

PAUL

Who the fuck are you?

Shaun stands firm.



SHAUN

I was told to ask for the M Man.

Paul steps back.

PAUL

Are you that fella' from the tv?  
You're making a documentary about  
us?

SHAUN

Kind of. I'm not from the tv. I am  
making a documentary though.

ROB lurches forward.

ROB

Where's your camera then? Do you  
have a crew? Come on. I want to see  
your camera.

Shaun reluctantly pulls out his phone.

Rob looks disappointed.

ROB (CONT'D)

That's it? It is HD though? Yeah?  
You could do one of those 360  
things. Come on then. Get filming.  
I'm gonna' be the star of this  
shit.

Moody swaggers up to the front door accompanied by Hannibal.

Shaun presses record and begins to speak into his phone.

SHAUN

A contact has given me the details  
of one of the main players in our  
story. Moody is a notorious gang  
leader. Surprisingly, he's agreed  
to meet me.

Moody turns.

He looks straight into the lens.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

I've no idea how this is going to  
go...I've never spoken to him  
before.

Moody's stare intensifies.

Shaun offers a hand.

Moody looks him up and down before finally shaking it.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

I'm Shaun, Kevin said you'd have a chat with me. Is that still ok?

Moody stares at the phone. He looks down at his dog.

MOODY

He needs that muzzle. If he didn't have it on he would rip your fucking throat out. Wouldn't you Hannibal?

Shaun struggles to keep cool as he watches the dog straining to get at him.

MOODY (CONT'D)

I'm not joking with you. He's got a taste for human blood. I had him smuggled in from Mexico. He's a hard bastard. Aren't you Hannibal?

Shaun can't think of anything to say...

MOODY (CONT'D)

He was a cartel guard dog in Juarez. They used him to dispose of bodies. Give a dog a bone! Anyway, you filming this?

Shaun nods.

SHAUN

Are you ok with me filming your face? You don't want to...

MOODY

Stick a balaclava on? Nah, I'm too good looking for that. The world should see my face.

Shaun unsure whether to laugh or agree, does neither.

MOODY (CONT'D)

I'm not being funny, but you're not coming in. We'll do this outside. Anyway, it'll be more real. Seeing me on the street.

SHAUN

That's fine.

Moody closes the door.

MOODY  
Walk with me. I'll show you my  
kingdom.

Shaun and Moody walk in silence, the dog still growling at  
Moody's feet.

MOODY (CONT'D)  
So what is it you want to talk  
about?

SHAUN  
Oh, y'know. Just what you do, how you  
earn. A bit of background. That  
kind of thing.

Moody nods thoughtfully.

MOODY  
Are you sticking this on YouTube?

SHAUN  
I don't know. It's for college. I'm  
studying journalism.

Moody looks impressed.

MOODY  
Right. Ok. You want be a  
journalist. I want to be a  
businessman. Maybe we can help each  
other out.

SHAUN  
Would you mind if we stopped? The  
camera is too shaky.

Moody shrugs his shoulders.

MOODY  
All I do is buy and sell stuff.  
Just like your local shop. I get  
stuff in, add on a profit and sell  
it again. That's it. Just a local  
boy doing his bit for the  
community.

Shaun nods.

SHAUN  
So, business is good?

MOODY

Well I provide stuff the kids want.  
So,yeah,business is good.

Moody spots a POLICE CAR.

MOODY (CONT'D)

Wait here. Watch this.

Moody swaggers over to the police car.

A POLICEMAN gets out.

Moody stands against the wall,arms and legs spread. The policeman searches him.

The policeman pulls a ENVELOPE bursting with cash from Moody's back pocket.

The two exchange some words and Moody swaggers back to Shaun.

MOODY (CONT'D)

See that? That's business right there. I give him what he wants. He makes sure I'm left the fuck alone. I get to do whatever I want to. Like I said, this is my kingdom.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Shaun tosses and turns in his bed.

Martha watches him from the doorway. She tip-toes over to his bed and stands over him.

Martha bends down,she strokes his face lightly before placing a gentle kiss on his forehead.

MARTHA

If they dare touch a hair on your head...

**INT. MARTHA'S BEDROOM**

The CLOCK says 4.45am.

Martha is staring out into the dimly lit street below.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Sausages SIZZLE. Bacon fat SPLASHES.

Martha shovels meat products around a frying pan before lumping them onto plates.

She takes a plate over to Shaun who is busy scrolling through his phone.

Shaun winces as he looks at the greasy offering.

MARTHA

It'll keep your strength up.

Shaun reluctantly puts his phone down and begins to push a sausage around the plate.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Go on.

Shaun cuts into the sausage and takes a tiny mouthful.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I'm not happy with you seeing your Uncle Charlie.

SHAUN

It's just for an interview. A bit about them growing up.

Martha returns to the frying pan and begins cooking more meat.

MARTHA

What time are you going?

Before Shaun even has time to look up...

MARTHA (CONT'D)

What time will you be back? Do you want me to come with you?

Shaun puts his head down and takes another bite of his sausage.

**EXT. SCRAP METAL YARD - DAY**

Shaun, with his small frame and innocent eyes looks completely out of place among the towers of WRECKED CARS.

But this is Charlie's home.

He strides out to meet Shaun, oozing swagger and bravado, a man with no fear.

CHARLIE  
Alright son.

Charlie grabs Shaun's hand, Shaun WINCES as Charlie squeezes his greeting.

SHAUN  
Yeah. Yeah. Good.

Charlie indicates for Shaun to follow him.

Shaun's eyes dart around, expecting one of the heaps of cars to collapse at any moment.

CHARLIE  
How's your mum?

SHAUN  
Oh, ok. Tired.

CHARLIE  
This is the worst bit. When it all sinks in.

They arrive at a

**PORTAKABIN**

Sparsely furnished. A DESK, COMPUTER, ELECTRIC HEATER and a SOFA.

Charlie picks up a THERMOS FLASK from behind the desk and pours watery coffee into two PLASTIC CUPS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
The funeral part is ok. She's busy, people are calling around and she's still in shock.

Charlie heaps spoonfuls of sugar into both cups.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You do take sugar don't you?

Shaun nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
This is the hard part. The loneliness will hit her. You keep an eye on her. Ok? Tell her I'll be round too.

Shaun winces as he sips the coffee.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Anyway. You're here on business? Is that right?

Shaun nods.

Shaun nods as ponders how he can get rid of his coffee.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Fire away son.

Shaun fumbles in his pocket for his phone. He fiddles with it as he speaks.

SHAUN  
You said if I wanted anything...

CHARLIE  
I did. I'd had a few, but I remember.

SHAUN  
Just talk about what you do. About how you make your money. If that's ok.

Charlie sits back in his chair.

CHARLIE  
No problem son. You want me to start now?

SHAUN  
Are you ok with me showing your face?

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE  
Of course son. Could be my ticket to Hollywood this!

Shaun laughs politely and ZOOMS in on Charlie's face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I basically use the money I make from the yard to help people. People who are maybe a little bit short of cash. Let's say, you've been on a night out and ended up in the casino and done your wages for the month.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I'll give you what you need to get  
by. When you get paid you pay me  
back. With a little charge on top  
of course. I'm not a charity!

Shaun indicates for him to keep talking.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
The longer they take, the more they  
pay. It's only fair.

Charlie looks to Shaun for reassurance...

SHAUN  
So, who are your customers then?

CHARLIE  
Well, between you and me son. And  
that camera. It tends to be people  
who are employed in what I believe  
is called the black economy.  
Usually lads who are in some kind  
of business themselves. Lads with  
cash flow problems.

Shaun nods encouragement.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
That ok son?

Shaun turns his phone off. Charlie stands up.

He stretches and flexes his considerable muscles.

Shaun doesn't know where to look.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
If you're not busy, you can come out  
on a job with me. I think you'd  
find it interesting. If I told you  
all the details. But I'm a  
professional. Client  
confidentiality. You want to come?

SHAUN  
Yeah. Of course.

Shaun follows Charlie out of the Portakabin and into the

**YARD**



Charlie opens the passenger door of a gleaming PICK-UP for Shaun.

**INT. PICK-UP - DAY**

Charlie and Shaun watch as they race off along the road.

CHARLIE  
I shouldn't be too long. Just a little job. Just me paying back a debt.

SHAUN  
You don't want me to film this?

CHARLIE  
I think you should cut here.

Charlie reaches under his seat and pulls out an IRON BAR.

Shaun watches, phone in hand, as Charlie strides into Tanfastic.

**INT. TANFASTIC SALON - DAY**

Hannibal, tied on a short leash goes berserk as Charlie CHARGES in.

Charlie raises the bar above it's head --- he brings down on the counter.

**SMASH**

Charlie waits for a moment before he storms towards the cubicles.

He stops at a door.

**SMASHES** it with the iron bar to reveal

An Empty sunbed.

He **SMASHES** another.

Empty sunbed.

He **SMASHES** a third.

A **BODY** on the floor.

It's Moody, toned and fit but clearly no match for the bulk of Charlie.

Charlie towers over him.

CHARLIE

You must have expected a visit.

Moody cowers as Charlie raises the iron bar above his head, he flinches.

Charlie shapes to hit him, but stops.

He enjoys watching Moody cower.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You blew it. You had your chance.

Moody peeks through his hands, waiting for his skull to crack.

Charlie keeps him waiting.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He'd done nothing. Nothing. You've no idea what you've done. My brother. My fucking brother. You're going to suffer you little piece of...

Suddenly the BARKING gets louder.

Before Charlie can move, the dog is on top him,

**RIPPING** and **TEARING** at him.

Rob and Paul stand in the doorway. Laughing.

Moody sits up and watches Charlie struggle to get the dog off.

Paul PUKES.

Moody stands up.

MOODY

Here boy!

The dog sinks to its stomach.

Moody looks at the dog's blood-stained face.

Charlie writhes in agony on the floor.

Moody stands over him. Smiling.

**INT. PICK-UP - DAY**

Shaun nervously looks around the car park. Worried now. Moody steps out, he stares at the pick-up truck.

He catches Shaun's eye.

They stare at each other for a moment.

Moody runs a finger across his throat.

Shaun panics.

SHAUN

Shit.

Shaun jumps into the driver's seat.

Starts up and gets out of the car park as quickly as he can.

**INT. TANFASTIC SALON - DAY**

Moody, Rob and Paul stand over Charlie's body.

MOODY

Well this isn't the stuff that I do. This is the kind of shit you two are paid to do. Get the fucker out of here.

Rob and Paul look at each other.

ROB

He's a bit...

Paul looks at Charlie.

PAUL

Heavy?

ROB

We'll never get him out in one piece.

Moody heads for the door. He stops in the doorway.

MOODY

Do what you have to.

**I**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Shaun, face down on his bed, sobbing.

He doesn't notice Martha leaning on the door frame.

Without a sound, she floats over to him, kneels at his side and begins to stroke his face.

Shaun wipes away his tears and sits up.

MARTHA

I'm here. It's ok. Whatever it is.  
I'm here for you.

Shaun shakes his head.

Martha runs her fingers across the stubble on his head.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

It's nothing mummy can't fix.

Shaun closes his eyes.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAWN**

Shaun asleep on the bed. He opens one eye.

He sees Martha, asleep on the floor.

He tries to get out of bed without disturbing her. But the bed SQUEAKS and Martha SPRINGS up.

MARTHA

Morning. Did you sleep ok? Do you  
want breakfast? Do you want  
sausages and bacon? I'll do it for  
you now.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Fat splashes and smoke rises from a frying pan.

MARTHA

So are you going to tell me?

Shaun takes a sip of tea.

SHAUN

Uncle Charlie? Have you heard  
anything?

Martha dishes up a huge plate of bacon and sausages.

MARTHA

If anything has happened, it's his own fault, whatever happens.

Shaun is shocked by Martha's attitude.

Martha pours ketchup over the meat.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

He probably had it coming. He was quick enough to boast about all of his money.

Shaun pushes his plate away.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

If it hadn't been for him then your dad would probably still be here. So, please don't ask me to worry about what's happened to your Uncle Charlie. As long as I've got you.

Shaun stares at the plate. Trying to make sense of what Martha is saying.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I told your father. Violence leads to violence. Oh, your Uncle Charlie was good at hiding it. But we knew. Your dad knew. I told him we didn't need his money. We'd do without it. But your dad, your stupid dad. He thought he'd help out and get a few quid to pay the credit card bills.

Martha picks up a piece of bacon and chews on it.

SHAUN

Shouldn't we tell the Police?

Martha laughs.

MARTHA

The Police? What are they going to do? There's people being killed all over this town by the likes of your Uncle Charlie.

Shaun shakes his head.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

But there's me and you. Me and you.  
We'll be fine. I'll make sure we  
are.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Shaun is flicking through his phone. He clicks PLAY on the interview with Charlie. He watches it with the volume down.

Martha is busy in the background rolling pastry. Chunks of meat scattered around the worktops.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Are you going to finish that video?

Shaun stares at the screen.

SHAUN

I don't think I can. I might see  
what I can do with what I've got.  
But I can't shoot anything else.

MARTHA

No. No you're best not to love. I  
think it's best if you stay in with  
mum for a while. Keep yourself  
safe.

Shaun presses STOP on the interview.

A **MESSAGE** on the phone.

From Uncle Charlie.

Shaun opens it.

**A PHOTOGRAPH of CHARLIE'S BODY**

The text reads: **You're next.**

Shaun stuffs the phone into his pocket and runs out of the kitchen.

Martha throws down her rolling pin and runs after him.

She chases him UPSTAIRS into

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Shaun throws himself down onto the bed. Martha rushes in after him.

MARTHA  
What is it? What happened?

Shaun jumps up again. Runs to the window and shuts the curtains.

SHAUN  
It's me. It's me next.

Martha gets him in a bear hug and squeezes and squeezes and squeezes.

MARTHA  
Oh no. Oh no. I won't let that happen. Nobody is laying a finger on you.

Shaun just lets himself be squeezed.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Stay with mummy.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Shaun, pulls on his jacket. Martha looks up from her baking and is horrified.

MARTHA  
No! You're not going out!

Shaun calmly buttons up his jacket.

SHAUN  
I have to. We can't live like this. I've been stuck in here for a week. I'm supposed to be a journalist. I'm just a coward. I've got no heart.

Martha shakes her head.

MARTHA  
We can get food delivered. We can get anything we want delivered. We don't need to leave the house. You don't need to leave the house. I don't want anything to happen to you.

Shaun pulls on a baseball cap. He pulls the peak down.

SHAUN

I need to go out. I can't deal with all of this. I need some space.

MARTHA

If they get you? They said you were next. What will I do without you?

SHAUN

I'll be ten minutes. I'm just going around the block. I need to clear my head.

MARTHA

Please don't.

Shaun gives her a hug. She holds on tight. He has to force himself away from her.

She strokes his cheek with her index finger.

SHAUN

Ten minutes.

**EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY**

Shaun, head down, face hidden. Strides along the empty street.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Martha, carving knife in hand, staring at the clock on the wall.

**EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY**

Shaun tenses as he hears FOOTSTEPS coming towards him.

The footsteps get closer and closer.

Shaun puts his head right down as TWO YOUNG BOYS run past laughing.

Shaun looks back as they run around the corner.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Martha stares at the second hand on the clock.

Ten minutes have passed.

She pulls on her coat.



**EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY**

Shaun head up a little more than before, but still hyper-vigilant. If an ant farted he would notice.

He stops as he hears the **WHIR** of bicycle wheels.

He listens to try to gauge which direction the sound is coming from.

He turns as a bike stops behind him.

Another bike stops in front of him.

**BLACK****INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Martha rolls here eyes as she listens to a conversation on the telephone.

MARTHA

I appreciate your concern. But I really don't see myself as a victim of crime.

Martha rummages through drawers, opens and shuts cupboard doors.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I am coping very well with my situation thank you very much.

She finds what she's looking for. Keys.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Yes, I've got your number. Have a nice day.

**EXT. TANFASTIC - DAY**

Hannibal tied up on a post outside the shop.

Martha. Headscarf on. Collar on her coat turned up approaches the dog.

She reaches into her shopping bag and pulls out a lump of MINCE.

She bends down and pushes the mince though the muzzle and into the dog's mouth.

**INT. CHOP SHOP - DAY**

The kitchen is full of lumps of BLOODY MEAT.

Martha rolls pastry, her eyes streaked with tears.

**INT. TANFASTIC - NIGHT**

The place is still covered in blood.

PACKETS OF CASH everywhere.

Rob and Paul sit on the carpet while Moody strides up and down the room.

MOODY

My dog doesn't just fucking disappear.

Rob and Paul stare at the carpet.

MOODY (CONT'D)

This is the shit I pay you two for.

Moody stops pacing. He stands over them.

Rob and Paul exchange nervous glances.

MOODY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is the point of having you two if this happens? And, more to the point, what the fuck are you two still doing sitting on your arses while my fucking dog is God knows where?

Rob and Paul scramble nervously to their feet.

MOODY (CONT'D)

Find that fucking dog.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Martha pulls out a PIE from the oven.

This is no ordinary looking pie. This is the perfect pie.

Pastry the perfect colour. The whole thing looks like a page from an expensive recipe book.

Martha smells it as she places it on the counter next to ASSORTED PILL BOTTLES.

She nods to herself. Pie perfection.

**INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT**

Martha in the driver's seat. She looks across at the pie sitting in the passenger seat.

Martha runs her finger across the crust of the pie as she looks out of the window at

**TANFASTIC**

She reaches into her bag and pulls out Shaun's PHONE.

We see BLADES KITCHEN KNIVES glinting as she opens her bag.

Martha opens the phone to the photograph of Shaun.

She traces her finger over his face once again. As she does so, she closes her eyes and mutters under her breath.

**INT. TANFASTIC SALON - NIGHT**

Moody looking around the place, checking nothing is left behind before he closes up.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Moody pauses. He reaches into his pocket to check for a weapon.

Nothing.

He looks up at the CCTV camera in the reception area.

He just sees a woman in a headscarf holding a pie.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Martha stares at the camera.

Moody looks around. Unsure what to do. He eventually opens the door.

Martha smiles at him. Moody steps back.

MARTHA

You know who I am? Right?

Moody takes another step back as he looks her up and down.

MOODY  
Yes. Yes. I think I do.

Martha continues smiling.

MARTHA  
Don't be afraid boy.

The way she spits the word boy makes Moody flinch.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
I know how things work in this town. I know people have to get hurt for other people to make a living. I'm not stupid, I understand.

Martha steps into the reception.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
My Shaun was a good boy. He never wanted to hurt anybody. That's the way he was brought up.

For every step Martha takes forward, Moody takes one back.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
I am not a violent woman. I brought my son up with my beliefs. The belief that violence is never the right way.

Moody now has his back to the wall as Martha continues to advance on him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
So, it is in that spirit that I bring you this. You could call it a peace offering.

She holds out the pie to Moody.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Take it. Please. It would mean a lot to me.

Moody reaches his hands out and carefully accepts the dish.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Please. Sit. Eat.

Moody slides down the wall and puts the dish on his lap.

Martha reaches into her bag. She pulls out a napkin.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
I believe you should do things  
properly.

Moody takes the napkin.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Tuck it in.

Moody does as he is told.

Martha reaches back into her bag and pulls out a CARVING  
KNIFE and a SPOON.

She hands the spoon to Moody.

Martha looks down at him as he stares at the pie.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
You'll like it. I'm a good baker.  
The pastry is perfect. Probably my  
best.

Moody looks up at her. His arrogance has disappeared.

Martha STABS the knife into the pie.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
I'm sure that when you were little  
you did what your mum told you.

Moody just stares at the pie.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
I've gone to all this trouble. It's  
the least you can do. Don't you  
think?

Martha slices the pie.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Look how succulent the meat is. I  
can see your mouth watering.

Moody puts a lump of gristle onto his fork.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Taste it. It's delicious.

Moody puts the meat into his mouth. Martha stands over  
him, staring at the knife.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
See? I told you it was good.

Moody chews the meat.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Tell me you like it. I'd be so  
disappointed if you didn't. And  
I've had so much to deal with  
lately.

Moody gulps as he swallows the meat.

MOODY  
It's good.

She runs a finger along the blade of the knife.

MARTHA  
I'd be really insulted if you  
didn't eat some more.

Moody has another bite. And another. And another.

Martha smiles as she watches him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Oh, this is making me so happy. I  
knew that we could bring some peace  
into the world.

Moody puts the spoon down.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Oh. No. Please.

Moody chews on a piece of meat.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
In fact. Just a minute. I think  
I've got something else here for  
you.

She reaches into her bag.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Just savour the flavour.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
I believe your dog is missing. It's  
awfully upsetting when someone you  
love is in trouble isn't it? You  
just hope that things will turn out  
ok. Well, don't worry. He's closer  
than you think.

She pulls out a MUZZLE.

Martha drops the Muzzle onto the pie.

Moody realises straight away.

Moody curls up into a ball.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Are you in pain yet? Physical?  
Mental?

Moody rolls on the floor. Agony etched on his face.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

That will be my special ingredients  
taking effect. You see, that pie  
was made with love. Lots of love.  
More love than you could ever  
imagine. Love for my husband. Love  
for my son.

Martha stands over Moody.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I could have just come in here and  
shot you. Stabbed you. I could have  
even got somebody else to do my  
dirty work. But I'm not actually a  
violent person. The opposite in  
fact. So, I'm not going to attack  
you or assault you. You see, what  
I'm doing is killing you with love.

Moody tries to crawl across the floor. Martha follows him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

So, what I'm going to do is wait  
here. Wait until you are just a  
lifeless slab of meat. Then...

Martha opens up her bag, she slowly pulls out a

SELECTION OF KNIVES.

Moody PUKES.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Before I do that I need to get  
through your ribcage.

Martha pulls out a HAMMER.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

A little crude maybe, but I don't  
need to worry about damaging your  
heart do I?

Moody lies lifeless on the floor.

Martha stands over Moody's corpse.

She begins to cry.

Martha falls to her knees.

Tears stream from her face as she reaches into her bag.

She pulls out Shaun's phone.

Martha watches a video footage of Shaun addressing the  
camera.

She pauses the video and gently kisses the screen.

Martha returns the phone to her bag, wipes her eyes and takes  
a deep breath.

She picks up the knife, raises above her head...

**BLACK**

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Martha crouches down at Shaun's grave.

She puts her bag down and kisses the gravestone.

Martha opens up her bag.

She pulls out a PLASTIC FREEZER BAG.

BLOOD DRIPS from the bag.

Martha holds the bag up.

MARTHA

For you son.

With her bloodied hand, she places the HEART on the  
gravestone.

**FADE OUT**