FADE IN:

INT. SHABBY OFFICE -- DAY

A iron barred window. Before it, fat MIKE, 50, sprawls in a padded leather chair behind his desk. The chair, his Rolex watch, heavy gold chain, Sovereign ring, contrast to the general meanness of his surroundings.

MIKE
Walking possession order? Never heard of it.

He speaks to BARRY, 24, who fidgets on a metal chair.

BARRY
The Revenue have slapped a possession order on my equipment. If I don’t pay my tax bill fast, they’ll auction the lot.

MIKE
What’s that to me?

Barry squirms to the edge of his chair.

BARRY
I need a bit of help to...

MIKE
Go to your bank.

BARRY
The bank? By the time I get...

MIKE
What’s that little lot there?

He nods to a bulging black plastic bag at Barry’s feet. Barry unties the string securing the contents.

BARRY
Polishing residue, rich in gold.

MIKE
Looks like a bag of shit.

BARRY
What it looks like doesn’t matter. It’s what it’s worth.

MIKE
Still looks like a bag of shit.

Barry sags in resignation.
This bag of shit is worth three grand. I just can’t wait the time it takes to be refined.

Mike stares at the bag with contempt.

Tell you what I’ll do.

He heaves himself up, goes to a paint-chipped safe. Takes a packet from a cardboard box. Flops in his chair, spreads it open on the desk. Looks like chips of glass.

What are they?

He moves in closer.

Industrial diamonds, sunshine.

What do I do with them?

Sell ‘em.

Sell them? Who to?

Mike sits back, looks at Barry with disgust.

You work in the jewelley trade and you don’t know who uses industrial diamonds around here?

He speaks like he talks to an idiot.

There’s a guy just down the road. Franzil or whatever his name is. He makes diamond tools. He’ll buy ‘em.

Realization spreads across Barry’s face.

They’re knocked off!

Mike jabs a finger.

All you need to know is I’ll take two for ‘em.

He glares at Barry who gazes at the diamonds.
MIKE
You come to me bleating for help?
You help me, I’ll help you.

Barry’s gaze is held by the diamonds.

MIKE
How’s your wife? What’s her name?

BARRY
Ruth.

MIKE
That’s it, Ruth. Nice girl.

Barry looks up.

MIKE
Think about Ruth, will you? Before
the bailiffs carry your equipment
out your door?

BARRY
Franzil, you say?

Mike nods, collects the diamonds together.

MIKE
Remember. There’s no come back to
me. Got it?

INT. SMART OFFICE -- DAY

Beneath a framed diploma, FRANZIL, (65) studies the
diamonds through a lupe screwed in his eye. Only the
distant hum of machinery breaks the silence. He folds the
packet on his orderly desktop then studies Barry.

FRANZIL
So. Why do you come to me?

BARRY
You use diamonds, don’t you?

He pushes the packet towards Barry.

FRANZIL
I cannot use these.

BARRY
Why not?

FRANZIL
I’ll send you to my supplier.
He’ll be interested in them.
INT. PLUSH OFFICE -- DAY

Barry is in an armchair transfixed by golden framed image of a goddess astride a tiger. Her six arms bear assorted weapons.

ASHOK, (40), sits against a heavy, ornate desk. He watches Barry closely.

ASHOK
Scary, isn’t she?

BARRY
Yes, she is.

ASHOK
Beautiful and terrible. She is Durga. Goddess of vengeance.

SATYA (26) walks in. She pays no heed to Barry, places the packet of diamonds on the desk, speaks briefly in Hindi then leaves.

ASHOK
My sister, Satya. Very knowledgable.

He indicates photos of enlarged diamonds displayed on the wall. Each shows something of their organic structure.

ASHOK
Each diamond is unique, to a dealer. They are sawn, measured, weighed, graded into lots. Each lot is unique, to a dealer. But then, you are no dealer.

Ashok moves closer to Barry. Picks up an ornate paper knife, twirls it, fixes Barry with an intent gaze.

ASHOK
Walking possession. Very apt.

Barry shifts in his chair.

ASHOK
You walk into my office with my goods in your possession.

Barry’s eyes widen.

ASHOK
Two thousand pounds you asked. Whose valuation is that? Yours?

BARRY
No.
ASHOK
No. You are no dealer. Who then?

Ashok stands suddenly. He points the knife at Barry.

ASHOK
Two thousand is not the true valuation. Shall I tell it you?

He puts his face close to Barry.

ASHOK
My brother’s brain!

Barry shrinks back. Ashok resumes his position on the desk. He twirls the knife, his eyes boring into Barry’s.

ASHOK
He was kicked around the carpark.
His brain, damaged.

BARRY
I didn’t know. I swear!

ASHOK
Of course not. You are only the fool. But you will tell me who gave you them. I demand it.

He points the knife at the image on the wall.

ASHOK
Durga demands it!

INT. SHABBY OFFICE -- DAY

MIKE’s incredulous gaze flits from the diamonds on his desk, to Barry perched on his chair.

MIKE
What the hell do you mean? Worthless?

Barry shrugs.

BARRY
It’s what Franzil said.

MIKE
He’s having you on! You’re having me on!

BARRY
He told me to take them to the police. Said I’d been swindled. Asked me the merchant’s name. Who I bought them from.
Mike’s eyes narrow.

MIKE
Didn’t mention me, did you?

BARRY
No, I swear. Never mentioned you to Franzil.

MIKE
I’ll sort this, one way or another, believe me.

He drums his finger on his desk as he assess Barry.

MIKE
If I thought you’d dare...

BARRY
You were ready to help me. Why would I risk that? Face it. Somebody has shit on you.

MIKE
Think so?

He pulls out a cellphone, stabs it with a finger. Gets a response. Barry jumps to the door, shoots back a bolt, flings it open. Ashok and two big guys rush in. Ashok snatches the phone from a stunned Mike.

MIKE
Barry, you bastard, you’re done!

ASHOK
No, Mike. You will see that you are done.

Ashok checks the cellphone as he speaks to Barry.

ASHOK
Collect your bag of stuff and go. Call me tomorrow. We’ll look at this walking possession matter.

He turns to Mike.

ASHOK
So. Now we talk.

FADE OUT.