

HUMMINGBIRD

By Steven Knight

'My name is Joey Jones. So you'd better step aside.'



SHOEBBOX FILMS

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Over credits....

EXT. LONDON, CHINA-TOWN ALLEYWAY - NIGHT, 3.30AM

London in the small hours. The hum of a sleeping City.

Debris from a Saturday night is strewn around. Newspapers blow into doorways. There are cans of beer and bottles of Navy Rum, along with a lost white shoe and white cardboard boxes from the Chinese fish market that is closed for the weekend. Rats are busy in the shadows.

Then we see an exquisitely colored hummingbird hovering close to shot, almost in the lens. The street looks cold and English so we know this is wrong.

We cut tight to a can of beer and see the hummingbird feeding from the rim. Then we see it feeding from the dew around the bottle of Navy Rum. We hear the beep, beep of a garbage truck reversing and the hummingbird is caught in a shaft of light from the garbage truck's headlights. We see its plumage shining, its black eye turned yellow.

Then two figures with long shadows walk into the alley and...(with the arrival of reality)...the hummingbird flits out of sight.

Credits end.

EXT. LONDON, CHINA-TOWN ALLEYWAY - MOVING FAST

We follow the two figures, both homeless men, but aristocrats among the homeless, walking with purpose down the alley, kicking the empty cans in their stride. One is big and meaty (BOUZANIS) and one is small with pixie features (TAXMAN). We will hardly see these two men again in this story but their brutal, night-time faces are important.

Bouzanis stops to empty the dregs from the bottle of rum that the hummingbird drank from, then hurries in pursuit of Taxman, who didn't even notice he'd gone.

EXT. HORSE AND DOLPHIN YARD, CHINA-TOWN, OPPOSITE ALLEYWAY

Across a cobbled street the alley continues into deeper shadows where red paper lanterns still hang (it's three days after Chinese New Year). Taxman and Bouzanis enter the red-lit darkness with evil in their faces.

In the covered doorways of this alley live the homeless-with-no-hope, the weakest of all the citizens of the night-time City. There are six of them tonight. They sleep in boxes taken from the Chinese markets and they cover themselves with black plastic bags.

The only light we see is from the flame of a single cigarette lighter and it draws us in...

A homeless man is lighting a cigarette but he turns at the sound of Bouzanis and Taxman approaching. He reacts with terror and flees into the shadows. After he has gone...

...with a sudden thud...

Bouzanis takes a giant kick at the first box and the cardboard gives way until his boot hits the flesh and bone creature inside.

TAXMAN

Taxman!

As Bouzanis continues to use his boots to rouse the sleeping inhabitants, Taxman grabs the first of the poor creatures and rifles through his pockets, jangling change and grinning. The men and boys look like shellfish pulled from their shells. They shiver as Bouzanis casually shoves their light frames against the wall of the alley and puts his big hands into their private hiding places.

He gets coins, drugs, letters home that can't be sent.

Meanwhile, there is one large box still unmoved. We sense some change to the pattern inside it. Bouzanis comes close and kicks it hard. The box splits then suddenly from inside a man erupts.

He's skinny and hollowed out by alcohol and street drugs. His clothes hang in rags and his hair is matted. He is already breathing hard.

This is JOEY.

No words are spoken but in his face, in the flash of his eruption, we see he is a man who might offer some resistance. Behind him, a young girl, no more than nineteen, (ISABEL) scrambles to her feet from inside the same box. Her face is fresher than the faces of the others and she looks stoned but terrified.

Taxman turns and sees the bewildered young girl. Her presence is a very pleasant surprise. He whistles to Bouzanis who assesses her. They stop their frisking and now only have eyes for Isabel.

With shaking hands Joey pulls a wrap of heroin from his pocket and tosses it to Taxman as an offering to leave them alone. Taxman takes the gift and puts it in his pocket. He then kicks away a torn box to step closer to Joey and the girl. Bouzanis steps closer too. Isabel shrinks back. Joey is shivering but he stands his ground. Taxman angles his head to see Isabel more clearly.

Suddenly, in a flash, Bouzanis has grabbed Joey around the neck and Taxman has grabbed the girl.

Taxman slaps Isabel hard and then tears open her shirt. Joey is horribly weakened by booze and drugs but tries to writhe free of Bouzanis's mighty grip.

Taxman pulls Isabel's shirt open and makes a quick check of her arms for needle marks. Taxman turns to Bouzanis and half nods to suggest the girl fits a requirement. Suddenly...

Finding strength from fury, Joey kicks Bouzanis in the knee and turns to shove him backwards. The resistance is a crack of thunder.

Taxman turns and Isabel takes the opportunity to make a break. Bouzanis swipes Joey across the face like a bear. Joey grunts in pain and falls against the wall. Taxman makes a grab for Isabel but she races out of the alley and into the orange streetlight. Bouzanis kicks Joey hard in the ribs.

Taxman is about to go after Isabel, but as Joey thuds against the wall some instinct kicks in. He suddenly becomes of a flurry of kicks and punches. One of the kicks hits Bouzanis in the balls. As Bouzanis doubles up, Joey grabs Taxman around the neck and they both fall to the ground.

Joey isn't going to let go until Isabel is clear.

As Taxman and Joey roll on the ground, Bouzanis manages to find a gap and kick Joey hard in the ribs. We hear bones crack. Isabel is now gone. Taxman gets to his feet and pulls a knife.

Bouzanis swings but Joey parries the blow with a straight fore-arm. *Now, with the knife in play, we sense a man dredging up some remembered combat training.* Joey digs Bouzanis in the throat. Taxman swipes at Joey's throat with the knife but cuts thin air.

Bouzanis steps up and gives another fierce kick to Joey's already broken ribs. Taxman grips the knife and prepares to plunge it into Joey's chest.

At that moment Joey sees a half brick which he grabs. He twists around and uses it to smash Taxman in the face. Joey staggers to his feet, his arm tight to his side, shielding his broken ribs.

Taxman clutches his face as Joey manages to elude Bouzanis, leap over a homeless comrade and make a break for the street, with his half brick still in his hand.

Through blood Taxman gives Bouzanis a look that suggests if he doesn't catch this guy, the knife is for him.

EXT. DESERTED SOHO STREET

Joey limps and runs across Charing Cross Road where the traffic lights change color for no one. A few moments later, Bouzanis runs after him, faster, stronger.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN PIAZZA

The cobbled piazza gleams in reflected streetlight. Joey is the only sign of life as he stumbles and staggers past the entrance of the Royal Opera House, his footsteps echoing, his shadow enormous on the vast white wall of the opera building.

Joey falls onto the cobbles and as he struggles to his feet we see a thirty foot poster on the outside of the Opera House, advertising the forthcoming farewell performance of *Sylvie Guillem*, the celebrated French Prima Ballerina.

The poster features a massive black and white photo of Sylvie in full flight, as if leaping out from the wall.

This ballet event will become important later. For now the poster is just a monochrome backdrop to Joey's struggle to get back on his feet and run for his life.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, COBBLED MARKET

Joey is watched by naked mannequins as he runs past exclusive clothes shops. Somewhere a burglar alarm is wailing. Bouzanis is now in sight, just a few yards away. Any moment the lion will have the deer. Joey sees a steel fence and a courtyard where cars are parked. By chance a car is leaving the courtyard and the iron gates open. Joey ducks away from the headlights of the car and dives into the courtyard.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, COURTYARD

Iron fire-escape steps zig-zag up the backs of the Georgian blocks. We are behind the stores, and above them there are expensive apartments and lofts of converted warehouses. Joey's footsteps clatter on the iron steps as he climbs higher, then stops.

He is on a landing outside an apartment where the curtains are drawn. His breath clouds in the cold air. Maybe he's escaped. Then he hears boots on iron below him. Bouzanis is pursuing him up the steps.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, COURTYARD/LOFT APARTMENTS, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

There is a panoramic view of the night time City of London with all its illustrious landmarks as Joey struggles into shot. Above him is the roof but there are no ladders up to it. He has nowhere left to go from here.

He turns around in desperation. We guess that if Bouzanis catches him he will throw him off the stairs to the courtyard below. Joey turns to the window in front of him and sees that it is in fact a patio door to the top floor penthouse apartment. The curtains are drawn. Footsteps below.

No way up, no way down. He still has the jagged brick in his hand.

Joey pulls his sleeve over his fist and steps back a little before giving a sharp, twisting punch to the glass with the brick. The glass breaks and he chisels a hole into the window with the brick. His fingers bleed from the blow...

Joey puts his fingers through the glass and unlocks the sliding door. Blood drips from his sleeve.

The door opens. Joey enters the apartment...

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT

From inside we see the door open and see Joey stumbling in. He drops the brick and pulls the curtains tight together. His hands tremble as he locks the door behind him.

For a long time Joey stands frozen, pushed back against the wall, hardly daring to breath. Blood is dripping from his hand. He knows the language of footsteps by now and hears Bouzanis climbing.

The footsteps come closer and then we see Bouzanis's silhouette against the closed curtain. Joey doesn't breath.

Then a dog begins to bark.

Somewhere down below a light comes on. The dog barks some more. *Bouzanis has woken the daytime world. Joey knows it immediately and allows himself to hope.*

Another light comes on somewhere across the courtyard. Joey remains motionless, tight as a wound-up clock.

Then Joey has an idea. He has seen a table lamp nearby. He turns on the lamp. Bouzanis is the other side of the curtain and reacts immediately when the light is switched on. He escapes fast down the iron stairs...

Joey listens as the footsteps fade. Even after the iron gate at the courtyard entrance squeaks closed, Joey doesn't believe he has escaped. Then the dog stops barking.

Silence. Lights are switched off below. Finally Joey dares to breath. Blood drips from his hand onto the floorboards. For the first time, Joey turns inside to face the apartment and we see him confronting the new danger.

He has stepped through a door into another world.

He scans the apartment which is only half lit by the table lamp. He squeezes his wrist to stop the bleeding from his fingers as he takes a step. His tread is soft but an (oak) floorboard creaks. Even in the half light we should see that this is an expensively furnished apartment.

He glances back at the curtain. He daren't go outside yet. No one responded to the noise of breaking glass so perhaps no one is home.

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT, MASTER BEDROOM

We study the half lit bedroom for a moment. The bed is made, the room is neat and tidy. There is expensive oriental furniture and a Robert Maplethorpe erotic photograph of a naked man dominating the wall above the bed.

There are mirrors reflecting a patterned curtain. In a reflection, the door opens slowly. Joey appears as a shadow in the glass. He peers into the half darkness then limps inside. He sees the bed is empty and dares to turn on the light. He allows himself a small sigh of relief. He peers up at the photo of the naked man on the wall.

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Joey enters the living room and turns on another table lamp.

He knows now the place is empty.

We are in an elegant, confidently modern apartment. The kitchen is flickering in a haze of gadget lights and the TV is flat screen. There are more erotic photos of men and art works on the walls.

Joey peers at the front door. In a scramble he goes to it and puts the chain on, giving himself a least a few minutes to escape when the owner returns. He then grabs a chair and uses it to barricade the door.

As he shoves the chair against the door we may notice a large pile of unopened mail on the floor.

For now Joey draws no significance. Blood smears on the door and the chain and he remembers his wound.

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT, KITCHEN

He hurries to the kitchen sink and pulls back his ragged sleeve to swill his hand and his sleeve under the tap. In the half light we see sleek surfaces, an espresso machine, a juicer, a blender...photos on the refrigerator of a man and a younger man.

Outside a siren wails, like the howl of wolves from the wilderness he has just left. He peers at the fridge...

The fridge door is flung open and Joey sees it is empty and clean. Then Joey looks in the freezer and finds some frozen *Dim-Sum* AND A FULL BOTTLE OF GREY GOOSE VODKA.

Joey doesn't even celebrate. There is no time. He simply takes the bottle out and shoves it under his arm to unscrew the top with his good hand. The bottle is frosted...the rest of the kitchen disappears. Joey takes a mighty, thirsty swig then wipes his lips.

This time the sigh of relief is aggressive... territorial. He looks around the room with wild eyes. He takes another long and painful swig of the vodka with his eyes tightly closed.

Cut to black.

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAWN

We peer into a mirror as thin daylight comes through the frosted window. We hear Joey throwing up.

He stands up into his reflection. The bathroom is an elegant temple of mirrors. Joey's eyes are bulging and blood shot. In this sterile room he looks like a virus. He wipes his mouth and takes stock.

He has bruises all over. He stares like someone staring at a photo of a stranger. He nurses his jaw and his pained reaction suggests broken teeth.

Then he looks down to the sink and turns on the hot tap. Steam rises and Joey peers at it as if it were a miracle. The steam clouds the mirror and Joey has to wipe away a peep hole to look at himself again. In the reflection he sees the shower.

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT, BATHROOM, SHOWER

Joey is standing with his face lifted to the hot water like a man beaming up at God. His eyes are closed. His long hair is swept back and his face is emerging from the crust of dirt.

Now that he is naked he seems less alien. We've seen lots of images of perfect naked men in the art work in the apartment. Joey is less than perfect. His hair and his beaten face betray who he is (or was).

We also see for the first time *that Joey has a military tattoo on his forearm. Those who know will see that he was once in the elite Parachute regiment of the British Army.*

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT, BATHROOM/BATHROOM MIRROR

Joey stares at himself. Clean but the same. He touches his beard and thinks.

A mirrored cupboard door opens. Joey finds scissors.

Joey's hands shake unmercifully as he clips his beard with a pair of scissors. A few moments later he is searching a mirrored cupboard for shaving gel and a razor.

He begins to shave himself, holding one shaking hand with the other. When his face is half shaven he suddenly closes his eyes tight and waits in silence. The silent clenched expression lasts for five seconds. We might wonder what the hell is going on in his mind as he waits for some horror to pass through. Then he opens his eyes and continues.

The steam is disappearing and the mirror is un-misted. Joey stares at himself now that he is clean shaven.

He appears to remember himself. He puts both hands to his clean-shaven cheeks to check that this face is real.

He's actually quite handsome.

He steps back, still staring at himself. Then he looks down at the clothes he threw off. He picks up his wrecked, bloody shirt and reacts to the smell which he can now smell for the first time.

He looks up to see the white, fluffy bath robe hanging on the door.

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT, MASTER BEDROOM

Joey is wearing the robe as he pulls open the wardrobe door. He looks with wonder...

The rails are filled with beautifully cut and expensive clothes. His broken rib strikes lightning as he reaches out for a shirt. He uses his other hand and holds the shirt up to the light through the curtains.

He holds the shirt close to his face and smells the clean linen. Out in the hall the postman pushes a letter through the door and the sound makes Joey freeze for a moment. Through the half open door he sees the envelope slip through the letter box and slide over the barricaded chair onto a pile of unopened mail.

This time Joey notices the mail.

He turns to the dressing mirror and (painfully) pulls the shirt on. It hangs well. Joey is skinny and once he was in good shape.

We find Joey sitting on the bed pulling on a pair of trousers. They are just a little too large for him but he selects a belt and pulls it tight and the effect looks deliberate. He finds socks and then a pair of handsome brogues. Joey gets to his feet and looks at himself in the mirror.

His clothes hang well. His hair is long but clean. If it weren't for the vicious bruises, he'd look *human*.

Joey touches his bruised eye. Then he turns back to the wardrobe and sees a generously cut Stetson cap hanging on a hook.

He puts the cap on his head and angles it. It hides his bruised eye. He looks cool, almost arrogant.

INT. COVENT GARDEN, APARTMENT, KITCHEN

In his new clothes, Joey is conducting a systematic search through the drawers for money.

He finds some coins and pockets them. In a cupboard he finds a miniature bottle of *Ouzo* brought back from a Greek island and he swigs it down.

Then he goes back to searching and finds papers, junk, A SET OF SPARE HOUSE KEYS (which for the moment he ignores). In another drawer he finds a set of CAR KEYS which he drops onto the kitchen floor.

Just as he gives up on the kitchen, the phone rings.

We see the phone on the wall as Joey turns. We hear the voice of an early forties (gay, American) guy (THE APARTMENT OWNER, DAMON)...

OWNER (OOV)

Hi this is Damon. I won't be available on this number until October 1st. If you need me you can call my agent Paul or reach me on my New York number 212 3409898.

Joey is blinking fast...

OWNER (CONT'D OOV)

That's 212 340...

The call is cut. Joey takes a while to put the echo of the words together. He stares at the phone. He glances at the chain on the door and the chair barricade. He stares at the pile of mail underneath the chair.

Slowly he walks toward the door. He crouches and begins to examine the pile of mail. He checks the post marks and selects the envelope which just arrived. He sees the date on the post mark is February.

After a few moments of slow, hung-over calculation he pulls the chair from its position as a barricade and turns it around. He sits down on it facing in to the apartment.

We study him as he sits on the hard backed chair in his elegant clothes with his cap angled jauntily on his head. He is a man who hasn't been lucky for a long time.

Then he looks across to the kitchen floor at the debris of his search. His eyes fall upon the house keys.

He walks across the kitchen and picks the house keys up. He stuffs them in his pocket as a gesture of ownership. He looks around at his new territory. Then he bends down and picks up the car keys.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, ALLEYWAY/STREET NEAR THE APARTMENTS

On the gate of the courtyard below the apartments is a sign *'Residents parking only. Others will be towed.'*

Joey arrives at the locked gate. He begins to aim the key fob into the car park and press 'unlock'. At first there is nothing but then a set of headlights glow in response. Joey stares in wonder through the bars of the gate.

The car is a new model Mercedes. It is sleek, sporty and expensive. Joey blinks at it without expression.

Joey looks at the locked gate and produces his bunch of house keys. He tries a key in the lock. The gate opens.

INT. CAR/EXT. PARKING BAY

Joey climbs into the car and settles. The car is a thing of wonder. He begins to search the glove compartment and finds a car manual and some opened letters which he drops onto the floor. He also finds some coins which he puts into his pocket. He then opens the driver's box and finds a pair of sunglasses which he puts on. He checks his reflection in the rear view mirror. His swollen eye is now hidden.

He pushes his cap back on his head. The shades and the cap go together well.

Then he peers at the steering wheel with the car key in his hand. After a moment's hesitation, he slowly puts the key in the ignition. He thinks for a moment, as if remembering something, then turns the key...

Suddenly and from nowhere...

EXPLOSIONS

INT. BRITISH MILITARY ARMORED CAR - FLASHBACK

We are inside the cramped interior of a British armored car under attack. A TUNGSTEN TIPPED ARMOR PIERCING BULLET HAS PENETRATED THE SKIN OF THE TANK. The lid of the interior is open and brilliant sun shines inside but we see nothing more.

We guess we're in Iraq or Afghanistan.

There are six soldiers inside, all stripped to the waist because of the heat. THE BULLET IS RICOCHETING AROUND INSIDE THE INTERIOR.

In fast succession, the bullet rips into the naked flesh of three of the soldiers. A chest bursts open, a belly is ripped apart, a shoulder is shattered...(as if someone were smashing the naked bodies pictured on the apartment wall).

Joey is writhing around inside the burning hot interior as his comrades are torn to pieces. Miraculously, only Joey is spared.

When the whizzing of the bullet subsides there is silence.

Joey's eyes are wide and burning as the blood pumps from the bodies around him. Suddenly he is alone. The eyes stare around him but there is no life.

Joey takes a huge breath and closes his eyes tight in silence, just as he did when he stared at himself in the mirror.

INT. CAR/EXT. PARKING BAY - NIGHT

It is now dark. We realize Joey has been huddled in the car for a long time. Joey is still wearing his sunglasses. He is gripping the steering wheel, staring into the windscreen.

After a moment he looks up at the rear view mirror and takes off his sunglasses. He peers at himself. He grabs the car keys and scrambles out of the car.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey is sitting alone in the apartment with the lights turned off. The TV is playing 'Shopping Channel'. Joey is shaking a little. He glances at the empty bottle of vodka which is still on the table. He drains the last few drops from the bottle and gasps on an almighty thirst.

He needs more. He peers at the front door and the pile of unopened mail.

INT. APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR

Joey is going through the mail that has accumulated, opening it with shaking hands. He is already surrounded by a wide circle of opened junk mail and utility bills.

There are also invitations to art galleries and photographic exhibitions.

He comes to a plain white envelope which he tears open. Inside...*HE FINDS A BRAND NEW CREDIT CARD.*

Joey stares at it for a long time. Thoughts and decisions still take a long time. Finally, he goes back to the mountain of mail he has already opened. He searches for a particular envelope which he remembers. His hands tremble as he finds it and reveals a slip of paper with a confidential PIN NUMBER.

Suddenly loud jazz...

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

We see Joey hurrying, wincing in pain sometimes but moving fast. He is dressed in a neat beige suit that suits his skinny frame. His hair is tucked under his cap. He looks Soho-cool.

EXT. BANK CASH MACHINE - NIGHT

The jazz music wails. Joey is leaning in tightly to the cash machine as he punches in the pin number. We read the screen with him.

Joey asks for an on-screen balance.

We don't see the amount. Instead we see the flickering reaction on Joey's face when he sees the amount this guy has in his account. From his reaction we guess it is a lot of money.

He hesitates, glances back at the night-clubbers in the queue behind.

INT. DOORWAY - LATER

In shadows and neon we are very tight on two pairs of hands engaged in a fast drug deal. Two twenties are swapped for a wrap of crack cocaine. Among the hands and arms we see Joey's tattoo. A blast of a saxophone...

EXT. SOHO STREET

Joey walks fast in his dark glasses and his Stetson cap slung to one side. Fast jazz music plays and he skips once to the rhythm.

We should guess that Joey is high and when he's high he kind of dances and skips and bounces through the streets. The people around are just blurs and faces.

He claps his hands and whoops and then suddenly he is twirling around with a beautiful young black girl who dances with him for just a second.

Suddenly Joey is being hurled against a shop window by an angry young black guy (her boyfriend). Joey looks up and whoops at the sky.

Then Joey is on a street corner, catching his breath. Soho is spinning all around him. He pulls a roll of notes from his pocket to check that the money is real. He thinks for a moment...

EXT. SOHO ALLEY, MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH/SHELTER & SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT, 3.20AM

Silence.

By contrast to the noise and frenetic movement, a small oasis of calm in the night.

From a distance, at the end of a cobbled alley, we see a feeding station for the homeless which is at the side of a church.

We read a sparkingly clean banner, hung over the alley, which reads *'Mary of the Angels - Outreach Centre'*.

A line of homeless people are being handed sandwiches and soup. They flit across the light like shadows. But in the middle of the light we see a woman in her early thirties who is running the operation. She is wearing the uniform of a Carmelite Nun.

This is CRISTINA.

She is crisply dressed and immaculately groomed, in defiance of her surroundings. Her smile is endless as she hands the steaming soup to the bedraggled homeless people and we see she is handsome when she smiles behind round-rimmed glasses.

She has a strong face, practical hands, a self-contained kind of bravery.

We watch her work for a while, measuring out each cup of soup in her ladle, the soup urn steaming in the cold night air, the blue paraffin flame hissing beneath the urn. Then, as she looks up and wipes her brow, she sees Joey is next in line.

We reverse to see Joey, hiding his face underneath his cap. He's on his way down from his high, smoking a cigarette.

CRISTINA

No smoking.

Joey steps on his cigarette. Cristina pours him a cup of soup and offers it. He shakes his head.

Then, for the first time, we hear Joey speak.

He has a soft South London accent. He hisses through his painful jaw...

JOEY

Sister. I'm looking for someone....

She peers at him and reacts to the expensive clothes he is wearing. She angles her head to look at his face, half hidden by the cap.

CRISTINA (INCREDULOUS)

Joseph?

Joey tries to speak but a wave of intoxication takes him away. When Cristina speaks we will hear an East European accent (she is from Kiev)...

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

Joseph, where did you get those clothes?

Cristina looks his coat up and down then sees Joey's polished shoes. His words slur as he mumbles..

JOEY

Her name is Isabel. They saw her. I've come to save her...

Joey sways a little and leans back against the wall (he doesn't look as if he could save anyone). Cristina has now seen Joey's battered fists.

CRISTINA

Joseph? Did you rob someone?

Joey half laughs, wipes his mouth.

JOEY

I had some luck. Maybe God, you know?

Joey unsteadily reaches into his pocket and produces a roll of cash. Cristina reacts with astonishment. She gives Joey a hard stare and pours the soup back into the urn. She clatters the soup-urn lid. Joey shows the tight roll of money to Cristina.

JOEY (CONT'D)

God gave me this...

Cristina watches the money unroll as Joey staggers and smiles. He drops the cash on the floor and stoops woozily to pick it up. Cristina is accustomed to dealing with drunk and crazy people but the cash ignites action. She pulls out her cellphone as Joey straightens.

CRISTINA

Joseph, I'm going to call David. My police liaison officer.

Cristina begins to dial. Joey takes a moment to understand then he puts the roll of notes on the table beside the soup urn.

JOEY

This is for you, Sister. You're ok. Buy something nice for yourself.

Joey turns and walks, picking up the cigarette he dropped and re-lighting it.

Cristina stops dialling and watches him leave. She then looks down at the roll of notes. She picks it up and quickly checks it.

She is shocked to find five hundred pounds in fifties and twenties. A couple of the homeless guys are looking at it too and Cristina quickly stuffs the money into her pocket.

Joey disappears into the night. Cristina blinks quickly behind her spectacles, her mind racing.

Choral music begins.

EXT. CARMELITE CONVENT, EAST END ROAD, FINCHLEY - DAWN

The choral music continues as we find Cristina driving her van home after a night's work through a neat suburb in early morning sun. She turns off the deserted main road into the odd little lane that leads into the Convent. The Convent building is fourteenth century, swamped now by modern suburban housing all around.

Her van bumps over the cobbles and into the gloom of the Convent courtyard. Birds are singing a weak dawn chorus as she opens the doors of her van and manhandles the empty but heavy soup urn onto the cobbles.

INT. CARMELITE CHAPEL

Cristina is sitting alone in the small Convent church, staring straight ahead. The Crucifixes hang and the Christ effigies bleed around her as winter sunlight shines in shafts through the high windows.

She is deep in thought but not prayer.

INT. CRISTINA'S CELL/ROOM

Cristina is lying on the bed with her eyes open as daylight glows behind closed curtains. We might realize this is meant to be her time for sleeping.

In the half light we see that there are three posters on her wall, all of them reproductions of classic ballet posters, some advertising performances of the Bolshoi.

Two of the posters feature Sylvie Guillem.

Cristina turns to her bedside table. The roll of notes that Joey gave her is now smoothed out. She sits up and studies the money as if it might move at any moment.

There is a knock at the door and Cristina jumps a little. A nun's voice through the door...

NUN (OOV)
She will see you now.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

Cristina is sitting across a desk from the MOTHER SUPERIOR of the Convent, who is busy with invoices, which she is transcribing into a large red accounts ledger. A small cigarillo burns in an ashtray. The Mother Superior is Southern Irish (hard as nails) and speaks as she punches numbers into a calculator.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

A donation is a donation. I don't see the quandary.

Cristina hesitates.

CRISTINA

He is quite famous among them. They say he was a commando. He killed people in Afghanistan.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

That's what soldiers do. It doesn't mean he's a thief.

The Mother Superior makes a note in her ledger.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Did he say where he got the money from?

Cristina speaks incredulously.

CRISTINA

He said maybe God.

The Mother Superior finally looks up and studies Cristina. She draws on her cigarillo and her silence suggests she thinks the explanation might be worth taking as valid for practical purposes. She adds a little extra logic.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Anyway, what do you think the police themselves would do with it if you handed it in? They'd just share it out and drink it in the pub.

Silence. Cristina looks down at her lap.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Add it to the nourishment fund.

The Mother Superior goes back to her ledger.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Or at Christmas get them all jumpers or something.

A long pause. The Mother Superior is waiting for Cristina to leave. Finally Cristina plucks up courage...

CRISTINA

He actually told me to buy something for myself.

Cristina's face is burning.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I thought perhaps I could use just a small proportion of it.

The Mother Superior looks up.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

You see there is something I have been praying for.

The Mother Superior waits a moment then goes back to her ledger.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You are a good and holy woman
Sister Cristina.

The Mother Superior underlines a figure in ledger.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

If the money is an answer to a prayer, how can it be wrong?

The Mother Superior takes a draw on her cigarillo.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Let me put it this way. I have written nothing down about this in the book.

Cristina blinks quickly...

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE - EVENING

We see the crowds of well dressed people arriving for a performance of the Royal Ballet at the opera house. The people are conspicuously wealthy in dinner suits and furs.

Then we find Cristina hurrying across the cobbled piazza in the shadow of the same giant poster of Sylvie Guillem where we saw Joey. Cristina gazes up at the poster as she hurries into the swirling crowd.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, TICKET OFFICE

Cristina makes her way to the ticket window. There is a queue for the 'tonight' performance but only one person at the window for 'future performances'.

Cristina waits in line behind the single customer. We sense a raging guilt which is expressed as urgency. She looks around from behind her round-rimmed spectacles as if expecting to be plucked up into the sky at any moment. Then the window is free and the young guy is calling out...

TICKET CLERK

Next.

Cristina speaks in a whisper.

CRISTINA

One for Sylvie.

TICKET CLERK

One what?

CRISTINA

One for the Sylvie Guillem farewell performance.

The clerk doesn't even need to consult his screen.

TICKET CLERK

I'm afraid it's all sold out.

Cristina gulps down surprise.

CRISTINA

Sold out? But it isn't until October.

TICKET CLERK

It sold out on-line in two hours.

Cristina takes a breath and repeats the words 'on-line' softly as if they were alien words. The clerk checks his screen.

TICKET CLERK (CONT'D)

We do still have one box available.

CRISTINA

A box?

TICKET CLERK

On the Friday. October 1st.

Cristina's throat is now constricted with anxiety as she looks around. She wants this over with. She mumbles.

CRISTINA

And how much is a box?

Cristina is reflected in the clerk's spectacles.

TICKET CLERK

A box for the farewell performance
is four hundred pounds.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey wakes with a start.

Rain pours and dribbles down the window pane. Joey is lying on the bed fully clothed in his smart suit which is now crumpled. He is sweating hard and breathing hard from a violent dream.

He looks all around the room and remembers where he is. There is a bottle of vodka and a bottle of Champagne by the bed and he takes a swig of the vodka. As he swallows he registers deep pain in his chest.

Then the bedroom door opens slowly with a creak. A shaft of light falls across the bed. Bathed in sweat, Joey freezes and whimpers a little. His face is filled with dread. He takes another swig of vodka to drown the fear but then he sees something in the half light that terrifies him.

The vodka falls and spills. He buries his face in the soaked sheets. He is vibrating with terror. There is a gentle buzzing sound in the air around his ears.

Joey then dares to lower the sheet from his eyes just a little. In the blade of light from the door he sees a hummingbird hovering. Then another hummingbird appears, and another and another. Soon there is a swarm of tiny hummingbirds hovering in the light from the door. The sight of the birds fills Joey with unfathomable fear.

JOEY

Please. Please. Please.

Then, unable to stand it anymore, Joey sits bolt upright. From under the sheets he produces a sub machine gun. He grits his teeth and engages the gun before raking the bedroom with gunfire.

Joey is on his knees on the bed, firing the gun. The erotic photos on the walls are all shattered by the machine gun fire. Ornaments explode and the window is smashed. Joey twists around in the duvet and sees blood on his arms and on his chest.

Joey yells and falls from the bed onto the floorboards in a bloody heap, his arms covering his head.

Silence...

Joey whimpers. Then he slowly dares to raise his head. He sees the bedroom untouched, the photos un-smashed, the window still dribbling rain. The 'machine gun' is an ebony candlestick. There are no bullet holes. He realizes it was an hallucination but the fall from the bed has hurt his chest like hell.

Joey painfully sits back against the bed, sweat pouring from him. Outside thunder rumbles. He painfully examines his ribs by poking his fingers into them. He checks the clock beside the bed. It is 3.20am.

EXT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH, SHELTER/SOUP KITCHEN - LATER

Light rain is falling and water drips.

The empty soup urn is being hoisted from its trestle table. The homeless people have now gone and Cristina is hauling her empty urn out of the shelter, her night's work done.

Her van is parked nearby with the rear doors open. She lays the urn down on the ground and produces a bunch of keys to lock the door of the shelter, illuminated in a pool of streetlight.

Suddenly...Joey's voice...

JOEY

Sister?

Cristina turns with a start. She sees Joey in the shadows and reacts as if she has seen a ghost. From her reaction we should infer that she spent four hundred pounds on the box. Joey now represents her guilt. Because she is human Cristina immediately decides to not engage. She goes back to locking the three heavy locks...

CRISTINA

I'm afraid you're too late for soup.

She locks the last padlock.

JOEY

I'm not hungry.

She turns to him and studies his face. She sees the pain and the beads of sweat. She lifts the empty soup urn and carries it towards the car.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I need medicine. Bandages.

She drops the urn heavily on the tail gate of the van. She speaks without looking at Joey.

CRISTINA

You're hurt?

Joey is staring at her blankly. She bustles past him. She begins to collect her boxes of mugs and cups, busying herself.

JOEY

I need antibiotics.

CRISTINA

I'm not allowed to dispense antibiotics.

Joey takes out an expensive cigarette lighter and lights his cigarette...

JOEY

But you do it. For people who can't go into the system.

Cristina shoves the urn bodily into the darkness of the van.

CRISTINA

Go to emergency.

JOEY

I can't.

CRISTINA

Why not?

Cristina glances at Joey but Joey doesn't answer. Cristina goes back to her work...

CRISTINA

If you don't want to give your name just call yourself 'Smith' or something.

JOEY

That would be a mistake.

She steps back from the van.

CRISTINA

Why?

JOEY

My name *is* Smith.

CRISTINA (QUICKLY)

Jones then.

Cristina just wants him gone. She heads for the last box to be packed away. Joey speaks evenly through pain.

JOEY

Sister, I'm on the run from a court martial. I was in a Special Forces unit. There would be no forgiveness.

Cristina carries the box to the van and places it beside the soup urn. She turns to him and sees Joey's pain as he breaths smoke. Her desire to not engage competes with her compassion.

After a moment she retrieves her keys and heads back towards the shelter.

CRISTINA

Put the cigarette out.

INT. SHELTER

By lamplight Cristina is unlocking a large black first aid box. Joey is leaning on the trestle table.

CRISTINA

How do you know it's antibiotics you need?

JOEY

I've got two broken ribs. There's an infection around one of the breaks. It's giving me a fever. If it spreads to the bone I will die.

She turns to him, surprised by his cool diagnosis and knowledge.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I've been wounded before.

Cristina takes out a large bottle of tablets.

CRISTINA

If you drink alcohol with these they won't work.

Joey pockets the tablets.

JOEY

Bandages.

She peers at him. Then in a mocking gesture, she salutes.

CRISTINA

Yes Sir.

Joey half smiles as she returns to the first aid box. As she searches...

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
I asked around about your friend
Isabel. No one has seen her.

She half turns and sees Joey's blank expression.

JOEY
How do you know about Isabel?

CRISTINA
Last night. Don't you remember?

Joey is still blank.

JOEY
I was stoned last night. Did I
come here?

Cristina realizes that this means Joey doesn't remember giving her the money either. She reacts inside. She hands Joey a roll of bandages. He studies her and she turns away from him. He senses something...

JOEY (CONT'D)
Did I do something stupid?

Cristina could come clean but doesn't. She busies herself locking the first aid box.

CRISTINA
You said you'd had some luck.

She puts the first aid box back in its correct place.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
'God', you said.

JOEY
I *must* have been stoned.

CRISTINA
You don't believe?

Cristina turns. Joey shrugs.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
So how do you explain those new
clothes?

A pause. His face hardens.

JOEY
I don't.

She turns and gathers her keys, ready to leave.

CRISTINA
Two tablets, three times a day.

Joey half smiles at her as she heads for the door.

JOEY

You know the boys say you are an
angel.

Cristina finds the description ironic and painful. She holds
open the door.

CRISTINA

Good night Joseph.

Joey pockets his bandages and walks. Outside dawn is breaking
and through the open door we hear bird song. Once Joey is
out of sight Cristina deflates a little.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, GROUND FLOOR

Joey steps into the main entrance area of the apartment block
from the dawn light. He makes his way toward the lift. Just
then the lift reaches the ground floor and the lift door
begins to open.

Joey quickly diverts towards the stairs but a bolt of pain
slows him and he isn't quick enough. From the lift a woman
in her early thirties (TRACEY) appears. She catches sight of
Joey as he walks with his back to her...

TRACEY

Damon?

Joey stops, turns and peers at Tracey. She double takes when
she sees his face.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry.

She looks again at his clothes and his cap which she
evidently recognizes. Joey tries to hide his face. Tracey
looks uneasy and leaves quickly through the street door.

Joey curses softly and senses trouble ahead. He heads for
the lift.

INT. APARTMENT, MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

In the half light Joey has his shirt off and is painfully
winding the bandage around his chest and back. He works
with the expertise that comes from battlefield training.
The erotic photo of the perfect man peers down at him.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Joey enters with his body now bandaged. He walks through the
debris that he has left on the apartment floor.

The TV is on mute, still playing Shopping Channel. There are three bottles of vodka, one empty, one half empty, one full.

We see he has written the pin number of the credit card on the mirror in marker pen. He has also written the pin number on his hand and on the wall.

Joey crunches on broken glass then pours a cup of water and swallows one of the tablets Cristina gave him.

After he has swallowed the tablet he stares at the bottle of vodka.

Joey wipes his mouth with his fist. Then he sweeps back his hair. He is considering the vodka bottle, knowing he mustn't drink it with the tablets.

He defiantly picks up the vodka and takes a swig. He gasps on the sting of it. He breaths hard, his ribs hurting. Then he stares into the half darkness of the living room as if the silence is challenging him.

The images on the TV reflect in the mirrors around him. A pause. Joey picks up the bottle of vodka again and is about to swig but instead he suddenly drops the bottle of vodka on the floor. It smashes.

JOEY (TO NO ONE)
Like this, huh?

He grabs the second bottle, unscrews the top and pours it down the sink. The vodka glugs.

JOEY (CONT'D REPEATS)
Like this. Like this. Like this.

He is working in a fever now. He reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out a silver foil wrap of heroin. He screws it up in his fist and hurries to the toilet...

INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM

Joey shoves his hand into the lavatory bowl to push the wrap of heroin around the bend. He then hesitates. He closes his eyes and flushes. He goes back to the mirror where he first looked at his wrecked face.

His bruises are mellow. He speaks with purpose.

JOEY
Try again.

EXT. PARKING BAY - EARLY MORNING

We see 'Joey's' Mercedes parked. Then the lights inside glow on and off.

After a moment, in the rear view mirror, we see Joey walking toward the car with his arm held tight to his side over his damaged ribs.

INT. CAR

Joey is angling the rear view mirror in the car, resolved. He takes a deep breath, preparing himself for an ordeal. He puts the key in the ignition. He fires the engine and finds himself still himself.

He puts the car into gear. He reverses and the act of reversing somehow firms up his face. He was an experienced and good driver once and we should feel some sense of self restored as he takes control of the car.

He adjust the mirror and shifts gear to drive out of the car park. He straightens his cap on his head...

EXT. LARGE SOUTH LONDON COUNCIL HOUSING ESTATE

We are among high rise blocks and deprivation. Joey is driving with a cigarette dangling between his lips, searching for something.

Then he sees the gates of a primary school and a crowd of mothers are dropping off their kids for school.

Joey slows down and parks. He stares as various mothers say goodbye to their children.

Then Joey spots someone ahead and peers intently. He sees a young woman in her late twenties (DAWN) with her daughter of nine (RUBY). The mother and daughter cross the street, chatting.

Joey's eyes *almost* moisten at the sight of the child.

The mother and child walk right by the car. Joey is about to get out and speak to them but he takes one last look at himself in the rear view mirror and changes his mind.

Instead he lowers the window and sinks down in the seat. He hears Dawn and Ruby talking as they walk right past the window. He breaths in the air they disturb through the window as they chat about lunch money. Once they are gone he stares into the rear view mirror, watching them walk away and through the school gates.

We should guess that the girl is Joey's child.

After they have gone, Joey appears to be filled with resolve. He has a plan. He fires the ignition. This time he's not even afraid of a bad response. He indicates naturally and pulls away.

INT. APARTMENT CAR PARK - EVENING

Joey pulls into the car park and reverses into a tight space fast. He gets out and reaches into the back seat. He winces in pain as he takes out a bag of groceries and we glimpse milk, bread, juice, water. All good stuff.

As he locks the car, he notices a curtain twitching in an apartment above. He looks up but the face in the window has gone. Joey heads for the apartment entrance.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - EVENING

Joey is clearing up the mess in the kitchen as best he can with broken ribs. He bends painfully to sweep up the broken glass from the smashed vodka bottles.

As he straightens he stares at the gleaming espresso machine. He doesn't know how it works but he wants to find out. He twists a silver cup into place. As it clicks...there is a buzz at the front door. He jumps then freezes.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Joey walks cautiously toward the door. The door buzzer rings again and then we hear a woman's voice (we will learn it is Tracey, the neighbor he bumped into earlier)...

TRACEY

I know there's someone there
because I saw you go in.

She rings again, hard. Joey thinks fast.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

We're going to call the police.

Joey takes a moment and for the first time we see his innate intelligence emerging.

He turns and throws some of the cushions back into place then opens the door on the chain. He sees Tracey, accompanied by a man in his early forties (STAN), who is evidently there as 'muscle', even though he looks distinctly harmless.

TRACEY (CONT'D THROUGH THE DOOR)

Who are you? Damon said he was
going to be in New York all summer.

Joey unchains the door and pulls it open a little. He thinks for a few more seconds, putting his lie in place. Finally he smiles.

JOEY

I'm Damon's boyfriend. One of
them..

He holds his collar tight to hide the bandages underneath.

JOEY (CONT'D)

He said I could use his flat while
he was away.

They look Joey up and down. He's skinny, pretty good looking,
rough at the edges. He maybe fits the bill of one of Damon's
boyfriends. They still look unsure.

STAN

Are you a model?

JOEY

Sometimes.

TRACEY

I heard things breaking last
night....

STAN (MEEKLY)

She heard things breaking *twice*...

TRACEY

And I heard shouting...

JOEY

Damon phoned from New York. I get
angry, with him you know? I wanted
to go to America.

Tracey and Stan glance at each other.

NEIGHBOR

He didn't tell us there was someone
staying.

JOEY (QUICKLY)

Do you have his number in New York?

A nervous pause.

TRACEY

No. He keeps himself very private.

Joey hides his relief.

JOEY

Pity. You could have called him.

STAN

Do *you* have a number?

JOEY

He doesn't give it to me in case I
call him late at night.

A pause. Joey looks at his feet.

JOEY (CONT'D)

He kind of likes to own people...

STAN

Damon?

JOEY

But he's kind too.

Tracey decides he is genuine, even empathizes. She smiles and offers her hand to shake...

NEIGHBOR

I'm Tracey...

JOEY

I'm Joey.

He smiles as he shakes her hand...

JOEY (CONT'D)

Joey Jones. Damon said I should stay here for the summer and get my life together...

We hear a ragged hymn beginning, being sung by a choir.

JOEY

...So that's what I'm going to do...

INT. CONVENT CLASSROOM

Bright sunlight shines in shafts into the small classroom. A group of eight year old children are assembled and are singing the hymn 'Immortal Invisible'. Cristina is at the front of the class, leading the singing.

We study her for a moment as she sings with gusto. She walks along the line of children and stops at the window to stare out at the Spring morning...

EXT./INT. SOHO, SMALL CHINESE RESTAURANT - LUNCHTIME

The hymn bridges the cut and continues.

On the same bright Spring day we are in China Town as lunch time diners are filling the restaurants. We see a figure slumped in a doorway and for a moment might think it is Joey.

However we rise up from the homeless figure to the window of a particular Chinese restaurant which is hung with roasted ducks. Through the window a Chinese waitress has just taken an order from a table. We follow her as she bursts through the kitchen swing doors.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT, KITCHEN

The hymn continues...

The waitress yells out an order in Chinese. The kitchen is a chaos of steam and flame. The cooks are all Chinese but the porters and dish-washers are a mixture of races. At a sink, scrubbing giant pots we find Joey.

Joey has got a job.

The kitchen is burning hot and Joey breaks off to take a swig from a bottle of Coca Cola. As if to celebrate Joey's employment, the ragged hymn now turns into a full chorus sung by a huge choir...

INT. SOHO, BARBER'S SHOP - DAY

The choral music continues as we cut to Joey getting a hair cut. The shop is a traditional one with plump leather chairs and black and white tiles. Joey stares at himself in the mirror as the hair falls away.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM

Joey is naked, cutting the bandage away from his chest without pain.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT, SERVICE ENTRANCE

Joey has now moved up the ranks and has been given a uniform. He is dressed in porters' whites and blue check trousers. He is helping unload a delivery of cooking oil from a van parked at the back of the Chinese restaurant. A Chinese waiter and a black porter work with him.

It takes the waiter and the porter together to carry one of the drums of cooking oil. Joey grabs a container all on his own and carries it inside the kitchen. We see his strength is beginning to be restored.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Joey is arriving back in the apartment from a night's work. He goes to the freezer and puts a thin wedge of cash inside the freezer compartment. He opens the fridge and takes a swig of orange juice.

The apartment has been tidied up. The fridge contains milk and cheese. As he closes the fridge door he glances at the credit card number which is still written on the mirror and on the wall. He goes to the mirror and with his sleeve he wipes the pin number off the mirror. He stares at his reflection, clean now.

EXT. REGENTS PARK, CHILDREN'S PLAY AREA

The hymn continues...

On a crisp early morning Joey is executing pull-ups using the bar of a set of children's swings.

He is rusty but we sense years and years of physical conditioning which he is beginning to re-activate. We are tight on his face as he struggles to pull his chin above the bar. He whispers..

JOEY

...Fifty.

He drops to his feet.

INT. KITCHEN, CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joey is hard at work among other casual workers, but now he is operating the big, steamy dish-washing machine. He operates the machine with sharp, confident flicks, a man good with machines. He is wearing just a vest and blue check porter's trousers. His muscles are even more defined now. Cooks yell in Cantonese and young Albanians wheel trolleys of food around.

Then one of the Chinese waiters bustles in from the restaurant and whistles. Joey looks up and the waiter gestures that Joey should come. Joey seems to understand why he is being called and dries his hands as he follows the waiter...

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

A table of four big, drunk NORTHERN GUYS are arguing over the bill with two waitresses. It's getting loud. Football scarves are strewn on and around the table. The waiter who summoned Joey appears, followed by Joey. Joey looms over them...

JOEY

Ok, the management want you to leave now.

(We realize Joey has been promoted to unofficial restaurant bouncer). The four customers look up as one at Joey, who has his arms folded, his face set in a smile.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT, LISLE STREET

The four drunks appear to be leaving peacefully. Joey escorts them out of the door into the night...

JOEY

Good night boys...

Suddenly, the last of them turns and swings a punch at Joey and the rest take this a cue to start. Two of them pull him outside and he spins into the restaurant window. Punches and kicks fly in Joey's direction.

For the first time we find out why Joey is different.

Joey emerges from the flying fists and boots. He begins to parry and chop the blows with little effort using martial arts moves. One-by-one he puts the four drunks down on the ground like harvesting a lively crop. There is no anger or malice in his face. Even though these are big guys this is easy work for Joey. The drunks fall and pant for breath. One has a broken leg, another a broken arm, another a dislocated arm.

In the silent devastation Joey examines his knuckles. With a jerk he re-locates one of his fingers.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Have a nice evening.

He turns and walks back into the restaurant.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Through the window of the restaurant, a middle-aged Chinese guy (TIM) has watched the conclusion of the fight with interest. Tim's wife and kids are a little horrified but Tim is watching Joey with a professional eye as he walks past the table, back into the kitchen. He turns to a waiter and speaks in Chinese. We see sub-titles.

TIM

(Who is that man?)

Joey has been noticed. The choral hymn ends with a flourish.

INT. SOUTH LONDON, FISH GUTTING AND CLEANING FACTORY

We see young Chinese men and women, students and illegals, preparing cuttle fish, squid and tuna for bagging and transporting to restaurants in the West End.

The factory is small but bustling, with voices and the sound of cutting and chopping echoing from the corrugated steel roof. Then we see Tim leading Joey through the factory toward a set of iron stairs which lead up to a back office.

Close by, a fish head is chopped from its body.

INT. FISH FACTORY, OFFICE

Joey is led into the small office by Tim. Behind the desk we find a hard looking middle-aged Chinese guy (MR HAN) and his young nephew (TONY) who has dyed blond hair.

Mr Han is expecting Joey and gestures for Tim to close the door.

The noise of the factory is deadened. Joey appears to know why he is here. He is wearing jeans and a T-shirt. He stands almost to attention.

Mr Han gets up to study Joey. As he does, Tim and Tony speak to Mr Han in Chinese.

TIM

(It's not so strange. Uncle Stanley in New York has one now).

Mr Han checks Joey's arms for needle-marks. He sees the military tattoo...

TIM (CONT'D)

(Sesame Auntie in Chicago has two.)

TONY

(They are a status symbol in America these days).

Mr Han nods and studies Joey's eyes, looking for dilation but also checking for purpose. Mr Han appears to be impressed by Joey's eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)

(They are good for the dirty work).

TIM

(And using them confuses the police.)

Mr Han goes back around his desk and speaks to Joey in English.

MR HAN

Do you want work?

JOEY

Yeah.

MR HAN

You know what kind of work I'm talking about?

Joey shifts his focus to stare at Mr Han.

JOEY

They said you need a driver.

Mr Han shuffles papers.

MR HAN

I have many businesses. This is a hard city. They say you are a hard man.

There is a pause. Joey knew what kind of work was on offer already and thinks for only a few moments.

JOEY

I want five hundred a day plus whatever I can skim.

Mr Han glances at Tim. Loud jazz screeches. Joey's progress continues in fast cuts...

EXT. SOHO STREET - DAY

Joey and Tony pull up sharply in a black Mercedes across the street from a clear glass telephone box on a street corner. Tony is at the wheel, Joey in the passenger seat.

In the phone box, a skinny aspiring PIMP is sticking up lurid prostitute calling cards all around the pay phone. Outside the phone box, the Pimp's BODYGUARD, a big black guy in a long coat, is keeping watch and standing guard.

We come close to the pimp as he sticks up the last of the postcards. Each card has a brightly colored pornographic photo of a girl and list of services with phone numbers. Out of focus we see Joey crossing the street.

The pimp turns to leave and Joey takes his place in the phone box. Joey immediately and very deliberately begins to pull down all the calling cards that the pimp just stuck up.

The pimp sees immediately and hammers on the glass wall of the box. Joey calmly continues. The Bodyguard yanks open the door of the box and the pimp yells.

PIMP

What the fuck?

Joey pulls down the last card and steps out of the phone box, putting the cards into his inside pocket. The pimp and the bodyguard confront him. Joey speaks calmly...

JOEY

New rules. No room service cards anywhere between Lisle Street and the Crown.

PIMP

What the fuck are you talking about?

Joey is expressionless.

PIMP (CONT'D)

You're not even a fucking Chink to
be giving rules.

Joey doesn't react. The pimp turns to his bodyguard...

PIMP (CONT'D)

Show him.

The bodyguard reaches into his long coat and produces a curved knife. He holds it up to Joey's throat. Joey waits half a second. Then Joey snaps the bodyguard's wrist with one movement and claims the knife. He then punches the pimp twice, hard in the face and the pimp goes down. Joey then turns the bodyguard around and slams his face into the wall, breaking his nose.

Joey calmly pockets the knife.

JOEY

New rules.

Joey then steps across the street to the car where Tony is waiting. Tony has watched the action and smiles as he stares straight ahead and fires the engine.

EXT. WEST END NIGHT CLUB - 11PM

The club is in an alley, with late night clubbers standing outside in line, drinking from cans and smoking cigarettes.

We follow the line of drinkers to the front of the queue, where two bouncers in evening suits are frisking the clubbers.

One of the bouncers is searching a guy's pocket and finds a small package of pills which he confiscates. We follow him as he takes the package to the top of a set of steps beside the front entrance.

In a doorway we find Joey smoking a cigarette. He is dressed in the evening suit uniform of the other bouncers, but with a crimson bow tie.

Joey takes the confiscated package and holds it up to the streetlight and makes a fast assessment. He then hands the bouncer a ten pound note.

Joey puts the drugs into a large pocket sewn on the inside of his dinner jacket where lots of packages are gathered.

EXT. SMALL CHINESE DRINKING CLUB - 2AM

Joey arrives at the club in his evening suit with his bow tie hanging loose around his neck. He is greeted by Tony with the dyed hair, who follows him inside.

INT. DRINKING CLUB, BACK ROOM - 2.30AM

In a smoky interior we are tight on the exchange of twenty small wraps of drugs and pills for a wedge of cash which is counted out. In the exchange we see Joey's tattoo.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The freezer door opens and from inside we see Joey opening the door. He is wearing his bouncer suit with his bow tie dangling. He puts a thick wedge of fifty pound notes into the freezer. The freezer is filling up. He closes the door.

INT. GAMBLING DEN, BACK ROOM

A hard slap. A room lit by a naked bulb. The windows are sealed. A small Buddhist shrine in the corner where incense burns.

A young Chinese guy is being slapped around by Joey as Mr Han harangues the guy in Chinese. We don't get a translation of the yelling, we just concentrate on Joey's calm and easy way with violence...

EXT. SOHO STREET - EARLY HOURS

Mr Han is asleep in the back seat as Joey drives him home through deserted streets. We realize that Joey is now Mr Han's driver. It's raining and the windscreen wipers slap a rhythm.

Joey stops at a red light and looks around. He sees the figure of a homeless man huddled in a doorway, sheltering from the rain. He remembers how it feels.

Next to the doorway there is a burning neon sign, advertizing pizza delivery, 24 hours a day with a phone number. Joey glances at the time on the dashboard. It is 1.35am.

He pulls away and reaches for a cellphone.

EXT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH, SHELTER/SOUP KITCHEN

Dazzling headlights.

A pizza delivery van rattles over the cobbles toward the light of the soup kitchen.

We find Cristina hard at work at the head of a line of homeless men. Then her face is illuminated by headlights. The pizza van pulls up and the uniformed driver gets out and looks around in confusion. He checks an address. Cristina approaches him...

CRISTINA

Can I help you?

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

I've got a delivery for the St Mary of the Angels Mission.

Cristina looks blank. Some of the homeless guys are listening in...

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)

Forty five Margeritas, forty five garlic breads, forty five coca colas, forty five chicken dippers, forty five...

CRISTINA

There must be a mistake.

The guy consults his order again...

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Paid for by Joey Jones.

Cristina reacts. The homeless guys have now all gathered. Cristina glances at their faces then speaks evenly.

CRISTINA

Ok, it's not a mistake, who wants Pizza?

INT. CHINA TOWN, GAMBLING ROOM - 4AM

A door flies open into a swirl of cigarette smoke.

We are in a mah-jong gambling den above a restaurant in Lisle Street. It is three large rooms knocked together with a view over the West End.

Joey enters through the open door, looking indomitable.

Dozens of Chinese men and women, restaurant workers who have finished for the night, are gambling away their money at the tables. The rattle and slap of mah-jong pieces makes the place sound like a factory. When Joey appears, the gamblers all divert their gaze.

INT. GAMBLING ROOM, BACK ROOM

Joey enters and finds Tony, who unlocks a drawer.

TONY

Uncle thinks you're ok to do the rounds tonight.

From the flicker on Joey's face we see this is a promotion. Tony takes out three different automatic pistols from the drawer and lays them on the desk. Joey chooses one, engages it expertly and clicks on an empty chamber.

INT. SOHO, SLOT MACHINE ARCADE - LATE NIGHT

Joey walks through the flashing lights of the slot machines, straight backed and menacing. He disappears into a back room.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT, KITCHEN

A middle-aged Chinese man counts out cash on a bare table. Joey watches and waits. He looks around the kitchen and sees two chefs making up a take-away order, putting food into cartons.

Joey picks up the cash from the restaurant owner then hands back a hundred...

EXT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH, SHELTER/SOUP KITCHEN - SUMMER NIGHT

We find Cristina busy dispensing Chinese food to her clients from a huge stack of take-away boxes. The soup urn is neglected. Cristina is responding to a question from a homeless guy...

CRISTINA (BUSY)

I have no idea, I think it's probably duck. And there's chicken and fish and pancakes.

Another homeless guy steps up (BILLY)

BILLY

From Crazy Joe the angel, yeah?

Cristina sweeps her hair from her face.

CRISTINA

Next.

EXT. CHINA TOWN, SMALL ALLEYWAY - ON A WARM EARLY SUMMER DAY

A black Mercedes is parked with the keys in the ignition. After a moment two hard looking Chinese guys come running out of a back door and leap into the back of the car. Joey then emerges, walking more slowly. He gets into the driver's seat.

As he jumps into the car and fires the engine, a Chinese girl, ten years old, flies out of the same back door screaming and crying in Chinese. Joey cranes his neck to look back as he shifts gear to drive away. The girl is now in the middle of the alley, weeping and crying out.

The jazz music beats fast. Joey glances in the rear view mirror with a flicker of concern. We glimpse one of the hard looking Chinese guys putting away a bloody knife.

CHINESE GUY

It's his little sister. She won't talk. Just drive, man. Just fucking drive...

Joey shifts gear and skids away. He glances back in his rear view mirror and sees...

INT. AFGHANISTAN, JEEP

...A small hut almost obscured in dust. A young girl is sobbing in the swirl of sand. We can just make out the bodies of five people strewn around the entrance of the hut. Joey is in military uniform, covered in blood, flying into the jeep and yelling...

JOEY

Just drive! Just fucking drive!
Get us out of here!

INT. CAR/EXT. ALLEYWAY

Joey is at the wheel of the Mercedes, staring, breathing hard, driving fast. He is gripping the steering wheel and his knuckles are white.

One of the Chinese guys puts a hand on Joey's shoulder. Joey screeches to a halt and the two Chinese guys jump out and disappear into the crowds. Joey drives away into Shaftesbury Avenue alone.

EXT. MAYFAIR STREET

Joey decides he's clear and pulls up sharply. He swerves to park in a Bus lane.

He takes a breath. Takes stock. He looks at his reflection in the rear view. He looks down and finds blood on his cuffs. Outside the sun is shining. It's early summer. Then, there is a shadow.

A traffic warden is giving Joey a ticket. Joey half smiles, runs his hand through his hair.

He glances at the back seat and sees an envelope with a wad of fifty pound notes which has been left for him. He takes it and puts it into his inside pocket.

Joey looks past the traffic warden and sees he is parked outside a beautifully dressed patisserie window where there is a fine display of chocolate cakes and pastries...

EXT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH, SHELTER/SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

We move across the doorway of the shelter to see that two dozen boxes of patisserie and confectionery have been left at the door. The boxes are gold and silver, tied up with red ribbons, bought from the fancy patisserie.

The boxes are then lit by headlights. Cristina pulls up in her van and climbs out.

She looks all around and reacts wearily to the gift. We sense it is becoming routine. She goes to the top box and unties the ribbon. There is a selection of beautiful, fancy patisserie cakes inside.

Then her eye is taken by something hanging above the cakes. She looks up to see a silk dress on a hanger, inside a clear plastic cover. Attached to the cover is an envelope addressed to 'Sister'.

The dress is unexpected. She unpins the envelope, opens it and reads...

EXT. SMITHFIELD MARKET - 2AM

At 2am the meat market is in full swing, with porters in bloody white coats hauling whole pigs and sides of beef. Large trucks reverse, blood flows over the cobbles...deals are done.

Through the bustle we find a white van approaching and then parking. Joey is at the wheel. Tony and another hard looking Chinese guy are with him. The two Chinese guys get out of the van and approach the meat market. Joey sits in the driver's seat for a moment to let them go. Then he climbs out and goes to the rear of the van. He looks around and (incongruously) takes out a wicker picnic basket.

EXT. SMITHFIELD COBBLES - NIGHT

An odd sight.

Joey is feeding pieces of broken wooden crates from the market to the flames of a small fire. It is a warm night and he is wearing his vest, his muscles showing.

He has the picnic basket beside him and two small wooden crates for seats. He has also spread a picnic blanket on the cobbles and there is a single wine glass.

In grease proof paper we see two prime cut steaks, fresh and bloody from the market.

After a moment, a shadow falls across the cobbles and Joey looks up. Cristina is standing there, holding the silk dress at arm's length. Joey smiles.

JOEY

You got my invitation.

She lays the dress down on the cobbles.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure you'd come.

Cristina is nervous, defiant.

CRISTINA

It's on my way home.

JOEY

Have a seat.

CRISTINA (NOT MOVING)

Buying food for the boys is ok.
But not this.

Cristina gestures at the dress on the cobbles.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

Giving me things puts me in a very
difficult position.

Joey stokes the fire and half smiles.

JOEY

You're not vegetarian are you?

Cristina's eye is taken by someone carrying a whole pig across the cobbles. She looks back to Joey...

CRISTINA

Why are you lighting fires on the
pavement?

Joey pulls a bottle of wine from the picnic basket.

JOEY

My Chinese boss sends his people
here to buy meat for his
restaurants. I get three hours
hanging out on the street doing
nothing.

He begins to uncork the wine.

JOEY (CONT'D)
So tonight I decided to have a
barbecue.

He pulls the cork and smiles up at Cristina.

JOEY (CONT'D)
You used to feed me....

Joey pours a single glass of wine.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Tonight I feed you.

He hands her the glass of wine. She peers at it and registers that Joey isn't taking a drink himself. She can see that he has begun to transform himself. Slowly she sits down on the crate then hesitantly takes a sip of wine like a bird. He takes a swig of Evian water.

CRISTINA
This is a very strange thing to be
doing.

He grabs a knife...

JOEY
I miss the smell of wood smoke.

Joey lays a grill over the flames. He lays the meat on the grill and it begins to hiss.

JOEY (CONT'D)
They trained me to survive anywhere
in the world except where I live.

As their conversation develops, Joey busies himself with cooking the meat. Cristina takes a tiny sip of wine.

CRISTINA
Joseph, I'm guessing that you have
psychological problems.

Joey smiles as the meat flames up and the firelight flickers on his face...

JOEY
They put me up a mountain with a
gun and a knife and told me to kill
people. What did they think would
come back down the mountain?

Joey turns the meat over then produces two plates and some cutlery from the picnic basket. Cristina reacts with incredulity to the preparations. She puts her wine aside.

CRISTINA

I really have to go...

She gets to her feet.

JOEY

Sister, there's another reason I asked you to come here.

Joey puts the steak on the plate and offers it to her.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Please...

After a moment Cristina sits and takes the steak and rests it on her knees. Joey picks up his steak and begins to cut it with purpose.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You remember I was looking for someone.

Cristina takes a moment and softens a little. (She appears to know what is coming next).

CRISTINA

Isabel.

A pause. Joey sees that she has heard news and darkens almost imperceptibly...

JOEY

I heard she hangs around with someone called 'Taxman' now.

Joey glances at Cristina. She nods confirmation.

Joey continues to cut his steak without showing his emotion. (We will realize that like all professionally violent men he rarely shows any anger). He speaks evenly...

JOEY (CONT'D)

He rents her out. To rich men. She goes to hotel rooms.

CRISTINA (QUICKLY)

I don't hear all the details.

Joey hides his huge emotion. Cristina sees it.

CRISTINA

Joseph, what is she to you?

Joey is still cutting his meat and doesn't reply. He has cut his steak into ten bite sized pieces but hasn't eaten one of them. This is his only expression of anger and concern. He stops cutting and stares at his plate.

JOEY

I just want her to know she can be safe.

CRISTINA

Why don't you tell her yourself?

Joey looks up at Cristina and speaks in a matter-of-fact voice.

JOEY

Because if I go near her and Taxman is there, I will kill him. I don't want to kill anyone.

Cristina is unnerved and glances across the cobbles at the meat market. Joey then reaches into his pocket and hands Cristina a scrap of paper.

JOEY (CONT'D)

If you see her, give her this. Tell her she can find me here. She can be safe. She can get clean with me. Tell her not to worry who would follow her.

A pause.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I will take care of them.

Cristina takes the piece of paper and reacts to the address. She looks up at Joey to silently question him. Finally Joey decides to give something...

JOEY (CONT'D)

The guy's away. I keep his place clean.

CRISTINA

You stole his money?

JOEY

Yes.

Joey sees her reaction and speaks in earnest.

JOEY (CONT'D)

But I will pay back every penny I took. I snapped his credit card in two. I'm even going to leave him rent.

Joey half smiles and speaks without irony.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to do a lot of good things before this summer's over.

He puts his plate aside and looks up at her.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I'm going to give everybody what
they want.

Joey glances at the dress lying on the cobbles.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I thought you might want something
to wear...

Cristina peers at him...

CRISTINA
Joseph, I'm a Nun.

Joey is unfazed.

JOEY
I used to wear a uniform. It don't
mean a thing. You just take it
off.

Cristina quickly turns and walks away.

CRISTINA
No more gifts Joseph.

Joey thinks for a moment then grabs the dress and hurries
after her. He steps in front of her.

JOEY
If it looks beautiful on you then
God would say it's ok wouldn't he?

INT. SOUTH LONDON, PECKHAM, CHEAP CONVENIENCE STORE

The store has narrow aisles and cheap products piled high.
The place sells everything. The Asian owner is behind a
counter that has bars for protection.

Among the aisles we find Dawn, who has a few items in a
shopping basket. She looks up and suddenly finds Joey
standing a few yards down the aisle. He is smartly dressed,
his cap pushed back on his head. He isn't expecting a hero's
welcome.

JOEY
Dawn. It's me.

Dawn stares at Joey, framed in the aisle. Her surprise
quickly turns to absolute fury which she contains. She
stares at him in silence for a long time. Then she drops her
basket onto the floor with a clatter.

DAWN (EVENLY)

Nice suit.

Joey is expecting the worst. He waits.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Me and your daughter live on twenty five pounds a week.

Joey doesn't respond. Dawn's fury is bubbling but still she speaks evenly...

DAWN (CONT'D)

Since I lost my job I pay the landlord with blowjobs. I don't even taste it anymore.

Joey doesn't speak.

DAWN (CONT'D)

There's no work. Everything's cut.

She takes a step forward.

DAWN (CONT'D)

What have you been doing while they cut everything, Joey?

A pause.

JOEY

Fighting.

Suddenly Dawn grabs a can of beans and hurls it at Joey. He parries it but Dawn begins to hurl anything she can grab in his direction, pulling cans and boxes off the shelves.

We hear the Asian owner yelling as he sees what is happening on his security camera. Joey hardly moves. He takes everything she can throw and finally steps forward to take her arm.

She stares murder into his eyes as he restrains her. Then he reaches into his inside pocket and produces a wedge of fifty pound notes, two thousand pounds worth.

He hands it to her.

JOEY (CONT'D)

There's more where this came from.

She slackens in his grip, shocked.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Lots more.

Joey lets her go and she stares at the money. The Asian owner comes flying around the aisle with a wooden stick brandished. Joey turns to him calmly and hands him another hundred pounds in fifties.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Give her anything she wants except
booze.

Joey leaves.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Joey is in the shower. A different man now. Bright sunlight shines through the bathroom windows. He steps out of the shower and begins to comb his hair. He is noticeably well groomed.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM

Joey opens the wardrobe. Damon's clothes are now pushed into a separate area and Joey has his own clothes colonizing one end of the wardrobe. His suits are darker, sharper. Joey pulls out a shirt.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

Joey is ironing a shirt. He irons the sleeve with precision as steam billows. The crease is razor sharp. Joey pulls on the shirt and begins to button it.

Then Joey hears the door buzzer.

INT. APARTMENT

Joey is still buttoning his shirt as he approaches the door and peers through the fish-eye spy hole.

INT./EXT. JOEY'S APARTMENT

Through the hole we see Cristina standing at Joey's door. She is straightening her hair and her dress and looks anxious. We pull away to reveal Joey's reaction. He unchains the door. Cristina is crimson, flustered, but with a purpose.

CRISTINA

I tried to get your message to
Isabel.

A pause.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
I'm afraid I have some news.

Joey reacts...

JOEY
Will you come in?

She hesitates.

CRISTINA
I will only be here for one minute.

INT. APARTMENT

Cristina enters and looks all around at the sleek furnishings, a little stunned by the opulence. Joey studies her as she steps inside.

CRISTINA
Last night I had a visit from David, the police liaison officer.

A pause...

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
They found a young girl in the river. Isabel Watts.

A pause. She takes out a post-mortem photograph and shows it to Joey. Joey hides his emotion.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
Murdered, they think.

Joey is calm, almost nerveless...

JOEY
Have a seat.

CRISTINA
I'm ok.

JOEY
Do you want tea or coffee?

Cristina shakes her head but Joey goes to the espresso machine and begins to use it expertly with fast, hard jerks. Cristina watches him...

CRISTINA
The police want to speak to anyone who knew her.

Joey tightens the espresso cup with venom and speaks evenly...

JOEY

She was from the north. That's all I know.

He pours coffee grounds.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I don't remember many words we spoke. Just the feeling.

Joey is jerking the machine into life with angry movements.

CRISTINA

Did you love her?

Joey turns to her with a look of angry incredulity.

JOEY

I'm talking about the feeling of being warm. We shared a box. You just keep each other warm.

Cristina nods, feeling a little foolish.

CRISTINA

Will you...

JOEY

I can't talk to the police. Fuck the police.

Cristina looks anxiously at Joey's controlled anger. Then he turns to her, his emotions gathered. Cristina gathers courage.

CRISTINA

Joseph, there's something else.

He looks away from her.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

Something I think you know already.

A pause. He stares at the wall, not wanting his emotion to show.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

She was three and a half months pregnant.

He is still looking away.

JOEY

Yeah.

Finally Joey turns to Cristina and she glances at the door.

CRISTINA

I'm very uncomfortable being here.
Can we walk?

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, PIAZZA - DAY

We find Joey and Cristina walking through the Piazza past a fast spinning carousel. Children scream on the carousel.

It is not until we pull wide that we realize they are walking in the shadow of the giant poster of Sylvie Guillem. Now the poster has a sash-sign 'SOLD OUT'.

Joey is leading Cristina to an empty table outside a piazza cafe. Cristina hesitates, glancing at the poster as they approach the steel tables.

Joey pulls out a chair for Cristina. Now whenever we turn to Cristina she is framed by the giant image of Sylvie. Joey raises his hand at a waiter who evidently knows Joey. Joey raises two fingers for two coffees. Cristina settles awkwardly.

Joey lights a cigarette then looks around, trailing smoke... A darkness has gathered behind Joey's eyes. Cristina allows him a moment.

CRISTINA

I'm sorry to bring such awful news.

JOEY

Where in the river?

CRISTINA

The City. Near to Canary Wharf.

JOEY

One of those rich guys...

CRISTINA

Yes. They think she was killed by a client.

JOEY

Do the police give a shit?

Cristina clouds a little.

CRISTINA

Of course. David is a good man.

Joey's deep anger is smothered in a soft, casual voice. He speaks in clipped sentences...

JOEY
Yeah? Really? Good. Good for
him. A *good* man.

A pause. Cristina finally dares to ask...

CRISTINA
I'm guessing it was your child she
was carrying.

Joey's silence is confirmation. After a moment...

JOEY
I wanted to help get her through
it.

A pause.

CRISTINA
It was a boy.

JOEY (EVENLY)
Yeah? A boy. A boy in the river.
Ok.

CRISTINA
Sorry, that was stupid of me.

Joey doesn't show any emotion. The waiter brings two
coffees...

WAITER
How's it going Joey?

JOEY
It's going great, man.

The waiter smiles. Joey takes the scalding hot coffee and
suddenly and from nowhere he lets the coffee cup drop hard
onto the cobbles at the waiter's feet...

JOEY (CONT'D)
Just great, yeah.

Cristina has jumped. Heads turn then turn back. The waiter
senses it was deliberate but doesn't want trouble. He seems
to know Joey's reputation. He forces a smile...

WAITER
I'll get you another.

Joey apologizes as if it wasn't his fault.

JOEY (EVENLY)
Sorry man.

The waiter hurries inside. There is danger around Joey that
scares us. He is capable of pointless violent gestures.

But Cristina isn't scared. She gathers herself quickly and reacts with venom...

CRISTINA

If you dare to be angry about
Isabel you're a fucking hypocrite.

Joey's head is turned by her language. Cristina hisses...

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I asked around about your job for
the Chinese boss. They said 'Crazy
Joe' deals drugs.

JOEY

I just deliver the stuff. I don't
touch the stuff.

CRISTINA

The autopsy said Isabel touched the
stuff. Maybe stuff you delivered.
You don't put those things together
in your head?

The waiter from inside comes out with a cloth to clear up the fragments of the cup. He glances at Joey with some trepidation before bending to gingerly gather the pieces. Cristina and Joey stare at each other. The waiter glances at them then goes back inside.

Joey looks into the crowds of tourists.

JOEY

You know why she ended up in the
river? Because that's what the
river's for. To wash away girls
when they've finished with them.

Joey turns to Cristina.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Tell your policeman she was from
Salford and she came down to look
for work but there is no fucking
work anymore.

Joey's anger sparks...

JOEY (CONT'D)

I see what's happening in this
fucking city. How many people do
you feed these days? You give them
soup, they want their lives back.

Cristina sees his anger expressed and reaches out to him...

CRISTINA

Joseph...

Joey growls...

JOEY

And don't call me Joseph, ok? Only my dad called me Joseph and he was a bastard. Call me Joey.

A pause. Cristina lets Joey's anger settle.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I'm Joey. Joey Jones.

He takes a breath of smoke.

JOEY (CONT'D)

It was you who baptized me Jones. I prefer it.

They both look away from each other. Cristina then turns to Joey. She is framed by the poster of Sylvie Guillem.

CRISTINA

Joey, you must think about what happened to Isabel.

JOEY

You're going to preach to me?

CRISTINA (FIRMLY)

Yes. Start to do the right thing.

Joey laughs but Cristina is deadly serious. She begins to fuss in her bag.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

But I can't tell you to do the right thing until I have also done the right thing.

She hands Joey an unsealed envelope. He checks it and finds cash. Five hundred pounds. He stares at her.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

When you were out of your head on drugs a few months ago you gave me some money. I spent it on something for myself. I haven't been able to sleep properly since.

He stares at her with disbelief.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I called my sister in Kiev.

A pause.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

She sold some of the possessions I
left behind.

Joey checks the money. He looks up at Cristina. Then he
pushes it back across the table.

JOEY

I don't need this.

Cristina pushes it back to Joey again.

CRISTINA

You will need it if you choose to
live decently. Use it. It is
honest money. I cleaned it for
you. Use it to start an honest
life.

Cristina gets to her feet.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Isabel. I know you
cared for her. But think about all
the *other* Isabels.

She quickly walks away across the piazza.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, PIAZZA, CAROUSEL

The small garishly painted carousel continues to spin with
children aboard. In long shot, through the carousel, we see
Cristina walking away, almost running.

We join her as she glances up at the poster of Sylvie. She
takes a breath of relief as she hurries on.

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NIGHT

We dwell on the sparkling night time waterside skyline of
London, with the London Eye spinning slowly. There is a
silhouette of a man on the bridge.

Joey is staring down into the river, smoking a cigarette. The
majesty of the London skyline is lost on him. He stares at
the Houses of Parliament and throws his cigarette butt into
the river with contempt. We might believe he is deciding to
turn over a new leaf.

However...

INT. ALLEYWAY - LATER

We are in the same alleyway where we first found Joey. The cardboard boxes are covered in plastic sheeting just as before.

It is the dead of night...3.15am.

Then we hear someone whistling...and see shadows. It is Taxman and Bouzanis. They step among the boxes and Bouzanis delivers his first swift kick to a cardboard box.

TAXMAN

Taxman!

Taxman pulls a poor wretch from his shell and shoves him up against the wall. The process of 'taxing' begins just as it did before. Again, just as before, there is one box that remains unmoved. Bouzanis kicks it. The box explodes.

Joey emerges from the box and stands before Bouzanis.

TAXMAN (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

Joey smiles...

JOEY

You don't remember me? I'm not surprised. I've changed.

Taxman peers into Joey's eyes. As the light of recognition begins to appear Joey shoves him back against the wall.

Taxman is about to run but Joey is upon him. He begins to mercilessly beat both Taxman and Bouzanis. He is ruthless, powerful, efficient. The homeless watch with wonder and astonishment.

As the beating continues we should begin to realize that a sober and fit Joey is a monster unleashed. No new leaf has been turned.

Now that Bouzanis is beaten beyond resistance, Joey grabs Taxman and pushes him up against the wall.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Tell me who killed Isabel.

Taxman is only half conscious. Joey slams him against the wall again.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You're only alive because I need information. Tell me what happened to her or I will fucking kill you.

Joey really is about to deliver the fatal blow. Taxman dredges up the words...

TAXMAN

Some guy used to rent her regular.
Beat her up. He used to ask for
her. He went too far.

Joey slams Taxman again and shoves his forearm against Taxman's throat.

JOEY

Name.

TAXMAN

They don't use names.

JOEY

Describe him to me.

A pause.

TAXMAN

White hair. About thirty but with
white hair. A City boy. That's all
I know.

Joey considers ending Taxman's life. There is a moment of decision. Finally Joey lets Taxman slide down the wall. The homeless are watching in quiet delight. Joey yells to them...

JOEY

You get any trouble from these two
again, you tell Crazy Joe, ok?

Joey turns through three hundred and sixty degrees and hammers his chest with his fist like a gorilla. He then bends and yells at Bouzanis...

JOEY (CONT'D)

You tax these poor people anymore,
I'll fucking tear your head from
your body.

Joey turns and kicks a box out of the way. He then casually drops three twenty pound notes on the floor for the homeless boys and walks.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the half light we see Joey washing blood from his cut knuckles, just as he did the night when he first broke in. But he is a different man now. He does it feverishly, the blood imaginary. He growls to himself, repeating Cristina's words...

JOEY

Do the right thing...ok, ok.

He goes to the fridge and takes Cristina's five hundred from his pocket. He has to squash the other cash to put it into the freezer with the rest.

Then he opens the fridge and takes a huge swig of orange juice. He gasps and wipes his mouth (the way he did with vodka that first night). We should feel the violent power inside him. He then falls to the floor and rattles off ten push-ups with lightning speed.

He leaps to his feet and yells in military style.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Atten...tion!!

He stands dead straight, chin raised, eyes burning. He is a killing machine once more.

INT. CRISTINA'S CELL/ROOM - EARLY EVENING

The room is empty but we hear someone moving around in the shower room. After a moment the door to the shower room opens and Cristina emerges.

She is wearing the silk dress which Joey gave to her.

She hesitates then turns to the mirror. She sees herself in the dress and stares. She removes her round glasses and the dress transforms her. She looks almost embarrassed as she glances up at the picture of Sylvie Guillem on the wall. She looks back to her reflection.

Then she checks her watch.

INT. CORK STREET ART GALLERY

Polite conversation and music.

We are at a photographic exhibition. The walls are adorned with photos of (mostly male) nudes. We see an arty crowd sipping white wine and discussing the photos. The pieces are for sale and agents are taking orders.

Then we find Joey, sipping water and studying the photographs. We guess he has responded to one of Damon's invitations to a viewing. Joey glances occasionally at the door and checks his watch. He stares at the bodies on display, moves from one to the other.

Then he looks toward the door again. Cristina is showing her invitation at the door. Joey was half expecting her but is surprised and delighted she came. He sees she is wearing the silk dress.

JOEY

Jesus...

At that moment, suddenly...

AGENT (KARL)

Excuse me, we haven't been introduced. I'm Karl...

A middle-aged guy offers Joey his hand to shake but Joey ignores him and immediately sets off to intercept Cristina. She sees him and smiles bashfully, wildly uncertain of why she is here at all. He speaks softly to her...

JOEY

Fuck. You look...

Cristina interrupts and speaks formally as if she's rehearsed the words many times.

CRISTINA

Your note said you had information for the police about Isabel's killer. That is the only reason I am here. I put on this dress because it is the only dress I have.

Joey is still staring at Cristina transformed in the dress. A guest brushes by and nods a greeting. They let him pass. Joey speaks softly...

JOEY

They think my name is Damon by the way.

CRISTINA

Please don't remind me.

Joey stares at her with wonder again.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I think I might faint.

JOEY

What?

CRISTINA

I haven't eaten anything all day worrying about whether or not I would come.

A passing waiter offers Champagne and Joey takes one for Cristina. She takes a big sip and gathers her breath as she looks at the photos on the walls.

JOEY

Also, I didn't realize there would be so many naked men.

She takes another big sip. Joey looks around at the photos.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Let's go outside.

He takes her arm. She jumps a little and frees her arm as they head for the door. Cristina takes yet another big sip of Champagne to settle her nerves.

EXT. CORK STREET ART GALLERY

Joey is lighting a cigarette outside the gallery. Others are smoking in the street too while the exhibition continues inside. Cristina is taking a second glass of champagne from a passing tray. Joey notices and Cristina see his look.

CRISTINA

I don't usually drink.

Joey is a little amused as she sips and looks all around.

JOEY

What did you tell the Mother...

CRISTINA

I lied, I lied, I lied.

Joey nods. They are lost for words for a moment. Cristina takes another big sip of Champagne.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

So what information do you have?

Joey pauses to let a guest walk by...

JOEY

Tell your policeman to look for a guy around thirty. But he has white hair. He works in the City.

CRISTINA

Should I write this down?

JOEY

That's all I have.

Cristina nods firmly and repeats.

CRISTINA

Thirty years old, white hair, works in the City. Got it.

She takes another sip of Champagne and glances in at the exhibition again. Joey follows her eye line and speaks with remorse.

JOEY

Look, I arranged to meet you here because I thought you might like photographs. I didn't realize it'd be photographs of men's cocks. I'm sorry.

Joey is deadly serious but suddenly they both giggle. Cristina recovers quickly. Another tray passes and she grabs a third glass of Champagne.

CRISTINA

Joey, I actually do like photographs. I take photographs. Usually of nature.

JOEY

Cocks are nature I suppose.

CRISTINA

Yes, I suppose they are.

Cristina stifles a giggle again. Joey gestures at her glass.

JOEY

You haven't eaten. You should go easy...

CRISTINA

I should go.

JOEY

No. It's ok. Stay. We'll go somewhere. You should eat something.

They peer at each other for a moment. It seems Cristina is about to agree. Then suddenly the agent (KARL) is upon Joey again, offering his hand. This time we realize this guy appears to have an agenda.

KARL

We haven't been introduced. I'm Karl, what's your name?

Joey blows smoke and hardens.

JOEY

I'm just looking around.

KARL

I'm told the invitation you handed in at the desk was addressed to Damon Simmons.

Joey blinks.

KARL (CONT'D)

I happen to be Damon's photographic agent. He's in New York. Who the hell are you?

Joey stares for a moment. Then he takes Cristina's hand and leads her quickly away. Cristina still has her Champagne glass in her hand as they disappear into the shadows.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, NEAR CORK STREET - NIGHT

Joey and Cristina walk side-by-side. Cristina stops walking. Joey stops and turns. Cristina takes another gulp of Champagne.

CRISTINA

It's all snowballing.

JOEY

What is?

Instead of answering Cristina takes a big breath, smooths her dress.

CRISTINA

You know I think I've worked it all out.

She leans back against the wall.

JOEY

I think you're a bit drunk.

CRISTINA

Yes...

She finishes her Champagne in a large gulp.

JOEY

What have you worked out?

CRISTINA

I am having a crazy patch. Starting when I bought the ticket.

JOEY

What ticket?

Cristina is staring straight ahead.

CRISTINA

I used your money to buy a ticket to the ballet.

Joey smiles and leans his head back against the wall beside her.

JOEY

That's a pretty wicked thing to do.

CRISTINA

But you see I've loved her since I was a little girl.

JOEY

Loved who?

CRISTINA

Sylvie Guillem. She is forty five and still dancing. Sylvie is who I always wanted to be. She is who I should have been.

Cristina tries to take another sip from the glass but it is empty.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

But look where she has led me.

Joey turns to her.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I'm in a silk dress, in an alleyway, with a gangster. And I'm drunk.

Joey smiles at her. She looks deadly serious.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

Are you still a gangster Joey or did I change you?

He takes her glass from her hand and puts it on a wall.

JOEY

I'm just having a crazy patch too. There are things I have to do. When the summer's over I will stop.

CRISTINA

Because of me. Yes?

Joey smiles at her earnestness.

CRISTINA

I have to think I am doing good.

JOEY

Your excuse for wearing a pretty dress.

She stares at him. A pause.

CRISTINA

When does Damon return?

JOEY

October 1st.

Cristina registers the date. The same date as the Sylvie performance. She nods and states firmly.

CRISTINA

Then it's fate.

JOEY

What is?

Cristina doesn't reply directly, her head fizzy with champagne. Instead...

CRISTINA

When I say 'it is fate', I should really say 'it's God' but I don't. You know why?

She speaks firmly.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

Because I'm not sure that God is there anymore. That's the truth. I use God as an excuse to avoid looking for myself.

Joey takes her odd, blurted confession on board. A long silence. Finally...

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to throw up.

She takes a big breath then speaks firmly again.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

No. I'm fine.

Joey half smiles and studies her. He is amused and impressed by her. Cristina misunderstands the look and closes her eyes. Joey doesn't realize she is preparing to be kissed. Joey just stares at her, a little puzzled. Then she opens her eyes.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

Oh.

After a moment Joey realizes what she was waiting for.

JOEY

Sister, I'm Catholic.

CRISTINA

I'm not your sister.

Joey hesitates. She closes her eyes again and speaks softly.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
I'm drunk and I'm up against a
wall.

He peers at her for a moment then decides. He very gently removes her spectacles and kisses her softly on the lips. After a second Cristina opens her eyes. Joey offers her spectacles back and she takes them. She puts them back on and speaks evenly.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
Thirty, white hair, works in the
City.

She turns and quickly hurries away. Joey is about to follow but he stops and lets her go.

EXT. WEST END, ALLEY WAY

We see Cristina from the back, her head lost in a large rubbish bin. We infer she has just thrown up.

We come close to her face as she wipes her mouth and recovers, returning to herself. She takes off her spectacles to wipe her eyes then puts them back on. Then she walks on firmly and we watch her go.

INT. MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE

A match is struck.

The Mother Superior is lighting a cigarillo and blows smoke. She has paperwork spread out on her desk. There is a knock at the door and Cristina enters. She takes a seat.

The Mother Superior consults some of the paperwork.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Sister Cristina, I am deeply
shocked.

Cristina nods. The Mother Superior lifts a form and studies it...

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)
You have filled in the Africa
application.

Cristina seems to be resolved.

CRISTINA
My preference is for the valley
mission in Sierra Leone.

The Mother Superior trails smoke as she reads the form in front of her.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
But what about your work here at the *Soho* Mission?

CRISTINA
Africa was always part of my life plan.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Yes, in two years...

CRISTINA
I decided to bring it forward.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
But why?

CRISTINA
I am finding there are too many distractions in London.

A pause. The Mother Superior studies her.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
You're blushing.

CRISTINA
It's very warm in here.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
It's even warmer in Sierra Leone. Hot even.

CRISTINA (FIRMLY)
I will wear a hat.

A pause as the Mother Superior draws on her cigarillo.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
You have applied to leave in this quarter.

Cristina glances at the form...

CRISTINA
I am ready to leave any time after October 1st.

INT. TRACEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

We find Joey sitting at a dining table, sipping water. Various dishes steam on the table, which is set for two. There are candles and a bottle of red wine.

After a moment Tracey (the neighbor) enters from the kitchen with the last dish of the meal. The apartment is identical to Joey's but with different furnishings. Tracey sits down and offers Joey wine. He shakes his head. She pours herself a glass.

TRACEY

You seem to have changed so much.

Joey begins to spoon food onto his plate.

TRACEY

For the better I mean.

JOEY

Yeah.

TRACEY

You seem so *together* now.

JOEY (HALF MOCKING)

Yeah I'm really together now.

Tracey takes a sip of wine and speaks casually.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

So, Joey, are you *exclusively* gay?

Joey is now cutting his meat.

JOEY

Well, you know it's interesting...

Tracey sips her wine, a spark of hope hidden....

JOEY (CONT'D)

Recently...

More hope.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I've found myself attracted to...

Tracey waits...

JOEY (CONT'D)

Nuns.

Tracey coughs on her wine.

INT. SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT, SOHO - DAY

The kitchen is winding down after a busy evening service. Dishes are being washed, surfaces are being wiped. There are two big Italian chefs and three porters. Cigarettes are being lit. The OWNER is a big guy in a crumpled suit who is sitting at a desk near the fire escape, cashing up.

Then the fire escape door flies open. All heads turn. Joey steps in. The owner gets to his feet.

OWNER
Who the fuck are you?

Joey surveys the kitchen quickly.

JOEY
You owe Mr Han rent.

The chefs slip to their feet from chairs and surfaces and approach. The owner gets to his feet too.

OWNER
What the fuck do you know about Mr Han? Mr Han is a gentleman. He is a friend of mine.

JOEY
He is my boss. You have put him in a difficult position.

OWNER
What are you talking about? Han only employs Chinks.

One of the chefs speaks in Italian and we see subtitles...

CHEF
(The Chink is employing some crazy English guy. A bad man off the street).

Joey steps closer to the Owner's desk. The owner steps in between the cash and Joey.

OWNER
Tell Mr Han I'll send him a cheque.

Joey smiles, studies the height and weight of the three chefs...

JOEY
You promised that already three times. I'll take the cash.

OWNER
I'll call him. I'll explain.

JOEY
I'm taking the cash.

There is a brief impasse. The owner speaks in Italian...

OWNER
(There are four of us. It's ok).

Joey's eyes flash.

JOEY

Give me the fucking cash.

In the shadows one of the chefs reaches for a long knife which is dirty on a surface. We might think Joey hasn't noticed but he puts his hand on the owner's shoulder.

JOEY (CONT'D)

One of your employees just picked up a knife. That is not a wise thing to do around me. Step out of the way my friend and let me take some of what you owe in cash as a gesture of good will.

Joey reaches around the owner for the cash. The owner shoves Joey back against the wall. The chef pulls the knife. Suddenly Joey is among them.

The chefs and porters are big guys but Joey is a whirl of fists and feet as he clears a space around him. He takes some heavy blows but two of the three chefs fall back and the porters resort to hurling pots and pans at Joey.

For a while the whole kitchen is a whirl of flying pots, pans, plates, anything, all accompanied by volleys of curses in Italian.

Then the owner picks up the knife which the chef dropped. Joey twists his arm around, breaking his arm with a snap. The owner yells in pain and Joey takes the knife and holds it to the owner's throat.

The whole kitchen freezes. Joey freezes too. He has the tip of the blade touching the owner's gullet. We suddenly feel the deep urge inside Joey to kill.

Joey closes his eyes tight and we sense that he is experiencing some terrible memory. The chefs and porters stare in horror as the owner's life rests in the balance.

But while Joey's eyes are closed, in a flash, a young Corsican porter ducks under a burner and reaches into a leather bag. He pulls out a pistol.

Joey's eyes open. Finally Joey shoves the owner to the ground, grabs the cash from the owner's desk and is about to leave.

The Corsican kid suddenly points the gun and yells...

CORSICAN

Drop the cash!

Joey turns. The kid is nervous and scared and Joey sees it. He is about to shoot.

In a flash Joey pulls his own gun from his inside pocket and takes careful aim. He shoots the kid in the arm. The kid falls back and Joey makes his escape through the fire escape door.

As the fire door slams, the owner yells...

OWNER

The Chinks are breaking the rules using animals like that. Call the fucking police!

EXT. SOHO OFFICE BLOCK/SWEAT SHOP

Police sirens wail as Joey runs up three flights of iron stairs and then bursts through a fire escape onto a roof. He doesn't slow his pace as he runs to the edge of the roof and jumps onto the next. He runs across the roof and bursts through another fire escape door, setting off an alarm as he goes...

INT. STAIRCASE

Joey is running down another set of stairs, pulling off his tie and discarding his jacket.

EXT. CHINA TOWN

Joey is walking fast through the night time streets but it is late and the crowds are thin so he is visible. Suddenly a police car screeches around a corner and Joey sets off running again.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

We see Joey running past a small gathering of homeless people who are huddled in a doorway. One of them calls out...

HOMELESS GUY

Hey! It's Crazy Joe!!

A few moments later a police car comes rattling down the cobbled alley with its lights flashing.

EXT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH, SHELTER/SOUP KITCHEN

The regulars are gathered, sipping soup and eating bread rolls. Suddenly a breathless Joey appears from the shadows. Joey bundles up against one of the homeless guys (BILLY) and hisses...

JOEY

Billy, give me your hat.

Joey grabs the bewildered homeless guy's hat and pulls it down onto his head. Billy turns and announces.

BILLY

Hey! It's Joey! Look. It's the angel Joey.

Up in the pool of light near to the soup urn, Cristina hears Joey's name and looks up...

JOEY

Shut the fuck up Billy. Davey, give me your jacket...

Another homeless guy (DAVEY) steps up and Joey begins to tear his jacket from his back. Davey is delighted to be of service.

DAVEY

Joey! The tax men leave us alone now.

Joey pulls on the worn jacket. As he does, Cristina steps up...

CRISTINA

What the hell are you doing?

Joey stares at Cristina from under the hat he took from Billy. At that moment a police siren echoes down the alley and that is explanation enough. Billy is dancing around...

BILLY

He's an angel, you know that? He's a fucking angel. He's the Angel of the homeless of the street. St. Joseph of the fucking cream cakes and pizzas.

Headlights shine down the alley. Car doors slam. Joey rifles Billy's pockets and finds a small quart of whisky which he pours over his shirt. He then sits down in the doorway with his hat pulled tight down around his face. He closes his eyes.

The light of flashlights illuminates the scene. Two uniformed policemen approach. Most of the homeless people melt into the shadows. Cristina goes back to her work of collecting paper cups with hardly a flicker.

The first policeman shines his light on the soup urn. Cristina confronts him.

CRISTINA (PRIMLY)

Would you mind not shining that, you're scaring my clients.

The policeman looks around the alley.

COP 1

We saw someone run down this alley.

Cristina turns...

CRISTINA

Someone jumped over that wall. A minute ago.

The cop shines his flashlight on a high wall behind the alleyway. Billy steps up, filled with excitement.

BILLY

He's got wings. He's an angel.

COP 2

Who is?

Billy points down to where Joey is huddled up...

BILLY

Him! He's an angel.

Billy is pointing directly at Joey. The cop turns his flashlight down onto Joey. The cop sees the battered coat and hat but also glimpses the shoes, which look polished. The cop is curious and half smiles...

COP 2

Oi. Angel....

He kicks Joey's leg.

CRISTINA

Officer, please don't make fun of my customers. There are no angels here.

The cop turns the light onto Cristina's face. She has a defiant look. How can he not believe her? The cop finally turns off his flashlight.

COP 1

I don't know how the hell you deal with these people.

Cristina straightens her hair...

CRISTINA

By the grace of God, you know?

The two cops turn and walk back toward their car. After they have stepped out of ear shot Cristina takes an almighty breath. A few moments later, Joey looks up at her from the doorway and she storms away.

INT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH, SHELTER/SOUP KITCHEN - LATER

Everyone else has gone. Cristina is clearing up, angry as hell. Joey sips some soup in the shadows. He is still dressed in the ragged jacket and hat.

Cristina clatters the urn onto the ground. Joey pulls the hat from his head.

JOEY

Let me help you.

CRISTINA

The coast will be clear now, you can go. I've served my purpose.

Joey grabs the urn anyway and carries it out to the van. Cristina follows and unlocks the rear doors of the van. Joey loads up. He angles the urn to get it in and some soup spills out...

JOEY

I'm sorry I...

Cristina pushes him aside and wipes the urn of spilt soup. This simple domestic act reminds her of who she really is and she suddenly sobs just once.

CRISTINA

I just lied to the police.

Cristina regains her composure with a big breath. Joey leans back against the wall and Cristina turns on him.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

You haven't changed at all.

JOEY

If I could do something else I would do it.

Cristina angrily heads for the door to the kitchen. She fumbles with her keys as she locks the door. Joey calls out to her...

JOEY (CONT'D)

It's the only thing I'm good at.

She finishes with the locks. There is silence apart from the hum of the city.

JOEY (CONT'D)

What did your policeman say when you gave him the description?

Cristina pockets her keys and heads for the van, still furious.

CRISTINA

He laughed at me.

Joey's eyes glisten in the half light.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

He said it was too vague.

JOEY

You mean they can't be fucking bothered to look because she was a whore.

Cristina takes out the keys to the van.

CRISTINA

The truth is the police are more interested in finding out more about you.

Joey turns away in disgust...

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

You're becoming famous Joey.

Joey turns...

JOEY

And Isabel isn't famous.

CRISTINA

You really are a hypocrite!

A pause.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

You beat Taxman so bad he's still in hospital. You're not just an angel, you're God almighty, dispensing justice.

Joey yells...

JOEY

I believe in justice! Sometimes you have to make it happen yourself.

Cristina heads for the driver's door of the van.

JOEY

And I'm not the only hypocrite here. You want a kiss?

Cristina stops. She peers over the van at Joey. Joey instantly softens...

JOEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Cristina quickly jumps into the van. Joey just as quickly climbs into the passenger seat.

INT. CRISTINA'S VAN

Cristina stares straight ahead.

CRISTINA

Get out of my car.

JOEY

It's a van.

Cristina angrily fires the engine. She reverses fast.

JOEY

Where are we going?

CRISTINA

I don't know. To get petrol.

INT. CRISTINA'S VAN - NIGHT

Cristina drives through the deserted streets. She pulls up at a red light. They wait. To Joey's surprise Cristina grabs one of his cigarettes and puts it in her mouth. Joey offers her a light and she takes it.

CRISTINA

I suppose you think it was very funny that I got drunk.

JOEY

I've been drunk myself on occasion. It's not so funny.

She blows smoke.

CRISTINA

You didn't *have* to kiss me.

Joey stares ahead.

JOEY

I wanted to.

She turns to him and stares.

CRISTINA

Why did you want to?

Joey looks ahead. Finally...

JOEY

The lights are on green.

She realizes and pulls away. After a moment she repeats...

CRISTINA

Why did you want to?

JOEY

That's a really stupid question.

A pause. She drives on, glancing at him.

CRISTINA

Look, it's not my fault that I'm
fucked up.

Joey lights a cigarette too.

JOEY

For a Nun your language is pretty
bad.

CRISTINA

I usually only swear when I'm
alone.

Joey takes this as a compliment and Cristina realizes that it
is a compliment. Another red light. She stops. They are
silent for a moment.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

He was my gymnastics instructor.

JOEY

Who?

Cristina blows smoke. Joey sees that her hands are shaking.
His smile disappears. As she narrows her eyes against the
smoke....

CRISTINA

It was in Kiev...

Suddenly...

INT. GYMNASIUM, KIEV - DAY

A young girl of twelve (a YOUNG CRISTINA) is pounding down a
gym mat and then turning into a furious somersault and a
cascade of cartwheels. The image is over in two seconds...

INT. CRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Cristina is pulling away from the lights, driving slowly...

CRISTINA

It was my father who made me do gymnastics. I wanted to be a ballerina. But he said no...

INT. GYMNASIUM, KIEV - DAY

The young girl flies through the air again. She twists in full flight and lands with a thud. As she gathers her breath, her arms outstretched, the door to the gymnasium opens in the far corner. The young girl stares straight ahead but registers a flicker of terror. We see a middle-aged man entering and locking the door behind him...

INT. CRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Cristina is still driving slowly through the empty streets....

CRISTINA

If I had become a ballerina, it wouldn't have happened.

Cristina blows smoke.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

My instructor began...

A pause.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

...he began to do it when I was ten years old.

INT. GYMNASIUM, KIEV

The young girl is grabbing her sports bag which is beside a large mirror. In the mirror we see the middle-aged man (THE INSTRUCTOR) approaching. She tries not to see him. She is about to walk toward the door but the instructor comes close and puts out an arm to stop her.

INT. CRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Cristina is gripping the steering wheel.

CRISTINA

He did it seventeen times. It was going to be the eighteenth time.

INT. GYMNASIUM, KIEV

The instructor has pushed the young girl against the mirror. He has his hand on her shoulder and is close to her. The young girl struggles from his grip and reaches into her sports bag.

We see the flash of a blade. A spray of blood hits the mirror...

INT. CRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

The car very, very gently collides with a streetlight. There is a muffled crunch. Cristina and Joey both jerk forward then settle. Joey reacts but Cristina hardly notices what has happened.

CRISTINA

I cut his throat. A knife I took from my mother's kitchen for that very purpose. Premeditated. He almost drowned in his own blood.

The van is now crunched up against the streetlight.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

For a long time I believed I belonged in hell.

Joey gently knocks the van out of gear and puts it into neutral.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

They decided, because I was so young not to send me to prison. Instead they sent me to a Convent.

Joey leans across Cristina and turns off the engine. He takes the keys. She stares ahead. After a moment.

JOEY

Do you want me to drive?

A pause. Cristina takes a breath.

CRISTINA

I want *someone* to drive.

EXT. CONVENT - DAWN

Joey drives Cristina through the deserted early morning streets. As they pass through the tree lined suburb we might notice for the first time that the leaves on the trees are beginning to turn yellow and red.

The turrets of the Convent appear in the near distance.

CRISTINA
Here will be fine.

Joey pulls over, turns off the engine and hands Cristina the keys.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
How will you get home?

JOEY
I'm a gangster, I'll steal a car.

She reacts badly but he smiles.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I'm joking. I'll walk. It's a lovely morning.

She nods. He turns to her and touches her cheek. She reacts inside. After a moment...

JOEY (CONT'D)
In the end I just took off my uniform and ran.

She looks down at her lap.

CRISTINA
And look what happened to you.

Joey could be offended but he isn't. He peers at her for a moment then finally he gets out of the car and disappears. We are left with Cristina in the passenger seat. She glances in the rear view mirror to see Joey walking away.

INT. SOHO, LISLE STREET, MR HAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr Han's office is apparently that of a travel agent and an importer and exporter. There are travel posters on the wall. Mr Han is at a large oak desk. There is a door to a second office which is closed behind him.

The door is knocked and Joey enters. Mr Han looks up from paperwork. He smiles...

MR HAN
Joey. They said you wanted to speak to the boss.

Joey nods. Mr Han gestures at the closed door.

MR HAN (CONT'D)
She's through there.

INT. SOHO, LISLE STREET, SECOND OFFICE - DAY

We find a middle-aged Chinese woman, (MRS HAN) sitting at a desk, working a keyboard, surfing the internet. (It should be a surprise in passing that 'the boss' is really Mr Han's wife, not Mr Han, but Joey evidently knew already).

Soho street life goes on down below through her open window. She is wearing lots of fake jewelry and her hair is stacked high on her head. The door opens and Joey enters...

JOEY

Madam Han.

He takes a seat at her urging. She continues to surf the net as Joey places his cap on his knees.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Madam. You know everything that happens in your back garden.

She continues to use the keyboard.

JOEY (CONT'D)

If a man pays for girls and is violent he soon becomes famous.

Madam Han speaks to her screen...

MADAM HAN

We Chinese will refuse to deal with him. The Russians will just charge double.

JOEY

I understand you have a blacklist of violent men.

Mrs Han shrugs and finally turns to Joey.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I'm looking for a very violent man who attacks girls. He is young, around thirty. But he has white hair.

Madam Han instantly recognizes the description.

MADAM HAN

He wears very expensive suits.

Joey half smiles.

JOEY

The description is not too vague for you.

MADAM HAN

I have a business to protect.

JOEY

Madam. Would you be able to find out the name of this man?

Mrs Han studies him. After a moment she grins.

MRS HAN

I like to do deals.

She pulls open a drawer in the desk.

MRS HAN (CONT'D)

A favor for a favor.

She grabs a set of car keys which she dangles in front of Joey. Joey appears to know what the keys represent and hesitates. This is evidently an onerous task. Finally he takes the keys.

EXT. LISLE STREET OFFICE

Joey emerges from the office and we are close on the car keys in his hand. He heads toward a battered van parked nearby.

INT. VAN/EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH BRIDGE

Joey is driving the van across the vast arch of the QE11 bridge over the River Thames at sunset. Joey glances down at the wide mouth of the river down below, the same river that claimed Isabel.

INT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

A middle-aged (Polish) truck driver is playing a slot machine in a soul-less recreation area inside the service station. He slips some coins into the machine and a moment later, Joey appears beside him and begins to play the slot machine next to him.

They both stare at their slots for a moment until Joey produces the car keys that Mrs Han gave him. He places the keys on the machine shelf and the Polish driver produces a set of keys to a truck.

The exchange is over in a few seconds. Joey wins some cash, scoops up the coins and leaves with the truck keys.

EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION, TRUCK PARK

Dozens of huge trucks are parked. Joey consults a scrap of paper with a (Polish) license plate written on it. He finds the truck with the license plate.

He walks around to the back of the truck. It has been parked with its rear door tight against a wall. Joey uses his keys to unlock the tail gate door and climb up.

INT. TRUCK TRAILER

Joey enters the truck cargo hold and finds a large flashlight near to the door which he flicks on. He closes the massive rear doors of the truck with a heavy thud.

In front of him he sees a cavernous trailer. There are hundreds of large white boxes, all with small holes punched in them for air. There is silence in the truck. He shines the flashlight into the holes of the first box and we see that the box is full of tulips.

Joey walks down the narrow aisle between the boxes and the first few boxes are all filled with tulips. Then Joey stops. He pulls out a scrap of paper. On the paper, beneath the licence plate, there are some Chinese words written out phonetically.

Joey calls out the words and we get a translation.

JOEY

(Put out your left hand only. Make a fist).

Joey waits. After a few moments, hands begin to wriggle out of the air holes in the boxes. First just two or three then dozens and finally the entire narrow aisle down the middle of the truck is filled with extended fists.

Joey reaches into his pocket and pulls out a clicker. He begins to walk slowly down the aisle and count the fists with his clicker. Joey's face shows no expression. One of the fists is holding a tulip.

He comes to a child's hand. He stops. The hand isn't making a fist but is hanging limply. Joey almost shows emotion.

JOEY (CONT'D)

(Make a fist).

The child's hand very slowly begins to clench as if with enormous effort. Joey doesn't count this hand yet. He puts his hand around the hand and makes a fist for the child.

He clicks his clicker.

EXT. MOTORWAY

Joey is driving the truck back to London. He is smoking a cigarette, his face devoid of expression. We watch the truck swoop by toward the lights of London.

EXT. ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, FISH PROCESSING FACTORY

The large corrugated iron doors of the factory yard open and Joey drives the truck inside. As he jumps out Tony emerges from inside the factory and approaches Joey who jumps down from the cab.

Joey lights a cigarette.

JOEY
Fifty eight.

Tony lights a cigarette too. Joey speaks without emotion.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Some of them are kids.

Tony peers at Joey, suspecting compassion. Joey meets his stare. In the darkness the rear doors of the truck are being thrown open.

TONY
And some of them are girls. You want one?

Joey blows smoke. The first of the illegals is being helped down from the truck, silent and in shock, barely able to walk. Joey doesn't look.

Tony decides to cheer up his friend by reaching into his inside pocket and handing Joey a thick wedge of cash inside a sealed envelope. Joey takes the envelope, glances at the cash.

JOEY
I also asked for some information.

Suddenly...

INT. SEEDY BROTHEL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A scared, smudged face being slammed against a wall.

A young East European girl is being beaten up. Her head cracks on the brickwork and she takes a slap to the face.

From the back we see a guy with white hair, stripping off his suit jacket. The girl looks scared as he approaches her. He grabs her by the collar and throws her onto the bed.

EXT. SEEDY BROTHEL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

An expensive overcoat hangs on a hook on the landing outside the bedroom. From through the closed bedroom door we hear the sound of the girl being beaten by the guy with white hair.

Then a young Russian girl appears at the top of the stairs. She begins to go through the pockets of the overcoat.

INT. SEEDY BROTHEL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see the white haired guy full on now (MARK FORRESTER). He is well scrubbed and neatly groomed. He is maliciously beating the girl who is half his height and weight. He grabs her around the neck and lifts her off her feet. He then hurls her against the wall. She sinks to the floor.

He is about to kick her hard...

EXT. SEEDY BROTHEL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the inside pocket of the coat, the Russian girl has found an opened envelope with some business correspondence inside. It is addressed to 'Mark Forrester' at a business address 'Whitterings Investments' in the City of London.

The girl begins to write down the name and the address on the back of her hand using lipstick. From the other side of the door we hear the girl begging for the guy to stop. We hear another heavy blow.

The Russian girl glances at the door, spits on the envelope and puts it back into the inside pocket of the coat.

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joey's fridge door opens and we see Joey in the orange light of the fridge. He takes the cash Tony gave him out of his pocket and puts it into the fridge.

We now see that not only the freezer but also the fridge itself is full of cash. There is only room for one carton of orange juice. Joey takes a swig.

As he swigs, he looks up at the clock on the wall. It is 1am.

EXT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH, SHELTER/SOUP KITCHEN

Cristina pulls up in her van outside the locked door of the shelter to find a bunch of tulips and a letter pinned to the door. She takes the letter and tears it open. She reads the message from Joey...

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - DAWN

The autumn sun is just rising. The leaves have begun to fall. It is a beautiful crisp early morning, too early for there to be anyone around.

Then we see Cristina walking down the long tree lined path that leads to the 'Ready Money Drinking Fountain' in the middle of the park. As she walks, leaves fall around her. She walks quickly. Then, at the end of the path, standing beside the fountain, she sees Joey waiting.

He is dressed in a smart suit and looks immaculate. He has an expensive camera around his neck. The Ready Money fountain is a marble replica of an Indian temple with water dribbling from four fountain spouts. The marble gleams in the sunshine.

Cristina joins Joey and he hands her the camera. It seems she knows already why she is here and begins to check the camera out.

JOEY

It's the latest. Do you know how to work it?

CRISTINA

Of course.

A pause. She turns the camera around and examines it.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

No. Actually no.

Joey comes close and begins to prepare the camera. Their bodies touch.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

You could afford to get a professional to do this.

JOEY

Yes but I wanted you.

They glance at each other. He hands the camera back to her.

JOEY (CONT'D)

There. Just point and shoot.

Joey steps back toward the gleaming fountain. Cristina looks up at the low sunlight...

CRISTINA

So who are the photographs for?

JOEY

My daughter.

Cristina reacts. She peers through the lens.

CRISTINA
You have a daughter?

JOEY
Nine years old. I want her to have
some photographs of me looking like
a normal man.

Joey stands straight, arms at his side.

JOEY (CONT'D)
What do you think? Like this?

She laughs at his awkward pose in the shadow of the fountain.

JOEY (CONT'D)
What?

She raises the camera.

CRISTINA
Smile.

JOEY
No.

CRISTINA
Ok. Actually you look ok.

JOEY
Do I look like a good man?

She lowers the camera and peers at him.

CRISTINA
What do you mean?

A pause.

JOEY
I want her to think I am a good
man.

Cristina raises the camera again and studies Joey through the lens.

CRISTINA
Yes. You look like a good man.

JOEY
So take a picture.

Cristina takes a shot. Joey stares into the lens. Cristina studies him through the lens. She begins to move around him as she takes more shots. She is deeply curious but hides it in casual questions...

CRISTINA

You don't see the mother anymore?

JOEY

She throws things at me.

CRISTINA

She *what*?

JOEY

It doesn't matter.

Cristina comes closer, takes a tighter shot of Joey's face.

CRISTINA

Did your daughter *ask* for photos?

JOEY

No. But as she gets older I want her to have something to remind her of me.

Cristina lowers the camera.

CRISTINA

You won't see her?

A pause. Joey looks away from the camera. Leaves are falling all around.

JOEY

I don't think I will look like this for long.

Cristina hesitates.

CRISTINA

Why not? Why shouldn't you *stay* like this?

Joey is still looking away. Cristina is about to speak but Joey speaks first...

JOEY

Just take the picture.

After a moment, Cristina takes another shot.

EXT. REGENTS PARK, OUTDOOR CAFE

Joey and Cristina are sipping coffee, the camera on the table between them. It is cold and the other tables are deserted. Cristina peers at Joey as he sips his coffee. She grabs the camera.

CRISTINA

You should have one like that.
More natural.

JOEY

Ok. Like a businessman having his
morning coffee...

She laughs and gets to her feet and focuses.

CRISTINA

Such a successful man.

JOEY

So rich.

CRISTINA

Charitable.

JOEY

Of course.

Joey raises his cup to his lips. She takes a photo.

CRISTINA

She will be very proud of you.

He smiles and looks away. She follows his face around and
takes another shot full on.

JOEY

Enough.

CRISTINA

You are interesting. Your face
keeps changing.

Joey laughs.

JOEY

I said enough.

Cristina takes two more shots.

CRISTINA

At last, a smile.

He laughs and she takes some more shots.

CRISTINA

There, I *am* changing you.

JOEY

Yeah.

CRISTINA

You look different when you laugh.
That's good.

JOEY

Enough.

She fires off some more shots.

CRISTINA

These ones are for me. My
keepsakes. To remind me.

Joey reacts. Cristina stops and puts the camera on the table and sits down. After a moment she speaks softly.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I will take them with me to Africa.

Joey tries to hide his surprised reaction. He takes a sip of coffee. Finally...

JOEY

Africa?

CRISTINA

A valley in Sierra Leone where
there is no water.

A pause. They sit in silence for a while.

JOEY

When are you going?

CRISTINA

The day after tomorrow.

Joey takes a moment. He looks across the park into the distance. Then Cristina reaches across the table and takes Joey's hand. She speaks in deadly earnest.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

So this is the end of my crazy
patch, Joey.

A pause.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

And I have decided I want to end it
with you.

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

We find the apartment almost as we found it when Joey broke in. The only difference is that a breeze blows in through the hole that Joey made in the patio door and the curtain billows. As the curtain moves we see that the brick which Joey used to break in is still there.

We move across the room slowly. We find Joey's shirt cast onto the sofa. Then his jacket.

Then we find Cristina's uniform folded neatly over the back of the chair. The bedroom door is closed. Cristina's shoes are neatly put together under the coffee table.

We stay with the shoes for a moment. Then there is a buzz at the door.

EXT. JOEY'S APARTMENT, DOOR

On the landing we find Karl, the agent who confronted Joey at the viewing, along with a policeman and Stan. Karl hits the buzzer again.

EXT. REAR OF APARTMENT

We see the same fire escape stairs that Joey used when he arrived here. The patio doors burst open and Joey, then Cristina, come running down the stairs hand-in-hand. Joey has a canvas bag in his hand. They flee with mad delight and we follow them all the way down to street level.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, PIAZZA

Joey and Cristina run for a while then slow down and walk. Joey gets his breath and zips up the canvas bag. As he zips, we glimpse thousands of pounds worth of cash inside the bag.

The poster of Sylvie is staring down at them. The carousel wheel is spinning. They come to a halt and peer at each other.

Joey begins to speak fast...

JOEY

Cristina, there is enough money in here to...

Cristina puts her finger on his lips to silence him. He peers at her and she speaks softly.

CRISTINA

If you want to be a good man, be a good man.

She kisses him once on the lips.

CRISTINA

I want to know that I have changed you.

She turns and walks. Joey is still breathing hard as he watches her go.

INT. CRISTINA'S CELL/ROOM - NIGHT

Cristina is sitting on her bed, staring straight ahead. She takes a breath, a small expression of the enormity of what has happened.

Then we hear Cristina speaking in voiceover...

CRISTINA (OOV)

It is with a heavy heart that I say
goodbye to my mission here in
central London...

INT. MARY OF THE ANGEL CHURCH - EVENING

A small gathering of seven social workers, volunteers and clergy are gathered in the pews, wrapped up against the cold. Cristina is standing at a small table at the head of the aisle. Behind her a banner reads 'SOHO HOMELESS OUTREACH COMMITTEE'. At Cristina's side we find a uniformed police officer (DAVID). Cristina is addressing the meeting and her speech continues...

CRISTINA

...My time here at this mission has
been a fulfilling time...

She hesitates...

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

Yes. Surprises all along the way...

She looks up from her notes, her emotion showing.

EXT. NORTH LONDON SUBURBAN STREET

In a tough looking suburb, Joey is parking a Mercedes outside a nondescript terraced house where lights are burning.

As Joey gets out of the car and approaches the house, Cristina's speech continues in OOV...

CRISTINA (OOV)

Our mission has had some failures.
Some tragedies. The poor girl
Isabel. But we have also had
successes...

Joey has rung the doorbell of the house. A middle-aged Chinese woman answers the door in a quilted dressing gown.

Joey glances at the small red light burning behind the curtain near to the door. We will realize Joey is collecting the takings from Mrs Han's brothels all around North London.

The woman is obviously expecting Joey. She hands Joey an envelope full of cash. Joey turns and begins to count the cash as he walks back to the car. Over this, Cristina's voiceover continues...

CRISTINA (CONT'D OOV)
And we have also had some who, in spite of how it may appear, give us reason to hope.

INT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH

Cristina continues her speech. We see her emotions are raw.

CRISTINA
I cannot say that my time here in Soho has left me unchanged. I *am* changed.

She pauses. The silence throbs for a moment. She looks up.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)
But I do not regret...

She pauses again.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Joey is waiting at the bottom of the stairs in the drab suburban house which has been converted into a brothel. The red light burns out of focus in the window behind him. A prostitute carries her young son past Joey and Joey watches her walk by.

Cristina's voiceover continues...

CRISTINA (OOV)
Some things we do not think are beautiful *are* beautiful. Sometimes it is the human that we must treasure. The *human*....

Joey smiles at the little boy as he is carried away. The boy smiles back. Then the East European Madam arrives down the stairs with the envelope of cash which she gives to Joey.

INT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH

Cristina is speaking with her head lowered...

CRISTINA
We are not divine. We are guided by our weaknesses.

She looks up at the small and slightly baffled meeting with burning eyes.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I have learnt that it is possible to change what you do, but not to change what you want.

A pause.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

We cannot change what we want.

At that moment, the church doors open and on a blade of streetlight, Joey enters. He is carrying an envelope. His heels click on the stone of the aisle and heads turn. Cristina reacts as he approaches. His cap is slung to one side.

He approaches the top table but looks only at David, the uniformed policeman. Joey holds up the envelope.

JOEY

I've just been to twelve houses in London where illegals are being held as slaves and prostitutes.

A pause. The meeting reacts.

JOEY (CONT'D)

The addresses are in this envelope.

Joey places the envelope in front of David. Cristina is reacting inside but Joey doesn't look at her....

JOEY (CONT'D)

Also, the license plates of trucks used for transporting drugs and people. Location of pick-ups and drop-offs. Names and addresses of contacts in Rotterdam. The date and time of the next shipment of people.

Joey stares only at David.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I know the cuts have made it tough for you. I thought I'd help you out.

Joey turns and walks. There is a stunned silence. Then Cristina pushes her way out from behind the table and speaks to the meeting....

CRISTINA

Excuse me...

EXT. MARY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH

Joey has emerged onto the cobbles where we first saw Cristina. A few moments later, Cristina bursts out of the doors and turns him around.

CRISTINA

Joey, come with me tonight.

He lights a cigarette.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I have a box. At the ballet. There is room for two. Will you come to the ballet with me?

A pause. Joey looks around.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

I will meet you there at eight. Please.

They peer at each other.

JOEY

I have things to do.

Joey then turns and walks away.

CRISTINA

I will be there Joey. Please...

EXT. NORTH LONDON SUBURB

Another tough suburban street. Joey parks outside a council block on four levels. Dogs bark. Sirens howl in the distance.

In the driver's seat of the car, Joey gathers up twelve envelopes of cash, the takings he has collected from the brothels.

He spills the cash onto the passenger seat. There is twenty thousand pounds in cash. Joey then reaches into the rear seat for the canvas bag he brought from Damon's apartment.

He unzips it and begins to add the twenty grand to the money inside the canvas bag.

As he works, he sees a shadow across the car. He looks up to see two tough looking black guys peering in at the cash. Joey calmly reaches into his inside pocket and produces his pistol which he holds up to the light. The two black guys move on.

Joey finishes with the cash and zips up the bag. He then takes another envelope from the glove compartment.

From inside he takes out one of the photographs that Cristina took. He examines the first two photos and decides they're ok. The sunlight of the Regent's Park morning shines out of the photos.

Joey gets out of the car with the bag and the envelope.

EXT. COUNCIL BLOCK, FOURTH FLOOR, FRONT DOOR

Joey is on the fourth floor landing of the block. He rings the doorbell. After a moment, Ruby comes to the door and opens it. She is pretty, dressed poorly. A TV plays in the background.

RUBY

Who are you?

Joey doesn't allow his emotion to well. He hands her the bag of cash.

JOEY

I got something for your mother.

He then hands Ruby the envelope of photographs.

JOEY (CONT'D)

And something for you.

She looks blankly at him. Then Joey crouches down...

JOEY (CONT'D)

Can I just hold your hand for a minute?

As Joey crouches and takes her hand, we hear Dawn calling out from the kitchen.

DAWN

Ruby? Who is it?

Joey is peering into Ruby's eyes. He touches her face. Then Dawn appears in the hallway and sees him. She stops dead. Joey straightens and lets go of Ruby's hand. He speaks to Ruby...

JOEY

You be good ok?

He turns and walks. Dawn hurries to the door and looks down at the bag. She bends to unzip it. She reacts to the mountain of cash...

EXT. COVENT GARDEN, PIAZZA

Cristina is among the first to arrive at the Opera House. She is dressed in her red silk dress with a shawl.

She checks her watch and we see it is still only seven. She heads for the cafe where she had coffee with Joey and sits down on one of the metal chairs to wait.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON

Joey is driving with purpose through the City of London, past the banks and the financial houses. It is Friday night and City workers are spilling out of pubs. Two guys in business suits stagger drunkenly into the road and Joey brakes for them.

He watches them cross the road with dead eyes.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON, FINANCIAL INSTITUTION, TOWER BLOCK

The building is closed for business but is lit in blue and orange. The name 'WHITTERING INVESTMENTS' is lit in white. Joey sees directions to an underground carpark and heads for it.

EXT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Crowds are now gathering for the farewell performance. Cristina has two cups of coffee on the table in front of her. She checks her watch.

INT. WHITTERING INVESTMENTS, UNDERGROUND CARPARK

Inside the car, Joey is tying his crimson bouncer's bow tie around his neck and straightening it in the rear view mirror. A sleek black BMW parks across the bay and switches off its headlights.

A middle-aged guy in an evening suit and bow tie gets out. Joey quickly gets out of his car and approaches him.

JOEY

Excuse me? Are you going to the Whitterings Bonus party?

GUY

Yes I am.

Joey smiles and comes close.

JOEY

Ok, you're just going to go to sleep for an hour.

Joey quickly knocks the guy unconscious with a single blow. He eases the guy to the floor and goes through his jacket pocket. He finds an invitation, which he slips into his jacket.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON, ROOFTOP PARTY

The brooding presence of Canary Wharf is nearby. Across the skyline we see the whole of London stretched out with the river cutting a black line through the middle of it.

On the roof, a cocktail party is underway, with men and women in evening wear braving the cold under burners and heaters. The party is lavish, with gallons of Champagne being dispensed by uniformed waiters.

An elevator arrives and the doors open. Joey emerges and surveys the scene.

EXT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Cristina is now waiting at the doors of the Opera House. People are beginning to finish their drinks inside and head for the auditorium. A bell rings and Cristina glances inside. She then stares across the Piazza because she thinks she sees Joey, but it is someone else.

EXT. ROOFTOP PARTY

Joey is making his way through the crowds, a glass of water in his hand. The well dressed and opulent crowd are getting frisky on Champagne and there is raucous laughter all around. Joey refuses a canape.

Then he sees a flash of white hair. Among a group of investment brokers he see a guy who looks too young to have white hair. He is laughing along with the others.

It is Forrester. Joey sets off towards him.

EXT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Cristina is now standing alone outside the Opera House. Everyone else has gone inside. Another bell rings urgently. Cristina reacts and makes a decision. She finally turns and goes inside the auditorium.

EXT. ROOFTOP PARTY

Joey gets close to Forrester. As he turns to go for another drink, Joey steps up to him and smiles...

JOEY

Mark? Mark Forrester?

Forrester double-takes, smiles...

FORRESTER

Yes. Who are you?

JOEY

How was your bonus this year? Was it good?

Forrester half laughs.

FORRESTER

It was very good. Are you from CISCO or American?

Joey gestures at the edge of the roof.

JOEY

No, I'm from down there. Can I talk to you for a minute.

FORRESTER

I'm just getting drinks, who are you?

JOEY

Who am I? Let me think.

Joey suddenly grabs Forrester around the throat and begins to walk forward fast, ploughing Forrester into a crowd of people and then into two trays of drinks.

Joey pushes Forrester in front of him like a battering ram and he cuts a path through the party. People yell and turn as glasses smash and at first there is laughter, followed by screaming.

Through flying bodies and yelling, Joey has reached the edge of the rooftop. Someone has already called for security and two guys have stepped up to stop what they think is a fight. But as people gather, Joey uses his free hand to produce his gun and he fires into the air.

There are screams and the crowd step back. Lots of people are grabbing their cellphones and making hasty phonecalls. Joey still has Forrester by the throat and he holds him at the edge of the rooftop, and forces his face toward the city below.

JOEY (CONT'D)

East, West, North, South, what do you see?

Forrester is almost choking.

FORRESTER

Look, what the hell do you want?

JOEY

I see pain.

Joey shoves Forrester backwards so that he is hanging over the precipice, the City lights two hundred feet below.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I think you should know how it
feels to be down there.

Joey suddenly grabs Forresters' legs and shoves him over the edge. The crowd gasps in shock. Forrester's face disappears into the darkness below, the look of terror on his face swallowed by the night. Joey turns to the crowd without expression. He raises his gun to the sky and announces loudly.

JOEY (CONT'D)

My name is Joey Jones.

He fires off two rounds.

JOEY (CONT'D)

So you'd better step aside.

Joey begins to walk fast toward a fire escape door. The terrified crowd parts to let him go. As he walks fast, he sees a bottle of Champagne and he grabs it.

He takes a huge swig of the Champagne before hurling it at a wall. He then kicks open the fire escape doors and disappears.

INT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

We don't see the performance on the stage, only Cristina sitting alone in her box. The silver stage light illuminates her face and the music of the Nutcracker rages.

There are tears in her eyes as she stares at her heroine...

INT. WHITTERING INVESTMENTS, FIRE ESCAPE

The fire escape is an endless spiral of concrete stairs. Joey flies down the stairs like a falling stone...

INT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Cristina watches the dance as if she can feel Joey racing through her mind...

EXT. WHITTERING INVESTMENTS

Joey bursts out through a fire escape door into a busy city street. Two police cars are screeching to a halt at the main entrance and another is coming up fast toward where Joey has emerged.

Joey quickly skips across the street and disappears into the crowds of drinkers...

EXT. CITY OFF-LICENCE/LIQUOR STORE

Joey emerges from inside the store. We join him as he begins to walk through the crowds. City workers are drinking and celebrating in their Friday night ritual. From a plastic bag, Joey produces the bottle of Vodka he just bought.

As Joey walks he unscrews the top of the vodka bottle and tosses the top away. He takes a big swig of the vodka and gasps on the sting of it. A couple of young City boys outside a pub see the swig and cheer. In his bow tie, Joey looks like any other investment banker who has just come from a Bonus party.

Joey turns to them and yells...

JOEY

What a bonus I got this year! What
a fucking bonus I got!

The lads all cheer. A police car and an ambulance screech by in the opposite direction. Joey takes another big swig of vodka.

EXT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

The crowds are all leaving the Opera House and the crowd is buzzing. Among them we find Cristina. She is overwhelmed by the performance but still thinking about Joey.

She wanders through the crowd and then sees a lone figure slumped beside one of the stone pillars of the Opera House. She steps closer and sees that it is Joey.

He is hunched unconscious against the wall. The three quarter empty bottle of vodka is clutched in his arms. The well dressed opera-goers step over and around him.

Cristina stands over him, buffeted by the crowd. Then she sits down beside Joey and hugs her knees.

EXT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, PIAZZA - LATER

It is 2am and cold. The piazza is now deserted. Cristina is still sitting beside the slumped figure of Joey. We study her face for a moment as she stares across the piazza.

Then Joey begins to stir.

His eyes flicker and he sees Cristina. He reaches out to touch her face to see if she is real. Her face is expressionless.

Joey reacts to pain in his head. Already he has cuts on his face. Slowly he sits up.

JOEY

What are you doing here?

CRISTINA

Waiting for Sylvie Guillem.

Joey checks his bottle of vodka and sees there is a quarter of it left.

CRISTINA (CONT'D)

There is a party after the show. I just want to see her walk to her car.

Cristina gestures at a limousine which is waiting on the other side of the Piazza. Joey sits up and takes in his surroundings. Then, to make a statement, he takes a long swig of the vodka. Cristina looks at him drinking then looks away. There is a silence. He takes another drink then wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

JOEY

Let me explain.

A pause.

JOEY (CONT'D)

When I am sober. When I am healthy and well...

Joey looks away...

JOEY (CONT'D)

I hurt people. I am lethal.

Joey takes another huge swig. Already his words soften at the edges...

JOEY (CONT'D)

I am drinking to weaken the machine they made. I've done what I had to do.

Joey swigs down the last mouthful of vodka. He tosses the bottle away and it smashes.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I drink for the good of humanity.

They both stare straight ahead. Joey sees something in the half darkness and angles his head. He points into thin air.

JOEY (CONT'D)

And already. Look. They're back.

Cristina stares blankly. Joey struggles to his feet and points at nothing...

JOEY (CONT'D)
Don't you see them? The
hummingbirds.

He stares in wonder.

JOEY (CONT'D)
The hummingbirds were there that
day. They saw what happened. The
enemy killed five of ours so I
killed five of theirs. The first
five I could find.

He turns to Cristina who is staring at him with pity.

JOEY (CONT'D)
The hummingbirds are the witnesses.
They gave me the summer but they're
back.

He falls back against the stone column and stares into space.
After a moment, Cristina gets to her feet. She comes close
and he falls into her arms. She holds him as he closes his
eyes tight.

They stand together, almost as if they were dancing together
in the deserted piazza.

Then a door into the Opera House opens and light floods out
from inside. The blade of light shines across the cobbles
and from a distance we see Sylvie Guillem leaving the Opera
House. She kisses some people goodbye and then heads toward
the waiting limousine. Cristina watches her walk and
whispers...

CRISTINA
You see *her*?

Joey turns and looks as the elegant figure crosses the
cobbles, almost as if she has leapt out from the poster on
the wall.

CRISTINA
She is *my* witness.

In the distance, Sylvie Guillem gets into the limo and it
drives. The headlights of the limousine illuminate Joey and
Cristina for a few seconds then the light is gone.

Fade to black.

EXT. CONVENT - DAWN

A black taxi pulls up outside the Convent. The door to the
Convent opens and Cristina emerges hauling a suitcase. The
driver gets out to help her. The Mother Superior emerges and
hugs Cristina goodbye.

EXT. CONVENT, STREET OUTSIDE

The black taxi emerges and turns left. As it picks up speed we find Joey, sitting on his haunches against some railings opposite the Convent.

He already looks ragged and he has more cuts on his face. The street has begun to reclaim him. He watches Cristina pass in the taxi and glimpses her as she wipes her eyes. After she has gone Joey takes a small quart bottle of vodka out of his pocket and drinks. He closes his eyes tight and takes yet another painful swig.

INT. BLACK TAXI

As Cristina is driven through the streets, she looks at the photos she took of Joey in the cafe in Regent's Park.

Cristina looks proud of him because he is a good man.

THE END