

London Fields

By Roberta Hanley & Martin Amis

Based on the Novel by Martin Amis

4 - 30 - 2012

Director: Shekhar Kapur
Muse Productions
310-306-2001
15 B Brooks Ave.
Venice, CA 90291
October 9, 2008
WGA Registered

1

EXT. SPACE - BLACK HOLE

1

Stars and distant planets are but specks from this perspective near a black hole.

SUPERIMPOSE - CYGNUS X-I

An all knowing British voice speaks to us, God-like.

MARK ASPREY (V.O.)
Here we are at the event horizon of
a black hole, Cygnus X - I.

A beautiful self luminous round clump of matter spirals into the black hole. Radiation is emitted in a series of pulses, shifting from blue short waves to red longer waves.

MARK ASPREY (V.O.)
Anything, including matter and
photons, that pass this boundary
are unable to escape.

We sense the pull as we are drawn closer and closer, becoming pulled into the portal of Cygnus X - I. We enter the black hole.

MARK ASPREY (V.O.)
This black hole, often referred to
as 'The Black Swan', weighed in at
ten solar masses and was no wider
than London.

The black hole collapses into itself.

2

EXT. NOV. 5 GUY FAWKES. DEAD-END STREET. LONDON - NIGHT

2

The lights of London from above: a cab stops in Notting Hill. NICOLA SIX, in a provocative white skin tight minidress, climbs out, noticeably drunk, a wad of money in hand. She looks up at the sky.

MARK ASPREY (V.O.)
And there she is, Nicola Six. No
one could be more drunk or more
human as she looks up at the
sky...as above, so below...for
everyone, she is and always will be
a black hole in this universe. Or
any universe as long as it contains
men.

NICOLA SIX
(to Driver)
This is for you.

DRIVER
Well thanks very much, Miss.

The DRIVER's reply is drowned by Nicola's raucous laughter. Her black hair is tangled, her makeup smudged; she has a puffy upper lip. She walks off singing Patsy Kline's 'I Go Out Walking.'

VOICE (V.O.)

I go out walking, after midnight,
in the moonlight, just like we
used to do, I'm always walking,
after midnight, searching for you.

Nicola's walk seems comically unbalanced, with her heels slipping. She pauses at the corner of the street at the dead-end sign. Her face fills with fear, sadness, regret, and a wavering but bloody-minded determination. She walks on. We see grey dirt all over the back of the fake satin dress, clinging to her body like a second skin. It doesn't look like she's wearing underwear.

Now the voice of SAMSON YOUNG. It is an unhealthy, croaky American voice, struggling for breath.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)

The murder of Nicola Six always had
a date, even a time: as midnight
turned on her 30th birthday. She
knew this.

IMAGES OF: fireworks blast off near the burning effigy of Guy Fawkes hanging on a noose from a tree. Smoke envelopes the street.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)

It was always going to be on Guy
Fawkes Day. Fire, fireworks,
anarchy. A quaint 400-year-old
British custom commemorating the
brutal execution of a
revolutionary.

Facing her at the end of the street is a black estate car. It's lights come on. She goes to meet it.

NICOLA SIX

I go out walking, in the moonlight,
out in the starlight ...

The car halts. The passenger door opens. Nicola stares into the man's face, hidden in shadow. His weapon, a heavy spanner, ready on his lap.

NICOLA SIX

You. Always you ...

And in she climbs.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
 In her premonition she could never
 quite see the face of the driver,
 her murderer. But she knew who he
 was.

CUT TO BLACK

3 INT. NOV.5 GUY FAWKES BLACK ESTATE CAR - MINUTES LATER 3

Nicola Six is dead in the front seat. Her bloodied face rests against the car window. The blood drips off her red lips onto the glass. Her red lips fill the screen.

4 OVER HER LIPS SUPERIMPOSE THE TITLE - **LONDON FIELDS** 4

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
 (thru his last breath)
 London Fields...

FADE UP ON:

5 INT. NOV.5 GUY FAWKES. SAMSON YOUNG'S LIBRARY. LONDON. NIGHT 5

SAMSON YOUNG, half dressed, naked torso dimly lit by his computer. Sam looks ancient, at death's door, each breath sounds closer to his end.

He stops typing. He stands up, lights his last cigarette with an expensive lighter.

He looks out the window. A Guy Fawkes effigy burns on the grass below, sending smoke across his window. He looks up, sees one colorful firework burst into light like the birth of a new star.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
 ...a true story. Reality
 literature.

On his computer it reads: London Fields p.467. C.U. on "*And after the first blow, she gave a moan as of visceral assent, as if at last she was beginning to get warm.*" C.U. on: THE END.

A pile of leather diaries by his bare feet.

He blinks, eye widening with a tear forming. Sam looks at the photo of a man his age hanging on the wall, MARK ASPREY.

He loads up the printer with paper. He picks up a pill bottle. It has a skull and crossbones hand-drawn on the label. He empties the contents into his hand: a single pill. Sam's eyes grow cold. The printer spits out page after page.

6 EXT. SKY - CRACK OF DAWN - 2 MONTHS EARLIER 6

A Virgin Airways airplane flies along the horizon between dark and light. The belly of the plane skims the cloud cover.

7 INT. VIRGIN AIRWAYS PLANE - SAME 7

A STEWARDESS leaves the cockpit and walks past an entirely vacant first class, business class, and into economy class, empty but for one 35 year old passenger, Samson Young.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
I flew in from New York. No one in
their right mind wants to come to
London with the present crisis. The
tourists just aren't forthcoming
when there are two nuclear warheads
pointed at merry ol' London town.

The Stewardess approaches Sam, stretched out across four seats. He wears a hat, has no eyebrows. Post Chemotherapy. He coughs.

8 INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR, HEATHROW - DAWN - LATER 8

Through a glass partition wall to wall PEOPLE check-in desperately on their way out of the country. On the arrival side Sam is alone. A sign reads 'Welcome to London.'

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
I was hoping I'd come here and find
something to write about to turn
around my failed literary career.
This was my last shot.

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. CUSTOMS INSPECTION AREA - MORNING - MINUTES LATER 10

A CUSTOMS OFFICER uncovers a box of bottles of prescription pain killers in Sam's suitcase. Sam hands the officer some medical documents. The officer looks up with compassion.

SAMSON YOUNG
I have a short life expectancy and
low threshold of pain.

11 EXT. AIRPORT PAVEMENT - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 11

FROM ABOVE, through extreme bright sunlight, Sam overwhelmed by heavy wind, alone on a deserted sidewalk.

KEITH TALENT drives up in his Cavalier. Face puffy, eyes blood shot.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
 Was it fate that Keith Talent was
 sent to pick me up at the airport
 or a plan? It's a fact that will
 haunt me to my grave.

Dressed in tight black leather coat, Keith gets out,
 approaches Sam with a card in his hand on which is written
 "SAMSON YOUNG".

KEITH TALENT
 Mr. Young?

SAMSON YOUNG
 Yes. Thank you.

KEITH TALENT
 Right. I'm Keith Talent. You're
 lucky Mr. Asprey called me. Not
 many cabs at arrivals these days.

12

INT. TAXI - AIRPORT ROAD - DAY - MINUTES LATER

12

Plowing through heavy rain the taxi sends up a geyser. A
 poster for the musical *GUY FAWKES* grabs Sam's attention. On
 it Guy Fawkes with a noose around his neck. Sam reads: *Play*
by Mark Asprey, Music by Andrew Lloyd Weber.

A dart dangles from the rear view mirror. Over the radio a
 darts match plays *thud after thud* as darts make contact with
 the board.

DARTS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 (a dart hits the board) Treble
 twenty for Chick Purchase! Kim
 Twemlow falls upon his sword! I
 never thought I'd see the day.
 Chick Purchase, the new world
 champion!

KEITH TALENT
 Boof!

Keith, sharing in the win, wipes sweat from his brow.

CHICK PURCHASE'S VOICE is heard in a post-game interview.

CHICK PURCHASE (O.S.)
 Trebles for show, doubles for
 dough. You can get all the maximums
 and ton-forties in the world but if
 you can't kill them off, if you
 can't stick it in at the death -

Keith turns the radio off.

KEITH TALENT
 My mates entered me into the Inter
 Pub Masters for The Black Cross.
 (MORE)

KEITH TALENT (CONT'D)
 I'm going pro darts. *World* darts. I
 don't listen to the doubters.

Teary eyed, Keith exchanges eye contact with Sam in the
 rearview mirror. Sam looks away, embarrassed for him.

Keith stops at a red light, sizes Samson up in the rear view
 mirror, turns around.

Confronted like this Sam starts laughing uncontrollably,
 ending in Sam crying.

KEITH TALENT
 You alright mate?

SAMSON YOUNG
 (calmer now) Yes.

Long silence.

The car accelerates. Sam takes a pen and pad out.

KEITH TALENT
 You a writer? You look like one.
 All pale like.

SAMSON YOUNG
 It's notes, really.

The car fishtails sending Sam sliding across the back seat.

Sam sees taxi registration, multiple perfume ads, Keith's ID.

KEITH TALENT
 Looking to buy perfume for a lovey?

SAMSON YOUNG
 No, no. No lovey.

13 EXT. DEAD END STREET - DAY - LATER

13

They drive onto a dead end street - the same one we saw
 earlier with Nicola Six. Sam's POV up the building to what
 will be his flat. Keith in a menacing fashion.

KEITH TALENT
 That'll be 300 quid, mate. Mr.
 Asprey ordered the car but he
 didn't pay for it, did he.

Keith grins.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Are you fucking kidding me?

KEITH TALENT
 Inflation. Innit.

14 INT. MARK ASPREY'S BUILDING LANDING - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 14

Sam and Keith climb to the second floor landing with Sam's luggage. Sam sees initials M.A. painted on the door. Sam pulls out an envelope from his laptop bag. He takes out the door key.

15 INT. MARK ASPREY'S FLAT - DAY - SAME 15

Sam steps inside, Keith follows with the luggage. Sam looks around at the opulent flat, overwhelmed. The cordless phone rings, Sam answers it.

MARK ASPREY (O.S.)
(thru phone)
Just checking to see you got in
okay. Vodka's in the freezer, drink
anything you like.

The walls are covered with Mark Asprey's writing awards. His eyes fix on a photo of Mark Asprey, then on a framed invitation to the opening of *Guy Fawkes*. He touches the attached mini rope noose.

SAMSON YOUNG
(into phone)
My place it's not exactly a fair
trade. I'm sorry, I think I've
stiffed you.

16 INT. MERCER HOTEL - NIGHT 16

With his back to us, MARK ASPREY, gazes out the window at the ominous New York sky. We can't see his face. He speaks out loud to the room - on speaker phone.

MARK ASPREY
I know exactly what I'm getting
into. I'll be doing research for my
next novel from your apartment. My
character lives where you do, in
Hell's Kitchen. I'll be living
here, at the Mercer Hotel and
working in your flat.

17 INT. MARK ASPREY'S BEDROOM - SAME 17

Sam carries the phone into the bedroom. There are mirrored walls, ceiling, table tops which reflect Sam and Keith back to themselves standing in the room.

MARK ASPREY (O.S.)
(thru phone)
Enjoy the mirrors. I do. The
neighborhood's quite promising for
women. You'll see soon enough.
Why don't you have Keith take you
to the local pub? The Black Cross.

Keith lights a cigarette, pockets the crystal table lighter.

KEITH TALENT

Sweet.

Sam realizes that Mark has already hung up. He returns the phone to the base.

KEITH TALENT

He's an odd one like, famous. We see each other at the Black Cross pub. Has me pick up a bird on occasion. Drop another one off. Yeah. Want a drink?

A grandfather clock ticks disturbingly loud.

18

INT. BLACK CROSS PUB - DAY

18

Sam sits near Keith below the darts board in the corner at the back of the pub with his neat vodka, his packet of crisps.

Keith, surrounded three-people deep by adoring PUB FRIENDS, his Rasta friend THELONIUS and Thelonus's two Rasta BROTHERS, all with blonde GIRLFRIENDS. Keith is their champion, the pub superstar.

GUY CLINCH walks over to Keith's group. Guy is kind, shy, pointlessly handsome, a posh aristocrat in a Savile Row suit and coat. His hair is a kind of boyish mop. He looks rich.

Sam sees Guy turn his family's Tudor ring around, hiding the valuable stone in his palm. Amused, Sam thinks Guy is interesting.

Keith hooks his arm around Guy, pulls him towards Sam.

KEITH TALENT

(To Sam) Here is someone I want you to meet. Let's get you another drink.

Sam empties his vodka.

KEITH TALENT

He's a mate of mine. Guy Clinch. Had a hard time when he first came in here, but I introduced him to the boys.... You know, with the wife; home troubles like. Comes in here all the time now. Shelter from the storm.

Guy cringes, offers his hand to Sam. They shake.

KEITH TALENT

Guy Clinch, Samson Young. Sam's newly arrived. American. New Yorker.

(MORE)

KEITH TALENT (CONT'D)
(he wiggles his fingers, miming on
a keyboard) Here to write.

GUY CLINCH
Pleased to meet you, Samson.

SAMSON YOUNG
Sam.

GUY CLINCH
(to Keith)
You looked stressed. What's wrong?

KEITH TALENT
The usual. Loan sharks.

GUY CLINCH
Plural?

KEITH TALENT
There's three of them aren't there?

GUY CLINCH
Keith, you shouldn't be doing that-

KEITH TALENT
But I did, didn't I. And it's not
that *bad*. It's a good deal. I'm
lucky I got it. I'll manage it. Why
would I borrow it if I didn't 'ave
a way to pay it back right? I'm
paying high interest, the highest
of anybody, so why don't I pay it
to you? Every time I borrowed from
you I paid it back, dinnt I?

GUY CLINCH
I never got it back, not once. An
old family motto. "If you want to
keep a friend, money to him do not
lend." And I consider you a friend,
Keith.

Keith, deflated, turns to Thelonius with a look that says he
struck out. Thelonius pulls Keith away conspiratorially.

KEITH TALENT
(to Thelonius)
It was a 'no' man. No chance of a
'yes!' 'E doesn't know what it's
like to owe money. To him what am
I? Just another visitor in his posh
home with shit on his shoe.

THELONIUS
Those who are rich do not know man.

KEITH TALENT
I'm a little surprised by his
character.

SAMSON YOUNG
 "Character is destiny".

KEITH TALENT
 I've been told I got a poor
 character. I been told that by a
 magistrate, my girlfriends too, and
 a probation officer. Does that mean
 I have a poor destiny?

SAMSON YOUNG
 (shrugs)
 What do you reckon?

KEITH TALENT
Darts is destiny.

Keith looks down at his hands trembling. Thelonius holds out to Keith his velvet darts pouch. C.U. on the pouch embroidered with '*Keith Talent--The Finisher.*' Instantly Keith's eyes brighten. Thelonius tries to hold onto it, but Keith grabs it.

Keith takes his darts, each engraved '*The Finisher*', worshipfully in his hands. At the oche, Keith throws, exhales on releasing the dart. Sam watches. Treble 20. Thelonius retrieves the dart.

KEITH TALENT
 You don't loan money do you Sam?

SAMSON YOUNG
 I'd love to help, Keith, but I'm a penniless writer. Your friend Guy. What's his story?

KEITH TALENT
 Why should he own me right? I had my own way of doing things. What I did was I borrowed money on the street two weeks ago.

INTERCUT KEITH'S DARTS HITTING CLOCKWISE AROUND THE BOARD WITH:

19

EXT. MECCA BINGO, HACKNEY RD. - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

19

In pouring rain Keith gets into a gold Rolls-Royce parked in front of the Mecca Bingo Hall.

KEITH TALENT (V.O.)
 Hackney Road. At the Mecca. I
 borrowed from me old loan shark
 Kirk Stockist.

Keith and KIRK STOCKIST shake hands. Keith slides a thick envelope of cash into the front of his tight beige trousers. Making an even bigger bulge.

20 INT. BLACK CROSS PUB - SAME AS BEFORE - DAY 20

Keith's darts continue to land in a circle around the board 10, 15, 2, 17, 3. Some of the daytime crowd whistles and claps. Keith ignores them, grows serious, dark, whispers.

KEITH TALENT
Then I had to borrow from Ashley
Royal to pay the vig on Kirk's
loan. How else am I to pay the
bills and train for my darts match?

21 INT. NIGHTCLUB, LEICESTER SQUARE - SAME 21

Keith is led thru near-naked writhing girls on the dance floor, deafening music. He goes on into the rear office.

22 INT. OFFICE, NIGHTCLUB - SAME 22

Keith shakes hands with ASHLEY ROYAL, 40, a one-armed club owner who peers at Keith.

ASHLEY ROYAL
How the fuck do I know you again?

KEITH TALENT
Thelonius. We're mates.

ASHLEY ROYAL
I know where to find him. You get
it back to me in a week.

Keith stuffs an envelope into his crotch again, creating a big bulge.

KEITH TALENT
Right.

Keith turns to go.

ASHLEY ROYAL
Seven days, Talent!

23 INT. MECCA BINGO, HACKNEY ROAD - NIGHT 23

On a balcony overlooking a packed bingo hall, Keith pulls out Ashley's money from his pants and hands it to Kirk Stockist.

24 INT. BLACK CROSS PUB - BACK TO SAME AS BEFORE - DAY 24

Sam looks at him like he is insane. Meanwhile Keith continues his 'Round the clock'. 19, 7, 16, 8, 11, accenting every sentence with a dart.

KEITH TALENT
 So I pay Kirk. But then Ashley's
 loan come due. Just the vig, like.
 Stiff vig but I calculated it, cuz
 I had an investment.

SAMSON YOUNG
 The interest?

SAMSON YOUNG
 What investment?

KEITH TALENT
 Doesn't matter. Plans did not come
 to fruition. So to cover Ashley I
 borrowed from my old mate Chick
 Purchase. We had bad blood between
 us, but I made it good with the
 thing with his sister. And I'm a
 gentlemen so I didn't dispute a
 word of what she said to the judge.

25

INT. BROTHEL, SHEPHERD'S MARKET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

25

Keith on his way down the brothel hallway, with the man who
 owns the place, Chick Purchase. They pass a MEMBER OF
 PARLIAMENT and a TV PERSONALITY involved in lap-dance-style
 preliminaries.

INT. BROTHEL, MAYFAIR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A TASTY GIRL scantily dressed sits on a sofa.

CHICK PURCHASE
 Go on, borrow from me. I want to
 lend you as much as I can so I can
 fuck you up as hard as I can when
 you don't pay. We both know you
 won't pay. Sure you don't want to
 borrow more? You sure, Keith? You
 should celebrate! Spend a little of
 this money on a bird!

KEITH TALENT
 Pleasure before business like.

Chick takes the money out of his bulging breast pocket. Keith
 slides it into the front of his pants. Chick walks out
 laughing at Keith.

Keith is alone with the girl. She looks at him. He locks the
 door. He hands the girl a glass of champagne and tries to
 kiss her on the lips.

GIRL
 We don't kiss.

27 INT. BLACK CROSS PUB - SAME AS BEFORE - DAY

27

KEITH TALENT
Boof, Boof! Boof, Boof!

Keith's darts fill the final quarter of the board. 14, 9, 12, 5! C.U. The dart vibrates, stills itself. Solemnly, Thelónius and Zbig bow.

THELONIUS
'Round the Clock', man. It's a sign from above.

TRISH SHIRT, wearing a hood covering her head, a meth girlfriend of Keith's, proudly watches him. But Keith's face darkens. He whispers to Sam, unable to enjoy his darts.

KEITH TALENT
It's bad, takes the pleasure outta darts, the way I'd done the loan.

28 EXT. ARSENAL FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY - FLASHBACK

28

MUTED: During a football match as a goal is scored. EVERYONE is yelling. Ashley Royal is on a mobile.

KEITH TALENT (V.O.)
And somehow they found out about each other and all three of them require payment. Now.

ASHLEY ROYAL
You pay Friday, or we're going to hurt you, mate. We have to hurt you.

CHICK PURCHASE
Darting finger goes in the fucking meat-grinder. Innit right? For starters, Keith. Starters.

29 INT. BLACK CROSS PUB - AS BEFORE - DAY

29

Sam, Keith, and Guy are drunk.

KEITH TALENT
That was last Friday.

SAMSON YOUNG
Keith, I've been listening to your deal all day long... you're fucked.

GUY CLINCH
Buck up, Keith. You'll sort this business out.

KEITH TALENT
Yeah, I'm confident...

Sam looks at the two of them.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
So I had two new friends, both good
subjects, forming a nice social
contrast.

30 OMITTED 30

31 EXT. CEMETERY, HAMPSTEAD HEATH - THE SAME DAY 31

Nicola Six, red-lipped beneath a veil. Startlingly,
impossibly beautiful. She's in a black dress, coat, and
gloves.

Many MOURNERS glare at her. Nicola breaks away, walks to the
parking lot.

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. BLACK CAB - DAY - LATER 33

NICOLA SIX'S POV thru the passenger window of the cab. She
sees the heraldic cross symbol of the Black Cross pub sign.

NICOLA SIX
(to the driver)
Stop, please. I've found the place.

The cab pulls over.

34 INT. BLACK CROSS PUB - DAY 34

A dart flies through the air, the pub sounds drop out
replaced by the sound of the dart in flight. Sam playing on
the pinball machine, turns to this sound.

Whoosh, the shining dart lands with a puncture sound on 6.

SAMSON YOUNG
Boof!

GUY CLINCH
Boof, Boof.

Keith is displeased with the crap throw. Disappointed
Thelonius takes the dart out of the board, hands it to Guy.
Keith positions Guy at the oche', whispers darting wisdom.

KEITH TALENT
7 feet 9 1/2 inches from the board,
'as decision from the Darts
Federation'. You're looking at that
treble 20. Nothing else exists.
Nothing.

Guy holds the dart, frozen in a pose, waiting on Keith. He turns to an aerial picture of Stonehenge. We move into the picture, flying over Stonehenge.

KEITH TALENT

The cavemen were the first. The top
caveman brought back the meat,
employing his darts skills.
Drawings and markings on Stonehenge
show it. Stonehenge is a giant
dartboard! (whispers in Guy's ear)
Throw the fucking dart.

Guy lets a dart fly. Close on dartboard: it lands on double 3.

KEITH TALENT

Insincere dart. Throw it *right*. Get
the fucking thing *in there*. Boof!

Guy throws again, missing the board entirely.

KEITH TALENT

Hmmm. Throw another.

Guy throws. The plastic flight jabs his own eye on a back swing.

GUY CLINCH

Darts is perhaps not my game.

From Sam's POV, he strains to see something at the door as it opens. The razor sharp shaft of sun light bursts blinding bright into the room. Wind whistles in.

E.C.U. on Nicola Six's eyes. ANGLE ON Guy looking at her weakly.

GUY CLINCH

Extraordinary.

Keith turns, sees *her*. Drops his dart. The 32-gram tungsten trebler pierces his big toe, plunging like a missile into his cheap white canvas shoe.

KEITH TALENT

(exhaling) Oof!

Keith steps back into Guy. Guy is pushed back into the super sexy *Cupid's Arrow* pinball machine, it tilts. Sam can't take his eyes off Nicola as the lights stop flashing, the whole thing goes dark and a computerized groan, like a game-over is followed by silence. The ball scuttles down the gutter.

C.U. Keith pulls the dart out of his shoe with a drop of blood rolling off the tip.

Wind blows leaves and debris from the pavement into the pub, by her high-heeled feet. Nicola Six walks straight up to the bar. Keith's dog, CLIVE, sniffs her crotch.

Keith exchanges approving glances from his entourage, pouches his darts and limps over to the bar. Moves in on her. Nicola crumples an empty soft pack of Gauloise cigarettes on the bar.

NICOLA SIX
Do you have any Gauloise
cigarettes?

GODFREY (BARMAN)
No danger there. We don't sell
French fags here, darling.

KEITH TALENT
Carlyle!

CARLYLE, a black kid of 19, eagerly receives a folded tenner from Keith.

KEITH TALENT
Get the lady her French snouts. Go
on, will ya.

Guy and Sam move to the bar.

NICOLA SIX
I've lived down the road for six
years, and this is the first time
here. I've always wondered what it
was like... (glancing at Guy)...
but I've never had the courage..

GUY CLINCH
I suppose, this is by way of having
been at a wake?

KEITH TALENT
Weren't family?

NICOLA SIX
Actually it's not anyone I knew.
Not very well. A man I used to work
for.

KEITH TALENT
Still. Does you credit. Show
respect. God, get her a brandy. She
needs it!

GUY CLINCH
A black veil... it's ironic, isn't
it, how becoming they are.

NICOLA SIX
One never gets enough opportunity
to wear one. I'd like to be buried
in a veil.

SAMSON YOUNG
People ought to die more often.

KEITH TALENT
What's your name, sweetheart?

NICOLA SIX
Nicola Six.

KEITH TALENT
Uh, Sex!

NICOLA SIX
Actually it's Six. S-I-X.

KEITH TALENT
Seeks! Relax, Nicky. We get all
sorts in here. (belatedly including
Guy) Ain't it so, cock? (to Nicola)
Nobility, he is.

Carlyle returns, gives Nicola her smokes. She opens the pack,
reads 'smoking causes death'. Lifts her black veil. Places a
cigarette between her lips. Looks into Keith's eyes. Keith,
right in there with a lighter. She sucks in his flame.
Keith's eyes reflect the fire.

NICOLA SIX
(removing a glove) You must let me
pay for these.

KEITH TALENT
My treat.

Nicola touches her hand to her forehead, unsteady. Her POV in
SLOW-MOTION PAN DISTORTED across the men. Keith, the most
vivid with his leer, flanked by Guy, a more sharply distorted
Sam, Godfrey, Thelonius, Carlyle.

NICOLA SIX
Oh my, I just had a *deja vu*.

GUY CLINCH
Of what?

NICOLA SIX
(To Guy) Of this place. And meeting
you. (To Keith) And you.
(To Sam) And you...

AN EERIE, DEJA VU SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE: REPEATING EXACTLY THE
LAST FEW MOMENTS.

GUY CLINCH
(awkward) I,... uh, forgive me,
but, would you say your *deja vu*, or
premonition, was it a positive one?

NICOLA SIX
(smiling 'bravely') Doubtful. I
tend to have the darker ones. It's
probably more people like myself
who live alone to be prone to such
things. (standing) Thank you.
You're very kind.

Keith and Guy watch her walk to the door. That concavity of the tight black skirt into the slope of her lower back, to the telling under spaces. As she exits, the doors swing back and both, revealing intermittent flashes of her as the winds tug at her dress.

GUY CLINCH
... Extraordinary.

KEITH TALENT
Tight skirt. Not cheap. (Wiping his mouth, leaving) Yeah... A bit thin as my type, but the thinner bird makes up for it in the crib.

Keith moves for the door.

GUY CLINCH
You're not-

Guy's hand grips Keith's forearm. Keith's dog Clive looks up.

GUY CLINCH
Come on, Keith. A girl like that.

KEITH TALENT
A girl like what? She's *dreaming* of it, *begging* for it.

Keith looks down at Guy's hand. It slackens and drops.

GUY CLINCH
She's just been to a funeral.

KEITH TALENT
After a funeral - *praying* for it. Life fuckin' goes on, innit.

Keith orders Clive to sit and wait.

35

EXT. BLACK CROSS PUB - DAY - SAME

35

SLOW MOTION on Keith as he walks out of the Black Cross pub in pursuit of Nicola Six. It's now swelteringly hot outside, the beginnings of thunder. Haitian music in the distance.

SLOW MOTION on Guy as he steps out of the pub behind Keith. Keith stops, looks back at Guy before moving off after Nicola. Guy demurs to wait. And watch.

SLOW MOTION on Sam creeping from the Black Cross. Sam sees Guy walk off. Following the others. He catches up with Guy.

36

EXT. BARROWED ST. MARKET - PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY - SAME

36

SAMSON YOUNG
Guy. Where are you going?

GUY CLINCH
The same place Keith is going.

SAMSON YOUNG
How do you mean, the same place?

GUY CLINCH
Well you don't know what he might do.

Nicola touches a taxidermy panther's head, a monkey's paw, looks into a long cracked mirror, multiplying her face many times over. Keith appears in the mirror and gives her a bunch of wilting gladioli.

KEITH TALENT
Discover the language of flowers,
and let their soothing words...
soothe away your cares like. On me.

She accepts the flowers. Guy sees Keith and Nicola making a connection, and gets jealous.

NICOLA SIX
Oh I see. Thank you. They say the
first thing that will go with the
hot sun will be the flowers. There
just won't be any flowers.

Unnoticed Sam, sheltered by the MARKET CROWD, sees Guy and knows exactly what he's thinking. Samson slinks into the shadow of an antique shop. A HAITIAN DRUMMER roots Sam to the spot. Guy dashes ahead, moving closer to Nicola rooted with Keith.

KEITH TALENT
I see a girl like you. Bit of a
beauty. Head in the clouds as such.
Said you got your own place.

She nods, unconcerned. Without touching her, Keith's hand ushers her down the street.

KEITH TALENT
Now. Me? I'm Handy Andy. Mr. Fixit
innit. You know the fuse's gone.
The boiler's creating or the bell
don't work. You need somebody with
a few connections.(in a feigned but
off the mark posh voice) These
days, you just can't get decent
service when you need it. I don't
know what the country's coming to.
I don't.

Walking, the heat affects her. She takes off her hat. Her hair is pulled up into a chignon, held in place by a clip, which she removes. Her hair falls. She pulls off her jacket exposing cleavage with it. She sees Guy strain to focus on her and stares deeply into Guy's eyes. Sam looks from one to the other and witnesses the moment that Guy falls for her. Blue incense smoke blows over Guy's face.

The Haitian rhythms grow consuming in volume as the Haitian BAND passes thru the market.

NICOLA SIX
A minute ago it was freezing. The shift is frighteningly close in time, don't you find?

KEITH TALENT
As close as can be. Anything you want, darling. Anything at all. Cry out for Keith.

NICOLA SIX
Well, as a matter of fact, there are one or two things that certainly need looking at. Like the vacuum cleaner. It's very good of you.

KEITH TALENT
What's your phone number, Nick?

NICOLA SIX
Have you got a pen?

KEITH TALENT
No need. Got this head for figures.

NICOLA SIX
0207-221-7711.

KEITH TALENT
Sweet.

Nicola stops at her dead-end street. It's also *Sam's* dead-end street. It's even windier here. Leaves and rubbish fly by.

Guy shrinks back. Sam watches in surprise as Nicola walks up to the townhouse he's staying in. Unlocks *their* front door (*Sam's and Nicola's*).

KEITH TALENT
Good building. Old like that.

Nicola looks back at Sam as she goes inside. Keith turns and sees Sam off in the distance. Keith hangs around on the steps, marking his territory. Keith gives a defiant look to Sam and to Guy. Guy joins Sam.

SAMSON YOUNG
Looks like she lives in the same building as me.

GUY CLINCH
You're in Mark Asprey's building.

SAMSON YOUNG
I'm in his apartment. While he's using mine.

GUY CLINCH
 My wife was over there years ago,
 when she was still interested in
 things. Care for some English tea?

37 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - DAY - SAME 37

From her top floor flat window, Nicola looks down at the pavement, sees Sam and Guy walk away. She waits, then sees Keith leave.

38 EXT. CLINCH HOME, HOLLAND PARK MANSION - DAY 38

Black sky over the tree-lined street. Guy and Sam walk up to his big Georgian mansion. Guy sheepishly looks up at his bedroom window.

39 INT. CLINCH HOME, BEDROOM - SAME 39

HOPE CLINCH zips up her short tennis skirt. Behind her on her bed is DINK HECKLER, a tennis pro, tying his tennis shoes. They grab their rackets, and are fast out the door.

40 EXT. CLINCH HOME - SAME 40

Guy and Sam walk up the driveway full of expensive cars. The front door opens. Hope and Dink bound out athletically towards their Mini. Hope has an American accent, Virginia.

DINK
 Hi, Guy. Sorry, running a bit
 behind. Sat out the cold weather
 earlier.

HOPE CLINCH
 Off to the courts. (waves to Sam
 with aristocratic deference) Nice
 to meet you!

She hops in the car, it tears off in a screech of tires. Guy and Sam watch her depart.

GUY CLINCH
 (to Sam)
 My wife.

GUY CLINCH
 I'll have to apologize in advance.
 Our 4-year-old is inside.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Don't apologize. I love children.

41 INT. CLINCH HOME - MOMENTS LATER

41

An old English house filled with antiques and heirlooms. A male NANNY stands behind Guy's son MARMADUKE, 4 years old, wearing plastic armor, a helmet with a beak-like face guard. Guy bends down to him. Afraid of his unusually muscular son.

GUY CLINCH
Marmaduke, kiss Daddy...

Marmaduke head-butts Guy in the face.

MARMADUKE
No, Daddy.

Guy backs off in pain. Marmaduke swings his sword at him, then runs down the hallway. The Nanny runs after him.

GUY CLINCH
Fortunately there are nurses with
some experience.

Then O.S. a blood-curdling scream from Marmaduke. Sam winces.

42 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - THAT NIGHT

42

Nicola pours herself red wine over ice into a dirty glass with a lipstick mark. She drinks the wine without regard to the nature of the liquid. Cools her lips, brow, throat, breasts with an ice cube. The weather changed. Is hot. Summer. She opens the window, takes off some clothes. Her TV is always on *The Weather Disaster News Channel* 24/7.

43 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT - SAME TIME

43

Sam at his desk, listens to the noise upstairs. He is overheated, his naked torso dimly lit. He smokes a cigarette. A series of coughs. He looks up and sees a crack in the ceiling. He turns out his light. A small chink of light shines through from above. The shaft of light lands on his eye. He hears Nicola's footsteps and sees a shadow pass over the light.

44 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT - SAME TIME

44

Shot from the floor ANGLE UP ON Nicola in black bra, black suspender belt, black stockings, black knickers. Long limbs stretch as she climbs onto the wall unit and takes her entire collection of old diaries off a high shelf - the years scrawled on them from 1981 until now. She throws each diary onto the floor, sounding like cracking of gunshots as they land. A VOICE FROM TV is heard:

VOICE FROM TV
- the Apophis asteroid is heading
toward the Earth at ten miles per
second. We have calculated the
impact will -

- 45 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT - SAME TIME 45
Sam hears BANG - BANG repeatedly.
- 46 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT - SAME TIME 46
C.U. on this year's diary. She takes a pen and makes an entry on today's page, October 26th. C.U. On the words she writes, *"Today I've found him. I found my murderer."* C.U. on the 1989 volume with a drawing of an airplane engulfed in flames. C.U. on the 1990 volume with *"The Orphan Year"* written on it.
- 47 INT. FLASHBACK TO BLACK CROSS PUB - NICOLA'S DEJA VU - 47
EARLIER THAT DAY
NICOLA'S POV SLOW-MOTION. Pan across everyone. Godfrey, Keith, Guy, Sam, Zbig, and Theolonius all staring at her.
- 47a INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT 47a
Almost naked, Nicola walks to the open window, lit by the blue moon.
- 47b EXT. NICOLA'S FLAT - SAME 47b
From the sidewalk beneath her window, Guy under cover of a tree, sees her above him. Then she steps back out of sight.
Guy walks home, a changed man.
- 47c INT. CLINCH HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT 47c
Guy tiptoes upstairs to the bedrooms.
HOPE CLINCH (O.S.)
Guy?
Gut turns his head to Hope's bedroom on the right.
GUY CLINCH
Yes?
He waits for an answer, not surprised when none comes. He walks off to the left, to his own bedroom to be alone.
- 48 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - THE NEXT DAY 48
It's cold. Hail strikes like pebbles noisily against the skylight. Nicola wears a woollen dress, several buttons unfastened, clips in her hair, every finger barbed with rings. Red wine in hand.

Keith sniffs entering the sitting room in his Cuban heels, tight flares, tight fishnet T-shirt. Crapulous with drink, sloppy, useless, but exuding animal sexuality. Keith sizes up the pricier objects in the room, the wall tapestry, paintings, flat panel TV, sound system, crystal glasses, vintage single malt scotch bottles more than half full. On the wall there is a poster of a young Nicola Six in a suntan lotion ad.

NICOLA SIX
...Do you want a drink? Or something?

KEITH TALENT
Work before pleasure, love.

NICOLA SIX
You're quite drunk already, aren't you, Keith?

KEITH TALENT
Little celebration.

NICOLA SIX
There's the coffee grinder.

They stare at it. It looks okay to Keith. Hands him a fuse.

NICOLA SIX
Do you think it's the fuse?

KEITH TALENT
Yeah. Could be.

NICOLA SIX
Will you change it.

He uses a screwdriver but it's tight, he unscrews it a miniscule amount. Struggling, he looks up at her.

KEITH TALENT
Screw... too tight.

The screwdriver blade skids off into Keith's thumb.

KEITH TALENT
FUCK!

He drops everything. Nicola hands him a paper tissue.

NICOLA SIX
But you're completely hopeless.

KEITH TALENT
(sincere panic) Me darts thumb!

NICOLA SIX
... Your *what* thumb?

KEITH TALENT
Me darts thumb! (mimes a throw).

NICOLA SIX
Darts?

KEITH TALENT
I know the knockers take the piss
in the sport these days. I happen
to have reached the last sixteen of
the Duoshare Sparrow Masters. The
final's televised.

NICOLA SIX
I know you're going to win. So long
as you can cleanse your mind and
concentrate on your one goal and
none other.

Hypnotized, he wraps up his thumb, goes at it again. Replaces
the fuse. Slaps the plug into the wall. Flips the switch.
Nothing.

KEITH TALENT
It's not the fuse.

49

INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

49

The bathroom is spacious, carpeted, with red chaise lounge,
there is a skylight above the bath. Keith raises the loo
seat. He sees a small faecal stain on the cold white slope.

NICOLA SIX
The seat wobbles. And it slips.

KEITH TALENT
Can't have that. Might do yourself
an injury. Ruin a married life.

NICOLA SIX
There isn't going to be any life.
You're dripping blood.

There is a red drop of blood on the tile. She bends over
exposing her black stockings as she reaches for a plaster for
his wound. C.U. she approaches his thumb. Her lips near it in
such an obvious gesture.

NICOLA SIX
Seen close up, flesh looks genital.
Don't you think, Keith?

She wraps the plaster around the cut.

NICOLA SIX
Are you married?

KEITH TALENT
Put it like this. My wife thinks
she is. But me I'm not so sure.

NICOLA SIX
Children?

KEITH TALENT
 No. Well yeah, no. No. Yeah. Little boy. Uh, I meant, uh, a girl. And you?— You got time to...like, still...

NICOLA SIX
 No. You know what babies do, Keith? They *ruin* your figure.

KEITH TALENT
 Right. Royal, girl. You're the way I'd be. If I was a girl, Nicky.

NICOLA SIX
 I'd better give you a deposit.

His Cuban heels edge backwards towards the door as she loads him up with a hoover, toaster, cracked toilet seat, etc. She rolls two fifty pound notes together, places it in his mouth.

NICOLA SIX
 Wait. You'll drop everything. There's just one other thing. My name is Nicola. Not Nicky or "Nick".

KEITH TALENT
 Right.

NICOLA SIX
 Say it.

KEITH TALENT
 Nicola.

Keith lunges towards her. She closes the door in his face. O.S. She hears Keith noisily stepping down stairs. BANG! A bedraggled CRASH.

50 INT. SAM'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY - SAME

50

Sam goes to his peephole, watches Keith get off the floor, pick up the equipment, angrily seething as he looks up at Nicola. Sam opens the door.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Keith, do you need a hand?

51 INT. SAM AND NICOLA'S BUILDING, LANDING - DAY - SAME

51

Sam sees Nicola's amused eyes. To her he looks like a stalker, or Keith's lackey, at best. She sees that Sam lives there now.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Let me get the door for you.

KEITH TALENT
 Sorry mate. I know she's your
 neighbor and it's good you have her
 on top like, but when I see an
 opening I'm in. She fancies me.

SAMSON YOUNG
 She's got you busy.

Sam holds the door open. Keith walks out tapping his forehead
 with the hoover nozzle.

KEITH TALENT
 You know what you got to do Sam
 mate? Empty it. Cleanse it of all
 else. Like me, like I'll do.
 Concentrate on the darts. Darts.

52

INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - SUNSET

52

From behind, Samson sits facing his screen and the photo of
 Mark Asprey staring back. Sam grimaces as he pounds out the
 same one letter repeatedly. C.U. on the screen: the page is
 full of the letter "f", mixed with the word "uck". Barely
 moving, he washes down his coffee with vodka and pain
 killers.

SAMSON YOUNG
 I have no imagination... I can not
 make one thing up...

C.U. On Sam's pill bottles. Each bottle is labelled by "Dr.
 Slizard" and embellished boldly in Sam's handwriting,
 starting with *Shooting, Stabbing, Burning, Splitting, Cruel,*
Vicious, Punishing, and ending on *Killing* with a skull and
 crossbones on the label.

Out the window, Sam sees Nicola walk away. In her black-
 gloved hands she holds something solid, poking out of a
 plastic bag. She holds it close to her like a child.

53

EXT. THE SQUARE - SUNSET

53

Nicola stops at the rubbish bin. Looks behind her. She looks
 up at her building. The setting sun flares on Sam's window.
 She drops the bag in the rubbish bin. Moves off hurriedly.

54

INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - SAME

54

Sam watches Nicola walk away from the rubbish bin.

55

EXT. THE SQUARE - SUNSET - MOMENTS LATER

55

Sam takes the package out of the bin - sees that they are
 diaries, Italian leather, wrapped in a red velvet ribbon, her
 name embossed in gold. He looks around cautiously.

Sees Nicola 20 meters away, not hiding, staring. He gestures as if to return the diaries to her. She walks away.

He sits on the bench next to the bin and goes thru her diaries, waiting for her to return. C.U: *This is the Diary of Nicola Six. If lost return to: (her address scratched out many times). He turns the pages. He stops on a drawing Nicola made of a black cross years ago, identical to the pub insignia.*

As he reads he looks up, expecting to see her. He decides between the diary with the airplane and skull-and-crossbones, and "The Little Orphan". He opens one. On the inside cover are two intertwining hearts, one reading "Father" and one "Mother".

NICOLA SIX (V.O.)
I've always known what was going to happen next. I knew what was going to happen to my girlfriend Dominique. I didn't want to go with them that day.

56 EXT. FLASHBACK - DRIVEWAY - SUMMER - DAY 56

NICOLA, age 7, kicks and screams, fighting not to go as her MOTHER pulls her into the car. Her pretty girlfriend, DOMINIQUE, same age joins them.

57 EXT. FLASHBACK - MOUNTAIN CLIFF AREA - SUMMER - DAY - NEXT 57

Nicola, stands on the crest of a slope with her friend Dominique. Dominique hesitates, stumbles. Nicola reaches out to steady her. Nicola accidentally propels her friend downwards into the rocks and briars below.

Nicola runs and shouts for her parents sitting not too far away.

58 EXT. BACK TO THE SQUARE - SUNSET - MOMENTS LATER 58

Sam gathers up the diaries. Brings them inside.

59 INT. MARK ASPREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 59

ANGLE ON the front cover of another diary in gold labelled Nicola SIX. Sam swallows a pill.

NICOLA SIX (V.O.)
I knew my parents would die in a plane crash. I knew before it happened. And I always knew I was going to be murdered. It was fixed in time...I knew the day, the time.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Nicola Six...

Samson sits on the satin covered bed in pajamas reflected many times over in a fully covered vault of mirrors. Mirrors on the walls, ceiling and a reflective black marble floor.

He pulls a blanket around him, arranges every volume of her diaries on the bed. He reads for so long that time lapses, the room brightens, morning turns to day to afternoon.

60 INT. FLASHBACK VIP LOUNGE AIRPORT FRANCE - NIGHT 60

NICOLA SIX (V.O.)
I was prepared.

Nicola, age 18, a schoolgirl looks, longer hair, in the VIP lounge with fifty PEOPLE in distress. She is unmoved, frozen. A STEWARD from the bar presses a brandy on her.

STEWARD
Free.

Nicola drinks the brandy looking outside on the scattered plane wreckage still burning and the body bags lined up on the French airfield.

61 INT. FLASHBACK AIRPORT OFFICE FRANCE - NIGHT 61

An AIRPORT OFFICIAL at his desk list in hand.

AIRPORT OFFICIAL
I'm very sorry. They were on board.
They are confirmed dead.

NICOLA SIX
(composed) They both died, anyway
together, as I had always known
they would. Thank you for telling
me. I know it was difficult for
you... but, I was expecting this.

62 INT. FLASHBACK - NICOLA'S CHILDHOOD KITCHEN - DAY 62

A young Nicola, age 18, with her Mother. The kettle sounds shrilly, grows louder.

NICOLA SIX
Mummy, I had a bad dream. You and
Daddy are dead in the dream. You
were both in a plane that crashed.

MOTHER
It's a dream.

NICOLA SIX
Don't fly in a plane.

MOTHER
Oh, I probably won't. There's no
plan to go to is there?...
(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 You should remember your *happy*
 dreams, dear.

NICOLA SIX
 I never have any.

63 INT. FLASHBACK VIP LOUNGE AIRPORT FRANCE - NIGHT 63

Nicola walks through the room with scores of grieving RELATIVES. Sees the surviving PILOT bruised, his clothes signs of damage and smoke. Their eyes meet.

64 INT. NICOLA'S PREMONITION. AIRPLANE CRASH - MORNING 64

Mother and FATHER free-fall on board the plane. Parts of the plane missing to reveal clouds. They brace themselves for the crash. Screams.

65 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 65

Sam reads, upset by the orphaning of this young girl. C.U. on a note on the page above the entry about the crash, in a different colour. Nicola wrote, "*I met the surviving pilot and slept with him!*"

66 INT. PILOT'S HOME - NIGHT 66

Young Nicola has great sex with the Airline Pilot.

67 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 67

Sam opens the 2009 diary in the pile. C.U. on her written words "*Today I've found him. I found my murderer.*" Sam is stunned.

SAMSON YOUNG
 "In the Black Cross Pub, on the
 Portobello Road..."

68 EXT. NICOLA'S PREMONITION, DEAD-END STREET - NIGHT 68

The man's face in the car is barred by darkness. Only Nicola can see it. We see the murder weapon, a heavy spanner, ready on his lap.

NICOLA SIX
 (with pride, with intense
 recognition) You. Always you ...

And in she climbs.

69 INT. FLASHBACK TO BLACK CROSS PUB - NICOLA'S DEJA VU - DAY 69

Nicola's POV across the faces in the pub: Godfrey, Thelonius, Zbig, Carlyle, Keith, Guy and Sam.

70 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 70

Sam's face is greasy, his shirt is damp, his hair drips perspiration. He photocopies the diaries reverently, arguing with Mark Asprey's photo on the wall. Still seeking approval.

SAMSON YOUNG

I know what you're thinking. It's a gift, and I'm going to take it. Whatever the moral questions.

His mood darkens.

SAMSON YOUNG

I don't expect you to understand.

71 INT. KEITH'S CAR. SAM'S AND NICOLA'S BUILDING - SAME NIGHT 71

Keith looks up at Nicola in her window as he drives past.

72 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NEXT NIGHT 72

Sam seated at his laptop, types. Deliriously happy, he is finally writing! Smiling, he leans back in his chair. Tears of joy fill his eyes. He stares up at the ceiling. Not to heaven, but to Nicola Six. He knows she's up there. He strains to see thru the crack in the ceiling. Looking up into the sliver of light.

SAMSON YOUNG

... Thank you for this.

73 INT. LANDING OUTSIDE NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 73

Clutching the diaries, Sam goes upstairs, knocks on her door.

NICOLA SIX (O.S.)

(thru the door) Yes, hello?

SAMSON YOUNG

My name is Samson Young. Hello. We met in the pub?... The Black Cross?

She looks thru the peep hole.

NICOLA SIX (O. S.)

What are you doing here?

SAMSON YOUNG

And you've seen me... twice... I didn't just appear out of nowhere.

NICOLA SIX (O.S.)
But what do you want?

SAMSON YOUNG
I live down stairs. I have some
things of yours I would like to
return to you...

NICOLA SIX (O.S.)
I was expecting this... I just
don't want them.

SAMSON YOUNG
Yes. Don't you?

NICOLA SIX (O.S.)
No.

SAMSON YOUNG
Okay. Then I'll try the police.

NICOLA SIX (O.S.)
Christ, another literalist.
Look, come back in an hour. It's
all happening rather fast for me.

SAMSON YOUNG
There's no need to dress up.

Very long pause. The door opens.

74

INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

74

Sam bumps the end table holding the vase with Keith's
colourless gladioli. The petals promptly fall off.

TV muted, turned on to *The World Weather Channel* as another
Asian village is swept away by a typhoon.

Nicola comes in with a bottle of red wine. She sits opposite
him in a soiled white dressing gown, hair aslant over her
unpainted face. He can't take his eyes off her. She pours
wine into dirty glasses with old lipstick markings. Gives him
one. He slides the diaries towards her, across the table.

SAMSON YOUNG
I've read everything. All of it.
(no response)... I'm quite hard to
shock. You don't know me...

She arranges her dressing gown.

NICOLA SIX
You're a complication.

SAMSON YOUNG
I'm interested in your murder. Your
premonition.

NICOLA SIX
It's all there. I don't exaggerate
in my diaries.

SAMSON YOUNG
So, do you know who's going to do
it?

She shakes her head no.

NICOLA SIX
I just know what it feels like when
I know it will happen.

Annoyed, Nicola redirects the diaries back across the table.

SAMSON YOUNG
I apologize if I'm reading too much
into this... but you seem to have
it under control.

NICOLA SIX
I've known. A long time.

SAMSON YOUNG
Look, I'm a writer.

This throws her off. Nicola looks at him for a beat.

NICOLA SIX
Anything I'd know?

SAMSON YOUNG
I doubt it. I write failed books.
I'm not going to give you any of
them. I can't invent. It has to
really happen. So no fancy
embellishment from me. I am a
reliable narrator.

NICOLA SIX
What are you writing about?

SAMSON YOUNG
A murder.... it's about a woman.

NICOLA SIX
(smiles) Every woman wants to be
the bitch in the book.

SAMSON YOUNG
Nicola, let me write your story. I
always wanted to write about a
murder, but I could never get close
enough. I have to be there,
recording.... Will you let me do
that?

She and Sam look at each other for several seconds. Sam looks
pale. His eyes are red. He takes a pain pill and swallows it
with the wine.

SAMSON YOUNG
This would be the work of my life.

She sizes him up. Pause.

SAMSON YOUNG
I promise it will be honest....

He sees Nicola looking at something out her window. Sam sees Keith walk up to the building with an armful of Nicola's electronic things.

SAMSON YOUNG
Are you ready for this? From here on in, everything is significant.

NICOLA SIX
(nods)
You'd better go.

75 EXT. NICOLA'S BUILDING - SAME 75
Keith waits outside and gets buzzed in.

76 INT. SAM AND NICOLA'S LANDING, OUTSIDE SAM'S DOOR - SAME 76
Keith hops up the stairs, and Sam comes out his door holding his rubbish.

SAMSON YOUNG
Hey, Keith! Haven't seen you at the pub. Bet you're not visiting me....

KEITH TALENT
Yeah, I been staying away. Can be a risk going to the same place all the time. My whereabouts known to the loan sharks.

Keith continues up the stairs. Samson, alarmed, looks at his embroidered "*The Finisher*":

SAMSON YOUNG
You won't be at the pub?!... W-well, wait a minute!

KEITH TALENT
(turns around)
What?

Sam is frozen, grasps at the first thing that comes to mind.

SAMSON YOUNG
I've been thinking about something.... *Darts*.

KEITH TALENT
(sizing him up) ... Yeah? *Righteous*.

SAMSON YOUNG
You've got to teach me.

KEITH TALENT
(flattered)
I could arrange lessons. But, I
will have to charge. 50 quid.

SAMSON YOUNG
No problem.

KEITH TALENT
You mind?

Sam gets what he's on about and hands over 50 pounds.

KEITH TALENT
Good boy. I'll teach you. We'll do
it my place. Thatcher Tower,
Golborne Road.

77

INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

77

Nicola opens her door. Keith, in slick tight clothes, stares at her with a hungry look in his eye. Keith plugs in the new coffee grinder, switches it on. Nothing happens. Keith rubs his chin, puzzled. Sighing, Nicola looks out of her window. She takes scissors and starts cutting up American Express and VISA bills, then the plastic cards themselves, and her Barclay's bank statement.

NICOLA SIX
Can you keep your mouth shut Keith?
Do you have to run and tell the
boys about all your good times?

KEITH TALENT
No way. Never do that.

NICOLA SIX
The man you introduced me to at the
Black Cross, the posh one?

He faces Nicola, so close it hurts. Him.

KEITH TALENT
Yeah. Guy?

NICOLA SIX
He's someone - he's someone of
importance, isn't he, Keith?

KEITH TALENT
Definitely. I seen it on his
checkbook. The Honourable, innit.
Biggest house right round the
corner.

Nicola gives him a discerning look.

NICOLA SIX
Could you arrange for him to meet me?

KEITH TALENT
What's wrong, dear? Whaddaya need him for? If it's fun and games you want-... You could break the mold like.

NICOLA SIX
I'd like to see him. I thought he was interesting.

KEITH TALENT
Yeah, cheers. Go over there, kick the tires, then come back to the real thing. Don't be making me jealous.

Keith approaches Nicola. She places a finger on his nylon fishnet shirt, keeping him at bay. He's resentful.

NICOLA SIX
This sort of stuff. It should be on my legs. Not on your chest... Have Guy call. Do it now, Keith.

KEITH TALENT
I could nip round his place. It's not like I haven't been invited there on occasion.

NICOLA SIX
Goodbye Keith.

78 INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 78

Sam at his window sees Keith in his car drive off.

79 INT. LANDING OUTSIDE NICOLA'S FLAT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 79

Sam comes up the stairs with his pen and notepad, and walks through the door Nicola left open, knowing he was coming.

80 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - SAME 80

Nicola glances at Sam as he comes in and sits. O.S. the bath is running.

SAMSON YOUNG
Kind of an animal presence, isn't he?

NICOLA SIX
He's trainable. He can be jealous. I just sent him over to get Guy to call me.

SAMSON YOUNG
They're gonna fight over you.

Nicola smiles at him over her shoulder as she walks into the bathroom. He looks at the TV: at the bottom of the screen, a caption rolls by: "ALL INTERNATIONAL FLIGHTS TO LONDON FROM MOSCOW SUSPENDED. NO VISAS GRANTED."

NICOLA SIX (O.S.)
Sam, you can come in. We'll keep talking.

Sam gets up, uncertainly, and goes towards the bathroom, but hesitates outside the door. His eyes widen at her nakedness (O.S.). He decides to stay in the safe zone. O.S. she lowers herself into the bath.

81

INT. CLINCH HOUSE DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

81

Winds whistle, whipping around the house. Guy pours Keith a brandy humming *no piu andrai*. The liquor drips onto the counter. Guy wipes the counter fastidiously. Keith takes the drink in his hand, the one with the bandaged thumb, and drinks it all down.

KEITH TALENT
I was round at Nick's. Nicola. The bird in the veil at the Black Cross. (ambiguously) Helping out with the power tool, vacuums, grinders and such.

Keith raises his glass for a refill. Guy fills it up. They both light cigarettes and smoke.

KEITH TALENT
I thought she might want seeing to.

GUY CLINCH
The flat?

KEITH TALENT
No. *Her*.

GUY CLINCH
How do you mean?

KEITH TALENT
Well it's hard to tell, you know, with some birds. She's funny. Bit foreign. An enigma - you know the type. Half the time she's coming on dead tasty. And I mean *sorely* in need of it. And then, you know, suddenly it's Lady Muck.

GUY CLINCH
So- Nothing happened.

KEITH TALENT
 Nah. Fuck all, really. And,
 (smiling at a memory) I'm taking my
 leave and, as I say, she asks about
 you. Wants you to phone her like.
 Says she urgently requires your...

GUY CLINCH
 (filling in) Help? What about?

KEITH TALENT
 Don't ask me, mate. Maybe she likes
 her own sort. I mean I'm nothing,
 am I. *Just a cheeky cunt.*

GUY CLINCH
 Oh come on, Keith!

Hope reappears with Marmaduke.

HOPE CLINCH
 I'm going to bed.

SLOW ZOOM towards the cigarette in Guy's hand. Guy hides the
 used towel. Hope turns to Keith and his cigarette.

HOPE CLINCH
 Kenneth, would you put that
 cigarette out please?
 (to Guy)
 I, and your son, happen to be
 acutely asthmatic. If you use the
 kitchen I want everything cleared
 away. Without trace.

Keith draws on his cigarette, one hand cupped under the long
 ash. Guy searches for an ashtray, finds a silver one. Hope
 watches him. Guy extinguishes his cigarette. Keith's
 cigarette ash, almost the full cigarette length, falls into
 his hand. Guy gives him the silver ashtray. Keith drops the
 ash into it and stubs his out too.

Hope leaves swatting away the smoke, leaving Marmaduke,
 ripping up a storybook in his hand.

Guy looks at his son with calm detachment.

GUY CLINCH
 Hello, Man Cub.

Marmaduke punches Guy square in the groin. Guy doubles over.

KEITH TALENT
 Smashing boy.

Hope looks back once just missing Keith pocketing the silver
 ashtray, ashes and all.

KEITH TALENT
 Smashing wife.
 (sincerely)
 (MORE)

KEITH TALENT (CONT'D)
 She's a diamond, this one. You know
 what you want to do, boy? Give her
 (meaning Hope) a tag every now and
 again. (mimes a back handed slap)
 Calms 'em down, and they love the
 attention after. Call Nicola Six.
 And don't hang about, all right?

The emotion in Guy's face builds and builds.

GUY CLINCH
 Yes of course. Keith, I couldn't
 possibly ask you to watch the child
 for twenty minutes, could I? It's
 my shift. Everyone else is off.

KEITH TALENT
 Course you can. Glad to.

Keith down on his haunches, hands raised, snorts and spars
 with Marmaduke. The boy is pleased with his new friend.

GUY CLINCH
 You *are* good, Keith.

KEITH TALENT
 Yeah, cheers.

Guy slips out the door. Keith spreads out for Marmaduke his
 daily paper, with NAKED GIRLS and *huge* breasts.

KEITH TALENT
 I bet you won't tear up my paper.
 Eh, Marmaduke. See? Breasts, innit!

Keith lights another cigarette. Marmaduke takes Keith's
 cigarette out of his mouth.

KEITH TALENT
 Look. Like this.

He puts the cigarette into Marmaduke's mouth and the child
 learns to puff. Keith uses Marmaduke's little cupped hand to
 rub the ash in. The two of them fixate on the nude girls.

82 EXT. GUY CLINCH HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

82

Guy bursts out of the house walking fast, no hat, no
 umbrella, just a black raincoat. It's pouring rain. He stops.
 No reception. Keeps running.

83 INT. NICOLA SIX'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

83

Nicola reclining watches disaster footage of a house along
 with some people in America being washed away by a flash
 flood. Water riots shut down in Mumbai. Race riots at a golf
 course in Sun City. Sam sits nearby with pen and pad, taking
 notes on her.

The phone rings. The voice mail automatically switches on to speakerphone, amplifies the conversation.

84

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION AND DIALOGUE.

84

NICOLA SIX

Hello.

C.U. on Guy's face listening with high hopes.

GUY CLINCH

May I speak to Nicola Six, please?
It's Guy Clinch here.

NICOLA SIX

Speaking.

GUY CLINCH

I hope I'm not disturbing you. Am
I?

NICOLA SIX

(slight Eastern European accent)
No, not at all. I'm just paying all
my bills. I don't know why I'm
blithering on like this. I was
just hoping to ask you for a
meeting.

GUY CLINCH

Shall I come to you?

NICOLA SIX

No, no... What about the Serpentine
in Hyde Park? It's my spot. By the
cafe.

GUY CLINCH

Perfect.

NICOLA SIX

Is noon tomorrow alright?

GUY CLINCH

Until then.

Nicola hangs up. Guy ignores the disconnect beep.

GUY CLINCH

Don't worry, darling...

85

INT. NICOLA SIX'S LIVING ROOM - SAME - NIGHT

85

Sam walks into the room. Nicola puts down the phone.

Nicola's attention goes right back to the TV footage: a part
of a nuclear reactor carried away by a river. U.S. FDA bans
all fish outside of land locked fish farms. Samson studies
her, can't figure her out. Time passes.

NICOLA SIX
Keith asked him to call me. We're
meeting in Hyde Park tomorrow.

SAMSON YOUNG
Where?

NICOLA SIX
At the Serpentine. Guy is very
sweet. So gentle. I always wanted
love to be a part of the equation.
Guy might be capable of love.

She smiles. Sam walks to the door. On his way out he sees her
broken electronic things on the floor.

SAMSON YOUNG
Keith's repairs? So what would make
Keith kill you? Has he asked you
for money yet? He's asked me. He's
been juggling loans from 3 sharks.
With Keith each one pays the other
one off. You know, *'the interest
triples, the loan shark cripples'*
that kind of nursery lullaby. I'm
worried about it. They threatened
him with torture. Do you have that
kind of money?

NICOLA SIX
Just find out how much he needs?

SAMSON YOUNG
Sure.

NICOLA SIX
He's a nightmare. Just like me.

SAMSON YOUNG
But his nightmare is not like
yours. He doesn't know when his
death is coming.

86

INT. KEITH'S TOWER BLOCK GOLBORNE ROAD - DAY

86

Keith comes out a neighbor's flat. DEBBEE KENSIT, blonde, 17,
lurks by the door in vest and knickers. She smiles girlishly.
Keith snorts, zipping his fly and tucking his shirt in. Sam
walks up the stairs of Keith's tower block, holding his brand
new dart's pouch. He sees Keith and Debbie. Debbie closes her
door.

KEITH TALENT
Usually I ask a bird: "Tell me all
the bad things the last boyfriend
did, so's I can do it better." But
this one, there wasn't one. -- Sam,
you got the money?

SAMSON YOUNG
I already paid you.

KEITH TALENT
 Right. Uh. Onnaccount of the next
 one, then. Before we go in like.
 Better that way.

Sam gives him 50 quid. Keith pockets it, and opens his door,
 the next over.

87 INT. KEITH TALENT'S COUNCIL FLAT GOLBORNE ROAD - DAY - NEXT 87

The low sun bleaches out the tiny living room and kitchen,
 Dickensian in it's squalor. Keith grabs the cigarette out of
 the mouth of his once-beautiful, now-faded to greying
 monotones wife, KATH TALENT. Stubs it out. Smoke hangs thick
 in the air. A whole side of the room has been dedicated
 around Keith's dartboard.

KATH TALENT
 Keith I've been waiting for you all
 day. Need some money.

KEITH TALENT
 Shut it. I'm busy. I got my dart's
 class 'ere right.

Sam steps on a stuffed furry TIGER on the kitchen floor,
 letting out a few notes of '*Eye of the Tiger*'. Little KIM, 9,
 in a nightgown, hides behind Keith, stares up at Sam. The
 most beautiful child. Keith spots Sam's darts pouch.

KEITH TALENT
 (snatches it) What's that? Give it.

Keith weighs one of Sam's darts in his hand. Throws it. It
 lands. Bull's Eye. Keith's land line rings.

KEITH TALENT
 Not bad.

He picks up the phone. Sam backs away to the window as fear
 hits Keith, Kath and Kim.

C.U. on a handful of Sam's darts falling from Keith's right
 hand. Sunlight glints off them as they fall to the floor.

CHICK PURCHASE (O.S.)
 Guy Fawkes Day is coming up. Know
 what happened to Guy Fawkes?
 (silence)
 It's your lucky day.
 (pause)
 Cause I'm like a historian and I
 studied his shit. History. He was
 hanged, drawn, and quartered. I'm
 gonna Guy Fawkes you.

KEITH TALENT
 I thought he was burned.

CHICK PURCHASE (O.S.)
 Well, if they burned him he was
 already dead. He was already
 hanged, then he was drawn and
 quartered. So it don't matter much
 then does it, if they burned him.
 You believe in cremation, don't you
 Keith? It's little-to-no expense,
 innit? Ashes to ashes like, dust to
 dust. Rids you off the face of the
 earth like. Why have remains
 burdening everyone around you? It'd
 be beautiful, Keith. You'd hit the
 breeze. Off with the wind. Like you
 never were here at all.

Keith slams down the receiver. Kath closes the curtains,
 locks the front door. Sam picks his darts off the floor.

SAMSON YOUNG
 What were you *thinking*, man?

KEITH TALENT
 ... I thought it'd all come good at
 Mecca.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Mecca?

KEITH TALENT
 Bingo.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Haven't you noticed that bingo
 halls aren't full of rich people,
 Keith. They're full of poor people.
 Poor Islamic people in this case.

KEITH TALENT
 Sorry, mate, gotta postpone the
 darts.

Kath stops herself speaking. She crawls onto her bed.

KEITH TALENT)
*Kath, don't you say it. And don't
 look at me that way...*

Kim stares up into Sam's face like only a child can. Drawn to
 him.

Kath sullenly backs away from Keith and grabs Kim, pulling
 her around the divider to Kim's bed. Keith kicks the gas
 meter in rage. Kath takes a cigarette and strikes her
 lighter. Kim noticeably flinches. Kath gives her a warning
 look.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Is it a lot of money?

KEITH TALENT
 Yeah. Last week it was 25 grand.

SAMSON YOUNG
And this week?

KEITH TALENT
More like 30.

Kim runs away from Kath to cling to Keith's leg. He pats her head.

KEITH TALENT
It goes up that fast. Maximum uptake, peak performance gain.

SAMSON YOUNG
Why don't you let me take Kim outside? I was planning on a walk in Hyde Park.

KATH TALENT
You want to? You're not a nonce are you?

SAMSON YOUNG
A nonce?

KEITH TALENT
A kiddy fiddler.

SAMSON YOUNG
Don't be ridiculous.

88

EXT. THE SERPENTINE, HYDE PARK - SAME DAY - NEXT

88

Sam walks Kim thru the park. He checks his watch, looks around. Kim runs ahead to the swings.

KIM
Pllleeeeeease?

Honoured, Sam pushes her. Kim bends over pumping the swing as hard as she can. Sam squints as she comes close.

Focus on three small marks on her back. Each time she swings back, her marks come more into focus. Burn marks. Tears Sam's heart out.

He turns his head and across at a patch of grand old elm trees. He sees two figures in the very far distance.

Nicola and Guy stroll along a path between the shimmering elms. Guy is in a 3-piece pinstripe banker's suit. Nicola in her blonde mink coat over a plain rust dress looks staggeringly beautiful. It's a different Nicola, the perennial student. Sam in the kiddie park is seen in b.g.

NICOLA SIX
I was an orphan for the last two years of school. (Guy is disturbed by this) When I graduated I left as an adult, responsible for myself.
(MORE)

NICOLA SIX (CONT'D)
 Don't be upset. It showed me that
 great human kindness, though hard
 to find, does exist.

The path takes them near the kiddie park, Sam is still there.
 Nicola glances in his direction. Sam walks away with Kim.

NICOLA SIX
 Then there were four rather long
 years as a nurse, four as a
 governess, one as a novitiate. I
 almost became a nun-

He believes it. She looks chaste beside a fountain of CUPID.

NICOLA SIX
 They had me work with, uh, the
 physically challenged, then I was
 sent to care for lepers in India.
 Later my Mother Superior and I
 discussed the issues I was
 having... and then my path changed.
 I still do what I can to be
 charitable, of course, more
 privately I do help someone
 disadvantaged. Now my life is
 largely devoted to study.
 Philosophy. Comparative theology.
 Classical civilization.
 Cosmological Physics. Loop Quantum
 Gravity, Holographic Multiverses, M-
 Theory. I'm a perennial student...
 Let's talk about you.

SCHOOL BOYS walk up in uniform, with a Guy Fawkes effigy.

SCHOOL BOYS
 Penny for the guy please? Penny for
 the guy? Guy? Guy...please?

Contemplative, she walks past. Guy tosses them a coin.

GUY CLINCH
 (catching up) I hadn't realized
 it's almost November 5th.

Nicola glares, leaves lift up and twist round them like rope
 trick. Nicola takes hold of Guy's arm.

NICOLA SIX
 Would it be alright if I held on to
 you?

GUY CLINCH
 Yes, you must. Please do.

He looks squarely in her eyes as they walk together, bonded.

89

INT. OLD-FASHIONED FIVE STAR RESTAURANT ST. JAMES - DAY

89

They have martinis, Nicola has a dozen oysters.

NICOLA SIX

(lighting a cigarette) Are you shocked by my dependencies? I am. As you've gathered I'm rather a nervous person, rather a ridiculous person, I'm afraid. It's not very often I go into the world.

GUY CLINCH

(stuttering) Actually I find it touching. It's not often I... No. (stopping himself) Let me start again. You see, today, I must be sensible.

NICOLA SIX

It's very generous of you to give up the time to come. With your busy schedule. I do have something I want to ask of you. When I was in the orphanage, I was friends with a little Burmese girl. She was 4 years younger than me. We were like little prisoners, we kept each other going. When I was twenty two I went back there, because I thought she would live with me now that she'd turned 18. I found out that she had been adopted by a Saudi. The man abused her. She fell. Do you understand? She had a child, a son. And the most unfortunate part of the whole story, is that she was repatriated, back to Burma, and she's not allowed back...

GUY CLINCH

I've heard things are pretty bad there. Beautiful country. Very oppressed people.

Guy shakes his head. Nicola nods. A second dozen oysters arrive. Nicola's fingertip directs the waiter to replenish her martini.

NICOLA SIX

I just cry over this. They were registered in a refugee camp, recently. I don't know what to believe.... You know, in a way it's ruined my life as well as hers. I think that's why I never... but that's another story.

She squirts a bit of lemon on her last oyster: C.U. as it writhes.

NICOLA SIX
 I must bring them back. I'll never
 feel whole until I bring them
 back.... I'm considering doing
 something rather pro-active. I
 can't just stand by any longer.

He looks at her.

NICOLA SIX
 I've been working with someone in
 the Foreign Office in Burma, but I
 haven't heard anything... And I
 thought you're the sort of person
 who'd know someone higher up, who
 could help...

GUY CLINCH
 I could certainly try- to inquire.

NICOLA SIX
 Could you? I'd be eternally in your
 debt. Her son's name is Ho. He is
 simply known as... Little Boy...
 though he's almost a man now. Her
 name is Enola Gay. It's all so
 complicated.

She stops, waits. His eyes flutter, as he registers the
 names, something crosses his mind. Nicola holds her breath.
 He takes out his leather writing pad. She knows she's home
 free. She leans back and reels him in.

GUY CLINCH
 Please, how would I spell it?

90 INT. OLD-FASHIONED FIVE STAR RESTAURANT ST. JAMES - DAY 90

GUY CLINCH
 I'll tell you if I find something.
 I'll try not to let you down.

The waiter places a brandy before Guy.

91 EXT. OLD-FASHIONED FIVE STAR RESTAURANT ST. JAMES - DAY 91

Nicola followed by Guy exit the restaurant. BANKERS and
 BUSINESSMEN in bowler hats crowd them on the pavement.

NICOLA SIX
 I take it you're married.

NICOLA SIX
 Yes. Yes. Hope and I have been
 married for fifteen years.

NICOLA SIX
That's not so common any more. Well
done. You're a romantic. Just as I
am.

GUY CLINCH
Funny, for romantics though, life
never quite matches up, does it?
Never has done for me.

NICOLA SIX
Still, one must never give up hope.

GUY CLINCH
Yes, of course not. And one must
never give up one's dreams.

Guy signals to his black estate car's DRIVER. The car pulls up. It is identical to the car in Nicola's premonition. The Driver opens the door for her. Guy touches her arm. She hesitates. She raises her hand to her forehead, perspiring. Panic. Guy speaks to the Driver in a hushed tone.

92 FLASHBACK TO: EXT. DEAD END STREET - NIGHT - PREMONITION 92

Nicola stands in the cold. Facing her at the end of the street is a black estate car. It's lights come on. She goes to meet it. This is on the night of her murder.

93 RETURN TO: EXT. RESTAURANT, ST. JAMES - DAY 93

She puts her hand on the estate car's door handle. Freezes. Traffic jams up. Car horns honk. She turns to Guy. Tears fall from her eyes.

GUY CLINCH
You're crying.

NICOLA SIX
Help me. I'm so terribly alone.
Please help me.

She gets in the back of the car.

94 INT. BLACK ESTATE CAR, ST. JAMES ST - DAY - NEXT 94

She turns to Guy through the window glass. Her own face reflects upon the glass over his. As the car pulls away, she sees Guy trot beside her. His reflection feathering as he keeps up.

Nicola looks around at the beautiful, coffin-like interior work. Excruciatingly silent.

95 EXT. ST. JAMES STREET W.1. - DAY - SAME 95

Nicola looks back at Guy for one more haunting glimpse.

96 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - DAY - LATER 96

Sam looks out his window, as the black estate car pulls up in front of the building. The driver steps out, helps Nicola to her door.

MOMENTS LATER:

Sam turns to face the room. Nicola lounges with her wine.

SAMSON YOUNG
Do you really think you can get
away with that name? Doesn't he
know what *Enola Gay* is?

NICOLA SIX
He didn't seem to.

SAMSON YOUNG
Keith really needs money, Nicola.

NICOLA SIX
Well, I'll have a lot of it soon.

SAMSON YOUNG
30 thousand. Can you do that?

NICOLA SIX
I don't see why not.

SAMSON YOUNG
Guy, the fall guy. The poor fool.
Please, don't let it be Guy.

NICOLA SIX
It's not up to me.

97 EXT. MARBLE ARCH CINEMA - DAY - MINUTES LATER 97

Matching C.U. Nicola's face.

SAMSON YOUNG (O.S.)
Are you going to turn Guy into a
killer?

NICOLA SIX
Everyone already is.

Sam and Nicola walk past the cinema with posters for a serial killer film. A handsome man holds a knife dripping blood.

NICOLA SIX
That's how it is when one reaches
the end of men.

SAMSON YOUNG
And no one reaches you. You're a
black hole.

NICOLA SIX
I know I am. Nothing can escape
from me. Its not a moral issue, its
what I am.

Nicola looks away. Another poster features a monster with
razor-clawed hands dripping blood. Next to the cinema is a TV
shop; TVs in the window play a ballroom dancing show - a
CROWD watches the show.

SAMSON YOUNG
Call it off, Nicola. Do something
else. Live.

NICOLA SIX
There's nothing more wrong with any
narrative than someone vacillating
over something they *know* they're
going to do. *Will* the spy come out
of retirement for one last mission?
Will the gangster heed his wife's
warnings or go for the bank job?
That's no story, it's dead. *Dead.*

SAMSON YOUNG
But you're not in a story. This is
your life.

She shrugs.

NICOLA SIX
It's always felt like a story....
That's why you're here, isn't it?
Its written.

SAMSON YOUNG
Call it off...

NICOLA SIX
Look, Samson. Just look. It's the
whole world... going with me. I
can't stop *that*.

Nicola does a full spin. Her 360 degree POV of London runs
past the serial killer posters, the PEDESTRIANS -MUSLIM WOMEN
in full burkas, and the HUSBANDS in track suits- the traffic
on the roundabout, the unusually low sun, huge on the horizon
of Hyde Park.

NICOLA SIX
Did you know the latest explanation
about the low sun?...

Sam shakes his head slowly no. They both look at the sun.

NICOLA SIX
The poles are shifting. Soon the
North Pole will be in China.
(MORE)

NICOLA SIX (CONT'D)
 Eventually, it'll all just stop.
 The world won't turn anymore. One
 side will freeze and the other will
 burn.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Call it off...

NICOLA SIX
 I can't. Even if I wanted to.

SAMSON YOUNG
 You could brake. Swerve a little.

She leans in and tries to kiss him on the mouth. He turns
 away. Her lips land on his cheek stealing a touch of the
 corner of his mouth.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Please let me keep my objectivity.

NICOLA SIX
 I'll trade you my trust for your
 objectivity.

98

INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT - LATER

98

SAMSON YOUNG
"The Concordance of Kisses."

His eyes dart across the diary page. E.C.U. on words like
suck and *lick* partially covered by a lock of a man's silver
 hair attached to the page with tape.

Sam types a new chapter heading: *The Concordance of Nicola
 Six's Kisses*. Followed by a list of varieties of kisses,
 which Sam copies directly out of the diary: A) *The Wounded Bird*.
 B) *The Rosebud*. C) *The Deliquescent Virgin*. D) *The Needer*. E) *The
 Jewish Princess*.

MONTAGE: Light falls on Nicola's lips as she demonstrates.

NICOLA SIX (V.O.)
 The Jewish Princess: a kiss I
 seldom use. It is vulgar, young,
 effortlessly multiorgasmic: the
 Jewish Princess is all tongue - and
 not its tip but its trunk, its
 meat: brute tongue. Such a kiss is
 a weapon. You bring your tongue out
 to its full extent and let it rest
 on the lower lip *before the kiss
 begins*. Thus the kiss, when it
 comes, is from the second mouth.
 Applied at the right moment, it
 makes a man kneel on the floor with
 his cheque book in his hands.
 Applied at the wrong moment it
 could finish a love affair
 instantly.

He looks up at the crack in his ceiling and up to Nicola's .
This time she doesn't break up the small shaft of light.

99

INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NEW DAY - EVENING 6 PM

99

C.U Nicola's rosy, wet mouth.

KEITH TALENT
How's Guy?

All the petals of Keith's gladioli fall off at once. They
flutter onto the table.

NICOLA SIX
Need you ask? Sit there, take off
your coat. I want to show you
something.

Keith takes off his black leather jacket. Underneath he wears
a black satin track suit with the Black Cross insignia
embroidered on the back. His eyes on her braless breasts,
clearly defined straining against her silk jersey dress. She
looks expensive and professional.

She takes the remote control of her TV turning off more
disaster footage as a dam breaks killing people somewhere in
the China.

DVD FOOTAGE: Nicola 20, in a suntan oil commercial, applying
cream on her breasts, stomach, and thighs. Keith in a seizure
of fascination looks back and forth between Nicola and the
girl (Nicola) inside the television.

KEITH TALENT
(overloaded) That's ... you?

Keith takes the remote right out of her hand.

KEITH TALENT
(snarling) *Slow it.*

C.U. Keith's finger pushes the SLOW MOTION button on the TV.
ON TV: in slow-motion, Nicola presses her breasts together.

ON DVD CHANGE TO: A cheesy thriller, Nicola stripteases in
the back room of a STOCKBROKERS' party. Younger, brooding,
lip-biting. She bares it all, if you don't blink, just before
she disappears in smoke and shadows.

KEITH TALENT
Jesus, beautiful. Loyal tape,
Nicola. Quality. Oscar, like.

NICOLA SIX
That's it, I'm afraid. I get killed
later on.

KEITH TALENT
Well, let's see that.

NICOLA SIX
You *don't* see it. You just hear
about it. The death. Later.

KEITH TALENT
Jesus. Beautiful.

Nicola turns the DVD off.

NICOLA SIX
Well then. Be good. And come and
see me again very soon.

For once in his life Keith is listening. Hooked.

NICOLA SIX
Now that you're with me, you will
win. You have a game tonight right?
You'll see.

100

INT. BRIXTON HALL DARTS MATCH - NIGHT 8 PM - 2 HOURS LATER 100

The hand of a Jamaican DARTER launches his dart which hits the board - Double 20. Hostility is in the air. Keith beside him on the competition stage. Keith aims a dart. But he's not composed. E.C.U. Keith's dart labelled '*The Finisher*' slams into the board. A score flashes up on the scoreboard. Double 20. O.S. Thelonus, Fucker and the Black Cross contingent cheer among the AUDIENCE.

The Jamaican throws another Double 20. The room erupts. 120 flashes up on the score board.

Keith throws another dart somehow losing his balance and falls from the effort of the throw. But the dart's OK and slams into the board. Bull's eye. The crowd groans. Guy carries the drinks, taller than everyone. Keith sees the Collection Thugs in the audience standing in Guy's way. Sam stands on the sidelines, the shadow of the balcony crossing half his face.

They see Guy; easy to find, tall and too aristocratic to fit in. Nicola steps out of the shadow. Men turn, look at her. Guy looks at her but she pretends not to see him.

NICOLA SIX
I know your secret.

SAMSON YOUNG
Do you?

She looks at him knowingly.

SAMSON YOUNG
Don't say it. Even if you know it.
Please don't say it...

NICOLA SIX
You're dying....

Somehow Sam wasn't expecting this. He recoils against the wall.

NICOLA SIX
My God, we have that in common.

The black darter throws Double 18. The crowd groans, boos. Nicola looks Guy in the eyes from across the room. She smiles at him. He smiles back.

JAMAICAN REFEREE (O.S.)
Game, set and match to *Keith Talent*
of the *Black Cross*!

O.S. A rude reggae dub track kicks in. Guy forces his way through the crowd toward Nicola, ignoring Keith's victory. Keith stands, stunned by winning, looks into the crowd at Nicola, proud. Nicola jumps up clapping. The Thugs push towards Keith on stage.

KEITH TALENT
Showmanship innit. Sheer
showmanship.

Keith turns to the audience, frees his underpants from between his buttocks, makes an obscene gesture to the crowd.

KEITH TALENT
No disrespect, mate, but there's
always going to be a question mark
over the temperament of the black
thrower. All the sincerity in the
world - but no clinicism.

AUDIENCE
Boo! Boo! Off! Off! Fuck off!

NICOLA SIX
Take me away from here please.

A bottle crashes onto the stage near Keith. His opponent advances on him with one dart raised like a knife aimed at his heart. Keith wrestles away the dart and stabs his opponent in his hand.

Fucker shoves SOMEONE. The drinks are knocked out of Guy's hands.

On stage a brawl breaks out. After a few punches and a karate side kick, Keith runs off stage to the exit. He catches a glimpse of Nicola as Guy with his arm around her, leads her away. Sam follows, holding onto her. Nicola ignores everything else and just looks into Guy's eyes.

NICOLA SIX
I'm never afraid when I'm with you.

Sam lets go of Nicola, allows the crowd to come between them. Nicola glances back at Sam, holding Guy's hand as he leads her outside.

101

EXT. BRIXTON HALL CAR PARK - NIGHT

101

Guy leads her with his arm around her waist to his Aston Martin, unlocks it. All around them cars are pulling out.

Keith on a motorcycle, blocked by TWO MEN aiming kerosene torches at him. One of them takes hold of the front of the motorcycle. More YOUNG THUGS approach.

Guy puts Nicola in the car and walks towards the men.

GUY CLINCH

Hey! Excuse me. We're not fighting.

His posh voice cannot be ignored; they're all thrown off.

Guy sees TEENAGE BOY hold Keith back threatening to light a can of kerosene with a Bic lighter, a wild look in his eyes.

GUY CLINCH

Young man!... Don't be a tit.

The kid looks at him. Keith is impressed too. In the next instant he grabs the lighter away.

GUY CLINCH

You have got better things to do,
don't you?

The teenage boy drops the tin of kerosene. Runs away, past Nicola still locked in the car. Keith feels humiliated to have been helped by Guy. Guy addresses the crowd:

GUY CLINCH

We're going home, winners and
losers alike.

The crowd disappointedly disperses. Thugs have no chance at Keith.

GUY CLINCH

Keith, go.

Keith motorcycles out of the carpark.

Sam watches Guy walk across the car park back to his car.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)

The carpark and its people occupied
no more than ten percent of his
reality, but 100% of mine.

102

INT. GUY'S ASTON MARTIN - NIGHT - SAME

102

Guy sits. Locks the doors. An awkward moment, Guy and Nicola surrounded by white leather. He looms over her. She kisses him. She releases Guy, stunned.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
 You can't stop people once they
 start *creating*...

103 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

103

Sam at his laptop, types:

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
 ... She's creating the oldest
 conflict in the world. Two men, one
 woman. Someone dies. Of course, she
 is only an observer of her own
 creation.

From his window he sees Guy's Aston Martin pull up. Nicola
 gets out.

104 INT. GUY CLINCH'S OFFICE, PRIVATE BANK, BROOK STREET - THE 104
 NEXT DAY

Guy in a pinstripe suit at his desk in his minimalist office.
 He speaks on one of two speaker phones, while looking out
 over Brook Street. Absentmindedly, Guy spins a semi-precious
 quartz crystal globe on his desk.

GUY CLINCH
 E.N.O.L.A., new word G.A.I. Her son
 is "Ho". Nicknamed "Little Boy".

CUT TO:

105 INT. RANGOON NGO HIGH RISE OFFICE - DAY

105

A BURMESE MAN, 40, looks down through the floor to ceiling
 window onto Rangoon, holding a phone to his ear. His back is
 to us, his shiny suit is all we see.

BURMESE MAN
 (into phone)
 There were mass suicides in Rangoon
 today. Its not a good time here.
 But I'm honored to do all I can,
 Guy...

106 EXT. BLACK CROSS PUB - THE NEXT DAY

106

Keith walks down an empty Portobello Road. He sees Guy.

GUY CLINCH
 Great match.

KEITH TALENT
 Yeah cheers. Thanks for that last
 night.

GUY CLINCH
It's nothing Keith.

KEITH TALENT
You can't argue with finishing of
that quality. No way.
Did you shag her?

GUY CLINCH
(almost staggers back)
You don't understand. She's - she's
not like that.

ANGLE ON the street around the corner. Keith sees COLLECTION THUGS in a mustard yellow Jaguar waiting for him, motor running. He walks away from them. Their car moves slowly, following him. He runs. Runs like a kitchen roach.

Guy catches a glimpse of Keith running, turning off into a mews street. Behind him the Jag follows fast.

Keith struggles to lift himself up a fire escape. His legs dangle as the car rips forward. He pulls himself up, the car misses his legs by a split second. He runs upstairs, onto the roof before they even reverse.

107 EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME 107

He runs over roofs, jumping from one to another. Stops, looks back. He's safe.

108 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - DAY 108

Sam, on the couch with his notes, observes Nicola putter around the flat.

SAMSON YOUNG
... Did you fuck Guy?

NICOLA SIX
Oh, that won't happen for a very
long time.

SAMSON YOUNG
Oh. But you're fucking Keith,
right?

NICOLA SIX
Unforeseen circumstances.

SAMSON YOUNG
Are you fucking anyone I know?

NICOLA SIX
Who do you know?

He scribbles himself a note, smiling. The bell rings O.S.
Nicola answers.

NICOLA SIX
Who is it?

KEITH TALENT (O.S.)
Keith.

Nicola looks at Sam. He gets up, takes his papers out.

109 INT. NICOLA AND SAM'S BUILDING, STAIRS - DAY 109

Sam goes downstairs to his flat. Nicola watches Sam go into his flat and then she buzzes Keith in. She leaves her front door open, then walks into her bedroom to change. Keith starts a limping run two at a time up the stairs.

110 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NEXT 110

Keith walks, with a torn trouser leg, through her apartment, adjusting to the dark. He climbs the ladder to her roof.

111 EXT. NICOLA'S SKYLIGHT ROOFTOP - NEXT 111

Cautiously Keith looks out onto the roof. Keith's POV as his eyes adjust to the glaring white sunlight.

Keith climbs onto the rooftop, taking in the sight of Nicola, afraid to blink and miss something.

KEITH TALENT
'She wore an itsy-witsy teeny-weeny', yeah cheers.

NICOLA SIX
Do you know the origin of the word *bikini* Keith?

KEITH TALENT
Wha?-

NICOLA SIX
It's from the Bikini Atoll in the Pacific, where the U.S. conducted atomic bomb blast tests.

C.U. on droplets of perspiration between her breasts rolling down her skin over the white water-repellent bathing suit.

NICOLA SIX
I'm going to give you a lot of money, Keith.

KEITH TALENT
I wanna believe it.

NICOLA SIX
Guy is supporting a foreigner and
her son, in their efforts to escape
Burma. They're unfortunate, poor,
oppressed. Keith, you can get 30'
thousand for setting things up.

He studies her face. Wonders if she's playing him.

KEITH TALENT
When?

NICOLA SIX
Trust me, Keith, it's coming.

112 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 112

Nicola stands in her bikini. Keith struggles against the
bleaching sunlight to see her take out a roll of 20-pound
notes. O.S. the buzzer sounds loudly.

113 EXT. NICOLA'S FLAT - DAY 113

Guy in a suit and tie stands at the front door.

114 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - DAY 114

NICOLA SIX
This is just a little money for
your help.

She places the roll into the crotch of her bikini bottoms,
and pats it.

NICOLA SIX
Keith! It looks like - it looks
like...

KEITH TALENT
Yeah.

NICOLA SIX
A gun barrel in a holster?

KEITH TALENT
Uh...yeah.

NICOLA SIX
(offering her crotch) Here.

He reaches for it, trembling. The buzzer rings again.

NICOLA SIX
Don't touch. You can take the money
if you don't touch.

E.C.U. on the bikini material, *and* the money bulge. He lifts the border of the bikini off her skin. His fingers proceed into the void between her skin and her bikini to get the cash. ANGLE ON his face struggling not to touch.

NICOLA SIX
Sweetheart, you look so concerned!

The door rings again. Keith sees her buzz Guy in.

KEITH TALENT
Who's that?

NICOLA SIX
The first test of your discretion
is on his way up the stairs. Help
me out here with Guy, and I'll take
care of your money trouble.

Keith looks at her like this is too good to be true.

NICOLA SIX
I know all about it.

You can tell from her face that he hasn't touched her yet.

NICOLA SIX
But we go *at my speed*. The
qualities of patience and coolness,
Keith, that I imagine you apply to
your darts, apply to me.

C.U. on Keith's fingers sliding the money out. C.U. on Nicola inhaling as Keith removes the roll, without touching. O.S. on the stairs, footsteps approach.

Keith almost pounces on her. But he doesn't. Instead he puts the money into his jacket pocket, zips it up. Controls himself. She blows his hair off his forehead, rolls her eyes.

NICOLA SIX
UHMMM...Patience Keith. You'll find
with me that when it rains, it gets
rather wet.

O.S. a soft knock on the door. She pulls back on his hair, extends her tongue over her lower lip, and leans into him, and kisses him. Keith's eyes show increasing alarm. He has a wet dream. Nicola's eyes, register this. O.S. a knock on the door.

GUY CLINCH (O.S.)
Nicola?

Keith and Nicola both gaze downwards. There's a wet spot on Keith's skintight polyester trousers.

NICOLA SIX
I'm coming!

Keith fixes his belt, stuffs a tissue into his trouser front pocket. He backs off staggering his gait making final adjustments.

KEITH TALENT
(muttering) No. No, *not* your speed.
My speed. With none of the brakes
women use if you let them.

Nicola hands him a shower attachment and a book, *Wuthering Heights*.

NICOLA SIX
Take this. And the book. You don't
have to do anything nasty with
them. Just props, Keith. For Guy.
Leaving my flat.

115 INT. LANDING OUTSIDE NICOLA'S FLAT - DAY - SAME 115

Keith sails out the door right into Guy, with his quartz crystal globe, unprepared to see Keith.

KEITH TALENT
Guy, mate.

GUY CLINCH
Keith.

KEITH TALENT
I-I just been- helping. Out.

Guy notices *Wuthering Heights* held over Keith's wet spot.

GUY CLINCH
Of course. That's what I'm here for
too.

116 INT. NICOLA'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME 116

Nicola prepares herself, transformed with tousled hair, a depressed, sleepy look. She messes up the bed so it looks like she's just hosted sex with Keith. Leaves the door open purposefully.

GUY CLINCH (O.S.)
I'm trying to help her trace
someone. Without much luck, as it
happens.

KEITH TALENT (O.S.)
You do what you can.

GUY CLINCH (O.S.)
Indeed. She's so good, isn't she?

117 INT. NICOLA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - SAME 117

Guy steps inside, looks around, curious.

GUY CLINCH
Hello? Nicola?...

NICOLA SIX (O.S.)
Guy? I'm just changing. Please,
make yourself comfortable. I won't
be a minute.

118 INT. NICOLA'S BATHROOM - DAY - SAME 118

Still in her bikini she applies glycerine drops into her
eyes, giving her a watery, tear effect.

119 INT. NICOLA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - SAME 119

Nicola steps forward. Guy is concerned. She looks haunting.
Her eyes, pools of water. You'd believe whatever she says.
She wears a pure white dress, large emerald earrings. Her
appearance dramatically different between men. He strains to
see the messy bed beyond her open bedroom door.

GUY CLINCH
I just saw Keith. He had a book
with him... I realize that doesn't
matter, you're tired.

NICOLA SIX
Keith was just picking up some
electronic things to fix, you see.

Guy hands her the quartz crystal globe. She is moved.

GUY CLINCH
I don't know what I was thinking.
This will hardly lessen the blow.
(Then, she learns-)
...My news isn't terribly
encouraging. I made some calls, but-
didn't come up with anything. Would
you rather I come back another
time?

In silence, tears roll down her cheeks. She takes off her
emerald earrings, hands them to him.

NICOLA SIX
Can you sell these? I'm sure a
jewelry shop would only take
advantage of me. Either way, it's a
plane ticket.

He looks at her for an explanation.

NICOLA SIX

I got a call last night from my Foreign Office friend. He thinks he's located Enola and Little Boy. But there are warlords, and in order to get further they have to be paid. And then emergency money, in case they're caught on the road. I intend to do this.

GUY CLINCH

My God! Things have progressed... About this Foreign Office man, who is he?

NICOLA SIX

He flies into London tomorrow. You can meet him. I've made up my mind.

GUY CLINCH

Alright. I'm going to take care of everything from here on in. I can't let you sell these.

Guy puts the earrings back into the holes in her lobes. She doesn't take her glistening eyes off him. She slides into him. He wraps his arms around her.

GUY CLINCH

There, that's better.

NICOLA SIX

I never thought I'd meet anyone good. And I don't mean beautiful or grand. I just mean *good*.... And now it's happened and ... oh, Guy, I'm so completely thrown.

She waits. Guy exhales.

NICOLA SIX

I'm afraid I'm in love with you.... There's just one other thing. I warned you, I was a ridiculous person.

GUY CLINCH

What is it?

NICOLA SIX

I'm a virgin.

This news leaves Guy struggling, paused.

NICOLA SIX

Nothing good can come of this.

He hugs her like a child. On his own hand his wedding ring catches the light, as he pats her, strokes her. Then kisses her.

120

EXT. ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB - THE NEXT DAY

120

Just outside the club, Nicola and Guy stand together.

NICOLA SIX

I promised him that I'd be alone.
You really mustn't approach us.
He's terrified of anyone finding
out about things like this. It's
all under the table, you know... I
doesn't want anyone thinking you'll
bribe him.

GUY CLINCH

... Alright... I only need to see
him.

121

INT. ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB, DINING ROOM - LATER

121

Nicola sits with a youngish SOUTH ASIAN MAN, very well-dressed in a suit. She has a pen and pad out, and speaks animatedly to him. Guy sits at the bar, drinking and watching them as they talk. He looks better groomed, stronger, more confident.

SOUTH ASIAN MAN

Well, I've got a call-back for this
show on Channel 4.

NICOLA SIX

What's the role?

SOUTH ASIAN MAN

Terrorist.

Nicola nods, interested. After a moment she gets up from the table. Guy follows her into the hall by the men's sauna.

GUY CLINCH

I think he's good. He looks
trustworthy.... What was his, um,
estimate?

NICOLA SIX

Sixty thousand.

GUY CLINCH

It's as good as done. And I agree,
it's better we don't actually meet.
No one should know where the money
came from. Find out if it's pounds
or dollars, or if it'll need to be
changed to, ah, kyat, I believe? I
can have the funds in 48 hours....
But you have to understand, he'll
be bribing people, and I don't want
you present. You're risking enough
already.

NICOLA SIX
 Oh, Guy, I'm so sorry to draw into
 this... Pounds is what was
 requested.

GUY CLINCH
 Nicola. It's gratifying to help in
 this...

They smile to each other.

NICOLA SIX
 I better get back to him.

GUY CLINCH
 Oh, I'll be so excited to meet
 Enola!

122

INT. THE SAVOY HOTEL RESTAURANT - THE NEXT NIGHT

122

The chandeliered five star restaurant is empty. A STRING
 QUARTET plays in the corner nearby. Nicola and Sam are very
 drunk. Sam is in a suit and tie.

SAMSON YOUNG
 I heard Keith and Thelonius talking
 the other day. They're planning
 something incredibly stupid.

NICOLA SIX
 What's that?

SAMSON YOUNG
 A robbery. And then, of course,
 prison. Well not planning prison
 just its hard to know the outcome
 of a robbery.

NICOLA SIX
 I'm doing what I can to play my
 part in this.

She giggles. Sam leans back.

SAMSON YOUNG
 "Someone is tickling my heart with
 delicate fingers. Death is much on
 people's minds."

NICOLA SIX
 (excited) Is that in your book?
 (he nods) Very pretty. You should
 be a writer.

SAMSON YOUNG
 You wrote it. Your diaries are
 vague about how you make a living.

NICOLA SIX
That's because of being a whore,
darling. I do not consider in my
dreams- which always come true- the
subject of my diaries, the income
that I live on. It just always
comes.

She smiles and sips her drink, knowingly. Sam frowns.

NICOLA SIX
Great writers are ahead of their
time. Which means one thing,
Samson. They aren't judgmental on
what has not yet happened.

SAMSON YOUNG
I'm worried the critics will call
you a male fantasy figure.

NICOLA SIX
I *am* a male fantasy figure! You
should see me in bed. There is a
lot to fantasize about.

SAMSON YOUNG
I think you're hard to categorize
even in the male fantasy arena.
You're not a sexpot. Not dizzy
enough. Too calculating. You're
more than a hot lay. You're
something of a Sack Artist, and a
Cock Tease too. And a Mata Hari.
And a Vamp. In the end, though, I'm
fingering you for a Femme Fatale. I
like it. No, I like it. It's cute.

NICOLA SIX
More than that!

SAMSON YOUNG
What are you then?

NICOLA SIX
You still don't get it.... I'm a
Murderee.

123

INT. SAM'S OFFICE/LIBRARY - NIGHT - LATER

123

C.U. A scissor slices thru a page of Nicola's diary. The page
falls to the floor into a pile of cut out diary pages. Sam is
drinking and cutting certain passages out.

He's set up an easy chair at the window. He looks out his
window and sees Nicola and Keith leaving.

124 EXT. RETREAT FROM KABUL RESTAURANT - THE NEXT NIGHT 124

The wooden sign "Retreat From Kabul" hangs over the window of the Afghani restaurant.

125 INT. RETREAT FROM KABUL RESTAURANT - NIGHT - SAME 125

Keith has a pint as Nicola joins him at a table.

KEITH TALENT

Don't be shy, darling. Akhbar! A menu for my uh, for my uh - give her a menu. Not a germ on earth'll live through their special sauce.

NICOLA SIX

I'd like a gin and tonic please. I'm on a special diet.

KEITH TALENT

Nicola. Men prefer a fat woman. Keep your strength up. I'll 'ave my regular extra-strength hot hot hot.

126 INT. RETREAT FROM KABUL RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER 126

Akhbar returns with her gin and tonic and his meal. Thru the kitchen hatch the young COOKS watch and laugh as Keith Samples his curry. He chews, stops chewing, chews again.

KEITH TALENT (CONT'D)

Akhbar, correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't I ask for the hot one?

NICOLA SIX

I once slept with the Shah of Iran. I was twenty-one at the time. The Shah was the King, Keith.

KEITH TALENT

The towel head.

NICOLA SIX

I was paid fifty thousand pounds, Keith. It was only the once.

KEITH TALENT

Ancient privilege. A right exercised from time immemorial.

Keith swallows more hot food. Perspiration and yellow colour form on his face.

NICOLA SIX (CONT'D)

People do want value for their money, don't they, Keith?

KEITH TALENT
 Absolutely. Which brings something
 to mind -

NICOLA SIX
 Let me finish my story Keith.

Nicola runs her fingers in two lines along the table. Tears
 well out of Keith's eyes.

NICOLA SIX (CONT'D)
 Two lines of the finest cocaine.
 And the most miraculous underwear.
 Knickers, worth a fortune. They
 didn't weigh anything. It was quite
 a sensation pulling them up tight,
 as instructed. Quite insubstantial
 but palpably there, like moisture.

Keith nods at her to proceed. He shifts uneasily on his
 chair, fiddles with his trousers, etc.

127 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - NIGHT 127

Nicola's story goes on as they walk back to Nicola's.

NICOLA SIX
 The Shah never slept with the same
 girl twice. He used me rather
 brutally on the way to a meeting
 with his American advisors.

128 EXT. NICOLA AND SAM'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 128

They arrive. As Nicola is putting in her key, Keith corners
 her against the wall squarely, as though making a bold move.

KEITH TALENT
 Nicola? Nick I'm desperate. I'm
 fucking desperate. I got to have it
 now. Not soon. Not next week.

Nicola smiles, looks into his eyes. He looks so vulnerable
 that she's very turned on. She is his for the taking.

Keith shows her his finger.

KEITH TALENT (CONT'D)
 Or I just kiss goodbye to this.
 See? I got to have it now.... *The*
money!

NICOLA SIX
 Oh.

She turns and opens the door.

129 INT. SAM AND NICOLA'S BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT - SAME 129

Keith goes on and on as they climb the stairs...

KEITH TALENT

You don't know the kind of pus I'm
dealing with here. Now I made the
list and come Friday I get a
kicking and they break my beautiful
darting finger, cut it off and all.

NICOLA SIX

Keith. The money is coming.

130 INT. NICOLA'S SITTING-ROOM - NIGHT - SAME 130

The phone answer machine records a message from Guy,
amplifying it over speaker phone.

GUY CLINCH (O.S.)

Nicola, are you alright? I'm at the
bar at Claridge's. I'm awfully
worried-...

Nicola turns on the lights. Runs to the phone. Picks up the
receiver.

NICOLA SIX

Guy... I can't.... I apologize but
I don't trust myself with you. I
suspect that there is something
deeply frivolous about pursuing a
course that holds so little
prospect. Think of your family.

GUY CLINCH

You're an angel, but- even an angel-

NICOLA SIX

Please, we can't start. Because we
won't stop. I'll never forget you.

GUY CLINCH

I hope I haven't disturbed you. I'm
so sorry-...

NICOLA SIX

Now, I'm going to hang up.

GUY CLINCH

Darling, no-

NICOLA SIX

And I want you to let me. Let me
go. I might just die if I see you
again.

Keith coughs. Nicola puts a forefinger to her lips, for
silence. Keith nervously massages his darts finger, peeved.

GUY CLINCH (O.S.)
 There's so much I have to, I want
 to say-

O.S. Guy tries to clear his throat.

NICOLA SIX
 (very upset)
 Please, Guy, you must never contact
 me ever again. Think of me
 sometimes. And don't worry about my
 friends. Everything's going to be
 fine. I'll handle it myself.

GUY CLINCH
 Nicola, no! You can't possibly- Y-
 you *must* allow me to help!

NICOLA SIX
 I could never have accepted your
 money, Guy, I *couldn't*.

131 INT. CLARIDGE'S, THE MAUVE BAR - NIGHT - SAME 131

Guy's tragic face in the dim light. He's on his cell phone
 with a scotch, all dressed up for Nicola.

GUY CLINCH
 Don't, Nicola. It's not fair to
 ourselves.

132 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT - SAME 132

NICOLA SIX
 I have to. This is goodbye.

O.S., distraught, Guy breathes so loudly it distorts.

Keith on the sofa, knee shaking, angrily spins the globe that
 Guy gave her.

GUY CLINCH (O.S.)
 Goodbye. God bless you.

Finally, Nicola hangs up. The answer machine shuts off.

KEITH TALENT
 What's this? You giving him the
 heave-ho? Where's the fucking
 earnest in *that*? Where's the money
 in *this*?!
 He stands, and looks potentially murderous. Nicola tenses.

KEITH TALENT
 (softer)
 Are you doing me, young lady? Are
 you having me for a cunt?
 (MORE)

KEITH TALENT (CONT'D)
 Cos I'm *not having that...* Are you
 doing him or are you doing *me*?

NICOLA SIX
 I'm very good at this, Keith. He's
 going to pay. Go and see him...
 tell him this. Tell him I'm pale
 and drawn and pining away. Tell him
 I stare at the beautiful globe, and
 mope. Tell him I'm on the phone to
 the estate agent selling the flat
 and leaving for Burma. You know the
 sort of stuff. In your own style,
 Keith, of course.

KEITH TALENT
 ... Why?

NICOLA SIX
 Absence makes the heart grow
 fonder.

Keith is not comforted one bit.

KEITH TALENT
 Right, Nic.

133 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - NIGHT - LATER 133

Keith jogs to where his Cavalier sits, idling, Thelonius in
 the driver's seat.

KEITH TALENT
 It's never gonna happen.

THELONIUS
 That's what I been saying. The
 money come to those that deserve.
 Let's go do dis ting.

He tears off.

134 EXT. BUILDING PARKING LOT, OFF THE M4 - NIGHT - LATER 134

The place is deserted. No lights in the parking lot. Keith
 and Thelonius get out and go towards the back door with
 zipper bags.

135 INT. STORE - NIGHT - NEXT 135

In the dark Thelonius says:

THELONIUS
 Sonfabitch! Torch onna blink!

Keith uses his lighter and thrashes around. He sees the
 store's sign.

KEITH TALENT
 N. Poluck Cornish Dairy and
 Confectioner.... I know this place,
 it's a pie shop. All they got's a
 load of fuckin *porp pies*!

Thelonius finds the till. He smashes it, pulls out a fistful
 of luncheon vouchers.

THELONIUS
 Luncheon vouchers. Sonofabitch LVs!

KEITH TALENT
 There's no fuckin money?!

THELONIUS
 C'mon, the owners live upstairs.
 Joolery, man. She dripping with
 joolery.

Keith fills his pockets with cigarettes and grabs a pork pie
 from the pastry shelf.

Then they climb the stairs, Thelonius goes on ahead. Keith
 samples the pork pie, and hears a commotion O.S. upstairs.

136

INT. STORE, BEDROOM - NIGHT - NEXT

136

Keith walks in on Thelonius beating on the OLD MAN who owns
 the store. There are clothes thrown everywhere and closet
 doors are open, exposing a large safe.

THELONIUS
 Open the safe! Open it! Open it!

OLD MAN
 She knows the numbers! I don't
 know! I don't know anything!

Keith looks at an ASIAN WOMAN cowering in bed, frozen.

ASIAN WOMAN
 I don't know! I don't know any
 number!

OLD MAN
 We been burgled last week! And the
 week before!

ASIAN WOMAN
 Nothing left! Nothing left!

Thelonius slaps the man, shakes him, pulls his hair.

THELONIUS
 Keith, make her give us the
 numbers!

He shoves Keith towards her. Keith looks at him, stops.

THELONIUS
*Hurt her. You hurt one till the
 other... you know.*

Keith stands over her gripping his billy club. But he can't hit her. Even though it would make the husband talk.

THELONIUS
Do it. Do it!

Keith can't. Thelonius runs over and pummels her. Keith looks away, out the window. She screams. The husband screams.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
Stop! Stop! I'm opening it!

The old man starts doing the combination. Keith watches, scratching his head. Thelonius looks at him.

THELONIUS
 Keith! Hair dust, man!

KEITH TALENT
 Oh yeah. DNA innit. Bingo.

Keith looks at the woman, who has blood dripping from her nose. The safe door swings open. Thelonius kicks the old man.

OLD MAN
 I told you!

Keith walks over. He sees it's empty. Keith deflates. And fills with fear.

THELONIUS (O.S.)
 Keith, c'mon. Keith. *Keith!*

137 INT. GUY CLINCH'S BEDROOM - DAY

137

Guy sits on his bed, diminished. He's unshaven, his hair is mussed. Hope enters.

GUY CLINCH
 I'm sorry?

HOPE CLINCH
 I didn't say anything.

GUY CLINCH
 I'm sorry.

HOPE CLINCH
 (sigh)... Can we go over next
 week's schedule?

GUY CLINCH
 I'm busy, Hope...

HOPE CLINCH
... So how much more of this do we
get?

GUY CLINCH
More of what?

HOPE CLINCH
Of this famished mute ... You look
like a hermit... Imelda said you
haven't eaten anything? Is this a
hunger strike?

GUY CLINCH
... How's the shopping going today?

HOPE CLINCH
... Why don't go to your lower-
class bar and get drunk enough to
improve your mood?

As she turns to leave:

HOPE CLINCH
And don't bring your lowlife
friends into the house, please?

138 INT. CLINCH HOUSE - DAY - LATER

138

Guy opens the front door for Keith, a broken man, but
struggling to be jovial. Guy invites him in.

KEITH TALENT
Audi.

GUY CLINCH
Howdy.

KEITH TALENT
Turbo. Fuel injection. Intercool.
Listen. Listen. I popped round
there with some stuff and - Nicola.
Between you and me, it don't look
too shrewd. Says to me, "Don't fix
that. Don't fix this. No point.
What's the point. No point. I'm
leaving London." And she's going to
a place with poppies and drug
lords.

GUY CLINCH
I won't allow that.

KEITH TALENT
All this. She's really down. Face
like a slapped arse. Plays with
that little globe thing. Like as if
she's been having a bit of a cry.
I'm just worried she's going to do
herself an injury.

GUY CLINCH
You don't think-?

KEITH TALENT
She was on the phone selling her flat. Better go round.

GUY CLINCH
Yes *of course*, Keith.... Ah, are you already?

KEITH TALENT
Yeah. Just look in on her. She has a lovely smile. Cheers you up for the rest of the day.

Keith snags a tiny oil painting off the wall, and the nail.

139 INT. SAM'S OFFICE/LIBRARY - NIGHT - LATER 139

Sam is trying to arrange the diary pages, tacking them to the walls, but the room is still a mess. Sam is getting angrier and angrier. He picks up the phone and dials. O.S. through the ceiling he faintly hears Nicola's phone ringing. He hears her footsteps upstairs, but the phone keeps ringing. She doesn't pick up. Furious, Sam gets up and leaves his study.

140 INT. OUTSIDE NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT - HOURS LATER 140

Sam comes up and knocks forcefully on the door. Nicola opens. She looks youthful, like a teenager. Her hair is loose except for a clip in the back. She is pleased to see an invigorated, angry Samson, laptop in hand.

NICOLA SIX
Hello, Samson.

SAMSON YOUNG
Nicola, I have a problem. You've had so many men, and affairs, marriages destroyed, court cases, scandals, threesomes, foursomes, lives down the tubes... any of these guys would want to kill you! You've fucked more people than I even *know*. I mean, how am I supposed to get a handle on this story?

NICOLA SIX
You mentioned there was a "problem"?

SAMSON YOUNG
Yeah there's a problem. I need to know what you're doing. How am I supposed to know what's happening with Keith, Guy? How do I know what you're saying?

NICOLA SIX
What would you like?

SAMSON YOUNG
I told you! I want access!

She hands him a pad and paper. O.S. the doorbell rings.

NICOLA SIX
Guy's here. ... *Enjoy.*

He looks around about to be discovered. Nicola buzzes Guy in.
Sam darts into her flat.

141 INT. NICOLA'S SPARE ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 141

The door to the second bedroom is open a crack exposing Sam uncorking a wine bottle, quietly spying, entering notes on his laptop.

142 INT. NICOLA'S LIVING ROOM - SAME 142

Nicola clutches official papers. News from Burma. Guy finds it impossible to meet her eye. He looks sexy in a tight bespoke pinstripe suit, money envelope in his hand.

GUY CLINCH
I'm telling you, I know best.
You're not selling the flat. And
going to Burma is not an option.

NICOLA SIX
But, Enola is alive. And Little
Boy. They're in a refugee camp
outside of Mong Yai. I'm going.

His hair falls in his watery eyes. He stares at her breasts.
Nicola struggles with Guy trying not to touch. She bites her lip.

143 INT. NICOLA'S SPARE ROOM - SAME 143

Sam peeps out at their intimate moment.

144 INT. NICOLA'S LIVING ROOM - SAME 144

Guy notices an Thai Airways ticket sticking out from beneath a book on her coffee table. He grabs it, looks at it. Her name is on it: dated for 10-15-12, a flight to Bangkok, connecting to Yangon. She tries to seize it back, and they end up in a cuddle.

GUY CLINCH
Tomorrow? Nicola, you can't. Burma
is a failed country. There is no
government, no infrastructure...

145 INT. NICOLA'S SPARE ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

145

SAMSON YOUNG
 "It's a gangster anarchy. It's a 15-
 year-old with a flame-thrower, it's-
 ... a child's prosthetic foot, in a
 flip flop." ...

Sam types automatically. Nicola and Sam's eyes lock.

146 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT - SAME

146

GUY CLINCH
 It's unsafe! You don't speak the
 language and quite honestly you're
 too beautiful. You'd attract too
 much attention. As you don't have
 any living family member to advise
 you, I can't allow you to do this.
 Your Foreign Office friend feet on
 the ground in Burma is enough. It's
 safer for *him* if you don't go.

NICOLA SIX
 Oh no. I see your scheme.

Sam strains at great risk to see the envelope.

NICOLA SIX
 Guy, that would be completely out
 of the question.

C.U. Guy Guy takes a manila envelope out of his briefcase and
 slides it across to her on the low coffee table. O.S. Sam
 whistles faintly. Nicola glares at him. O.S. Hail stones beat
 a rhythmic crescendo on the skylight.

GUY CLINCH
 Keith told me you were leaving. And
 it's a bloody good thing I am here,
 too. I'm so furious, Nicola.

He looks down. She pushes the envelope away.

NICOLA SIX
 My darling. No. You mustn't.

GUY CLINCH
 It's yours. So long as you send a
 proxy, and you don't go. Put it to
 rest... And of course I don't want
 it back. So, good luck.

She finally accepts the envelope.

NICOLA SIX
 ... I'll stay, Guy.

147 INT. NICOLA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

147

Sam watches Guy remove a wisp of hair from between her lips. Standing up Guy looks at her bare legs. Their eyes lock. He touches her hair, her neck, her throat.

NICOLA SIX

I only wanted to step with you into a world of physical love.... At least we could make a baby, with some practice. I know I would have a perfect baby daughter for a perfect man. It would be our little girl.

GUY CLINCH

This is too much for me. I can't breathe.

148 INT. NICOLA'S SPARE ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

148

Suddenly the hail stops. It's oddly peaceful. Sam sees Nicola beneath the skylight as blue moonlight pours down on her in a pious shaft of light.

NICOLA SIX

I'll be alright.

GUY CLINCH

I won't be... I won't be... unless...

(looks guilty)

I've been doing some serious thinking.

NICOLA SIX

I'm sorry, Guy...

She irresistibly hurls herself upon him and they kiss. But she's restrained.

GUY CLINCH

This is heavenly. But do you think you could open your mouth a little bit?

NICOLA SIX

I'm terribly sorry.

GUY CLINCH

No, it's alright. Or at least don't let your teeth clench so much.

Reluctance, they kiss. She's really kissing now.

149 INT. KEITH TALENT'S COUNCIL FLAT, BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - NOON 149

Keith's doorbell rattles faultily. Keith in a dressing gown, on the bed watches his wife thru a crack in the door.

Kim's bed is outside the bedroom. Kim is napping. Kath answers the door. The front door croaks open. A gust of wind stirs the stale yellow smoke around the room.

KATH TALENT (O.S.)
Yes?

FEMALE SOCIALWORKER(O.S.)
(bureaucratic accent) Good
afternoon. I'm your new social
worker.

KATH TALENT (O.S.)
Where's Mrs. Ovens?

FEMALE SOCIALWORKER(O.S.)
Ah, well, I'm working in
conjunction with her. We'll liaise.

He can see the back of the SOCIAL WORKER's head. Keith belches, drinks beer. Clive noses up her skirt, she shoos him away. He barks.

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER
Your husband at home at the moment?

Kath stretches Kim's long sleeved T-shirt sleeve down over her black and blue arm.

KATH TALENT
Yes. 'e's not been well, 'e's got
flu.

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER
You're aware, no doubt, of the harm
caused by passive smoking?

KATH TALENT
I smoked passively every day of my
life and it never did me any 'arm.

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER
Didn't it? I'm afraid I might seek
an order.

KATH TALENT
Order? What? I know we 'aven't got
what some do but we are trying.

KEITH TALENT
You tell her, Kath.

KATH TALENT
I mean you come in 'ere-

KEITH TALENT
Speak your mind, girl.

Keith strains to see her white shirt, standard skirt, brown shoes, but not her face.

KATH TALENT
There's *nothing* I wouldn't do for
my baby. Nothing.

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER
What can you give her? You haven't
got *any money*, have you. Not enough
money for the proper care.

Keith can see the social worker's hand pull the blanket
slowly off Kim's body. The low sun strikes the child's face
illuminating a bruise on her chin.

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER
My God, do you *abuse your daughter*,
Mrs. Talent? And I can't say I like
the look of that dog.

KATH TALENT
Oi!

KEITH TALENT (O.S.)
Nobody talks to us like that.

Keith, beer in his hand, comes out of the bedroom and goes up
to the social worker. He looks right at *Nicola Six*,
officious, wearing a tie.

Keith is shattered. He turns red from shame and rage.

KEITH TALENT
Tell her Kath.

KATH TALENT
Hey. *Hey*. You. *Fuck* off out of it.
What kind of care do you get from
someone like you, doing your hobby
or whatever it is you're doing from
an office? Get out!

Keith lifts Kim up. Nicola impassive.

NICOLA SIX
I assume you know what your wife
has been up to.

KATH TALENT
Get out you evil witch! Get out!
You vicious thing!

KEITH TALENT
She can't touch you, love. You are
who you are.

Nicola leaves. Keith can't take his eyes off her.

O.S. Thunder claps. Lightning strikes, brightening the room.
It rains heavily outside.

Nicola stands at the table in the dark room, dark glasses, black see thru chiffon nightgown and robe, showing a glimpse of breast, hair tumbling free, counting large amounts of money. Various designer shopping bags are nearby. New purchases.

KEITH TALENT
(humiliated and ready to kill her)
You shouldn't've fucking done it,
Nick. You shouldn't've.

NICOLA SIX
I understand. You didn't want me to know, did you. - That you lived like a pig. That you condone your own daughter being abused by your wife who's distraught over you marginalizing her so she's lost all feeling.

KEITH TALENT
(raising a fist) That's so...that's so out of order.

NICOLA SIX
Abuse of your wife, your daughter, and living like a pig. How's that order?

He gets confused seeing her stockinged legs and all that money. She pours two large glasses of whiskey.

NICOLA SIX
Yes, well... Have some of this. I'm giving you quite a bit more than you need for your loan sharks. To wash all your money troubles away. I took some of your money and spent it on new stockings and things. (Strokes her legs) I hope you don't mind. You do know why I'm doing this, don't you, Keith? You do know what this whole thing is really about?

KEITH TALENT
No.

NICOLA SIX
Your darts.

Nicola steps towards him, and stands with her legs apart.

NICOLA SIX
It's a question of getting your attitude right for the big one.

KEITH
Yeah...

NICOLA SIX
I know you'll win. But getting you
to believe. That's another thing.

NICOLA SIX
TV stardom, Keith. Behind the
screen is where you've got to get.
That's where all the other things
are - all that you want.

Keith sees Nicola has pinned a dartboard on her wall. She
goes to the TV, we catch a glimpse of an ASTRONOMER on the
screen:

ASTRONOMER
(on TV)
- data indicate that the asteroid
will miss the Earth by
approximately a quarter of a
million miles. A probability of
impact with the moon in 2036
remains high as new --

Nicola turns on a DVD. She walks toward Keith.

NICOLA SIX
Do you watch pornography a lot
Keith? Where do you watch it? Must
be hard with your wife around....
I've got a little tape for you,
Keith.

151 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT

151

There are two Nicolas. The one on TV is a costumed cheesy
soft core performance, made with a SEXY SCANDINAVIAN
GIRLFRIEND, on a home video. Nicola in a policewoman's
uniform and a round, toy police hat.

KEITH
Yeah.

Keith watches Nicola move more of Guy's money into a Harrod's
bag. ON SCREEN NICOLA undresses, caresses her breasts
squeezing them together.

KEITH TALENT
Slow it.

Keith grabs the remote.

KEITH TALENT
This, this is the real thing. This
is class.

Nicola leans over him suggestively, allowing her robe to fall
open.

KEITH TALENT
(groans, rewinds the advert)
Looks nice ...

NICOLA SIX
They say men want to put their
faces there. Return to mother. But
I don't agree. I don't think men
want to put their faces there. I
think they want to put something
else there, Keith. I think they
want to screw the tits.

KEITH TALENT
No danger. Yeah cheers.

Nicola gives him the bag full of money. His 50,000 pounds.

NICOLA SIX
Now, your hard-earned cash.

He looks into the bag and all that money fills his eyes.

KEITH TALENT
Righteous. Nic-ola. Thanks. From
the bottom of my heart.

She puts the rest of the money away.

NICOLA SIX
Clear your mind completely, and
concentrate on one thing...

KEITH TALENT
Darts. Ton-forty. Maximum. Bull
check-out. Sincerity finishing.

NICOLA SIX
You can have a taste now...

He grabs her. Kisses her the way he wants to. Her eyes are
open the whole time. She breaks it off. Puts a box of Kleenex
in his lap.

NICOLA SIX
Close the door on your way out.

Nicola leaves.

152

EXT. NICOLA'S FLAT - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

152

Stunned, Keith walks out of Nicola's townhouse into the
pouring rain without a raincoat or umbrella, squeezing the
money in his hands. Keith is so happy. Nicola saved him.

He runs towards the Black Cross Pub, splashing about like a
stage-drunk, dancing and singing like Cagney in "Yankee
Doodle Dandy," around the rain swollen gutter beneath street
lamps. He's laughing and coughing.

Guy walks out of the Black Cross, morosely drunk. The pub lights shut off. The last to leave. Godfrey locks the door. Guy doesn't care that it's pouring. Stops when he sees Keith.

Keith? GUY CLINCH

Yo! KEITH TALENT

ANGLE ON Keith's bag with Guy's money visible in the lightning.

KEITH TALENT
Oh, mate, you tell me. What's
happening, eh? You tell me because
I don't fucking get it.

Keith, clutching his bag, sinks against the lamp post.

What? GUY CLINCH

Life. KEITH TALENT

Keith laughs at Guy.

KEITH TALENT
(singing)
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy --

GUY CLINCH
(singing)
A Yankee Doodle, do or die...

Guy starts to laugh too. A dark battered car turns the corner and halts at the lamp. The back door opens.

KEITH TALENT
Here comes summer.

A voice from the darkness, inside the car -

VOICE (O.S.)
Get in the car, Keith.

KEITH TALENT
Cheers, lads.

CHICK PURCHASE
Get in the fucking car, Keith.

Guy straightens bravely, prepared to fight and defend Keith.

KEITH TALENT
It's okay Guy. Only messing.

Keith calls back to Guy.

KEITH TALENT
 We'll have a drink. In ten minutes.
 I'll-

Chick punches Keith in the stomach, pulls him in.

KEITH TALENT
 Oof!

The car tears off, the door slamming.

152a INT. DARK BATTERED CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS 152a

Keith sees the last of Guy through the window. Keith is flanked by THREE COLLECTION THUGS. The car swerves, steel tools slide against the rear door of the car.

CHICK PURCHASE
 (to Keith)
 I apologize for picking you up in the 'not-nice' car, causing you a moment's hesitation in this pissing rain. But it had to be the 'not-nice' car, because 'not-nice' things are gonna happen to you.

KEITH TALENT
 Chick, I have all the money. It's right here.

Keith opens the bag. Chick takes the money.

CHICK PURCHASE
 You're late. But you honored your debt. Fair enough.

Chick opens the car door. A thug throws Keith out onto the road.

153 EXT. HARROD'S - THE NEXT DAY 153

Nicola walks in thru the front doors, held open by a DOORMAN.

154 INT. HARROD'S, COSMETICS DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 154

The SALESWOMAN gently spreads sparkle cream onto Nicola's wrist.

155 INT. HARROD'S, JIMMY CHOO'S SHOE DEPARTMENT - LATER 155

Nicola tries on the obscenely tall high heeled sandals from the premonition. Then some thigh boots in black crocodile.

156 INT. HARROD'S, VERSACE - LATER

156

Nicola models in front of the mirror in a white dress (also the one she wears in the premonition). She is also wearing the shoes and the sparkles, and the whole experience is unsettling her. She keeps looking at herself, knowing that this is it, this is the exact outfit. She turns to the CLERK assisting her.

NICOLA SIX
I really didn't think I'd find it.
It's just like I've always...

CLERK
... just like you've always dreamed
it? Isn't it fabulous?

Nicola stares at herself.

NICOLA SIX
Yes. And white gets dirty so
easily. I'll take it.

157 INT. THE MARQUIS OF EDENDERRY PUB. ACTON. LONDON - NIGHT 157

Nicola's hand in Guy's. They walk through the terraced interior covered in brothel red velvet. A Darts TV camera on host TONY DE TAUNTON interviewing Keith beside his full table. Keith wears the Cuban, toreador flares, bat-winged darting cape, black short sleeved shirt with Keith Talent - THE FINISHER embroidered in silver thread.

ANGLE ON the eight dart boards in a line, raised oche, digitalized scoring, BARMEN in braces and pork chop sideburns, BARMAIDS in milkmaid outfits, SECURITY MEN. A subdued competition CROWD waits for the match.

TONY DE TAUNTON
I understand that in years past you
threw number three for the pub,
Keith. Then boof! Here you are on a
winning streak, a contender for the
throne.

KEITH TALENT
Yeah it's sweet, Tony. The pub's
last two top darters, Duane Kensal
and Alex O'Boye, were both defeated
by me very recently. And now the
Duoshare comes round, those things
give my game its spirit like. Now
Tony, Paul Go's your underdog
tonight. Suits me down to the
ground. I'm oozing confidence.

Lights cut off. Tony shakes Keith's trembling hand.

TONY DE TAUNTON
May Lady Luck smile on you, Keith.

Nicola and Guy join Keith's table where Sam is seated with Keith's girlfriend Debbie Kensit age 18, and Thelonius and his girls LESLIE-ANNE and SUTRA. Guy seats Nicola beside Sam. Sam looks worn out, unwell. This table looks like The Last Supper. Nicola is demure tonight for Guy. Guy sees that Nicola is looking at all the sexually loose, younger women.

NICOLA SIX

Why can't I be like them?

GUY CLINCH

You've been through so much. I'm so proud of you. You do care for me don't you?

NICOLA SIX

Very much.

GUY CLINCH

Tonight is another stamp on Keith's passport to another world. (puzzled) He told me he went to York University. On a darts scholarship. Can that be true?

NICOLA SIX

I love the stingray outfit... He looks like the Pied Piper. I bet he'll win.

GUY CLINCH

He looks... He looks like a porn star.

Nicola laughs, covering her mouth. Guy puts his hand around Nicola's chair. She looks like a million dollars - blonde mink coat, tight beige velvet suit. Guy looks pleased with himself, with her by his side.

KEITH TALENT

Here comes summer. Look what the fuckin' cat's dragged in. Look what's crawled out from under its fuckin' stone.

Guy and Nicola look up at another girl of Keith's, TRISH SHIRT, a faded blonde ghost who stares at Keith with numb yearning. Trish Shirt sits with them.

KEITH TALENT

Trish like. A pint of vodka, is it? Bucket of meph's? Blimey. We'll have Kath in here in a minute. I'm like Hugh fucky Nefner (Hugh Hefner) that's who I'm like. I have, I have never made no secret of my, my admiration of the, the female charms. Look at this, Miss Debbie Kensit. Eighteen today. On your feet girl.

Debbie rises up in her tight shorts, pink leggings up her thigh, a net T-shirt. She smiles halving her I. Q. Nicola finds this amusing. A SECURITY GUARD comes for Keith. Keith checks his breast pocket for his darts pouch.

KEITH TALENT
Off to the gents' to compose my
thoughts. Okay ladies! Wish me
luck!

The ladies all wish him luck.

GUY CLINCH
Best of luck Keith.

Keith goes into the Gents.

158

INT. THE GENTS' ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

158

Keith dabs his face in the basin. He catches Nicola's eye in the mirror. A YOUTH steps away from the a row of urinals, looks at Nicola, leaves quickly. Two men remain at the urinals - PAUL GO the Japanese darting champion and Keith Talent.

Nicola saunters up to Keith, passing Paul Go, uncomfortable in her presence. As she passes she looks down at his member O.S. and emits a short burst of derisive laughter, which she promptly stifles. Her face becomes a sympathetic and tragic mask. She diverts her eyes. ANGLE DOWN ON his eyes looking up at her, defeated.

Before Keith can do himself up Nicola turns to him.

NICOLA SIX
Keith, your shirt! It must have got
a little creased in the car!

She bends to straighten the rayon. She bends lower. Removes a piece of fluff from the material of his trousers.

C.U. as her stockinged knees meet the tiles of the toilet floor. Paul Go washes his hands.

NICOLA SIX
Win, Keith. You're my God.

Paul Go leaves, disturbed, looking back at Keith who is smiling down at Nicola with the command of a general.

Nicola sees Trish Shirt look into the men's catching her on her knees. Trish runs off.

KEITH TALENT
Up girl. On account of the darts.
Maximum uptake innit?

NICOLA SIX
(licking her lips) Come to me
tomorrow after you've won.

159 EXT. THE MARQUIS OF EDENBERRY PUB CAR PARK - NIGHT - SAME 159
 Sam looks up at the half moon drinking a triple vodka.

160 INT. THE MARQUIS OF EDENDERRY PUB. ACTON. LONDON - NIGHT 160
 E.C.U. on a dart SLOW MOTION flying through space. The dart hits the dart board's bull's eye and knocks out Paul Go's bull's eye! His dart bounces on the floor.

ANNOUNCER
 It's an uncanny victory rarely
 seen. This my friends is world
 class darts from Keith Talent, '*The Finisher*'.

E.C.U. on the electric scoreboard light bulbs switching on in a full screen assault projecting the number 0. Keith Talent explodes. He's the winner.

SLOW MOTION in a blur The Champion, Keith, held up on the CROWD's shoulders, laughing like a God of mobs. PAN ACROSS the Black Cross crowd. Guy and Nicola clapping. Sam doesn't clap. END SLOW MOTION. Focus sharp from here.

KEITH TALENT
 The young Jap crapped it.

Trish raises her head from the table. Then Trish raises her arm, points at Nicola. Nicola can see this. Nicola cuddles with Guy and his eyes close. She whispers to him.

TRISH
 Her! It's her! Ooh, I saw her. In
 the loo. She was down on her bloody
 knees! And *Keith*-

Keith slaps her - **smack!** Then looks at Nicola. Nicola turns gazing innocently at Guy.

GUY CLINCH
 It's time to go.

Nicola turns away. Keith sees Guy lead Nicola towards the exit. She blows him a kiss and winks as she leaves.

KEITH TALENT
 Nick... ola. You did it. We won.
 You did it for me babe, didn't you?

161 INT. GUY'S ASTON MARTIN - NICOLA'S STREET - NIGHT - LATER ON 161
 In front of her flat, they kiss.

NICOLA SIX
 All this kissing.

GUY CLINCH
 You're frightfully good at it.

NICOLA SIX
Beginner's luck.

She opens the car door. Steps outside.

162 EXT. NICOLA'S STREET - NIGHT - SAME 162

The gentleman that he is, Guy runs to her side of the car.

He looks closely. C.U. on the torn knees of her stockings.
She sees him looking.

NICOLA SIX
I caught them on the bar stool
when I climbed up to see Keith win.

He kisses her again. Samson's bedroom light goes off above.

163 INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - SAME 163

Sam looks down from his window, sees them snogging, and feels
a surprisingly sharp pang of jealousy.

164 EXT. NICOLA'S STREET - SAME 164

Nicola walks to the front door.

NICOLA SIX
You know, I've finally put my
finger on what I can't bear about
Keith.

GUY CLINCH
(lovingly) What?

NICOLA SIX
He's so working class.

GUY CLINCH
I agree. But is that his least
redeeming feature.

165 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 165

NICOLA SIX
Samson? I've reached a decision.

Nicola sails into the dimly lit room, looks outside sensing
someone is there looking at them. She doesn't see Keith's car
waiting.

NICOLA SIX
God it's all too clear now. I'm
calling the whole thing off.

Samson is stunned.

NICOLA SIX
I'll go away with Guy and have lots
of children. I'll live!

SAMSON YOUNG
You'll *what*?

NICOLA SIX
Ooh, the look on your face.

SAMSON YOUNG
This is too much. (recovering) Let
me have some more on these nature
rambles you take Guy on, they're
among the worst things you do.

NICOLA SIX
You only have to hear about them. I
have to go on them. I hate walking.
I mean, *where* to? It's like being
in an ad for love.

166 EXT. WOODLAND NORTH OF BARNET - DAY - FLASHBACK 166

A garish silence. Nicola knocks Guy's hat off into a puddle,
then runs and hides. Guy scampers after her. Can't find her.
Finds her as she finishes writing - I Love You - with a stick
in phlegmy mud.

167 EXT. NICOLA'S ROOF TOP - VERY LATE THAT NIGHT 167

Under the starry sky, Sam sits with his laptop.

Nicola has set up lamp near her to cast shadows on the wall.
The shadows of her beautiful legs move over the wall.

SAMSON YOUNG
Oh yeah, it's about time I saw one
of those videos. One of those promo
trailers for sex that you make for
Keith.

NICOLA SIX
I don't make them for Keith, I've
had them around a long time. There
are longer versions.

Sam sees her on her back, bare legs up in the air dancing. In
so many ways this is the best of Nicola Six, better than the
person she is with Guy or Keith. Sam wants her. We all do.

NICOLA SIX
(sings)
"I'm always walking, after
midnight. Searching for you."

Sam smiles. She rolls onto her belly to face him.

NICOLA SIX
 Love makes the world go round. And
 the world isn't going round as it
 used to. The axis it spins on is
 off by a fraction.

She wants Sam seriously, intensely. As if its the end of the world, she crawls towards him.

SAMSON YOUNG
 (objecting) Please.

Nicola stops. Reaches for her top button.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Please...

She lets her clothes fall. Sam is speechless. The camera stays only on Nicola:

NICOLA SIX
 How do you feel about me? The truth.

SAMSON YOUNG (O.S.)
 The truth? You're a bad dream, baby. I keep thinking I'm going to wake up and you'll disappear. I have only one nightmare; my end. And you are always in it.

NICOLA SIX
 No. I'm your only dream.

SAMSON YOUNG (O.S.)
 ...I can't.

NICOLA SIX
 You must know that it has to happen. Once. Before.

SAMSON YOUNG (O.S.)
 You've known this. When men can't.

NICOLA SIX
 I will be the last.

164 She starts to arouse him, kissing lustfully, heating him up 164 till he can't turn back.

On the floor, Nicola undresses Sam, lays him on his back. They make love, painfully, like animals. Sam looks up at her. Thru her. Into the universe, as much on the roof as escaping Earth's gravity into the event horizon of a black hole. Where he disappears.

Sam can see no more. Is no more. The screen goes blank.

EXT. NICOLA'S ROOF TOP - NIGHT - LATER

Sam lies there, utterly still. Nicola looks over him, hoping that he awakens.

NICOLA SIX
Sam...Samson?

Sam's mouth opens. His breathing, now raspy, returns to him.

SAMSON YOUNG
So *that's* what fucking is. The way
no one can be closer to death.

NICOLA SIX
Are you surprised? That fucking is
only the pain of death?

SAMSON YOUNG
I'm mostly grateful. It's made me
ready to die. Dr. Slizard told me
when the pain of life was greater
than the pain of death, it was
time.

NICOLA SIX
That was my hope.

SAMSON YOUNG
With Guy, do you -

She looms up on him. A long, bitter kiss.

168

EXT. LONDON - PRE-DAWN

168

They walk through the dark city, pre-dawn, arm in arm, like
refugees.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
We're the dead. Hand in hand we
totter, through London fields.
Above, the sky has a pink tinge to
it, something synthetic,
pernicious, something high. You can
just make out God's Morse or
shorthand, ten stars arranged in
triangles, saying therefore and
because, therefore and because.

They walk through Trafalgar Square.

NICOLA SIX
Why are you so alone, Sam?... Why
am I the only one with you...?
Because you and I are separately
alone. An aloneness so deep even we
can't share it?

SAMSON YOUNG
No one likes to see the failing
away of life.

169 INT. NICOLA'S LIVING ROOM - KEITH TALENT'S TV SHOOT - DAY 169

The cables, lights glaring, and Nicola right there at arms' length beside Keith. He grabs her. Plays. They lark about reading from the scripts they are holding.

Sam leans unobtrusively against the wall, observing.

KEITH TALENT

Nick, why don't you bring me my contracts. Come on, girl.

He slaps her bottom. She walks over, sunglasses, tight jeans, T-shirt, places papers in front of Keith at the desk. Hands him a pen. In an unnatural way Keith signs, as if any signature he gives must be cheating someone. Gives Nicola the papers. The phone rings. Nicola picks it up laying it on.

NICOLA SIX

It's Keith Talent, Inc. Can I help you? (Pause) Munich. Yes. He's transferring the funds in two hours. That's correct.

The director signals to TONY DE TAUNTON. Nicola sits on Keith's knee. They are very sweet together.

170 INT. NICOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 170

C.U. on a pewter tankard engraved "*Keith - The Finisher.*" Keith reclines on Nicola's bed. Together they watch themselves on TV. They wear matching white dressing gowns embroidered with *Keith - The Finisher.*

ON TV: Darts footage cut together, slick. Keith speaks to an intercom at Nicola's desk. Nicola approaches Keith with papers which he signs.

TONY DE TAUNTON (V.O.)

Go-getting Keith Talent is an upcoming merchandiser operating out of London's West Kensington. The calls come winging in from Munich to LA.

The COMMENTATOR speaks to camera.

TONY DE TAUNTON

Winning is what it's all about is Keith's byword. Never far from Keith's side is his trusty girl Friday - and Saturday too, I hear - Nicky with a helping hand.

The program continues inside The Marquis of Edenderry. C.U. Squarely on Keith's face.

KEITH TALENT
 I'm basically the sort of guy who
 likes to relax with a few drinks
 with the Guys. Here. With the best
 f- (bleep of TV censorship) with
 the best f- (bleep) with the best
 support of any pub in London. Some
 question my darting power. But come
 Friday I intend to silence the
 critics.

Nicola joins Keith in a little wrestle like two teenagers.
 Next the program ends up in the carpark. Nicola and Keith
 walk hand in hand.

TONY DE TAUNTON (O.S.)
 A notorious bachelor, Keith Talent
 and Nicky have plans to wed in the
 springtime. And one thing is
 certain. Keith Talent is going a
 long, long way.

171 INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM NOVEMBER 4TH - NIGHT 171

Sam mutes the sound. Talks to the Keith on the TV.

SAMSON YOUNG
 Poor bastard. You're done for.

From a vial Sam taps out some pain killers into a shallow
 dish. Takes two. Nicola's diary pages and Sam's novel are
 taped up all over the walls.

172 INT. KEITH'S COUNCIL FLAT - GOLBORNE ROAD - NIGHT - SAME 172

Livid Kath Talent watches her husband on TV. She looks at Kim
 playing, her back to her mum. A cigarette burns in the
 ashtray. Kath uses all her strength to stay calm.

Kath is hypnotized, drawn to the smoking cigarette. She
 stands as Chick Purchase's face replaces Keith's on TV.
 Chick's darting statistics appear on screen. Kath's shadow
 looms over her child. She holds the cigarette close to Kim's
 skin. The cigarette trembles.

But Kath instead touches Kim's hair, lifts it off her
 shoulder. She controls herself. She sits back on the sofa,
 away from Kim.

173 INT. NICOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME 173

Keith gets up and shoots off a dart into Nicola's new dart
 board. Continuing the program on mute with Chick Purchase,
 dressed up like a star.

NICOLA SIX
 Who is he?
 (no answer)
 Who is Chick Purchase?

KEITH TALENT
 Never ask about an opponent. You
 don't play the man. You play the
 darts. I'll only say his sister
 brought a rape charge against me.

INT. PARTY KENSINGTON FLAT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - 2002

Zbig watches as Chick's sister, CHARLOTTE PURCHASE, struggles not to have sex with Keith. She begs him to stop. She tries to keep her clothes on. Keith tears her shirt off, she's in her bra. She doesn't want to be 'watched' by Zbig.

KEITH TALENT
 (intimate)
 Charlotte, I understand. I feel the
 same way you do.
 (turns to Zbig)
 The lady doesn't want to be
 watched. Leave us alone, mate.

Zbig leaves, closing the door behind him.

KEITH TALENT (V.O.)
 She brought in the system. Ya don't
 involve the system.

175 INT. NICOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO SAME

175

Suddenly, Keith's face reappears on TV. Keith turns the sound back on.

KEITH TALENT ON TV
 Tomorrow night him and I have a
 rendezvous a la darts. Sort out
 who's number 1 once and for all,
 gentlemen like. History under the
 bridge.

KEITH TALENT (TO NICOLA)
 It didn't work for her in court.
 Then she went to her big brother,
 didn't she.

176 EXT. FLASHBACK AT GOLGOTHA PUB - 1 YEAR AGO - DAY

176

Chick Purchase pistol whips Keith to a pulp in broad daylight right in front of Kath.

177 INT. NICOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

177

Keith lies on Nicola's bed, watching one of her videos, a box of tissues by his side. A Halloween theme: Nicola dressed in a witch costume. Flat black feathers cover her hair becoming part of her black make-up, pointy hat, bodice, underwear, and thigh highs. He's fine until Nicola opens the door and enters the room, dressed for Halloween. ~

NICOLA SIX
Trick or treat?

KEITH TALENT
Treat. Knickers.

Nicola takes off her black feather knickers places them on Keith's head. He stares out of the leg holes.

178 INT. BLACK CROSS PUB - DAY - SAME

178

Guy listens to Thelonius. Our less celebrated, pudgy Rasta, NORVIS, listens in.

THELONIUS
He got another one now!

GUY CLINCH
Really?

THELONIUS
Yeah. Oh yeah. She the rich one.
Just round da corner. You know the
one. He be doing her arse off.
Dark personality bitch. They the
worse.

GUY CLINCH
I know the one?

THELONIUS
Keith's smart. It's her. I know you
covet the bitch man but she is his.

NORVIS
He patient. Yeah. Oh yeah. Frankly
it get me how does he be doing it.

THELONIUS
He's da slayer man. Mercy. Learn
from this. And she the one pays him
for it. He she toy boy.

GUY CLINCH
That's ridiculous.

THELONIUS
Don't be fool, you follow the
darts, man? Nicky. Its the one.
Nicola.

179

INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - DAY - LATER

179

NICOLA SIX
Let's take off your coat.

Guy stands in the flat. Nicola backs into the sitting room.

GUY CLINCH
No, I'd rather... Keep it on.

NICOLA SIX
Darling, what is it? (whispering
with love in her voice) Sit down.
Can't I get you anything?

Guy shakes his head. Sits. Raises his hand up to silence her.

GUY CLINCH
There's something I must ask you.
I'm probably a complete idiot. But
there's something you ought to know
too. Now you must promise in
advance to forgive me if I-

O.S. A toilet flushes. Keith comes out of the bathroom in a
silver leather jacket, wiping his hands dry with a tissue.

KEITH TALENT
Righteous, Nicola. Real filth that
was.

NICOLA SIX
Ah, Keith. I'd almost forgotten you
were still here. Yes you right that
rubbish is filthy.

Keith shrinks noticeably down as Guy rises to his feet.

GUY CLINCH
Hello, mate.

NICOLA SIX
Here's your case. I put something
in it for you.

A long coughing fit frees Keith from speaking.

KEITH TALENT
Appreciate it.

NICOLA SIX
Oh and Keith? You couldn't bear to
have another go with the grinder,
could you? It's there. It packed up
again, I'm afraid.

KEITH TALENT
Willco.

NICOLA SIX
Same time tomorrow?

KEITH TALENT
Er, yeah! Same time, same place.

NICOLA SIX
Good night, Keith. (to Guy) I'm
sorry. What were you saying?

Guy waits, as O.S. Keith's whistle marks his retreat down the stairs.

GUY CLINCH
Is he... is he here *all* the time?

NICOLA SIX
I'm sorry?

GUY CLINCH
I mean if he's not actually in here
it's a rarity if I don't see him on
the stairs. Or taking over my
parking place.

NICOLA SIX
Keith?

GUY CLINCH
I mean what does he *do* here?

NICOLA SIX
Does he say anything to you?

GUY CLINCH
What? On the stairs? No, he just
says "Cheers" or "innit" or
something.

NICOLA SIX
He hasn't told you our little
secret?

Guy stares at her a long time.

GUY CLINCH
I think... I think you'd really
better tell me.

NICOLA SIX
I teach him.

GUY CLINCH
Teach? I don't understand.

NICOLA SIX
Of course he's only *just* literate
and a complete dunce in all sorts
of ways, but the desire is there.
You'd be surprised.

GUY CLINCH
When did all this start?

NICOLA SIX
 I gave him a copy of *Wuthering Heights*. We've started on the Romantics, today we had a quick look at "Bright Star". Do you know it? "Bright Star! Would I were steadfast as thou art--"

GUY CLINCH
 Nicola. Has he done anything to you?

NICOLA SIX
 I'm sorry?

GUY CLINCH
 Has he ever tried to make love to you?

Incredulous, her hand falls over her mouth. Guy on his feet, he comes forward, stands over her.

NICOLA SIX
 No. Never. ... *How?*

Guy laughs, immensely relieved. Nicola, grinning sweetly, pulls him onto the sofa.

NICOLA SIX
 Now let's play a game. It's a very simple game. It's called *dare*. It's also known as '*nervous*'. You put your hand on my body and let it descend until I say '*nervous*'. Or I put my hand on your tummy and move it slowly downwards.

GUY CLINCH
 Until I say '*nervous*'?

NICOLA SIX
 Or until I say '*nervous*'. Shall we play?

They play. His hand trails into the V of her sweater.

NICOLA SIX
Nervous. No, go on... *not nervous*. You can kiss them.

He kisses the pointy tips of her thick flesh-colored bra.

NICOLA SIX
Nervous.

GUY CLINCH
 (mumbles) Yes, of course.

NICOLA SIX
It hasn't been a great success has
it. Our first love session. Oh my
darling, I'm so sorry.

Guy places a fist on his heart.

GUY CLINCH
No, but... *in here.*

His hand travels up her skirt. She pulls away.

NICOLA SIX
Let's go to the bedroom. Close your
eyes. Take my hand.

He obeys. Nicola leads Guy out of the room.

180

INT. NICOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

180

Guy enters the bedroom like a blind man feeling his way.

NICOLA SIX
I'll be right back.

She leaves him by the door.

Still holding his eyes closed, he undresses. Waits. Nicola
runs through the doorway and jumps into bed wearing thick
tights, high waisted pants and a bra.

NICOLA SIX
I want you to have the keys to my
flat.

Nicola throws a set of apartment keys to him. He opens his
eyes. Catches them. Stares at her speechless.

NICOLA SIX
There's only one thing you'll have
to do first.

GUY CLINCH
What's that?...Leave my wife?

NICOLA SIX
Oh no. I don't want you to leave
her. I just want you to *tell* her.

He approaches the bed.

Nicola gives him a full on kiss.

NICOLA SIX
It's bad enough what we're doing.
If we don't tell her it could harm
her more.

Nicola points at Guy's lower body. Guy turns the light out.

NICOLA SIX
May I touch?

GUY CLINCH
Yes. Please...

NICOLA SIX
(she touches) It's like rock. ...
Nervous.

Guy gets on top of her. They start to make love.

NICOLA SIX
Yes. My darling. *Ow, it hurts.*

C.U. on her lying, acting, believable. They are under the sheets, having unrestrained sex. Nicola is enjoying it far more than she can show.

181 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - NIGHT - SAME

181

An audible creaking comes from upstairs. Sam is noticeably worse, his hair greyer, thinning. O.S. the kettle whistles. He stands up with an empty teacup. Hesitates. The creaking begins again. He sits back down. Types:

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
By 5:14, with five toes on each shoulder, Guy was swinging back and forth in the mystic give and take of a spiritual tune or ritual perhaps of tribal descent, the source of such conception known only to himself, hymned by all the choirgirls and choirboys of love.

Samson takes a pill. O.S. the kettle reaches fever pitch.

182 INT. NICOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

182

She presses her finger into his chest. He's about to come.

NICOLA SIX
Now. Stop now! Nervous!

The creaking bed suddenly stops. Nicola rolls away from him. He jumps up and stands naked in the window looking outside.

NICOLA SIX
I've just realized something's terribly wrong. I just thought of it. You have to tell your parents. And your wife's, of course.

GUY CLINCH
My parents, sadly, are both long gone. And Hope only has her mother left.

(MORE)

GUY CLINCH (CONT'D)
 Mother's right here in an
 institution, just outside of
 London. She's well taken care of by
 me.

NICOLA SIX
 I see.

GUY CLINCH
 I'll go to my wife... And to her
 mother.

Guy takes her, holds her as a child, humbled by her request.

GUY CLINCH
 You deserve so much more, darling.
 I apologize for putting you through
 this.

183 EXT. SAM AND NICOLA'S TOWNHOUSE - DAWN 183

Sam uncomfortably looks out his window at Guy walking away
 alone from visiting Nicola. No longer detached.

184 INT. GUY CLINCH'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 184

Staff drift in and out of the background as Guy circuitously
 informs on himself to Hope.

GUY CLINCH
 I've got something to say. It'll
 sound more dramatic than it really
 is, I expect. I think you've got
 something to say too. I mean, for
 quite a time it seems to me there's
 been a need to... redefine our...
 All I'm proposing really is an
 adjustment. And I do think it's
 important, very important, vital,
 really, to be as honest as one can
 be. And I don't see we can't just
 work this out reasonably....
There's someone else.

185 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, BAYSWATER LONDON - NIGHT 185

A COURIER with package walks to hotel room door, knocks. Guy
 opens the door. He has a fat lip, swelling black eye, and a
 lateral forehead gash.

COURIER
 For Guy Clinch.

186 INT. GUY'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME 186

Guy takes the package. Guy sets the plain package down next
 to a plastic bag of underwear and shirts.

With a shudder Guy opens the mini-bar and takes out scotch mini-bottles. Empties several in a class. Drinks. Steadier, he opens the package. It's a book. "*The Light of Many Suns*." Examines it in his hands. He is disappointed. Then a note falls out of the box. Guy reads it to himself.

GUY CLINCH

"From me, with love. Nicola."

187

EXT. LONDON FIELDS - DAY

187

Sam walks on a path thru London Fields, holding Kim's hand.

SAMSON YOUNG

I'm going away soon.

KIM

Where are you going?

SAMSON YOUNG

Away. I have to.

Ahead, Nicola comes to meet them, all dressed up. At a distance, she waves. Kim frowns.

KIM TALENT

Who's that?

SAMSON YOUNG

That is... my wicked little book.... We are all terrible little creatures, Kim. Terrible little creatures.

NICOLA SIX

Isn't it bad for such a pale little girl to go out in the sun? I'm Nicola. Who are you?

Kim frowns.

NICOLA SIX

Aah, Keith Talent is your daddy. Is that right?

Kim steps away from her.

SAMSON YOUNG

(whispers) You're drunk.

NICOLA SIX

(lying) Nominally. (To Kim) That must be why you look like a little dart. You remind me of him.

Kim shakes her head "no".

KIM

Noooo. No.

NICOLA SIX

Yes, you are. You're a little sharp dart. And you know what Daddy's going to do? He's going to lift you up and point you very carefully and shoot you (she aims) right into the center of the sun. Bull's eye! Won't that be nice?

Kim looks up at the sun, which burns her eyes it's so bright. Kim cries. Sam lifts her up. He frowns at Nicola.

SAMSON YOUNG

There, there. She didn't mean it. Don't listen to her. (To Nicola) Go away. You're scaring her.... You're scaring me as well.

NICOLA SIX

I'm scared too.

187a EXT. HOPE'S MOTHER'S INSTITUTION - NIGHT 187a

The institution mansion with beautiful grounds.

187b INT. HOPE'S MOTHER'S INSTITUTION - CORRIDOR - SAME 187b

A long palatial corridor.

187c INT. HOPE'S MOTHER'S INSTITUTION ROOM - SAME 187c

Photos of Hope's family on the end table. Guy holds HOPE'S MOTHER'S wrinkled hand. His face is covered in tears.

GUY CLINCH

You remember me, don't you? Guy? Hope's husband? Hope's wonderfully well. Marmaduke, your little grandson, is in tremendous form. A handful, as always, but... I do think, when a family is really close, and everyone loves one another...and they, no matter what, they protect each other...

Suddenly, she speaks in an old Southern accent.

HOPE'S MOTHER

It's all --

Guy waits, attentively...

HOPE'S MOTHER

-- shit.

188

INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - DAY - LATER

188

Sam tries to open Mark Asprey's locked drawer. He pulls on it. Then he opens the one above it. He pulls the drawer out of its housing, enabling him to reach down into the locked one. His hand comes up with a photo.

E.C.U. on a photo of a nude Nicola Six from behind, in a kitchen, draining pasta. She smiles over her shoulder. Samson stares, stunned, into the eyes of Mark Asprey's photo.

SAMSON YOUNG

Nic-ol-a.

Sam digs for more photos, pulls out one with a man in a leather Beelzebub Devil outfit, wearing a mask. On closer inspection he compares his eyes to the eyes in the photo on the wall, sees it is Mark Asprey.

SAMSON YOUNG

Motherfucker.

Another shot: Nicola in a masochistic sexual role with the Beelzebub man. E.C.U. on her face in the photograph. Blown up. Grainy. FILLS THE SCREEN.

Sam dives into the desk clawing out the photos in the locked drawer. They are all Nicola sex pictures. He looks on the back of the Beelzebub photo: November, 2010. He takes the photos and runs into the library.

189

INT. SAM'S OFFICE/LIBRARY - SAME

189

He goes for the 2010 volume and looks for a certain page. He finds the November 5 entry. It was a section he circled and marked with a question mark.

SAMSON YOUNG

"The only one I keep going back to.
The only one who is half a match
for me. The only one I've ever been
stupid for. The handsomest, the
cruellest, the best in bed (by
far). I can't even write his name.
There's no point, I'll never have
him. He's not mine. And he's the
only one who ever mattered. M.A."

He collapses on his chair, grabs a pill. Sam looks up, sees Asprey's prize for "Best Young Novelist." Eyes flit to the mounted Best Sellers List. Sam grimaces and grips the photos.

SAMSON YOUNG

Another writer.... a fucking
writer. Nicola, you kill me.

190 INT. NICOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

190

Nicola and Keith in bed naked. Her voice is particularly husky.

NICOLA SIX
You're not to reproach yourself,
Keith. It happens to everyone. I
should imagine it even happens to
Chick Purchase.

KEITH TALENT
Just been way off balance. Putting
a lot into my darting power.

NICOLA SIX
Yes, I feel the pressure of
tomorrow too. What you must
understand is, you're a very
sensitive man, Keith.

She brings an enormous Middle Eastern water pipe onto the bed. She lights the hookah pipe. Exhales smoke.

NICOLA SIX
Try some of this.

KEITH TALENT
(lying)
Yeah, I smoke a little keef.

He smokes the exotic drug. He gets high. When he tries to get off the bed and stand, Nicola pulls him back.

He puts his hand between her legs. She wraps her leg around him, and he mounts her.

191 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY NIGHT - LATER

191

Sam is in a bad state. We can see the pain has increased. From the upstairs flat their sex sounds like a struggle or a murder-in-progress. Furniture shifts. Nicola's muffled gasps.

192 INT. SAM'S ENTRANCE - GUY FAWKES DAY - 6:30 AM

192

Sam lets Nicola into the flat. She looks exhausted, ghostly. They hug. Both of them hold on to each other with fierce intensity. Outside the sky is a beautiful violet filling the flat windows with colour.

NICOLA SIX
Aren't you going to wish me happy
birthday?

He shakes his head no and pulls the S & M photos out of his pocket. She looks at them. She smiles weakly.

NICOLA SIX
I can see it does look rather ugly.
It was what he liked. And one will
do things for...

SAMSON YOUNG
Love?... You said you were stupid
for him. He couldn't get to the
finish line, could he?

NICOLA SIX
He didn't think I was a story. That
the story needed more time to
unfold. To be found.

SAMSON YOUNG
Did he... did Mark know about you?
Your premonitions?

Nicola nods.

SAMSON YOUNG
Did he write about you?...

NICOLA SIX
He ran away from me. To escape.

SAMSON YOUNG
Did he love you?

NICOLA SIX
He was afraid of me.

Silence. Nicola looks at him. He is scowling.

NICOLA SIX
He found a way to escape.

SAMSON YOUNG
Without the story.

NICOLA SIX
Without being in the story.

193

INT. SAM'S SHOWER MURDER DAY - MORNING

193

Nicola showers keeping one hand dry, holding a lit cigarette.
Drowns herself in the spray. She sucks on the cigarette.

Sam is seated on the closed toilet seat watching her eating a
scone. The textured shower glass conceals Nicola in a
scrambled image. Enough information of her naked form. She is
all she is thru steam and screens.

Inside the shower cubicle Nicola stands in a corner away from
the water spray. Trancelike, she turns off the shower.

The room is fogged. Nicola gets out of the shower, gathers a towel around her hips, another towel over her shoulders, hair hanging down wet, damp cigarette in her mouth. She stops to look at herself in the full length mirror.

She cries.

Nicola dresses for her murder in the clothes from Harrod's.

SAMSON YOUNG
(dreamily) 'My heart aches, and a
drowsy numbness dulls my senses, as
if of hemlock I had drunk.' Me, I'm
dead. I'm gone. But you? You're a
child.

She strokes his face, it calms him.

NICOLA SIX
It's written, remember?

They look at each other. She is in the Harrod's outfit. He looks at the glitter in her hair.

SAMSON YOUNG
You won't get fifty yards dressed
like that... Oh, wear a coat,
Nicola. (embraces her) Wear a coat.
Wear something warm.

Nicola hesitates wishing she could be with him longer. She walks out of the bedroom. She looks back. He sees her one more time. Watches her leave. Sam disappears out of sight.

194

INT. GUY'S HOTEL ROOM BAYSWATER NOVEMBER 5 MURDER DAY - DAY 194

Guy reads the book that Nicola gave him "The Light of Many Suns." He notices that the TV is exhibiting a beautiful shot of the solar eclipse live in the sky.

TV JOURNALIST (O.S.)
I'd recommend that you all admire
the 'diamond ring' effect of the
eclipse.

On TV CHILDREN play and cycle around the pond in Hyde Park, past miniature floating sailing boats. The eclipse races across the park, from left to right plunging everywhere in it's path into darkness. This footage ends half way thru.

ANGLE ON: Guy, in hotel room half plunged in darkness. His attention now drawn to the window. He puts down the book and stands to see the buildings in front of him and Hyde Park beyond, as the eclipse continues left to right plunging everywhere else that's still lit, into darkness.

Guy looks up at the eclipse over London sees the moon's shape fully cover the sun. The solar corona is unforgettable fire. London is beautiful, other worldly.

He looks down at his wedding ring. He takes it off and leaves it on the bed side table. Then, Guy picks up the book.

195 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT - MURDER DAY - DAY - SAME 195

Plunged into total darkness. The florist delivery BOY stands there holding a huge bouquet of roses while Nicola reads the note. The interior is monochrome like low light vision. The window behind her shows the full solar corona around her head like a halo of fire.

C.U. The note in darkness can't be read. The moon starts to unblock sun. Sunlight sweeps across the room. The roses flush lush red, then overexposed, but the note becomes legible:
'Happy Birthday, may all your dreams come true. M.A.'

196 INT. GUY'S HOTEL ROOM BAYSWATER NOVEMBER 5 MURDER DAY - DAY 196

Guy sits on the sofa reading Nicola's gifted book. The TV shows the shadow of eclipse restoring light from left to right illuminating the children in the park.

C.U. on a photo of an American bomber, the words on the left hand side of the page which shows the name - *Enola Gay*. C.U. on a photo of a fat bomb, and the caption of its name - *Little Boy*. Guy reaches for the bin, rushes it to his mouth, and vomits. The book, a loosened grip, falls to the floor. He lowers himself to his knees. The eclipse ends outside. The sun is unobstructed.

197 INT. NICOLA'S FLAT. MURDER DAY - DAY - HOURS LATER 197

Guy unlocks her door. C.U. on the scalding bulb of a lamp. O.S. the rush of a cherrybomb followed by the explosion of a megabanger. He rushes from living room to bedroom, searching hopelessly. Guy sees the dartboard, the pewter tankard engraved to Keith, the ruin of the used bed, the upended silver ashtray Keith stole from Guy's sits on the pillow, the tarry hookah, and Keith's brocaded shirt labelled - Keith Talent - THE FINISHER.

Guy opens an envelope marked 'Guy' set on the bed side table. C.U. on a darts ticket and a note - 'Gone to the darts' O.S. the telephone rings. Guy picks it up. He visibly stiffens, hardens.

KEITH TALENT (O.S.)
Where the fuck a you been?

GUY CLINCH
...Guy here.

KEITH TALENT (O.S.)
...oh, hello, mate. She there is she?

GUY CLINCH
No, she's not here.

KEITH TALENT (O.S.)
Know when she be back?

GUY CLINCH
No, I don't know.

KEITH TALENT (O.S.)
Minge. Can't live with 'em. Can't
kill 'em. Okay. See you later,
then, pal. Yeah well she said you'd
want to be there. As my virtual
sponsor. Helping with the funding
like.

GUY CLINCH
No doubt.

KEITH TALENT
Onna darts. Cheers.

198 EXT. NICOLA'S FLAT - MURDER DAY - SUNSET

198

Guy walks out of Nicola's flat crying inside as he goes down the street staring into the sun hanging low in the sky. He is swept along into the chaos of Guy Fawke's Day with firecrackers and cherry bombs, exploding out over the city. The faces of the PEOPLE in the street look almost medieval. A Guy Fawkes straw effigy hangs on a noose from a tree across from Nicola's flat. It casts a long shadow. A SMALL BOY stands beneath the effigy and holds the rope in his hand. Entreating.

BOY
Penny for the Guy? Penny for the
Guy?

All Guy sees is the effigy dressed identically to himself in grey trousers and a jumper, with a noose around it's neck and the rope in the hand of a child aged 6, with an aged face not unlike Marmaduke.

199 EXT. TV STUDIO - MURDER DAY - SUNSET

199

O.S. In the distance, bonfires burn and fireworks light up the sky as Keith walks across into the TV studio.

200 INT. DARTS TV STUDIO CHUCKING SPARROW PUB SET - MURDER DAY 200

CREW members move about the barren black set on a soundstage. The single dramatic feature: scoreboards. Darts boards set up on the back wall of the stage and a couple of oches are pretty much all there is to remind Keith that he is in a supposed darts pub, the legendary Chucking Sparrow pub he'd dreamed of for so many years. Keith is confused beside Tony de Taunton. His body twists and turns as his eyes desperately search for more of what he had seen on TV.

KEITH TALENT
Where's the pub then? The venue?
The Chucking Sparrow? Where's the
crowd? And the birds like?

TONY DE TAUNTON
We use cutaways and dub the pub din
in later. We're going to just slug
in some reaction shots with the
fake audience as such. CGI
hundreds. There's never anybody
here. What you see at home is 100%
TV magic.

Keith looks nauseated. He's super worried.

KEITH TALENT
Right, magic. And what about the
beers?

Tony slaps him on the back and laughs. Keith manages a weak
smile like he knows what's going on, but he doesn't. Tony
looks out the window, notices somebody.

TONY DE TAUNTON
Right. Here's Chick. You got to
like his style.

Keith looks down on the carpark below. Chick Purchase steps
out of a cream Rolls Royce dressed like a girl in a shirt
with a flounce, tight orange trousers, looking sinister.
JULIAN NEAT also walks away from Chick's Rolls-Royce.

KEITH TALENT
Who's that with him?

TONY DE TAUNTON
Julian Neat, agent to the darting
stars.

Nicola comes through the soundstage doors wearing her emerald
earrings. She hurries forward to Keith.

NICOLA SIX
What happened? I saw your darts
clothes were still on the chair.

KEITH TALENT
Where you *been*, girl?

NICOLA SIX
(flattened up against him)
I'll tell you about it later.
Making arrangements. For us, Keith.
We're going on a wonderful journey.

TONY DE TAUNTON
Break it up, you two. Come and be
friendly.

Tony leads them to Sam and the other CONTESTANTS at the semi-
circular bar just beyond a black stage curtain.

Chick clocks Nicola as she holds Keith's hand. He looks her up and down, Chick's a slobberer for her. Sam tries to catch Nicola's eyes but she won't look at him.

201 EXT. TV STUDIO - MURDER DAY - SAME 201

Guy drives up in *the* black estate car of Nicola's premonition.

202 INT. DARTS TV STUDIO - MURDER DAY - MOMENTS LATER 202

ANGLE ON Guy as he walks across the studio to the semicircular bar. He is stiff and cold. He walks behind the black curtain.

In the next sound stage, he sees someone who is Nicola but looks *different*. Her lips are fatter and glossier, her eyebrows differently arched. Nicola is seated on a stool at the bar surrounded by the darts men. She laughs with her mouth as long and as wide as it goes, as she struggles with the hem of her skin tight white mini dress, twisting position on the stool, showing the dress dirtied on the back, even her shoulders. Guy's eyes are on her.

Guy sees Keith to the left of Nicola.

KEITH TALENT

The past is past. Let's forget any unpleasantness and shake on it.
Fair enough, mate?

Guy sees Keith extends his hand to Chick. No takers. Tony De Taunton laughs.

CHICK PURCHASE

Okay. Tell me something, Keith.
What's a girl of stature like this doing with you? My mind boggles. I can't think. Narcissistic personality disorder? Likes to be watched?

KEITH TALENT

(to Nicola) See?

All the men's eyes on Nicola. Guy is glued to the spot.

NICOLA SIX

I think that's very unfair, Chick.
Keith's very good at darts.

TONY DE TAUNTON

Okay, you lot. Pre-match interview.

Nicola sees Guy and smiles, waves to him like a puppet to come over to her. Sam is there too, looking unwell. He watches Guy cross the room. Guy's hurt is palpable but he's still got some love left for her, even though Nicola keeps getting stranger.

GUY CLINCH

Hello.

TONY DE TAUNTON

Silence. Oi!

Nicola sends a kiss to Guy and presses a finger to her lips.

KEITH TALENT

(into camera)

So, let's hope the bloke, the guy
with the, superior technique will,
will run out winner against,
against the man with the... least
equipment. Dart wise. At the death.

Nicola applauds silently, her palms stop in a prayer. Guy
winces. Sam watches. It's unbearable.

CHICK PURCHASE

I'm confident, Tony. Got to be,
with those averages. And- see,
Keith and I go back a bit. And I
know he's got this funny habit. Of
bottling it. At the death. Frankly,
I just hope it's not too one-sided.
For dart's sake.

TONY DE TAUNTON

Thanks, lads. Five minutes, yeah?

Nicola wiggles a finger for Guy to move closer.

NICOLA SIX

Darling, don't worry, this is only
a dream.

Keith heard that. His heart jolts. He looks away, sees Tony
de Taunton and Julian Neat. Keith composes himself.

A bell goes off on the set. An ASSISTANT DIRECTOR nods to
Keith.

A bit confused, Keith steps up to the oche. The TV camera
rolls towards Keith, closing in. He throws. Hits a bullseye.
He looks back. Nobody applauds. Tony DeTaunton's on his cell
phone. Keith struts back to the bar, nodding. A punk P.A.
hands Keith a beer.

P.A.

Quiet everybody!

Chick smirks at him as he goes up to the oche. Chick also
throws a bullseye. Nicola, Julian Neat, and Tony DeTaunton
all applaud.

Keith sees Guy near Nicola. He doesn't like it. Chick
Purchase walks back to the bar.

KEITH TALENT

We're tied.

CHICK PURCHASE
Not for long, Kiethie.

Julian Neat hands Chick his beer and drinks with him.
Everyone surrounds Nicola, who is talking heatedly with Guy.

GUY CLINCH
You're going back with me.

All the attention shifts fast in one WHIP PAN to Guy. Nicola laughs. Chick gets close to her.

GUY CLINCH
You're going back with me.

Guy seizes her wrists, she shrieks, acts shocked. Her stool slips.

KEITH TALENT
It's over. Don't be a prick.

GUY CLINCH
You're going back with me.

NICOLA SIX
No I'm not. What for? To talk about
love, and nuclear bombs? No I'm
not.

KEITH TALENT
Right. She's going back with *me*.
For more of what she got last
night.

NICOLA SIX
No I'm not. No way. (mocking)
Innit. I'm not going back with *you*.

She looks at each of the men. They all wait. Guy, Keith, Chick, Tony. Nicola steals a look at Sam, finally, as one discovering something already known.

NICOLA SIX
I'm going back with *him*.

She places her hand on the crotch of *Chick Purchase*.

Guy leaves. Sam sees Guy walk away. Keith stands glued to the spot, burning mad. All he sees is Nicola, wrapped around Chick Purchase.

Guy flinches as he walks out into the main hallway.

Keith stands at the oche, weak as a kitten, lost. He throws a dart O.S. Keith's heart beats weakly. SLOW MOTION E.C.U. tracking the dart towards the board like a missile, it appears to be heading for the bull's eye. O.S. Keith inhales.

The dart hits the steel line around the bull's eye. E.C.U. the tip 'pings' against the metal. The dart is repelled from the board and is flung onto the ground. O.S. Keith's heart skips a beat.

WHIP PAN Keith's POV from the fallen dart to Nicola laughing with Tony de Taunton.

Chick Purchase unceremoniously throws a dart. O.S. Keith coughs against his weak heartbeat. SLOW MOTION following the dart 'til it lands in the triple 20's. Instant applause, pre-recorded.

Keith sweating and pale concentrates, throws his dart. SLOW MOTION flying with the dart as it heads for double 19's and yet lands with a thump on 3.

He lifts a beer to his mouth and inhales the pint. O.S. his heart beat is racing, it skips a beat.

WHIP PAN to Nicola throwing a kiss with tongue to Chick Purchase.

Chick throws, scores another SLOW-MOTION 180. *Chick wins.* He waves into the camera victoriously.

WHIP PAN to SLOW-MOTION Nicola jumps up, breasts bouncing magnificently.

O.S. Keith's heartbeat stops. His breathing stops. Silence.

CUT TO BLACK

204

INT. DARTS TV STUDIO CHUCKING SPARROW PUB SET - MURDER DAY 204

After the match a camera light shines into center frame creating a similar effect to the eclipse - a symphony of flares, rings, and horizontal bars of glaring light.

OPPOSITE ANGLE ON Keith Talent burning away in camera light, red pupils, like a bunny caught in the lights.

KEITH TALENT
Tonight's been a valuable
experience for me. Because
(struggling) how's your darts going
to mature, Tony, if you don't
learn?

A light behind Keith switches on, flares like a corona forming rings around him. Nicola appears behind Keith, visible only in a vortex of unlit space.

Keith's POV ANGLE ON a barely visible, bleached out, Tony de Taunton, it's hard for Keith to adjust to these lights.

TONY DE TAUNTON
That's the right attitude Keith.

Keith's POV. Keith is blind; except for seeing these magical flares, and hypnotic spheres he sees, looking directly into the camera light.

KEITH TALENT
Because she's dead. Believe it. You know what she is, Tony? She's a fuckin' organ donor. Do that and live? No danger. She's history, mate. You hearing me?

The crew turns the camera lights out. Keith's POV blurry, struggling with his blindness from the lights. Chick Purchase appears behind Tony. It's black and white except for flares of colors.

CHICK PURCHASE
Anything you say, Keith.

TONY DE TAUNTON
Anything you say, Keith...

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
...will be taken down and used in evidence...

Nicola and Chick are leaving. They stop in front of Keith.

NICOLA SIX
(cheerily)
Bad *luck*, Keith! It just wasn't your night. Mwa!

Her mouthed kiss becomes a playful shriek as Chick slides his hand up the back of her dress.

CHICK PURCHASE
(to Keith)
Take care, cock. Me I'm off to Vegas for the Grand Masters International.

KEITH TALENT
...I'll be waiting for you girl!
I'll be waiting for you!

205

EXT. NICOLA'S FLAT, DEAD END STREET - MURDER NIGHT

205

From the shadows, Guy watches Keith take a heavy spanner out of his Cavalier and stagger across the road. A small firework explodes nearby. Keith holds the spanner in his fist. Guy moves out of the shadows. Keith stops, looks right through him, then continues, walking past Guy. Guy grabs him.

KEITH TALENT
I'm gonna do her. I'm gonna do her sweet. Look what she's done to me.

GUY CLINCH
Look what she's done to *me*!

KEITH TALENT
And if you fucking want some-

With mad, proud, unreflecting courage Guy hurls a punch at Keith's face. *Crack!* Keith drops the tool and crumples to the ground, holding his broken nose. Guy grabs the spanner. Leaves Keith coughing and wailing in pain on the road. Fireworks brighten his face. The effigy of Guy Fawkes still burns, swinging from a nearby tree. Filling the air with smoke.

206

EXT. NICOLA'S DEAD END STREET - MURDER NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 206

A black cab pulls up. Sam jumps out. In a sequence that also mimics Nicola's premonition, Sam walks fast down the street with violent determination. He sees Guy's black estate car with it's engine idling and its headlights on.

Sam sees Keith Talent, captured in the headlights, lying on the road badly mauled, wheezing. The headlights shut off.

Murderous winds. O.S. The fireworks go off. *Bang! Bang!* The sky lights up with a rocket in red. Smoke wafts from the nearby Guy Fawkes effigy. All of London has burning red embers, adding to the air of epic violence, past and present.

Sam approaches, bends down next to Keith, who rolls over onto his back. Sam helps him painfully to his feet. Keith is dazed; his eyes dead. His nose looks broken, lumpy and bloody. Sam sees a cab approaching hails it. It stops.

SAMSON YOUNG
She sure did it, didn't she?

Keith says nothing. Sam helps him into the back of the cab.

SAMSON YOUNG
(to CABBIE)
Thatcher Tower, Golborne Road. And help him upstairs, if you could.

Sam hands 40 quid to the Cabbie.

KEITH TALENT
I lost it over a bird...

SAMSON YOUNG
(to Keith)
Look out for Kim, would you?

Keith barely manages to look at Sam, before Sam slams the door. The cab pulls away. Sam turns and stars at the silent black parked car. He steps towards it.

Sam walks to the estate car and wrenches open the driver's door. It is Guy, freshly bruised and cut from his fight with Keith. Guy looks up at him, grim, proud. His face stained with tears. Sam sees the spanner on his lap. Seizes it.

GUY CLINCH
Look what she's done to me.

SAMSON YOUNG
Get out of the car, Guy.

GUY CLINCH
She must be stopped. It's a matter
of honour.

Sam pulls him out of the car by his tie. The spanner clanks
onto the ground.

SAMSON YOUNG
Go home and ask Hope to forgive
you.

Guy slowly retreats, looking back at Sam.

Sam picks up the spanner from the ground.

207 REPRISE OF SCENE 1: 207

208 EXT. NICOLA'S DEAD END STREET - MURDER NIGHT - LATER 208

ANGLE ON: The dead-end street sign. Nicola gets out of a
black cab.

NICOLA SIX
This is for you.

DRIVER
(taken aback) Well thanks very much
Miss.

The Driver's reply is drowned by Nicola's raucous laughter.
She walks up the dead-end street towards her house, the
drunken walk. Nicola halts. She sees Guy's black estate car.
Its lights come on. The passenger door swings open. She can't
see the driver. Afraid. She steps closer. Looks inside. It's
Sam.

NICOLA SIX
You. Always you ...

And in she climbs.

209 INT. BLACK ESTATE CAR - SAME 209

Nicola, lit by the street lamp, exchanges looks with her
killer. Her eyes are wet. She looks into his eyes.

NICOLA SIX
I'm so cold. I'm so cold. Please.
It's all right.

With a long sigh, Sam delivers a blow with the spanner. She moans. She smiles for the last time.

Outside the burning Guy Fawkes effigy falls from the tree.

210 EXT. SAM AND NICOLA'S LANDING, OUTSIDE SAM'S DOOR - LATER 210

Sam struggles to pull Nicola's body, wrapped in a sheet, up the stairs. He is wheezing, exhausting himself.

211 INT. SAM'S LIBRARY - AFTER MURDER NIGHT - DAWN 211

C.U. on the words *The End* printed on last page of Samson's manuscript.

ANGLE ON Sam in the nearby bathroom, washing blood off his hands. He takes off his shirt. He walks back into the library and tears down the diary pages tacked onto the walls.

Behind him on the bed is Nicola's body under a bloody sheet. If not for the bloody sheet, she would look like she were asleep. Sam turns towards her slowly. Any anger he mustered up to commit murder has now faded into something like awe.

He has the skull and cross bones pill bottle from Dr. Slizard in his hand. Pull focus to beyond the pills, to the manuscript's title page: *London Fields*. Sam's eyes sparkle. He takes pen and paper, writes a note and attaches it to the title page. He opens the pill bottle, takes out the single dark pill. He swallows it down with vodka.

Sam cradles the manuscript in his arms, something living, human, new born. He brings it into the bedroom.

212 INT. MARK ASPREY'S BEDROOM - SAME 212

Sam lies down on the bed next to Nicola. His body quivers slightly. His eyes glaze over. The manuscript falls onto the carpet. He turns his body as though to sleep next to Nicola. The sun pours into the room illuminating the couple together.

213 INT. MARK ASPREY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY 213

Daylight arrives. Sam has passed away. O.S. Birds chirp. O.S. Keys unlock the door. O.S. Footsteps.

Mark Asprey in black suit, a paper poppy pinned to his breast pocket, leather gloves, suitcase, walks up to the bed. He isn't surprised. He closes Samson's eyes. He picks up the manuscript and the note attached to it.

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.)
Dear M.A., I apologize for the
mess, the unwanted fingerprints,
the blood, our dead bodies. You
might care to look at the novel I
leave beside me.

(MORE)

SAMSON YOUNG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I bequeath all its proceeds to Kim
 Talent of Golborne Road, London.
 Your humble tenant, Samson Young.

Mark looks at the manuscript title page. E.C.U.: *London Fields* by Samson Young. Mark tears off the title page and Sam's note, crumples the paper, and stuffs it in his pocket.

MARK ASPREY (V.O.)
 After sex, she'd whisper, 'that's
 what I am...a black hole, nothing
 can escape me.'

FADE TO BLACK.

214

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER LECTURE HALL - DAY

214

Mark Asprey lectures on *his* newly published book: "London Fields". He reads from the hardback book.

MARK ASPREY
 (continued)
 She had the power of inspiring
 love, almost everywhere. She
 received it, was empowered by it
 and returned it, not merely
 negated, but murdered.

He closes the book fondly. Looks up. Takes questions. A young STUDENT asks a question echoing in the hall.

STUDENT
 What made you change your writing
 style so significantly in this
 novel, London Fields?

MARK ASPREY
 It's based on a true story. It was
 a purging, personally, for me. I
 didn't expect to fall in love with
 the character, but I did. You
 see... I knew the murderer. I knew
 the murderess. I knew the time, I
 knew the place... Authenticity is
 what audiences want now. It's
 fiction. *And* it's fact. Both are
 required to arrive at the truth.

In the audience, many STUDENTS hands go up.

MARK ASPREY
 Last question.

Mark drinks water. Hesitates. Looks straight ahead.

MARK ASPREY
 No more questions.

THE END