

CANDLE TO WATER

Written by

Nick Green

Shooting draft (05/04/12)

BLACK

SUPER

`Veracity'

Then:

BROOKE VO

(phone filter)

There's never been anyone like
you, since you. I love you
Vaughn. I love you like no-one
else ever has, or could. I'm not
going to try to persuade you.
Just follow your heart. OK?

FADE IN ON

1.01 INT. SALOON CAR EVENING

The car is stuck in rush-hour traffic, which surrounds VAUGHN
(40), as he wrestles with the hardest decision of his life.

He speaks into the car mobile phone kit microphone.

VAUGHN

I don't know. I mean I want
you, I want to be with you.
You know that. It's just . . .

He glances at his mobile phone in its car kit dash cradle. The
display says `OFFICE'. The lights of cars outside illuminate
the falling snow, which is beginning to settle on the road.

He waits. No response. No need for one.

VAUGHN

Can you . . . just give me
twenty four hours OK?

Beat. The dashboard lights seem swirl around him. Stress.

BROOKE OS

(phone filter)
Are you lost? You sound lost.

VAUGHN

Thought I'd try a new way home.
Beat the traffic, you know.

He looks at the sea of cars around him sardonically.

BROOKE OS

(phone filter)
A little girl fell in love with
a little boy. Still falling
over here!

Her laughter sounds loud on the car phone speakers.

VAUGHN

OK I'll call you, babe. OK?

Beat. The dashboard lights. Snow. Rush hour. Stress.

His satnav sounds bizarrely loud, suddenly:

SATNAV VOICE

In point two of a mile, keep
right . . .

BROOKE

(laughter, phone filter)
See even she's on my side!
(beat) I love you Vaughn.
Once upon a time.

Vaughn takes a deep breath, loathes the traffic outside.

His phone display indicates another incoming call: `Mia'.

VAUGHN

I love you too. I gotta. . .
I'll call you OK. Bye baby.

BROOKE OS

(phone filter)

Another call. Is it her?

VAUGHN

(hesitant)

Yes.

BROOKE OS

(phone filter)

I guess you better take it.

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Vaughn looks at the incoming call display message. His finger hovers between the 'accept' or 'reject call' buttons.

VAUGHN

I have to go. I'll call you. . .

BROOKE OS

(phone filter)

I know. I figured.

VAUGHN

What does that mean? Look you know how it is. I'll see you very soon. Always OK? Ciao baby.

No response, then her call is killed her end.

Vaughn waits a moment. He takes a deep breath. The world seems to crowd in on him. He presses the call 'accept' button.

VAUGHN

Mia. Hi honey.

MIA OS

(phone filter)

Mia? Who's she? It's late.
Pip wants a goodnight kiss.
Where are you? Vaughn?

On Vaughn's face as he struggles to find the right words

CUT TO

1.02 INT. SUBURBAN SEMI DAY

Vaughn sits in the conservatory and drinks his morning tea. His gaze out into the garden is broken by something in the

cup, in the tea, that gets his attention. Troubled and preoccupied, he frowns as he looks at the tea in the tea cup.

His daughter PIP (8) rushes into the conservatory in her pyjamas and throws herself on him her beloved, wonderful

PIP

Daddy!

Vaughn catches her and tickles her and laughs with her. But his indecision darkens his tired eyes with stress.

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1.03 INT. GARDEN SHED DAY

Vaughn SAWS wood fastened in a workbench vice. The usual garden shed clutter of garden furniture and bikes around him.

There is a tense, manic regularity to his saw strokes. A sound, OS, makes him stop sawing:

MIA (OS)

We're off.

BROOK VO

Once upon a time.

Pip says something inaudible outside.

Vaughn goes to the shed door. He doesn't really look outside.

VAUGHN

OK. See you later.

He half waits for a response, but when there isn't one he returns to the workbench. He re-grips the saw and starts to saw again, but the saw gets jammed in the wood. Vaughn tries to saw/free it with increasing desperation and anger until we

CUT TO

1.04 INT. SUBURBAN SEMI DAY

Vaughn pretends to read the paper in the kitchen. The front door opens. The voices of Mia and Pip approach, OS.

MIA (30s) enters the kitchen with several shopping bags.

She doesn't look at Vaughn.

Vaughn watches in a distracted way.

MIA

Pip - you helping me or what?

Pip's footsteps climb the stairs. A girly grunt, OS.

MIA

(not looking at Vaughn)
Any more takers?

As she speaks, SUPER/SUBTITLE the real meaning of her words:

What the fuck is wrong with you?

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Vaughn grunts something, then goes to help her; but it's half hearted. He can barely remember where the cereal goes.

MIA

Wrong time of the month?

Vaughn laughs slightly too loudly. Still no eye contact. His mind elsewhere, he helps her put the shopping away.

Mia takes a deep breath to control herself.

MIA

Don't worry. Seriously.

SUPER

I love you with every fibre. To the end.

Vaughn holds a can of soup - all that's left of his dignity.

Mia puts the shopping away in the cupboards and the fridge.

The tension is palpable. Silence strangles them both.

Mia finishes putting things away without looking at him.

The last item goes in the last cupboard. Bags are stored.

A beat. Vaughn's body is wracked by guilty tension.

MIA

(still no eye contact)
You out later then darling?

SUPER

Don't do this to me - please?

Vaughn hides his torment and indecision as best he can.

VAUGHN

Yeah. Probably. I don't know.

SUPER

I don't love you anymore.

BROOK VO

Just follow your heart. OK?

Mia takes the can of soup from him and puts it away.

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MIA

(eventually)

Fine.

SUPER

Do I disgust you that much?

Mia leaves the kitchen without looking at him.

CUT TO

1.05 INT. SUBURBAN SEMI DAY

Vaughn, Mia and Pip sit at the table eating lunch.

PIP

But why not? Daddy said we
could. Daddy?

Vaughn reacts half-heartedly but lovingly to Pip. Mia pretends everything is fine: the stiffness of her body and the smile.

VAUGHN

I'm not sure sweetheart.

BROOK VO

(seductive whisper)
You promised.

Vaughn looks at Pip's hands. Innocence. The stony road ahead.

MIA

Daddy's not feeling too well,

darling. I'm sure a swim
will do us all good.

The lack of eye contact with Vaughn speaks volumes.

PIP

Daddy? Please? Mia said you'd. . .

Mia chastises Pip.

MIA

Mummy. It's mummy! Who's Mia!?

PIP

Mamma Mia!

Vaughn manages to smile. He wants to throw up.

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VAUGHN

Sure thing, nitwit. Let's
give it half an hour to let
our lunch go down. I'm fine.

SUPER

Daddy you are a lying piece of shit.

1.06 INT. SUBURBAN SEMI DAY

Mia bustles Pip out of the front door. Pip is in tears.

PIP

But why can't daddy come?

Vaughn stands in the kitchen doorway.

MIA

Come on. Milkshakes later!

There's a crack in Mia's voice that destroys Vaughn.

Mia closes the door after them. He sees their shapes through
the frosted glass of the front door. Ghosts. Departing. Gone.

1.07 INT. SUBURBAN SEMI DAY

Vaughn sits staring unseeing at the TV, which babbles Saturday
afternoon crap. He picks up his mobile. He thumbs through his
text messages. He opens one. It says `Do it. Do it for me. For
us! xxx' He stares at it. He suddenly stands, takes a deep
breath and gets control. A decision makes itself.

1.08 INT. SUBURBAN SEMI PIPS BEDROOM NIGHT

Pip lies in her bed. Scared, she hears her parents' voices through the wall. Anger and resentment, sadness and shock.

1.09 INT. SUBURBAN SEMI MASTER BEDROOM CONTINUOUS

Wracked with self-loathing, Vaughn stands awkwardly beside the bed. Mia stares at him, incredulous. Tears blur her eyes.

MIA

I've given you every last atom.

She expresses the giving of herself in an unconditional way.

Vaughn tries to express something anything. He fails.

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1.10 EXT. / INT. SALOON CAR NIGHT, LATER

Outside the house Vaughn throws an overnight bag onto the back seat of the car. He gets into the car. He slams the door shut, grips the steering wheel. The enormity of it is impossible.

He doesn't look up at Pip looking down at him from her bedroom window. That would break him. Worse, it might change his mind.

He starts the engine.

1.11 EXT. PLAYGROUND DAY

Vaughn sits on a bench and waits. He pulls his coat around him against the biting cold. He checks his mobile again. Nothing. The unthinkable crosses his face. Surely not. But then

BROOKE (38) walks across the playground toward him. She sees him, hurries. It takes him a moment to recognise her. That troubles him. He smiles at her his first smile in a long time. Her smile speaks of very real joy after very real pain.

He stands in order to greet her. She tries not to cry, but it's impossible. She embraces and kisses him passionately.

She looks at him like he's all she ever wanted. He sees disguised scars on her face. The scars of pain in her eyes.

BROOKE

Vaughn Black. Will you come
out and play?

She holds him, lays her head against his chest.

BROOKE

Thank you.

She has found her home in him. And he is unsettled.

1.12 INT. CHEAP FLAT DAY

Brooke opens the door of the fridge in the kitchen for Vaughn.

BROOKE

Beer, water or tea? The world's
your oyster.

Vaughn smiles at her, looks around. It's pretty crummy.

VAUGHN

How long have you been here?

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BROOKE

Three months, four days, seven
and a quarter hours.

VAUGHN

White, one sugar. Thank you.

SUPER

This is going to work. All I want!

She does a little dance for him, bows low.

BROOKE

My lord.

She smiles her love. He accepts it. He wants it all of it.

She puts the kettle on. A beat of silence.

BROOKE

What you did . . . I mean I
appreciate what you've done
for me for us. All I can tell
you is that it will be worth it.
We're meant to be together, V.
You've always said that.

His mobile phone beeps a text message. He ignores it.

VAUGHN

Come on. You don't owe me
anything. I made a choice.

He grabs her, kisses her. He looks like a man trying to
convince himself that if he ignores it, reality will go away.

Emotion overwhelms her, so she gets busy with the tea. Vaughn
looks around again, and out of the window. A cheap view, too.

BROOKE

I've been waiting to show you.

She smiles again. Taking her cue, he looks at the portrait
photography on the walls in the living room. It's brilliant.

VAUGHN

My God, Brooke. It's . . .

He is lost for words.

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BROOKE

You want to grab a shower. We
should go out and celebrate.

She does another little dance of joy.

VAUGHN

You're telling me I stink. Mea
culpa!

BROOKE

No!

She screams a little, laughs a lot. She buries her nose in his
armpits or tries to. They play-fight and kiss. The kiss
develops into more. She wants him. They are lost in each other
until Vaughn slows them down, pulls back slightly, gently.

VAUGHN

I'll take a shower.

BROOKE

I'll show you. Might even
watch you. A man in my shower.
The little boy a little girl fell
in love with. Once upon a time.

VAUGHN

(the boy inside)
He's still in there somewhere.

BROOKE

And now . . .

The kettle boils. It doesn't turn itself off. They hold each other's eyes. The kettle over boils. The thing between them builds and builds until she suddenly laughs and turns the kettle off. He indicates upstairs, and then exits upstairs.

She watches him go. Her excitement is obvious. If she senses that something is wrong, there is no outward sign of it.

1.13 INSERT

IMAGES: Brooke being attacked by a knife wielding lover; Brooke curled in a bloody ball, weeping; Brooke the 5 year old child playing with a 7 year old boy in long lost sunshine.

CUT TO

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1.14 INT. CHEAP FLAT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dusting snow off them, Vaughn and Brooke come through the front door, which Brooke closes behind them. They're drunk, laughing, and sexual. Snow falling is visible outside.

1.15 LATER INT. CHEAP FLAT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vaughn and Brooke fall onto her bed. They undress each other. The momentum builds until knife scars on Brooke's body are revealed. He sees them. She turns the light off, tries to hide them. She tries to make light of it but she's ashamed of them.

The momentum of their desire founders, and stops.

BROOKE

(eventually)

I'm so sorry.

SUPER

Accept me - I beg you.

VAUGHN

(hushing her)

Don't be daft. I'm sorry. It's. . .

SUPER

You're damaged. How can I want you?

BROOKE

You don't need to be. Take
your time.

SUPER

Whatever happens, please. . .

She smiles at him, gets under the duvet. He stands awkwardly beside the bed a moment, and then gets in beside her. They lie separately for a moment, and then Vaughn embraces her softly.

She pulls the duvet up to her neck to hide her body totally.

VAUGHN

An accident? You didn't tell me.

SUPER

What the hell happened?

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BROOKE

It's nothing. Really.

SUPER

Accept me.

He embraces her, reassures her. But he is troubled.

VAUGHN

All in good time OK?

SUPER

Tell me now.

BROOKE

We have forever. Oh my love.

SUPER

Accept me.

She kisses him, holds him as if she never wants to let go.

BROOKE

We have forever. Promise?

1.16 INSERT

IMAGE: Brooke being shanked by her jealous ex-lover.

CUT TO

1.17 EXT. SCHOOL DAY

Snow has turned the world into a postcard.

With a kiss and a wave, Mia drops Pip off at primary school. She looks like she hasn't slept, but manages to be cheerful.

1.18 EXT. QUIET ROAD DAY, LATER

Mia drives then stops the car down an isolated country lane. Her mask of courage shatters: she begins to weep like a child.

1.19 EXT. CHEAP FLAT EVENING

Vaughn pulls up in his car after work. He gets out. He looks at the deep tracks his car has made in the WHITE snow. He looks at the outside of the flat. He hesitates, then goes in.

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1.20 INT. CHEAP FLAT CONTINUOUS

Vaughn enters. Brooke rushes to him, smothers him in kisses.

They hold each other. For a moment he is free of care.

BROOKE

Good day, bad day . . . ?

SUPER

If this doesn't work . . .

Vaughn struggles to find an answer to such an inane question.

BROOKE

Got something for you lover-boy.

SUPER

I will do anything.

She steps back, does a `ta-dah!' and gestures towards the

1.21 INT. CHEAP FLAT - KITCHEN

Brooke leads him in by the hand. A new suit, some new shirts,

new business and casual shoes, and some men's accessories lie on the kitchen table. Dirty crockery lies in the kitchen sink.

He goes to the new gear, handles it, and smiles at her.

VAUGHN

Thank you.

SUPER

Why didn't you tell me!? Stupid!

BROOKE

So now you've got everything you need here. So now . . .

SUPER

It will be your fault, your responsibility.

He takes her hand, glances back at the unwashed dishes.

VAUGHN

Brooke, look. . .

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SUPER

Forgive me.

BROOKE

Brooke? You never call me that.

VAUGHN

My love.

He pulls her too him. She smarts at his strength, so he holds her gently, nurtures her. They kiss. Their passion builds.

1.22 INT. CHEAP FLAT BATHROOM - EVENING, LATER

Vaughn and Brooke shower together. He washes her body gently.

1.23 INT. CHEAP FLAT BEDROOM - EVENING, LATER

Vaughn and Brooke get into bed together. Candlelight illuminates their naked bodies and throws shadows around them.

They start to make love, but then Vaughn stops.

She is deeply hurt, but puts a brave face on it.

He doesn't know what to do.

VAUGHN

What happened?

BROOKE

What happened?

It's awkward between them: her pain and his change of heart.

BROOKE

What happened?

1.24 INSERT

IMAGE: Brooke being shanked by her jealous ex-lover.

BACK WITH

1.25 INT. CHEAP FLAT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vaughn and Brooke in bed: it should be heaven but its hell.

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1.26 INT. SUBURBAN SEMI DAY

Vaughn enters the house awkwardly. Mia avoids his eyes.
He's wearing the new clothes Brooke bought him.

VAUGHN

(eventually)

Pip's with mum?

SUPER

What have I done?

An emotional wreck, Mia nods.

VAUGHN

How is she?

SUPER

My family is my world. Forgive me.

MIA

Don't start, Vaughn. What kind
of a fucking stupid question

is that? How's my daughter
now that I've walked out on her
and her mother and run into
the arms of my childhood
sweetheart?

Vaughn is clearly shocked that Mia knows what she knows.

MIA

Jesus the false caller IDs on
your phone. `Office'? I mean
please. And remember eye contact?
You should try private browsing
or at least clear your history
every now and again. For someone
who's in fucking IT . . . So
what now? You want some clothes,
your tool box, the toaster:
a divorce?

Vaughn doesn't know what to say, how to react.

MIA

Have them all. On the house.

She can't hold it back any longer. She weeps her agony.

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MIA

Now fuck off, please? It's
over. You piece of shit . . .

She stumbles at him, pounds him with her fists; but when she
hits him she recoils from the contact with his body.

She wipes her hands of the contact with him.

MIA

What am I supposed to do now,
bastard: tell me, tell me, tell. . .

She collapses, sobbing uncontrollably.

Vaughn glimpses something through the living room door he
hasn't seen before: a WHITE feather lying on the dresser.

It holds his attention until he exits the front door.

1.27 INT. SALOON CAR EVENING

Vaughn sits in rush-hour traffic. The cars ahead of him are
moving, but he sits static, staring ahead. Car horns blare.

His satnav sounds bizarrely loud, suddenly:

SATNAV VOICE

In point two of a mile, keep
right . . .

Snow outside. The dashboard lights seem to swirl around him.

1.28 INT. CHEAP FLAT EVENING

Vaughn enters. He puts his brief case down.

VAUGHN

Babe? (nothing, so) Brooke?

Brooke suddenly jumps out from behind the kitchen door.

BROOKE

Boo!

She laughs and runs toward him, but he isn't impressed.

BROOKE

What's wrong?

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VAUGHN

Nothing.

SUPER

What d'you think? Were you always this stupid?

BROOKE

Blimey someone lost their
sense of humour.

Vaughn frowns deeply, hides his irritation. The TV babbles, OS

BROOKE

I thought you'd be pleased for
me. I got a job!

He's rained on her parade, and now he feels like crap.

VAUGHN

That's brilliant. When?

SUPER

I don't care anymore.

BROOKE

Start on Monday. It'll be good
for us we can be DINKYs.

SUPER

I beg you with all my life.

VAUGHN

It's great really.

SUPER

Forgive me I want only that.

BROOKE

You're hungry. Thirsty? Let
me get you a drink. Drink for
my king. Then maybe . . .

She twirls a seductive finger around his tie. They kiss.

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1.29 INT. CHEAP FLAT BEDROOM - EVENING, LATER

Vaughn and Brooke begin to make love in bed. It's better this
time: their passion builds; it's going to be OK. But then

He begins to falter and she begins to cry. Her cry becomes a

SCREAM

Vaughn pulls back from her, looks at her. Her terror.

VAUGHN

Tell me! For God sake . . .

She suddenly seems alone, naked on the bed. She tries one last
time: she goes to him, touches him; but he can't respond.

He realises. And now her dream is over.

VAUGHN

Who did this to you?

BROOKE

Does it matter? He was jealous.
He's everything you're not.
Vaughn? You love me. Baby?
You don't need to fear him.
They're just scars. Oh God, no.
Vaughn? They're just scars
for God sake. This is my body!

Vaughn searches for words, but he finds only his reality.

Reaching critical emotional mass, she gets up quickly, puts the overhead light on. It seems stark and horribly bright.

She weeps, reveals her damaged knife SCARRED body to him.

BROOKE

Can you see properly? Can you?
(of her scars) Do you like them?

1.30 INSERT

IMAGE: Brooke being shanked by her jealous ex-lover.

BACK WITH

1.31 INT. CHEAP FLAT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vaughn suddenly feels as vulnerable as she looks.

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VAUGHN

(incredulous)
Why didn't you tell me?

BROOKE

Smart question Vaughn, smart.

He looks at her. He sees suicide in her eyes.

She suddenly lunges for him, starts to punch him. To Vaughn this now has the quality of a nightmare. This is impossible.

BROOKE

Love me.

They struggle. She's no match for him, but he is half hearted.

BROOKE

Love me!

He takes it. She smashes at him. His nose and mouth bleed.

BROOKE

Love me, bastard! COWARD!

She SCREAMS like a wild animal, goes to punch him again; but Vaughn SNAPS: he lashes out at her, sends her flying backwards. She lands badly, gasping with pain and shock.

Vaughn's bloody mouth begins to form the word `sorry' again.

BROOKE

It doesn't matter. (long beat)
Go back to her. Go back to mama.
It's where you belong.

Vaughn stands there panting, bleeding; wishing he could cry.

BROOKE

Go forever. Now.

On Vaughn: naked, bleeding and alone, as he tries to react we

CUT TO BLACK

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Story #2

BLACK

SUPER

`Stanislavski'

FADE IN ON

2.32 INT. STORAGE DEPOT DAY

BLACK, OVER-POLISHED SHOES

The shoes SQUEAK as the man wearing them walks down a lino floor. These are the kind of shoes worn by a man who works long hours on his feet. It becomes clear that the man has a very slight limp. He walks down a strip-lit corridor in

2.33 INT. STORAGE DEPOT DAY

A LONG, BLEAK CORRIDOR

The man who wears the shoes is MO (30s) a very well-built, dark haired guy with a sensitive yet watchful and angry face.

Mo is a security guard; he wears security guard paraphernalia on his uniform belt: keys, torch, walkie-talkie etc.

He stops and listens, so the slightly uneven SQUEAKING stops.

He hears distant voices in the

2.34 INT. MAIN WAREHOUSE - DAY

This place is huge. It's also soulless and grim. Row upon row of gated storage areas are crammed with peoples' belongings.

Between these rows walks CY (50s) with female admin staffer DOLORES (40s). Cy has a dishevelled look of a man who has stopped searching for his dreams. Self-dissatisfaction, hatred even, haunts his tired face. He doesn't want to be here.

DOLORES

. . .though normally there's
a charge for that.

CY

Of course there is.

They approach a storage area numbered 110. Dolores reaches for a skeleton key attached to her belt by a security chain.

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DOLORES

Here we go.

Dolores unlocks the storage area. She pushes the door open.

DOLORES

There you go.

Cy enters the storage area. He starts rummaging through boxes.

A door opens and closes in the distance.

Dolores' mobile rings. She answers it.

DOLORES

(into the phone)
Well I can't be two places at
once, now can I. (then) Sure.
(then) Mo's around somewhere.
No. (then) I will. (then) OK.

She ends the phone call, looks OS.

DOLORES

Here he is now. (calls out) Mo?

A slightly uneven SQUEAK approaches.

Mo rounds a corner at the end of a storage row.

DOLORES

Mo? Mo could you please just
see Mister Caudwell out? He
just needs to pick something up.

There is an unusually long delay before Mo responds.

Mo approaches, and stops when he reaches DOLORES.

MO

No sweat Doll.

DOLORES

Dolores! How many more times?

But she's smiling. There's familiarity between them. When Mo smiles, however, the smile seems out of place on his face.

MO

No worries Doll.

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Mo laughs. A strange laugh. She throws him an angry face.

DOLORES

Sorry mister Caudwell. Mo here
will see you out. I have to . . .

She heads off, pulling one last face at Mo as she goes.

CY

OK (indifferent) thanks.

Cy's voice is barely audible as he rummages in boxes.

Mo looks in at him. He gets a text, checks it, and responds.

With a `ha!', Cy pulls something out of a box. Mo waits. As he does so, he shifts his weight from his right foot to his left.

Cy emerges from the storage area looking flushed with effort.

CY

Thanks.

MO

No sweat.

Mo goes to lock storage area 110. Cy looks at the object he has retrieved: an old VHS video cassette. Mo sees it.

MO

Wow that's an old VHS isn't it?

CY

It is indeed. Are we done?

Cy speaks to him grudgingly. He wants to get the hell out.

The door locked, Mo starts to walk away from 110 with Cy.

MO

Ain't seen one of those for years. Never used one.

CY

Really.

Cy walks way ahead of Mo. The hell out of here.

MO

Wait I gotta sign you out man.
Paperwork. You got the forms?

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CY

Man? What the hell happened to `sir'?

His disgust is obvious in the way he avoids looking at Mo.

MO

Sir? You're a knight? The queen dub you or something?
If I don't call you sir that doesn't mean I don't respect.
It just means I don't call you sir.

CY

Fine. It doesn't really matter.
Sorry.

Cy walks faster but Mo knows he doesn't know where he's going.

Mo looks more closely at him.

MO

Wait you're that director.

CY

Can we please just finish up
and go. I'm late.

MO

Seriously I know you. I'm an
actor. We met once. Maybe . . .

Cy keeps walking but doesn't know where he's going.

CY

You've got the wrong man.

MO

No seriously. We met at an
audition. You auditioned me.

Cy just speeds up.

MO

You must remember. I'm not doing
this forever. Got plans to do
things. Get my CV together. You
must remember.

CY

Like I said . . .

23 | P a g e

Cy won't slow down, so Mo puts a hand on his shoulder.

CY

The fuck do you think you're
doing?

MO

Take it easy. I'm only asking.

Cy looks at him for the first time. Mo sees his bitterness.

Cy turns away to carry on walking. He's lost.

CY

How the hell do we . . .

He looks around. Left or right?

Mo gets his mobile out. He goes to photograph Cy.

CY

What the hell are you doing?

MO

Come on man just a j-peg to let my buddies know I saw you. I photograph everything. Got gigs of shit at home. But you you're the man who directed. . .

Cy turns away, irritated. He looks around up at the roof.

CY

A sign or two might help.

MO

Exit? It's cool. Listen we won't do the (indicates his phone, which he puts away). . . But slow down: you must remember me. You're that's it: name begins with C. . .

CY

OK. What the fuck is the matter with all this? I've got my thing, now I just want to get out of here. Let's sign the papers and I can't quite believe there are papers and I'm done. Clear?

24 | P a g e

They stand at a junction between rows. Left or right?

MO

Clear. So what's on the (the VHS) video?

Mo laughs a little at the whole idea of a VHS.

CY

Jesus. Mind my business is on the video. Is that all right?

MO

It's fine, bro; but hostility ain't working. Not in here.

Cy looks around. It seems like a labyrinth.

Mo clicks his fingers, remembering suddenly:

MO

It was that show - that play you were directing. Silver something. Shit. Four, five years back. Come on, man you must remember.

CY

OK. I remember. So can we go now?

MO

Sure, but look: what's with all the storage. You moving house or something?

CY

Something like that. Look: show me the way out of here now, man, or I'll have to speak to your supervisor. What was her name? Dorothy?

MO

Shit no: Doll's just admin. Works up in the box.

Mo looks up and waves to a CCTV camera.

MO

Dolls in the doll house, doing doll things. Bless.

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CY

Out. Now.

Mo's attitude changes noticeably in response to this.

MO

Whoa. Relax Mister C. Out is way. OK?

Mo leads Cy off. Cy is suddenly more wary of him.

They walk in silence a moment. The uneven squeak.

MO

Look I don't want you to mind me talking to you and all. I'm just being friendly: one pro to another. (beat) Come on man. Don't go believing this is

my shit, because it ain't.
Acting's my shit just like
directing's yours. I was born
to it know what I mean?
I knew you'd remember. Cy
that's it! Cy. Mo.

He offers his hand to shake. Cy takes it very grudgingly. They
shake hands. Cy fully takes in Mo's physical size and power.

MO

Well that's better. No need
for hostility between pros.

Mo lets go of Cy's hand. Cy is relieved. They walk on.

CY

(looking around for exit)
How hard can this be?

MO

(as Cy speaks, above)
Pros or ho's know what I'm
saying.

Mo laughs. It's a strange sound.

MO

What's on the video? None of
my biz, I know; but I'm curious.

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CY

If you must know, it's a show-
reel. An old one.

MO

Yup. Got the old bit. (looks
at the VHS. Old) Wow. (laughs)
Ain't you got one online?
Mine's online.

They round a corner. Cy twigs they're back where they started.

CY

Right. Get us the fuck out of
here or I'm going to . . .

Cy reaches for his mobile phone. He goes to dial, but Mo

SMASHES

it out of his hand. It hits the floor and breaks.

2.35 EXT. STORAGE DEPOT DAY, SAME TIME

People coming and going and cars and lorries and the city skyline. Nothing out of the ordinary. The way things are.

2.36 INT. STORAGE DEPOT DAY, SAME TIME

Cy stares at his smashed phone, at Mo. Mo's face is a mask.

The mask eventually moves. Confusion hits Mo's face. It's as if another part of him did that, a part he can't control.

MO

Look sorry about that dude, but
you need to let me know. That's
my simple question: what happened.

Panic starts to show itself in Cy's face. Deep down.

CY

What happened?

MO

The audition. I didn't get the
job.

Mo shifts his weight from his right foot to his left.

Cy glances around, at his smashed phone on the floor.

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He looks up, sees CCTV cameras. He stoops down to pick up the parts of his broken phone. He finds the SIM card, pockets it.

There's something pathetic about the way he stoops.

MO

(eventually)
Seriously. The Silver thing.

Cy stands, meets Mo's gaze full on for the first time, really.

CY

Look I don't know. Actors
we would have seen dozens. I
mean it was a long time ago.
I don't know what you mean
'what happened'.

Mo just looks at him. Unsettling.

CY

If you didn't get it, you didn't
get it. It's the - (nervous laugh)
- it's the way of the world, no?

Mo just looks at him. A door opens and closes somewhere.

CY

This is ridiculous.

Cy sets off on his own walking again. He's had enough.

MO

I know how good you are.

Cy stops, turns. What?

MO

I know your true potential.
I know your talent doesn't
belong packed up in here. Your
greatness. And you've failed.

Cy swallows air.

CY

What are you doing?

MO

You don't think I know how you
(more)

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(cont'd)

feel. I feel it. In here. I
feel failure in here every day
and every fourth Sunday. I feel
like brilliance left to rot,
too. That's how you feel no?
You feel it when it wakes you
to tap on your shoulder and
say `this is what you could
have been, this is what you are'
Storage boxes? What happened?

CY

(shocked)

What the fuck business is it . . .
If I held an audition you failed

four or five years ago I'm sorry.
If you're working in here not
up in lights, I'm sorry.

MO

You're sorry for yourself.
That's in your face.

Cy pulls himself together.

CY

This is fucking absurd. (of
his broken phone) Criminal
damage. Threatening behaviour.

Cy starts off walking again. Endless rows. Junctions.

MO

Cy we're done here, seriously.
Then I'll sign you out. You can
ask about the mobile phone you
dropped; but I doubt you can
claim it on us. Just tell me
why you're all stored up in here.
Then . . .

He gestures then they're out of here.

CY

Mo, isn't it? What does that
mean `Mo'? In any event I can
promise you repercussions. I
don't care what you think of me.
I won't be treated like this.

29 | P a g e
Beat.

MO

Brave Mister Caudwell. Genius.
Solid citizen I don't think. Just
need to know what you're doing.
Then that's the end of it all.

Beat.

CY

My landlord asked me to move out.

MO

Couldn't pay your rent. Why

don't you just say that.
I couldn't pay my rent, Mo.
That's fine. It's called la
crunch du credit. And here we are.

Cy swallows, waits, looks for CCTV cameras.

Mo shifts his weight from his right foot to his left. In that single moment Cy knows he's in a situation he can't control.

MO

We're almost, nearly, seriously
out of here, Mister Caudwell.

Some strip-lights turn off way down the warehouse.

MO

On timers saves power. You
must know. Auto-ma-tic.

Cy glances at his watch.

MO

Time to go home, Cy. My only
ask is this. And you don't
have to say yes, say anything.
All I ask is we do it again.

Cy looks at him. Do what again?

MO

(strange laugh)
I know. I know it sounds strange.
Bit silly even. But if you just
let me run the thing again,
this time I'll nail it swear.

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More strip lights turn themselves out. Darkness builds.

MO

(of the VHS in Cy's hand)
I mean. On a fucking VHS video
cassette. Where's Noah when you
need him?

He laughs. It sounds bizarre in the infinity of the depot.
Mo's suddenly killing himself laughing. Crying with it.

Cy starts to RUN.

Lightning fast, Mo intercepts him, grabs him, pulls him down.

MO

Let's run this again from the top, Cy.

CY

You'll go down for this. I absolutely swear. I'll report this to the police, your superiors. This is fucking . . .

Mo HITS him. Not a killer blow, but enough to shut him up.

2.37 EXT. STORAGE DEPOT DAY, SAME TIME

People coming and going and cars and lorries and the city skyline. Nothing out of the ordinary. The way things are.

2.38 INT. STORAGE DEPOT DAY, SAME TIME

Mo leads/draggs Cy towards a half empty storage area 222.

Holding Cy, Mo unlocks 222 and pushes Cy inside.

Mo locks the door behind them.

It's dark, and to Cy feels like a cage.

CY

You think you can actually DO THIS?! What the fuck. . .

Cy screams `Help'. No response.

Mo looks around. He pulls up a box on one side, and sets an old chair opposite it on the other side of the caged area.

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Cy throws himself at the door, heaves at it.

CY

What the fuck, sunshine. Equity subscriptions lapsing are they?

MO

Cy, seriously, man who directed nothing: let's just get this right. Then we can get on with things. You can go back your self-loathing and I can continue my rounds.

CY

What!?! Screw you. (loud, to anyone again for help) FUCK YOU!

Mo smashes his fist into Cy's face.

CY

What the fuck is the matter with you? Jesus Christ!

MO

Jesus not in here, bro. Christ a nipple sucked by mugs. One born every minute, tick tock.

Mo flicks his keys around in circles. Shock grips Cy's throat.

MO

OK. So what's the brief?

CY

What?

MO

What's the scenario? Set the scene for me. Point me in the right direction. Even Brando needed goalposts.

Cy looks around for escape. A phone rings, somewhere OS.

CY

Help. HELP!

The phone stops ringing. A silent vastness of industrial dark.

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MO

No sweat, Doll. Just relax. This place is damn big. And you're talking to the big expert here. (shows Cy his shoes) Gotta do a circuit every hour. (beat) We gonna just do this thing, then it's home free. OK? Relax.

Cy tries to slow his breathing down, get a grip.

MO

That's it old fella. Get sorted
out. In and out. Let it all
be cool.

Cy's breathing in the dark. Mo's keys. No way out.

CY

You'll be missed.

He jerks his head. He means the office colleagues.

MO

Well not really Mister De Mille.
It's just me and Doll today.
Cutbacks. Don't ya love them?

Cy tries the door again, but it's half-hearted.

MO

Set me straight, mister director!

Mo stands, suddenly, and comes over to Cy quickly. He grabs
him by the hair and forces him to sit down on the old chair.

MO

The director's chair.

CY

What the fuck do you want?

MO

You know what I want. Just like
you: another chance. Audition
me again, you fucking VHS crumb.
Give me my brief. Motivation,
reality the whole bit. Go.

Mo sits down opposite Cy on the box. He waits.

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Cy stares at him. This is insane. But he has no choice.

CY

Do what you want, wanker.

Mo immediately gets up, starts beating him to pulp.

2.39 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Row after row of caged storage areas. Industrial vastness.

No hint of violence. No sign of anything wrong.

2.40 INT. THE BOX - DAY

This is where Mo should be: his security vantage point. A crappy chair, a crappy desk, and CCTV monitors staring.

2.41 INT. STORAGE DEPOT AREA 222 - DAY

His hands shaking and panting from the exertion, Mo photographs Cy with his phone. Cy is beaten to a pulp.

CY

You'll do time. Fucking acting.
You'll go down. I'll see to it.
Think you can fucking do this.

Mo applies lipstick, mascara and powder to his face. Lovely.

Then Mo sits down. Calm. Audition time.

Cy almost sobs. He spits blood.

MO

Again. The scenario, please Cy.
Who am I? What do I want?

CY

OK crackerjack. Let's play.
You're a fucked up wannabe
actor who never was and never
will be who works as a security
guard in a domestic storage depot.
Like most people you can't
handle rejection, but I mean
you really can't handle it
really I mean. It's just . . .

Lightning fast, Mo is on him, beating him shitless.

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2.42 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dolores hums Gladys Knight and The Pips as she walks down a cheaply carpeted corridor in the admin area of the building.

2.43 INT. STORAGE DEPOT AREA 222 - DAY

Cy collapses under the onslaught of Mo's fists. Mo grimaces at his damaged knuckles. He hauls Cy back onto the box.

MO

Good dog. Now. . .

He indicates his readiness again, and waits.

MO

That wasn't the character I read for, the last one I mean. My agent told me a soccer player who is afraid to tell his teammates of his homosexuality. He turns to his manager for help, for answers to his dilemma; but in the face of this, of this outrage, the manager who has been like a surrogate father to him for years now turns against him, disgusted that the boy he believed in turned out to be a lamentable sausage jockey. Am I right?

Cy is too smashed and bloody and ruined to do more than grunt. But something catches his eye; in the filthy gloom he sees a WHITE feather lying on the ground in the corner of 222.

MO

I'm right, man. That was the scenario wasn't it. The Silver thing I auditioned for that you turned me down for. Wrong. Ignored me for. Like the loser I was. Wrong. The winner is here. In front of you. So. . .

He smiles and waits for Cy to look at him to audition him.

MO

Make like a camera.

35 | P a g e

At first Cy doesn't understand, but then he slowly, agonisingly raises his hands up and mimes rolling a camera.

MO

Noises.

It's hard for Cy to make the sound of a camera rolling.

2.44 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dolores sits down at her desk. Gladys Knight and The Pips.

2.45 INT. STORAGE DEPOT AREA 222 - DAY

Cy mimes cranking a camera and makes camera noises. He glances over to where the white feather was but now he can't see it.

MO

Without a script this time,
note. Ad-libbing, free wheeling
improvisazione, herr director!

Mo looks into the `camera' and lives the role he's playing.

MO

(in character)

All my life. Imagine living
a lie forever. Not just the
lies everybody lives day to
day to get by, play the game;
but one big lie that stretches
from beginning to end: a truth
so hideous that it could be
called ordinary. A verity of
the genes, of psychology.
And then imagine the one
person the liar could turn to
turning away, so that the liar
was left with nothing but the
lie. Imagine exploding with
the desire to be what you
are, to be real, and to be
accepted for what you are,
perhaps even loved. Not loved
with money for playing games,
but loved with respect for
having the strength to stand
apart. Imagine that. But the
works of the imagination must
cede to that we call reality.

(more)

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(cont'd)

And here we are, you choosing
the side of the mob and me
left outside in the cold. Well
I've got news for you, turncoat:
I don't fucking care. I've got
the future. TTFN, blood. TT forever.

Mo ends the performance in tears. It's brilliant.

Cy continues to crank the 'camera' and make camera noises. Eventually Mo gets up and stops him with uncommon gentleness.

MO

Cy. Director. Really.

He crouches down beside Cy, smooths his hair.

MO

So, how was I? How was it?

It's agony, but eventually Cy manages to speak.

CY

You did it. You got the job.

Mo stands, smiles, basking in his moment of glory.

This is his prize. This is his moment. But his face darkens.

MO

LIAR!

Mo starts to beat Cy gain, but this time he kicks him too. He goes berserk, throwing Cy around like a rag doll, pulping him.

2.46 INT. THE BOX - DAY

Dolores enters.

DOLORES

Cuppa, Mo? Mo?

The room is empty. She approaches Mo's desk. She doesn't even glance at the bottle of prescription pills, on which the word 'suppression' is just visible. She glances at the CCTV screens. Nothing. She presses a button, bringing up the display from another CCTV. She sees the grainy, monochrome image of Cy's pulped face being smashed against the bars of 222. As she gasps in horrified reaction and grabs the phone

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CUT TO

2.47 EXT. STORAGE DEPOT DAY, SAME TIME

People coming and going and cars and lorries and the city skyline. Nothing out of the ordinary. The way things are.

Very slowly, gradually, we

FADE TO BLACK

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Story #3

BLACK

SUPER

`Crackerjack'

3.48 EXT. LONDON E3 - EVENING

Footsteps and breathing: the SOUNDS of a young man running for his life. The staccato pounding of his feet becomes a mantra that builds until it develops a life of its own, and a surreal edge. It becomes a ghostly, dreamlike sound evil perhaps.

The running footsteps suddenly stop. The breathing continues.

JADEN VO

(between breaths)

Aight am done runnin'.

Do what ya gotta do.

Beat, then

FADE IN ON

3.49 INT. COUNCIL HOUSE EVENING

AUSTEN (12) plays Skyrim on a brand new Mac PowerBook. The hi-tech, futuristic sheen of the Apple is utterly at odds with the room Austen is in: money seems to be in short supply here.

Austen is a cut and paste hoodie: a white boy going nowhere.

JADEN (18, white) enters. Lean and strong, Jaden is savvy but drugs have left their mark on his face and in his eyes.

JADEN

What the fuck, my fam . . .

He grabs the Mac from Austen. They push and pull for it.

AUSTEN

No way! Fuck off now, brah!

Jaden whacks Austen around the head light, but hard enough to break his grip. Jaden puts the computer to one side; the way he handles it suggests that replacing it would be a synch.

Austen attacks him, but Jaden restrains him.

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JADEN

You got homework. Do the work.

AUSTEN

Fuck that. Gimme . . !

Austen makes for the Mac again, but Jaden restrains him.

They fight a moment, but it's futile: Austen pulls back, humiliated and outraged. He kisses his teeth and birds.

JADEN

Don't be doin' that fam. It's all wrong. You ain't black yet.

AUSTEN

Yeah? Well ain't you my brah.

JADEN

I am your brah. No force gonna make me otherwise. Homework.

Austen switches the TV on, turns it up LOUD.

AUSTEN

Fuck the homework. Fuck school. . .

JADEN

Fuck ya future. Smart.

Jaden switches the TV off. Austen squares up to him. A beat between him, then Austen backs down: Jaden is way too big.

AUSTEN

Yeah well.

JADEN

Yeah well. It all goes on the (taps his head) tab, right. Save it up for a rainy one. Then I get mine, right? Well I got mine, brah, an' you don't never want it swear.

Austen storms out of the room.

AUSTEN

Gonna get my own, white boy. See.

JADEN

Home fuckin' work. Now!

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Austen is now out of the room in the hallway beyond.

AUSTEN OS

You ain't my dad, fam. My dad
ain't my dad.

The sound of the front door opening and slamming shut, OS.

Jaden curses, thinks. Jaden is always thinking.

He exits suddenly.

CUT TO

3.50 EXT. LONDON E3 EVENING

Hood up, Jaden walks fast. It's dark already, and cold.

Jaden speeds up. He feels the reassuring bulge in his belt at the base of his spine. He does this often, by habit.

He gets a text. He checks the message. Doesn't reply.

A police car cruises. Jaden doesn't react to it, but he does so in a way that suggests that this is a measured response.

He grabs his phone, hits some keys. Someone picks up.

JADEN

(into his phone)

Where you at fam? Nah. Nah. My
brah comin' atcha somewhere
near? Yeah. See him? When?
Owe ya back, boy. Easy now.

He kills the call, stows his mobile.

A car slows near him and stops at traffic lights. Jaden's attention is drawn by a WHITE feather on the back window shelf. A shadow crosses Jaden's face. The car pulls away.

He approaches a group of young male hoodies smoking and

texting outside a corner store. They greet with touched fists.

Jaden talks with a few of them, and then walks on. It's clear that he has their respect, though they show it very subtly.

3.51 EXT. NEAR-BY

Cool and calm, Austen pockets a wad of cash. The youth he's with stuffs something in his jacket pocket. They touch fists.

41 | P a g e

Austen goes on his way. He feels like a proper man. He walks.

He sees Jaden way ahead. Jaden sees him, starts running.

Austen runs. The streets blur around him into a narrative of his life: the urban landscape dancing to the beat of his feet.

Runs, runs, runs

Jaden and Austen

They sprint the streets, the alleys, the music, and then

Jaden catches him and

GRABS HIM

ON Austen's snarl, FREEZE FRAME and

3.52 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE EVENING

In the kitchen-diner: Jaden, Austen and their dad: PAUL (50s).

Paul says a prayer before they eat their corner shop meal.

Jaden's hands are together in respect for Paul. Austen deliberately pays no attention to the ritual at all.

PAUL

. . . for this gift of daily
bread we thank thee oh Lord. . .

Jaden throws Austen a look. Mean and fierce. And now suddenly we see what he's capable of. Fear overcomes Austen's arrogance. He puts his hands together and closes his eyes.

PAUL

. . . and for the gift of these
fine sons I thank thee oh Lord. . .

The crucifix on the wall. Christ's tormented face in the cheap

shadows of this dull, crappy kitchen. It's all Paul has.

PAUL

. . . beseech thee to look down
on them and protect them with
thy everlasting mercy . . .

Seeing Jaden's eyes now closed in prayer for Pauls' sake

Austen can't resist feeling the wad of new cash in his pocket.

42 | P a g e

PAUL

Thanks be to God. Amen.

The boys join him in `Amen' Jaden properly; Austen barely.

They begin to eat their corner shop meal.

Austen sees a shadow cross Jaden's face as Jaden remembers

3.53 INT. E3 HOUSE NIGHT

In washed-out, high grain:

Jaden necks and smooches with a black girl called LYCIA.

Around them the party pops: drugs and big bass and wannabe cool young kids getting into each other or off on each other.

Lycia smiles and laughs and love the attention, but

A young black guy J.C. looks death at her, his girl, then at Jaden, who meets the challenge of the alpha competition.

Jaden feels the bulge in his belt at the base of his spine.

3.54 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE EVENING, LATER

The meal over, Jaden does the dishes. Paul sits at the table.

Austen playing Skyrim in the next room is audible.

Paul breaks down in a fit of coughing.

Christ watches on.

JADEN

Fuck.

Jaden suddenly leaves the sink and goes into the

3.55 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jaden grabs the Mac off Austen again. This time Austen cowers.

3.56 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Paul lights a cigarette. A moment's pleasure. He slips into what might be a reverie, or just exhaustion. ON PAUL, hearing this as Paul might - given his dislocated state of mind:

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JADEN OS

(angry)

Get with the fuckin' homework,
swear . . . Told ya before get on
with it . . . (calmer) One life,
one chance, my fam . . . I help ya,
no sweat . . . (angry again)
Just get with it, ya little . . .

The sound of a punch, perhaps.

Paul flinches. He looks to Christ. Christ is tormented.

3.57 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE EVENING, LATER

Jaden lifts up a floorboard in his bedroom. He looks at his stash of pills, rocks and a pipe. Half the rocks are missing.

3.58 INT. AUSTEN'S ROOM - EVENING

Jaden bursts in, but quietly. His silence doesn't diminish the power of his intent. Scared, Austen's looks up at him suddenly from his bed, where he plays Call of Duty on a TV console.

JADEN

(a whisper)

What the fuck, brah. Who been at
my stash any thoughts? Or
thoughts nowhere near that
tiny size brain (raps on Austen's
head with his knuckles)? No one
messes with my stash no
matter who hear? Ain't no
brah of mine gonna sink to
stealing and dealin' like some
stinkin' hood rat skunk jus'
to prove his manhood readin'?
I's fuckin' me and you got
destiny, swear. Don't look

to me. Don't like me. Don't
follow me, don't run from me,
don't watch me: just get wiv'
the school shit and grow up
like the old man wants hear?

The potency of Jaden's emotion and words shocks Austen; but
now Austen shows nothing but the pride and power he admires.

Austen reaches into his jacket pocket on the chair by his bed.

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AUSTEN

Take the money, brah just . . .

Jaden stops him.

JADEN

Keep it. Buy books study:
something. Buy the old man a
prezzie. If you ever do it again. . .

Austen nods reluctantly. He leaves the money where it is.

Jaden exits the room.

3.59 INT. PAUL'S ROOM - EVENING

Later, a knock on Paul's door. No response. Jaden pushes the
door open a crack, revealing Paul lost and alone on his bed in
a tiny sliver of light among infinite council house darkness.
Seen like this, the marks life has left on Paul are obvious.

JADEN

(a whisper)

Goin' out dad OK?

Paul just frowns. He seems too tired to speak. He expresses
'come back safely' in a way that is very hard to bear.

Jaden enters the room. He tucks his old man up in bed safe.

Then he leaves the room quietly and pulls the door shut safe.

He goes downstairs and exits the house quietly.

The ceramic Christ on the Cross in the hallway is silent.

3.60 EXT. E3 EVENING

Jaden walks. He is assured and cool. This is his stage.
He feels the bulge in his belt at the base of his spine.
He gets a text. He checks the message, likes it. He replies.
He greets a group of other hoodies with small talk and fists.
Done, he moves on down another street. He has goods to sell.
He takes a call, makes another, texts and talks. Smooth.

45 | P a g e

A BMW

Swerves near him, splashing him with headlights.

Jaden looks, sees faces he doesn't want to see.

He speeds up and then runs down a side street.

The BMW follows. Now Jaden

Runs, runs, runs

This is our first scene over again.

The streets blur around him into a narrative of his life: the urban landscape dancing to the beat of his feet. But

Jaden wasn't born to run. Dodging up an alley he slows, turns.

The BMW doors open. Three men get out, follow him.

The glint and sound of shanks being drawn, ready.

Breathing hard but measured, Paul turns and faces them: a big black guy, an ugly white guy and a tall Chinese guy.

Jaden feels the bulge in his belt at the base of his spine.

JADEN

(between breaths)

Aight am done runnin'.

Do what ya gotta do.

The big black guy comes at him with the shank. It's J.C. the hood from the party. The other guys back him up.

J.C.

An' all dis for a three oh four.
(kisses his teeth) You could
had her anyways if you'd asked
me nice fam, swear.

J.C. lunges at Jaden. His shank cuts Jaden mid torso. The other guys follow up, their blades flashing, searching.

Jaden withdraws the bulge at the base of his spine. His gun.

BOOM his gun speaks - he shoots J.C. dead.

BOOM, BOOM

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The gun speaks to the other two guys, killing China outright and wounding the white guy badly. White guy falls, screaming.

JADEN

Shut the fuck . . .

He kneels over white, tries to stop him screaming. But he

SCREAMS

over and over - blood pouring from his punctured chest.

JADEN

Looks around, desperate for him to stop it. Already

THE STREETS

around him are changing as if they are turning to look but

WHITE GUY

Screams and grabs at his bleeding chest. His wild eyes beg.

JADEN

Begins to fold, to lose it as reality comes rushing in and he

SHOOTS

White guy dead. Shuts up. Silent streets. Then after forever

SIRENS

Grow out of the darkness.

Jaden throws his gun away instinctively. Incrimination. He starts to run. Changes his mind. Turns and picks the gun up.

Sirens seem to haunt the city. And now Jaden

RUNS

So that the city is just lights and people and cars and noise and people and darkness and people and there, amongst them

AUSTEN

Watching him, his brother and his idol. So now we

CUT TO BLACK

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3.61 INT. / EXT. IMAGES, STROBE FAST:

Jaden crouches down in the darkness, blood on his hands, blood on his shirt, blood on his cut torso, blood on his soul.

Jaden stashes his gun in a cloth under the floorboards.

Jaden is tormented by what he's done. Self-loathing.

J.C. and the other dead guys a bloodbath. Sirens growing.

Jaden throws up on a street corner.

Jaden tucks his old man up in bed safe.

All the time

Austen seems to be watching, learning, admiring. Idolising.

CUT TO

3.62 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE EVENING

In the kitchen-diner: Jaden, Austen and Paul.

Paul says a prayer before they eat their corner shop meal.

Austen looks at the crappy bandages around Jaden's torso.

Jaden's hands are together in respect for Paul. Austen prays, but is now confused. He's scared, but totally in awe of Jaden.

PAUL

. . . for this gift of daily
bread we thank thee oh Lord. . .

Jaden looks around his praying hands at Austen.

It's a look that Austen will never, ever forget.

3.63 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE LATER, EVENING

The Mac in the sitting room sits unused.

3.64 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE EVENING

The games console in Austen's bedroom sits unused.

3.65 INT. JADEN'S ROOM - EVENING

Jaden winces with the agony in his cut bloody torso.

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3.66 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Christ stares unseeing in his ceramic torment in the kitchen.

3.67 EXT. E3 DAY

Austen walks home from school. Kids look at him.

Something has changed.

3.68 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE SHOWER - EVENING

Blood runs down the plug hole in the dirty bath.

3.69 INT. THE HALLWAY - EVENING

Austen hears the sound of the shower running. He enters

3.70 INT. JADEN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

He tiptoes to the floorboards near Jaden's bed.

He very cautiously levers a floorboard up. Crystals, pills, pipes, weed but much more than before. But not what he wants to see. So Austen puts the floorboard back. He goes to the door, listens again. The shower still runs. He tiptoes back to Jaden's bed, looks around. He lifts up Jaden's pillow.

THE GUN

Sits there sleek and cool and mighty and everything.

Slowly, daring himself, Austen goes to TOUCH IT. His fingers linger on the smooth, cool, imperious steel. Austen is a God.

3.71 INT. E3 HOUSE NIGHT

Jaden and Lycia make love. Slow and perfectly tender, and then hard and porn. On and on. Bodies twisting in their search for each other. They come - Jaden's body arching in torment.

LATER

Lycia cradles his head on her breasts. His breathing is uneven, but then it evens out and slowly becomes calm.

She looks at his bandaged torso. She is afraid.

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3.72 EXT. E3 NIGHT

Jaden walks the streets. Hoods look at and greet him in a different way. Respect, but this is a dead man walking.

3.73 INT. / EXT. GOLF GTI/E3 DAY

Jaden drives Austen, who is in his school uniform. His hands up on the wheel, the dragon tat on Jaden's arm is visible.

To Austen, Jaden looks a little pale, a little ill.

They see a cop car. Another passes them coming the other way.

AUSTEN

Five oh everywhere. Wot's poppin?

JADEN

Police. They're called police.

AUSTEN

Bacon fryin' for breakfast.

Jaden throws him a look.

Their shared secret dominates their every breath.

AUSTEN

Wot's poppin with the pussy, fam?

JADEN

Jesus fucking Christ. You mean how's the young lady in your life, my blood? Since when

the fuck you become some kind
of born again reggin?

AUSTEN

I wonder if you should mind
you language in front of your
baby brah, blood.

JADEN

I say blood, you say blood. I
say brah, you say brah. I say. . .

AUSTEN

Potato, potarto, tomato, tomarto.

They drive a while. Then Jaden sees that Austen's hair 100%
exactly matches his own in terms of its length and styling.

50 | P a g e

JADEN

You get your hair cut?

AUSTEN

And?

They approach the school.

Austen glances at Jaden's torso and then gets out of the car.

JADEN

Brah? You turn into me and
I'll kill you - hear?

Austen looks at him. Tears well up in his eyes. He nods.

Emotionless, Jaden closes the car door and drives off.

On the pavement, Austen watches him go.

3.74 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE NIGHT

By torchlight under his duvet, Austen draws a `tat' on his
forearm with a biro that matches Jaden's real tat perfectly.

3.75 INT. JADEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Smoking a bong and drinking, his headphones on and the music
cranked high, Jaden fights an inner battle he can never win.

He looks at his gun on his bedside table. A thing of new evil.

Septic, the wound in his torso is draining him of life.

3.76 INT. CHURCH DAY

Jaden and Austen kneel beside Paul in prayer. Except that Jaden only kneels on one knee and Austen on neither; and neither of them are really praying. Beside them Paul prays with worshipers in the congregation of a dozen or so.

Jaden's hoodie hood is down out of respect. Austen has his hoodie hood up. Jaden pulls it down. Austen throws him a look, kisses his tongue. Jaden's eyes darken. Austen relents.

Jaden looks over, sees a man who seems wrong in here. He twigs: plain clothes COP. Cops don't pray and this one is.

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3.77 EXT. E3 NIGHT

Jaden sprints flat out through the people, cars, and lights. At this speed his footsteps are barely a fluttering staccato.

He won't make it.

3.78 INT. E3 HOUSE NIGHT

Lycia cowers in a corner. Three masked guys stand over her. One has the shank pointing at her, accusing, hating her. This guy is familiar. Broad, black, athletic, he is similar to J.C.

His name is LINDEN (30). He is J.C.'s brother.

FLASHBACK

3.79 INT. E3 HOUSE NIGHT

J.C. looks death at Lycia, his girl, and then at Jaden, who meets the challenge of the alpha competition. With other hoods beside and behind J.C. stands Linden. Brothers to the end.

Jaden feels the bulge in his belt at the base of his spine.

BACK WITH

3.80 INT. E3 HOUSE CONTINUOUS

Linden pulls his mask off, stares hatred at Lycia.

LINDEN

Go fuckin' my brah's enemy, ho.

My blood's white white enemy.
For you he's dead. Fuckin' . . .

Linden starts slicing her face up. On her SCREAMS

CUT TO

3.81 EXT. E3 NIGHT

Jaden sprints flat out through the people, cars, and lights.

He rounds a corner in time to see Linden's car smoke away.

CUT TO BLACK

UP ON

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3.82 INT. HOSPITAL WARD DAY

A CIRCLE OF LIGHT IN THAT BLACK

Lycia lies in a hospital bed. Her whole head is bandaged.

SOUNDS of a busy hospital ward around them ebb and die.

Jaden holds her hand. He weeps.

CUT TO BLACK. UP ON

3.83 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE DAY

Paul brings tea into the living room for himself and the Cop from the church. Austen stands uneasily near the door. In his dress, haircut and demeanour he is a perfect model of Jaden.

COP

(to Paul)

Thank you Mister Mountjoy.

(to Austen) I don't want you
to feel pressured, Austen. You
haven't done anything, so relax.

Paul goes to Austen and puts an arm around his wonderful son.

The Cop sips the tea.

COP (cont'd)

Oh thank you Mister Mountjoy.
My brand: Costmart's own!

(smiles, then, to Austen) All I need to know is where your brother Jaden is at the moment, Austen. When was the last time you saw him? You say he normally lives here: where is he now, today?

Confusion fills Austen's scared face. His dilemma is complete. Silent in his agony, Christ watches on.

3.84 INT. JADEN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Austen lifts up the stash floorboard. There is nothing there.

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3.85 INT. THE BATHROOM NIGHT

Austen takes a breath, then slices his torso in the same place Jaden was cut. He winces. He hadn't expected it to hurt this much. Blood flows down and out of the crappy bath plughole.

3.86 INT. THE BATHROOM LATER, NIGHT

Austen dabs at his new manhood wound, which won't stop bleeding. There are mountains of bloody toilet roll on the shelf and floor near him. On the toilet roll holder there is no paper left. Austen looks at his new wound in the mirror.

He makes a gun of his hand and shoots himself in the mirror.

Cool.

3.87 EXT. LYLE PARK, CANNING TOWN, LONDON EVENING

Fugitive Jaden stands looking into the flowing river. He is pale and gaunt and dirty. Austen stands behind him. He looks exactly how Jaden used to look. And his torso is bandaged.

Jaden squints at him.

JADEN

Why you fuckin' grass me up.
Though you was my brah.

Austen thinks about it for a while.

AUSTEN

I didn't tell the pigs. Just
(falters, then) . . . just
Hugo up school.

Traffic SOUNDS ebb and die. History flows down to the sea.

AUSTEN

Told because I was proud of ya
brah. Massive proud.

Jaden looks at him. Proud of him? Fuck.

AUSTEN

Couldn't help it.

Jaden has to hold on to the railings now.

AUSTEN

What the pigs gonna do with ya?

54 | P a g e

Jaden looks around him. Darkness is falling.

Austen produces a gun from the base of his spine. His gun.

JADEN

Where the fuck . . . ?

He stares at Austen's gun. Tears blur the evening.

He says it with his tears. This isn't going to happen to you.

AUSTEN

Only way you're gonna stop me
turning into you is by killing
me, brah. Long one short.

Austen holds his arms out as if to say `this is what I am'.

Jaden reaches for the base of his spine.

Austen stands there waiting for Jaden's bullet.

Jaden takes his hand away from his gun.

Jaden mumbles something inaudible.

AUSTEN

Say what brah? Too much . . .

He indicates his ears, that wanking makes you deaf, laughs.

JADEN

(a mumble)

Said go home. Fix dad's tea.
I'll be there soon as. OK?

3.88 EXT. ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK NIGHT, LATER

Jaden stands there alone. It's getting cold.

AUSTEN VO

(Jaden's memory)

Only way you're gonna stop me
turning into you is by killing
me, brah.

JADEN

Got a better idea, baby blood.

Jaden pulls out his gun and shoots himself in the head. Dead.

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3.89 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE EVENING

In the kitchen-diner: Austen and Paul at the table.

Paul says a prayer before they eat their corner shop meal.

Austen's hands are together in respect for Paul.

But Paul can't speak. Austen sees his tears, which escape from
behind the barrier of his cracked hands like eager jewels.

Austen gets up and hugs his father with all his life.

3.90 INT. E3 COUNCIL HOUSE EVENING

Not remotely resembling Jaden, Austen gets on with his

HOMEWORK

SNAP CUT TO BLACK

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Story #4

BLACK

SUPER

`Mea Culpa'

Then:

FADE IN ON

4.91 INT. COUNTRY HOME DAY

Apparently mild mannered URI (40s) writes on his desktop. He is dressed like an accountant: conservative but efficient.

His blue stocking, home counties WIFE enters with a tray of tea. She puts the tray down and passes Uri a cup of tea.

WIFE

Won't be long.

Clicking off the Word Window on which he's working on his computer quickly, he responds with a nondescript smile.

She kisses his forehead and exits the room.

Uri re-opens the Window on his computer. He looks out of the window. Uri is living with something that can't be lived with.

He swigs from a bottle of JD that he retrieves from a drawer.

He turns back to the computer, reads what he's written.

URI VO

But now the buck must stop.
Exculpation is no longer
an option. The state has
lied to you, Mrs Pentane, and
whatever the consequences, I
feel it my duty to put the
record straight. Why I feel
thus obliged will become
apparent should we meet. I
leave that up to you.

4.92 INT. RESEARCH ROOM, FACILITY DAY

Uri nods to moustachioed Thug#1, who is stretching as if he has pulled a muscle. Shaved headed Thug#2 pulls a face.

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THUG#2

Get some deep heat on it.

URI

(frustrated)
If we're kindly ready, Mister Tyne.

Uri then goes back to reading his novel.

Thug#2 almost smiles almost. Not a face made for smiling.

Thug#1 works out the tension in the pulled muscle. He then

PUNCHES

NICHOLAS (30s) a man tied naked to an old chair.

Nicholas is a mass of cuts, sores, burns and untreated wounds. He is filthy and unshaven. He is delirious with agony. Nicholas barely reacts to the blow he's too far gone.

URI

(without looking up from his book)
Nicholas it's really so very
simple.

Nicholas tries to open a swollen bloodshot eye. He can't.

Uri nods to Thug#1 again; but now Thug#1 pulls his blood soiled rubber gloves off. He goes to put a new pair on.

Uri puts his book down and pulls an exasperated face.

Thug#2 steps in, hungry for exercise.

Thug#2 starts to beat Nicholas up. He has the powerful, fluid movements of a prize fighter. He treats this as a workout.

Thug#1 looks outraged, as if this is against union rules.

Thug#2 works Nicholas expertly, and with professional care.

URI

Alright, alright thank you
Mister Karaczun. This is . . .

This is getting them nowhere. Uri looks at Nicholas' pulped face at the new damage that Thug#2 has done. Pointless.

Thug#2 stands back, waits.

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Uri stands, goes to a cabinet and pulls out a set of surgical implements. He puts a pair of rubber sanitary gloves on. He lays out the implements on a metal table beside Nicholas.

He goes to work.

4.93 INT. ARTIST STUDIO DAY

ELLE (30's) draws a female nude in white pastel on black paper. The drawing is as exquisite as she is, if that's possible. Elle is the kind of woman that men will do anything for - the kind of unforgettable beauty you see very rarely.

Elle takes extreme care with the drawing. Her attention to it and involvement with it is absolute. She is alone in the studio, which contains other drawings and simple furniture.

The SOUNDS of Uri torturing Nicholas OVER are in extreme, hideous contrast to the beauty of Elle and her drawings. The contours of Elle's face and the fine lines and moments of shade in her drawing. The sounds of unimaginable suffering.

Five minutes of drawing. Five minutes of Nicholas' screams.

Then the SOUND of Uri dropping an implement and cursing.

The Thugs mumbling.

CUT TO BLACK

A heart PULSE falters, and then stops.

An electrocardiograph flat line SOUND.

A beat, then

UP ON

4.94 INT. RESEARCH ROOM, FACILITY DAY

Uri stands back. There is blood all over his rubber gloves and some on his apron. He looks at Nicholas, feels his pulse.

Nicholas is dead.

4.95 INT. BOARD ROOM, FACILITY - DAY

Uri sits at a huge, polished oak business meeting table. He is now dressed in a business shirt, tie and three-piece suit. But a louche handkerchief in his breast pocket adds a touch of flare to his sombre ensemble. Uri is somewhat frustrated.

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Three other suits are at the table: BOOTHY (50s), the boss, SILK (40s), #2, and PARKER (30s), #3. All but Parker are

middle class and business-like. In here, PC efficiency is all.

BOOTHY

Has the next of kin been
informed?

Silk clears his throat.

SILK

Not yet sir.

BOOTHY

(inform her)
There's never a good time.

SILK

Yes sir.

Silk makes a note on his iPad.

Boothy looks at Uri as if waiting for an explanation.

URI

Our intelligence . . .

The irony of that comment creates a response that emanates
from Boothy and travels round the table hierarchically.

BOOTHY

As the board understood it, the
prisoner was verified as the
jihadi. There was DNA. . .

URI

We now believe the evidenced
might have been contaminated.

BOOTHY

(not impressed)
Was there any form of extraction?

URI

The suspect revealed nothing of
the activities of which he was
suspected by the board, sir.

PARKER

Fruit was not born.

URI

It was a fruitless interrogation,
sir - yes.

Boothy studies the information on his laptop. The others
therefore do the same. Uri smartens his suit and shirt cuffs.

Boothy eventually looks up from his laptop.

BOOTHY

So not only do we have no further
intel about the event, we
have another next of kin, a
nuclear bloody winter of media
fallout and the inevitable
Whitehall storm. We also have
another body to . . .

PARKER

Liquidate, sir?

Boothy ignores Parker almost entirely.

BOOTHY

(refers to laptop)
It says here `The suspect did
not respond to the usual stimuli.
(at Uri) Stimuli? The usual . . .

URI

We explored the usual routes
in accordance with our mandate.

Boothy and Silk seem repulsed; Parker seems fascinated.

SILK

(to Boothy)
If I may, sir. (to Uri) Perhaps
he told you nothing because he
knew nothing.

URI

That's likely, yes.

BOOTHY

Likely? Christ! This is the kind
of thing the media gorges on
for months! We can't . . .

URI

There is no need.

Boothy looks at Uri. The others look at Uri.

URI

Nicholas Pentane died while engaged in activities commensal with his profession as a freelance reporter from wounds sustained at the hands of insurgent personnel. He died behind enemy lines. He was transported home in a manner befitting a hero. He died while attempting to maintain the integrity and vibrancy of a free press a press we all. . .

BOOTHY

Spare me the party line, Uri, for God sake! This'll wiki itself sky high unless . . .

URI

It's taken care of, sir.

They all look at him. The monster in their midst. Eventually:

BOOTHY

We're getting off-message here.

PARKER

Mission creep.

It should be funny but somehow it's sick.

BOOTHY

What we're here to establish is how a freelance writer get's wrongly arrested, subjected to (makes quotation marks with his fingers) rendition and is then tortured by experts in the certainty that he is in fact a terrorist planning acts against the common good. On home soil against the Great British public et cetera. (beat) He was as innocent as any of us. Any answers, Uri?

Silence a beat, then:

URI

Mistakes, happen, sir.

BOOTHY

The man wrote a column for the Economist, for God sake!

Silence a beat, then:

URI

The best moles have the best covers, sir. They simply always do.

Boothy looks at Uri in a particular way.

BOOTHY

What we also need to establish is whether he was killed deliberately, or by . . .

4.96 INT. COUNTRY HOME DAY

In his y-fronts only, Uri stands in his bathroom and scrubs his hands manically in the sink. His hands are rubbed raw by the scrubbing. He whimpers as he does this. His body shakes.

4.97 INT. BOARD ROOM, FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

PARKER

Misadventure, sir?

Boothy glances at Parker. He doesn't need any help, thank you.

URI

The human body can only take so much, sir. Subjected to a certain level of pressure it buckles. Nicholas Pentane's body simply broke under duress.

SILK

The mind-body continuum.

URI

The mind-body continuum.

Boothy reads something else on his laptop:

BOOTHY

NP was arrested on the night of the fourth (reads more then) Transported under guard to the facility. Work began on the seventh to determine. . .

Boothy removes his glasses, looks at Uri.

BOOTHY

So what was going on between the fourth and the seventh?

Uri clears his throat.

URI

I was on holiday, sir.

SILK

Ah. Anywhere nice?

URI

Malaga again, sir. My wife does like it there.

BOOTHY

Well not a bad choice at that time of year. We recommended that to do didn't we?

URI

You did, sir, yes. Your wife actually sent us the brochure if you recall.

4.98 INT. ARTIST STUDIO DAY

The phone rings. Elle leaves her drawing reluctantly, but then smiles when she answers the phone. She misses her man!

ELLE

Hello. (then, disappointed)
Yes. (then, with dread) Yes.

BOOTHY VO

We actually tried Corfu this year. Not bad though it could have been warmer.

Elle listens to the caring sharing voice on the phone.

She listens, then puts her hand to her mouth. Her beautiful eyes cloud with tears. She starts to buckle and sway. Then she collapses. There's a certain grace to the way she does it.

SILK VO

I can actually recommend Crete at this time of year. A bit populous, but there are places where one can escape the hordes.

Elle drops the phone.

4.99 INT. BOARD ROOM, FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Boothy and Parker laugh at/with Silk. Uri's face is stone.

BOOTHY

Oh Lord, Michael; if we left it to you we'll all be holidaying on the Norfolk Broads!

Silk pulls a 'well actually' face. There is some laughter until Boothy stops laughing and re-focusses on their agenda. Boothy reads from his laptop again, then removes his glasses.

BOOTHY

What we're left with is something of a mess. I'm sure you agree.

He looks at Uri and waits. The others do the same.

URI

Sorry sir I don't suppose we could get some . . . I'm . . .

Uri makes a thirsty gesture. Mildly irritated, Boothy presses a button on an intercom. It buzzes the other end, then

BOOTHY

(into the intercom)
Sharon could we get some more coffee please. (to the others) Biscuits? (the others nod except Uri) And some biscuits. The usual. Actually if there are any chocolate digestives.

SHARON OS

(on the intercom)
Certainly sir.

65 | P a g e

BOOTHY

(into the intercom)
Thanks Sharon.

Boothy scratches his head, refocuses. Uri waits.

4.100 INT. COUNTRY HOME DAY

Dressed like an accountant, Uri writes on his desktop.

URI

My desire to meet with you
arises from a strong urge to
inform you of the circumstances
under which your husband
actually passed away. The fact
is, Mrs Pentane, that you have
certainly been misinformed.

Uri looks up, out of the window. He looks at his hands. They
seem so ordinary, so dull, and so average. He drinks more JD.

4.101 INT. BOARD ROOM, FACILITY - DAY

Uri accepts the coffee Sharon pours for them all. She puts a
plate of digestives down on the table and leaves the room.

BOOTHY

Thanks Sharon.

Sharon smiles a response. She closes the door behind her.

Parker reaches out and grabs a digestive, which he eats.

PARKER

(mouth full)
Never can resist the bloody
things.

BOOTHY

(to Parker)
Make yourself at home, minister.

Boothy and Silk grab a biscuit.

Uri sips his coffee. He REACTS.

The coffee is scalding. He has SCALDED his tongue.

URI

Bloody hell!

66 | Page
SMASH CUT TO

4.102 INT. FACILITY DAY (FLASHBACK)

In the last moments of his life, Nicholas screams and writhes under the onslaught of agony delivered by Uri with his surgical instruments. Nicholas is a pulped mess of blood.

4.103 INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Elle's face is contorted by grief. She is curled in the foetal position on the floor. She weeps desperately. She staggers to her feet. She goes to a built-in wardrobe. She opens his side of it. His suits and shirts hang in quiet rows. She presses into them, embraces them, sobbing and screaming her agony.

4.104 INT. COUNTRY HOME DAY

Uri thinks a moment and then click 'Send' with his mouse.

He takes a deep breath.

4.105 EXT. ELLE'S APARTMENT DAY

Uri gets out of the taxi and pays the driver.

He then turns to face the address. He tries to move naturally, but his body is stiff with misgiving. He takes a breath to try to calm himself. He manages to walk to the front of the apartment block. He starts to walk up the steps to the front door; but then he retreats. He steps backwards, then begins to walk away. He can't do it. His hands are shaking. He makes fists to stop them. He takes another breath, looks up at the apartment block. He is sick with stress. He forces his limbs to obey him. He manages to walk back to the steps. He manages to walk up the steps. Eventually he manages to press the

BUZZER

4.106 INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT DAY, SAME TIME

Elle hears the door buzzer. She is pale and underweight.

She gets up, walks to the apartment door. She presses the intercom button with trepidation. Her mouth is dry.

ELLE

Yes?

The crackle of electric silence. Nothing.

67 | P a g e

Exasperated, she takes her finger off the button, turns away.

The buzzer sounds again.

Elle curses and turns back to it.

She hesitates, and then presses the answer button.

ELLE

Hello?

URI

Mrs Pentane? It's Uri Tallow
from the ministry. We spoke
earlier?

It's hard to do this. It takes everything that's left of her.

ELLE

Ah yes. Come in.

She presses the buzzer door release. The front door opening
sound, OS. Elle turns away from the door. She gathers herself.

She looks at her apartment door. She steps backwards from it,
as if dreading what might be approaching it. Eventually she is
in the middle of the large, open plan room staring at the
door. A shadow is visible under the door. A shape. A man. The

KNOCK

On her door makes her jump. She gathers herself.

She goes to the door. Eventually she opens it.

Uri stands there. He smiles thinly, extends a hand. As she
takes it he looks at his hand. This hand killed her love.

URI

Mrs Pentane very good of you
to see me like this.

ELLE

Come in Mister Tallow.

She wants anything but this dull little man in her apartment.

Uri enters. He wipes his feet excessively, over and over.

She closes the door behind him. He looks around.

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URI

Lovely, just lovely. This is yours? Goodness.

He goes to a piece of art hanging on the wall. A nude.

URI

It's amazing. Such talent. Me . . .

He shrugs as if worthless. Elle tries to hold it together.

ELLE

Can I get you anything?

URI

No really I'm fine. Thank you.

He has trouble meeting her eyes. That unsettles her even more.

URI

Such platitudes! Here we are trapped inside a Terrence Rattigan three act . . .

He laughs. It sounds unnatural.

Wary of him in the extreme, he gestures to a seat reluctantly.

She sits down opposite him. Her body language is pure defence.

URI

Mrs Pentane. A delicate subject of course. Your husband.

She blinks. He can see the unimaginable depth of her grief.

Uri gets some correspondence out of his briefcase.

URI

Good, old fashioned paper. Nothing like it.

He waves the sheets of paper around. She can't even react.

URI

Firstly I'm so very sorry for
your loss. I know the ministry
has informed you that your
husband Mr Nicholas . . .

She puts her hand across her slightly swollen belly.

69 | P a g e

She's pregnant. My God. Uri frowns slightly, struggles.

URI

Misses Pentane the fact is that . . .

She looks at him with exhausted, beautiful eyes.

URI

The truth is Misses Pentane
that . . . I'm here to tell you
that . . . Well this may not
be what you want to hear but . . .

He looks at her, looks away. He can't meet her gaze.

ELLE

(get the fuck out)
If you'd kindly hurry. Please.

Her phone bleeps a message alert. An isolated sound.

URI

Misses Pentane I . . .

He can't speak. Why did he come here? This is impossible.

URI

Misses Pentane . . .

ELLE

Oh for God sake!

She gets up, stands, walks away from him. He stands.

URI

The fact is that your husband
did not die in the manner in
which you have been told he
died. As I alluded in my
letter, my email. . .

She opens the door for him to leave. He wants to die.

ELLE

I can't do this now. I'm sorry.

He follows her to the door. His hands are shaking.

URI

Misses Pentane please hear me.
(more)

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(cont'd)

Why did I come here today?
Well, the truth is I believe
you should have the facts. The
facts are that. . .we believe
your husband was wrongfully
arrested and . . .

She looks at him. No shit!

A family walking in the hall outside the door draw her
attention. A mother and her two sons. They smile at her.

She tries to smile, closes the door slightly.

Uri is almost hyperventilating by now.

ELLE

You need to get the hell away
from me. Sorry, but. . .

URI

Misses Pentane the fact is that
your husband was subjected to
rendition. Not as you may have
heard of it but in a form. . .

She has to lean against the wall.

URI

Whilst in this instance your
husband wasn't transported
abroad because of logistics.

ELLE

(a whisper)

Logistics?

URI

He was subjected here, in the
United Kingdom to a process
designed to get him to confess.

4.107 INT. BOARD ROOM, FACILITY - DAY

Uri feels his burnt tongue. Boothy, Silk and Parker observe.

BOOTHY

What we need to establish, Uri,
is whether, having found out
(more)

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(cont'd)

that you had made a mistake,
you killed Nicholas Pentane
deliberately, or whether his
death was merely a product of
of the processes to which he
was being subjected.

URI

He was no longer any use. By
that stage his body was, his
mind. . .He would never have
been able to lead an ordinary
life: work, have relationships.

BOOTHY

So you did the judicious thing
and disposed of the suspect
accordingly?

4.108 INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT DAY, SAME TIME

Elle stands by the door. She buckles. He wants to help her.

URI

Your husband was tortured,
Misses Pentane.

His voice has an unnatural edge to it. It sounds weird.

She starts to laugh hysterically. It's all a joke. Of course.

URI

These are measures taken
occasionally and in conditions
of the utmost secrecy against
certain suspects accused of
terrorism I'm sure you're aware.

She stops laughing.

She stares at him, tries to form words.

Her knees give out. He goes to her, helps her.

ELLE
DON'T TOUCH ME!

She pushes him away in panic. He recoils.

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ELLE
Get out. Now.

Another text message bleeps ludicrously from her phone.

URI
This isn't exactly what I came
here to tell you, Misses . . .
Not entirely. . .

She leans again the wall. He shuts the door softly.

He seems to reach a critical mass. Emotion leaves him.

URI
What I came here to tell you
today that it was me. I oversaw
the torture and tortured your
husband. It was under my
ministrations . . .

She is incredulous of the use of the word.

URI
It was me, you see. I killed
him. An accident. Only so much.

Her world has become a nightmare. Nothing is real.

URI
I know this is a lot to take
in, Misses Pentane.

The words don't seem like hers:

ELLE
What are you?

Uri almost smiles. Little old me.

As if in a dream she looks around, searching for something.

ELLE

I'm calling the police.

URI

That won't help much today.

But she dials. He grabs the phone from her with polite force.

He puts then phone down like a 5 star hotel receptionist.

73 | P a g e

ELLE

What the fuck do you think. . .
Get out now!

She grabs the phone again and redials. He grabs the phone from her, this time with slightly more force. She is pushed away.

ELLE

Fucker! GET THE FUCK OUT!

But he just stands near her, breathing.

ELLE

What do you want from me?

He opens his arms slightly, looks at her. The eyes of a child.

URI

I want. I want. . .

He can't say it. Can't say forgiveness, can't say death.

She SUDDENLY grabs an ornament from the dresser near her.

URI

Wait. Wait please.

He drops to his knees. Gets ready.

URI

OK.

But she has swung and CONNECTED before he has spoken.

He reels from the impact, but she is weak with shock.

ELLE

Piece of shit-mould. Get out. . .

She swings again stronger this time. The blow hurts him.

ELLE

This is what you fucking want?
Fuck. . .(sobbing) Oh Jesus. . .

She changes. Adrenaline kicks in. She starts to pound him with the ornament, which breaks. Then she grabs a stone stature and

HITS

Him with it. That sends him flying. He grovels on the carpet.

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ELLE

Motherfucker . . .

She lays into him. He accepts it all. Blow after bloody blow.

URI

Yes (blow) Yes (blow) Yes (blow).

After a while she slows, exhausted.

ELLE

Piece of dogshit . . .

She grabs her belly, grimaces. Uri's face is now pulped.

URI

Misses Pentane . . . the
exertion. Please . . .

He means her belly, her unborn child.

ELLE

What? (incredulous) WHAT?

She is sobbing, broken, exhausted.

4.109 INT. BOARD ROOM, FACILITY - DAY

Uri looks at Booth, Silk and Parker. Coffee and digestives.

URI

I relieved him of his pain.

4.110 INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT DAY

Elle gasps for breath, stares at Uri through tears.

She drops the bloody stone statue. Uri is badly injured now.

ELLE

Am I expected to admire . . .
Leave me alone.

She tries to open the door, to haul him out.

URI

It's OK. I don't want you to
be . . . I'll make up a story.
Don't worry. (beat) Actually
I hate it all. (beat) I do as
I'm told, actually. Sometimes . . .

75 | P a g e

She grabs the stone statue again and SWINGS.

Primal, she SCREAMS at him as she does it, and now the statue

CONNECTS

Uri is thrown sideways by the adrenal force of the blow.

He falls on the expensive carpet, barely conscious.

He glimpses a WHITE feather displayed as an ornament among
other artefacts in a lit, glass fronted display cabinet.

Elle drops the stone statue again, stumbles away.

ELLE

Get out.

Uri begins to crawl towards the door. Leaves a trail of blood.

URI

Don't worry. Mum's the word,
Mrs Pentane. I'll take care of
everything. Everything. I promise. . .

He reaches the door, grabs it with a bloody hand as we

CUT TO

4.111 INT. FACILITY DAY

His face scarred, Uri sits among the instruments of torture.
Done thinking, he suddenly snaps his rubber gloves on.

Better get to it.

BLACK

SUPER

`Jeremy Bentham'

FADE IN ON

5.112 EXT. SOUTH LONDON STREET NIGHT

In urban winter darkness a hoodie walks down an alley. He uses the deep shadows to conceal himself. He scopes out the back of the houses he walks past, as if looking for an opportunity.

A radio advert ends OVER:

AD VO

. . .not that you'll be needing
one now that your house
assurance is on the house. Cheers!

As the VO ends there is the sound of drinking glasses knocking together in a busy pub, then an inane radio ad jingle, then:

5.113 INT. RADIO STATION DJ BOOTH NIGHT

FEMALE DJ VO

So welcome back and if you've just joined us welcome: I'm talking to Chris Marlow, the barrister who represented decorated Afghanistan para veteran Shona Barnes earlier this year. If you recall, Shona was sentenced to seven years in Wormwood Scrubs for the murder of Caleb Rounds the man who broke into her house, shot and held her hostage for several hours on the night of March the twelfth last year. Chris so . . . in your opinion Shona's Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, a condition she suffered following action. . . an incident with an IED in Helmand Province in Afghanistan in May two thousand and ten,

(more)

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(cont'd)

an incident that killed a close colleague of hers and resulted in Shona being pensioned, invalidated out of the army. In your opinion Chris, this - the PTSD - should have been crucial to the decision not to prosecute Shona for murder, a charge you now feel should have been reduced to what: manslaughter? She didn't seem like much of an invalid in the way she dealt with Rounds did she? So for you - was this a travesty of justice? Really?

MARLOW VO

My sense of it is, Christie, as I've said, and the reason I feel I failed, really, is that the state must find a way to take responsibility.

The hoodie climbs over the back fence of a house. He then proceeds up the garden again hugging the shadows for cover.

FEMALE DJ VO

But now you're considering retiring? With a future as QC certain. A Law Lord perhaps. You're regarded by many as a (laughs) legal wunderkind!

MARLOW VO

Well I don't know about that. But yes, I'm looking to move out of the legal profession now.

FEMALE DJ VO

Because of this case, specifically? As Queens Council you could help people like Shona. Lots of Shonas.

MARLOW

I know. But look. For me it's this: we send her out to Afghanistan. We tell her to kill people who resisted our invasion.

(as the DJ starts to speak) But
(more)

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(cont'd)

anyway look: we make her
an expert. A killing machine.
And then war breaks our machine.
So then our machine needs
Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder
drugs in order to function in
normal life. To make a cup of
tea, for God sake. (silence a
beat, then) She's a broken
child, Chrissie. We broke her.
So then when she kills a known
psychotic child molester and
murderer in her home in the
middle of the night in her
home - in self-defence we,
the state, we call that murder,
and we throw her to the dogs. We
screw her up in the name of a
cause in some country some
people - and lets' face it,
in a part of the world not
many British people know or
give a damn about - and then we
finish the job. We prosecute her
for murder and lock her up.

The hoodie chooses a ground floor window. He jemmes it open.

FEMALE DJ VO

But ultimately the only
alternative is that we don't
have a professional, a standing
army. We rely on . . .

MARLOW VO

I understand. I understand
that when you sign up, you
take your chances. You become
an organ of the state, and if
that state tells you to kill
people in its name, it chooses
not to call that murder. It
chooses then to call you a
hero especially if you die.

FEMALE DJ VO

So these young people, the

soldiers who give their lives
in the defence of our liberty
(more)

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(cont'd)
don't deserve the label hero.
Is that what you're saying?

The hoodie climbs through the window he has jemmied open.

MARLOW VO

Nation states have always
protected themselves from their
own imperial absurdities. What
would be left if there was no
chance of glory? Why would anyone
sign up? Look: in war, anywhere,
people do what they can to
survive. All I can say is that
personally, I mean as Shona's
brief, I failed to make the court
see sense. For me, you know, it's
like you can murder in the so
called defence of the state but
if you kill in the defence of
yourself . . . You know it's
like, I mean as Shakespeare
said 'if his cause be wrong,
our obedience to the king
wipes the crime of it out of us.'

His voice dissolves and fades away as we

CUT TO

5.114 INT. SHONA'S HOME, BEDROOM NIGHT

SHONA (20s, black) is awoken by a sound the dull clunk of
something giving under strain. She lifts her head up, listens.

Another clunk, but this followed by other sounds downstairs.

Shona is quickly out of bed, standing. She moves in a way that
suggests combat training: with controlled power and assurance.

She is not afraid.

5.115 INT. SHONA'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

CALEB (20s, white) breaks in through the kitchen window. He's
young and hooded. His thin face is haunted by addiction.

Caleb climbs through the window he has just jemmied open. He stands in the kitchen a moment, listening. He hears nothing.

80 | P a g e

He starts to move quietly through the kitchen towards the

5.116 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Caleb enters. He looks around, sees the usual living room stuff: a settee, some ornaments, a TV and iPod and iPod dock; a shelf bearing a few ornaments OK, but Caleb wants more.

What Caleb doesn't seem to see are the mantelpiece photos of Corporal Shona smiling with her Para mates in Afghanistan.

Caleb turns and heads towards the door. He goes out into the

5.117 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Caleb emerges from the living room.

CRACK

A fist connects with his jaw, sending him staggering.

CRACK, CRACK

Another two blows a fist and a kick. Caleb sprawls, and then manages to stand as Shona attacks him. She moves fast and with focus a shape in the darkness moving very fast. Caleb lashes out with his right fist. He misses. She lands another two punches to his neck and face. He yells and lashes out again. This time he connects with the side of her head. She goes sprawling. He dives towards her and pounds her with his fists.

CALEB

What the fuck easy-peasy, ho!

She fights him: the focussed power of a trained soldier; but he's too strong and doesn't seem to feel blows that should be causing him a lot of pain. He PUNCHES her in the head twice.

She goes still.

Caleb now pulls the SILENCED GUN he's been trying to get his hands on throughout the fight from his jacket pocket. He stands, gasping for breath. He aims the gun at her.

CALEB

A bitch. I been had by a bitch!

(starts to laugh) Stand, bitch.

She just maintains her guard, balled up on the floor.

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CALEB

I said stand up. No way we're gonna have chats with you sprawled. Less you wanna fuck me now that is.

She looks up at him. Her evulsion is obvious.

He gestures up with the gun. Slowly, carefully, she stands.

CALEB

Well shocky-shocky-shock. Wasn't expecting quite such a welcome.

Shona could be a statue.

CALEB

What the fuck.

Caleb still points his gun at her. He looks at her. Nice.

CALEB

It's Christmas, ho, ho, ho . . .

Keeping his gun on her, Caleb turns a lamp on. He sees her: average height but athletic, powerful: attractive, damaged.

CALEB

Way ho. Choice. Smile for the camera. You got names?

He comes closer to her, examines her but keeps his distance. She seems calm, but he sees the storm beneath the surface.

CALEB

All fucked up now ain't ya, babe. Who did this to ya?

All that moves is her eyes: she watches the gun nothing else. Caleb moves the gun deliberately, making her eyes move.

CALEB

Notable: Lara fuckety Croft.

He moves the gun erratically. He can't outpace her eyes.

CALEB

(game over)

Well shit, bitch: ain't you the self-same night owl. Name. I said what's your fuckin' name?

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Still her eyes on the gun. Suddenly annoyed, he

LASHES OUT

He goes to hit her in the face with his gun but she ducks. He swings at her again, and again she ducks. She assumes a combat position: fists up, body ready again. She looks at his eyes.

CALEB

Well ain't you the pocket battleship. We gonna have another swingers, you an' me? Don't think so, bitch. Think you an' me we gonna have chats, get under each other's skinny, maybe get some cosy. Howzat.

Fighting some inner battle, she just waits for his next move.

He's impressed, but suddenly he's bored by this game.

He aims the gun at her head.

CALEB

OK. Let's play the you-kneeling-on-the-floor-now game. I liked you down there.

(she doesn't move)

Yesterday, bitch.

He starts to squeeze the trigger. She doesn't move.

He aims the gun at her left shoulder and

SHOOTS HER

The bullet NICKS shoulder. It's just a flesh wound but enough to shut her up and make her drop to her knees in AGONY.

CALEB

Now we got some kind of understanding. Some kind of parity goin' down. Name, ho.

He stands over her, looks down at the booty. She grabs her left shoulder with her right hand and squeezes. The pain makes her cry out, but she immediately bites her lip silent.

CALEB

Well well. Now I'm more than
(more)

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(cont'd)

somewhat. Don't know that I
could take one like that.

He looks away from her, sees the photographs on the mantle:
Shona the soldier with her squaddie buddies in Afghanistan.

CALEB

Well that explains. A bona fide
fuckin hero. Heroine. Which
makes me wonder, actually:
where's your stash? The gear?

He looks at her, waits. She grimaces in controlled agony.

CALEB

Don't make me spell it out. You
know why we in `ere `aving this.

Losing it, he suddenly goes to her, grabs her and drags her to
the settee. He throws her on it. The pain makes her wince. She
muffles her scream with pride. She now knows he is psychotic.

CALEB

DON'T PLAY ME, BITCH. Where's
your fuckin' gear. Everybody
got gear round this green
and pleasant land.

He points his gun at her head. She shakes her head no.

CALEB

What the fuck. You the only
bitch I picked in this whole
postie with no gear? Fuck.
Trust Caleb to pick a soldier.

He glances at the photographs again, grins.

CALEB

You got that uniform still? I
like a woman in uniform.

She just looks at him through the fog of bloody agony.

CALEB

How come you so hot, babes?
You leave the central heating
on all night to keep you snuggles?
Nothing like a man for that.

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He removes his jacket, and then the hoodie he wears beneath it. She can see his prison tats and scars on his neck. She can see the injection marks on his dirty, skinny forearms.

CALEB

Hey what you lookin' at?
Look at me. At me eyes, ho.

She won't meet his eyes. ON her eyes in ECU:

The SOUNDS of war until

CALEB

I said look at me you fuckin' . . .

He jabs the gun into her crotch, leans close to her.

She looks him in the eyes. She sees everything that's wrong.

CALEB

You know what I am huh? You
know what I am, really? (leans
close, looks deep into her eyes)
I'm hungry. Starved. (stands up,
moves towards the door) Wot you
gonna give Caleb tweet apart
from later's?

He grins, looks at her crotch and licks his lips.

Her eyes are glass. She closes them to make it all go away.

CALEB

Hey no: none of that. You stay
front and fucking centre. On the
ball. Keep your soldier eyes
on me no matter what. Hear me?

She opens her eyes. The SOUNDS of war. Her war. Her hell.

CALEB

That's better, soldier soldier.

Now don't be going for no
walkies `kay?

Backing towards the door he looks and points his gun at her.

CALEB

Not a muscle, ho. You stay
like a good doggie period.

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He doesn't trust her, but he's going to take a chance.

He heads out of the room quickly and goes into the

5.118 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Caleb goes through cupboards - fast.

CALEB

Not a move, babes. I'm watching.
(searches cupboards)
Where you keep the cake, ho?
Me and Victoria sponge, we're
tight as a schoolgirl's twat.

Going from cupboard to cupboard, he sees the usual food and
crocery etc. In one cupboard he sees bottle of prescription
pills: benzodiazepine, diazepam, and methylphenidate.

CALEB

(a low whistle)
And I thought I was fucked up.
What they do to you out there,
babes? Turn you into a raghead?

He grabs a bottle of benzodiazepine and goes back into the

5.119 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reading the bottle label he doesn't notice that she has gone
for a brief moment. But when he does, he throws the bottle
aside and starts moving. He runs out of the room and heads

5.120 INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Caleb runs up the stairs onto the landing, his gun up.

CALEB

Hey fuck, bitch. Hey!

He hears a noise from the

5.121 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He runs in, sees her trying to make a call on her mobile. With his peripheral vision and for the briefest moment he sees a WHITE feather on the dresser beside her bed. Without stopping he rushes her, as she desperately thumbs the buttons. He SMASHES the phone from her hand and shoves her. But she manages to keep on her feet and run out of the room. He

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SHOOTS

The bullet THUDS into the wall by her as she sprints onto the

5.122 INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Shona emerges from the bedroom and rushes down the stairs, her left hand holding her wounded and bleeding right shoulder.

CALEB

Come here you fuckin' slag . . .

Caleb runs down the stairs after her.

DOWNSTAIRS

Shona sprints full speed into the

5.123 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She goes to a drawer, rips it open. She grabs a knife and turns to face him just as he reaches her. His face contorted, he CRAMS his gun into her face as she SLASHES at him

CUTTING HIM

Caleb staggers backwards, his face pouring blood.

CALEB

Fucking slippery bitch! SHIT!

Caleb points the gun at her. She freezes. He indicates drop the knife with the gun while he holds his cut, bleeding face.

She puts the knife down. Her eyes never leave his gun.

CALEB

You stupid fucking slut! Jesus!

Shocked by the CUT on his face he aims his gun at her head.

SHONA

Do it.

CALEB

She speaks.

She means shoot her.

SHONA

Go for it. Serious.

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CALEB

Don't fuckin' tempt me.

His finger squeezes the

TRIGGER

Tighter and tighter. The trigger starts to move. But then she

SMILES AT HIM

He stops, thrown by her smile.

CALEB

What the fuck? No one smiles
at Caleb.

She still smiles at him.

CALEB

Stop. (spells) D-O-N-T. I said. . .

He shoves the gun at her. But she keeps smiling. Bizarre.

CALEB

(panicked)

Stop. Fucking don't smile. `Kay?

But she won't stop. He lunges at her, swipes with the gun.

She lashes out at him with her fist HITS his face.

He staggers backwards. He's had enough.

He aims the gun at her head again, sure and steady.

CALEB

Your choice, bitch.

She stops smiling.

SHONA

Wrong.

She drops her guard, stands very still, waiting. The bleeding gunshot wound in her shoulder is draining the life from her.

They look at each other a moment, breathing hard.

She looks away from him, disgusted.

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CALEB

That's what I thought. (beat)
OK. So now what we gonna do is
you gonna make me a sarnie. Go.
(she doesn't move)
Go!

She holds his eyes defiantly, and then she moves.

5.124 INT. KITCHEN LATER, NIGHT

Caleb eats a cheese sandwich. His gun is on the kitchen table near his right hand. Shona sits opposite him; she's in bad shape: he shoulder wound is pulling her down fast. She holds a kitchen towel against it, which is SOAKED in dark red blood.

Caleb watches her.

CALEB

Solider girl needs a hospital.

He eats a while. She won't even look at him.

CALEB

So what's with all the shit?
(indicates the cupboard with
the drugs in it) They fuck you
up in ragland or something?
Wonder why you can't lead a normal
fuckin' life? Wankers. You do
what they tell ya an' you're
all cool, babes. Do what you
wanna do an' you're . . .
(pulls his finger across his
throat) You decorated and all
that? I should be scared.
(laughs) If you just knew what
Caleb has done. Bad things,

babes, worse than bad. Then
you'd be scared, trust.

He eats, watches her, and waits.

SHONA

What do you want?

CALEB

What you think I fuckin' want?
A teensy weensy respect would
be nice. Failing that, this
sarnie is really rather nice, ta.

89 | P a g e

He eats, watches her, and waits. She's bleeding to death.

She closes her eyes.

ON Shona: SOUNDS of an explosion, shouting, and Shona
screaming `Sandy!' followed by automatic weapons firing.

This BUILDS until Shona's eyes suddenly OPEN.

SHONA

(strangely calm)

I need a doctor.

He breaks down in a fit of laughter.

CALEB

She needs a doctor. Well you
might yet, babes. We not done
partying yet. Then maybe you
need a doctor. First. . .

He finishes the sandwich, wipes his hands on the chair.

He looks at her body.

CALEB

First I'm going to see what's
what (indicates the house, her
possession). Then we gonna see
what's what (looks at her body
suggestively). Ain't never done
black, but there's always a first
time no? Say there's no goin'
back. That right?

He laughs again, and then suddenly goes very serious.

CALEB

You wan' it first, or you wanna
sit tight while I go foray,
then we get acquainted?

She fights for control. She's losing the battle.

Caleb suddenly stands, pushing the chair back. The sudden
SOUND of the chair scraping on the floor makes her start.

CALEB

Oh for fuck's sake.

He goes to the medicine cupboard, gets her drugs out.

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CALEB

What do ya need?

He grabs various drugs and dumps them on the table in front of
her. Then fills a glass with tap water and gives her that.

CALEB

Get fixed up, babes, I ain't
got all night.

She doesn't move.

Irritated, he pours DOZENS of pills from various bottles out,
savagely, and CRAMS them into her mouth. He then forces the
glass of water to her lips and makes her take the pills.

She gasps for air. He stands over her.

CALEB

She swallows. He knew she would.

SHONA

You have to go now.

CALEB

Fuckin' what? (laughs) Fuckin'
what? I'll leave when it's time
to leave, babes. First is you
gonna show me some hospitable
time just the two of us. The
shit (her belongings) can wait.

He goes round the table to her. The drugs start to hit her:
she fights them. She's shaking and sweating with pain from her
wounded shoulder. He caresses her cheek with his gun.

CALEB

Babes come on. We can be
fuck buddies or whatever.

SHONA

Friends with benefits. Yeah.

CALEB

Friends with benefits. Gotcha.
You watch all the right shows.
No strings, no comebacks. So
the things is: however we do
it, Caleb's getting' horny, so . . .

He grabs her right hand and puts it on his crotch.

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The drug OD begins to win the war inside Shona.

CALEB

Slow and steady wins the race,
babes. We take it easy steps.
That's right beautiful. . .

She jerks her hand away. It has to be now.

SHONA

Get the fuck out of my house.

CALEB

Say what?

He GRABS her by the hair, starts forcing her head towards his
crotch. With his gun hand he starts to unzip his fly.

CALEB

An' me been so fuckin' la-de-
dah with ya, and now this.
Do what Caleb says, bitch, an'
do it NOW . . .

As he goes to pull his pecker out she stands. As if she's had
enough of the game, she looks at him like a bug, dead already.

CALEB

Sit the fuck . . .

Lightning fast, she POUNDS her index and first fingers into
his EYES, blinding him. At the same time she snap PUNCHES his
THROAT, collapsing his oesophagus completely. In less than a
second, Caleb goes from being in charge to being a grovelling,
screaming piece of crap on the floor at her feet. But now he

FIRES

His gun wildly up at her anywhere. Succumbing to the drugs she dodges as the bullets THUD into the walls and furniture.

SHONA

Stop! Please . . .

She KICKS at his gun hand. It's inaccurate because now the drugs are overwhelming her. He keeps hold of the gun screaming and gasping for breath he will never draw again.

A bullet SLAMS into the wall beside her. Reluctantly she Forces herself to FOCUS, to hold the drugs back as she

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SMASHES

The back of his neck with the side of her fist. A loud

CRACK

Caleb stops moving, instantly DEAD.

Shona stands there breathing hard, trying to focus.

And then, slowly, surely the tears come. The drugs win.

A radio ad, OVER

AD VO #1

(male)

I should cocoa, Betty.

AD VO #2

(female)

Me too, Bill. Nighty-night. . .

The sounds of polite kissing and an inane radio ad jingle as

Shona collapses. As she loses consciousness, BLACKNESS and the SOUND of distant, hallucinatory police SIRENS as we

DISSOLVE TO

5.125 INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL DAY

The radio ad jingle and bullshit fades to SILENCE as

A year later: Shona sits looking at CAMERA. She is handcuffed.

Her face bears the scars. Her eyes in ECU: they are dark,
damaged, strong and sad. She is searching for our affirmation.

Slowly, surely we

FADE TO BLACK

END CREDITS