

THESE CHARMING MEN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Rain attacks a window.

Pedestrians are scattered across the train. Corporate types, people with bags in hands and under eyes. An elderly couple that share loving glances.

Two YOUNG GIRLS fill the train with cackles. People crane their necks to look.

In the corner is Q, 22. He sits among stuffed bags. He's the only one to not to look, his grave stare out the window is unwavering.

INT. URBAN FLAT - NIGHT

On a large TV screen, a cartoon merman-like character SHOTS other ludicrously dressed characters. It DANCES in celebration.

The flat is littered by pizza boxes and beer cans. An ashtray is full.

Two SLOBS, both 22, stretch out on a sofa, their hands glued to a game controller and joint respectively. This is DANIEL and MICHAEL. They wear matching signet rings.

Another MAN peaks his eyes beyond the stained curtains.

DANIEL

Do you rate this is all there is?

The WINDOW-PEEKER turns around, grasping at the intellectual opportunity. It's Q.

Q

You've smoked too much.

DANIEL

Think about it bruv. In this game, bang, you're dead. Then two seconds later, poof, you're alive again.

Q: *seriously?* He's always thinking.

Q

I'm undecided.

MICHAEL
You smoke too little.

DANIEL
I want to be reborn as a dragon.

DANIEL puffs rings of smoke into the air.

MICHAEL
Nah, a dog. You could like your balls all day and no one bats an eyelid.

Q
I'd be an eagle. If you're interested about reincarnation, you should read into Buddhism.

DANIEL
I don't read.

MICHAEL
They're them meditating motherfuckers, right?

Q
I think the last thing they would do is fuck mothers.

Q finds this mildly amusing.

Q (CONT'D)
(pointing to Daniel)
Have you called your mum recently?

DANIEL
Nah, not really.

Q
You should, you're lucky.

DANIEL
Got all the family I need here, thank you.

MICHAEL
Yawn. Tell me about bossman Buddha.

Q
So they believe in reincarnation, so life after life, rebirth after rebirth, human to dog to anything but dragon.

Michael and Daniel give Q as much attention as they're able to.

Q (CONT'D)

So that cycle is called samsara but it's like being trapped, right. You don't get to decide your future. The only way to get out of that is to spiritually transcend, like some next level Jesus. That's the only way you become free.

Michael and Daniel stare dumbfounded. PAUSE.

DANIEL

You've got the Dalai Lama down to a T, Q.

Q

You know you can go meet him? Right fuck it boys, I've decided, we're going to China. Go China and then go wherever we feel like after.

MICHAEL

Shaq would never allow it.

Q

Then I won't ask him. We just pack our bags and go.

Daniel serenades a spliff in the air.

DANIEL

Got all the enlightenment that you need right here.

Q

No, you haven't. It's time to go start our new lives.

MICHAEL

Fuck it, lets do it. I'm packing my bags now before I change my mind.

Q

Woah, easy. We need to shot everything first. Can't leave Shaq to the dogs.

MICHAEL

It's his stuff, just give it back to him.

Q
How do you have left?

Their silence tells him everything.

Q (CONT'D)
Come on, how much have you sold?

DANIEL
Er, five G. Somet like that.

Q
It's prime time right now. We've got to shift this.

MICHAEL
Why are you so keen, bro?

Q
It's not our gear.

DANIEL
You jacked it?

Q
(stressing)
Shaq's made this deal. Guy up North. Here's the plan - you lie, call it Ethiopian super flake, weirdest name you can come up with, sell it in bulk. Just get it sold now. Then we do one.

MICHAEL
We'll go out now and shot if that's what you want.

Q
No, enjoy your night, it's fine. Tomorrow though, go hard. And don't bring people round here.

MICHAEL
Okay, safe Q. Appreciate that.

Q
In the drawer yeah?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

A drawer yanked open... MONEY grabbed... flicked through and counted... satisfied, it's sealed in a plastic bag.

Q
And the rest of the product?

MICHAEL
(pointing to a room)
On the bed.

The bedroom door swings open. A mini-mountain of white baggies crowns the duvet, almost glowing.

Q
Hide it in the safe, we're not in
South America. We'll be out of here
soon.

Q reaches out a fist to them both. A third matching ring. The rings ceremoniously chime when they meet.

Q opens the half-painted door to the apartment and leaves.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Amber lights flash. Urgent beeping. A train door opens.

A duffel bag in each hand, Q steps off the train. His head hangs to the floor.

A sign: MANCHESTER.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A sign: PECKHAM.

Q walks with a jig, grime pounding in his ears through a TUNNEL plastered with police signs and graffiti:

'Please Report Any Suspicious Activity'... 'BOO GANG ENDS'...
'Smile, You're On CCTV'... 'WATCH YOUR BACK'.

Q fills the cold silence of night with a rendition of the aggressive grime, talking of cops and blocks.

BANG BANG. Q jumps out of his skin.

It was from behind... Daniel and Michael...

Eyes widen like he's taken a hit.

Q brandishes what looks like a HANDGUN from his utility parka. He sprints back to the apartment.

INT. Q'S FLAT - DAWN

Cracks of light illuminate what is on a bedside table: An open bible, Luke 23:42. Tears blot the words.

Discarded on the carpet is a familiar handgun and a plastic bag of money that spills across the floor.

Q slumps next to his bed. His phone begins to ring.

INT. DANIEL AND MICHAEL'S FLAT - NIGHT

A phone rings on the sofa. CALLER ID: Q. It stops ringing.

The room is pitch black but for the hum of TV static.

The door handle twitches, then opens. Q creeps into the room.

GUN raised... towards the BEDROOM... CLEAR... STOLEN.

He turns the lights on. He drops his gun and sinks to the floor. The horror has settled in.

A pizza box is decorated with a cascade of blood. It drops from the top corner onto the carpet.

INT. JIMMY'S CAFE - DAY

Ketchup splatters a plate. A full English breakfast. Who's mercy is it at?

T, 47, the seams of his jacket nearly being ripped apart by his shoulders. He's scans SOMEONE up and down as he eats. T's face is what he would call 'like a slapped arse'.

Opposite him: Q.

Q
Who are you, Clint Eastwood?

Q's got a brave face on.

Q (CONT'D)
The Man with No Name. Mr. Strong
and Silent.

It is too early for T to bite the bait.

Q (CONT'D)
I'm Q, anyway.

T
Why the stupid name? Your parents
retards or something?

Q
He speaks! No, they called me
Adamu. Boys back home called me Q.
They said I asked too many
questions, hence Q. For question.

T
(mouth full of food)
Oh right, so it's your friends that
are retards.

A BEAT.

Q
So, why are we here today?

T
I was wrong, Adamu, you're the
retard. You see this?

Waving a sausage in his face-

T (CONT'D)
This is breakfast. This is what we
are doing. We are eating breakfast.
Eating. Not talking. I am going for
a piss. Jimmy will serve you.

T rises from the booth and signals at a bowling ball of a
man, JIMMY, 49.

Jimmy waddles over, bobbing his head to the BRIT-POP on the
radio in his trademark mucky apron. T leaves for the
bathroom.

JIMMY
Alriyt, what you havin?

T
I'm not actually hungry, boss. Just
a quick one: what's his name?

JIMMY
(amused)
You want a drink?

T
What coffee you got? Columbian?
Peruvian?

JIMMY
Tesco. Value.

T
I'll have water. Thank you.

Jimmy waddles back to his counter. Q looks outside at the world passing by. He gets wrapped up in a familiar feeling and snaps out of it.

On the opposite side of the diner, two BLOKES scoff breakfast at another booth in dust and mud laden overalls.

DAVE, 52, tells long tales and thinks he's a womanizer. He's had sex twice. He is ASHLEY's boss. Ashley is 38 and doing his morning arse-licking routine. As they speak in thick Mancunian accents, Q listens in:

DAVE
The poor fucker didn't stand a chance.

ASHLEY
Thought he was clever? Why didn't he just sod off to Timbuktu?

DAVE
Didn't have the chance. They're even cleverer than 'im. The big boys, they're businessmen, ain't they. Big bad businessmen but businessmen all the same. You take their money, or their gear - which is their money anyway - that ain't no different to taking a junkies last dirty needle. Fucking stick it in your eye rather than let you get away with it. Don't get me wrong, bet some of them are proper Tony Montana wannabes, y'ana what I mean. But some of them, ones that got him, they're clever and they don't let you get away easily.

ASHLEY
How longs he in for then?

DAVE
Four years. If he lasts that long. Shattered his knees didn't they. He'll be the prison's communal wheelbarrow.

T returns from his piss.

BUILDER ONE clocks T and gives BUILDER TWO a look to shush.

T sits back in the booth like he owns it.

Q
Do you believe in God?

T brandishes his watch.

T
It is... six minutes past eight, in the morning, and you're asking me if I fucking believe in God.

Q
We should get to know each other.

T
Look, you've got a big mouth. I suggest you close it before I put a real hole in it

Q isn't great with silence-

Q
So do you?

T
Do I what?

Q
Believe in God?

T
Yeah, he's a cunt. Had a pint with him last night. But I would wager that I am an even bigger cunt so I thoroughly suggest you do what I say, otherwise I will show you just how much of a cunt I can really be. And guess what? For some reason, you're stuck with me-

Jimmy chuckles from afar. T closes Q's mouth.

T (CONT'D)
So, peace and quiet, please, whilst I eat my sausage.

A BEAT.

Q
Ever given much thought to Buddhism?

T
I need a cig.

His food finished, he gets up and leaves again. Q watches him from the inside, weighing him up.

ASHLEY
He fucking what?

Dave and Ashley talk in hushed tones but only now T is outside. Q eavesdrops.

DAVE
Shattered his knees and then cut his face with a butcher's knife. Slashed him right open.

ASHLEY
This Irish fella?

DAVE
Yeah.
(Barely audible)
And you see that one out there?

Jimmy bounds towards the Dave and Ashley.

JIMMY
You two. Fuck off. Now.

For fear of their knees, they scamper out of the door and down the street, away from T.

Jimmy fills up the glass with water and gives it to Q. T re-enters and pats Jimmy on the back.

T
Nice one, Jimmy.

JIMMY
No worries, mate.

Jimmy leaves them to it. Q's signet rings rattle against his glass of water. This time there is three.

T
Want to find out what we're doing today?

INT. T'S CAR - DAY

The car pulls up outside a block of fancy apartments. T and Q sit side by side.

Q
So nothing? We did absolutely
nothing today.

T
That's most the job.

Q
No, I'm here for a reason and when
I've done that, I'm off.

T tries not to laugh, he fiddles in his pockets and
brandishes a set of keys. He highlights each one as he speaks-

T
Front door. Your floor. Your door.

He shoves the keys Q's way. More fiddling. A scrap piece of
paper.

T (CONT'D)
Apartment number and that is on
there. The phone number will be
mine for the next few days. No
more. Don't call me unless
absolutely necessary.

Q receives the keys and paper, startled by the directness.

T rattles his fingers on the steering wheel.

Q
What about all my stuff? I left it
in the hotel I was at.

T
Boot.

T lights a cigarette.

T (CONT'D)
Open the glove compartment.

Q obliges. Nothing but a brick of a phone.

T (CONT'D)
Take the phone. The phone rings,
you pick it up. A little birdie
tells you what to do, you do it.

Q
So if I hear your ugly mug and you
tell me to come and give you a foot
massage, I do it?

T
Adamu, fuck off.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Q opens the boot of T's car. Q has a look on his face that says 'fair play'. Q takes the bags and closes the boot.

As soon as metal hits metal, T puts his foot to it and blazes into the night. Q's shoulders sink.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Q walks into his new apartment, a potential bachelor pad. Someone is looking after him.

One thing stands out though. An old oak WARDROBE against the room's modern chic. Q is indifferent.

BAGS are launched onto the bed. ZIPPP.

Books, lots of books. A BIBLE, a BUDDHISM BOOK, Albert Camus, fantastical novels. Above a layer of clothes are two PICTURES.

Q picks them up and holds them in his hands. The first: a young bald woman with her young son, both with strong smiles.

The second is a trio of friends outside, next to a river. Standing together are Q, Michael and Daniel.

Q perches on his bed as he holds the second in his hand. The curtain has dropped and emotion takes a hold of Q. He smashes the glass frame.

EXT. A HOUSE - NIGHT

A HULKING FIGURE passes by a window. Just a shadow. The street is enveloped in silence.

The shadow stands before the front door of the house. A light is triggered. There is multiple locks.

JINGLE... CLICK... CREAK... SLAM.

INT. T'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The hulking man is T. Shirt untucked and top buttons undone. He throws his coat onto a chair and sinks in another.

His home is open plan, with T's chair facing a kitchen, wherein his wife, NAT, 44, waits for him. Back in her day she was THE swinging blonde hipster. Now the looks have begun to fade but her confidence and fire never has.

She holds an oven dish as she smiles. Her expression gives away how much she enjoys to wind T up. The pendulum of their relationship often swings between love and hate.

NAT

Good day, honey? I made fish pie!

T

I don't like fish.

Nat sets down the dish on a dining table and gets a beer out of the fridge.

T (CONT'D)

We're sitting at the table?

NAT

I want to pretend that we're normal, so if you're going to moan about work, moan now.

She stops her advance with his beer-

T

Kid is a little scruff, as expected. But he's Macca's next 'project'.

NAT

Well if anything happens to this one, I don't want to hear about it.

T

I don't want fish.

She sits opposite him and leaves the beer out of his reach.

NAT

Tough shit.

T

I mean, why me?

T adopts a bad Irish accent-

T (CONT'D)

You're my best guy, Tony. You'll show him the ropes.

(MORE)

T (CONT'D)

I know he's in good hands. Top o
the fuckin' morning.

NAT

Your mum would be ashamed of you.

T

She didn't know the half of it.

NAT

Got it all out of your system now?

T

Have you got me a proper dinner?

Nat drinks the beer in one go.

NAT

Normal family time tonight.

T

Okay.

NAT

Steak in the oven.

T jumps to his feet.

NAT (CONT'D)

Go get your daughter.

INT. DINING ROOM AREA - MOMENTS LATER

T munches his bloody steak as if he's earned it. Across from
him at the table are Nat and their daughter, JANIS, 18.

Conversation always feels forced around this table.

NAT

I need you to cut that tree down.

T

Sure...

NAT

It blocks all the sunlight, it's
too dark in here.

T

Mmhm.

NAT

Tony.

T
Alright, I'll get a chainsaw.

T looks up from his steak and sees Nat's eyes motioning him towards Janis.

T (CONT'D)
How was college?

Janis stares into nowhere as she fiddles with her food.

JANIS
I did quadratic equations. And somehow, I wish I was still doing them now.

T
I can't be as bad as maths.

JANIS
Just as simple.

She spits her words with an intellectual venom, she knows when she's right and when she isn't, she knows how to win the duel.

T
Have you made your university choices then?

JANIS
I told you last week.

T is stumped. His snap in his conversations with Q is lacking here. He looks to Nat for help. She mouths 'Oxford' but he's clueless.

JANIS (CONT'D)
I'm going to America.

T
No, you're not. Firstly, we haven't discussed this. Secondly, there's nutters with shotguns on every corner there.

JANIS
No worse than having one in the house.

NAT
Janis, he doesn't keep the guns in the house.

T
So college was alright?

JANIS
How was your day at work, Dad?

T
I've got a new partner, someone to
look after.

JANIS
(eyes rolling)
Why you?

T
Good question.

JANIS
You never have an answer for the
good questions.

BEAT.

JANIS (CONT'D)
I got an interview at Oxford, dad.

T's phone starts ringing. His attention switches instantly,
as if its life or death.

T
Sorry, It's Macca, I have to take
this.

T stands up and leaves the room to answer his phone. Leaving
the steam to keep rising off his pie and his daughter.

EXT. T'S CAR - DAY

Q wrestles with his seatbelt. T is at the wheel, smoking and
checking out the environment. He is suited and booted, but Q
is in a tracksuit.

The car is parked on the corner of a shady NEIGHBORHOOD. It's
quiet, except for the scarce groups of hooded lads who act
like they own the earth.

Q
I'm getting out.

T
Don't be so eager to impress.

They wait. Q fiddles with the signet rings and looks at T's hand.

Q
Who's the unlucky lady?

T
My wife. Why do you have three rings on one hand?

Q
It looks good.

T
It doesn't.

Q
Why are we here?

T
It's time for you to clean the communal toilet bowl. Word has it, the stuff that you lost is being sold around here.

Q
Why would it be here?

T
Little scruffs can still be ambitious. This is one of our busiest corners and yet recently, two-toothed Gary and his dental-model mates have stopped buying our stuff. Now those twats couldn't get straight if they were being pulled apart by horses. No, they're getting the good stuff cheaper elsewhere.

Q
I'm presuming you've pulled your boys off here?

T
Gold star for Adamu. So you and I are going to sit here and wait for a sale and then you are going to get a seller to talk.

Q
I'll find a sale myself.

Q motions out of his seat but T grips him.

T
You'll do what I say.

MOMENTS LATER...

a DEALER appears on an opposing street corner. Like an alert dog, his eyes look around in between him texting on his phone. Time for Q to prove himself.

T (CONT'D)
Looks like Pablo Escobar has
crawled out of the grave.

Q readies himself.

T (CONT'D)
Just watch him first.

Q
You got a proper weapon for me?

Q pulls out his 'HANDGUN' from his pants. T snatches it.

Across the road, the DEALER is approached by DEALER 2, young, dumb and coordinated.

DEALER 2 has brought a BUYER, with a feral beard bigger than his future.

Q (CONT'D)
How does a homeless man afford
cocaine?

T inspects Q's gun and doesn't lift his head.

T
Because it's speed and spice and
everything nice. It isn't proper
coke and this isn't a proper gun.

He points the gun at Q, once he's had his fun he throws it in the backseat.

T (CONT'D)
A taser, seriously?

Q
Never needed one until now.

T opens up the glovebox in front of Q. Inside are cigarette packets, some knuckledusters and a tiny pistol.

Q reaches for the pistol.

T
No. You're using the dusters.

Q
And what if they have a gun?

T
Don't start shitting your pants
now. Time to shine, Adamu.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Q exits the car. In his full tracksuit, he blends in.

Still within Q's eye line, the DEALERS retreat into the ALLEYWAY. The BUYER trudges away from whence he came.

-- ALLEYWAY

Q follows them in. The alley is tight. Barbed fences either side of a glass-decorated path. A graffiti skull dominates the wall.

Among the debris, a HOMELESS MAN stares into oblivion. Two hooded KIDS snigger on their bikes.

The DEALERS are nowhere to be seen.

Another alley bends left, Q takes the plunge. It leads to a deserted basketball pitch. Quiet before the creatures of the night reappear.

-- BASKETBALL PITCH

Alone in the space, the dealer, OLI, 20, sends a text. He lost a testical at 13 and has been trying to make up for it even since.

He takes a wad of cash from his man-bag and counts with tattooed hands. He puts the money back away.

Q emerges from the alleyway like a slave entering the Coliseum. Seeing Q approach, Oli raises a neckerchief above his mouth, revealing a skull print on it.

Q
Grim reaper. That's pretty sick
man.

OLI
What do you want fam?

Q
I just saw you selling then to
Father Christmas. Was hoping you
could make it snow for me.

OLI
Lift your top.

Q
(obliging)
Come on, I need my fix bro.

OLI
Seventy for a G. Forty for half.

Q
Mind if I smell it first?

OLI
Smell? Sure. Sniff it and I spark
you.

OLI opens his bag. A knife is on display. Oli puts it away
and brings out a bag of cocaine from a motherload of bags.

He tosses Q a bag, slightly short so it falls on the floor.
Eyes on the real prize, Q reaches down to pick up the bag.
With a shake, Q opens it up and smells the gasoline.

OLI (CONT'D)
Since you're happy, that'll be
fifty for that half.

Q lets the smell resonate.

OLI (CONT'D)
Come on stalker, give me the money.

Q
You know, this smells incredibly
similar to some product I saw last
week. The shards, the glisten, the
little numbness of your teeth just
from smelling it. It can't be the
same obviously, because that
product was in London.

Oli reaches into his pocket and holds out his knife. Q stalks
him in circles as he speaks.

Q (CONT'D)
(viciously)
A lot of drama over this stuff
here. Firstly, there was a deal.
(MORE)

Q (CONT'D)

Then there was a robbery. Then, the cherry on top, two people murdered with their lives ahead of them. For what? Fucking powder.

OLI

(less sure of himself)

Easy now, I don't want to cut you.

Q pulls out his knuckledusters and straps them to his hand. Metal side by side with the metal of his rings. He paces until a glass bottle lies at his feet.

SMASH. Oli tries to protect his eyes from the shards of glass.

Q swings with his dusters in a frenzy. Dull thumps are followed by a CRUNCH. Oli is all over the place, his knife glistens in a dazed swish.

An eerily familiar flicker of blood falls on the pavement.

Q cries in pain as he gets a crack on Oli's jaw, who cripples to the floor. The knife and dusters clatter to the floor.

Q gets on top of Oli and let's loose, each punch lands with more rage until Oli's face is unrecognizable. After a second, Q regains his hold on reality.

He gets off Oli and pulls down his wet neckerchief. Beyond the purple and scarlet blotches on Oli's face, he looks boy-like.

This isn't how Q imagined it would feel like.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

T strolls down the alley, cigarette in mouth. THE KIDS are gone. He steps over the HOMELESS MAN, tossing him a fresh cigarette and puts out his own on the graffiti skull.

EXT. BASKETBALL PITCH - MOMENTS LATER

T joins Q in standing over Oli. They've never looked closer.

T

Fuck a duck, Adamu. Didn't realise you had it in you.

Adrenaline fading, Q realises the gash in his arm and sinks to the floor, holding it.

T (CONT'D)
You got the goods?

Q
Please take me to the hospital.

T
He needs it more than you. They in
his bag?

Wincing, Q nods.

T clips the man-bag off Oli and roots around in it. There's a lot of coke. There's even more money.

T chooses a baggy, sticks a finger in it and shoves it in his nostril.

T (CONT'D)
Ours or not. That's nasty.

Q
I need to go to a hospital.

T
You'll live.

T slings the tiny bag over his huge shoulder. He whips off his thin tie and kneels down to fasten it around Q's wound.

T (CONT'D)
Now. Where's the other one?

Q
What?

T
There was fucking two of them.
Where's the other one?

Q spots the bicycle KIDS and the second DEALER in the ALLEY. They're accompanied by two more skull-neckerchief YOUNG MEN. They look like a rap group posing for their first video.

THEY start shouting in as low an octave as they can manage.

T does his best James Bond impression. He spins round, waits and watches everyone fail his test. THEY all scurry away from the ALLEY.

T (CONT'D)
Let's bounce, sunshine.

T offers Q his hand. He takes it.

EXT. SHADY NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

T's car boot swings open... Oli is thrown in, despondent... his man-bag joins him... a baggy falls out... T's hand takes it for himself.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Storage crates are stacked high and orderly. There is a purpose to this place.

In a bright open space among the storage, Oli is strapped to a chair. His mouth taped shut, his eyes and consciousness flickering.

Q sits on a storage crate, facing away from Oli. His arm is wrapped in duct tape. Makeshift.

T approaches him with his cigarette packet in hand. Q accepts with shaky hands. T has to light it for him. Q coughs on the first drag.

Q
That's foul.

He throws the cigarette away.

The hum of a car can be heard from outside. It gets closer and comes to a screeching standstill. Q looks worried but T isn't.

The door of the warehouse is BLOWN OPEN.

A BIG BRUISER fills the doorway. This is BIG G, 43. There's mutual respect shown between him and T but damn, you'd want to see them scrap.

BIG G
T.

T
G.

BIG G
(to Q)
And you?

Q
Q.

BIG G

Q-T. That's sweet. Now, where's the princess that needs rescuing from her tower?

BIG G toys with Oli. He holds his hand at his brow, as if he is playing hide-and-seek with a child who is bulging out of a duvet.

BIG G (CONT'D)

(Fixing upon Oli)

There she is! Aren't you pretty.

He's laughing now-

BIG G (CONT'D)

(to Q)

Did you do that?

Q nods, almost ashamed.

T

Right, let's just get this over with.

BIG G

Once I've had my fun.

SUDDENLY, another CAR SCREECHES from outside. BIG G whips his gun out, hoping for trouble.

T

Keep your hair on, G.

BIG G is bald as a bowling ball.

T opens the door, as soon as a knock is heard.

Two BLOKES walk in wearing black suits. The first is L, 50, an ivory beanpole of a man. The second is B, 35, who is as wide as he is tall.

BIG G

Welcome to the party, gentlemen.
You'll be 'appy to meet our fine new associate, Q.

Q acknowledges them but his eyes are magnetized to his bloody rings.

BIG G (CONT'D)

Q, this is L and B. Lambert and Butler if you will.

Q doesn't attempt to amuse Big G.

T
Santa and his little helper.

B
Never nice to see you, T.

T
Which is precisely why we shall be
leaving now you're here.

L
Leaving us to do the dirty work
then.

BIG G
(to T)
Leaving without finding anything
out?

T
Yeah. He's all yours. We need to
stitch Q up.

BIG G
Glad you mentioned that.

T
Mentioned what.

BIG G
L, if some little cunt cut you,
what would you do?

BIG G enjoys playing the showman. T is tired of it.

L
I'd kill him.

BIG G
B?

B
I'd cut his bollucks off and feed
them to him.

BIG G
Beautiful. So why then, Q, have you
let him get away with it?

Q
I haven't. Look at him.

They have all forgotten the DEALER by this point.

BIG G
 Congratulations, you punched him.
 Kill him.

T
 Nobody is doing any killing. Not
 until you've questioned him.

Q
 He's just a kid. Ask him his name
 and he'll give you his bank
 details.

BIG G
 Consider it a rite of passage.

Q
 I don't need to prove myself to a
 sociopath like you. We're going.

BIG G
 Lighten up, kid. You're not the one
 in the chair. One day you will be.

B
 Oi guys-

B's bellow catches them off guard. They all switch to see B
 touching the DEALER's neck to take a non-existent pulse.

B (CONT'D)
 He's dead.

BIG G
 Consider yourself initiated.

EXT. T'S CAR - NIGHT

Q watches the window as they drive through the night.

T
 If it makes you feel any better,
 they were going to kill him anyway.

T turns on the father act. He's never convincing.

T (CONT'D)
 It gets easier. Not killing. But
 like coming to terms with it. And I
 think you have more reason to want
 to kill than anyone.

Q
You're awful at this.

INT. T'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

T helps Q sit at the table.

Q
T is this your home?

T
Tony is fine.

Q grimaces but his discomfort doesn't stop there.

Q
Just take me to a hospital. If not,
just do this back at mine.

T
You need a woman's touch.

Q
No. No I don't. I need to be alone.
Your wife doesn't need to see this.

T
She's seen worse.

T leaves the table and goes up the stairs.

Muffled voices can be heard upstairs and then-

NAT (O.S.)
What the fuck have you done Tony?

After a moment, Nat floats down the stairs.

NAT (CONT'D)
(to Q)
Hello, troublemaker. You're my
husbands new love interest?

She barely looks at Q. She goes to a cabinet and pulls out a first aid-kit, then to another to get a glass which she fills up with water at the sink. She's done this before.

T trudges down the stairs behind her.

T
This is Adamu.

Q
I prefer Q.

NAT
Q it is.

Nat pulls a chair out for herself next to Q and inspects his arm.

NAT (CONT'D)
You boys live for trouble don't you.

Q
I'd prefer to avoid it.

NAT
At least you're smart. This might hurt a tad. Just don't scream like Tony.

INT. T'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nat finishes bandaging Q's arm. She kisses her fingers and places them on the bandage.

NAT
Silent as a lamb.

Q
Thank you.

NAT
(pointing to T)
Now if he asks you to do anything that'll hurt that, tell him to do one.

Nat respects Q's silence and offers a smile.

T
(to T)
Where's Janis? Why isn't she sneaking around?

NAT
Out.

T
What do you mean she's out? Where is she?

NAT

One of her friends is having a party.

T

Friends? Since when did she have friends? Where is she, I'm picking her up.

Q stands up to escape the tension.

Q

I'm going to go. Thank you again.

NAT

(to T)

You are going to drop Q off and you're going to come back home.

T

(frustration boiling)

Just tell me where she is Nat.

NAT

No.

T

I didn't say she could go. I'm her father, I should know where she is.

NAT

She's a grown woman, she doesn't need a babysitter.

As usual, T isn't winning this one.

T

Alright, whatever you say.

INT. T'S CAR - NIGHT

T drives without care for the speed limits. Q is next to him, looking out of the window.

T takes his phone out of his jacket pocket and hands it to Q.

T

Go on the little orange app. It's a tracker. There's three numbers. Look at Janis's.

Q

You want me to stalk your daughter?

T
Just do it.

Q obliges.

Q
You're tracking my phone?

T
Whoop-dee-fucking-doo. Where's
Janis?

Q
Chorlton? Two and a half miles.

T
Perfect. And here you are.

The CAR pulls up outside Q's APARTMENT.

Q
Thank you. I guess. Tony.

T
Come on. Fuck off.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

TEENAGERS stumble about the lawn with cigarettes and bottles. All the house lights are on and silhouettes crowd the windows. It's noisy, the neighbors won't be happy.

Neighbors are the least of their worries. T marches from the street onto the lawn.

A huddle of TEENAGERS clock T and act like bodyguards.

T
Fuck off. Fuck off. Fuck off.

Up close and personal, the TEENAGERS lose their nerve. T strides pasts them and swings and SLAMS the front door of the house.

Janis scrambles round the corner of the house. She's gagging and takes no notice of anyone else.

Instead, she notices something else that makes her very excited.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

T is surrounded by baffled TEENAGERS. He grabs the BOYS closest to him by the scruffs of their necks.

T
Where's Janis!

You can almost smell the shit in their pants. He grabs BOY after BOY and asks them the same thing.

Everyone around T is terrified. *Who the fuck is this guy?*

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

T storms back out of the house. His CAR rumbles on the road and he sprints towards it.

He WHIPS open his car door. Janis slouches in the driver's seat, drool hangs from her mouth and her wrists bend limply over the steering wheel.

T
Thank fuck for that.

INT. T'S CAR - NIGHT

Janis is mangled in the passenger seat, head pressed against the window. T drives them home.

JANIS
Pull over. I need to be sick.

Silence.

JANIS (CONT'D)
Pull over, you dick.

T
What have you had?

She has the same mischievous look as her mother, even now.

JANIS
Hm. Cocaine. Ecstasy. Half a bottle of vodka. Oh and somebody gave me ketamine for the first time. I like it.

T's eyes are anywhere but the road now.

T

You're never going out again.

JANIS

You put a tracker on my phone
didn't you.

T

You can't just run off without
telling me. You could have OD'd.

JANIS

I don't buy it myself. I am given
it. A nice healthy balanced diet.

T

You're definitely not going to uni.

JANIS

I'm getting a second phone.

T

Janis, I can't look after you if I
don't know what you're doing or
where you are.

Janis finds the severity amusing. She looks at what she's
done to her father and then to his clothing. Adamu's blood is
splattered on his sleeve.

JANIS

That's blood.

T

It's not mine.

JANIS

Someone from the party?

T

Adamu.

Huh?

JANIS

Ohhh, boyfriend. You looked after
him well then.

The CAR comes to a halt. They're back home together and
further apart than ever.

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

T sits in his chair. He seems unaware of the beer in his hand and then when he realizes, he gulps as much as possible.

Nat tiptoes down the stairs. T watches her as she comes to join him, sitting on the sofa opposite him.

NAT
She's asleep.

T
I'm a bad father aren't I?

NAT
You care. That's better than some.

T
She fucking hates me.

NAT
She doesn't like how much she sees of herself in you. I mean, yeah she's a bitch. Gets that from her mother. But she doesn't hate you.

T
I want her to think of me as a good father.

NAT
Then prove it.

T
Prove it to her? She doesn't let me in Nat. She tells me nothing. Only what drugs she's done. And you know why she tells me that? You know why? Because she knows that makes me feel bad. That I feel responsible.

NAT
Yep. Clever bitch.

Nat's smirk smacks of pride.

T
I don't get how I prove it to her.

NAT
Maybe you can't. But maybe, you have to prove you can be that for someone else.

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

T attacks a large TREE with a CHAINSAW. Splinters fire in his face.

With great effort, a large branch falls to the floor. Sunlight creeps into T's HOUSE through the window.

INT. T'S HOUSE - JANIS'S ROOM - DAY

The RIP of a chainsaw rings through the house. Janis turns and moans as she's dragged back into head-splitting reality.

She folds a pillow around her ears. In her curtain-draped room, she looks at her phone and hisses when the brightness attacks her.

'MISSED CALLS: DAD (8)'... 'TEXT MESSAGE from DAD: Where are you'...

She giggles.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - DAY

Q sits in bed. Cracks of light come through the windows. He reads his BUDDHISM BOOK.

Against the corner of the book, he glimpses his hands. Cuts, bruises and his rings. He slams the book closed and peels himself off his bed.

INT. T'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Janis heaves out the flakes and snot out of her nose. She throws water on her face and looks at the mirror.

She looks like shit. She doesn't care.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - DAY

Q stares into his bathroom mirror. He fakes one emotion and then another. Each time he returns to misery.

INT. T'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Janis chucks back some pills and water. T's cigarettes are lying on the kitchen island.

The coast is clear. She takes the loot and heads for the front door, her phone left behind.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - DAY

Toast is nibbled then mostly left on the side. Q throws some clothes on.

He looks at his phone. Nothing. He heads out of the door.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Gloom reigns over an empty hill. Q plods up it until he reaches the top.

A BICYCLE. Punctured. Desolate.

Q inspects its capabilities. He stands the bike up, sits down on it and looks out to the landscape.

On one side, the city and to the other, fields and hills rolling indefinitely. Q tries to set off on the bike but after one push and clunk the bike and Q slump to the ground.

He sits by the bike's side and looks at the hills. It starts to rain.

Q
That's that then.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Q paces past graves, looking at each one. All of a sudden he stops at one.

The dates: '1995-2012'. Q seems entranced by it.

JANIS (O.S.)
Do not stand at my grave and weep-

Janis stands there observing him, a slight veil of vulnerability in the rain.

JANIS (CONT'D)
I am not there, I do not sleep.

Q
Excuse me?

His guard is up again.

JANIS

It's a poem. Mary Elizabeth Frye.

She joins him in looking at the grave.

JANIS (CONT'D)

A year younger than me.

Q

I haven't been weeping for myself.

JANIS

Good. They wouldn't want you to.

Q

Who are you here to see?

JANIS

No one. Who were they to you?

Q

This? Nobody. They're not buried here.

JANIS

Parents?

Q shakes his head.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Why are you here then?

Q

Got nowhere better to be. I don't know, I'm not from round here.

Janis had guessed.

JANIS

You want to leave?

Q

Yeah.

JANIS

Let's leave together then.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Janis leads Q through the busy streets of Manchester. Q almost has to start jogging to keep up.

JANIS
You hungry?

Q
Not really. No.

JANIS
We're going to get something fried.

Q
Are we really?

JANIS
Yep. Hungover as fuck.

They fly onto the next road. It's familiar. Q's clocking on.

JANIS (CONT'D)
Hurry up.

Janis is way ahead of him.

She comes to an abrupt stop and stumbles into Q who doesn't stop in time. Ouch, right in the arm.

JANIS (CONT'D)
Looks like my mum can't solve everything.

They're right outside JIMMY'S CAFE.

JANIS (CONT'D)
And the only thing my dad can solve is a good breakfast.

Q can't believe he's been beaten to the realization.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

T's car slows on a long gravel drive that leads to an old English MANSION. Two GUARDS stand outside the front door.

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

T saunters through a chandelier-crowned hallway. The walls are laden with classical art and the floors with leather-clad feet.

Big G stands in his way, acting as if he is the king of the castle. It's a constant cock-measuring contest.

BIG G
Strange seeing me in your place?

T
Have it, I've enjoyed stretching my legs. What happened to the kid?

BIG G
Ashes to ashes. The boss wants to see you.

T
No shit.

INT. MANSION - M'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

It looks like where the Queen would have tea and scones. At one end is a contained BAR. MACCA, 72, is behind it making himself a drink.

T
Still on the green tea?

Macca turns around holding a teacup. He looks like he belongs in a bookshop but he's dressed to kill.

MACCA
I only keep beers in these fridges for you, Tony. This stuff though, this is good for my longevity.

T knows where he's allowed to sit but hovers nervously.

MACCA (CONT'D)
Do you want one?

T
I'm driving but thank you.

MACCA
How's the kid? You looking after him?

T
He took your bait. Got cut up for it though.

MACCA
(edging closer to T)
He sounds like you. You know when I first came across you, you were so raw. So angry.

(MORE)

MACCA (CONT'D)

All you wanted to do was fight and I should have let you do it more. You would have made me a lot of money.

T

I made money in other ways.

MACCA

That you did, son. Anyway, I didn't want you to get hurt. You had been hurt enough already.

Macca is close to T now. T is the bigger man, Macca the bigger presence. He touches T's head-

MACCA (CONT'D)

We needed to fix this first.

T

He's not like me.

MACCA

(amused)

Who is? I want Adamu for the same reason I wanted you.

T

We really don't need him.

Macca makes a gun with his fingers and points it at himself-

MACCA

You want me to?

T

No, I just think it will be easier to let him go.

MACCA

Allow me to think for you. Adamu is my man now. My men are like my clothes. Once upon a time, I would happily strut around Casablanca butt naked. But now, I am old, I need to hide my vulgarities. You, Tony, are my hand-me-down. I give you to someone that I love, to imprint my style, myself, onto them. But you are still mine, my prized possession. I don't buy clothes if I don't want them.

(MORE)

MACCA (CONT'D)

Adamu is different, according to his old associate, he is the tux to your lounge suit.

T

You want to keep him?

MACCA

I know you prefer being here all the time, Tony. Just look after him for me, then you might both be here.

T

Alright, it'll be done.

MACCA

Bring him to the club tonight. I'm going to put a show on.

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nat, Janis and Q sit around the kitchen table like a happy family.

JANIS

No, no, fuck Western civilization. I want to go to China.

Q

China and Japan. Imagine going to the Hells of Bappu and to seeing the Daibutsu.

JANIS

The Great Buddha?

Q

Yeah, yeah. Imagine stepping through Aokigahara forest.

JANIS

Are you okay? You would rather go see the suicide forest than Mount Fuji?

NAT

Why wouldn't you just go to Spain or Portugal or any normal place with a quiet beach?

The front door OPENS. It's T. This is a head fuck, *what the fuck is Q doing here?*

They all turn towards T.

T
Why the fuck are you here?

JANIS
I invited him.

T
What do you mean you invited him,
you've never fucking met him.

JANIS
I met him today since you let him
off your leash.

T
Work life and home life should be
separate.

NAT
Our home life can be whatever me
and Janis want it to be.

Q gets out of his chair.

Q
I'm sorry, I'll go.

NAT
No you don't need to go anywhere Q.

T
No, he does. We're needed.

JANIS
You're needed here too.

T marches over to Q and grabs him like a parent.

Q
It won't happen again, Tony. I'm
sorry.

T leads Q out of the front door-

-- EXT. T'S HOUSE

T
Right, we need to smarten you up.
Have you got a suit?

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

Q looks razor sharp. As does everyone when they first enter this VIP LOUNGE. Now, though, some top buttons have been undone and shirts beginning to untuck.

A STRIPPER or THREE strut around. Macca's men are everywhere. Some gawp, others talk and a hell of a lot of them are looking at Q.

Q
I suspect this is the first and
last time I get as much attention
as strippers.

T leads Q towards the BAR, acknowledging men on the way.

T
You're the new meat, what else do
you expect?

At the BAR, a BARMAN hands T a pint without asking.

T (CONT'D)
(to BARMAN)
Make that two.

BARMAN obliges.

Q
I'm good, thank you.

T
Act normal. Have a beer.

Q
Why are we here?

T
The boss wants you here.

Q
The boss wants me here?

T
Yes you fucking parrot.

Q
What does he want me for?

Big G walks towards the BAR. Eyes fixed on Q.

T
Stay here.

T intercepts BIG G. Q turns towards the BAR. A beer is clunked in front of him.

Q takes the beer and walks towards a BALCONY. Below is a sea of people dancing. DANCE MUSIC pounds in the strobe-lit floor.

Q tastes a dribble of his beer.

A MAN leans against the balcony railing next to Q.

MAN

In two days time you are going to lead a raid.

Q turns to look at the MAN, 27. He's a clean-cut-kid with wings on his blazer collar. He likes to be called HERMES, it helps his ego.

Q

Who do you think you're talking to?

HERMES

I'm talking to you, bootlicker. So if you're not able to repeat back what I say to you, word for word, I'll send you toppling over this balcony. This raid will happen in precisely fifty hours. In precisely fourth-eight hours, you're gonna be picked up in a van. Black with an orange logo. Morrell's. You get in that van, you use the equipment provided and you will order the rest of the party on how get the goods. And you best get every last speck of those goods and every last penny you find in there. Kill anyone you find in there. Two of you will deal with the clean up whilst another guards. Another two will ensure the plunder is delivered properly to a specified address.

Q

And number six?

CLEAN CUT KID

You will take the car that will be across the street and report to at another address that will be provided.

Q
I can't drive.

Hermes glances to another man, it's L. He walks over to them and holds out a BRIEFCASE to Q, who eventually takes it off him.

Hermes hands Q a DRIVERS LICENSE with his face on it.

HERMES
Get scouting that apartment,
bootlicker.

Hermes and L leave instantly.

Q is left with all his baggage. T reappears.

Q
Was this your idea?

T
You're lucky, I have to spend the
night with Big G. Need a hand?

T takes the beer off Q's hands and drinks it.

Q
I can't do this, man.

T
Why fucking not, ey? You were all
up for it the other day, weren't
you? Give them what they deserve.

Q
It's not as simple as that.

T
Tomorrow, I'll help you plan, okay?
Right now, you need to see
something.

INT. THE CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Q and T sit at a table in the VIP LOUNGE, away from the majority of the men. The music is as loud as ever.

Their table is one of five, curved like a theatre around another table.

B stumbles through a door with a DESK. He sets it directly in front of the centre table. He repeats the process with a HIGH-SCHOOL chair and leaves through the door again.

Q's fingers rattle their table. T drinks a beer, glaring into oblivion.

It looks like a staged interview. But, for who?

What makes it weirder is that there's an old oak WARDROBE behind the high-school chair. It's like the one in Q's apartment. To the side of wardrobe is a door marked 'RESTRICTED'.

Q

Tony - why is there a wardrobe in a club?

Big G barges through the door, grappling a large man, FREDDIE, 33. Freddie is forced into the CHAIR, he looks like he knows the deal.

BIG G

Wait there. Good boy.

Big G slaps him softly and sits at the CENTRE TABLE.

Q

(Whispering)

T, what the fuck is happening?

T

Put it this way, The wardrobe can change every week. But it is always the same chair. Just be calm.

The RESTRICTED DOOR swings open. Macca saunters out, leaning on a WALKING STICK.

T nudges Q as he stands up. Q, Big G and Freddie follow suit.

Macca gets on his tip toes to give Freddie a European greeting, whispering in his ear with a smile. The DANCE MUSIC is all that can be heard.

Macca gestures Freddie to sit down so he does. Macca sits at the centre table whilst Big G circles behind Freddie and stands next to the WARDROBE.

T sits down, pulling Q down with him.

Q

What now?

Q's words fade to whispers. Macca asks Freddie questions, only snippets audible over the music.

MACCA
What's your real name?

BEEFCAKE
Freddie Booth.

MACCA
What do we call you?

BEEFCAKE
F.

Back at Q and T's TABLE-

Q
T, what is he going to do?

T
Just watch.

At the CENTRE TABLE-

MACCA
How many people have you killed?

QT's TABLE-

Q
What is he asking him?

CENTRE TABLE-

MACCA
Have you ever betrayed me?

QT's TABLE-

Q
What is that fucking wardrobe for?

CENTRE TABLE-

Macca asks something inaudible.

QT's TABLE-

Q tugs on T's sleeve. His shouting is drowned out.

CENTRE TABLE-

The wrong answer.

Macca cracks his walking stick on the ground twice.

Big G taps the wardrobe twice.

Freddie's head explodes.

His body slumps to the floor. Smoke seeps from a hole in the wardrobe. All that can be heard is the pounding music.

The wardrobe opens. A crouched GUNMAN creeps out and grabs Freddie's torso. Big G picks up his legs.

B and L appear from a door. They tip the wardrobe onto its back. The GUNMAN and Big G heave Freddie's body into the wardrobe.

The four of them pick up the wardrobe, a corner apiece. They carry it out of the same door that Freddie entered in, as another MAN holds the door open. Like clockwork.

Macca stands up, a slim silhouette against the red light. He spins around towards Q and T. His head held low, he offers his hand to Q, as if expecting a kiss.

T's foot stamps on Q's. Q takes Macca's hand.

MACCA

Adamu, it is my pleasure to finally meet you.

Q

What did you ask him?

Macca turns Q's hand, holding it firm.

MACCA

Such lovely rings. You will have to get me one.

T

Q is ready for the raid, Macca. Plans are already being made.

Macca suddenly releases Q's hand. His hand is now smeared with blood.

MACCA

Feel free to make it bloody. You don't need to worry about the clean up.

T

He'll make it bloody brilliant. Won't you, Q?

Q
The bloods already on my hands.
Now, what did you ask him?

Macca finally interrogates Q with his eyes.

MACCA
Many things and as you would
imagine, I knew the answer to them
all. But if you must know what I
asked our dear departed Freddie
before he went into the closet... I
asked him if he had always been in
it.

Q gets it quicker than T.

Q
You killed him for that?

MACCA
Tony, I thought you said the boy
was clever. (To Q) Complete the
job, close this chapter of your
life and then me and you will have
a proper conversation.

MACCA turns to T, offers a hand of farewell and leaves
through his RESTRICTED DOOR.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Q moves erratically towards T's car, ready to burst. T moves
silently.

Q
We are at the mercy of a fucking
psychopath.

T
You're at his mercy, I'm fine.

Q
Well thank you very much for your
concern. How can you be okay with
this?

T
He didn't kill him because he was
gay.

Q
Did you not here him? He asked him
if he was gay and then he blew his
head off.

T
That's not why he killed him.

Q
He's a homophobe, he's probably a
racist too.

T
He killed him because he lied.
Macca requires...

He tries to find the word-

T (CONT'D)
Devotion.

Q
So don't lie? Fine, I'm going to
tell him that I don't want to do
this raid and I want to be on the
first plane out of here.

T
That's different.

Q
Then I can't win.

T
No, you probably can't. But the
more disrespectful you are, like
that shit you just pulled then, the
sooner you'll lose. If anything,
you're lucky you acted like that to
him before you've met another boss.
They would all have your head.

Q
(exasperated)
This guys a fucking psychopath,
man.

T
Q, mate, just get in the car. Sleep
it off, do what he says and you'll
be okay.

Q
I'm not okay. And neither are you.

T is silent. He stares down the alleyway.

They slump into the car and drive away.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Four YOUNG MEN joke around the back entrance of a club, among them a YOUNG T, 22, happier and cockier than ever and LEO, 22. The other two are SID and ROD. They sport mod looks.

Guitar cases, amps and other equipment lie next to their feet among cigarette butts and broken bottles. A van blocks the alley.

SID

I actually thought you were gonna smash it.

YOUNG T

Punters will keep coming back hoping that next time I do.

ROD

You mean your balls dropped off just before you did it?

LEO

His balls are already on lock and key.

T

Meanwhile, you'll need to dust the cobwebs off yours when they come out of hiding.

SID

Don't worry, Leo. You can always bang the drums.

LEO

Yeah, well I just hope you strum girls better than your guitar.

SID

What you on about? I killed it tonight.

LEO

I'm having you on, you were good mate.

YOUNG T

Yeah, realllly fucking good.

Young T looks at his watch.

YOUNG T (CONT'D)
 Oi, boys. Get us a drink inside,
 I'll have a spliff waiting for you
 when you get back.

ROD
 Better be a warhead.

Sid and Rod head in through the BACK ENTRANCE. A chorus of
 trashy rock hums whilst the door is open.

LEO
 We need to sack him off.

YOUNG T
 Big time. Rock, paper, scissors on
 who tells him?

LEO
 Fuck off, you know I hate
 confrontation.

YOUNG T
 Yeah alright.

LEO
 How's that girl? What's she called?
 Nat?

YOUNG T
 Probably get bored of her soon.

LEO
 I've seen you, you like her. Be
 introducing her to your mum soon.

Young T has a drag of his cig and refuses to respond.

LEO (CONT'D)
 Who we meeting here anyway?

YOUNG T
 Guy called Rhino. My uncle knows
 him.

LEO
 Rhino? You must be taking the piss.

YOUNG T
 I wish I was. Apparently one time
 he got glassed in the face. Footy
 game or somet.

(MORE)

YOUNG T (CONT'D)

Big stocky fella n all. And when he got glassed, this one long shard was still sticking out of his forehead. Yet being a loony, he goes on a fucking rampage with this massive bit of glass stuck in him.

LEO

Bullshit.

YOUNG T

Probably. Got the gear on you?

A silhouette of a MAN appears at the end of the street, heading towards Young T and Leo. He's not a rhino, he's slim. Then two more FIGURES come out of the shadows.

LEO

Is this him?

The confidence fades from Young T's face.

INT. T'S CAR - THE NEXT DAY

T is parked outside Q's APARTMENT. He takes out his phone and calls Q. No answer.

He checks his app for where Q is. He's home.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - DAY

T enters Q's barebones APARTMENT. It's hard to tell whether Q is packing up or if he ever unpacked. Q is nowhere to be seen but his phone is on the bed. *Sneaky bastard.*

The briefcase is discarded in the corner of the room. T picks it up and opens it on the bed.

He makes another phone call.

T

Hi darling, rate you could do your old man a favour?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Janis walks past graves, battered by the wind. She looks at the same grave that she met Q at.

She starts shouting after Q, disturbing people paying their respects. She doesn't seem to care.

EXT. JIMMY'S CAFE - DAY

Janis looks through the window. She goes inside and is greeted by Jimmy like she is his own daughter.

In view of the cafe is a TRAIN STATION.

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

T looks like a man that's discovered his passion.

The briefcase is on the floor, the plans before him on a table. Rendezvous points, the fake driver's license, architectural digest of a building, a map of the targeted area. And of course, a beer for himself.

T swigs his beer and checks his phone - his tracking app. A little symbol represents Janis.

There is a KNOCK or three at the door. T jumps up, knowing who it is. He opens the door and Janis bursts past him.

JANIS
I think Q has left.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Q sits on an empty train to nowhere. He carries a single bag.

He customarily looks out of the window. The sun that enlightens his skin is blocked by cloud.

Rain.

INT. T'S HOUSE - DAY

T runs up the stairs, two at a time.

T
Nat!

He looks into the MASTER BEDROOM. Nat has made it her own but she isn't there.

He keeps calling after her and barges another room open.

INT. T'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nat owns the bath, bubbles moulding around her figure. She reads a book and she keeps reading despite T's intrusion.

NAT
What is it, Tony?

T
(out of breath)
Me and Janis are going out looking
for Q.

She peeks an eye over her book.

T (CONT'D)
Can you help please?

She rises out of the bath, in full frontal view of her husband. A jaw hits the floor. T can't help himself.

Nat reaches for a towel and slaps him away with it.

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nat swings on whatever jacket she can find first. The three of them are ready to go and head out of the house.

T
One of you check Piccadilly, the
other check Victoria.

JANIS
Check for flights to Japan and
China first.

T
Why?

JANIS
Just do it.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

T's head is craned up towards the departures board. There is a flight to Japan soon.

He rushes to an INFORMATION DESK and asks the WORKER questions aggressively.

INT. TRAIN STATION - MANCHESTER PICCADILLY - DAY

Nat talks to a TICKET MAN, showing a picture of Q. Two OLD WOMEN try to butt past her and talk to the TICKET MAN. Nat dismisses them.

INT. TRAIN STATION - MANCHESTER VICTORIA - DAY

Janis stalks a SECURITY GUARD against the hum drum of WORKERS rushing to catch their trains.

The SECURITY GUARD leads her up stairs to the STAFF AREA. He heads into a COMMUNAL ROOM. To her left, however, is a ROOM that has many screens with many, many people on them.

Janis peeks through a little bit of glass in the door. The door opens.

JAMES, 38, comes out and is baffled by the sight of Janis who turns on the waterworks. This is James' eighth shift in a row and it shows.

JANIS

Excuse me, sir, I've lost my grandfather. He's not well, he won't know where he is.

INT. CCTV ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Janis sits on James's seat, nibbling on chocolate as the tears are in full flow. James stands holding the door ajar.

JAMES

I'm going to make an announcement, what did you say your grandfather's name was?

JANIS

Mr. Micheal Bliss. Hurry! He could be on the tracks!

He rushes out of the room.

Tears are wiped... chocolate scoffed... the door locked. Janis hops back on the chair and spins towards the monitors.

EXT. AIRPORT - DUSK

T stands outside, phone to ear and cigarette to hand.

T

Anything?

NAT (O.S.)

Nothing. He's probably just out for the day, being normal.

T

I need him for tomorrow.

NAT (O.S.)

He got a coffee at Jimmy's. What's the big deal?

T

And he could be anywhere now. You know what, just go home, don't take this seriously.

NAT (O.S.)

Happily, I'm going to go get Janis. He'll turn up, Tony. You're just being over the top as usual.

She hangs up on him. T can't believe what she has said, even though he's heard it before.

INT. CCTV ROOM - DUSK

Janis plays asleep in her chair. James is outside banging on the door with a more WORKERS.

PING. A text - Nat is outside.

Another flurry of BANGS on the door. Janis shakes herself 'awake', squirming off the chair and onto the floor. Outside, they look petrified. Janis stands up, pretending to hyperventilate. She struggles to the door and unlocks it.

INT. STAFF AREA - CONTINUOUS

She keeps up the act as she holds out a hand trying to pass the workers.

JANIS

I- I think I'm- I'm having a panic attacked. You scared - me - so - much.

She stumbles down the stairs to the MAIN FLOOR of the TRAIN STATION, hand outstretched at all times. The workers hover, frozen in shock and indecision. James tries to help-

JANIS (CONT'D)

I need space!

She goes around a corner and instantly skips her way into a crowd of people and out of the station.

INT. T'S CAR - NIGHT

T is back where he started. He tries to keep watch over Q's APARTMENT but his eyes are failing him.

INT. T'S CAR - MORNING

His face is squished against the window. A passing DOG WALKER gives him a funny look.

His phone starts to ring, shaking him awake. Without looking and half asleep, he answers.

T
Who is it?

MACCA (O.S.)
Late night, Tony?

That voice him has woke him up.

T
Wide awake.

MACCA (O.S.)
Excellent. Are we all ready for tonight?

T
Yeah, yeah it's all planned.
Everything down to the last detail.

MACCA (O.S.)
And Adamu?

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - DAY

T SLAMS the door on his way in. He storms to the WARDROBE and puts a hole into it. He looks at the wardrobe, there is already another hole in it. He leathers it again.

There's a full duffel bag on the bed.

Q appears from the BATHROOM, the toothbrush in his mouth muffling his words.

Q
What the fuck?

T turns around and hugs Q half to death. The toothbrush nearly falls out of Q's mouth. T realizes what he's doing and stops, pushing Q away from him.

T
Where the fuck have you been?

Q
I was thinking.

Q heads back into the BATHROOM to spit out his toothpaste and leave the toothbrush where it belongs.

T
You can think here. Were you thinking about tonight? You fucking best have been.

Q lingers in the BATHROOM.

T (CONT'D)
You didn't even look at the briefcase did you? No matter, whilst you were contemplating the meaning of the universe or whatever it is you do - I was planning.

Q
I'm leaving.

T
Come again?

Q comes back into the BEDROOM to face T.

Q
I said, I'm leaving.

T
(Half-laughing)
Yeah, you don't leave this, Adamu.

Q
Typically, yeah, you're right. I'll be the slave leaving the plantation. King Psycho will send people after me, including you. But I'll be smart. My record is clean, I'll hop about, you know.

T can't believe what he is hearing.

T
You are not leaving!

Q
Excuse me?

T

I'm not letting you. I mean, how fucking naive are you?

Q

Not as naive as you. You should have left long ago, Janis doesn't deserve to be brought up around this.

T

Don't tell me how to be a parent when you're still a child yourself.

Q

You may be a good little gangster but I am not going to be someone's mercenary, killing by day, hating myself by night.

T

You're giving up on your friends. I get it. Vengeance is overrated.

Q

No, I'm giving up on you and on all of this.

Q picks up his duffel bag, he's not ready but he's going to go anyway.

T

You're right. You're not just giving up on me. Janis and Nat spent all day looking for you.

Q

Don't play that card.

T

You know, about two years ago, I got caught up on a job in Scotland. Laid low for a week. Zero contact. When I come back? Not even a smile.

Q stops in his tracks.

Q

Don't play that card, man. You're just as bad.

T

If you don't get these drugs back, it's not just you they will punish.

Q
I thought you weren't at his mercy?

T
Once upon a time, yeah, I thought
that too.

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- DAY

T and Q sit at the living room table in front of the plans. T speaks as if every word he says is genius, pointing at the architectural and street plans as he goes.

T
It's like a pincer movement. Half
in the front, half the back. Watch
them scamper to protect their gear.

Q
And then let me guess, we kill them
all?

T
Well, yeah. That's the job.

Q
This is my job. No one is getting
killed.

T
Fucking hell, alright. Okay so say,
the people on patrol, the dealers,
still likely to be up at that hour,
they're on the street around the
building, right? We sneak up on
them, tie them up. There's a row of
massive bins down this alley. We
just throw them in there.

Q
Is there going to be anything in
the pickup to tie them up with? No.
There will be sawed offs.

T
Then bring something of your own.

Q
I can't go through with this. We
need to think of something else.

Janis appears stood over in front of them. She's holding
tomatoes.

T

Where did you come from? You're supposed to be at college.

She drops the tomatoes on the plans. She looks giddy.

T (CONT'D)

What's this?

JANIS

Something else.

Q's in awe.

Q

Oxford isn't going to know what's hit them.

EXT. ROUGH AREA - DAY

Janis scopes out a three-story building from across the street. This is the RAID BUILDING.

JANIS (V.O.)

As Sherlock said, yes there are people wandering about the building all day. But we are talking one or two. No hassle.

She holds up the MAP from the briefcase.

JANIS (V.O.)

They don't venture more than an alley away from the building. And unlike Sherlock, I also don't like unnecessary death, which I knew he wouldn't consider.

INT. GROCERY - DAY

Janis inspects tomatoes, blood red.

JANIS (V.O.)

The solution? Tomatoes. Their leaves contain tiny amounts of solanine. Toxic, yep but in a decent amount it's not killing anyone. Instead, it'll make you spend a few days on the toilet, shivering in bed, bending into a plastic bag etcetera.

INT. T'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Janis has a big bag of cannabis open on the kitchen top. Next to it, a big load of tomatoes. In a grinder, she places both in equal measure.

JANIS (V.O.)

So how do we get them to eat tomato leaves? Good old reefer and sales-women-ship.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RAID BUILDING - DAY

Janis is swooning over a guard, GAZ, 24. He thinks every girl is in love with him... he smokes weed with prostitutes.

She shakes a big bag of weed in his face, saying: *come and get it.*

T (V.O.)

You're not going to try sell to these guys. You don't even know that they'll take the bait.

JANIS (V.O.)

Well, they will and they have.

Janis lights a spliff thats in Gaz's mouth.

T (V.O.)

Who have you been buying weed off?

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Janis drops several bags of weed on top of the plans. T looks proud and furious.

JANIS

I have my contacts. Silver vanilla cheese, I call it.

Q

Vanilla?

INT. T'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Janis drips tiny amounts of vanilla extract in her concoction.

She places it all on a baking tray in the oven.

JANIS (V.O.)
 My own recipe. When life gives you
 tomatoes, make poison.

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

T
 Clever bitch.

Q
 Look, this isn't going to
 immobilise everyone in that place.
 There will still be people,
 murderers, who aren't dumb enough
 to have some random product.

JANIS
 Would you rather step in the ring
 against two people or one?

T
 Q, this is how it is. I know Macca
 has told me otherwise, but I'm
 coming with you. I'll deal with the
 bloody bits if it comes to that.

JANIS
 Trust me, if you have enough
 manpower after they've had this,
 they'll shit themselves. Literally.

T
 This is as clean as it gets.

Janis doesn't look too sure about that.

The front door opens behind them. Nat wanders in with a
 shopping bag full of tomatoes.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Q and T stand on empty pavement, waiting. They're suited up,
 looking the business.

T
 You ready?

A black and orange Morrell's VAN rumbles into view.

Q is silent. The whistle of the wind. The van pulls up next
 to them and the cracks open the back doors.

Five MEN sit on the back seats of the van, so casual its as if they've been shot. No greeting, no nothing.

T ushers Q into the VAN. Before he gets in, someone jumps out of the passenger seat and comes round the back of the van to confront them. It's Big G.

BIG G
(to T)
Going somewhere?

T
I wouldn't dare to stand up my
date.

Smug as can be, Big G hands T a phone. T puts it to his ear.

MACCA (V.O.)
Sorry to ruin your plans, Tony, but
I'd like a little catch up. I even
brought you a chaffier.

Big G snatches the phone off T.

BIG G
Off we pop.

The plan crumbles before Q's eyes. Big G slams the van's doors in his face and smacks the van, kickstarting it away.

INT. MORRELL'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rocking off balance, Q can't decide whether to stand up or sit down. This amuses one of the MEN: the cocksure, Z, 29.

Down the centre of the van is a stretch of tarpaulin. Z pulls it up, revealing its secret - an array of semi-automatic handguns and shotguns. Silencers and a machete for good measure.

Z
Take your pick, el capitano.

An awkward pause. Even if he wanted one, he wouldn't know which to choose.

Z chooses for him and throws a handgun at Q's chest.

Z (CONT'D)
You going to tell us the plan then
or what?

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

T and Big G get out of a car on the driveway. The sounds of crickets rings loud in the air. Big G walks along the gravel towards the MANSION but T hesitates to look at the heavens.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RAID BUILDING - NIGHT

Like Janis before him, Q watches the outside of the BUILDING. The streets are a ghost town but Q and his team lie in wait, decked in balaclavas and black attire. The wind whistles.

Q motions for them all to move. They jog across the road in unity.

They stand in front of the BUILDING's front door

Z

Not a soul. Where are the guards?

Q

You complaining?

Q's MEN look about like owls.

Q (CONT'D)

Remember, floor by floor as a unit, up as quick as possible. I'll hold up the back and keep an eye out for stragglers.

Z kicks the door down.

INT. MANSION - M'S OFFICE - NIGHT

T is let into the room.

MACCA stands with his back to T and looks at a roaring fireplace. Above him is a PAINTING of his younger self with a greyhound.

Macca's wearing a robe and holds a leather DOG LEASH in his hand. His knuckles are white.

MACCA

Tony, do you remember me telling you about Cillian?

T

(confused)
Your son?

T tries acting normal. He heads to the tiny BAR and grabs a beer from the fridge. It's the last one. He cracks it open and it froths over his hand.

MACCA

What does it mean to be a father?
Must you be a protector? A bread-
winner? A ghost?

T

It means that you love someone more
than you can love anything else.

MACCA

It means you're a liar.

MACCA starts slapping his forearm with the leash.

MACCA (CONT'D)

I hated my son.

T

He was your son, Macca.

MACCA

You were lucky to never know your
father. Mine was a bastard.

T

Didn't have to know him to know he
was a bastard.

MACCA

He killed my dog. I loved that dog.
A collie. They had him before they
had me but I loved that dog more
than anything. One day, we were
playing. He was an old dog then but
I could get him giddy, I mean real
giddy but you see the things with
old dogs is they forget things
easily, they're not the same dog
they once were. And so my dog
forgot who I was for a second and
he bit me. I screamed but I always
screamed when I was that age, kept
my father up every night. There
wasn't even that much blood, but I
screamed and screamed until my
father took the dog away. You see,
the dog didn't squeal long, he
didn't feel much pain but I felt
that pain for a long long time.

T
 Maybe he thought that he was
 protecting you.

MACCA cracks the leash.

MACCA
 Is that all we are meant to do?

INT. RAID BUILDING - NIGHT

Q's MEN stalk the area, guns pointed. They arrive at a staircase.

Z
 (Whispers)
 Clear.

RETCHING is heard from a room behind them. Guns change direction.

Q
 Up the stairs. Wait upstairs.

They head up the stairs and Q to the ROOM. Q waits for the, to be out of sight. He puts his handgun away and out of his pants, brandishes his TASER GUN. How painfully cliché.

Q opens the door and sees inside: Gaz pukes into a toilet violently, splattering the seat. Gaz looks at Q in terror, sick gargling in his mouth. He's helpless.

Q puts his finger to his mouth - SHUSH.

INT. MANSION - M'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Macca glares at the fire.

MACCA
 The nights where Cillian would come home and embarrass me, drool dripping from his mouth, eyes so hazy you couldn't tell whether he was blind or not, nights like them I would question what it's like to be a father. I questioned if I loved him or not. And for years, I told myself that I did. But that's all it is, white lies, black lies, it's all lies. I was relieved the night that he took it too far.

(MORE)

MACCA (CONT'D)

The fact is that if you hate yourself then you will hate whatever new piece of you that you make. It's not redemptive, Tony. Men like me and you have gone too far.

T

I love Janis. I know that much.

MACCA

I wonder if she loves you.

T

I won't stop until she does.

Macca holds out the leash.

MACCA

Wear this for me.

T holds his tongue.

Macca approaches T with the noose-like leash. He slowly loops it over T's neck as he speaks.

MACCA (CONT'D)

You've always been such a good boy for me. But you don't harness the beauty of language enough to write yourself. So play by the book.

Macca tightens the leash. T shows no opposition. MACCA places a hand on T's shoulder, T kneels.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Bark, doggy, bark.

INT. RAID BUILDING - NIGHT

Q's MEN ascend the final staircase leading onto a small corridor. One door on either side.

Z

This is it.

Z signals for them to wait. P, 30, short-fat ex-con, is bloodthirsty.

P

Why the fuck are we waiting for this guy?

Q joins them at the top floor. Z looks at him for instruction.

Q nods.

Five guns pointed towards a door, Z kicks the door in. They storm the room. A short flurry of GUNFIRE.

Q hangs back in the corridor, taser in hand. BEHIND HIM, the other door OPENS. An ARM wraps around Q's neck and drags him into--

-- RAID BUILDING - RED ROOM

Q spasms on the floor in a MAN's clutches. He drops his taser. His face turns purple.

Wheezing... purple... flailing... nobody is coming to the rescue.

Q sinks his teeth into the MAN's arm. Q gasps for breath and comes to his feet. A few sloppy blows and the MAN overpowers Q again.

BLACK GLOVES clamp Q's windpipe. Q's face turns to more extreme levels of purple.

Q's hands flap against the MAN.

The grip tightens. The wheezing stops. Q's arms fall from the air.

BANG.

The MAN's grip is lost, he reels over, holding his bloody abdomen. Q heaves air into his lungs and drops the GUN stashed in his pants.

Q jumps over MAN's body trying to slow the bleeding. But Q has gone too far and the MAN lies dead.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

T staggers outside, wheezing for breath. He doesn't look back. Big G comes out of the door following him.

Q struggles into the CAR. Big G speeds over to the window.

T

What the fuck do you want?

BIG G
Oh diddums, thought you were my
date for the night?

T
You'll get a date with my fucking
fist if you don't back off.

BIG G
I'll kiss them better after I've
broke them.

T starts the ignition.

BIG G (CONT'D)
Hold your horses. I'm here to drive
you. Always the gentleman.

T
I can drive myself.

BIG G
Boss' orders.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Q sits in a car across the road from the RAID BUILDING. His blood-soaked hands are on the steering wheel. His eyes linger on his red RINGS. He turns the key but there's a knock on the window - it's T.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

T drives. Painful silence.

T
I'm sorry I wasn't there.

T coughs and wheezes. He can't stop.

Q
Where do we need to go next?

T
I don't care. You're going home.

They keep driving in silence.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The car stops.

T
I need to take this car to be
scrapped. You alright?

Q
I need to go.

T
The jobs done, we'll get you out of
here.

Q
I need to go for good. Or more
people will die.

Q gets out of the car and slams the door. He enters his
APARTMENT BLOCK.

T is left alone in the car to contemplate.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Q barges into his apartment and heads for the BATHROOM. He
raids all his cupboards frantically. He looks at medicine
packets and throws them away.

The BATHROOM fails him and he roots through his half-packed
bags. Everything is turned upside down, his BIBLE and
BUDDHISM BOOK launched across the room.

Finally, he finds a packet of paracetamol and rips the
individual tablets out. He launches as many as he can down
his throat. It's too dry. He splutters some tablets up.

He grabs the ones that fell on the floor and takes all of
them to the BATHROOM. He puts the tap on and tries to jam his
head underneath it. He drops tablet after tablet into his
mouth whilst gargling water down.

His bloody hands get wet and stain the sink. They shake
violently, dropping tablets into the diluted blood.

He does this over and over until he doesn't have any left. He
runs back to his BEDROOM and the BAGS, rooting through them
to find more.

There's no more. He sits against his bed, already looking
like a ghost.

The DOOR swings open and T walks in, face to face with a
broken Q.

T tries to make sense of it as Q looks vacantly at him. T clocks the empty packs of paracetamol on the floor.

T
Fucking idiot.

T picks Q up and drags him to the BATHROOM in front of the mirror and sink. T rams his fingers down Q's throat, Q resists but it's hopeless.

Q's eyes bulge as T's fingers go deeper until Q suddenly vomits all over the both of them. T retracts his hand in disgust, like a father looking at his newborn's nappy.

T lets go of Q and they both slump to the floor.

Q
Can't even kill myself properly.

T
Use a gun.

Q
Left it.

BEAT.

T
You're letting them win.

Q
Let them win, you can't take murder back.

T
You can forgive yourself for it.

Q isn't listening.

Q
It was my fault. It was all my fault. I told them we would get away. I gave them the drugs.

T
It's not your fault.

Q
That's what the voice told me, it wasn't by your hand, it wasn't by your hand. But then it was. I killed that boy.

T
No you didn't.

Q's eyes are welling.

Q
And he was a fucking boy, he was.
Like I am, caught up in this
fucking- fucking-

T
You didn't kill that lad.

Q
Yes, I fucking did and I've just
gone and done it again. Fucking
shot him right through the gut and
then I don't even have the gun to
do it to myself and stop this
happening over and over and over
again.

T
Macca wanted you to kill someone.
That lad had nothing to do with the
drugs or the raid. It was a random
corner.

Q
You let me kill someone?

T
Big G would have held a gun to your
head until you killed him.

Q
Why?

T
It's how he breaks people, we all
had to do it. And that guy you
killed tonight, that's not on you.
Look at your neck.

Both their necks are bruised and red.

Q
What happened to yours?

T
These deaths, they're on Macca. No
one else. And your friends, I get
that too.

Q
No you don't.

T
Trust me. I've never been able to
forgive myself.

Q
I need to get out of here.

T
You leave now and we're both dead.

Q
Thought you said it would be
alright after tonight?

T
Things change. It won't end if we
run away and it won't end at me and
you. There's only one person it
ends at.

Q
Then we have to be the ones that
kill him first.

INT. JIMMY'S CAFE - DAY

Q and T eat opposite one another with renewed vigour.

T
At the club, Macca said you and him
are going to have a 'proper
conversation'. That means one of
three things. A - he's going to
test how you kiss his feet. B -
he's going to kill you. And now C -
we're going to kill him.

Q
One in three ain't the best odds.
Tell me about his routine.

T
It's been the exact same since I
became his glorified butler. Six
A.M. Wakes up, reads the paper, has
a brew. Half six, he goes for a
run. Window of opportunity number
one.

EXT. PRETTY VILLAGE - MORNING

Macca runs along country roads. He's damn quick for his age, his guard straggles five seconds behind.

T (V.O.)

This cunt's heart is ageing. Pushes himself too hard thinking it will make him live forever.

Macca wears a 'FitBit' WATCH that measures his heart beat. It's hitting one-hundred and thirty BPM.

INT. JIMMY'S CAFE - DAY

T thinks he is onto a winner.

T

Sometimes he has to stop, catch his breath. I say we hit him there and then.

Q

You know where he runs?

T

He does a different route everyday.

Q

So we wait everyday for him to stroll along, a week later, he comes by and we whack him and the guard?

T

Yes.

Q

No. Damage control, it just has to be him. Preferably, I want no one to know it was us that done it.

T

Cocaine.

Q

What?

INT. MANSION - M'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A BIG MAN in a balaclava and all-blacks sneaks into the office. He stands in front of a conveniently placed classical tea set with a small bowl of sugar.

T (V.O.)

We swap his morning sugar for cocaine. He has his brew, goes for his run, boom - heart attack. Kill him with his own product.

He pours the contents of a white baggy into the sugar and takes off the balaclava, revealing... T. He digs his finger into the concoction and sniffs it, very pleased with himself.

INT. JIMMY'S CAFE - DAY

Q

Whilst I love how poetic you've become, how are we getting in there at night?

T

You'd have to break in.

Q's face says it all.

T (CONT'D)

Yeah, fair enough.

Q

When does he eat?

T

Nine A.M., One P.M., Six P.M. Like clockwork.

Q

He eat out?

T

Only for business.

Q

Does he have chefs?

Jimmy bundles over to provide them with fresh mugs. He looks baffled that they're talking so intensely.

T

Paolo and Fedici. He likes pasta.

Q
Could you get to them?

T
He pays them well.

Q
Allergies?

T
Mild hay-fever.

Q
We need Janis.

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- DAY

Janis stands over Q and T who are slumped on the sofa.

JANIS
Does he ever let strangers into the house?

T
Prostitutes, sometimes. When he's pissed off. His wife cheated on him.

JANIS
Then piss him off and I'll be his prostitute.

T
No fucking way.

T continues signaling his disapproval.

Q
How do we piss him off?

JANIS
He wants to talk to you. Talk back.

Q
He'll kill me. And on the off chance that he doesn't and you manage to fool his guards, he will kill you instead.

JANIS
Then just fucking shoot him in the head. It's murder, it doesn't have to be so clever.

Q

And then we will also be murdered.

JANIS

Then just run away if you have no other option. Mum and I will be fine.

Janis leaves them to figure it out alone.

Q

Maybe we should just run away.

INT. T'S HOUSE - JANIS'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Janis walks into her room. Nat packs a suitcase.

JANIS

I can pack myself.

NAT

We're going for longer.

JANIS

It's an open day.

NAT

I'm not letting you get dragged into this anymore than you already are, Jan.

JANIS

You sound like Dad.

NAT

It's his mess.

JANIS

And we're a family.

NAT

Sometimes it might be easier to stay together if we're further away from each other. Your father needs to right a lot of wrongs. I'm not just talking about whatever they're planning downstairs. He needs to do it himself.

JANIS

We go tomorrow but we play everyday by ear.

INT. T'S HOUSE - NIGHT

T knocks on JANIS' ROOM.

T
Can I come in?

JANIS (O.S.)
I'm working.

T is used to this. He sits against her door.

T
What you working on?

JANIS (O.S.)
Just a past paper.

T
Exam is next Tuesday, right?

JANIS (O.S.)
Mum does tell you some things then.

T
You're going to smash it darling, I know you will.

JANIS (O.S.)
I know.

T
I wish I could come with you tomorrow. To Oxford.

The door opens, T falls in backwards. Janis stands over him.

JANIS
You remembered.

T
Of course I remembered.

T gathers himself and joins Janis in

-- JANIS'S ROOM

T sits awkwardly on the edge of the bed whilst Janis sits at her desk.

JANIS
You wouldn't like it anyway. You'd say it's just a load of old buildings.

T
I wouldn't like it? Taking my
daughter, like, my daughter-

JANIS
Mum probably had an affair.

T doesn't bite for once.

T
MY daughter, to the best university
in the world. Shitty old buildings
or not, I'd like that.

JANIS
You can take me another time. Just
me and you.

T
I'd like that.

JANIS
Me too.

T
You know, just a few more days and
hopefully I can be around more. Act
like a proper family.

JANIS
You should go with him.

T
What?

JANIS
With Q. You should both go.

T
No, Janis, we're going to end this
for good.

JANIS
Are you?

T
Yeah I am. And regardless of that,
I wouldn't abandon you and your
mum.

JANIS
You abandoned us long ago, Dad.
Before that, you abandoned Mum when
you stayed in this life.

(MORE)

JANIS (CONT'D)

Before that, you abandoned your friend. By doing that you also abandoned yourself. Now you've given Q a chance and you're just going to abandon him too. There is only one person that you should have abandoned and so far he is the only one that you haven't. Look at your neck for fucks sake, I never met the real you but I know for sure he wouldn't have let anyone do that to them.

T is lost for words. Tears, nearly.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Mum and I will be away for a few days, longer maybe.

She gets up and kisses T on the forehead.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Q is lucky to have you.

Janis leaves her ROOM.

EXT. OUTSIDE T'S HOUSE - MORNING

T watches Janis throw her bag into the boot of the CAR. She's bad at goodbyes. Nat kisses T and leaves him on the drive.

With Nat in the driver's seat, they wheel away. T watches the car until it is out of sight.

His phone rings. He answers.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Q looks out of his window, twisting his rings around his fingers.

OUTSIDE, a car pulls up on the road.

EXT. Q'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

T gets out of his car, outside of Q's APARTMENT. He watches Q as he advances.

Q talks to someone inside the CAR that pulled up earlier. Q is given a parcel and then the CAR leaves.

T
Macca called. Tonight's the night.

Q doesn't try to hide the parcel, he doesn't look surprised to see T either.

T takes out tickets from his jacket pocket and holds them out to Q.

T (CONT'D)
Janis said you wanted to go to Japan so.

Q
Fancy picking me up tonight?

T
The flight's in four hours, may as well pack and go now.

Q
You said there's only one person this all ends at. No better time to try and end it than when you're suicidal, right?

T
(points to the parcel)
That best not be another taser.

Q
Cocaine and sugar. Premixed.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - DAY

Q rips open the parcel. It's a handgun and some rounds. Q inspects it and tries to load it. He's clueless.

T snatches the gun off Q and shows him how it's done.

T
This is going to get taken off you as soon as you step through the front door.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Q and T give each other a look as they walk towards the MANSION. They know this might be the last time they see each other.

They reach the front door, where B, L and Hermes stand guard.

HERMES

(To Q)
Bootlicker's come to supplicate.

T

And you would kiss Q's arse,
twinkletoes, if I asked you to.

HERMES

My name's Hermes and it'd be better
than kissing his muddy mouth.

T throttles Hermes, almost lifting him off the floor. T pecks the air neck to his cheeks before he drops him. Hermes flutters away holding his neck.

T

(to L) Santa.
(to B) Lil Helper.

B motions to T to stick his arms out. T obliges and Q copies him.

B

Not you, kiddo. Go ahead.

Q doesn't rush to go in without T, who is still being patted down by B.

T

No G tonight?

L

He's got another job.

T

That's a shame. He does make a
wonderful butler.

B takes a gun out of T's holster, that's hidden beneath his blazer. B is satisfied.

B

In you go.

Q and T walk over the threshold.

L

We need to come up with something
funny for them.

INT. MANSION - M'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Macca sits in a plump seat, stroking a book in his lap. A rocking chair in the corner swings, seeming like it is about to come to a stop...

A knock at the Door. Macca opens it, welcoming Q into the grand room.

MACCA

Adamu, hello, my boy. How are you?

Q

Macca.

Set on all side by packed bookshelves, the room is full of antiques. The stunning PORTRAIT of a younger Macca and a greyhound, an hour glass, a grand clock.

The furniture is as old as the collectibles. Cushion sofas, arm chairs and tables. And behind a centered chair... a WARDROBE.

Q sees it and staggers his entrance.

MACCA

I asked how you are, Adamu. Don't be rude, son.

Q stares at the wardrobe.

MACCA (CONT'D)

I ask because I care. Now, you not replying gives me the impression that you don't care that I asked.

And he's back in the room-

Q

I'm good thank you. How are you?

MACCA

Wonderful. Ever since you got my property back to me, I feel much better.

Q

Was it all there?

MACCA

About as much as I would have expected. Would you like a drink?

Macca heads to a contained BAR at the far end of the library.
Q hovers aimlessly.

Q
I don't drink alcohol but please,
allow me to make you one.

MACCA
Now what sort of host would that
make me? Why do you not drink?

Q
I like to feel in control of
myself.

MACCA
It also enables lesser men to be
capable of greater things. Are you
sure you don't want one?

Q
Let's lose control together.

MACCA
We should be celebrating your
achievement after all!

Instead of sitting down, Q stalks the bookshelves. Greek
politics and epic poetry. He's looking at one in particular.
Macca makes their drinks-

MACCA (CONT'D)
Have you read much Greek
literature?

Q
Odysseus was a hero of my
adolescence.

MACCA
Then you are familiar with the
concept of xenia?

Q
The Greek laws of hospitality.

MACCA
(Almost impressed)
Indeed. If such laws were still
followed, I'm afraid Zeus would
have already struck me down.

(MORE)

MACCA (CONT'D)

In Ancient Greece, it was expected that the host does not ask any questions of his guest until the stranger had eaten and drank his fill - or until, the stranger, being you, had anything else you wished to ask of me.

Q takes the BOOK from the shelf for his own.

Q

Could I read this?

MACCA

(teeth gritted)

Certainly. I am going to stray from tradition once again to ask you if you know why this was the case?

Q

The Greeks believed the Gods lived among them.

MACCA

Keep going.

Q

And therefore any guest could be a deity in disguise.

Macca returns with the drinks. He ushers Q into a chair and they sit opposite one another.

MACCA

Therefore I am to treat you as if you were Apollo, or dare I say, Ares.

Q

Anything but Hermes.

MACCA

And so, I ask you, with the upmost piety, is there anything else that I can do for you?

Q

You could answer some questions.

MACCA

I give you the floor.

Q

Did you steal your own drugs?

MACCA

That seems counter-intuitive.

Q

It does, doesn't it.

MACCA

And yet you still think I did it?

Q

My guess is you have my London boys under your thumb. I know you have one of their own in moi. And you also silenced a local rival. And despite what would appear to be setbacks, you have 'almost all' your property back.

MACCA

Sounds like genius.

Q

Yeah, it'd be pretty good.

MACCA

Do you like your drink?

Q swigs it down in one.

Q

Want another?

Macca raises his glass to be taken. As Q gets close to take it, Macca raises Q's blazer revealing the gun he has tucked inside. Macca lets it slide.

Q makes his way to the bar with their drinks and improvises. God knows what he's putting in them, especially whilst Macca stares at his stolen book.

Q stops to consider the stillness of his hands.

MACCA

Do you have any other conspiracies?

Q

I was wondering whether you knew what true loss is?

MACCA

It is the maker of men.

Q

What losses made you?

MACCA

They didn't make me, they provided me with the platform for my evolution. My son's death. The faithlessness of my wife. They made me weak. At first. But then I saw, they were now nothing. And now, I've risen above my losses.

Q

Nothing? Don't bullshit yourself.

MACCA

The laws of xenia extend to the host too.

Q returns with the drinks.

Q

You know what else they say? The host is to help the stranger with his next journey.

MACCA

Like I said, Zeus is yet to intervene.

Q

I want to leave, to deal with my losses.

MACCA

To conquer, one must run towards the obstacle not run away.

Q

And what obstacle is that?

MACCA

I have a proposition.

Macca stands up, fetching something from a chest of drawers. All of a sudden, a chess piece is fired towards Q.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Play me. If you win, you walk away from all obstacles. If you lose, you work for me, you create more ghosts and conquer them all.

The game began long ago.

Q
 Tony and his family go free, if I
 win.

MACCA
 You're not a gambling man are you?

Q
 You can have me. But they go free.

Macca gestures towards the table and chairs in front of the wardrobe-

MACCA
 Does here look comfortable enough?

Q
 Perfectly.

Q sits directly in front of the wardrobe. Macca joins him with a CHESS BOARD and sets it out meticulously.

MACCA
 I almost forgot.

Macca wanders around the room and brings a TIMER and his WALKING STICK back to the table. Macca sits down opposite Q with a loud TAP of his walking stick on the floor.

Just one tap. Nothing.

Q takes the gun out of his blazer and flat on the table.

Macca begins the timer.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

T, B and L all sit on chairs twiddling their thumbs, no one wants to be there.

B
 Anyone want a beer?

T
 Two.

B begins his rounds when Hermes comes in, still holding his neck.

T (CONT'D)
 I'm just heading to the little boys
 room.

HERMES

You're not allowed.

T

If I can throttle a God, I can go
for a piss.

INT. MANSION - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

T isn't going for a piss. He checks every cupboard and drawer he can. Nothing is of any use.

There's scuttling outside. T completely undoes his belt and flushes when he's done. He hides the belt in his blazer pocket.

T swings the door open, Hermes almost falls in from the other side, gun in hand.

T

Macca never spills blood in his
house so you can lose the gun.

HERMES

I've got something to show you
outside.

More afraid of Macca, Hermes holsters his weapon. As soon as it touches the leather of his holster, T punches Hermes' throat, silencing him.

T grapples his arms and swings the belt over HERMES' neck. They both fall to the bathroom floor, as T slowly chokes the life out of Hermes.

INT. MANSION - M'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

TICK TOCK TICK TOCK. The game is afoot.

MACCA

You're stalling.

Q

Said the man without a gun.

Q moves one of his pieces, hitting the timer. They make moves as they speak against the constant ticking, Macca's moves continually speed up.

MACCA

What piece do you think you are?

Q
I've been a pawn.

MACCA
And now?

Q
I'm playing my own game.

MACCA
And what am I in your game?

Q
You're the king, in a damn fine
castle too.

Q moves a pawn to the end of the board, a fallen piece is
recovered.

MACCA
You could have your own castle.
Just like right now, I can pave the
way for you to get whatever you
want.

Q leans back on his chair-

Q
I don't want a castle. I want a
home and when I get it, it's going
to have better interior decor than
this.

Q TAPS the wardrobe TWICE.

TICK TOCK TICK TOCK.

Nothing. Not even a flinch.

MACCA
What about Tony?

Q
Tony goes free, as does his wife
and daughter.

MACCA
What piece is he? The brave knight?
The trusty rook? The bishop?

Macca is amused by Q's expression.

MACCA (CONT'D)

No, you're right. Tony never has been one for strong beliefs. You know he once splattered a man's brains all over his poor niece?

Q

Knights did vile things.

MACCA

Read some Chaucer. Tony, chivalry? I think not.

Q

I think you'd be surprised.

MACCA

His merits belong to his family and his family only. Luckily, I am just that.

Q

That's cute, he's your queen.

MACCA

Much too animalistic, I'm afraid. He's more like a mad dog. Belongs on a leash.

Q

Check.

MACCA

Let's take a break.

Q tries to interject as if he has the upper hand but Macca takes the room, standing up and moving around it.

MACCA (CONT'D)

You know I had a dog once. Would you like another drink? I called him Pegasus. Gamblers love stereotypes.

Macca turns to his side and smiles, a glimpse of sentiment. He admires his painting. A proud, young Macca in a black tux, his loyal companion at his side, on a leash. In an iron fist.

The DOG LEASH is on a stand beneath the painting. Macca takes it. Q doesn't take his eyes off the chess board.

MACCA (CONT'D)

He was my pride and joy, won the championship three years on the bounce. He was a flash of silver when he ran. Blink and he would have already won the race. That was until he fell. Christ you should have heard it.

As if possessed, Macca lets out a chilling howl. Q glances at Macca. Then at his rings. Then his gun. Then back at the chess board.

MACCA (CONT'D)

It's like the fucker had gone mad under the full moon. He fell over a pothole. His back leg was a mess. I mean twisted, unnatural. His career was over, as were my earnings. For a time, I kept him in a kennel, had a vet look at him. It was no good. Every night, I would hear him. That same howl, as if the accident had happened all over again. The neighbors must have been shaking in their beds. I couldn't take it anymore.

Macca SMASHES a glass over Q's head, who is completely dumbfounded. Macca flips the table and chess board over. Q's gun is amongst the rubble of pawns.

Macca straps Q's hands to his chair with the dog leash, finishing his speech in Q's ear.

MACCA (CONT'D)

For the first time, he had shown weakness. He was useless to me. So I stormed out of bed, out the house, towards the kennels, listening to the howls the whole way. When I walked in and saw him, he stopped howling. But I could still fucking hear it in my head, over and over and when I suffocated him with my own hands that howling crescendoed like a wave of Beethoven screaming at me-

Macca stands in front of Q, his own gun pointed at him-

MACCA (CONT'D)

Do it! Do it!

An ugly pause.

MACCA (CONT'D)

And then the world was silent again.

Macca walks to the door and locks it before returning to Q. Q starts regaining his senses.

MACCA (CONT'D)

As you have seen this is all procedure. So as I have now extended my hospitality to you, I do believe that I am well within my rights to start asking you questions. Does that seem fair to you?

PAUSE.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Adamu, you have always asked too much but now we have a clearly established dynamic. So please answer for your own sake because I like you. You have Irish balls, I don't want to blow them off. Does that seem fair to you?

Q

Yes.

MACCA

Excellent! How about an easy one to get us started? What is your sexual orientation?

Blood drips down Q's face but it doesn't hide the resentment.

Q

Heterosexual.

MACCA

Did you enjoy murdering that young lad?

Q

No.

MACCA

You're passing with flying colors, Adamu. You really are. What about the other man, did you enjoy killing him?

Q

No.

MACCA

Didn't you enjoy having that control over someone's life?

Q

No.

MACCA

Do you feel responsible for deaths of your friends?

Q

Yes.

MACCA

Here's a biggie. Would you kill Tony for me?

Q

I don't want to kill anyone.

MACCA

Not even me?

Q

No.

MACCA

Don't be so boring. That control over life is the best feeling there is.

There is GUNFIRE in the HALLWAY.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Listen to it, that's all because of you. Naughty boy.

Q

These people you think you control are killing each other outside.

MACCA

And if I wanted to, I could stop it.

Q

T doesn't listen to you anymore.

MACCA
 (closing Q's mouth)
 Shush shush shush. Don't speak.
 Now, one final question. Is there
 anyone in that wardrobe?

PAUSE. *Has the gunfire stopped?*

Q
 No.

MACCA
 I'm almost inclined to give you
 that one, because there isn't
 anyone in there. Yet.

Q
 Then just do it. I've had one foot
 in there for a while.

MACCA
 I don't want to kill you. I want
 you.

The DOOR HANDLE RATTLES. Macca moves into the gears, he gets
 a small blanket from a sofa and ties Q's mouth shut.

A fist hammers the other side of the door.

T (O.S.)
 Macca, you know how this goes. Open
 the door or I will break it down.

Macca heads to the door and opens it. T walks in, the barrel
 of his gun met by the barrel of Macca's. The dead bodies of B
 and L are visible behind T in the HALLWAY.

T sees Q tied in front of the wardrobe.

T (CONT'D)
 By the looks of it, this is a who
 shoots first scenario. You know I
 will be quicker.

MACCA
 Not as quick as the man in there.

T
 He's not shot yet so by the looks
 of it Q answered correctly.

MACCA
 Well I wasn't going to meet your
 gun with my walking stick was I?

T
Let him go, Macca. He's a good kid.

MACCA
So are you. Drop the gun.

T
Stupid but not that stupid.

MACCA
Look at your phone.

T
What?

MACCA
The app I gave you.

T
I'm not looking at my phone.

MACCA
Natalie and Janis should be in
Oxford. Have a look where they are.

Not so much as a whimper from Q.

T
What have you done?

MACCA
Got my second best man on the job.

T
What have you done? Where's G?

T continues his violent shouting.

MACCA
Adamu is mine. Go claim what is
yours. My men will be here any
minute.

Only T's gun is wavering.

MACCA (CONT'D)
Last chance, Tony.

T backs out of the door, gun trying to aim at Macca. T looks like he's going to start retching.

T vanishes, his hurried footsteps grow more silent. Macca turns to the unmoved Q.

MACCA (CONT'D)
 You see? I am the one that cares
 for you.

Macca returns to where they sat earlier and reclaims his
 BOOK. He takes out his phone and makes a call.

MACCA (CONT'D)
 Do it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Big G paces, smacking his palm against his head.

He's in the WAREHOUSE where we first met him. It's identical,
 but this time there are two hostages, not one.

JANIS
 (To Big G)
 What have you got to be upset
 about?

NAT
 Janis, shut it.

JANIS
 (To Big G)
 My dad is going to kill you.

BIG G
 Are you of age?

NAT
 Try anything and we'd both bite
 your cock off.

JANIS
 More like nibble.

Big G gags both their mouths, it barely deters the noise. He
 keeps pacing, talking to himself trying to psych himself up.

He finally brandishes his gun, pointing it nowhere.

BIG G
 Fuck it.

Big G holsters the gun and walks behind Nat and Janis to let
 them go when-

A CAR SCREECHES OUTSIDE.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN. Big G holds his hands up-

BIG G (CONT'D)
T, this is too fucked up, I'm
actually sorry about this-

BANG. T storms in, landing bullet after bullet into Big G until the chamber is empty and he lies dead next to Nat and Janis. T runs to his girls and gets on his knees as he frees them.

NAT
He was going to let us go.

JANIS
Dad!

T is in tears, Nat hyperventilates. All of a sudden, Janis is the calmest in the room.

JANIS (CONT'D)
Where is Q?

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Q cowers in a dark room. Only the outlines of bedposts and a wardrobe. The crack of light at the bottom of the door illuminates a dog bowl.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

T drives with Nat in the passenger seat and Janis basically stood up in the back, hanging over the handbrake. T's driving double the limit but not as quick as their words.

JANIS
You fucking left him? Go get him.

T
The place will be crawling.

JANIS
Good. Go get killed. You should at least try.

NAT
Your father came back for us, Jan.

JANIS
I told him to run away but he never fucking listens!

T
You two are running away, properly
this time.

NAT
If you had told us we would be
captured I wouldn't have gone down
the M6 would I, Tony.

JANIS
You're going back for Q. Is he even
alive?

T
I don't know.

JANIS
You don't know which mostly likely
means no. You're a fucking failure.

T
I got you, didn't I?

NAT
How much blood do you have on you?

The octaves drive higher.

JANIS
You were meant to look after Q and
you couldn't. Even that old cunt
trusted you to look after him.

T
I need to look after you two.

JANIS
(scoffs)
Call yourself a father.

Nat slaps Janis, which slowly turns her anger to sadness.

NAT
If we don't decide where we are
going now we will end up somewhere
no one will find us. So, the pair
of you, shut the fuck up.

T
I'm going to drop you off at Q's
apartment. Just for tonight. Then
I'm going back home.

NAT
Bring my makeup bag.

JANIS
And mine.

NAT
And my lingerie.

JANIS
And oranges.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There's two huge duffel bags on the bed, three oranges roll around the top of one.

T roots around the bags, throwing the oranges to one side. There's a splatter of blood on his collar.

He brings out two kitchen knives and hands one each to Nat and Janis. Janis snatches it out of his hand. T flinches.

He also takes out a new gun but doesn't hand it away. Janis's scowl turns to puppy-dog eyes. T gives the gun to Nat.

T leaves the bags and goes to light a cigarette. Janis slaps the lighter and cig from his mouth and takes the lighter for herself.

JANIS
We're going to need a few more of these.

Janis sits in the corner of the room and peels an orange with a kitchen knife.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - MORNING

The door opens and Macca walks in, Z his backup.

The light reveals the room to be lavish but child-like and the WARDROBE to be the same from downstairs, placed centre stage. Q hasn't slept, his hands are bound by rope.

MACCA
I knew he wouldn't come back for you. At least someone is looking out for you.

Macca approaches Q and looks at his rings like a magpie.

MACCA (CONT'D)

You never did get me one of my own.

Macca slides all three rings off Q's fingers. Q doesn't look at him.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Macca steps over the bloody patches of rug in his running gear, followed by Z. MEN scrub the mess up. One man, BUMMER, 34, looks like he isn't doing anything so Macca addresses him-

MACCA

You. Go tell Paolo and Fedici to cook for two today.

BUMMER

Yes, sir.

MACCA

'Sir'? Ooo, you might get the scraps.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Macca runs carefree with Z following close behind. Macca sees something and starts to slow down... There is a TREE blocking the small road.

Macca indicates to Z to turn around immediately. Quicker. The number on his watch is rising.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

T hides in bushes at a vantage point. He watches a random car that stops in front of one of his traps and turns around. MACCA is nowhere to be seen.

T looks at his watch repeatedly. He is pretty cramped, crouching next to his CHAINSAW.

T

Come on, girls.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

The GATE to the driveway is wide open.

Nat and Janis waltz up like they've just moved in. They're naughts and crosses, Nat seductive, her lingerie slipping underneath her coat and Janis dressed in kids clothes. They hold a duffel bag each.

THREE MEN guard the FRONT DOOR, BOGGIS (50), BUNCE (28) and BEAN (32).

BEAN

Woah, woah, woah, ladies. Wrong house.

BUNCE

You can't be here.

NAT

The gate is wide open. To me, that means I'm invited.

BUNCE

The boss is on his morning run, that's why.

NAT

(Winking to BOGGIS)

I know. He needs relief after a stressful night apparently.

BEAN

(Referring to JANIS)

And who is this?

JANIS

If you want to talk to your boss about his fantasies, be my guest. But I am the guest so that means you don't get to ask me questions.

They start to see the funny side-

BUNCE

We'll be working for a headless man after today.

BOGGIS

What's in the bags?

NAT

Do you really want to know?

BEAN

Jesus. Go in then.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Heads held high, they step over the blood and MEN cleaning.

JANIS
Where's the library?

NAT
And the guest bedrooms? Chop chop.

INT. MANSION - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Bummer escorts Nat to the rooms. Once there, Nat hurries him away. There's no one else about. Nat opens her bag and goes into a BEDROOM.

After a moment, she comes back out of the bedroom and enters the next room along.

Nat repeats the process until she comes to a LOCKED DOOR, which she presses her ear to.

NAT
Hey, troublemaker.

INT. MANSION - M'S LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Janis puts her bag out on a table next to a tea set. She grabs a bag of cocaine, opens it, has a sniff and then pours it into a bowl of sugar.

She takes her time to look at all the books around the room.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Macca and Z return. Macca is panting but that makes him sound scarier. Boggis, Bunce and Bean can't look at him properly.

MACCA
Anything you guys want to tell me?

They don't have the balls to say anything.

INT. MANSION - M'S LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Janis hears something from outside and hides behind a sofa.

Macca walks through the door. He hesitates and smells the air. *Makeup? Perfume? His imagination?*

He sits down on a chair anyway and makes himself a cup of tea using a teapot and china. First the tea and then two heaped spoonfuls of 'sugar'.

He leaves the tea to cool and opens up a newspaper, inches away from Janis. Both of them try to control their breathing.

He keeps reading until eventually, he looks at his watch and has a sip of his tea. And another sip. He opens up the teapot and sniffs it. He dips a finger in and tastes.

Another look at his watch. Now, the 'sugar'. He picks it up and sniffs it. He dips a finger and tastes.

Something is up. He rises out of his chair and storms out of the room.

Janis can breathe again. Deep, deep breaths.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Macca goes to the nearest man, Bummer and starts shouting.

MACCA

You. Give me your gun.

With some nervous fiddling, Bummer gives him his gun.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Everybody, line up now! Yes you retards out front, use your fucking feet and come here. Line up, line up. Face me, children.

He now has a line of several men, looking like they're about to present arms. Macca waves the gun about erratically.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Now, is there anything that anybody would like to tell me?

PAUSE.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Nothing? Hmm.

Bunce is smirking.

MACCA (CONT'D)

If nobody gives me any answers, your clean up job is going to get a lot harder.

Macca notices Bunce.

MACCA (CONT'D)
What's funny?

BUNCE
It's just that your escorts arrived
before, boss.

MACCA
My what?

BUNCE
I didn't want to say anything, in
case, you know.

MACCA
How many?

BUNCE
There was two of them, boss.

BPM rises on Macca's watch.

MACCA
Women you say?

He points to Bummer-

MACCA (CONT'D)
You, scraps. Take everyone's
weapon, they won't need them.

Soldiers don't like being relieved of their weapons but the
drill sergeant is the law. Bummer struggles to carry them all
in his arms.

MACCA (CONT'D)
(To BUMMER)
Take them to the library.

Bummer waddles into the LIBRARY.

MACCA (CONT'D)
Find those women, now.

He looks at Bunce.

MACCA (CONT'D)
And you...

BANG. Now, the clean up job is harder. The rest of the MEN
shudder.

PAOLO and FEDICI, the cooks, 63 and 26, cower into the HALLWAY from a BACK ROOM with a silver platter each.

MACCA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

PAOLO
It's nine A.M., Mister.

MACCA
(exasperated)
You know where to put it. The rest of you, find those girls!

They all scatter throughout the house.

MACCA (CONT'D)
ZAC!

Z turns back around, half-covering his face.

MACCA (CONT'D)
Have you got my keys?

Z
Yeah, I've got them.

MACCA
Help me get our guest.

MACCA sniffs again.

MACCA (CONT'D)
What is that smell!?

Z
It's smoke, sir.

MACCA
(To Paolo and Fedici)
What have you been cooking?

Z
Macca, I don't think it's the food.

Smoke slowly cascades out of a BEDROOM upstairs.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

T watches the MANSION from his vantage point. He looks down at his watch. When he lifts his head again, he sees one window of FIRE.

T stands up, CHAINSAW in hand, and runs.

INT. MANSION - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Z tries multiple keys in the lock for Q's BEDROOM, more smoke pours out from the crack under the door.

MACCA
Open it! Open it!

Bingo. They open the door and Macca rushes in, cradling Q in his arms. Q coughs violently. They rush out of the room.

Z can't believe it was Q in the room.

The curtains are about to incinerate. The fire is spreading round the walls. The wardrobe is completely ablaze in the middle of it all.

--BACK IN THE HALLWAY

Bummer is shouting, empty handed.

BUMMER
There's a fire in the library!

Macca didn't hear.

Paolo, Fedici and everyone else are running into the back room, the KITCHEN.

MACCA
Are you okay, Adamu? We'll get you water. Zac, go to the kitchen and get water.

Bummer keeps shouting.

MACCA (CONT'D)
Not my books.

Z runs down the stairs, through the kitchen and joins everyone else. Macca herds Q down the stairs as quick as he can.

INT. MANSION - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

The cost is clear. Nat sneaks out of a BEDROOM, the open door reveals the growing orange hum of the room. She goes into another room and another, keeping the doors open and the orange spreading.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Janis comes bundling out of the library, gagging for air. She waves a gun about but she doesn't know where she is going.

Smoke fills the air everywhere.

Macca spots her before Q. Macca is now close enough to not miss his shot but he hits her in the face with the brunt of his gun. She's got a bloody nose and even less idea where she is.

She drops her gun.

Q uses his tied hands to thump Macca, who lets him go finally. It was too weak from Q. Macca points the gun at Q's face and kicks the other gun away from Janis.

MACCA

Don't make me do something stupid,
son. In the library now.

Q tries to help Janis to her senses and together they retreat into the LIBRARY with Macca, their gun-wielding shepherd.

INT. MANSION - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Nat runs to and down the staircase, followed by wafts of smoke. She carries her bag with her.

As she gets to the bottom of the stairs, Paolo, Fedici, Boggis, Bean and Bummer, along with EVERYONE ELSE return from the kitchen with jugs and pots of water.

They're too late to make a difference.

The fire morphs together. All the MEN drop their water and run out of the FRONT DOOR but Nat runs against them, towards the KITCHEN.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The MEN pour out of Macca's burning palace. All of a sudden, they part like the sea. Swimming right through them in the chainsaw-wielding T. A gallery of horrified faces.

INT. MANSION - M'S LIBRARY - DAY

Q and Janis keep backing off, hands in the air.

MACCA

Both of you, sit down, legs
crossed, fingers on lips.

Macca circles them, towards the hoard of guns. There is a pile of books burning in the corner, the bookshelves are starting to join in.

One by one, Macca throws the guns into the fire until he is left with two for himself.

He sees Janis' bag on the floor and inspects it. Empty pots of makeup, aerosols and her knife.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Clever bitch.

He throws the knife in the fire for good measure.

MACCA (CONT'D)

I presume Daddy will be here any
minute, right?

Right on cue, T bolsters in the room to see Macca pointing one gun at him and one at his daughter.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Drop the chainsaw and drop the act,
Tony.

He drops it instantly, his hands held high.

MACCA (CONT'D)

And the gun you have wherever it
is, kick it over.

He takes out his gun and drops it towards Macca who kicks it into the fire.

MACCA (CONT'D)

You're not a hero. You're a man. My
man.

T

Don't point that at her.

Macca points the gun at Q instead.

T (CONT'D)

Christ, or at him! This place is
about to burn. Last chance to get
out free, Macca.

MACCA

(laughing)

Free? Feel free to leave now, Tony
but they stay with me.

T

Fucks sake, Macca. You can't
control this, this whole place will
burn down.

MACCA

But I can control you. Now choose.
You don't get to have both.

Macca points one gun at Q and the other at Janis.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is too big for one man. There is an island in the middle and Nat places her bag on it. It's nearly empty but she's got her knife and bald oranges and their dry PEEL.

She slices the oranges up, goes to the stove and turns all the gas on. She roots around the endless cupboards.

Not that one. Not that one. Not that one. Where is the booze?

Finally, a single bottle of WINE. She tries to pour a trail of wine over the surface but gets carried away and half of it lands on the floor.

Nat grabs the orange peel and squeezes them onto the surface, completing the trail.

She lights the far end of the trail with a lighter.

INT. MANSION - M'S LIBRARY - DAY

The fire grows larger.

Janis whimpers, pleads and coughs. Q boils with an anger unseen before. T is breathless.

MACCA

You were mine, Tony. My son, what
happened to you? Why did you betray
me?

NAT (O.S.)

Janis! Janis, where are you!?

JANIS

Mum!

MACCA

Shut it.

Nat runs into the room and is sobered by the situation. T holds an arm out to stop her moving.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Waiting for your woman to make the decision for you?

Unseen to anyone, Q has a LIGHTER.

He starts to burn the rope around his wrist and his skin, he cries out in pain quietly.

MACCA (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear anything but the roar of that fire and Tony deciding who lives and who dies.

Macca and the fire rage.

MACCA (CONT'D)

Who do you want to save Tony. Pick one or we all die. Pick one!

Q

He can hear you, he just isn't listening.

Macca's attention flips.

Q (CONT'D)

Now, give me my rings back!

Q's hands are free. He lunges towards Macca's hand to claw his friend's rings off his clutches.

The gunshot is barely audible. To the heart.

Q drops dead instantly. The fire rages.

Janis falls on Q's body. Nat screams. Macca's in shock.

T runs to the painting. He snatches the DOG LEASH off its pedestal. Macca takes aim at him.

T wraps the dog leash around Macca's neck in time, crushing his windpipe. Macca's watch rises and rises and breaks. His gun fires into the fire. His arms dance. And fall.

Janis watches on as Macca's body goes limp. T's grip doesn't loosen. Nat pulls T up and snaps him back into reality.

T gets up, lets go of the leash and drags Janis off Q's body.

She shakes her father off and removes the rings off Macca's fingers.

T picks Janis up and the three of them run out of the library.

Q's body lies peacefully as the fire engulfs the room. The rocking chair is still.

The wardrobe upstairs chars.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

T, Nat and Janis run out of the flaming wreckage hand in hand.

BLUE LIGHTS flare on the roads. All Macca's MEN look at the MANSION from the driveway.

T kisses Nat and Janis on their heads and runs into the distance.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

An interview room. TWO DETECTIVES eye down Janis. DETECTIVE CLARKE, 38, is the good cop, she has a mother's eyes. DETECTIVE SALEEM, 53, is the bad cop, but he's awful at it.

DETECTIVE CLARKE

We understand that you are still in shock, Janis. These are grim circumstances and nobody expects such things from the people closest to them. But we need to find and help your father. And we need you to tell us what happened in that house.

Janis is beaten and uninterested.

DETECTIVE SALEEM

You going to university, Janis? Obviously you are, you're a smart kid. Now is a time of change for you. Help us change things now.

JANIS
Am I free to go?

DETECTIVE SALEEM
You're not being detained here, we
just need your help.

Janis lets herself out.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DETECTIVE CLARKE
How long has your husband been a
part of an organized crime unit?

NAT
Did you see the house? Or was it
already ashes by the time you got
there?

DETECTIVE CLARKE
There was an explosion at the back
of the house when we arrived.

NAT
Were you able to count the bodies
or were there none to count?

DETECTIVE CLARKE
Forensics are still on the job.

DETECTIVE SALEEM
How about you let us ask the
questions and then we can help each
other?

NAT
How about we talk witness
protection, Tony's will, government
benefits?

DETECTIVE CLARKE
If you think you're still at risk,
we can have people round at your
house.

Nat scoffs.

INT. NAT'S CAR - DAY

Janis and Nat sit in a car on a familiar street. They're
being patient and look around the street.

NAT

We good?

Janis nods and they get out of the car.

INT. Q'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Janis and Nat observe with sorrow. They look through his things, all in two bags.

Nat holds up Q's two PICTURES. The one with his mother and the one with Michael and Daniel.

Janis looks through his books. She takes a couple, including the BUDDHISM BOOK, and put them in a bag.

They zip up a bag with the pictures and books and leave. Janis wipes down everything they touch with a handkerchief.

INT. T'S HOUSE - DAY

A letter comes through the door. Janis runs to collect it, half expecting disappointment. She's wearing pajamas.

A digital clock: 'WEDNESDAY: 12:30'

'WE ARE DELIGHTED TO INFORM YOU THAT ON THE BASIS OF YOUR INTERVIEW AND APPLICATION, YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN A PLACE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.'

INT. T'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nat chops onions. Tears on her cheeks. We see one of Q's rings on her thumb. Her wedding ring is still there too.

She looks over to the LIVING ROOM and T's empty chair. She opens the fridge. There's a couple of bottles of beer.

INT. T'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The women eat dinner around the table. A glass of wine each with two bottles on the table. A bottle of beer in a third empty seat. They're celebrating. Their conversation inaudible.

Smiles turn to concern. Janis shakes her head in defiance.

INT. NAT'S CAR - NIGHT

Nat travels alone. Hood up, gloves on. There is a BOX in the passenger seat.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Nat travels through thickets of trees, the box in one hand, shovel in the other.

Eventually, she comes to a mossy tree. There is a 'T' engraved in the bark. She starts digging.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Nat is nowhere to be seen. It's another hooded figure wearing a backpack. It's T, he's looking rough. He's at the T TREE.

He takes a brick of a phone out of his pocket. He looks at his messages. There's nothing new. He has two contacts but he knows the numbers.

T takes the battery and sim card out of the phone and snaps them in two.

He opens up his backpack and takes out a shovel. He digs but he looks weak.

The shovel comes to a hard thump. On his knees, T finishes digging with his hands, almost permanently stained brown. He heaves out the box and replaces it with the phone.

He opens the box.

Inside: Some food, couple of beers, a letter and one of T's rings.

T picks up the ring first. He tries to rub the mud off one of his smaller fingers. It's hopeless but he squeezes the ring on anyway.

He grabs a beer and pops the top off with his teeth. He necks half the beer and turns to the letter. As he starts to read it, even his new beard can't hide his pride.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Nat opens the boot of her car. It's packed with bags, big and small.

Janis joins her at the boot. Nat gives her a bear hug and doesn't let go.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Janis sits apart from everyone else on a train. She's surrounded by her heavy bags. The final ring hangs off a plain chain necklace. She fiddles with it around her neck.

The sun is shining through the window.

Her phone goes off. It's an unknown number. She looks but ignores it.

She looks out of the window. It's beautiful. A butterfly flickers across her eyes and lands on the window.

Just for a moment and then it's gone.

Janis picks up her phone again.

FADE OUT.

THE END