SERIOUS PEOPLE

A film script written by

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EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY.

Brownie is stood in an empty graveyard looking at two fairly recent head stones.

Brownie is aged in his early forties and has a slight but muscular physique, built from most of his life serving in the army.

The head stones mark the graves of his wife and young daughter.

He stares solemnly at the head stones.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. EVENING.

MICKEY is an infamous gangster known as Mickey the Bag. He is a short stocky man, aged in his late 40s. He has the nickname Mickey the Bag because he carries a large sports bag with him wherever he goes. The bag is famed for having a variety of weapons inside.

SEAMUS is a recently retired heavy weight boxer, who has just started working for the same criminal firm as Mickey. He has recently started an apprenticeship of sorts for Mickey.

The nightclub is full of cheap decor and eighties style lighting.

The nightclub’s owner ZEBBIE, an overweight man in his 40s dressed in a white velvet suit, is tied to a chair in the middle of the dance floor and looking panicked.

The nightclub is shut and empty apart from Zebbie, Seamus and Mickey.

Mickey is on the dance floor dancing around his bag, whilst sipping on a glass of whisky. Robert Palmer’s ‘Addicted to Love’ is being played loudly.

Seamus is stood by Zebbie, trying to look intimidating but feeling awkward while watching Mickey on the dance floor.

No one else is in the club.

MICKEY
They don’t make music like this anymore.

ZEBBIE
(Fearful)
Mickey! There’s been some kind of mistake!

MICKEY
Robert Palmer. There is an underrated musician.
ZEBBIE
Mickey! The boys, they never came round! The money was here the whole time!

Mickey starts to gyrate to the music.

MICKEY
I used to find this song had almost a sexual effect on the ladies.

ZEBBIE
Please! Don’t hurt me! I can pay!

MICKEY
(Looks at Seamus)
Come on Seamus, show us some moves.

SEAMUS
It’s not really my thing.

Mickey gives Seamus an evil nod in return.

SEAMUS (CONT’D)
Sure, sure. Why not.

Seamus starts to dance, he starts to sway his hips to music.

MICKEY
(watching Seamus dance)
Jesus Seamus, that’s a bit bloody gay, where you been dancing, the blue oyster bar?

SEAMUS
(self consciously)
I’m just trying to move to the music, I thought I was keeping good time.

MICKEY
Jesus!

ZEBBIE
Honestly I was going to pay...

MICKEY
Now Zebbie, I got a job for you.

Zebbie grimaces.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
I want you to pretend you’re Robert Palmer and you’re auditioning for some back up dancers. Right?
ZEBBIE
(Desperate)
Please, I’ll do anything but...

MICKEY
Who get’s the job? Me or Seamus?

Mickey starts to put more vigour into his moves.

ZEBBIE
No! I don’t want to choose! Please!

MICKEY
(Looks at Zebbie)
It’s alright mate, I’m only fucking with you! You know, I don’t know how you can’t be moving to this music?!

SEAMUS
He can’t Mick, he’s all tied up.

MICKEY
Oh yeah. Cause he’s been a stupid cunt.

Mickey stops and reaches down to his bag.

ZEBBIE
No! Don’t shoot me!

MICKEY
(Angered by the suggestion)
Are you shitting me? You must know Mickey Dunne don’t need a shooter!

Zebbie looks ominously at Mickey’s bag.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING.

MACK and BROWNIE work as a team of hitmen. Both are aged in their 30s and are former members of the SAS. They are both consummate professionals, though Mack has a more relaxed attitude than Brownie.

The two men have just checked into the hotel to prepare for their latest job.

The hotel room, is a well furnished twin suite.

Mack and Brownie are alone in the room.

Mack is lying on one of the two single beds and Brownie is getting ready to go out.
MACK
The MRS said she wants a new Merc with the cash from this one.

BROWNIE
No personal info.

MACK
C’mon, I know the rules but Two hundred k? That’s not a normal pay day! And this guy Charlie O’Neil, whoa! He’s proper gangster.

BROWNIE
If you say so.

MACK
I can smell a lot of blood involved in this one, a guy like this is never easy to get to. You not think it gives you the buzz, just like the old days?

BROWNIE
(Shrugs)
I never got a buzz.

MACK
What are you doing?

BROWNIE
Going to dinner, I’m hungry.

MACK
We’re meant to be lying low, just order some food from room service.

BROWNIE
Hotel restaurants are the most anonymous places you can go. They’re full of people who want to be left alone. Salesmen or people having affairs, they’re all linked by one mind-set, they just want to be left alone.

MACK
Yeah, well I reckon the guy paying our bill would prefer we stayed in the room.

BROWNIE
Let me tell you something Mack, a restaurant menu is the closest thing in real life to invisible cloak.
MACK
Yeah, and what if you find some lonely salesman?

BROWNIE
He won’t see me, I’ll be invisible.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. MOMENTS LATER.

The restaurant has an expensive decor, with waiting staff all dressed in a classic style.

All the tables are full with a mix of single people and couples, who all are keeping themselves to themselves.

Brownie is looking relaxed, largely concealed by a menu that he’s reading, while sat at a table for two.

An eight year old girl, AV, walks up to the table Brownie is sat at.

AV is dressed smartly for dinner and has her hair in pig tails.

AV
You mind if I sit with you mister?

Brownie subtly raises his menu higher to his face, hoping it will make the girl go away.

AV (CONT’D)
(Sitting down)
Sometimes there’s just too much choice isn't there? I find the best thing to do sometimes, is just choose the first thing you see.

Brownie raises the menu even higher to his face, hoping this action will highlight to the girl he wants her to leave.

AV (CONT’D)
Thanks for letting me eat with you, my parents wouldn’t want me eating alone.

Brownie sighs.

AV (CONT’D)
If you’re wondering what to have, you should try the spaghetti. It’s Italian food, I know in the main Italian food can be bland but this is really quite good.
BROWNIE
(Holding the menu close to his face)
I don’t like pasta, thank you.

AV
Oh don’t worry about that, this pasta is excellent!

Brownie lowers the menu to look at the little girl sat opposite him. His face perplexed as to why AV sat at his table.

AV (CONT’D)
(Grins)
I’ll tell you a secret, the chef has threatened to put me in one of his pots if I keep ordering it! He’s worried I’ll make him run out of it!

AV giggles.

BROWNIE
(Annoyed)
I really don’t like pasta.

AV
Come on silly, this place will be closed by the time you make your order. I’m getting the spaghetti.

BROWNIE
I’m not sure your parents would want you sat here with a strange man?

AV
Well, let’s fix that.

AV offers her hand to shake.

AV (CONT’D)
My name’s AV, nice to meet you!

Brownie scowls at AV’s hand.

AV (CONT’D)
(Shouts)
It’s rude not to Shake mister!

Brownie self consciously looks around at the full dining room, though no one has looked over to their table.

BROWNIE
(Shakes AV’s hand)
Mr Brown.
AV
(Perplexed)
Wow, that’s a common name!

BROWNIE
(Shrugs)
Name’s a name.

AV
I think I’ll call you Brownie.

BROWNIE
I’d rather you didn’t.

AV
Why not Brownie?

Brownie glares at AV.

AV (CONT’D)
(oblivious to the glare)
I think we should both get the spaghetti.

BROWNIE
I’m not getting the spaghetti.

AV
My mum always says, I have a big tantrum when I don’t get my way.

Brownie glances around the full restaurant.

A waiter approaches the table.

WAITER
Good evening Sir, Madam, what would you like to have this evening?

AV grins at Brownie.

BROWNIE
Spaghetti, twice.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL. DAY.

CHARLIE O’NEIL, aged in his early 50s, is the boss of the biggest criminal firm in London. His world has recently started to slip into turmoil as his beloved wife has recently been diagnosed with a terminal illness and was taken into hospital last night. In addition to this he thinks his business may be slipping as he has started to see shortfalls in his accounts.

ROBERT PAYNE, also aged in his early 50s, is Charlie’s closest friend and right hand man in the firm.
O’Neil and Payne are stood in an empty waiting area of an expensive looking private hospital.

O’Neil shakes his head.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
You believe in Karma?

ROBERT PAYNE
No, I can’t say I do.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
My old mum always said, people get what they deserve in the end.

ROBERT PAYNE
Now I loved your mum as if she was my own and I can tell you for nothing, she spoke a lot of sense. But Val’s got that wrong. In this life, people rarely get what they deserve.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Yea, look around Robert, look where we are. A stinking hospital.

ROBERT PAYNE
This ain’t no stinking hospital, this is the best money can get. They fix things in this place, you couldn’t dream of getting fixed at your normal quacks.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
I’m not seeing it make much of a difference.

ROBERT PAYNE
Let me tell you, the guy down the road waiting outside his wife’s shitty NHS room would beg to differ.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Shrugs)
I was also checking through the accounts last night, they’re looking light.

ROBERT PAYNE
I know, I didn’t want to worry you. We were missing a few collections, but I’ve got Mickey looking into it.
CHARLIE O’NEIL
You sure we can trust him? Maybe this is something you should be looking into?

ROBERT PAYNE
Trust Mickey? He’s been with us more than twenty years!

A DOCTOR holding some notes, approaches the two men. As soon as O’Neil and Payne notice him they both stand up expectantly.

DOCTOR
(Nods at O’Neil)
I have some things I’d like to go through with you.

Payne turns to look at O’Neil who seems frozen to the spot.

ROBERT PAYNE
Why don’t you go through them with me Doc, Charlie, you go in and see Jackie. She might be awake by now.

DOCTOR
Sir I can only take direct family through these notes.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Angry)
He is my family!

Doctor steps back afraid.

ROBERT PAYNE
(Looking at the doctor)
Have we got a problem here?

The doctor gives O’Neil a fearful look.

DOCTOR
No, I think an exception could be made.

O’Neil wipes his face, tidies himself and walks towards a nearby door, stopping for a moment before opening it.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

JACKIE O’NEIL, aged in her mid 40s, is lying asleep in her hospital bed looking close to death. She is in her own private room, strapped to a multitude of medical equipment.

Charlie and Jackie are alone in the room.
Charlie O’Neil is stood by the door looking despairingly at his wife.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Staring at the tubes that are attached to his wife/Shaking head)
Jackie...

JACKIE O’NEIL
(Waking up)
Charlie?

CHARLIE O’NEIL
How are you doing darling?

JACKIE O’NEIL
(Groggy)
I was just having a lovely dream.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Sitting down next to Jackie’s bed)
What were you dreaming about?

JACKIE O’NEIL
Our first date. Remember, we saw that band, what were they called?

CHARLIE O’NEIL
I don’t remember? I remember they were too damn loud.

JACKIE O’NEIL
You only say that because you were trying to do some dodgy business deal with someone.

O’Neil looks ashamed.

JACKIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)
Always doing some deal.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
I’m sorry.

JACKIE O’NEIL
Don’t be sorry, that’s who you are.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
You deserved a better man than me.

JACKIE O’NEIL
Every girl in the neighbourhood wanted to be your girl.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
There was only ever you.
JACKIE O’NEIL
I’m sorry I never gave you a child.

Beat.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Listen, enough of this depressing talk! It’s your birthday at the end of the week and we are going to have one big party.

JACKIE O’NEIL
I’m in hospital.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
We’ll smuggle you out for the night.

JACKIE O’NEIL
How will you do that?

CHARLIE O’NEIL
I’ll let you into a little secret, I’m a gangster. I can do these things.

Jackie laughs.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)
Why don’t I get that band to play at your party?

JACKIE O’NEIL
You said that you don’t even remember them?

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Wild n’ Weird. I remember everything about that night!

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. EVENING.

Brownie and AV are sat at a table with empty plates in front of them smudged with the remnants of bolognas sauce from their recently finished dinner.

The restaurant is now almost empty.

AV
So what you think?

BROWNIE
It was OK, I could take it or leave it.
AV  
(Grins)  
I knew you’d like it. I better get back to my room.

BROWNIE  
Don’t let me keep you.

AV  
(Gets up to leave and then turns back to Brownie)  
Oh, you won’t have to pay for my meal, they just put it on my hotel bill. That’s how it works here.

BROWNIE  
Thanks for clearing that up.

AV  
I’ve got to stay here for a few days. I think I’m allowed out in the day time tomorrow, maybe I’ll see you?

BROWNIE  
I doubt it, I’m real busy.

AV  
Might see you tomorrow then Brownie!

AV runs off.

Brownie glares at a menu on the table.

EXT. OUTSIDE MICKEY’S HOUSE. DAY.

Mickey lives in a modest terrace house.

Seamus pulls up next to Mickey’s house in his gleaming white Range Rover Sport. A moment later Mickey walks out the house and gets into the car, putting his bag on the back seat.

Mickey and Seamus are alone in the car.

Seamus stares at Mickey’s hair, which is now dyed blue.

Mickey is oblivious to the fact it’s blue and believes it to be jet black.

MICKEY  
(Proudly)  
Surprised?

SEAMUS  
Yeah.
MICKEY
You’re wondering how I did it aren’t you?

SEAMUS
(Confused)
Yeah?

MICKEY
I reckon it’s taken ten years off me. Dawn, can’t get enough of me now.

SEAMUS
Really?

MICKEY
I had to drag myself out of the house, I must look like I did when I was younger.

SEAMUS
Were you a punk?

MICKEY
What the hell! Are you looking for a slap?

SEAMUS
It’s just your hair...

MICKEY
Was I some kind of punk?! Are you shitting me? Can a guy not put a bit of colour into his hair these days? Jesus!

Seamus, pulls the car away trying not to stare at Mickey’s hair.

SEAMUS
Sorry Mickey, but...

MICKEY
Jesus! Drive the goddamn car!

INT. MAX FAME’S OFFICE. MORNING.

MAX FAME is a well renowned showbiz agent and manager. He is aged in his late 40s though due to obvious plastic surgery and a strong sun tan, he hopes people may think he was in his 30s.

RONNY WILD, is an aging rocker, like Fame he’s aged in his late 40s. He has long greying hair typical of a 80s rock star. He is dressed in a leather jacket and ripped jeans.
Fame and Wild are alone in Fame’s office.

Fame’s office is lavishly decorated, with a variety of rock memorabilia.

MAX FAME
Ronny Wild.

Ronny grins and winks back at Fame.

MAX FAME (CONT’D)
You know, getting you to leave your band to go solo was truly one of my finest moves.

RONNY WILD
Well, we kind of did it together man.

MAX FAME
You made me some serious bloody money.

RONNY WILD
(Grins back at Fame)
Yeah, yeah me too.

MAX FAME
And when you’ve earned money with someone and I’m talking about real money, I think it gives you an honest relationship.

RONNY WILD
Sure Maxie Sure, so, when your sound boys gonna want me back in the old studio?

MAX FAME
No I’m being serious. There are occasions, many occasions, when I’m sat behind this desk with a real difficult job in front of me.

RONNY WILD
I get that, I get that completely.

MAX FAME
Now you might not believe this, but I could recite countless occasions when I’ve been sat here, with supposedly the next big thing right in front of me.

RONNY WILD
No, no I can believe that.
MAX FAME
They’re usually flanked by some pushy parent. You know the type. Look at her, they would say; look at her Looks, she’s gorgeous. We thought it would be best to invest in the boob job, because that’s what they’re looking for now days isn’t it?

Ronny looks slightly confused and nods in confused agreement.

MAX FAME (CONT’D)
What I would like to say in response would be something like; couldn’t you have given the talentless bitch a personality transplant?

RONNY WILD
(Laughs uncomfortably)
Yeah I hate that.

MAX FAME
But of course I don’t, I just never phone them again. I’m sure they get the message.

RONNY WILD
Yeah I suppose you would.

MAX FAME
It is my belief, people rarely want or need to hear the truth.

RONNY WILD
Yeah, yeah, I know what you’re saying.

MAX FAME
But of course, you’re a different thing. You have earned my honesty.

RONNY WILD
(Concerned)
Oh, I don’t know if you have to be totally honest.

MAX FAME
The truth is, I think, no I know, you’ve got to hear how it really is.

RONNY WILD
(Trying to look confident)
As long it’s something good...
MAX FAME
The label has dropped you.

RONNY WILD
(Shocked)
What? Why?

MAX FAME
Your last two albums have been shit. Really shit!

RONNY WILD
Really?

MAX FAME
Diarrhetic shit, shit you can’t fix...

RONNY WILD
(Confused)
Shit?

MAX FAME
Only one number one, in Albania.

RONNY WILD
(Horrified)
Diarrhetic shit?

MAX FAME
We’ve had a good run, but every good thing comes to an end. There’s nothing left for you.

RONNY WILD
Tour of Albania?

Fame takes a box of tissues from his desk and passes them to Wild.

MAX FAME
Cry it out my friend. You’ll feel better for it.

Wild looks at the tissues in disgust and then bursts in to tears.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

Payne and O’Neil are stood alone, smoking outside the hospital.

ROBERT PAYNE
Docs say Jackie is now responding to the treatment.
CHARLIE O’NEIL
Responding? How did my world get like this?

ROBERT PAYNE
It will settle down.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
How can it settle down? All I can think of is Jackie right now, I know I should be thinking about the business, but I just can’t.

Payne looks back at O’Neil with pity.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)
Are we losing our grip out there?

ROBERT PAYNE
No the business is secure, no one questions our firm’s rep.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Good.

ROBERT PAYNE
The benefits of being a name.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Charlie O’Neil and Robert Payne.

ROBERT PAYNE
Is Robert Payne the same as Charlie O’Neil?

CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Smiles)
Maybe not.

O’Neil walks back into the hospital.

Payne watches him walk away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY

Brownie and Mack are alone in their hotel room.

Brownie is focused and getting ready for the first day of their operation.

Mack is off camera but can be heard being sick in the bathroom.

BROWNIE
You better be ready to go in a minute, we got work to do. Work for two people.
MACK (O.C.)
Mate, you’re gonna have to go alone. That room service last night’s done me in.

BROWNIE
(Angry)
This is not a job you get to phone in sick on.

Mack walks out of the bathroom looking sickly and dishevelled.

MACK
Look at me, I’ll be a liability out there today.

Brownie sighs.

BROWNIE
I told you to come to the restaurant.

Mack hurries back into the bathroom and can be heard being sick again.

Brownie shakes his head and walks out the door.

INT. PAYNE’S BEDROOM. DAY.
Payne’s bedroom is a luxuriously fitted room.

A young woman, TRACEY aged in her early 20s is in Payne’s bed. She has been there all night waiting for him to come home, after Payne left her to go to the hospital.

Payne walks in and starts to get undressed unaware Tracey is still in bed.

TRACEY
Where have you been?

Payne turns to see Tracey in bed.

TRACEY (CONT’D)
I’ve been waiting for you all night.

ROBERT PAYNE
Look I’m sorry... Sorry what’s you name again?

Tracey feigns a hurt look.

TRACEY
Tracey you forgot me already?
ROBERT PAYNE
Don’t worry you can still tell all your friends you spent the night with Robert Payne.

TRACEY
(Smiles)
There’s no need for formal introductions.

ROBERT PAYNE
(Annoyed)
You ain’t heard of me?

TRACEY
I could tell, you were some big important guy from how people were with you last night.

ROBERT PAYNE
You never heard of Charlie O’Neil?

TRACEY
The gangster?

ROBERT PAYNE
Well, I’m partners with him.

TRACEY
I knew you were powerful, come back to bed Mr Payne.

Payne gets into the bed and grabs Tracey.

ROBERT PAYNE
I’m the brains, I run the whole crew.

TRACEY
You shouldn’t be the brains baby, you should be the face.

Tracey and Payne kiss.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION AREA. CONTINUOUS.

Brownie walks into the reception area of the hotel.

The area is bustling with activity, hotel guests coming and going and a busy receptionist behind the hotel reception desk tries to deal with a lengthy queue of people.

AV is stood on her own, with her coat on and a rucksack on her back, looking at her watch.

On seeing AV, Brownie is about to turn the other way.
(looks up to see Brownie)

Brownie!

Brownie grimaces.

I’m ready to go! I’ve packed everything I had I thought might be useful.

Brownie looks at the exit.

I got a compass, some pencils, paper and a stopwatch.

You got a stopwatch?

And crayons.

What type of stopwatch?

AV pulls a professional looking stopwatch from her bag proudly.

That looks professional.

It is, my Dad used it for his training.

Your dad likes to keep fit.

My Dad’s a marine.

Brownie looks at AV carefully.

So we going then?

Your Dad wouldn’t want you spending the day with me kid.

No, I told them all about you and they said cause they weren’t around, I should just probably help you with the stuff you got to do.
Brownie looks across at the receptionist, who is busy working behind the desk taking no notice of them.

BROWNIE
I take it, if I say no you’re going have a big tantrum?

AV
I couldn’t rule it out.

Brownie shakes his head.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

DCI HAWKINS, aged in his 50s, is one of the most senior operational officers in the Flying Squad.

Hawkins sees himself as an old school copper.

Hawkins walks through a busy office full of detectives, who all stop to greet their senior officer as he passes. He enjoys ignoring them, demonstrating his seniority.

He enters his private office, which is luxuriously laid out. He sits down in a leather seat behind his desk and grins looking at a recent photo, in an expensive frame on his desk, of him being presented with an award.

He is alone in his office.

HAWKINS
(Still looking at the photo)
DCI Hawkins, you really are at the top of your game.

The intercom on his desk buzzes. Hawkins’ P.A. is calling him on the intercom.

P.A.
Good morning Sir.

HAWKINS
I don’t see my coffee on the desk.

P.A.
Sorry Sir I was expecting you in for eight.

HAWKINS
(Annoyed)
The third Monday of every month, is my golf morning. Am I the only one of us who keeps an eye on my diary?

There is a moment before a response.
P.A.
Your eight thirty is still waiting for you Sir.

HAWKINS
Eight thirty?

P.A.
DI KHAN is here for the induction meeting. The induction meeting that was booked in your diary four weeks ago.

Hawkins sighs with annoyance.

HAWKINS
A meeting was booked in, over my golf morning?

P.A.
Yes it was booked by the Chief Constable sir.

Beat.

HAWKINS
Well what are you waiting for? Send them in! And make sure you put some coffee on.

Detective Inspector KHAN walks into the office. KHAN is a young Asian woman, aged in her late 20s. She has been part of a fast track police programme that has given her accelerated promotions through the police ranks.

HAWKINS (CONT’D)
Of course. The whole blinking package.

DI KHAN
Good morning DCI Hawkins. May I take a seat?

Hawkins grudgingly puts his hand up, offering the seat in front of his desk.

HAWKINS
Welcome to the team DI KHAN.

DI KHAN
Thank you sir, I’ve worked hard all my career to get to this day. To join the heavy mob.

HAWKINS
Whole career, how long have you been with the force DI KHAN?
DI KHAN
Three years sir.

HAWKINS
That’s a lot of work.

DI KHAN
Sir, I’ve worked since my first day at university. I have both a doctorate in criminal psychology and time in the job. I believe I have everything it takes to be sat in front of you.

HAWKINS
Really? We don’t refer to ourselves as the Heavy Mob, the Sweeney or anything else. We are the Police Force DI KHAN, simply a department of.

DI KHAN
Of course you’re right Sir. Though the Flying Squad is the Force’s aggressive arm, we take down the real criminals, the pros.

HAWKINS
We are a lot more subtle than you suggest.

DI KHAN
(Looking down at her feet)
Sorry Sir.

HAWKINS
Our universe is complex but not chaotic. The world is balanced through continuity. This allows us to starve off any chaotic symptoms when they crop up. Do you understand?

DI KHAN
We manage the chaos Sir.

HAWKINS
No, don’t jump to conclusions Detective Inspector. The Flying Squad’s mandate is primarily to keep the criminal world in check. If they step over the line, we tax them. Balance in their world, creates balance in ours; consistent sustainable leadership in both worlds, creates safety and security for the public.
DI KHAN
I’m confused Sir, our role is surely to stop all forms of organized crime.

HAWKINS
Yes you are. Confused and inexperienced. I have assigned you some desk work for the next three months, to help ease you into the department.

DI KHAN
Sir I need to be in the operations, I’m not a clerk.

HAWKINS
So what would you have yourself work on?

DI KHAN
Max Fame, the so called showbiz manager, when in truth he is a large importer of cocaine.

HAWKINS
Sorry?

DI KHAN
I have been studying this area for some time and...

HAWKINS
Have you not being listening to a word I said?

DI KHAN
Are we not here to bring down crime lords Sir?

HAWKINS
(Angry)
Our work is all about ensuring the general public feels safe!

DI KHAN
Well that’s strange you say that, because Uncle Freddy, seemed to agree with me at lunch yesterday.

HAWKINS
(Angry)
Young lady, I don’t give a damn what Uncle ruddy Freddy thinks...!

DI KHAN
Oh, I keep doing that, at work he’s not uncle Freddy.

(MORE)
He’s Chief Constable Frederick Campbell, he is still head of Scotland yard, isn’t he?

HAWKINS
It seems you really do have everything it takes to be sat in front of me.

DI KHAN
I’ll need you to assign me another detective to help me start my work. I would like someone with experience, ideally a sergeant.

HAWKINS
(Angrily presses his intercom)
Where’s that bloody coffee?!

INT. PAYNE’S LOUNGE. DAY.

Robert Payne lives in a luxurious London town house. The house’s decor is minimalistic.

Mickey and Seamus are sat on a sofa, waiting for Robert Payne.

Robert Payne walks in, wearing his dressing gown, Mickey and Seamus stand up.

MICKEY
Morning Robert.

Payne glares at Mickey’s hair.

ROBERT PAYNE
Your hair’s fucking blue.

MICKEY
What?

ROBERT PAYNE
Your hair, it’s fucking blue.

SEAMUS
He dyed it last night.

MICKEY
(Jumps up and looks at a mirror on the wall)
Seamus! Why the hell didn’t you tell me?

ROBERT PAYNE
I take it, that wasn’t the colour you were going for?
MICKEY
No! I thought it would just remove the greys!

ROBERT PAYNE
Oh well, shit happens.

SEAMUS
(confused)
You didn’t want it blue?

ROBERT PAYNE
No issues with the collections then?

MICKEY
No nothing, its all part of our business. There will always be some wise guys not wanting to pay.

ROBERT PAYNE
I Dunno, all these people not paying? People think Charlie’s losing his touch. You must have heard this?

MICKEY
Nothing new, people’s mouths can run off.

ROBERT PAYNE
You think our business is slipping?

Mickey shrugs.

ROBERT PAYNE (CONT’D)
I fear our business might have to evolve to survive.

Mickey shrugs.

ROBERT PAYNE (CONT’D)
(Looks seriously at Mickey)
You prepared to evolve?

MICKEY
What can I tell you, I’m a dinosaur, I don’t know how to evolve.

ROBERT PAYNE
To survive you sometimes have to.

MICKEY
Good thing about being a dinosaur though, I can fucking eat people!
Payne laughs.

ROBERT PAYNE
Good, good. No talk like this around Charlie though, you remain positive if you speak to him, he’s got enough stressing him out at the moment.

MICKEY
Of course.

ROBERT PAYNE
Anyway, I got another thing for you to do.

MICKEY
Sure, what you need?

ROBERT PAYNE
Have you heard of a band called Wild and Weird?

MICKEY
No.

SEAMUS
No.

ROBERT PAYNE
Well, as it turns out they’re Mrs O’Neil’s favourite group and we’re going to get them to play a few songs at her party on Friday.

MICKEY
So what do you need from us?

ROBERT PAYNE
Their manager’s into us for a bit of money.

MICKEY
A private show?

ROBERT PAYNE
Exactly.

MICKEY
Sounds interesting, I’ve always wanted to get into show business.

ROBERT PAYNE
Trust me, I wouldn’t, there’s no money in it.
SEAMUS
(Turns to Mickey)
You could just try out for the X Factor?

EXT. OUTSIDE PAYNE’S HOUSE. DAY.

Seamus and Mickey who’s carrying his bag, are walking away from Payne’s house and towards Seamus’ car.

Brownie and AV who’s holding her stopwatch, are sat in a parked car together watching them from across the street.

INT. BROWNIE’S CAR. CONTINUOUS.

Brownie is looking around, ensuring no one is watching them.

BROWNIE
There goes the famous Mickey the Bag.

AV
Famous? I’ve never heard of him.

BROWNIE
Nah, nor have I.

AV
Is he like Justin Bieber?

BROWNIE
Yeah just like Justin Bieber.

AV
He looks like a bad man.

BROWNIE
What do you know about bad men?

AV
You can see it in their eyes.

Brownie looks at AV for a moment.

BROWNIE
You ready with that stopwatch?

AV
(Grins)
Yep.

BROWNIE
Right I’ve got some work to do, but I need you to watch the clock.
AV
Exercises?

BROWNIE
(Nods)
As soon as I get out, start it. If it gets to five minutes, hoot the horn.

AV
Got it Brownie!

EXT. MAX FAME’S OFFICES. LATER.

DI KHAN and DS BROAD are sat in an unmarked car looking across at the office block which houses Max Fame’s offices.

DS Broad is aged in his 50s. He is an overweight and out of shape detective who is near to retirement.

DS BROAD
So you really think this showbiz guy’s some big drug baron?

DI KHAN
(Looking at her notebook)
Yes, that is what I think.

DS BROAD
It’s just I’ve worked round London for the best part of twenty years Guv, I’ve never heard of him.

DI KHAN
I am more than aware that the DCI has put you with me to keep tabs on me and maybe even to try and influence what I’m doing.

DS BROAD
No Guv, I’m just saying...

DI KHAN
Thank you for trying to benefit me with your words of experience, but I have faith in my work.

DS BROAD
So where did you get the info on this guy?

DI KHAN
Did you know, three of his most famous artists have all checked into rehab with drug abuse related problems?
DS BROAD

(Smiles)
You get that out of one your
women’s mags?

Khan glares at Broad for the question.

DI KHAN
Believe you me Detective Sergeant,
I have put a lot of work into this
investigation!

Broad sinks into his seat.

DS BROAD
(Suddenly sits up)
Shit! You might be onto something.

Broad gestures to Mickey and Seamus walking passed their car
and towards Fame’s offices.

DS BROAD (CONT’D)
That’s Mickey the Bag!

DI KHAN
Who’s Mickey the Bag?

DS BROAD
Forgive me, for again trying to
benefit you with my experience, but
Mickey the Bag is one of the most
brutal gangsters in London.

DI KHAN looks excited and quickly scribbles notes into her
notebook.

INT. FAME’S OFFICE RECEPTION. CONTINUOUS.

Mickey and Seamus are sat in Max Fame’s reception room, they
waiting to see Fame.

The walls around them are full of pictures of Max Fame with a
variety of celebrities.

FAME’S PA, is sat behind a desk in front of them.

Mickey looks at a large picture in the middle of the other
pictures, which is Fame sat next to Charlie O’Neil, Payne is
stood in the background.

MICKEY
This guy obviously likes the look
of his own face.

SEAMUS
Yea, but are any of them real?
Mickey stares dumb struck at Seamus.

MICKEY
Are you shitting me?

SEAMUS
(In awe of Mickey)
I need a line like that.

MICKEY
A line like what?

SEAMUS
You know your line.

MICKEY
Line? I don’t have no bloody line!

SEAMUS
Yeah you do, when ever you get mad with someone you, you go; are you shitting me?!

MICKEY
I do not.

SEAMUS
I’m going to work on a line.

FAME’S PA
Gentlemen, Mr Fame will see you now.

Mickey shakes his head at Seamus and walks towards the office door.

MICKEY
C’mon!

INT. FAME’S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Seamus and Mickey walk into Fame’s lavish office, Max Fame is sat alone behind his desk.

Fame stands up as the men approach.

MAX FAME
Gentlemen, good morning what can I do for you?

MICKEY
We’re here representing Mr O’Neil.

MAX FAME
Please, I know who you are Mickey. We’ve met a few times.
MICKEY
If you say so.

MAX FAME
I heard about Mrs O’Neil, it’s terrible news...

Mickey and Seamus sit down in front of Fame’s desk.

MAX FAME (CONT’D)
Sorry, please do take a seat.

MICKEY
You owe Mr O’Neil a lot of money Mr Fame.

MAX FAME
With all due respect, it’s a small loan in relation to the size of my business.

MICKEY
Really? What if Mr O’Neil wants his money today?

MAX FAME
(Panicked/tries to laugh)
What?! That’s a lot of bloody money! I can’t just...

MICKEY
Are you refusing to pay Mr O’Neil?

MAX FAME
(Panicked)
No, but!

MICKEY
Calm down Mr Fame. Mr O’Neil is a very understanding man, he’s prepared to help you.

MAX FAME
(Worried)
That’s very good of him, what are we talking about.

MICKEY
Mr O’Neil is throwing a party for his wife and would like one of your acts to play there.

MAX FAME
(Relieved)
OK, OK, I can make that happen.

MICKEY
A rock band, called Wild n’ Weird.
MAX FAME
Sorry, who did you say?

SEAMUS
Wild and Weird Deafo!

MAX FAME
Wild n’ Weird? I’ve got a lot more major acts than that, I would be more than happy to...

MICKEY
Mrs O’Neil was very specific. If there’s a problem maybe we need to be more persuasive.

MAX FAME
No it’s not that, but it’s impossible! They’ve split up!

MICKEY
Do you know Fame, my friend Seamus here was once a very promising young boxer.

Seamus stands up and starts to roll up his sleeves.

MAX FAME
(Afraid)
Look I’ll...

MICKEY
He once knocked a guy out, with his first punch of a fight.

Seamus is now doing some stretches.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
That was until they took away his license, for unreasonable violence.

SEAMUS
Stupid bastards!

MICKEY
It was a silly thing really, he just dealt a few blows to this guy’s groin...

Fame grimaces.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
He actually dislodged the guy’s testicle sack. I mean I was there, saw it with my own eyes. The truly amazing thing was how much damage your testicles can endure before detaching...
MAX FAME
(Scared)
OK I’ll do it! I can get them there!

MICKEY
Good.

MAX FAME
It’s not going to be easy, the two main guys in the group hate each other.

MICKEY
I’m sure you can persuade them.

MAX FAME
Yes! Yes, I can! It’ll just take us a few weeks...

MICKEY
The party’s Friday, we start getting them today.

MAX FAME
But I have a full diary, all week...

MICKEY
Seamus.

MAX FAME
I’ll clear my diary!

SEAMUS
We’re going to meet some rock stars, this will be cool!

Fame tries to smile.

SEAMUS (CONT’D)
Mick, maybe you could show Mr Fame some of your singing, see what he thinks?

MICKEY
Shut up Seamus.

INT. RADIO STUDIO. DAY.

Ronny Wild and a DJ are sat in a radio studio conducting a live interview.

The radio station is a low key local station.
DJ
You’re tuned into Digital Rock West
London and on this morning’s show,
we have Ronny Wild, yeah that’s
right, he’s not dead!

RONNY WILD
Dead? Living dead more like! I’m a
live, couldn’t be more so!

DJ
That’s the spirit Ronny! Thank you
for coming on the show today.

RONNY WILD
Anything for the fans you know.

DJ
I have no doubt there’s literally
tonnes of them listening?

RONNY WILD
Oh they’ll be hearing.

DJ
Hearing. Not always the most loved
sense if you’re music’s playing
Ron!

RONNY WILD
I’m not really sure how to take
that.

DJ
Sorry mate I’m only kidding with
you. So what have you been up to
for the last few years?

RONNY WILD
Apart from the last album?

DJ
Well that is a great point? How do
you bounce back from a flop like
that?

RONNY WILD
Flop? It was number one in some
countries actually!

DJ
(Looks at his clipboard)
I didn’t know that.

RONNY WILD
Eastern Europe loved it.
DJ
Wow eastern Europe. Now putting to one side the no doubt massive depth of financial opportunity that fame in eastern Europe gives you, I understand you have been released from your label now, what’s next?

RONNY WILD
Released? Left? It’s always fifty, fifty these things..

DJ
And you’ve been ditched by your manager?

RONNY WILD
It’s true I’m heading in a new direction right now.

DJ
But is there anyway back for you?

RONNY WILD
Way back from a European number one? I hope not!

DJ
OK, well let’s take a quick break for someone who is still happening this century; here’s a quick clip from today’s picked up and coming band with their new single!

Music starts and they temporarily go off air.

RONNY WILD
That was a bit on the negative matie?

DJ
Sorry, what do you mean?

RONNY WILD
All this stuff about; is there anyway back for Ronny Wild?

DJ
Ronny that’s the name of this show; Is There Anyway Back... I only have serial losers on here. No offence.

RONNY WILD
Serial loser?
Bit of a reality check, most my listeners probably haven’t heard of you, at best maybe their mums knew someone that might have heard of you.

(Shocked)
But I’m a rock legend.

Ronny, hold on, we’re just coming back on line.

Oh good.

That was a quick sneak preview of the band of the moment, who just couldn’t be anymore happening, but lets flip that on its head for a moment and get back to Ronny Wild.

Hi.

Ronny, what do you say to people who might say; oh no, not that Ronny Wild, he’s a right loser.

Well on the plus side, I guess at least they’ve heard of me!

(Adjusting his head phones)
You’re right, maybe the question’s not realistic enough.

Really?

Brownie and AV are sat in Brownie’s car that’s parked in an empty multistory car park.

AV still has the stopwatch in her hands and Brownie is playing with a laptop.
BROWNIE
Right, I’m going for a quick run, I
need you to time it on the
stopwatch.

AV
Sure, this is fun.

BROWNIE
(Passes AV the laptop)
Another thing, keep an eye on this.

Brownie points at something on the laptop screen.

AV
Sure thing Brownie.

BROWNIE
When I get back, I need you to tell
me if that box says alarm in it.

AV
Got it.

BROWNIE
You can read right?

AV
(Offended)
Of course I can read.

BROWNIE
Right, good.

AV
Brownie, you reckon we can go to
McDonalds after this?

BROWNIE
You brought your purse?

AV
(Concerned)
No.

BROWNIE
You do this, and after we go to
Mackie Ds.

AV
OK, I know you’ve got to do jobs to
get the things you want.

BROWNIE
Your parents sound like smart
people.
AV
They are, but I didn’t learn that from them but from Doctor Gallagher.

Brownie stops and looks at AV, before refocusing and gets out the car.

EXT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL. DAY.

O’Neil is ringing Payne on his mobile.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Come on Robert, pick up.

ROBERT PAYNE (O.C.)
You’ve reached my voice mail, you know what to do.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Hello mate, give me a call back.

O’Neil switches his phone off and walks back into the hospital.

EXT. SCHOOL.DAY.

Broad and Khan are parked outside a school in their unmarked car watching Mickey, Seamus and Fame walking into the school.

DI KHAN
A school?

DS BROAD
I reckon we bring them in, rustle them up, see what we can get.

DI KHAN
No, we sit back and see what they show us.

DS BROAD
For how long?

DI KHAN
Until I’m ready.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. DAY

Max Fame, Mickey and Seamus are walking down the corridor towards Steve Peters’ classroom.

Mickey is carrying his bag and now wearing a hat.

The corridor is empty as classes are in session.
SEAMUS
A teacher? How could a rock star become a teacher?

MAX FAME
Rock star? I don’t know what you guys have been told but Wild n’ Weird were never that big.

SEAMUS
I thought they were a big rock band?

MAX FAME
No. They could have been a big rock band. They were definitely the next big thing at one stage, but they imploded long before that.

SEAMUS
Imploded?

Mickey looks annoyed by the conversation.

MAX FAME
Steve Weird Peters, the guy we’re here for, fell out big time with the singer Ronny Wild and after that it was all over.

SEAMUS
What did they fall out about?

MAX FAME
Ronny Wild is a bit of a...

MICKEY
(Annoyed)
Jesus! Who gives a shit! We’re here to get them together for one bloody show!

SEAMUS
I was just trying to do the background work.

MICKEY
He’s just a guitar player, who will be playing a bloody guitar! Background work done.

SEAMUS
Lead guitar player.

MAX FAME
Rhythm actually.
SEAMUS
What’s the difference?

MICKEY
(Shaking his head)
Are you shitting me!

Seamus gives mickey a knowing nod.

The school bell goes and kids start to hurry out of the classroom.

STEVE PETERS walks out of one of the classrooms carrying books.

Steve Peters looks like a stereo typical middle aged teacher.

STEVE PETERS
Kids! No running!

SEAMUS
Wow, rock n’ roll!

Max Fame holds his arms out and approaches Peters.

MAX FAME
Steve!

STEVE PETERS
Max, what are you doing here?

MAX FAME
I’m here with a massive opportunity!

STEVE PETERS
I don’t think you guys are allowed to be in the school.

SEAMUS
I thought you’d at least be wearing a hat.

Peters looks confused.

MICKEY
Why don’t you listen to what Fame’s got to say mate.

STEVE PETERS
Look guys, I’m busy, I’ve got papers to mark.

MAX FAME
I’m trying to get the band back together, for a big reunion gig!
STEVE PETERS
The band? I’m not really interested, sorry.

Peters walks off.

MAX FAME
(Turning to Mickey)
I told you this wasn’t going to work.

MICKEY
That’s a shame. Seamus, I think we may need to renew Max’s motivation for...

Fame runs after Peters.

MAX FAME
Ronny said he was going to apologise!

STEVE PETERS
(Stops walking)
What?

MAX FAME
Yeah, Ronny said there was no way the band could get back together without it’s leader.

MICKEY
Ronny also said, he’d apologise for being such a twat.

MAX FAME
Ronny said that?

STEVE PETERS
Really? Ronny said that?

MICKEY
He said when he sees you, the first thing he’d say to you is; he has been a complete twat.

STEVE PETERS
Really?

MAX FAME
Really?

MICKEY
And if this goes well, Max is putting you all on a European tour, relaunching you guys.
STEVE PETERS
Really?

MAX FAME
I’m what...

Mickey smiles wickedly at Fame.

MAX FAME (CONT’D)
Sorry it was too much of a
surprise.

STEVE PETERS
You must be backing us with some
serious money Max.

MAX FAME
I really must be.

MICKEY
(Handing Peters a card)
Right be at this location in a few
days.

STEVE PETERS
I’ll give it some real thought.

Peters turns to walk away.

MAX FAME
OK give it some thought.

MICKEY
(Whispering to Fame)
It’s your bollocks.

MAX FAME
(Pained)
Please!

STEVE PETERS
(Turns back to Fame)
I didn’t realise we meant this much
to you Max?

MAX FAME
You really have no idea.

STEVE PETERS
OK I’ll be there.

Peters walks off.

MAX FAME
How am I meant to do this?
MICKEY
You could put together a European tour without breaking a sweat, Fame.

MAX FAME
It’s not that! Do you know what a stroppy git Wild is? There is no chance of him saying any of what you said!

MICKEY
I have full faith in your survival skills.

Fame shakes his head.

SEAMUS
Who’s next?

MAX FAME
Can’t we take a break for a bit? I need a drink.

MICKEY
The man asked a question, Max.

MAX FAME
(Shakes his head)
I suppose the bass player; Mike Mohican Edwards.

MICKEY
Where do we find him?

MAX FAME
His band, Real Stupid, are playing at a place near here tonight.

SEAMUS
We’re going to a gig tonight?

MICKEY
It’s business.

EXT. DESSERTED RIVER BANK. NIGHT

O’Neil is parked in his car alone, at a deserted river bank. He has his mobile phone to his ear, looking angry.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Where the hell are you Robert?!

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Brownie walks into his and Mack’s hotel room.
Mack is on his own, pacing up and down looking frustrated.

MACK
(Annoyed)
Where the hell have you been?

BROWNIE
Getting this job done. I can see you're all better.

MACK
You could have checked in.

BROWNIE
No phone calls, you know the rules.

MACK
OK, OK so what’s the plan?

BROWNIE
I’ve done all the ground work. We do the main job in two days, then gone by the evening.

MACK
Hold that thought mate, we might have another job that’s come up round here.

BROWNIE
Go on.

MACK
Got word, some guy need some muscle backing him, while he moves from round here up to Scotland.

BROWNIE
We ain’t no removal men.

MACK
Apparently this guy’s some sick puppy, he’s got some heat, both police and other stuff. He wants a tail as protection. Sounds easy money to me.

BROWNIE
Sure. I’m all for easy money. Any other detail?

MACK
Nah, he made contact through the usual way, he’s name’s Gallagher.
INT. ROCK CLUB. NIGHT.
The rock club is a cheaply converted old pub.

It is full of teenagers.

Mickey carrying his bag, Seamus and Max Fame walk into the club, Real Stupid playing on the stage.

Real Stupid a 3 piece punk band, Mike ‘MOHICAN’ Edwards is singing. He is aged in his early 40s, with a skinhead apart from a bright green mohican. He is covered in piercings and tattoos.

The other two members of the band look similar.

The band are not very good.

Mickey watches the band for a moment and shakes his head.

MICKEY
Punk music was shit thirty years ago and is still shit!

MAX FAME
I take it this is not your first exposure to punk rock Mr Bag.

MICKY
If you call me Mr Bag again, you can take that this will be your last exposure to this shit.

A young man dressed in the same way as the members of Real Stupid walks up to the three men.

YOUNG MAN
(Addressing Fame)
You’re Max Fame aren’t you?

MAX FAME
(Annoyed)
Yes?

YOUNG MAN
I’ve got this band and..

MAX FAME
And you think; you’re quite good and you’d like for me to listen to your demo?

YOUNG MAN
Yeah.
MAX FAME
Kid, come back to me when you’ve got a few hundred thousand hits on YouTube.

YOUNG MAN
A few hundred thousand? Really?

MAX FAME
Really.

The young man walks away disappointed.

MICKEY
You are a real mean piece of shit, do you know that?

MAX FAME
Please, this from the gangster threatening to detach my testicles.

MICKEY
That was business.

MAX FAME
No, this is business.

SEAMUS
Max’s business is a cut throat business Mickey.

MICKEY
As opposed to ours?

The band have finished playing.

MAX FAME
They’re coming off, let’s go back stage.

SEAMUS
You hear that, we’re going backstage!

MICKEY
I’ll try and control myself.

INT. DRESSING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Real Stupid’s dressing room is a small room covered in graffiti. The only furniture is a large sofa that the three band mates are all sprawled over.

All three (Mohican, PUNK ONE and PUNK TWO) are drinking a case of beer, which was their payment for the evening.
PUNK ONE
We rocked it man!

PUNK TWO
That place was jumping! I could literally feel it rock!

MOHICAN
Yeah! Fucking Rock!

PUNK ONE
I wonder if there were any A and R guys out there tonight?

PUNK TWO
If there were, they’d be gagging to sign us, literally gagging!

MOHICAN
You’re right man, fucking gagging to sign us!

PUNK ONE
We’re so in the zone! I think I’d fucking rip someone’s head off, if they try to break us up right now!

There is a knock at the door.

Punk Two staggers up and opens the door.

Fame steps in with Mickey and Seamus behind him.

MAX FAME
Hello Mo!

MOHICAN
Max Fucking Fame!

PUNK ONE
I knew it! You’re here to sign us aren’t you?

MAX FAME
No.

MOHICAN
So what fucking brings you down here then?

MAX FAME
I’m reforming Wild n’ Weird.

Punk one and punk two look horrified.

MICKEY
Opportunity knocks.
PUNK ONE
Oh Fuck off! Get the fuck out of here! Mohican’s not interested in that shit!

MAX FAME
Mohican?

MOHICAN
(Jumping up)
Fuck Yeah! Let’s fucking do it!

PUNK ONE
(Jumping up)
What?! I’m not letting you bitches walk out of here with Mo!

Seamus steps forward aggressively.

SEAMUS
Are you fucking me!

Mickey looks at Seamus disgusted, Seamus nods back.

MICKEY
(Looks at Seamus)
Really?

Punk One stands up aggressively

MICKEY (CONT’D)
(Angry)
Sit down!

Punk One eyes Mickey for a moment.

PUNK ONE
(Sitting down)
Okay.

MOHICAN
What’s the plan?

MICKEY
The plan starts with us leaving.

PUNK TWO
(Shocked)
Mo, are you really leaving us?

MOHICAN
Yes.

PUNK TWO
But why?

MOHICAN
Because, we are really bad.
INT. MICKEY’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Mickey walks in to his house.

The house is well cared for by his wife Dawn, all the furniture and decor are very homely. A large metal cabinet with a heavy padlock, stands out against the rest of the home’s decor. It is situated by the front door.

Mickey uses the cupboard to safely store his infamous bag in.

Mickey unlocks the cupboard and places his bag inside, then carefully locks the padlock.

MICKEY
Dawn! I hope there’s some cold ones in the fridge! You won’t believe what crazy stuff I’ve been up to now!

DAWN (O.S.)
Hi Hun! Come in, Charlie’s come round to see you!

Mickey tenses nervously.

MICKEY
(Under his breath)
Shit.

INT. MICKEY’S HOUSE, LOUNGE. CONTINUOUS.

Charlie O’Neil is sat in the lounge drinking beer with Mickey’s wife DAWN.

Dawn is a middle-aged house wife, who still dresses like she was twenty years younger.

Mickey walks in and exchanges nods with O’Neil.

DAWN
Right, I’ll leave you boys to talk football, or business, or whatever it is you boys talk about.

Dawn gives Mickey a kiss and walks out closing the door.

MICKEY
Look, what I just said...

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Mickey, how long have you worked for me now?

MICKEY
Over twenty years.
CHARLIE O’NEIL
I think I can forgive you a few indiscretions.

MICKEY
(Sitting down)
Thanks Charlie, it’s just been a long day.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
I understand and it’s Mr O’Neil.

Mickey tenses.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)
(Smiles)
Sorry, I couldn’t resist.

Mickey smiles.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)
Look I haven’t come round here to bust your balls, I’m looking for Robert.

MICKEY
Robert? I haven’t seen him since this morning.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Really? He’s not answering his phone, I’ve been round his place a couple of times but there’s no one home.

MICKEY
You know what he’s like, he’s probably shacked up with some blonde somewhere.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Maybe? So he didn’t say anything to you this morning?

MICKEY
No, he just told us about getting this band.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Did he mention anything more about all the late payments?

MICKEY
Nah, he said it was nothing, it was all done.
CHARLIE O’NEIL
OK good, good. How’s the band thing going?

MICKEY
It’ll be sorted.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
What about Seamus?

MICKEY
He sure isn’t going to win brain of Britain, but what he doesn’t have upstairs he makes up for in the fear factor.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Standing up)
Good, I appreciate all you do for the firm, this is for you and Dawn.

O’Neil throws a wad of notes on the coffee table.

MICKEY
Thanks.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
I’m out of here, have a good night.

O’Neil walks out, Mickey’s left looking at the money.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

Mack and Brownie walk into the busy hotel reception area and stride purposefully towards the exit.

Brownie suddenly stops, surprised not to see AV there.

BROWNIE
Wait a minute.

MACK
What?

Brownie walks up to the reception desk.

BROWNIE
No AV today?

RECEPTIONIST
Sorry sir?

BROWNIE
That annoying kid AV, she isn’t hanging around here today?
RECEPTIONIST
Oh right yes, I know the one. I think she’s still in her room with Doctor Gallagher, he must be working from home today.

MACK
(Looks at his watch)
We got to go.

Brownie puts his hand up to quieten Mack.

BROWNIE
Is that her dad or something?

RECEPTIONIST
No, I think she’s orphan?

BROWNIE
Orphan?

MACK
Come on!

Brownie walks over to Mack.

BROWNIE
(Quietly)
Now this will make no sense to you but I got something to do here.

MACK
What are you talking about? We’ve got a job to do, have you gone mad? And what about the other thing?

BROWNIE
All my notes are in the car, you’re on your own today. I’ll get the other thing done later.

MACK
We got a job to do.

BROWNIE
I’ve got something to do here.

Mack looks at Brownie wanting to argue further but instead walks away towards the exit.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY

LEROY, is aged in his 40s, he is a giant of a man from Jamaica. He is old friends with O’Neil and often does work for him, though is not part of his firm.

The coffee shop is quiet.
Leroy, is drinking coffee, sat at a table for two. O’Neil walks in and sits down in front of him.

LEROY
Charlie, it’s been time, how you doing?

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Paranoid.

LEROY
Hey, that’s not good for the soul brother.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Maybe you can help me cleanse it Leroy?

LEROY
Give me a name.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
It’s not that simple. I think something’s going down, I just don’t know what.

LEROY
(Laughs)
Man! You are paranoid!

CHARLIE O’NEIL
My cash flow seems to be dropping off and I think something’s happened to Robert.

LEROY
Shit. That don’t sound like paranoia to me, that sounds like real bad shit.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
I’m hoping it’s paranoia.

LEROY
Listen, I’ll put my ear to the ground and see what I hear. But, if I hear something, I’m thinking you want me to put it to bed?

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Absolutely.

LEROY
Charlie, me and you, we go way back, but this type of favour comes at a cost.
CHARLIE O’NEIL
My friend, this type of favour will be worth the cost.

LEROY
Sweet.

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. DAY.

Mickey, who is stood next to his bag and Seamus are outside a large office block.

Mickey is no longer wearing a hat and his hair is less blue now.

Office workers are hurrying into the building to start their days work.

MICKEY
(Annoyed)
I can’t believe that prick Fame isn’t here!

SEAMUS
(Shrugs)
When I dropped him off last night, he said he had a problem tracking down the other guitarist. He said we should do this one on our own, while he’s doing more digging.

MICKEY
More digging? I’ll give him more digging.

SEAMUS
(Getting a piece of paper out of his pocket)
This is where the drummer works, Dave Crossbones. His real name’s Dave Cartwright.

MICKEY
Insurance, nice. Insurance, teaching, these are real rock n’ rollers.

They are about to walk into the building, Seamus goes to pick up Mickey’s bag.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
(Angry)
What are you doing?!

SEAMUS
Sorry, I thought I’d carry your bag for a bit for you.
MICKEY  
(Picking up bag)  
No one touches my bag.

SEAMUS
Sorry.

MICKEY  
(Starting to walk into the building)  
Come on, lets get this done.

INT. AVS HOTEL ROOM. DAY.
Brownie walks up to the room that AV and DOCTOR GALLAGHER share.
Brownie knocks on the door, Doctor Gallagher answers it.

Gallagher is aged in his 40s, he is a doctor in child psychology and has taken care of AV since her parents died six months ago.

Gallagher had dark motivations for this, as he enjoys molesting young children.

DOCTOR GALLAGHER
Hello, can I help you?

BROWNIE
Is this AV's room?

DOCTOR GALLAGHER
Yes this is the room AV and I share.

BROWNIE
I better come in then.

DOCTOR GALLAGHER
What?

Brownie pushes passed Gallagher and into the room.

AV
Brownie, what are you doing here?

Gallagher angrily storms up to Brownie.

DOCTOR GALLAGHER
Get out please!

Brownie stares at the only bed in the room.
BROWNIE
One bed?

Gallagher looks towards the door, Brownie steps into his path.

BROWNIE (CONT’D)
(Looks at AV)
Go down to the restaurant, get some of that pasta you like so much.

AV
(Looks to Gallagher)
Is that OK...?

BROWNIE
(a tear runs down his face)
Go! I’ll see you down there later.

AV
(Smiles)
Cool! Don’t be sad, I won’t eat it all!

AV skips out the room.

DOCTOR GALLAGHER
(fearful)
Whatever you’re thinking, its not what you think. I am a doctor! And I’ve been helping that little girl through the grieving process. It’s my profession!

BROWNIE
My profession is I’m a killer and I’m also helping this little girl.

Brownie takes a gun from his pocket and throws it on the bed.

BROWNIE (CONT’D)
I won’t be needing this for you, you’re not good enough for that.

INT. STRIP CLUB. DAY

The strip club is a high class strip club, in the centre of London and has been there since the 80s and ran all this time by Si.

SI is aged in his 60s, always well dressed and ready to personally host important clientele.

Leroy is sat at the bar of the club, it is fairly empty due to the early time of day.
LEROY
(Talking to barman)
Small Jack please. Is Si around?

The barman nods towards a side door where Si, the owner of the place, walks out from a back office.

SI
Leroy! Why didn’t you tell me you were coming down?

The men embrace.

LEROY
I see this dive ain’t changed none.

SI
Who’d want to change a classy place like this?

LEROY
Real classy, can we talk somewhere quiet?

SI
Business then?

LEROY
Just looking into something for the big man.

SI
Lets go into one of the private rooms.

LEROY
Sure.

The two men walk towards a private booth.

SI
You want one of the girls to join us?

LEROY
Maybe later.

INT. STRIP BAR, PRIVATE BOOTH. CONTINUOUS.

The two men are sat on their own in a small booth, normally used for private lap dances.

SI
What are you after?
LEROY
You heard any rumours bouncing round your walls?

SI
Charlie O’Neil?

LEROY
Yea.

SI
You know how it is, this place is never short of the odd rumour about people like that.

LEROY
I’m looking for the type of rumour, that kinda stands out.

SI
(Thinks for a moment)
OK, there was this one rumour, for the record I think its got no legs.

LEROY
Go on.

SI
There’s a big money hit out on O’Neil.

LEROY
(Shocked)
Say what!

SI
You asked for the rumour, I did say I didn’t think it had legs.

LEROY
That is crazy arse shit! But go on.

SI
Apparently there some pros in town, ex military types.

LEROY
Who the hell is the bank roller?

SI
Now that would be the difference between information and a rumour and what I heard was definitely just a rumour.

LEROY
That just can’t be.
Well to get to O’Neil, they’d have to take Payne with him. The way I’d see it you’d have to be looking at a double hit.

Leroy doesn’t reply.

And like you say, that would just be crazy arse shit!

That is crazy arse shit.

A stripper opens the door.

I heard a rumour Leroy Elkins was here?

You found him baby!

Fancy a dance?

This one’s on the house Leroy.

I suppose I could find some time to kill.

The insurance block is laid out in a smart corporate manner. The area is a buzz with busy people

Seamus and Mickey walk up to the RECEPTIONIST.

Good morning, how can I help you?

Morning, we’re here to see Dave Crossbones. He might be under Dave Cartwright?

( Typing on her PC)
Dave Cartwright.. Sorry there’s no Dave Cartwright or Dave Crossbones here?
MICKEY
Really? But I have a meeting with him, can you check again please?

RECEPTIONIST
(Typing on her PC)
We do have a Denise Cartwright?

MICKEY
(Turns to Seamus)
Denise?! He gave us his wife’s details!

RECEPTIONIST
(Concerned)
Sir, I think maybe you should..

MICKEY
(Passing the Receptionist a twenty pound note)
I’m trying to find her husband.

RECEPTIONIST
(Laughing)
Husband...

SEAMUS
Please don’t laugh at my friend’s hair.

MICKEY
(Turns to Seamus)
Are you looking for a slap?

Receptionist looks concerned for her safety.

SEAMUS
Sorry, I made an assumption.

MICKEY
(Turns to receptionist)
We all know what assumptions make.

RECEPTIONIST
(Concerned)
An arse out of you and me?

MICKEY
(Angry)
Are you at it as well?

RECEPTIONIST
No! I thought you meant the saying!
Assume, arse you and me?

SEAMUS
Has she been drinking?
MICKEY
Liquid lunch love?

RECEPTIONIST
Why don’t I just let you go upstairs?

MICKEY
Yes, I think you should.

Mickey and Seamus walk away.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
I don’t know how people like that get jobs in these places?

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. CONTINUOUS.

DI Khan and DS Broad are sat alone in an unmarked car opposite the office block Mickey and Seamus are in, they have spent the day tailing them.

KHAN is scribbling in her notebook, while Broad is looking bored.

DI KHAN
So what’s with the bag then?

DS BROAD
(Half asleep)
Sorry Guv?

DI KHAN
Mickey the Bag? What’s with the bag? Is he just some male version of a bag lady?

DS BROAD
You want to hear some London folklore then?

DI KHAN
I’m sure it’s more gangster rubbish than folklore.

DS BROAD
They’re one and the same thing.

DI KHAN
Go on.

DS BROAD
It goes back years ago, in about 1990 or something. I’d just joined the team. I guess, the firm Mickey was attached to was just starting to expand their empire.

(MORE)
At the time though, most of the organised crime came under a Polak, by the name of Peszki.

Khan is making notes.

DS BROAD (CONT’D)
There’s no need to make notes, this is probably on some file in the office somewhere.

DI KHAN
I like to make notes, its how I take things in. Who was the head of the firm Mickey was in?

DS BROAD
Is in... Charlie O’Neil. An evil bastard let me tell you!

Khan scribbles more notes.

DS BROAD (CONT’D)
So O’Neil sends Mickey in to wipe out the Polaks. Kill them, and he does.

DI KHAN
Oh my God.

DS BROAD
Yep.

DI KHAN
Just him and his bag?

DS BROAD
What? No! He didn’t even have his bag back then.

Khan looks confused.

DS BROAD (CONT’D)
He led a big group of boys, must have been twenty or thirty of them, they went round this Polak bar, butchered them all.

DI KHAN
Did we not arrest them?

DS BROAD
Guv, these are professional people, to us these people just disappeared over night.

DI KHAN
Folklore.
DS BROAD
If you like. Can I continue?

Khan nods, ready to take more notes.

DS BROAD (CONT’D)
So anyway as it turned out, it wasn’t all of them. Peszki’s two sons weren’t there and it didn’t take long for them to hear on the grapevine what happened...

INT. MICKEYS HOUSE (1990). CONTINUOUS.

Mickey and Dawn’s house in 1990. The house is the same house as earlier in the story though the decor is clearly twenty years earlier.

DS BROAD (V.O.)
They find out where Mickey lives, go round there but trouble is, he ain’t there...

The two Peszki brothers suddenly kick in Mickey’s front door and run into the lounge carrying big machetes.

DS BROAD (V.O.)
The only one there, was Mickey’s old lady Dawn, she was pregnant at the time.

The two Peszki brothers savagely attack Dawn with the knives.

DS BROAD
They saw the opportunity to send him a message.

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. CONTINUOUS.

DI Khan and Broad are still sat alone in an unmarked car. Khan is still taking notes.

DI KHAN
(Shocked)
That is awful, they killed her?

DS BROAD
No, they thought they did I’m sure. By the time Mickey gets round there he probably thought they had as well.

DI KHAN
The poor man.
Don’t go feeling too sorry for him, this story ain’t over yet.

EXT. PESZKI’S FLAT (1990). CONTINUOUS.

Mickey is running towards a block of flats, blind with rage.

DS BROAD (V.O.)
So Mickey heads towards their flat.

DI KHAN (V.O.)
How did he know where they lived?

DS BROAD (V.O.)
How do I know?! You want to hear this or not boss?

DI KHAN (V.O.)
Sorry, go on.

DS BROAD (V.O.)
So its only when he gets there he realises he’s not tooled up at all, but just when he’s thinking this he’s walking past a garage. Feeling desperate he heads in picking up anything he can, trowel, spade head, garden sheers you name it.

Mickey stops running as enters a block of garages.

Mickey walks into a garage with an open garage door.

Mickey starts to grab all the potential weapons he can see, then sees a sports bag in a shadowy corner of the garage and starts to fill the bag with everything he can find.

DS BROAD
Then he sees the bag, and he fills it with all he can fit in.

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. CONTINUOUS.

DI Khan and Broad are still sat alone in an unmarked car.

Khan is no longer taking notes, but staring out of the window thinking.

DI KHAN
Mickey the Bag.

DS BROAD
So he gets up to the Peszki’s flat and rips them apart with every tool he’s got.
Broad smiles.

DI KHAN
That is a horrible story.

DS BROAD
These are horrible people.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK, SECOND FLOOR. DAY.

Mickey and Seamus walk out of the elevator and into an open plan office. Dividers are surrounding each desk to give each work space some privacy. The office is full of other workers busily working.

MICKEY
(Pointing to a sign over the desk saying Cartwright)
There.

Mickey and Seamus walk around the desk and see a man dressed as a woman behind the desk.

The transvestite, is Dave CROSSBONES who’s aged in his 40s.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
(Shocked)
Oh Jesus.

SEAMUS
(Horrified)
She’s a man.

MICKEY
Thanks for clearing that up.

CROSSBONES
(Offended)
Transvestite actually.

SEAMUS
(Whispers to Mickey)
Does that mean he’s got Aids?

CROSSBONES
Can I help you at all? Or are you just here to ogle me?

SEAMUS
He can’t be a drummer, they’re meant to be all.. drummerish.

MICKEY
You are Dave Crossbones?
CROSSBONES
Dave, Denise, I can be anyone you want me to be Mr Blue.

SEAMUS
Someone likes your hair.

MICKEY
I’m going to ask you one more time, are you Dave Crossbones?

CROSSBONES
Yes, and you are?

MICKEY
We are putting Wild n’ Weird back together, you’re in.

CROSSBONES
Despite you asking me so politely, I’m not really interested, thank you.

MICKEY
Give him a slap.

CROSSBONES
Oh yes please.

SEAMUS
Do I have to?

CROSSBONES
Can it be on the arse, and I don’t mind it being more than one.

MICKEY
(Disgusted)
Jesus! I’m trying to give you another shot at the big time and you’re seriously going to turn it down?

CROSSBONES
(Turning to Seamus)
Where’s that slap?

MICKEY
Hit him.

SEAMUS
Really...?

Mickey nods firmly.

Seamus pushes Crossbones off his seat and then jumps away from him.
CROSSBONES
Ow! That hurt! I’m not into the rough stuff!

MICKEY
(Turns to Seamus)
Screw this! Let’s just tell Fame, we couldn’t get him.

CROSSBONES
What was that? Maxie sent you?

MICKEY
Maxie?

CROSSBONES
Oh if Maxie wanted me there, he just needed to give me a quick tinkle.

SEAMUS
Tinkle?

MICKEY
So you’re in?

CROSSBONES
Of course. Maxie used to give me tinkles all the time, if you know what I mean.

SEAMUS
I’m feeling a bit sick.

CROSSBONES
(Getting up)
I’m going to be telling him how rough you were with me though!

MICKEY
(Handing Crossbones a card)
Here, be there tomorrow.

CROSSBONES
Is this your place Mr Blue?

MICKEY
No, this is Fame’s studio.

CROSSBONES
Shame.

SEAMUS
I’m really starting to go off rock stars.
EXT. O’NEIL’S HOUSE. DAY.
Leroy is alone, parked up discreetly near O’Neil’s house.
Leroy sees Mack walk past the house.

LE ROIY
Why you walking passed O’Neil’s house twice in the last ten minutes?

Leroy watches the man.

LE ROIY (CONT’D)
Yeah you could be ex-army.

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSING ESTATE. DAY.
Mickey and Seamus park their car behind Fame’s car and get out, Mickey is carrying his bag as walk up to Fame who is looking into a derelict house.
The housing estate is made up of terrace houses that are all derelict and boarded up.
The estate’s only residents are drug addicts and squatters.

MICKEY
(Looking at Fame)
What are we doing here?

MAX FAME
This is the address I found for Neil Nails.

Mickey stares back blankly.

MAX FAME (CONT’D)
The lead guitarist from Wild n Weird.

MICKEY
(looking at the derelict house)
He’s done well for himself.

SEAMUS
I was expecting a big mansion or something.

MAX FAME
A truly virtuoso guitarist, but he had his problems.

MICKEY
Come on let’s go in then.
Mickey walks towards the front door.
The door is off the hinges.

   MICKEY (CONT’D)
   Seamus, you first.

Seamus leads Mickey and Fame into the house.

INT. NAILS HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.
The house is an unkept drugs den.

    SEAMUS
    It stinks in here.

Mickey pushes open the front room door, NEIL NAILS is lying on a sofa unconscious with a syringe planted in his arm.

Neil Nails is aged in 40s, looks dishevelled and his clothes look like they have been worn for weeks.

    MICKEY
    (Frustrated)
    Shit.

Fame rushes over to him.

    MAX FAME
    (Shaking Nails/Concerned)
    Neil! Neil!

    SEAMUS
    Is he dead?

    MAX FAME
    No, he’s just out of it. We need to get him into some kind of hostel.

    MICKEY
    Hostel? He’s got a gig in a couple of days.

    MAX FAME
    He can’t play in this condition!

    MICKEY
    (Turns to Seamus)
    Sure he can. Get Ricky the Rat on the phone, tell him we need some stuff to get a junkie going for a couple of days.

Seamus gets his mobile out.
MAX FAME
Can’t we just get him into a hostel or something? Where’s your compassion? He’s obviously got a serious problem.

MICKEY
My compassion? I wonder how he got this problem?

MAX FAME
This isn’t down to me!

MICKEY
Really? Offer him a few freebies in the early days?

MAX FAME
Drugs are just a part of our game, everyone...

MICKEY
Save it! You pimped this guy into the drugs world.

MAX FAME
Maybe this is my opportunity to rectify this!?

MICKEY
After Friday, you can do what you want with this guy, try and save your soul but until then he’s mine.

MAX FAME
You bastard.

NEIL NAILS
(Coming around)
Max? Max? Is that you man?

MAX FAME
Neil, how you doing?

NEIL NAILS
I’ve just taken some serious shit man, I’m zoning man.

MAX FAME
Good Neil, good. Hey guess what I’m getting the band back together again.

NEIL NAILS
Cool man, cool haven’t seen those boys for a long time man.
MICKEY
Can you still play?

NEIL NAILS
I make my guitar sing man. I watch the notes fly to the clouds man, try and catch them out in my mouth.

MICKEY
If he can’t play he’s not in. I am not taking a useless screwed up junkie to Mrs O’Neil’s party.

SEAMUS
(Shaking his head)
I’m so disappointed.

MICKEY
(Turns to Seamus)
These people aren’t special, they live sheltered lives from the real world and when they get thrown back into it, they can’t handle it.

Two large thugs, CHRIS and ALEX walk into the house, they are both small time drug dealers.

NEIL NAILS
Hey, it’s my friends Chris and Alex!

CHRIS
(Looking at Mickey)
What the fuck is this? Who the fuck are you?

NEIL NAILS
These are my new friends man, Maxie and um what’s your names?

ALEX
That’s great Nails, have you or them got my money?

SEAMUS
Guys, he’s with us now.

ALEX
(Getting a gun out and putting it to Seamus’ head)
I don’t care if you queers have conducted a civil ceremony, he owes us money.
NEIL NAILS
Guys, I thought we arranged that discount thing, you were giving me more time?

CHRIS
(Nods to Alex)
Times up, get rid of these guys.

Fame freezes with fear.

MICKEY
(Calmly)
Excuse me.

MAX FAME
Mickey, maybe we should..

CHRIS
What’s up prick?

MICKEY
Do you not know who I am?

Chris and Alex look blank.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
I’m Mickey Dunne.

Chris and Alex look suddenly concerned.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
Now if you boys are nearly somebodies, then your boss, he probably works for me.

Alex lowers his gun.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
Or if you guys know some somebodies, then your bosses boss, he works for me..

Alex backs toward the door.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
The truth is though. I think you’re probably just nobodies and your boss is too much of a dumbfuck to even know he works for Charlie O’Neil...

CHRIS
(Afraid)
Shit...
MICKEY
(Starting to walk towards Chris)
And you think you’re serious people, because you carry guns...

Alex runs out.

CHRIS
Alex wait!

Mickey approaches Chris.

MICKEY
And you raised a gun, at us... At me!

CHRIS
I’m sorry, I didn’t know who you were!

MICKEY
(Leaning over Chris)
You’re not even an ant in my world, what does Nails owe you?

CHRIS
Two and half grand.

MICKEY
Consider that debt cleared, but you now owe me three for the fact I’ve kept you alive.

CHRIS
OK, OK!

MICKEY
Now piss off!

Chris runs out the house.

NEIL NAILS
Wow! You guys are like Starsky and Hutch!

MICKEY
(Looks at Seamus)
Go with these two clowns to Ricky and we’ll catch up tomorrow.

Fame speechless with shock, just nods.

EXT. O’NEIL’S HOUSE. DAY.

Mack is stood on the empty street that O’Neil lives down, discreetly taking photos of O’Neil’s house.
Leroy creeps up behind Mack.

LE ROY
Here's one more for Facebook.

Leroy knocks Mack out.

INT. IRISH CLUB. NIGHT.

The Irish club is a private bar built in the estate that Mickey grew up in. He owns the bar and has his friend Harry manages it.

The bar is full of working men drinking, there is a pool table and dart board all in use.

Seamus and Mickey walk into the Irish social club and head straight to the bar.

SEAMUS
If we can’t get the singer guy to come back, maybe Fame would give you a chance with the vocals?

MICKEY
Now I need you to understand something.. I am not a singer.. And have never wanted to be.

SEAMUS
So what? You’re a keyboard player or something?

MICKEY
Jesus! Seamus!

The barman, HARRY, walks over.

HARRY is in 60s and has the physique of a retired fighter.

HARRY
You’re being sarcastic!

MICKEY
For the love of God Harry, get me a pint.

HARRY
Sure, coming up!

SEAMUS
You’re quite a tricky one, you never quite know when you’re being serious.
HARRY
(Passing Mickey a pint)
Seamus?

SEAMUS
Red Bull and vodka.

MICKEY
(Shaking his head)
For the love of God.

SEAMUS
It’s a young persons drink.

HARRY
(Pouring Seamus’ drink)
Some guy’s been asking when you’d be in.

MICKEY
Who’s that?

Harry nods to a table in the corner where Brownie is sat. Brownie is wearing a large coat.

SEAMUS
(Glaring at Brownie)
Oh my God, he’s fucking me!

Harry looks at Seamus concerned.

MICKEY
If you ever say that in my bar again, I will have you killed.

SEAMUS
But it’s my line Mick.

HARRY
(Ignoring Seamus)
Truth is boss, I didn’t really like the look of him. I rang a few of the boys up.

MICKEY
(looking at Brownie)
I see what you mean.

Mickey looks around the bar and sees only men, he subtly nods at familiar faces he can now see.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
Thanks Harry. Does he know?

HARRY
Hasn’t noticed a thing.
(Turning to Seamus)
Wait here a minute.

Mickey walks confidently over to the Brownie’s table.

Mickey (CONT’D)
I hear you’re looking for me.

Brownie
Yea. I came here to talk to you.

Mickey
You don’t look like a guy sent somewhere for a talk.

Brownie
Now I’ve seen you, I can see there’s no point in talking.

Mickey
That’s a shame, cause I love chatting.

Brownie smiles.

Brownie
It’s funny, I always heard you had one arm longer than the other, due to carrying around that stupid bag so much.

Mickey
Really?

Brownie
But now I see you, its plain to see it’s the sheer size of your right wrist that really stands out.

Mickey fakes a chuckle.

Mickey
Which I suppose makes me a big wanker?

Brownie
Well practised at least.

Brownie puts his hand into his jacket looking for a concealed weapon.

Mickey
What you think of my family bar?

Brownie keeps his hand in his pocket, he now has tight hold of his weapon.
BROWNIE
(Looks round the bar)
I think you could work on your marketing, maybe do a few more family incentives.

MICKEY
(Looks around)
Jesus! You think it’s normally like this! No. I changed the clientele just for you tonight.

Brownie looks around at men who are beginning to stand up around the bar aggressively.

Brownie tried to hide his concern.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
You know, now I come to look at it, you’ve got a pretty large right wrist yourself.

EXT. PAYNE’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

All the lights are off in Payne’s house.

O’Neil walks up to the front door, knocks on it and waits.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Punching his fist on the front door)
Where the hell are you Robert?!

O’Neil’s phone rings.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)
(Talking into phone)
Yea?

Beat.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)
(Talking into phone)
I’m on my way.

EXT. WASTELAND. NIGHT.

The wasteland is in the middle of nowhere.

The scene is quiet and empty except for Mickey, Seamus and a group of other men who are punching and kicking Brownie who is on the ground trying to protect himself.
INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. EVENING.

The restaurant is starting to empty, people are either finishing their meal or leaving.

AV is sat in the restaurant on her own, with a plate of spaghetti in front of her. She is not eating though and keeps looking at her watch.

INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

The warehouse is an empty shell.

The only furniture are two chairs and a table. The table has an array of surgical items on.

Leroy is stood in front of Mack who’s tied up and sat on one of the chairs.

Leroy is holding a scalpel.

Mack is slowly regaining consciousness.

    LEROY
    Hello mate.

    MACK
    (Groggy)
    I ain’t talking to you.

    LEROY
    No not yet.

    MACK
    Not at all.

    LEROY
    Your ex-military.

Mack shrugs.

    LEROY (CONT’D)
    I’d even say special forces.

Mack doesn’t reply.

    LEROY (CONT’D)
    I know you boys are trained to deal with torture, so I won’t treat you to the normal street stuff.

    MACK
    I won’t talk. It doesn’t matter what you do, it’s worthless, I won’t talk.
LEROY
I’m not going to kill you, that’s the first thing that should scare ya.

Mack doesn’t reply.

LEROY (CONT’D)
But I will damage you, the amount of damage is down to you. I’m going to start with some simple stuff. I know this won’t break you but I need to show you I’m serious and that’s going to cost you some toes.

Mack’s eyes widen.

EXT. WASTELAND. NIGHT.
The wasteland is still empty and quiet.
The other men are now gone, Mickey and Seamus are stood over a dead looking Brownie.

SEAMUS
(Smiles)
Don’t think he’ll be messing with Mickey the Bag again

MICKEY
Never call me that.

Mickey walks away.

INT. SNOOKER HALL. NIGHT.
The snooker hall has eight snooker tables in with a bar at one end of the hall.
No one is playing snooker.

A group of heavies that work for O’Neil, have the propitiator of the snooker hall pinned against the wall.
The snooker hall propitiator is ALF, aged in his 50s, a large oaf of a man, who is Eastern European and only speaks broken English.
Alf looks like he has already been punched a few times by the heavies.
One of O’Neil’s heavies, LEAD HEAVY, is stood in front of Alf and has been carrying out some form of interview.
O’Neil walks into the snooker hall.
LEAD HEAVY
(Slightly concerned by O’Neil’s presence)
Mr O’Neil sorry, I wouldn’t normally call.

O’Neil scowls at Alf.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
So you reckon you have information that would interest me?

LEAD HEAVY
We were giving him a few slaps, you know making sure he understands, what comes about from not paying, when he pipes up, Stop! Stop! I have information! But he’d only speak to you boss...

ALF
(Desperate)
Mr O’Neil yes, yes! Yes I do!

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Now Alf remind me, why were the boys round here tonight?

ALF
I know I pay you not yet...

CHARLIE O’NEIL
Two months in a row. Are you sending me a message?

ALF
No, I good reason for no pay...

O’Neil picks up a snooker cue.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
You think I’m losing my touch?

ALF
Touch? No, not O’Neil, never!

O’Neil starts to swing the cue in mid air like a baseball bat.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
So, what was the information that I would be so keen to hear?

ALF
One of O’Neil men, said I can’t pay no more or he’s kill me!
CHARLIE O’NEIL

What man?

ALF

Name I not know!

O’Neil turns to his heavies and laughs.

CHARLIE O’NEIL

(Suddenly angry)

How convenient! Just like another bloody rumour. I fucking hate rumours!

O’Neil swings the cue back violently getting ready to swing it towards Alf.

ALF

No, please don’t hurt Alf! I done nothing wrong! I can pay!

LEAD HEAVY

(Laughs)

Should have thought about that before mate.

ALF

Its son’s birthday today! I have cake in my car to take to him!

Please!

CHARLIE O’NEIL

I hope he ain’t hungry!

O’Neil smashes the cue over Alf’s head.

The heavies step back and Alf falls to the floor.

O’Neil then continues to viscously hit Alf with the cue, Alf tries to cover himself but eventually his body goes limp.

O’Neil continues to hit Alf’s lifeless body until the cue snaps in half.

The heavies step back trying to hide their shock at the violence O’Neil has just displayed.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)

(Looks down at the Alf’s body)

I reckon he’s dead.

Lead heavy looks down at the body and nods.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)

Nothing winds me up more than when someone starts to beg.
Lead Heavy tries to laugh.
O’Neill walks toward the exit.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY.

A battered and bloodied Mack is still tied to the chair, Leroy is stood in front of him looking shocked.

It’s early in the morning and Leroy has spent the night torturing Mack, who has now told him who has paid for the contract on O’Neil.

**LEROY**

You’re fucking with me?

Mack stares back.

**LEROY (CONT’D)**

He’s really paying you?

Leroy stares back at Mack.

Mack smiles.

**MACK**

He’s an ambitious man.

Leroy takes a gun from the table.

**LEROY**

Now no offence, I’m normally a very honest man but I don’t want no vindictive ex-para after my blood.

Mack grimaces before Leroy shoots him in the head.

Leroy makes a call on his phone.

**LEROY (CONT’D)**

(On phone)

Yea need the cleaners to a location I’ll text you, nah I won’t be here.

Leroy ends the call and hurries out.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.**

Due to the early hour, the streets are empty.

Leroy runs towards his car, when he reaches it DI Khan and DS Broad step out of the shadows.

Broad grabs Leroy strongly.

Khan shows Leroy her Police ID.
DI KHAN
I wouldn’t hurry off Leroy, we’d like to have a chat with you down the office.

LEROY
What? What the hell you want?

DS BROAD
DS Broad and DI Khan. It sounded like an invitation, but it wasn’t

LEROY
Shit!

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. DAY.
The restaurant is full of other diners.
AV is sat alone in the hotel restaurant, a bowl of cereal is in front of her though she is not eating.

INT. FAME’S OFFICES. DAY.
Fame is sat in his office doing paperwork.
His intercom bleeps.

MAX FAME
(Into intercom)
Yes?

FAME’S PA (O.S.)
Mr Fame, Ronny Wild is here to see you, sorry, he doesn’t have an appointment.

MAX FAME
(Starting to smile)
Really? Tell him to come in.

Wild walks in sheepishly.

RONNY WILD
Max, thanks for seeing me.

MAX FAME
I can’t give you that much time.

RONNY WILD
I’m here to apologise for my behaviour the other day.

MAX FAME
You did behave like a child.
RONNY WILD
(Finding it hard to say)
I’m... Sorry.

MAX FAME
It takes a big man to admit to behaving like a stupid bastard.

RONNY WILD
Stupid bastard? Sorry, you’re right, I behaved like a stupid bastard.

MAX FAME
Was that all? I’m quite busy.

RONNY WILD
I have a great idea, to make me massive again.. I mean to make us both a lot of money!

MAX FAME
(Scowls)
I’m not sure I have the time for this.

RONNY WILD
Reform Wild n’ Weird!

MAX FAME
What?

RONNY WILD
I can still.. We can still be massive!

MAX FAME
(Trying not to grin)
I’m not sure Ronny...

RONNY WILD
Please Max!

MAX FAME
You’re here to beg?

RONNY WILD
No.. Yes, please!

MAX FAME
Really? Well I can see a couple of problems with you guys reforming and I’m not sure you’d be big enough to help heal those wounds?

RONNY WILD
I’d be big enough!
MAX FAME
It’s Weird? I don’t know how..

RONNY WILD
I’ll apologise! I will! I’ll apologise to Weird!

MAX FAME
I think maybe the first thing you should say to him is.. What a wanker you behaved like.

Wild wants to argue this point.
Fame looks back down to his paperwork.

RONNY WILD
I’ll do it!

EXT. WASTELAND. DAY.
A battered and bloodied Brownie is alone, lying on the floor, where Mickey and Seamus had left him the previous night.
Brownie’s eyes open.

INT. FAME’S STUDIO. DAY.
Wild n’ Weird are in a professional music studio, with a variety of instruments around them
Wild n’ Weird are setting up to start practising, there is no Wild.
Fame is stood looking at his watch.

MOHICAN
(Annoyed)
Where is he?

MAX FAME
(Looking at his watch)
He’ll be here.

STEVE PETERS
(Turns to Mohican)
Maybe you could take the vocals if he doesn’t turn up?

MOHICAN
Yeah, I could do, I always felt I could hit the notes that bit...
Guys, he’ll be here, calm down. He’s the angel beneath our wings of rock.

Wild walks in unapologetically.

NEIL NAILS (CONT’D)
See! Here he is, how’s it going man?

RONNY WILD
Hi Neil, how’s it going?

NEIL NAILS
I’m flying man.

RONNY WILD
Still high then.

CROSSBONES
At least he’s here! I don’t remember Neil ever walking out on us?

RONNY WILD
Really? Is that why you wanted to sack him on our Locked in A Cage Tour?

CROSSBONES
You bitch! That’s a lie!

NEIL NAILS
Hey man, no one was going to fire me?

RONNY WILD
Really?

MAX FAME
Guys, guys come on!

(STEVE PETERS)
(Glares at Wild)
This is great! You turn up and it all goes up in flames straight away!

RONNY WILD
I walked away from my solo career for this!

MOHICAN
Walked away from your solo career? You think we believe that?

(MORE)
You were dumped by your record company, they only kept you on for a second album because you paid for it!

RONNY WILD
How do you know that?!

CROSSBONES
I told you that in confidence!

RONNY WILD
How the hell did..?

Fame starts to back out of the studio.

EXT. O’NEIL’S HOUSE. DAY.

O’Neil’s house is a large mansion, with its own private driveway and secure gates.

A car pulls up in front of the house. Mickey and Seamus get out of the car and then help Jackie out of the car.

Dawn also gets out the back of the car.

JACKIE O’NEIL
Wow! I can’t believe I’m back home!

MICKEY
Yeah, I thought that matron was going to nail us.

JACKIE O’NEIL
Where’s Charlie?

MICKEY
He’s got a bit of business he said he needed to close down, before the party tonight.

DAWN
That way, we get a bit of more time to get ready Jacks.

MICKEY
And we all now how long you girls like to take!

DAWN
Come on, let’s get you inside.

MICKEY
We better go, we’ve got to check on our resident band.
JACKIE O’NEIL
Wild n’ Weird?

MICKEY
Who else?

JACKIE O’NEIL
I can’t believe he’s done it.

INT. FAME’S OFFICES. DAY.

Mickey and Seamus are walking up to the studio, there is a strange wailing sound.

Mickey looks concerned.

MICKEY
What the hell is that?

SEAMUS
It sounds like someone’s in pain?

MICKEY
Shit.

Mickey and Seamus hurry into the studio, to see Nails carrying out a wailing guitar solo in the middle of a practice song.

The whole band, including Wild, are there and doing a full rehearsal of a song.

The band sound tight and professional.

Fame grabs Mickey’s arm.

MAX FAME
(Emotional/Pointing to Nails)
The guy is a legend on the guitar, he should have been one of the greats!

MICKEY
We thought someone was getting hurt?

MAX FAME
Far from it.

SEAMUS
(Watching the band)
Cool.

MICKEY
No problems then?
MAX FAME
Not really, just like old times,
they sound fantastic!

Mickey’s phone rings and he walks away to answer it.

MICKEY
(Answering phone)
Yeah.

Wild n’ Weird are now playing another song.

SEAMUS
They’re pretty good.

MAX FAME
Pretty good? You guys might have just done me the biggest ever favour! They’re bloody great!

Mickey walks back towards Fame and Seamus.

MICKEY
Seamus, come on we’ve got to go.

SEAMUS
What?

MICKEY
Something’s happened.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

DI KHAN and DS Broad are interviewing Leroy, who had a solicitor next to him.

The interview room is a small purpose built room, with only the seats that are being sat on and a table with recording equipment on, that is recording the conversation.

Solicitor
You have not charged my client with a single thing officers. I’m sure you understand my client is a highly active businessman and frankly has better things he could be doing than being sat in your interview room.

DS BROAD
(Laughs)
Businessman? Really Leroy? Businessman!

DI Khan opens a file in front of her.
DI KHAN
(Looking at file)
Your file would suggest you are more of a career criminal than a businessman.

LEROY
Suppose it’s all down to perception.

SOLICITOR
They are trying to bait you Mr Elkins. Please officers, I say again, you are wasting all of our time by keeping Mr Elkins sat here.

DI KHAN
I want you to tell me everything you know about Max Fame.

LEROY
Who?

DI KHAN
His deals, his contacts, locations, everything you know.

Leroy laughs.

LEROY
You’re kidding me? I Never even heard of this fool!

DS BROAD
No?

LEROY
(Looks at solicitor smiling)
I really don’t know what they’re talking about!

DS BROAD
It’s going to be a long day then.

EXT. RUNDOWN PUB. DAY

Seamus and Mickey who’s carrying his bag, are walking purposefully towards the entrance to an old rundown pub.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

Brownie walks into the reception area.

He has now cleaned himself up but his face still looking heavily bruised.
AV has her coat on and is holding a small suitcase.

They are alone in the reception area, apart from the receptionist behind the desk.

    AV
    I thought you went without me!

    BROWNIE
    Did you stay in my room last night like I told you?

    AV
    I ate in the restaurant, the room service is never the same as the food in the restaurant.

    BROWNIE
    Did my friend, you know that I told you about, did he turn up?

    AV
    No.

Brownie shakes his head, knowing Mack must be dead.

    AV (CONT’D)
    Are we going?

    BROWNIE
    Yea, one last job though.

INT. RUNDOWN PUB. CONTINUOUS.

Mickey and Seamus walk into the pub, the door is slammed behind them with a crow bar put across to secure it.

The pub is derelict and is no more than a shell inside.

Mickey drops his bag to the floor in shock, when he turns to see Robert Payne in front of the door holding a gun at them.

The three men are alone in the pub.

    MICKEY
    (Confused)
    What is this?

    ROBERT PAYNE
    Sorry, I wanted to talk to you. I know what a useful guy you are.

    SEAMUS
    (Looking for the nearest door)
    Let’s do a runner!
MICKEY
Don’t bother, we’re locked in.

ROBERT PAYNE
I really wanted this to be different. You’re a name Mickey and names are hard to come by. I should know, me the great Robert Payne. Except I’m not, am I? No one’s heard of Robert Payne, its all about Charlie.

MICKEY
Course people know you, your the number two in the firm.

ROBERT PAYNE
The number two, yea everyone know’s the number two! I’m a nobody! Even you, you with your stupid bag!

Mickey gives Seamus a nod, who on receiving this charges towards Payne.

Payne fires his gun at Seamus who collapses to the floor dead.

Mickey looks at Seamus on the floor and bows his head.

ROBERT PAYNE (CONT’D)
I didn’t want this, I sent a guy to talk to you.

MICKEY
I’m with Charlie, we’re a firm.

ROBERT PAYNE
You’re an idiot, you’ve left me no choice.

Mickey bends down to his bag.

ROBERT PAYNE (CONT’D)
(Pointing the gun towards Mickey)
I always wondered what you had in that bag. Personally, I’d have a big gun in there.

MICKEY
(Opening his bag)
I’d hate to disappoint.

Mickey starts to take a rifle out of his bag.

ROBERT PAYNE
(laughs)
You’ll always be a name Mickey.
Before Mickey can remove the rifle, he is shot in the head by Payne.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Broad and Khan are continuing to interview Leroy, with his solicitor.

Leroy is agitated due to the length of the time he’s been in there.

Leroy has been giving the address that Payne is hiding at and wants to get there to kill him.

**LEROY**
How long I been in this hole?

**DS BROAD**
Why? Are you itching to get back to your business?

**LEROY**
Nah, I’m worried about being late for your wife.

**DS BROAD**
The joke’s on you, I wouldn’t wish her on anyone!

**DI KHAN**
I’m happy to sit here all day until you give me something.

**LEROY**
(Looking up at the clock on the wall)
Shit!

**SOLICITOR**
Do not rise to this Mr Elkins...

**LEROY**
Fine, fine! I’ll give you a name!

**SOLICITOR**
(Quickly puts his hand up defensively)
Officers! I’d like to take a moment with my client.

**LEROY**
(Glares at solicitor)
No! I’m OK, I want to say this.

DI Khan sits up with anticipation.
LEROY (CONT’D)
Like I say, I’ll give you a name
and I’ll even tell ya where he’ll be.

DI KHAN
We’re listening.

LEROY
Word of advice though, you want to
go packing with this one. He’ll
shoot you, as soon as seeing your
blue arses.

INT. O’NEIL’S OFFICES. DAY.

O’Neil’s office is based in the top floor of a large casino.
The office is professionally laid out, more akin to a
powerful businessman than gangster.
The office is large enough and is equipped with enough
provisions (Cupboard with clothes in, fridge, etc.) for
O’Neil to hide out there.

O’Neil is stood in front of a cupboard, in the corner of the
office, selecting a suit to get changed into for Jackie’s
party.

He looks up suddenly when he hears something.

INT. JACKIE’S PARTY. NIGHT.
The party is located in a large hall that is full of a few
hundred people all there to celebrate Jackie’s birthday.
The party is now in full swing.

Wild n’ Weird are on stage playing as well as they ever have,
Fame is watching them backstage, on his phone raving about
them.

Jackie and Dawn, who is on her mobile phone, are in the
middle of the dance floor both looking concerned.

JACKIE O’NEIL
Where is Charlie?

DAWN
(Trying to ring Mickey’s
phone)
I don’t know? Mickey’s not
answering either.
EXT. PAYNE’S SAFEHOUSE. DAY.

Payne’s safehouse is an isolated farmhouse.

Payne is looking agitated while hurriedly packing a suit case into the boot of his car. A glamorous woman, aged in her 30s, is stood next to him.

They are alone.

WOMAN
I hope we’re going somewhere nice.

ROBERT PAYNE
You ever been to Dubai before?

Police cars suddenly pull into the safehouse’s driveway.

Armed policemen, led by Broad and Khan jump out of the cars aiming their guns on Payne.

ROBERT PAYNE (CONT’D)
Shit!

Payne pulls a gun from his belt, the woman leaps to the floor with fear.

DS BROAD
Put the weapon down Payne!

DI KHAN
You know why we’re here!

ROBERT PAYNE
Yeah! You’re not taking me pigs!

Payne’s starts to fire his gun towards the police, though he is quickly brought to the floor by their precise gunfire.

INT. JACKIE’S PARTY. NIGHT.

Jackie and Dawn are still looking anxious. All around them people dancing and having a good time.

Fame walks onto the stage and people clap.

MAX FAME
Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my pleasure to wish the lovely Mrs Jackie O’Neil a happy birthday! And as a special gift, here is a song Wild n’ Weird have written for you!

Wild n’ Weird start to play a new song.
CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Walking up behind Jackie)
I hope they’re not as loud as last time!

Jackie turns and sees Charlie stood behind her.

Jackie Hugs Charlie.

EXT. BROWNIE’S CAR. CONTINUOUS.

AV is sat alone in Brownie’s car listening to music.

The car is parked in the same empty multistory carpark as they had been days earlier. AV has the stopwatch and the laptop in her hands, which she is watching carefully.

INT. JACKIE’S PARTY, TOILETS. LATER.

Charlie O’Neil walks into the toilets, Brownie closes the door shut behind him.

O’Neil turns to see Brownie pointing a gun with a silencer attached at him.

Brownie is wearing gloves to ensure there are no fingerprints.

They are alone in the toilets.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
No, don’t do this. Please.

Brownie aims his gun.

CHARLIE O’NEIL (CONT’D)
No! My wife needs me! I can’t lave her alone!

BROWNIE
Yes you can.

CHARLIE O’NEIL
(Angry)
Do you not know who I am! You think you can just come in here and shoot me? I’m a giant in this world! Who the fuck are you?! I’m a name! I’m Charlie O’Neil!

BROWNIE
You were.

Brownie shoots O’Neil in the head.
EXT. PAYNE’S SAFEHOUSE. DAY.

Various emergency staff are filling the area.

Broad and Khan are stood over the dying Payne.

DS BROAD
Yes, we need an ambulance to our location.

Broad looks again at Payne.

DS BROAD (CONT’D)
Don’t think they’ll be needing the blues and twos.

ROBERT PAYNE
Stupid pigs.

DI KHAN
(Shocked)
We only wanted to talk to you about Fame!

ROBERT PAYNE
Fame? Max Fame? Not me?

Payne tries to laugh.

DI KHAN
What’s wrong with you people?

DS BROAD
Cheer up Guv, that’s Robert Payne. He’s serious people, you’ll be remembered for this.

EXT. BROWNIE’S CAR. MOMENTS LATER.

Brownie gets back into the car. He is calm and unaffected by the previous events.

AV, who still has the laptop and stopwatch in her hands, grins to Brownie as he gets in the car.

AV
That was your best time yet!

BROWNIE
Get your seat belt on.

AV
Where we going?

BROWNIE
Where do you want to go?
AV
(Thinking)
Somewhere they do spaghetti.

BROWNIE
You ever been to Rome?

AV
Where?

BROWNIE
That’s where they make the best spaghetti.

AV grins.

THE END.