

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
(Horrorified)
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 your 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.

AV
(looks up to see Brownie)
Brownie!

Brownie grimaces.

AV (CONT'D)
I'm ready to go! I've packed
everything I had I thought might be
useful.

Brownie looks at the exit.

AV (CONT'D)
I got a compass, some pencils,
paper and a stopwatch.

BROWNIE
You got a stopwatch?

AV
And crayons.

BROWNIE
What type of stopwatch?

AV pulls a professional looking stopwatch from her bag
proudly.

BROWNIE (CONT'D)
That looks professional.

AV
It is, my Dad used it for his
training.

BROWNIE
Your dad likes to keep fit.

AV
My Dad's a marine.

Brownie looks at AV carefully.

AV (CONT'D)
So we going then?

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

AV
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 been 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)

DI KHAN (CONT'D)
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?

DJ

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.

RONNY WILD

(Shocked)

But I'm a rock legend.

DJ

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

RONNY WILD

Oh good.

DJ

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.

RONNY WILD

Hi.

DJ

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

RONNY WILD

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

DJ

(Adjusting his head phones)

You're right, maybe the question's not realistic enough.

RONNY WILD

(Dejected)

Really?

INT. BROWNIE'S CAR. DAY.

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 hear, 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, lets 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 shackled 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 is sat on the bed.

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.

SI
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.

SI (CONT'D)
And like you say, that would just
be crazy arse shit!

LEROY
(Shakes his head)
That is crazy arse shit.

A stripper opens the door.

STRIPPER
I heard a rumour Leroy Elkins was
here?

LEROY
You found him baby!

STRIPPER
Fancy a dance?

SI
This one's on the house Leroy.

LEROY
I suppose I could find some time to
kill.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE BLOCK. CONTINUOUS.

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.

RECEPTIONIST
Good morning, how can I help you?

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

RECEPTIONIST
(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)

DS BROAD (CONT'D)

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.

DS BROAD
 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
(Horrorified)
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.

LEROY

Why you walking passed O'Neil's
house twice in the last ten
minutes?

Leroy watches the man.

LEROY (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.

LEROY

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.

SEAMUS

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.

MICKEY
(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'Neil 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...

NEIL NAILS

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)

MOHICAN (CONT'D)

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 gif,t 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.