

Some Candy Talkin'

A Film Screenplay

Alex N. Hay

FADE IN ON

INT. EDIT SUITE. DAY

Whilst we start with an interior, the first footage we see is external (previously filmed). A travel presenter walks thru' an exotic market in a foreign country. He speaks to camera (any dialogue)- suddenly the film rewinds at speed- repeats- moving slower- one frame at a time- without sound. PULL BACK to reveal MARK- at an Avid editor- staring hard at the screen. He moves the footage on a frame- uses a magnifying-glass to peer closer- rolling the frame back and forth. He calls a friend- DES- over.

MARK

Des!. Take a look, will you?

Des comes across and looks over Mark's shoulder.

MARK

Him! The guy trying to hide behind Liam.
Did he speak to you at all?

DES-(Peering at monitor)

Nope. We never hung about. Why?
Has he spoiled the shot?

MARK

No. It's cutting okay- but I'm sure I
know him. An old mate, college and that.

DES

I worry about you Mark. If he's a
friend, what's your enemies' like?

Mark smiles- continues staring at the screen.

ZOOM INTO CLOSE-UP of a hippie stall-holder just visible behind the presenter.

INT. MARK'S CAR. EVENING

Mark driving through rush-hour traffic. Occasionally he looks at the video cassette lying on the passenger seat.

DISSOLVE TO

(Flash-back) (All Flash-backs in italics)
EXT. GLASGOW UNIVERSITY. DAY

A panorama of Glasgow from the university entrance. Mark runs towards camera wearing a graduation gown and mortarboard hat. He is much younger. He drops to sit beside another male; GIBBY- with gown and hat lying at his side. Mark sits- Gibby passes a joint to him. Mark hides the joint- sneaks a hit- uneasily looking around- takes a second drag. Gibby snatches the hat from Mark and skims it through the air- flying towards the park and river Kelvin. Mark- annoyed- retaliates- pushing Gibby on the shoulder, and- as he falls to the side laughing- grabs Gibby's hat and skims it away following his own. Gibby grabs Mark's gown- holds it with his own and sets them alight. Other graduates pass- look on disdainfully. Gibby rises- takes the joint Mark is holding- (hidden in cupped hands). He stands facing the building- draws himself to attention, and taking a huge puff on the joint- salutes the building. As he lowers his hand- turns the salute into a middle-finger gesture. Mark rugby tackles him- roll down the hill.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE. NIGHT

A table laden with remains of a meal- candles still lit.
 MARK replenishing two glasses. Across the table sits CARLA.

MARK

Anyway. You saw the photograph- me
 and him- in France.
 Oh! And that time in Skye, yeah?

CARLA-(Nodding, bored)

I told you, Mark. I'd know him if I saw him.

Mark picks up a video cassette from the table(same tape as in the car)inserts it in the recorder and sets it playing.

CARLA-(Smiling)

What- is it some kind of quiz?

A colour chart appears- then the presenter looking to camera, as the figure in the background is seen.

MARK

There! Take a look.

Carla sits at the t.v.- Mark hands her a magnifying-glass.

MARK

Try this.

She studies the image- looks to Mark shakes her head.

CARLA

It's hard to see. He's not very clear.

Mark passes a photograph; two people laughing at camera.

CARLA compares the photo and the screen image.

CARLA

It's definitely the same eyes and nose.

But- that droopy moustache. God!

MARK

And- he'll be a good bit older.

Carla repeats comparing the images- then nods her head.

CARLA

Yeah! I really think so.

MARK

Yeah! It's him alright. I knew it before I really looked. Y'know what I mean? Weird! Even before I got to that frame- I had an idea about it. I was thinking about him.

CARLA

But- It's all you ever do. Gibby and I done this- Gibby this- Gibby that!

MARK

Yeah- I know, but this was different. It was a feeling- as if he knew. Christ! I pass hundreds of people in back-grounds, never study them- just felt, he was there.

Mark raises his wine glass and takes a mouthful, as we

DISSOLVE TO

(Flash-back)

INT. A BAR. DAY

*Mark/Gibby-(Looking younger)- sit across a table.
Mark stares into a pint glass- watching the beer swish
around. Gibby gives him a hard look.*

GIBBY

Oh, c'mon to fuck! You promised, man!

MARK

*Aye- but I thought I'd be finished.
They want to do another cut.*

GIBBY

Fuck them! You've done your bit?

MARK

Only three- four days at the mo-

GIBBY

*Meanwhile- what do I do? In Spain by
myself for a week? Play solitaire?*

MARK

We'll get a week- or more.

GIBBY

*Fucking great! Chance of a couple of
weeks in the sun- you blow it.*

MARK

We could go camping? Up north.

GIBBY

*Oh- good compromise- Mark. Swap the Med.
for midges and frostbite- that it?*

MARK

Oh- it was just an idea.

GIBBY

Aye! Ideas like that start wars- Mark.

MARK

I've told them I'd do it.

GIBBY

You told me we were going to Spain.

MARK

I can't- Gibby. Can't just- drop it- now.

GIBBY

Change the sun-block for midge repellent?

Mark nods- laughs. Gibby heads to the bar- turns back to Mark.

GIBBY

You're priorities need sorting- Mark.

EXT. TAM'S HOUSE. DAY

Mark/Gibby at the doorway of a house on a large estate.

MARK

Nice des. res, eh?

GIBBY

Huh! They eat their young here.

The door is opened by DONNA- in her thirties. She smiles.

DONNA

Gibby! Your knock's like the police.

GIBBY

Yeah! But I'm better looking.

DONNA-(Inviting them in)

Hiya Mark. Tam's upstairs. As if he'd be anywhere else.

INT. TAM'S STAIRWAY. DAY

Gibby/Mark make their way upstairs. Donna calls up to them.

DONNA

Mark! Tell Tam I'm away to pick up Jody.

MARK

Okay Donna. I'll tell him.

INT. TAM'S ROOM. DAY

Gibby/Mark enter to a room of exotica and hippie design- the centrepiece; a coffee-table with a collection of pipes and ashtrays and a huge hookah. Propped on bean-bags are two long-haired hippie types; Tam and Billy.

TAM

*Hey! Big Gibbs my man- and Marky boy.
This could turn into a serious session.
I might even miss my job interview.*

GIBBY

Christ Tam. Who'd employ you?

TAM-(laughing)

Fucking nobody- I hope.

Tam moves the hookah towards Gibby.

TAM

Grab a seat- here. Get wasted.

Tam passes the hookah- turns to Billy.

TAM

Billy- you met Gibby and Mark?

BILLY-(Shakes his head)

No. How you doing?

TAM

*Like finger and thumb these guys.
A couple of wally dugs.*

MARK

*Oh! By the way, Tam. Donna said she was
away to get Jody.*

TAM

*Oh, right. Wee Jody's first day at school.
Soon be getting detention- like her Dad.
Here Billy! Give us the grass, eh?*

Billy passes a polythene bag filled with grass.

TAM

What about a cocktail? Got some nice Leb.

MARK

Oh- exclude me in.

GIBBY

Tam! We're after a bit. Take up to Skye. Camping. How's about a bit of each?

TAM

*What'd you think, Billy?
That alright with you?*

BILLY

Aye man. No sweat.

TAM

What you after. A quarter.

GIBBY

What! Behave yourself! We're going to be up there a week. At least an ounce.

TAM

Alright. Don't blow a fuse. Half oz of each.

GIBBY

Kosher.

Tam holds out four pipe stems from the hookah; each take hold as he ignites the bowl and they all start puffing.

LATER

Same room- same cast- different music. Gibby gets to his feet with effort- reaches a hand- pulling Mark up.

GIBBY

C'mon. If we don't move- we never will.

TAM - (smiling)

Fuck! should've been at that interview an hour ago. Guess I wasn't meant to be a railway porter, eh?

MARK

Nice way to spend an afternoon though Tam.

GIBBY

Yeah! Cheers for the blow. This'll see us through aw these wee beasties up there.

BILLY

Oh, the midges- they're bastards.

GIBBY

No- the midges. I mean the fucking locals.

They all laugh- Gibby and Mark head to the door.

TAM

If you're shagging- find something nice-looking. Some of they sheep are dead ugly.

GIBBY

Oh, you'll be speaking from experience eh? Anyway, see you when we get back.

MARK

Aye, cheery, and well done Billy. That grass is the bizz. Do us nicely up there.

Gibby/Mark exit the room. We hear banging on the front door. Gibby looks out a landing window then rushes past Mark who seems dazed- bursts into Tam's room.

GIBBY -(excited)

Tam! It's the bizzies. At the front door.

Tam jumps to action- throws the bag of grass and other items into a carrier-bag- rushes to the window- looks out.

TAM

Bastards! Round the back as well.

Gibby looks along the landing to the open toilet. He pulls out a small bag from his pocket- the score from Tam. He looks to Mark and points at the toilet.

GIBBY

What d'you think? The kazy?

Mark stands at the top of the stairs. He gives a shrug.

GIBBY

Fuck! Great help Mark!

The banging on the door gets louder- harsh voices demand it be opened. Gibby looks around for somewhere to get rid off the stash. He opens a cupboard- full of toys- closes it. Tam emerges from the room- panicking- holding the carrier-bag. Gibby notices a trap-door to the loft- the voices state if the door isn't opened they will break it down. Gibby jumps onto the banister- opens the loft door- hauls himself in- reaches and arm down to Mark- dreaming.

GIBBY -(agitated)

Mark! C'mon! Fucking move!

Mark appears rooted to the spot till Tam pushes him towards Gibby's outstretched arm. With Tam's help- Gibby hauls Mark into the loft then leans down.

GIBBY

Tam! Pass the bag up.

We'll be at Mark's- okay?

Tam nods- heads downstairs as Gibby closes the trap-door.

TAM

Alright! I'm coming. I'm coming.

INT. TAM'S LOFT. DAY

In the loft- illuminated by a skylight- Gibby/Mark look around. A number of boxes lie about. Gibby nudges Mark- indicates a rocking-horse beside him- straddling joists. Gibby smiles- moves the rocking-horse over the trap-door- jamming it between the sloping roof joists. He leads Mark away- we hear thumping feet rushing up the stair below. Using a lighter- Gibby forges ahead- with Mark following. They ease under other joists- Gibby points to another trap-door. He smiles- extinguishes the lighter. Gently- raises the door- inching it open and peering down. He lowers his head then looks up to Mark- smiling- indicating they are going to drop below. Mark shakes his head- Gibby nods affirmatively and begins lowering himself.

INT. TAM'S NEIGHBOURS' HOUSE DAY

Gibby hanging from the loft-door by his hands- looks about-smiles up to Mark- drops- falling gently to a crouch. Gingerly stands up- looks to his left- suddenly moves back to the wall- finger on lips indicating to Mark to 'hush'. Gibby indicates for Mark to drop down- silently. Mark lowers himself- Gibby edges out from the wall- looks again to his left- helps Mark ease to the floor. Gibby covers Mark's mouth with his palm- points to a bedroom along the hall. The bedroom door- partly open- we see the lower half of two nude bodies making the beast with two humps. Gibby/Mark suppress a giggle- head downstairs.

EXT. TAM'S NEIGHBOURS' HOUSE. DAY

Gibby/Mark emerge from the front door- closing it silently. Two POLICEMEN stand outside Tam's front door.

GIBBY-(shouting to police)
Hey! Can you no go about your business a bit quieter? I've a wee kid sick in here.

The police look at each other.

POLICEMAN*1
Sorry about that, but- we've got to do it.

Gibby/Mark heading down the path.

GIBBY-(calling back)
Never heard of disturbing the peace?

The policemen look humbled. Gibby/Mark go down the street.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Mark/Carla lying in bed- Mark- staring at the ceiling.

CARLA
What're you thinking?

MARK-(shrugging)
About Gibby.

CARLA

Oh great!. We spend the last half hour trying all those different positions, and you're still thinking about him!

MARK

Oh, c'mon. He was like a brother.

CARLA

*Oh yes! After what you've told me.
If that's a friend!*

MARK

Yeah- I know- but that was then.
I remember the times before.

CARLA

And just forget- how he took advantage.
Ripped you off!

MARK

No! Still bugs me. Like my hands round his throat, but-

CARLA

What about him? The gangster guy? He wanted to know where Gibby was- didn't he?

MARK

Hmph. Think he's going to be bothering about Gibby now. No way! He's the big man on the council now- millionaire too.

CARLA

You never know.

MARK

Yeah- and maybe it's better that way.

Mark slides on top of her and they resume the 'wild thing'.

INT. EDIT SUITE DAY

Mark- turned from the edit monitor- answering a ringing phone. The screen shows footage of the exotic market.

MARK-(into phone)
 Hi. What's wrong Carla?
 -(Beat)-
 No- it's no hassle. Tell me.
 -(Beat)-
 Oh- no! You didn't! *Christ.*
 -(Beat)-
 Here? Outside? *Oh- fuck!*

He replaces the phone- shakes his head- clicks a button on the editor. The frame with Gibby enlarges.

DISSOLVE TO

(Flash-back)

EXT. A MOUNTAIN IN SKYE. DAY

Gibby/Mark nearing a ridge. Mark tugs at Gibby's shirt and drops onto his haunches. Gibby turns- looking hard at Mark.

GIBBY
What's up? You fucked?

MARK-(shaking his head)
I can't. I'm sorry man.

Gibby drops down beside him- takes off his small rucksack. He drinks from a bottle and hands it to Mark.

GIBBY
Yep- it's this heat. Here- take a drink.

MARK
It's no that- Gibby. I'm going back down.

GIBBY
What? Don't be daft. It's no that far now. Across the ridge then down- back to the car.

MARK
I can't do it- okay?

GIBBY
Fuck- Mark! It's longer going back the way. The view from the top's amazing.

MARK
I don't want to do it- right!

Gibby tries to interject but Mark insists on being heard.

MARK

*I'm scared. Right! I just can't do it.
I get shivery soon as we get near the edge.*

GIBBY

Mark- it's not dodgy- really.

MARK

I don't want to do it!

GIBBY

*I promise you Mark. I wouldn't bullshit
you- but it's safe as anything.*

MARK

It doesn't matter. I freak.

GIBBY

*No! Listen. It's dead easy. All you have to
do is hold onto me. Hold the rucksack. You
can keep your eyes shut- just step right
along behind me. It'll be a piece of piss.*

MARK

No!

GIBBY

Honest- Mark. Just try- eh?

MARK shakes his head- but thinks for a moment.

MARK

You dead sure? I mean- If I shut my eyes.

GIBBY

Yeah! Straight-up. We'll be fine.

Mark closes his eyes as if in silent prayer- then nods.

MARK-(jumping to his feet)

Okay- let's do it.

GIBBY

*Good on you- partner. Soon as we cross the
ridge- we'll take a well-earned break and
at least two hits of that grass.*

Laughing they head towards the ridge; Mark behind Gibby, holding tight to the rucksack- his eyes closed.

INT. EDIT SUITE EVENING

Mark closing down the editor and leaving the office.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING EVENING

Mark leaving the building- heading to a car-park.
As he opens his car- he is approached by KANE.

KANE

Hi! Mark. Mark Cullen.

Comment [ANH1]:

Mark stands beside the car door giving a puzzled look.

MARK

Aye!

KANE

Alan Crawford sent me. Said your woman phoned. You wanted to speak to him.

MARK

Aye- well- I wasn't going to bother him.
But- Carla- she said she spoke to him.

Kane relaxes against the car- smiling.

KANE

Alan- mister Crawford's- not too keen on talking on the phone. You understand- eh? You're doing okay, since we last met. Remember that?-(smarmy smile)

MARK

I remember.

KANE

About four years ago- eh? Your pal- Derek- fucked-off with all your gear.

MARK pauses a moment- looking at his car- then nods.

KANE

Anyway- Alan- mister Crawford's- happy to have a word with you. He's at his house- just a mile or so. I could drive you- or- if you want to follow.

MARK pauses a moment- looking at his car- then nods.

MARK

Okay! I'll follow you.

KANE

Good on you. Okay. I'm over there- the Jag.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/CRAWFORD'S HOUSE. EVENING

Kane's car stops at a large house- Mark pulls alongside.

INT. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE. EVENING

Kane leads Mark through a spacious hall and into a large library room. CRAWFORD sits holding a cup of tea
Mark/Kane enter- Crawford greets Mark with a handshake.

CRAWFORD

Mark. Good to meet you. Derek used to talk about you a lot.- (laughs)
You and him- must've had some crazy times.

Kane wanders to the far side of the room- sits in a chair- watching. Crawford indicates a sofa- Mark sits next him.

CRAWFORD

Here! Mark. You like a drink?
Tea or- a fruit drink, maybe?

Mark shakes his head.

CRAWFORD

You're girlfriend mentioned something about you're pal- Derek Gibb.

MARK

I just wondered. If you were still interested in him.

CRAWFORD

I possibly am. Why?

MARK

Well- I think- *I'm not certain-* but-
I think I know where he is.

CRAWFORD

Yes!

MARK

Yeah. Somewhere abroad. I was thinking of
going to check it out. See if it's him.

Crawford gets up- nodding his head- thinking.

CRAWFORD

I'm going to have another tea.
You sure you'll not join me?

MARK

Aye. Okay.

CRAWFORD-(smiling- then to Kane)

Rustle us up another pot- Mick. Will you?

Kane leaves the room- Crawford smiles- nodding at MARK.

CRAWFORD

You know Kane- from before?

MARK-(nodding)

When Gibby beat-it. He came round.

CRAWFORD-(smiling)

Gibby! That's what you called him? Aye!
A character and a half. Told me he was
a wizard. Out of his head- driving along
that Loch Lomond road. Wanting to bet he
could do it blindfold.- (laughs)
Insisted too- tying a hankie over his eyes.
Had Mick screaming with fear. Totally blind
- following the bumps of the cat's-eyes.
Had other cars almost in the loch.- (laughs)

Kane enters with a tray of tea things.

CRAWFORD

Thanks Mick. Would you pour?

Kane gives a huffy shrug- gets up and pours two cups.

CRAWFORD

Mick's a chef too- a good one. Hates cooking now though- but makes wonderful tea. Became pals with Derek- for a time. Right Mick?

KANE

Aye. He was a funny guy sometimes. Also be a pain in the arse.

CRAWFORD

Oh yes. Could wind you-up sometimes. Take things to the limit. Keep pushing- when you got angry- just laugh.- (laughs). But- we don't need to tell you about Derek- do we? Gibby- eh? You knew him better than we did. Talked about you all the time.

MARK

Aye- we had some times.

Crawford sips his tea.

CRAWFORD

But- he was awful impulsive. Shame too- because he was clever. Expanded all my business. Made lots of money for me- *and himself!* One of those people- once you know them- never forget them. Anyway- you've an idea where he is. Right?

MARK

I'm not positive. It just *might* be him.

CRAWFORD

And- whereabouts is he? If it is him.

MARK

Like I said- it's abroad- in the hills.

CRAWFORD-(smiling)

Can you be more specific?

MARK

Well- I'm not sure it is him- so- I want to check it out. I just wondered- if there was a message or something you wanted me to give him- *if it's him*.

Crawford looks over to Kane for a moment.

CRAWFORD

I understand you Mark. Though- it seems a strange way of going about things. Putting yourself to the expense- might not be him? Be more sensible for Mick to pop over there. You tell us where it is- Mick can check it out- see if it's Derek. What do you say?

MARK

I- I'd rather go myself.

CRAWFORD

I understand your caution- Mark- but there's really no need.

Crawford leans back- focused directly on Mark.

CRAWFORD

Maybe you think Derek pulled a stroke on me- like he did you.- (shakes his head) Couldn't be further from the truth. I wanted Derek because he made me money. I understand. He's young- wanted travel.

Crawford leans forward- a grin on his face.

CRAWFORD

I envy him that. Problem for me is- he put all my business onto the computer. Nobody else really knew how to use the thing. I do now- to some degree- and it makes my life easier. But- he placed one account- a special one at that- on a file- but- pass-worded it. Yep. You guessed. Never told anyone else the password.

Crawford shrugs.

CRAWFORD

And that's the problem. I've tried all kinds of words- combinations of things. It means I have this bank account- a foreign one too- and I can't access it.

MARK

How do you know- Gibb- Derek didn't remove the cash before-

CRAWFORD

Oh. He couldn't! I'm the only one who can make transactions. No- the cash is still there alright- grown considerably. But I need the password- for access to it.

MARK-(thinking)

If I go and it is Derek. Do you think he'll give the password to me?

CRAWFORD

I can't see why not. It's no good to him.

MARK

The other thing is- he might not want to see me- after what he did.

CRAWFORD

Tell you what I'll do! If you go- and find it is Derek- and you manage to get the password- I'll make it worth your while.

MARK

I can't promise . It might not even be him.

CRAWFORD

Sure! I know. But- I want to be clear with you. It means a lot to me. If you bring me the password- then- I'd be glad to reward you. What'd' you say? Ten thousand pounds. Is that fair enough?

MARK-(blowing out his cheeks)

I'm happy to try and persuade Gibby- if it's him. I don't need-

CRAWFORD

I understand. I know it's not the reason you're going- but I don't see why your helping me shouldn't also provide a reward.

MARK

I don't really-

CRAWFORD

I believe in paying the price. If you can bring the password that opens this account it'll be worth ten big ones to me.

MARK

I'll try.

CRAWFORD

Good show! I'll cover any expense you have.

Crawford gets up- returns his cup to the tray.

CRAWFORD

I'm really glad you came- Mark. I wanted to meet you- and I hope it turns out all right- for both of us.-(smiles)

Mark takes the hint- the meeting is over. He lays his cup on the tray and heads to Crawford- standing near the door.

CRAWFORD

If you have any second thoughts- let me know. Mick's only too willing to take care of it. That right?-(Kane nods)

MARK

Yeah- well- I'll let you know.
And if I go- I'll do my best.

Crawford lays a friendly palm on Mark's shoulder.

CRAWFORD

Well- can't ask for anymore. It'd be in both our interests.

Crawford heads to the front door- his arm around Mark.

CRAWFORD

You must still feel bad about how Derek treated you. Him- a friend too! But- if you get the password- ten grand in your pocket. No questions.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/CRAWFORD'S HOUSE. EVENING

Crawford walks mark to his car- leans on the roof.

CRAWFORD

You could make a wee fortune- Mark.

Mark eases into the car- gives Crawford a 'look'.

CRAWFORD

Y'see- if it is Derek- and you get the password alright. *You still owe him!* For what he did to you- right? Now- he's out of the way- in the hills. Could easily have an accident- right?

Mark gives an uncomprehending look.

CRAWFORD

Anything can happen- you know that. A fall- a slip. Anything! And- *If I could be sure- ten could become fifty!*

Mark's eyes are wide- astonished.

CRAWFORD

And- he'd be paying for it then- eh? What he did to you. Tell you what! Remember his right hand? Index finger?

Mark nods.

CRAWFORD

The tip missing. Remember. Mick's work. Bring that back. I'll know- he's had that accident- revenge right? *And reward!*

Mark tries to say something- Crawford puts his finger to his lips.

CRAWFORD

Say nothing- okay? That's the deal.
Fifty grand. Okay?

Before Mark can speak- Crawford turns away to the house.
Mark sits in the car a moment- thinking - then drives off.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

Mark/Carla face each other across a table.

MARK

I find it hard to believe. The way he said
it. An accident. Fifty grand- easy money.

CARLA

Are you sure though?

MARK

Phewww! No mistaking. Christ! Real sly too.
Dropping it on me- then fucking off.

CARLA

He must think you want revenge really bad.

MARK

I don't though! Okay- when Gibby ripped
me off I could've swung for him. But-
that was ages- nearly four years ago.

CARLA

If he was a *real* mate- he wouldn't have
done that to you!

MARK

Uch- we drifted by then. I was working at
the Beeb- he was still looking about for
work then started hanging around with wide
guys- Crawford- bookies and that. All into
all sorts of dodgy business. Saw him now
and again- in the town. Always had plenty
of cash- driving about in Mercs and BMW's.

CARLA

Was he like- this Kane bloke.

MARK-(laughing)

Kane! No! Christ- Gibby was in with them all. Kane's just a thug. Gibby wouldn't be into damaging people- only in self-defence.

CARLA

He could've changed. Mixing with them and-

MARK

No! Anyway- I met him a couple of times. He told me about Crawford. Said he was a right tube- thick as porridge but loaded with it.

(Flash-back)

EXT. NIGHT-CLUB. NIGHT

Mark and EDDIE- outside a casino club. A flash car draws up - Crawford/Kane/Gibby exit from it and head up to the club. Gibby notices Mark- lets the others go- shakes hands.

GIBBY

Mark! How you doing?

MARK

Hiya. Long time- huh?

GIBBY

God! No half. Where you off to?

MARK

Couldn't get in this place. Probably go-

GIBBY

Here! Wouldn't let you in? C'mon to fuck.

Gibby heads up the steps. Mark hesitates- shrugging at Eddie. Gibby is a moment at the door- then he is out again.

GIBBY

C'mom. It's kosher. Who'se your mate?

MARK

Oh- Eddie.

EDDIE-(to Gibby)

Hi. You're Gibby- eh?

GIBBY-(shaking Eddie's hand)
Christ! Am I that notorious?

EDDIE
Well- Mark's always on about you.

Gibby leads them into the club.

GIBBY
Oh aye! A load o' shite I'll bet.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

Gibby speaks to the DOORMAN- slips him something.

GIBBY
I'll sign them in- Charlie. Okay?

Gibby leads Mark/Eddie into the bar and signals a waiter.

GIBBY
Hi Mick. Give me a shaker and- (to Mark)
What'll it be?

MARK
No- thanks for getting us in- Gibby-
but I'll get the dri-

GIBBY-(laughing)
You can't do that Mark. Club rules.
No guests allowed to pay for drinks.
Anyway- I'm a bit healthy for cash.
Just won eight grand at the dogs.
Now! What'll it be?

LATER

Gibby/Mark/Eddie sit at a table with drinks.

MARK-(laughing)
And these two Italian lassies squeezed into
my two-man tent with us- out of our heads.
They'd never smoked dope before- giggling
like donkeys. No able to speak a word of
English- and us no able to speak Italian.

GIBBY

Aye! Then we tried French- couldn't get that either. But they knew what French letters were- eh? -(laughs)

EDDIE

Did you do swapsies?

MARK

I told you- Gibby. His mind's like a pit.

EDDIE

Well! Four of you- in a wee tent. C'mon!

GIBBY

*If I remember right. You!-(to Mark)
Sneaky bastard- you collared both of them.
When I hitched down to the shop- right?*

MARK

Yeah- but we'd cut the cards for it.

GIBBY-(laughing)

Still pretty sneaky, don't you think- Eddie?

INT. MARK'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Mark enters the house- dim candlelit- table set; glasses.
Carla enters from the kitchen- smiles warmly at Mark.

MARK-(suspicious look)

What're you up to?

Carla closes on him- smiling. She kisses him- leads him by the hand to the table. Carla heads back to the kitchen- Mark eyeing her as she goes- curious. He glances at the table- picks up an envelope leaning on a wine glass. It states - To Mark- with LOVE,XXXXXXXX
Mark stares at the envelope- shakes it next his ear- sits it back where it was and eases into a chair.
Carla enters- smiling- pours the wine and sits.
Mark watches her every move; bemused. Carla clinks her glass to his- a beaming smile on her face.

CARLA

To- eh- surprises. And- lots of them.

MARK-(unsure, cagey)
You know how I feel- about surprises.

Carla sips her wine- savours it, smiling- leering.

CARLA
This- you'll like. I'm sure.
Go on then! Open it up.

Mark hesitantly opens the envelope- a flight ticket.
He stares at it a moment- shakes his head- looks sad.

CARLA-(eager, smiling)
Well?

MARK-(disappointed)
Just 'cause I said I'd like to see him.
I didn't mean- like- now!

CARLA
I know you- Mark. You'd think about it
for a month- then forget about it.

MARK
No. If I really wanted to-

CARLA
Bullshit!

MARK
No! Really I've got a lot of work-

CARLA
Bullshit!

MARK-(getting angry)
You know I'm booked for cutting that
movie. I've not got time-

CARLA
You complain you've not had a holiday for
three years. You've got two weeks free in
your diary. So- why not?

MARK
I can't just head off- leave everything.
Can't afford-

CARLA

What's it going to cost? Hotel- meals.

MARK

That's not the point. If I go- *I'll pay.*

CARLA

This way- you don't have to. Why worry?
For once in your life- Mark- just go with
the flow. You've got free time- enjoy.

MARK-(smiling)

Anyway- If I went- you shouldn't pay for-

CARLA

Who said- I'm the one that paid?

Mark looks serious at her. He thinks a moment- then.

MARK

Did you contact Crawford again?

CARLA

Why not? He can well afford it.

Mark tosses the ticket across the table.

MARK-(angry)

You told him where he is?

CARLA

D'you really think I'm that stupid.
I told him the price- he paid it by
card or something. That's all.

MARK

And- now I'm like an errand boy!

CARLA

Oh- don't act so juvenile- Mark.
He's wanting that password- okay?
If you go- you'll ask Gibby. That's
all you can do. If you get it- good.
If you don't- too bad- but you tried.
So- why should you be out of pocket?

Mark considers Carla's comments.

MARK

I don't like the idea of it- for him.

CARLA

Forget about him. Just go- for you.
You know if it was me- I'd be there
already. So- what's the problem?

MARK

Gibby! He's the problem.

Carla gives Mark a 'look'.

CARLA

It's not Gibby- *it's you!* You're afraid.

MARK-(dismissive)

Oh- nonsen-

CARLA

No! It's not! You know I'm right.

MARK

Christ. He's still a mate.

CARLA

Is!- Or was?

Mark laughs a little.

CARLA

What's funny?

MARK

Just thinking back. Gibby turning-up-
out of the blue.

CARLA

How long ago was it?

MARK

Phew! Three- nearly four years now.
What a state he was in.

CARLA

It say's a lot about you. Still regard
him as a mate. *After that!*

(Flash-back)

INT. MARK'S FLAT. NIGHT

Mark- working on a flatbed Steenbeck in a corner of the room- a trim-bin nearby. The rest of the flat with usual furniture for a single person- crammed together to allow an area of the room as an edit office. We see him make a cut- splice and edit and run the film further along. A knock on the door disturbs him. He glances at a watch- makes a face- heads to the door with a sullen look. He opens the door cautiously- looks shocked.

MARK

Christ! Gibby. What the fuck!
C'mon- Christ. Get in.

Gibby limps in- his face beaming a smile but heavily bruised. He also has a huge bandage round his right hand and covering his index finger.

GIBBY

Knew you'd be in Mark. Mister reliable.

Mark stares at the damage displayed- bruising/bandages. He helps Gibby to a chair.

MARK

Here! Sit down. Jesus! What happened?

Gibby gives a slight smile then grimaces with pain.

GIBBY

One of these situations I'm supposed to say you should see the other guy- but somebody re-wrote the script.

Mark heads to a cupboard- brings out a bottle of whisky. Gibby's eyes light up.

GIBBY

Oh just the medicine. Only a half pint for me. I'm driving.

Mark pours some whisky into two cups and returns with them.

MARK

C'mon to fuck- Gibby. What happened?

Gibby- holding the bandaged index finger sticking upwards.

GIBBY

What else. She closed her legs.

Gibby swallows the whisky in a gulp- savours it a moment.

GIBBY

That hit the spot- Mark. Any more?

Mark grabs hold of the cup- exasperated- re-fills it.

MARK

Are you going to tell me?

Gibby relaxes back into the chair- groaning a little.

GIBBY

You're such an impatient bugger. I'm waiting for alcohol to numb this fucking pain.

MARK

Okay- look- I'm sorry. Now tell me

GIBBY-(smiling)

What is there to tell- you don't see? I came off second-best. That's it.

MARK

You were fighting?

GIBBY

Well- I wouldn't call it a fight. More a surprise attack.

MARK-(getting exasperated)

Who? Who with?

GIBBY

Christ. Mark. How did you get a first in English? With whom- Mark! Not who with. Old Sanderson would have a fit about that.

MARK

You're determined to fuck about- aren't you? Well fuck it! I've got work to do.

Gibby struggles to stand and heads for the door.

MARK

Where'd you think you're-

GIBBY

Hey! I don't want to keep you back from your precious wo-

MARK

C'mon Gibby. I just meant-

GIBBY-(serious)

What- Mark! What did you mean?

MARK-(leading him back to chair)

Sit down- for fuck's sake. I can't argue with you like- looking so- so- so hurt. That pathetic hurt- God. I remember that.

Gibby eases back into the chair, wincing and smiling too.

GIBBY

Used to work great with your Ma- remember? Feeding me with scones and ready to do my washing. Great- Minnie was.

MARK

Yeah! Treated you better than me.

Mark heads over to the cupboard and brings the bottle over.

MARK

Now! You going to tell-

GIBBY

Okay. It's long though- so don't- Whoaa! That whisky's good business- with those pain-killers I had. My heads away.

Mark takes the cup from him.

GIBBY

Good idea. I might drop it. Where was I? Right.-(sighs)-You know Crawford, eh? The bookie- right? And Kane. The nutter.

MARK

Aye. Sort of. You told me some things-

GIBBY

Well- Kane's a bit of a psycho- you knew that- eh? The whole of the town knows that. Yet- he's Crawford's wee lap-dog. Running about everywhere for him- like a fucking gopher. We were going to the races at York and- I'm in the shower and Kane starts battering the fucking door down- telling me Crawford's in the car- I'd better come as I was! I told him to fuck-off.

Gibby laughs- reaches for his cup- Mark passes to him.

GIBBY

He blew a fucking fuse- so he did. Crackpot- I tell you. Said Alan- Crawford- wouldn't like it. Was going to physically drag me as I was. I fucking chased him- threatened to throw a pot of coffee at him. -(laughs)
Anyway- I got dressed- toddles over to Renfrew and a guy took me in his wee plane. I was at the fucking track an hour before they arrived! Crawford found it hilarious- but Kane- wow! A volcano about to explode.

MARK

And- that's how this happened? Kane-

GIBBY

No! That was ages ago- last year sometime. No-(laughs)- this was 'cause Kane found me leaving a certain young ladies' house- at three o' clock this morning.

MARK

Who- or whom?

GIBBY

Nobody you'd know. Cathy Miller. Lovely girl. Problem is- Alan- Crawford's having an affair with her- Kane found out I was doing the dirty behind Alan's back.

MARK

How'd he know?

GIBBY

Must've been following me- sad bastard.
Hates how I tell Crawford to go and fuck
himself- or me and Alan- out our heads.
Betting which women will give a feel for
a fifty quid note- stuff like that.

MARK

And he was waiting?

GIBBY

Aye. Must've been there for hours too.
I was still half-cut- nearly asleep.

(Flash-back within Flash-back)

INT. CLOSE/STAIRWAY NIGHT

Gibby descending stairway- dimly lit hallway- struck on the
head- reels- falls.(Sound of metal clattering).
Kicks going in- Gibby grabbing a leg- him and Kane on the
floor- grappling. Gibby throttling Kane- Gibby's finger in
Kane's mouth- Kane biting- HARD!! Kane standing- a piece of
finger between his teeth- swallows. Gibby yelling- blood.

(V.O narration- GIBBY)

Coming down the last steps- whack! Hit me
with something- heard it clang on the
ground. Then he was kicking shit out of me-
my head banging on the step- but- I just
about had him- so I did! I got his leg-
managed to pull him down- got my arm round
his neck. Really- I could've killed the
cunt! No bother. Felt the life go from him.
Then- felt my fingers in his mouth. Aargh!
(Beat)-

I just felt this numbing pain- Christ!
Nearly blacked-out. Then- he's standing
over me again- blood dripping from his
lips- holding this blobby bit between
his teeth.-(laughs)- Then! He swallows it!
Laughing like fuck- starts kicking again.
I woke-up, maybe only a few minutes later-
I don't know- and half my fucking finger's
gone! He ate the fucker! My finger!

(Flash-back)

INT. MARK'S FLAT. NIGHT

MARK

*He ate it? That's sick. Jesus!
Did you tell the police?*

GIBBY

Get real- Mark- eh? Got it stitched at the infirmary. Gave me some wonderful drugs- makes it all worth while.

Mark sits thoughtful- Gibby drains the dregs from his cup.

GIBBY

That was nice drop of malt. Any more? What about hitting a club or something. We've not been out together for ages.

MARK-(Astonished)

You're joking!

GIBBY

No! C'mon. I've a good few bucks on me. I want to feel rhythm in my veins- c'mon.

MARK

I don't fucking believe you- Gibby! You're injured- Christ! Half you're finger-

GIBBY

John Wayne rode for miles with a bullet in the belly- what's a wee bit of finger.

MARK

But- I can't just-. You're no in a fit-

Gibby starts easing himself out of the chair.

GIBBY

Well- I need some drum and base or I'll scream. Ta for the-

MARK

Jesus! You can hardly walk. You-

GIBBY

I'm getting a taxi.

MARK-(exasperated)

Okay! Look. Wait till I shut-down here.

GIBBY

I remember somebody that used to say-work rhymes with fuck.

MARK

I was a student then. This is paid work!

GIBBY

Oh God. I feel sick at the sound of wages. Got a shagging tone to it- a sinful excuse for fucking someone- giving them wages.

(Flash-back)

MUSICAL MONTAGE *1 (EXT/INT. NIGHT)

(Mark/Gibby hit the town.)

- 1) *Heading from Mark's place- hailing a taxi.*
- 2) *Into a club- Gibby rocking with the music.*
- 3) *Sitting at a table- Gibby indicating two girls.*
- 4) *Gibby at the girl's table- chatting them up.*
- 5) *Gibby/Mark dancing with the two girls.*
- 6) *Gibby/Mark at a table with the two girls.*
- 7) *Gibby/Mark heading to the toilet.*
- 8) *Gibby snorting coke in the toilet- Mark refusing, looking offended.*
- 9) *Gibby/Mark- the two girls entering MARK'S flat.*
- 10) *Gibby snorting coke- offering to the girls- who refuse.*
- 11) *Mark showing the girls out- apologetic- Gibby lies wasted on the floor.*
- 12) *Mark covering Gibby on the couch with a blanket.*
- 13) *Mark heading out to work- Gibby still asleep.*
- 14) *Mark returning home/evening- Gibby gone- along with stereo, vcr, computer and bank cards.*

End of Musical Montage.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE. DAY

Mark/Carla at a table. A small flight-bag beside him.

CARLA

I wish I was going with you. A kind of adventure- really.

MARK

Huh! Adventure! Fools errand more like.

CARLA

Oh c'mon! Even if it's not Gibby- you don't find him- *it's a break!*

MARK

Phew! I don't see it like that. A holiday?

CARLA

Oh why not? You're making it so serious.

MARK

All this Crawford business.
I wished we hadn't contacted-

CARLA

Oh- don't worry about him. Find Gibby- for nobody else. For you!

MARK

And if I do? What's he going to be like?

CARLA

Doesn't matter. You just want to know.

Mark watches a plane head skywards. Looks sadly at Carla.

MARK

I wish you were coming- too.

Carla leans across and kisses Mark- both with moist eyes.

EXT. AIRPORT VIEWING GALLERY DAY

Carla tearfully waving to a plane heading skywards.
As she heads back to her car- we notice Kane watching her- and noting the flight destination.

INT. AIRPLANE. DAY

Mark looking out the plane window- turns- shuts his eyes.

(Flash-back)

INT. MARK'S FLAT. NIGHT

Mark asleep in his room- wakened by the door buzzer.
He throws on some clothes- (OFF- loud rap on the door).

MARK-(angry)
Gibby! You fucker! I'm really
pissed-off. No fucking joke!

He opens the door to find Kane- smiling.

MARK
What the-

Kane barges past Mark- who quickly follows him- heads
straight to the bedroom- with the door lying open.

MARK
What's going on?

Kane has a scan round the room- wanders to a wardrobe
looks in- then pushes past Mark and enters the lounge.
Mark enters to find Kane looking in a cupboard.

MARK
Hey! What are you after?

KANE-(sneery smile)
You don't know?

MARK-(bewildered)
No! What'd you want?

Kane comes close to Mark- keeping a smile- but threatening.

KANE
The name- Gibb! Ring a bell?

Mark says nothing.

KANE
Derek- fuck-finger- Gibb! Eh?

Mark flops into a chair. Kane stands over him.

KANE

You're telling me something- pal.
I'm not leaving here with a sad story.

MARK-(frightened)

He was here. But- I don't know. The other
night. Came from the hospital- bandag-

KANE

And what?

MARK

He stayed- was drunk. Crashed on the couch.
I went to work. Came back- he had gone.
Took all my gear.

KANE

Gear? What gear?

MARK

My stereo. Video recorder. My t.v. uch,
other stuff. Computer- two credit cards.

Kane gives a sinister smile and a shake of his head.

KANE

And- you're a friend of his- right?

Mark nods.

KANE

And the cops. You report this- him
nicking your gear?

Mark shakes his head.

KANE

He's some fucking kiddie- our Derek boy.
Think you'll see your gear again?

MARK-(shaking his head)

Don't know. My cards- the police'll-

Kane gives Mark a tap on his head as he heads to the door.

KANE

Just you be careful what you tell the cops. They'll not get your gear back- believe me. You hear from him at all- just see him- anything! I'll be annoyed if you don't tell me.-(smiles) You know Alan Crawford?

Mark nods.

KANE

You hear anything about Derek. Anything at all- you let Alan know. I don't want to come here again- you know what I mean?

Mark nods.

KANE

You've maybe learned a lesson- son- about trusting dodgy friends.

Kane exits- Mark slumps into the chair- mutters a curse.

EXT. FOREIGN AIRPORT. DAY

MUSICAL MONTAGE *2 (EXT.)

Mark exits the airport with hold-all and small flight-bag. He is accosted by locals wishing to get him a taxi. He fights them off- but grabs hold of one and shows a piece of paper to him- saying the name of the location. The person points to a bus stance. Waiting in the queue is a collection of odd characters/families/tethered animals/ and many bundles and boxes. This is the typical local bus- the journey is sweltering nightmare. After a long ride- he is escorted from the bus by the driver at a deserted cross-roads.(North By Northwest?). The driver points along one of the roads at the crossing- and motions driving and points to Mark's ticket- The bus leaves- a dust-cloud covering it's tracks. Mark is left standing at a cross-roads at the foothills to mountains- scrub-land all around and not a soul in sight. He rests on his hold-all and waits. And waits. And waits! A dust-cloud comes into view from the other road - and slowly another bus arrives. Mark gets on the bus- holds out the piece of paper and ticket- and is soon off again.

(Cont.)

Now we climb into the hills with spectacular views. Eventually- the bus stops at a village- a mere handful of Houses. Mark makes to alert the driver who shushes him and waves him back to his seat. The bus heads on again- further into the hills. At the next village- the driver shouts to Mark who is then deposited in the small square of the village- the bus immediately heads off.

END OF MUSICAL MONTAGE

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY

Locals sit around the square on their haunches- Mark is the main focus for them. He looks around the place- a collection of small adobe-type houses and cafe/bar of sorts across the square- with a bench-style seat outside where a few old villagers sit- staring across at him. He slowly walks over and attempts to converse in some way- only for one of them to direct him inside.

INT. VILLAGE BAR. DAY

The bar is very basic with unmatched chairs and tables- a serving-bar with some bottles- glasses arrayed on wooden shelves. A young woman- MARJA- is tending the bar. At the sight of Mark- she smiles and welcomes him in the language of the place. Mark shakes his head and holds his hands out- displaying he doesn't understand. Marja smiles and runs through a few introductory phrases of German, French, and finally-

MARJA

Ee's Inglis you speak. Kai?

MARK-(nodding eagerly)

Yes! Thank God.

MARJA-(strange look)

You want- God?

MARK

No! No- doesn't matter. Can I eat? Food?

MARJA

Kai! we 'ave good food- kai?

You like drink? Wine? Beer?

MARK

Yes! Beer. Some food- okay?

Marja smiles. She opens a beer and froth spills over and she giggles. Mark ends up with a glass of beer and foam.

MARJA

You stay- drink beer- I get food. Kai?

Marja goes through a door behind the bar. Mark looks around while sipping the frothy beer. He wanders to the front door and looks out. The old villagers on the bench smile at him and he returns their smile- then- remembers his mission, and takes a photograph from his pocket- hands it to them.

MARK

You know? Market. Long hair?

The old men look at the snap and nod to each other- and as Mark gestures about the long hair- they laugh- then all shake their heads and hand the snap back.

LATER

Mark- sitting at a table in the bar feasting on a plate of food with a side plate of flat-bread chapattis. Marja sits across the table smiling and smoking.

MARJA

You like our food. Kai?

Mark nods enthusiastically.

MARJA

I cook- it's okay. Kai? You 'Merican- New Yok, Holleewood?

Mark shakes his head- smiles.

MARJA

Inglis- Kai? Lundoon? Yes?

Mark shakes his head again.

MARK

Scottish. From-

MARJA

Aah! Scuttishh. Gaskow Rangers. Kai?

MARK-(nodding eagerly)

Yes! Yes!

MARJA

You take high road- I take low road-
bonnee banks Luch Lamand.

Mark cracks-up laughing- echoed by Marja. He remembers the photograph and shows it to Marja. Mark points to Gibby, standing beside Mark- taken somewhere in Skye- both younger. He motions about the longer hair and moustache.

MARK

My friend, De-rr-ek! You seen him?

Marja studies the photograph, then looks at Mark.

MARJA

You friend. Kai? Where is- you friend?

MARK

I don't know? Maybe you- seen him?

Marja looks serious at him.

MARJA

He you friend? Why you lose him?

Mark thinks a moment- then shakes his head.

MARK

He lost me. I need to find him.

Marja appears less cheerful and takes the empty dishes away- leaving Mark staring at the old photograph. He goes back to the bar and has to attract Marja's attention as she is rinsing the dishes and ignoring him.

MARK

I need to stay somewhere. Is this- hotel?

Marja doesn't raise her head to look at him when answering.

MARJA

No 'otel.

MARK

Here! You have rooms- here?
(points to a stairway - up to the ceiling)

Marja gives a sour look and shakes her head.

MARJA

No good. One room- very dirty- no good.

Mark looks bemused at her change in demeanour.

MARK

Can I see it? I see- maybe, okay?

Marja dries her hands and comes from behind the bar-
muttering to herself- heads to the stairs.
Mark immediately grabs his bags and quickly follows her.

MARJA

You no like room.

The stairs lead to a landing with a couple of doors.
Marja opens a door and stands by- allowing Mark to look in.

INT. THE INN- ROOM. DAY

Mark looks into the room; a foggy haze surrounds everything as the sunlight filtering through a small window captures the dust unsettled in the air by the opening of the door. The room is sparse and covered in a film of dust. A mangy looking bed has a thin veil of mosquito net lying over it- holding dust. The only other furniture is a small set of drawers, a large water-bowl a fragile chair and bed. Mark looks deflated. Marja studies his reaction.

MARJA

You- no like. Kai?

Mark shakes his head, drops the bags, ready to cry.
Marja suddenly smiles at him- waves him out of the room.

MARJA

You go. Look at village. Walk.
I make room okay. Kai?

Mark looks bemused.

MARK

Why?

MARJA-(smiling)

You lost too. Kai? Like you friend.

MARK

You're right. I'm lost. But- thanks.

MARJA

You come- later. Kai? Room very clean.

MARK-(Indicates hold-all)

This! Leave here?

MARJA-(nods- smiles)

Now- go! Later- come back. Room okay.

Mark wanders off to the sound of Marja singing in her language- a cheery, lilting air.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY

Mark wanders around the village being friendly to locals. The few houses there are end as the road reverts back to a dirt-track. He walks along the road and stops where he can view the valley below- stretching far into the horizon. He sits- stretches out with his bag as a pillow.

INT. VILLAGE BAR. DUSK

Mark enters the bar and finds the place empty.

INT. THE INN-ROOM. DUSK

The door to the room is slightly ajar and Mark cautiously opens it. The room is transformed and tidy- with a vase of flowers and the window open and appearing dust-free and fresh. He sees his hold-all stuck under the bed and smiles.

INT. VILLAGE BAR. NIGHT

Mark sits on the only stool in the bar- speaking to Marja- serving the few people in the place. Old men sit at a table next a fire- playing a board-game. Music comes from a small cassette recorder behind the bar. Mark pleads with Marja.

MARK

I need to know. Please!

MARJA

Why? Is why- you must know.

MARK

I told you- I want to find my friend.

MARJA

Dreek! You're friend- Dreek!

MARK

Yeah. Derek. Deh-rick.

MARJA-(laughing)

He is lost, Kai? Dreek. And now- you too- lost.-(laughs)

MARK

But- I need to know- when market comes.

MARJA

Always- you need to know. Kai? Need to know you're friend Dreek. Need to know- you lost. Kai? Need to know- room. Kai? Now- need to know- mar-kit. Bimaso.

MARK

I don't understand. Bimaso?

MARJA

Bimaso- sell- buy- you, say mar-kit. We say, bimaso.

MARK

Oh- right. Okay, bimaso. When- bimaso?

Marja smiles- shakes her head.

MARJA

Why? Need to know- when bimaso?

MARK-(frustrated)

God! I told you! My friend, De-rick.
I find my friend on market. Bimaso.

MARJA-(shakes her head)

Tomorrow- bimaso. Mar-kit, but-

MARK-(excited)

Tomorrow! Market- bimaso. Tomorrow?

Marja nods, smiling.

MARK

Here! Tomorrow. Bimaso. Here.

MARJA-(points outside)

Bimaso out here. Tomorrow.

Mark relaxes a little, smiling and thinking.

MARJA

You think- you friend, Dreek-
be with bimaso. Kai?

MARK

I hope.

MARJA

You friend, Dreek. Good friend. Kai?

MARK

Yes. Like brother.

MARJA-(smiling)

like brother- why you lose him?

Mark raises his open palms indicating 'don't know'.

MARJA

Maybe- Dreek want to stay lost. Kai?

Mark shakes his head. The local music stops- the tape ending. Marja selects another from a pile and plays it. Immediately the music begins- Mark gets excited.

MARK-(pointing to tape-player))
Who'se tape? *Please!* Where?

MARJA-(shrugging)
Just tape. Music. I like.

Mark is almost reaching over the bar, excited.

MARK
Who gave you tape? *Please!* Can I see it?

Marja shrugs- removes the tape. She holds it close to her body a moment as if not wanting to let it go- then hands it to Mark. He studies it closely- there are no signs or writing on it. He hands it back to her.

MARK
Okay. *Please.* Put it back on.

Marja replaces the tape and the music resumes- The Jesus and Mary Chain singing, 'Some Candy Talkin'. Mark listens.

MARK
C'mon! *Pleeeeeease!* Where'd you get the tape.

MARJA
You like. Kai?

MARK
Yes- I like. *Please!* Where did you-

MARJA
Bimaso. Very good music. Very cheap.

Mark looks pleased.

MARK
Yeah! Bimaso. The market. Great!

Marja is amused at Mark's reaction.

MARJA
You buy- bimaso, tomorrow. Music. Kai?

MARK
Yeah. I buy- music. But- I find friend- bimaso. De-rick.

MARJA-(smiling)
Dreek. Like- brother..Kai?

MARK
Yes. Like brother. Tomorrow. Bimaso.

INT. THE INN-ROOM. NIGHT

Mark- asleep- the room dim- the moonlight illuminating through the window. The door creaks- Mark opens one eye. A dark shadow passes by the bed- we hear his hold-all zip being undone. As the person rummages in the bag- Mark jumps up- grabs the intruder and knocks them to the floor. He brings a torch from his bag- shines it- we see Marja sitting with a smile on her face. Mark sits down on the bed- lights a lamp at the bedside. Marja gets to her feet- collects the stuff spilled from the hold-all and begins stuffing it back.

MARK
Why? What did you want?

Marja holds up a carton of duty-free cigarettes and extracts a packet- holds it up.

MARJA
I need cigarette. You were sleep.

Mark shakes his head, sleepy.

MARK
Downstairs. In the bar- cigarettes.

MARJA
Close. Lock away.

Marja sits on his bed and extracts a cigarette- offers one to him- he refuses.

MARK-(smiling)
You! I don't know about you.

She smiles- blows smoke in his face.

MARK
You dream about your friend- Dreek?

Mark shakes his head.

MARJA

You have woman- you dream about?

MARK

Yes! I have woman. No. I had- nightmare.

Marja heads to the door- with the packet of cigarettes.

MARJA

Maybe now you dream good. Kai?

Dream of woman. Maybe friend, Dreek.

Mark nods and waves goodbye as she slips out the door. He lifts the hold-all onto the bed and checks through it. He seems bemused- returns the carton of cigarettes, blows out the lamp and lies on the bed, closes his eyes.

INT. THE INN-ROOM. DAWN

Mark is brought awake by a cacophony of noises and shouting outside the window. He looks out.

INT/EXT MARK'S POV FROM WINDOW. DAWN

The narrow main street of the village is busy with market stalls being erected and many people and vehicles crammed half-way up the grassy slopes of the hill- horses tied up. Wares of all kinds are being unloaded onto stalls and hung over posts and ropes. Whole families appear to be busy sorting their stalls- small children running to-and-fro - all busy doing something. The place abuzz with life.

INT. THE INN-ROOM. DAWN

Mark quickly dresses- splashes water on his face- grabs the small flight-bag and heads out of the room

EXT. THE VILLAGE MARKET. DAWN

Mark wanders along the stalls- studying the people rather than the goods. He stops at a stall- studying a trinket- Marja is suddenly beside him- pulling him away.

MARK

Hey! What you doing? Don't!

MARJA

Come. I need help. You help Marja.

Mark stops her going any further.

MARK

Look! I need to see- find my friend.

MARJA

No! Help Marja!

MARK

I help. Later. I need to look for friend.

MARJA

Marja not you friend?

Mark is pissed-off.

MARJA

I make room nice- clean.
You no help Marja?

MARK

Hey! Don't try a guilt thing. Christ!
Look! I came long way.

MARJA

Help Marja- you can come back- bimaso.

Mark sighs and follows her- looking at stall-holders as he goes. When they are at the start of the market again- Mark turns back and faces the market and shouts.

MARK

GI-BB-AY!

People stare at Mark a moment then go about their business. Finding no reaction- Mark reluctantly follows MARJA.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH. DAY

Marja leads Mark from the main dirt-road to a small track obscured by bushes. Soon they climb a steep incline- through deep bushes on a well-trodden footpath. At times Mark has to stop- with Marja laughing.

MARK

Where? Marja. How far? I need to stop.

MARJA

Not far.

MARK

Where are we-

MARJA

This place- you must. Come on.

Marja scrambles over rocky areas- leading to steeper slopes. She waits for Mark- helps him scramble up- then heads off again. They are soon in thick bushes- the path extremely narrow and overgrown. Marja forges ahead- out of sight. Mark stops a moment and listens- hearing nothing. He cautiously continues along the path- through thick bushes- finds himself in a clearing- with Marja facing him- smiling as she sits on a rock.

EXT. GIBBY'S SHRINE. DAY

Mark unloads his small bag- gasping- he sits down. He is surprised by a voice from his side.

GIBBY

You never were any good at scrambling up hills- were you?

Mark looks in shock- seeing Gibby- sitting in lotus position on an outcrop of rock on a precipice. Beyond Gibby is the great vista of the valley below. Gibby- dressed in slight local garb- his hair tied in a pony-tail- a droopy moustache and a huge smile on his face.

GIBBY

Well- you could say something.
Mister Gibb- I presume.

MARJA

You friend, Kai? Dreek.

Mark nods- looks again at Gibby and shakes his head.

MARK

You! You- fucking hippy. Look at you?

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Marja/Gibby/Mark emerge from bushes onto a small dirt-road high in the hills overlooking the valley- miles below. They come upon small adobe-type dwellings built into the side of the mountain- roofs of corrugated-sheet and assorted materials. They head to one of the houses.

GIBBY

It's not the Hilton- Mark. But- it's home.

INT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. DAY

The house surprises- the shabby exterior belies the neat, functional nature of the inside. Many cooking implements and other tools hang round the walls. A cooking range is built around an open fireplace. A wooden table stands on wooden kegs, seats made from the same- with cushions of coloured material. Coloured muslin is draped from areas- providing partitions and giving the place a homely feature. Mark looks around- amazed at the contrast of the interior.

GIBBY-(laughing)

Great what you can do with nothing, eh?
 Anyway- sit down. Marja'll make some tea-
 while we get to know each other again.
 Oh, and there's another surprise for you-
 but- that's later.

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. DAY

Mark/Gibby on a bench-type seat with a table in front of them. A hookah sits on the table- and a tall samovar. Gibby pours a cup from the samovar as they sit with backs to the wall of the house- look to the valley beyond.

GIBBY

Oh, all this- (points to house at his back)
It's temporary. We're going back to India-
soon as we can get the funds together.

MARK

How long were you there?

GIBBY

India? Just over two years. Met Marja
selling her jewellery on a market in
Goa. We took off- south- Kerala-
then spent a few months just roaming.
Up in the hills- Kashmir. Marvellous.

MARK

Where did you go- when you first took off?

GIBBY

Oh- was in Greece for a while. Worked for
a bit there- then went through Turkey-
headed east- Iran- Afghanistan- dodgy time
there but- some good stuff too.

Mark shakes his head- looking at Gibby.

MARK

I still can't believe it. You. Here.

GIBBY-(clasps arm around Mark)

I tell you. Never thought I'd ever see you
again in my life. It's sure as hell good.

Mark reciprocates the bonding gesture- hugging Gibby.

MARK

Remember that last day? At the uni? God!

GIBBY-(laughing)

Totally smashed. That wee guy in that pub
in Partick- telling us he was in Hollywood.
Slept with Doris Day? What a tosser.

MARK

You! Winding him up- was her pubes blonde
or black?

They both crack-up with laughter.

GIBBY

Anyway. How the hell did you find me?

MARK

It wasn't easy.

GIBBY

But- how? How'd you know I was here?

Mark sips his tea and smiles.

MARK

Hmm. Just a hunch.

GIBBY

C'mon to Monty. You couldn't get here and-

MARK

No.

GIBBY

How?

MARK

Last month- a travel film was shot here-
showing the market and-

GIBBY

That bastard! I knew it!

MARK

Who? Liam? The presenter?

GIBBY

The old cunt. Tried to keep out his
way- doing take after take- right at
my bloody stall. I didn't want him to
know I spoke English though.

MARK-(laughing)

He's a bit of a tosser.

GIBBY

And what? You saw that show? You-

MARK

I edited it.

GIBBY

You recognised me from-

MARK

Well- it was really weird, y'know?
I was going through it, and I had
this feeling- really strong kinda
deja-vu thing. I was holding that
sequence- you trying to hide behind
Liam as he spoke- and something about
you- the way you moved- I felt I knew you.

GIBBY

Oh- I should've known. They were
farting about for-

MARK

I'm telling you- it was pretty freaky.
I was all tingling like- got the
magnifying glass on it- couldn't
mistake that beak of yours.

GIBBY

Hey! Is this a wacky world- or what?

Gibby fills the hookah bowl- passes a pipe-stem to Mark.

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. DAY

Gibby/Mark sitting as we last saw. Mark shows Gibby the old
photograph and they laugh. They are alerted by voices-
Marja comes along the road- holding the hand of a small
girl- just at the walking stage. She is KANDI.
At the sight of Gibby her eyes widen and she tries to run.

KANDI

Daddar! Daddar.

Gibby nudges Mark excitedly.

GIBBY

Here's surprise number two. The life
of my world.(bending to hug Kandi)
C'mon my wee bunda-kushka.

Mark watches as Gibby cuddles and plays with Kandi.

MARK

God- she's a cutie. Must favour her mother.

GIBBY

Beware the men from the west, my child.
They speak untruths.

MARJA

Kandi is always- Daddar's girl.

Gibby lifts Kandi to his shoulders- motions Mark to follow.

GIBBY

C'mon. See surprise number three-
the final frontier, aha!

Gibby strides off along the road with Kandi on top,
giggling as they go. Mark and Marja trail along behind.

MARK

Why didn't you tell me? Yesterday- about
Gibby- De-rick?

MARJA-(smiling)

I didn't know- you real friend- maybe no.

MARK

(takes the photo from his pocket)
This. Did you know this was De-rick.

MARJA-(studying photo - smiling)

All the time I know. The eyes- you see.
Like you- nice eyes. Also- the music-
the tape. You like. Dreek like.

EXT. ON MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Mark/Marja approach Gibby- standing at the side of
another adobe-type house. Attached to the side of the house
is a huge tarpaulin- covering out like a marquee tent.
Kandi is trying to lift one side and get under it.

GIBBY

This- is where dreams come true.
C'mon. Give me a hand. Get that end.

Mark gets one end of the tarp- Gibby the other. They roll it back and over to expose an old model single-decker bus, painted in a lurid mix of psychedelia and eastern design; bright colours- outlined along it's length in huge, flowery lettering- is the word, .Tomorrow.

GIBBY

What's your thoughts right this second?

Mark stares- agog.

GIBBY

Don't fuck about- say what you think.

MARK

It's- a tad bright- don't you think?

GIBBY

So! It's bright. That it?

MARK

Ah- it also looks- well- kinda old.

GIBBY

Your powers of observation startle me- Mark.

MARK

But- I mean- does it go?

Gibby looks at Marja and shakes his head.

GIBBY

I show him the thrill of my life-
excepting you and Kandi that is-
and he says it's bright- kinda old-
and will it go.

Mark looks apologetic- shrugs- smiles.

GIBBY

Mark! This bus- this wonderful piece of machinery brought Marja and me all the way through the Khyber Pass, the Hindu-

Kush, Afghanistan, Iran and all the way to here. ??? thousand miles without a cough or splutter. Few new tyres- new water-pump, stuff like that. Take a look.

EXT.(INT) THE ON- OR- OFF BUS. DAY

Gibby leads Mark inside the bus. The interior- converted to a mobile-home with multi-functional design including a cooking range; shower/toilet; bench-style seats; coloured cushions that transform to sleeping-quarters. Hidden in cupboards beneath and above are utensils; tools; water containers. It is homely, with carved eastern designs.

MARK

Hey- I see what you mean. It's great!

GIBBY

Go ahead. Get into the control-tower.

MARK

Yeah. Feels good.

GIBBY

Power steering too. Super machine.

Mark gets up again and has another look around.

MARK

No- really! It's amazing Gibby.

EXT. THE ON- OR- OFF BUS. DAY

Mark looks at the exterior- Gibby leads him to the rear.

GIBBY-(pointing at back of bus)

This- is- well- just a little extra-
I thought I might need.

Strapped onto the rear of the bus is a Harley Davidson motor-bike. Gibby smiles like a kid at Xmas. Mark is agog.

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. DUSK

Mark- relaxed on the bench outside- staring at the view.
 Marja comes out- places various large plates of
 different breads on the table. Mark prepares to get up.

MARK

Here! Let me hel-

Marja 'shshues' him and shakes her head.

MARJA

No! You are friend. Please!

Mark willingly obliges and relaxes again. A moment later
 Gibby appears with a huge steaming pot. He opens the lid
 under Mark's nose before setting it on the table.

MARK

Smells delicious. When'd you get culinary?

GIBBY-(smiling)

You learn- when you need to. I made
 Indian meals the locals in Kerala
 used to queue up for- I tell you.

Gibby/Marja- continue bringing out more dishes of food.

MARK

Jesus Christ! Feeding the five-thousand?

GIBBY-(smiling)

Hmm. Could be. You wait. Soon as it's
 dark.-(points to road)- there's going to be
 a few of the locals coming along. They know
 you're here- a friend. That means a feast-
 and believe me- they know how to feast.

MARK

From the village?

GIBBY-(nodding)

The village- other wee hamlets- anybody.

MARK

How will they climb up that hill-
 in the dark? Near killed me.

GIBBY

Hey! You should see the state they leave here- and still manage to get home okay.

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Gibby- hanging lanterns around the house- with oil lamps on the table. Marja has Kandi in her arms- walking and soothing her with a lullaby. Mark is still sitting on the bench- watching all the activity.

MARK

You sure- Gibby. Maybe nobody'll come.

GIBBY-(laughing)

Hah! You want into that food- don't you?

MARK

Well- I'm pretty ready for-

Marja points towards the road.

MARJA

Look!

Along the road- merging into total blackness- voices and foot-falls are heard. As the sound increases- we see a couple of wavering lights and hear 'whoops' of delight and a group of local men appear- calling- 'Dreek'. Closer still- Gibby greets each with a hug and points to Mark. One by one- they clasp his hand - give him a hug. They put their flagons on the table- grab hold of cups- firstly offering one to Mark. As they all drink- the man next Mark- one of the older men Mark had shown the photograph to- pulls a small cloth bag from his waist-coat- extracts a lump of hash. He rubs it- thrusts them under Mark's nose- laughing.

GIBBY

They're crazy guys. No kidding. Every one will have their own personally grown hash- demand you compare it with others.

They feast with laughter. Gibby accompanies local songs.

DISSOLVE TO

LATER

The crowd saying farewell to Gibby- some barely able to stand and being helped by friends. They go off- singing into the darkness- Gibby looks and smiles at Mark- lying asleep along the bench outside the house. Gibby enters the house and returns with a rug- which he carefully wraps around Mark. Smiling- he wanders back into the house.

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. DAY

Mark- asleep along the bench- rug around him. A cock crows- but Mark is dead to the world. Gibby emerges from the house wearing only a small loin-cloth garb. From a tap by the side of the house he splashes water over himself and soaks his hair- hanging down in long strands- dripping. The sound brings life to Mark who raises himself sleepily and shades his eyes from the sun as he looks at Gibby.

MARK

Jeee-suss! Is it safe to wake-up?

GIBBY-(big smile)

Huh! Safer than you think.-

(points to the vista before them)

Is that outta-sight or is that outta-sight?

Mark tries to focus- his view blinded by the glaring sun.

MARK

I'll take your word for it.

GIBBY wanders into the house- returns with two cups of tea.

GIBBY

The samovar sits over the fire at night.

I think the locals liked you.

'Specially when you sang Auld Lang-

MARK

Oh- Christ! What a tube! Hey! Half of those guys gave me the cold-shoulder stuff- when I showed them your photo yesterday. Then almost fighting with each other to ply me with their hash.

GIBBY-(laughing)
Of course. They didn't know you were
a friend yesterday. They do now!

Gibby finishes his tea.

GIBBY
I'm off- for a wee while. Down to where
you met me yesterday. Pop down when
you're ready. Got lots to talk about.

Mark sits sipping his tea- wrapped in the rug- watching
Gibby head back down the road- then into the bushes.
He rubs sleep from his eyes and stretches shrugging-off the
rug- wanders to the tap, turns it on- splashes his face.

EXT. GIBBY'S SHRINE. DAY

Mark- his hair now wet- follows Gibby to the track down
the mountain. He begins to descend- we hear a soft,
humming sound. He listens a moment- then continues.
The sound increases as he comes to the clearing where he
met Gibby- the humming louder now- more of a chant.
Mark stops- emerges from the bushes and stares ahead.
Gibby sits on the overhanging outcrop of rock- his
back to Mark- facing the huge sweep of the valley below-
sitting in the lotus position- chanting a mantra.
Gibby stops- is silent a moment- slowly he stands- his body
turning to face Mark- stretches his arms out- crucifix
fashion- spread-eagled and on the tips of his toes.
Mark has a concerned look as he watches Gibby balanced on
the edge of the rock- with a few thousand feet fall below
him. Gibby slowly relaxes and smiles at Mark.

MARK
You're fucking crazy- Gibby!
You could easily slip.

GIBBY
Of course I could. As easy as dying-
any other way. *But*- I'm in control.
that's the difference.

MARK
Christ- a wind- anything could happen.

GIBBY

Then it's going to happen- so why fight it?

Gibby sits down beside him.

GIBBY

How'd you like it here? Fantastic view eh?

MARK-(nodding- but unimpressed)

Aye. It's amazing.

Gibby grabs his hand- pulls him to his feet- pulling him to the outcrop of rock. Mark pulls back- keeping a few feet away from the sheer drop. Scared.

GIBBY

Here! Look. Don't worry- I've got you.
Isn't it fantastic.

Gibby manages to get Mark as close to the edge as he'll go - a quick look at the sheer drop- and then Mark jumps back- sits back down- his face white with fear.

GIBBY

It's only you that stops you Mark.
The danger's not the drop- it's the
uncertainty of yourself.
Know yourself- then there is no danger.

MARK

Okay- anything you say.

Mark points to a tree stump carved like Buddha.

MARK

Wow! That's really neat. Who done that?

GIBBY

Oh- I done that ages ago. This is my
place- my meditation site. My shrine.

MARK

When'd you get into all this stuff-
mantras, meditation, *carving!* Christ!
I remember you at wood-work. Couldn't
even hold the bloody chisel right.

GIBBY-(smiling)

I told you. You learn what you need. I didn't need to then. Also I didn't have as good a teacher as Marja. She makes some stunning jewellery.

MARK

Is there anything you didn't pick-up in India? Marja- carving- cooking- the bus.

GIBBY

You've got to go Mark. Takes all the shit out your head- makes sense of everything.

MARK

Yeah- maybe it works for you- but- I'm happy as-

GIBBY-(holds a hand up)

I'm saying nothing. Just look at that view. Think of it when you're in the city- watching life become shrink-wrapped.

MARK

Hey- it's not that bad. You seemed to enj-

GIBBY

Exactly! *Seemed to-* Mark. It's all a scam. Oh you know that! Plastic everything- cybernetic reality. Oh aye! I indulged right enough. Had a good time- made loads of money - but never once felt half as alive as I do now. Hey! And it's not any born-again road to Damascus thing- *it's me!* You know me- inborn bullshit detector. It's getting away from it all- so you can see it better.

MARK

Well- I'm sure Carla would go for it. She's always on about bugging-off- just packing everything in and going. But- it's not that easy.

GIBBY

It's the same as walking to that edge. Yeah- it's scary- but it's all up to you- nobody else. There's no bogey-men. Just you.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Gibby leads Mark out of the bushes- back to his house.

GIBBY

I still can't believe you're here. It's fantastic. There's no way I'd ever see you again. *Never going back there. The west.*

MARK

What about your family? Brother- Colin- and you're old man?

Gibby gives Mark a sarcastic smile.

GIBBY

What about them? Think they'll miss me? Huh! My old man's only interested if there's a drink in it. Colin- he's got his life.

MARK

But- wouldn't they want to see Kandi?

GIBBY

God forbid! I'd never expose her to that culture. *What? Paedophiles- money grabbers- and that's just the politicians!*

MARK- (laughs)

Well- it was only a thought.

GIBBY

So was National Socialism in Germany!

Gibby places an arm around Mark- gives a squeeze.

GIBBY

All these years- eh? Me and you. School-university. Who'd ever believe we'd be up here someday-(takes a deep breath) enjoying the real life- not chemical smog.

MARK

Huh. I never really thought I'd come here. Carla convinced me- I suppose.

GIBBY

What's she like? Love her?

MARK

I guess- 'cause every day I miss her.

GIBBY

You've got to do it. Mark. Get out of there. Materialism! It fuck's you up. Believe me.

MARK

Well- I'm no too bothered with material goods now- after my fave Akai stereo decided to depart same time you did.

Gibby stops in his tracks- shocked- he faces Mark.

GIBBY-(Hands on his head)

God! That's right!
I'd forgot all about that. Jeeez!

Mark smiles at Gibby's self-recrimination.

MARK

Hey- it's no big deal. Major crisis at the time- but-

GIBBY

No! *It is!* What a bastard I was- eh?
God! Can't believe I forgot.

MARK

Look. It was only a stereo- well- the best there was at the time- along with a video-recorder- comput-

GIBBY

Don't remind me. Fuck! *What-a-shit-I-was!*

MARK

Like you used to say- Gibby. Shit happens.

GIBBY

But to you! A fuck'n brother- man. Hey- no wonder I went thru' some real bad shit- nearly dying of hepatitis in Iran- oh- yeah. I can see it all now. I needed to go thru' all that. That time in the Himmal- beaten-up- robbed- passport stolen- no food for a week. I deserved it all. And some.

Gibby- still shocked at the memory. He hugs Mark again.

MARK

Hey! It's done with. Forget about it.

GIBBY

Oh, Mark! How could I've done that? *To you!*
I'm telling you- that's what the west does
to you. Doing a thing like that.

MARK

Christ- forget it. I have. You were in
trouble- remember. Big psychopath Kane.
Anyway- how's your finger?

Gibby shows his index finger- tip missing and healed over.

GIBBY

I was totally out of control so I was.
Going thru' ounces of coke a week- making
loads of money out of people's misery.

MARK

I never really let it get to me- Gibby.
It was only goods. I knew you must've been
desperate. In fact- lots of times I even
envied you. Getting away- no idea where you
were- but you'd managed to break-out. Good.

Gibby puts an arm around him again and smiles.

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. DAY

Gibby/Mark sitting outside eating bread- drinking wine.

GIBBY

I find it incredible- you being here.
After what I did!

MARK

A friend's a friend's a friend. Right?
(Beat)- Anyway- it wasn't just me that
was curious about where you were.

Gibby stares uncomprehendingly at him.

MARK

The day after you left- with my Akai stereo, video-recorder- comp-

GIBBY

Right! I know the story. Go on.

MARK

Well- I had a visitor. A friend of yours.

Again Gibby looks at him surprised.

MARK

One-time chef- now prefers to cut up peop-

GIBBY-(shocked)

Kane! That bastard! *He came to your place?*

Mark nods.

GIBBY

The cunt! Did he hurt you?

MARK

Just wanted to know where you were.

GIBBY

I should've sorted that big bastard out.

MARK

You know what else?

GIBBY

What? *There's more?*

MARK

Your other mate- Crawford.
He's still looking for you.

GIBBY-(astonished look)

Alan? How'd you know that?

MARK

He told me. A few days ago!

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. DAY

Gibby pacing about- walking- muttering- along one side of the table in front of Mark and then back again. Perturbed.

GIBBY

And that's what he say's. Ten grand- you bring back the password?

MARK

Yeah.

GIBBY

You trust him?

MARK

Hey! You know him better than-

GIBBY

He'd steal his granny's pension book that cunt. But! He's in a fix. I'd forgotten about that. I put all his stuff onto disc. Pass-worded everything. Silly cunt Kane was always watching me- but he hadn't a clue. Thought a hard drive was formula one racing.

Gibby sits down across the table- facing Mark.

GIBBY

Wait a minute. Think about it. It's cushy. You don't give him the password until he's deposited the ten grand in your bank.

MARK

Assuming- you still remember the password.

Gibby laughs- gets up again, wanders around- now smiling.

GIBBY

Hey! No danger of me forgetting that. Fucking great. All my bloody guilt- about your Akai stereo- your fucking video shit and computer and whatever else. Hey! You'll be able to get top-of-the-range gear. You're sorted. My guilt's lifted. Sweet!

Mark gives Gibby a hard look.

MARK

What do I want with ten grand?
I don't need it. Don't want it.

GIBBY- (surprised look)

Why not? Better you than fucking Crawford.
Like a piss in a shower to him.

MARK

You have it! I'll send it over-

GIBBY

Piss-off! You've came all this way-
I owe you for all tha-

MARK

Look Gibby! I came here cause I
wanted to find you. *For me!*

GIBBY

Yeah- but-

MARK

No way! I don't want my coming here to
be some kind of errand. Especially for
that prick. I'll do the business- get
the cash- but I don't want it. I make
nearly a grand a week- I don't need it.

GIBBY

But Mark! It'd make me feel easier-
'bout ripping you off.

MARK

Shit to that. I've forgot it- it's time
you did. Anyway- there's more!
Crawford promised me another fifty grand.

GIBBY

Fifty! You sure? What're you supposed to do
for that? *Die?*

Mark shakes his head, smiling.

MARK

I don't. You *do!*

EXT. THE ROAD TO TOWN. DAY

Gibby/Mark on the Harley speeding through the countryside. Mark trying to talk to Gibby but the speed of the bike and the wind prevents it. They whiz past travellers on the road- on horse- donkey- pulling heavy loads on carts. Into the town- Mark manages to be heard by shouting.

MARK-(shouting)
Where we going?

Gibby smiles and continues. Mark relaxes again- they weave through traffic- arriving at the car-park of a hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

Gibby rushing through corridors- MARK following.

MARK
Fuck's sake- what's going on?

GIBBY
You'll see. C'mon!

The end of a corridor- Gibby pushes through a door marked Amortifo(mortuary)- Mark stops- looking at the door.

INT. MORTUARY DAY

Gibby- in conversation with the mortuary attendant;
HASSAN. He explains- in the local language- his problem - showing his index finger with the tip missing. Mark approaches and Hassan wanders across the room.

GIBBY
Hassan say's it's no problem. There's two stiffs in the freezer. An old woman and-

MARK
What the fuck are you going on about?
Why are we here?

Hassan calls them over. He has a long drawer pulled out- showing the body of a young man with dried blood around his throat. Mark stares- transfixed- at the cadaver.

Gibby smiles- thumps Mark on the back and indicates to Hassan it's okay. Mark faints.

LATER

Open to a buzzing sound. Mark regains consciousness- sits- looks across the room- following the sound. Hassan/Gibby stand over the cadaver- Hassan with a surgical saw- showing Gibby how it works. Gibby nods- eager-. Mark jumps up.

MARK

No! Fuck!- No! Gibby!

Gibby/Hassan turn- look shocked at Mark.

GIBBY

What? What's up with you?

Mark gets over to them- keeps his sight from the cadaver.

MARK

You can't do that! Jeesus. You going to cut a fucking finger off?

GIBBY

Yeah! He's not going to feel it- is he? (to Hassan)- Go on! *Pushto!- Pushto!*

MARK-(pulling at Gibby)

Look!- it's no use. Christ! The tip won't heal over. Be no scarring.

Gibby pauses- holds his hand out- halting Hassan.

MARK

You follow me?-(MARK holds his own finger.)
You take one of his- cut off the tip- no skin'll grow over it. The flesh's dead!

Gibby nods. He then says something to Hassan who shrugs- seems disappointed and slides the drawer back.

MARK

Is that it! Mad dash to here- *for that!*
If you'd've said what you were doing,
Christ! Could've saved all this.

Hassan speaks to Gibby- who nods. Hassan leaves- smiling.

MARK

What'd he say? I don't like the guy.

GIBBY-(laughing)

Hassan? Fucking great bloke.
Christ! What's wrong with you?

MARK

I don't know- this place- this- crazy
idea- cutting fingers off-

Hassan returns smiling with two glass beakers- each with a hand severed from the wrist and swimming in fluid.

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE. DUSK

Gibby/Mark sitting outside the house. On the table in front of them- are the hookah and a flagon of spirit. Gibby fills the bowl of the hookah and fires it up.

MARK

Wow! It really is good draw, eh?
I've had enough. Can't feel my feet.

GIBBY

Yeah. The locals are at it all the time.
I'd be like a zombie.

MARK

Anyway! I thought- getting into this
Bhuddist stuff- drugs would be a no-no?

GIBBY

Oh- too right! Fuck all that crap.

MARK-(laughing)

What the fuck are you doing now?

Gibby gives Mark a strange look- then holds up the hookah.

GIBBY

You mean this? Ganja?

Mark nods- smiling.

GIBBY

Oh come to fuck- Mark! You know the score.
I don't have to spell it out- do I?
When I say drugs- I mean chemicals- all
that shit. Hey! This is natural. Nature's
way back to earth- your roots. All natural.

MARK

Yeah- I suppose.

GIBBY

No- really. Look the way I was- stuffing
crap up my nose. Same with the food there.
A petro-chemical nightmare.

Gibby pours them each a glass from the flagon.

GIBBY

It's okay to get high- naturally. It's
life- letting you see it from the inside.
See capitalism as a joke. Dollar signs
and dull minds- no heart- no soul.

LATER - NIGHT

Lamps and lanterns light the area- Gibby/Mark sit- as
before- now much drunker. Marja- in the doorway- smiling.

MARJA

Many times Dreek tells me of you-
Mark. Very funny times.

MARK

Yeah! All lies though- eh?
He'll always be the good guy.

GIBBY

Bullshit! I tell it like it is.

MARK

Oooh!

GIBBY

And Marja- angel of life. She tells it
how it will be- in the future.

Marja smiles.

GIBBY

I'm telling you- she's really freaky.
Told her parents all about me- *missing
finger-tip too*- years before we met.
Amazing. Told them I would come from the
west- a missing tip on one finger- we'd
have a child- a girl. Uch- loads more too.

Mark looks impressed.

MARK

That right?

Marja nods- smiling.

MARK

What about me? Could you tell me-
my future?

MARJA

Maybe- tomorrow. Not while drink.

She smiles- and retreats into the house again.

GIBBY

Believe me- it works.

MARK-(laughing)

I don't know. I might no want to know.

GIBBY

It's up to you.

MARK

I'm no sure though- kinda mumbo-jumbo- eh?

GIBBY

Oh! And all western thinking is right!
Science- the great truth!-(getting angry)
The west is nothing but a fucking virus-
eating-up the planet- any bit of greenery-
chop the fucker down- we need more! More
cars- more computers- more nuclear power-
stations- t.v. stations- multi-channels but
no voice- eh? Dumping chemicals and nuclear
waste in other peoples' garden. That it?
That what you'd rather believe in?

MARK

Gibby. You know me. I don't go along with-

GIBBY

*But- you're part of it-don't you see?
Only by getting away from the fucker-
you see it for what it is- shite!*

MARK

Hey- I know- but-

GIBBY

Look at it. Politics- everything. *Shite!*
-(stands- walks round the table- angry)
Money! Everything's money- not people.
Multi-nationals making profits bigger than
the money put into the health service.
Nobody cares that they're polluting the air
- the land- water.-(picks up a carving-knife
- sticks it in the table- pulling it out-
repeating the action- emphasising).
If you don't make money- you're shit!
Nobody gives a damn about you. You get
respect by the money you make- the more
you exploit- people- the land- it's all
garbage.-(holds the knife threateningly).
I mean! Look at the likes of Crawford!
Total wanker- can't even fry a fucking egg-
make a cup of tea. He's running about in a
roller and some poor guy building houses-
he gets washers. It's all- fucking- ach!

Gibby brings the knife down on his right index finger-
severing it. He screams- thrusts his hand into a huge
candle on the table- screams again- LOUD! He falls on the
floor- screaming- holding the candle onto his finger.

MARK-(jumping up - yelling)

Gibby! Fuck me!

Gibby- rolling around on the ground as Mark gets to him.

GIBBY-(through clenched teeth)

The finger!

Mark stops- standing over Gibby- unsure what to do.
Marja comes running from the house- straight to Gibby.

GIBBY

Get it Mark! Go on! In the booze. Aarrgh!

Mark turns to the table- a squeamish look on his face.

MARK

I can't!

GIBBY

Fuck- Mark! Do it!

Mark steels himself- tries touching the bloody piece of finger lying on the table. He grabs the flagon and again tries touching the finger- but shrinks back. Using the knife- he holds the end of the flagon at the edge of the table and with exceptional tenderness- scrapes the knife blade along the table- scooping the finger with it- sliding it into the flagon. He looks ready to be sick- drops the knife on the table- quickly places the top on the flagon. Gibby- cradled in Marja's arms- forcing a smile.

INT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS. DAY

Mark- at the customs desk- CUSTOMS OFFICER looks hard at Mark- asks the declaration bit- seems ready to open his bags- then smiles- marks his bag and waves him on.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE. DAY

Mark- shaky but relieved- forces a smile at the sight of Carla. They hug- Carla steps back to study Mark.

CARLA

Look at you! The- tan!

They hug again- Carla relieves MARK of his flight-bag. Mark puts an arm round her and they head to the car-park.

EXT/INT. CAR. DAY

Carla/Mark in their car- driving home.

MARK

You should see him! Like a local now.

CARLA-(smiling)

Did he recognise you?

MARK

Oh yeah. Knew I was there before he saw me.
Marja told him.

CARLA

What's she like? Marja?

MARK-(Makes a face)

Some woman! Really mystic- good laugh too.
Both of them crazy about each other.
Kandi- only two and she's so pretty.

CARLA

Did he apologise? Taking your stuff?

MARK-(laughs)

Oh- he'd forgotten all about it. He's full
of guilt now. You'd not believe some of the
things he's been up to- in India- Iran- uch-
the way his life's changed. Spiritually.

CARLA

Spiritually?

MARK

Yeah. Bhuddist- but- not like a monk
or anything. Just- cool.

Mark looks over the into the back seat- checking the
flight-bag is there. Carla sees him and looks puzzled.

CARLA

What is it? What's wrong? The bag?

Mark has a huge grin on his face.

CARLA

Hash?

MARK-(laughing)

You carried it too!

CARLA

Well- you got through- no big deal.

MARK

If you knew what's in it though!

Carla turns and looks at the bag again. Mark is grinning.

CARLA

Something else?

INT. MARK'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Carla sits rolling a joint. Mark holds a small pouch and shows the top of a glass jar with tape over the top.

MARK

You want to see it?

CARLA

Oh no! Put it away. Mark!

Mark drops the glass jar back and ties the pouch.

MARK

Oh- don't worry! I don't want to see it either. Told you what I was like in that mortuary. I really thought I'd be sick.

Carla sniffs the joint and passes it to Mark.

MARK

Need to take some round to Tam. He'll love it. Wait to he hears about Gibby.

Carla looks seriously at Mark- holds a light to the joint.

CARLA

I think Gibby's right. Mark.

MARK-(taking a puff)

What about?

CARLA

About getting away. Here. Work. Just away.

MARK

How? How- could we?

CARLA

What's to stop us?

Mark puffs on the joint. He passes it to Carla.

CARLA

The flat? A lawyer'll sell this for us.

Mark is still pondering.

CARLA

After you do it- with Crawford- you'll never feel happy. Even if you did send the money to Gibby. You'd still worry that Crawford's going to do something?

Mark nods- still thinking.

MARK

I thought about that too! That guy- Kane.

LATER

Mark sits holding the phone- Carla beside him.

CARLA

Do the one-four-one first. He can't get your number.

MARK

Yeah! *I know. I know.* Think it'll sound silly like? Melodramatic.

CARLA

No! You've got to be cautious. Never know.

MARK

It's not just my- paranoia?

CARLA

Course not! It's mine too!-(laughs)

Mark giggles and attempts to act straight again.

MARK-(talking to himself)

Right! C'mon. *This is easy.*

Carla holds the pouch with the jar/finger out to him.

CARLA

Here! Want to use this to dial?

She cracks-up in a giggle- Mark echoes her. He looks at the phone in his hand- pretends to 'head' it- and laughs.

MARK

As long as we make it somewhere safe- he can't do anything. Needs the password.

Carla slips a hand round Mark's neck- and kisses him.

CARLA

Leave it. Another day won't hurt.

Mark gives her a leering smile.

MARK

Why? Is there something else we could do?

Carla slowly begins un-buttoning her blouse.

CARLA

I can't think of one single thing. Can you?

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Mark- lying in bed- hands behind his head. Carla enters carrying a breakfast tray which she lays down on the bed.

MARK

Hey- I could get into this every day.

CARLA

Hmm. So could I. It's your turn next!

MARK

You know. I don't feel bothered at all. About work- the flat. Now we've decided.

CARLA

When you add-up what we'll have. Pensions- back pay- what's in the bank already- and the money for the flat.

MARK-(smiling)

Don't forget the car. Brian's already offered eight-and-a-half grand for it. I'll let him have it for eight.

CARLA

Not forgetting Crawford's money.

MARK

Aye- well. That's Gibby's. I've still to arrange to meet Crawford somewhere.

CARLA

What about sending it to him? Courier?

MARK-(pondering)

I was thinking something like that. Ask Tam. See if he'd do it.

CARLA

Oh Mark! You can't do-

MARK

Makes sense. He'll do it no bother. Can be trusted- give him a few hundred.

CARLA

But- you're involving someone else.

MARK

I know- but he'll be cool about it. I've got to see him anyway- give him Gibby's present. Then- phone Crawford- give him my bank details and- soon as the money's in the account- vamoosh!

EXT TAM'S HOUSE. DAY

MARK knocks on the door. A young girl- JODY- opens it.

MARK

Bet I know you- and- you don't know me?

She gives him a long, hard look- then shakes her head.

MARK

Jody- right?

Jody looks curiously at him - then shrugs.

JODY

D'you want my maw?

MARK

Well- it's your Dad I want to see really.

JODY-(calling into house)

Maw! There's somebody here for Da.

She wanders off- leaving Mark looking into the empty hall for a moment. Donna appears and looks oddly at Mark.

DONNA

Can I help. Tam's at his classes.

MARK-(smiling)

You're looking well- Donna. How's Tam?

DONNA- hesitant a moment- then)

Gibby's pal- am I right?

Mark nods.

DONNA

Oh God- I'm no good at names- wait.
Mark! That it?

MARK-(smiling)

Yeah! See- no as old as you thought.

DONNA

Oh- I'm dreadful so I am. Here! Come in.

INT A SCHOOL CORRIDOR. DAY

Mark's POV- looking through the glass upper-half of a classroom door. A number of elderly people are seated around the room in front of computer consoles. Tam is looking over a man's shoulder talking to him as he works the keyboard. Mark checks his wristwatch and wanders along the corridor- sits on a seat.

INT. MARK'S POV-(ALONG CORRIDOR.) DAY

The room Mark had looked-in- opening- the class emerging. Mark walks along to the room- stands at the door a moment. Tam is talking to one of the class. Mark wanders into the room- looks at the array of computers. Tam finishes with the person- says 'cheerio'. Tam turns to Mark.

TAM

Hi! Can I help you?

MARK

I hope you can- Tam.

Tam studies him a moment- before the penny drops.

TAM

Fuck me! *Mark!* You look- well- different.

MARK

I was thinking just the same about you.

Tam stands back- looking down at his suit and tie.

TAM

Some of the old ones like you to look the part. Teacher stylee!

Mark motions to the array of computers.

MARK

So- what'd you do?

TAM

Uch- just dead basic stuff- giving them a hands-on experience of using the machines. There all dead keen- want to go surfing round the globe. Great fun.

MARK

Sounds like a good number.

TAM

Keeps the wolves at bay. What about you? Last time I heard about you- Gibby said you were working for the beeb.

MARK

I was. Still do some stuff for them- but- not for long.

TAM

You want to go for a drink- or a cuppa coffee- something. I just need to shut these things down.

MARK

Whatever you fancy.

TAM

There's a wee cafe on the corner. I don't really drink. Okay?

Mark nods- and Tam begins shutting the computers down.

INT. A CAFÉ. DAY

Mark/Tam sit facing each other- sipping coffees.

TAM

I always wondered where Gibby'd gone. Just like him though. Mad.

MARK

He seems really happy now.

TAM

Never thought he'd settle down.

MARK

Oh- and- he sent you something.

Mark extracts a package from a carrier-bag- covered by a rag which he carefully unwraps- displaying a beautifully carved wooden effigy of Ganesh(Hindu elephant God).

MARK

Here. He made this himself.

Tam holds the figure- studying it- shaking his head.

TAM

It's fucking amazing. He done this?

Mark nods- smiling.

TAM

Wow! It's gorgeous. Wait till Donna sees it.

MARK

He told me to tell you- it'll provide inner peace. Full of mystical power.

TAM

I can't believe Gibby made it. It's amaz-

MARK

He said- when you're down- remove the bottom part- the plinth.

Tam studies the thick base of the carving.

MARK

It's got healing powers- the local remedy.

Tam holds it up again- feeling the weight. He laughs.

TAM

I thought it seemed heavy- for just wood. Oh- brilliant. I don't indulge much now- at the weekend. This'll be super.

MARK

Oh- I can guarantee that. Heavy duty.

Tam stands the carving on the table as they both laugh.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Mark/Carla sit across a table. Mark has the telephone to his ear. He nods to Carla as he speaks.

MARK-(into phone)

You got it then?

-(Beat)-

Well- it seemed the best idea.

You got what you wanted- right?

-(Beat)-

(Cont.)

Yeah- I've got that too. I'll let you know
it- soon as the cash is in my account.

-(Beat)-

I'd be foolish telling you it now-
wouldn't I? You could renege.

-(Beat)-

It's not about trust- it's about reality.

-(Beat)-

Okay- but how else will we do it?

-(Beat)-

Aye- I understand that.

-(Beat)-

No! Not tonight! I'm doing something-

-(Beat)-

Yeah- that'll be okay.

-(Beat)-

No. Fine. I'm happy at that.

-(Beat)-

Right. Bye.

Mark lays the phone down on the table. Carla appears
hungry for a response- but Mark is busy thinking.

CARLA

C'mon Mark! Never mind the suspense.

MARK-(rubs his face with hands)

He doesn't want to involve the banks.

CARLA

He's trying to get out of it- right?

MARK

No- I think he's genuine. Doesn't want
records of it- so no banks.

CARLA

And?

MARK

He'll send the cash round- tomorrow.

CARLA

Tomorrow!

MARK

Suggested doing it tonight. I put him off.

CARLA

Why?

MARK

Just seems too soon. I want time to prepare.

CARLA

So- he got- the finger?

MARK

Tam went straight there after I left him. Crawford said he was concerned- *that I didn't feel secure enough to conclude our business personally*- his words- not mine.

CARLA

Did Tam know what-

MARK

No need for him to know. Too much of a long story. I told him there'll be a cheque for him- a few hundred quid. He seemed chuffed. Was going to do it anyway- as a favour.

Carla is deep in thought a moment.

CARLA

You think he'll bring it- tomorrow?

MARK-(showing uncertainty)

I don't know. It's a lot of cash- to just- hand over.

CARLA

Maybe you should suggest meeting somewh-

MARK

No- I don't think so. Here- we can control it- get ready.

CARLA- (shaking her head)

I don't like it. They could-

MARK

That's why I said- I want to be prepared.

Mark reaches out and clasps her hands in his.

MARK

It means we can go- quicker. Tomorrow- Brian'll have the cheque for the car. Leave the keys to the flat with Pringle- he'll send the money on. Transfer our cash tomorrow- traveller's cheques. Offski!

INT. MARK'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Carla sitting nervously sipping some wine- we hear the buzzer for the door.

CARLA-(calling out)

Mark! They're here!

Mark emerges from the kitchen- smiles at her and heads to the front door. Carla hurriedly pours herself another glass of wine- we hear mumbled talk and footsteps coming from the hall. Mark enters with Kane at his back. Kane has a small carry-bag. He beams a smile at Carla.

KANE

Hi. Nice to meet you.

MARK-(to Carla)

Crawford thought it best- if Mick concludes the business.

MARK

Grab a seat. We were just going to eat. You want some?

Kane eases himself in the chair and shakes his head.

KANE

No. You go ahead. I won't mind.

MARK

Yeah- well- it's not just ready- it can wait. You like a drink?

KANE-(smiling)

Oh- wouldn't say no to a whisky.

Mark pours a whisky for Kane- then sits beside Carla .

KANE

Yep- good stuff- eh?-(looking around)
Nice wee place you've got here- son.
Must be doing okay?

MARK

Well- it's alright. I manage to get by.

KANE-(to CARLA)

And you- must be misses,...

MARK

Carla!

Kane nods - has another drink.

KANE

I suppose then- you'll want to get
down to business- right?

Mark nods. Kane lays the carry-bag on the coffee-table.

KANE

Mister Crawford say's he explained to you
about the bank- how it's too dodgy. Anyway-
that's the cash he could come-up with.
-(pulls a mobile phone from his pocket)
You tell me the password- I'll phone it to
him. If it's okay- that cash is yours-
if you want it.

Mark and Carla look to each other- then to the carry-bag.
Mark gently lifts the bag - feeling the weight.

MARK

Alright- like? To count it- make sure-

KANE

Huh! You'd be silly not to.

Mark nervously opens the carry-bag- pulls out bundles of
Notes. He piles them on the table.
Kane sits back in his chair- mobile in hand- whisky in the
other. Mark flashes a worried look to Carla for a moment.

MARK

I- I make it- only thirty-six thou.

Kane sits smiling at him.

KANE

Well! What's the problem?

MARK

It's- it's not right. There's supposed to be- a lot more.

Kane drains the dregs of his whisky- smiles.

KANE

I'll tell you what I think. I think you've done alright. Now- I can get Mister Crawford on the phone- and if you think you're being done- tell him.

MARK

We'd agreed. I done-

Kane holds out the phone.

KANE

Here!

Mark doesn't make a move for the phone- but looks at CARLA - who shakes her head.

MARK

I don't like the idea of being-

KANE

Look son! That money's yours- okay? You tell me the password. Alan say's it's okay- you've won a watch. That finger might be Derek's- then again it might not.
-(lets out a small laugh.)
I know you- son. You couldn't kill anybody. I know!- (smiles)- I know a lot of guys that could- and believe me- you don't fit the bill. You see what I'm saying here?

Mark looks to Carla.

MARK

What'd you think? Take it?

CARLA nods.

MARK

Right! Okay. We'll do it.

Kane smiles and starts dialling the mobile phone.

KANE-(into phone)

Hi! I'm here. No- okay. Hummed and hawed a bit. Okay- you ready.

Kane turns to Mark

KANE

Okay! What's the password?

Mark hesitates a moment- looking at Carla- and the money.

MARK

Candy! See- ay - enn - dee - wie.

Kane looks at him strangely.

KANE

That it? Candy?

Mark nods.

KANE-(into phone)

Did you get that Alan? Aye. Okay.
-(to MARK) He's running it in now.

Carla tugs at Mark's trouser-leg and he turns to her.

CARLA

Why that? Candy?

Mark shrugs- and smiles.

MARK

Was a song he liked- years ago. Jesus and Mary Chain. Candy talk- or something.

KANE-(nodding- smiling)

I know the one you mean. Used to drive me fucking bananas with that- singing it- just one bit- some candy talky- something.

Mark looks again at the money- a smile crosses his face.
Kane's phone buzzes. He listens to it.

KANE-(into phone)
Oh! Good.-(beat)- No- everything's hunky-
dory. Okay. About half-an-hour. See you.

Kane has a beaming smile.

KANE
Well- son. You've made Alan a happy man.
Think maybe I could celebrate the deal-
with another wee whisky?

MARK-(fetching the bottle)
Oh- sure. Here.-(hands the bottle to Kane)

Kane relaxes back into the chair- undoes his jacket- and it
hangs loose- exposing a pistol stuck into his waistband.

KANE
You could do me a favour- while you're
there. Eh? Put that cash back in the bag.
-(laughs). Didn't really think you'd get
to keep it- did you? At least you got
touching it- for a while.

Mark looks shocked at Kane. The pistol prominent.
Carla looks from Kane to Mark.

CARLA
What about dinner?

Mark is stunned a moment- looks at Carla- then realises.

MARK-(voice -raised)
Right! Dinner.-(half- shouting).
Dinner!-(to Kane)- You hungry?

Kane looks oddly at Mark- until the door from the kitchen
opens and Tam walks in- holding an Uzi machine-pistol-
carrying it up high- studying it.

TAM
Right- the chilli's all ready- like.
Billy's sorting-it the now. Been trying to
fix this fucker. The safety's fuck't on it.

Tam notices the cash lying on the table- and then Kane.

TAM

Oh- Christ! Have I put my foot in it?
Are you still doing the deal. Just thought
you should know- like- about this gun.

Kane is bemused and worried about the going's-on.

MARK

No- Tam! You're okay- everything's sorted.

Tam looks at Kane- notices his pistol. Tam smiles at him-
swaps the Uzi to his other hand- offers his hand to shake.

TAM

Hi! How-yi doing?-(pointing at Kane's gun)
That looks the bizniz- can I see it?

Kane is shaken with Tam's audacity- waving the Uzi around.

KANE

I don't like-

TAM

Oh- fair-do's- pal. I know the score.
But- was just to show my mate Billy.
He's got an automatic too- pretty crap.
A Browning. He'd love to see that.

Kane looks about- uncomfortably.

TAM

No sweat- pal. I'll no be a minute-eh?
Just in the kitchen- like.
-(holding his hand out for Kane's gun)

Kane looks sullenly over to Mark/Carla- then sheepishly
hands Tam the gun.

TAM

-(studying it- then hurrying off to kitchen)
Good on you- pal. This is something else.
-(shouting)
Hey Billy! Wait till you see this!
This is what a gun should be like.

Kane gives Mark a hard look- swallows his whisky.

KANE

Must be pretty chuffed with yourself- eh?

Mark- shrugs. We hear talking from the kitchen.

KANE

Well- a thing's never over.

Know what I mean? Till it's over.

Tam comes from the kitchen- followed by Billy. Tam has the Uzi hanging limp in his left hand- and Kane's pistol held out before him- studying it. Billy has an automatic pistol hanging limply from his hand. Tam hands Kane his gun.

TAM

Yeah- it's a beauty. Never got that for five hundred quid- that's for sure.

Kane shakes his head.

TAM

Here! Billy! Show him yours.

As Kane awkwardly jams his gun back in his waistband- Billy hands him his gun.

TAM

Needs a good clean- but- you only get what you pay for- eh?

Kane looks at the gun- feeling the weight of it- studying it- but uninterested. He hands it back.

TAM

Right! The dinner.- (to Billy)

C'mon then.- (to Kane)

Hey man. Staying for dinner? There's plenty.

KANE

No- no.

TAM

Look! No sweat. There's plenty of chilli- can rustle up some more bread. Dead easy.

KANE-(getting up)
No- really. I've had more than enough.

Tam shakes Kane's hand again- smiling at him.

TAM
Well- nice meeting you- pal.
Really dig that shooter. Wow!

Kane nods and heads to the door. He looks at Mark a moment as Tam and Billy head to the kitchen.

KANE
I hope- to see you again- another time-
another place.

EXT. FOREIGN AIRPORT. DAY

Mark/Carla exit the airport escorted by a woman with a clip-board. Mark pushes a trolley containing luggage- the woman talking and smiling with them. She points to a car- hands Mark a bunch of keys.
As Mark is placing the luggage in the boot of the car- the woman notes the registration on her clip-board.
The woman gets Mark to sign a paper on the clip-board and waves at them- as they head off.
PULL BACK- to reveal Kane in a car outside the airport car-park. Mark/Carla head off- Kane follows- at a distance.

EXT/INT. CAR. DAY

Mark/Carla- heading into countryside- 'summer' clothes.

MARK
See there-(points ahead to the horizon)-
those hills. That's where we're going.

CARLA
Really! Looks miles away. Days.

MARK-(laughing)
Oh- about four hours maybe.

CARLA
Lots of wine-growing- eh?

MARK

Yep- but- when we get near the foothills-
it's like a desert. Scrubland. Couldn't grow
nothing-'cept good ganja.-(laughs)

CARLA

What about Tam? He was a scream- wasn't he?

MARK

Did you see Kane's face?
When Tam came in with the Uzi?

CARLA

Oh- I know. I thought I'd wet my pants.
Tam was so cool. Be a good actor he would.

MARK

Yeah! A good bloke.

CARLA

I don't think Gibby'll mind- giving Tam
and Billy the three grand.
If it wasn't for them- there'd be zilch.

MARK

Gibby'll be cool. Wanted me to have the
cash. He'll be chuffed. Said he could live
like a prince in India on five grand a year.

Carla sticks her head out the car window- catching the
breeze- inhaling deeply.

MARK-(laughing)

How's it feel then? No job. No house.

CARLA

Hmm! Feels good.-(sniffs the air)
Smell that? That smell?
Smells like,....freedom!

They both laugh. Carla looks out the side window .

CARLA

Know what I'm thinking?

MARK

No. I failed my psychic exam. Knew I would.

CARLA

Remember that time up north.
Scotland I mean. Strathnaver?

MARK

What-camping?

CARLA

Mmm. That time- in the hills.

Mark gives her a strange look which turns to a smile.

MARK

You mean- what I think you mean?

Carla smiles- nods. Mark looks to her- looks outside.

MARK

Here! You mean- just- stop- and-

CARLA

Hmm. Why not?

MARK-(laughing)

But- they probably cut your balls
off for that here.

CARLA

Is it worth it?

Mark looks again at the surrounding country- smiles back
at Carla and slows the car and pulls onto the grass verge.

EXT/INT. KANE'S CAR. DAY

Kane watches the car pull off the road- he does the same
staying quite a way behind. He looks through binoculars.

EXT. KANE'S POV(BINOCULARS). DAY

Mark/Carla exit the car- Mark looking along the road-
then both wandering through the edges of a vineyard.

EXT. THE VINEYARD. DAY

Kane cautiously creeping through the vine bushes. We hear Carla giggling. Kane creeps forward until he can see movement far ahead. He kneels and raises the binoculars.

EXT. KANE'S POV-(BINOCULARS). DAY

Through a gap in the vine lanes- we see Carla sitting on top of Mark- rocking back and forth- Mark's hands pushing her dress beyond her breasts and caressing her. Mark- naked below the waist- on the ground- Carla kneels astride him.

EXT. THE VINEYARD. DAY

Kane- spying through the binoculars- his face serious. He takes one hand from the binoculars- we hear his zip being undone. His body starts to move- his head rocking- his face exhibiting contorted masks of sexual excitement. His climax ends- lowers the binoculars- head hanging down.

EXT. THE VINEYARD. DAY

Carla/Mark lying spent and half naked- cuddling.

MARK

See if you shut your eyes. It's dead peaceful. Could just be- anywhere.

CARLA

What? Like- London? Glasgow?

MARK

God no! Somewhere warm- quiet.

CARLA

You know when we made it? Just now. And- you always go- 'Oh yes- yes- Aberfeldy- Dundee- or whatever.

MARK

Actually- I don't think I've ever thought about Aberfeldy.

CARLA

Anyway- these places you always name?

MARK

Yeah.

CARLA

Well- you were more- vocal this time.
Really loud- (Laughs)
Yes! Yes!- then- something about
Edinburgh- then Bombay!

MARK-(Laughs)

Yeah- I know. I don't know why it jumped
into my head. Didn't know I was *that* loud.
It did feel like- the best orgasm- *ever!*

CARLA-(Smiling)

Must be the feeling- freedom. No work
worries- no schedules no deadlines.

Mark kisses her- both cuddling tight to each other.

MARK

C'mon- we'd better move.

Carla sits-up and holds her tits - cupped in her hands.

CARLA

We could go for seconds.
Look- (Indicating her breasts)
They're still up for it.

Mark smiles and shakes his head.

MARK

You know what *you need?*

Carla smiles a naughty smile- and nods her head.

MARK

This!

Mark nuzzles his face into her breasts- Carla flops back.

CARLA

What about- Birmingham?

MARK

Oh yeah- Birmingham- ooh-
horrible place- ooh- ooh.

CARLA

Aberdeen.

MARK-(Muffled)

Ooh! Aberdeen. Fucking- Aberdeen- ooh!

EXT. ROADSIDE (VINEYARD). DAY

Kane brushing dirt from his trousers. He lays down the
cigarette he has and lifts the binoculars to his eyes.

EXT. ROADSIDE (VINEYARD). DAY

Mark/Carla emerging from the vineyard- and driving-off.

EXT/INT. MARK'S CAR(ROAD). DAY

Mark/Carla- on a road nearing the hills- scrubland.

CARLA

So they've no idea you're coming?

MARK

No! Gibby kept on at me- but-
even I didn't believe I'd be back.

CARLA

What'll they think- about me?

MARK-(Laughs)

Oh- they'll hate you.

CARLA

No!- C'mon. Tell me. Really.

MARK

Oh- Gibby'll think you're okay- maybe
even sexy. But Marja! She'll put a spell
on you and I'll have to spend the rest
of my life with a frog or something.

CARLA

You're terrible- Mark.

Mark's attention is on the car- as the engine begins to splutter and cuts-out. He flicks switches 'off' and 'on'- to no avail- and guides the dying car to the verge.

MARK

Fuck! It's died on us. *Look!* Bloody warning light. No idea what it's for.

CARLA

S'it petrol?

MARK

No- look- gauge is half full.
It's something else- electric maybe.

EXT/INT. KANE'S CAR (ROAD). DAY

Kane- bringing the car to a halt at the verge- raising the binoculars to his eyes.

EXT/INT. MARK'S CAR (VERGE). DAY

Mark attempts to re-start the car- unsuccessfully.

MARK

Shit! Fuck'n shit- shit- shit- *shit!*

Carla lays a hand on his arm- calming him.

CARLA

Maybe- leave it a minute- try-

MARK

No! The engine's not flooded. *Christ!*

Mark opens the bonnet- and exits the car.

EXT. ROAD-SIDE (MARK'S CAR). DAY

Mark looking under the bonnet- staring at the engine- shaking his head. Carla joins him.

CARLA

Any luck?

MARK

Yeah! All fucking bad!

EXT. ROAD-SIDE (KANE'S CAR). DAY

Kane leaning on the roof of the car- the door wide open. He lifts the binoculars to his eyes- a smile on his face. He slumps back into the driver's seat- ends a cigarette- which he drops at his feet- alongside four others.

EXT. ROAD-SIDE (MARK'S CAR). DAY

Mark/Carla- their bums on the car- the bonnet open.

CARLA

That's over an hour and not a vehicle.

MARK

Something'll come- sometime.

CARLA

What about walking? You said we're only a few miles away.

MARK

Yeah- what about our bags? Leave them?

Mark stares hard at the road behind them- covering his eyes from the sun.

MARK

There's a car away back there. Look. Just over the hill. See it?

-(Beat)-

Must be parked. Not moved at all.

CARLA

Would it be better walking that way? See who'se there?

Mark- still looking hard along the road.

MARK

I don't know. I don't remember passing any parked cars. Did you notice it?

Carla shakes her head. Mark removes the keys from the car.

MARK

We'll take a walk up- see what-

CARLA

Look! Mark! It's moving. *There!*- I'm sure.

Mark shades his eyes from the sun- stares along the road.

MARK

It's coming. Here! Get the gear together.

CARLA

Whoever it is- *they must stop.* Eh?

MARK

Oh- don't worry. I'll make sure they do.

EXT. MARK'S POV ALONG ROAD DAY

L/SHOT- SLOWLY PULLING BACK- keeping the car in frame as it approaches- gradually going to WIDE- to see Mark/Carla in the f/ground standing beside their car. Mark- waving the car to slow. It pulls-up a few feet away. Mark wraps an arm around Carla- both smiling. Slowly- the car door opens. Kane emerges- smiling.

EXT. ROAD-SIDE (BOTH CARS). DAY

Kane wanders up to Mark and Carla- faces soured- he looks at the desolate countryside- at their car- then them.

KANE

This looks like- another time- another place. Eh- pal?

Kane saunters past- to their car. He looks at the engine.

KANE

You out of fuel- is that it?

Mark ambles up to his side.

MARK

No. I think it's an electrical fault.
There's a warning light-

Kane slips his hand round some wires and rips them out.
He holds them forth like coloured spaghetti.

KANE-(Laughing)

Yep! I think you're right. Faulty wiring.

Kane throws the handful of wire away.

KANE

I'd say- you're like you're lassie was
in that field back there. Fucked!
But then- lucky I was passing- eh?

Mark- close to Carla again- both looking timid.
Kane walks past them towards his car- then turns.

KANE

Lucky- eh? Good Samaritans like me on the
road. You'll be wanting a lift then- eh?

Mark/Carla have a whispery talk- Carla shaking her head.

MARK

If you- could take us to the next town.
The- nearest garage- even.

Kane stands beside the open door of his car- laughing.
He reaches his hand in the car- brings out the pistol.

KANE

It wasn't a question for discussion- pal!
Both you- get in the fucking car- quick!

MARK

Can we get our bags- stuff. Just some-

KANE

Too fucking right- pal.
Long as my money's in one of them!

Mark extracts a suitcase and a hold-all from the boot of their car. Carla emerges from the front seat with an airline shoulder-bag and a carry-bag.

KANE-(Waving gun.)
 C'mon to fuck! It's not a fuck'n flitting.
 Here!-(To Mark- carrying luggage bags.)
 Stick these in the back seat- with you.

Mark places the luggage in the rear seat- then opens the opposite door- motioning for Carla to get in the back.

KANE-(To Carla)
 You! Get in the front.

Carla eases herself into the front seat- the bags on her lap - Mark gets in the rear- Kane gets behind the wheel.

EXT/INT. KANE'S CAR. DAY

Kane turns- stares hard at MARK.

Kane-(Pansified- Mark voice)
 If you can take us to the next town-
 or just a garage- okay?
 (Laughs)-
 You think this is a fucking taxi service?
 We're going to find your pal- Gibby.
 Oh- yes. He's supposed to be dead- eh?
 Might take the piss out of Crawford-
 but I'm no so fucking daft.
 I'm here to *make sure he's fucking dead!*

Kane looks over to Carla- holding the bags on her lap.

KANE
 Throw these in the back too.

Carla passes the bags over. Kane turns- face close to Mark.

KANE
 You're going to direct me pal.
 Right to Gibby's door. Okay?

Kane holds the pistol up high in his right hand.

KANE

One wrong move- she gets a hole in
her knee. Second wrong move- you get it.

EXT/INT. KANE'S CAR. DAY

Kane leans back- talking to Mark- his eyes on the road.

KANE

Thought you'd won the lottery- eh pal?
Holiday in the sun- plenty money.

Kane turns his attention to Carla.

KANE

You thought you'd knocked it off- eh?
Open your legs a few times- live like
a fucking queen. Well- the dream's
over pals. Soon as I do the bizniz with
your pal Gibby- you two are on your own.
-(Beat)-
Minus the lolly- of course.-(Laughs)

MARK

What's going to happen--to--Gibby?

KANE-(Laughing)

I'm going to do what you were supposed
to- *but do it right!*

Carla looks over to Mark- her face anxious.
Kane smiles at her- then his eyes lower to study her legs.
Carla sitting unbelted- her short skirt exposing thighs.
Kane's hand comes into shot- slips her skirt up further-
exposing panties. Carla attempts to push Kane's hand away-
moves as far from him as she can- her reaction seen by Mark
who leans forward on the backs of the seats.

MARK

Wait! The money's in this bag. You-

Kane's hand whips up- his backhand fist punching hard on
Mark's face. Mark falls back in the seat- moaning.
Carla- about to scream- Kane points a finger at her and
glares. Kane turns his attention to Mark- groaning as blood
drips from his nose.

KANE

I fucking told you- pal! You worry about the directions- nothing else. Nobody's going get hurt if you do what your told. *Just you keep your fucking eyes on that fucking road!*

Kane turns to Carla- a grin on his face. His hand slips along Carla's leg to her crotch. She cowers away- he grabs hold of her wrist- pulls her hand over to his crotch.

KANE

Here! Feel that- eh? Here! Stop pulling- get your hand in.

Carla tries to pull away- Kane grips her hand tighter.

KANE

There! Get it out. Yeah. That's right. Hold it- hmm! Good- eh? Go on then- up and down. You got a great touch.

Mark- nose bleeding- looks frantically at the action in the front. Cautiously he edges forward again.

MARK

Listen. We- we don't-

Kane turns- the pistol in his hand pointed at Mark.

KANE

I fucking told you- pal. *Just shut-it!*

Kane looks at Carla- cowering away- her hand back on her lap- trying to pull her skirt over her thighs. Kane swaps hands on the wheel- puts the pistol on the dash. His free hand grips Carla by her hair- pulling her to him.

KANE

Come here! Fuck-sake! You fucking want it.

Kane holds her head down on him- Carla struggles. He slows and brakes- snatches the gun- sticks it next Carla's face.

KANE

It's either that- in your mouth- or *this!*

Carla whimpers. Kane forces her head down on his lap.

KANE

*Here! No fucking harm you.-(Angrier)
C'mon- open your mouth-that's it-oooh.
Go on. Get it in again-oooh- Oh fuck.*

Mark- angry- fidgetty- begins un-zipping the hold-all.

MARK

Here! Here's the money. There's over-

Mark frantically pulls clothes from the bag- then stops.

KANE

Oooh! Fuck- me! Ooh-yah- ah- aah.

Mark- staring at the hold-all strap in his hand. He places his other hand on it- staring! He leans forward and loops the handle over Kane's head- pulling back- leaning all his weight on the bag. Kane struggles- one hand clawing behind him trying to grip Mark- then trying to pull the strap. Carla- back in her seat- coughing/spitting. Kane's other hand appears- holding the pistol- waving it. He fires twice- both missing Mark and into the rear seat. Carla looks on anxiously as Kane attempts to extricate himself- trying to get his feet up on the dashboard. Carla lunges across Kane- both her hands lock on his wrist holding the pistol. She falls into his lap- another shot goes off- firing through the roof. Kane's face is about to explode. His free hand grips Carla by her hair- pulling her back- freeing his gun hand. Mark has his body jammed- his weight all on the bag- his legs above him and pushing from the roof of the car. CL-UP- on the ring attaching the strap to the bag- as it slowly strains and mis-shapes- from a circle to an oblong- the stitching looking ready to give-out. The gun clatters to the floor- Mark lets out a sigh and relaxes his legs- lowering them onto the rear seat. He keeps his weight on the bag- though relaxed now. Carla quickly touches Kane's face- her hand jerking away after a touch. She leans over to Mark- her eyes wide.

CARLA-(Chokingly)

He's- - dead- Mark.

EXT/INT. KANE'S CAR. DAY

Mark- exhausted on the rear seat- his breathing laboured.
Carla leans on the back of her seat- watching.
Mark leans over- eases the hold-all strap from Kane's neck,
letting the bag drop to the floor. He feels the side of
Kane's neck- pauses a moment- shakes his head.

MARK

He's not dead. Blacked-out.

EXT. KANE'S CAR (ROAD-SIDE). DAY

Mark- looking through the driver's window at Kane-
his head slumped to the side- mouth wide open- his face
a strange colour. Mark carefully opens the door- cradling
Kane's head with one hand. Kane's pants still undone.

MARK

Give me a hand. Ease him out.

Carla/Mark drag Kane from the car onto the verge.

MARK

C'mon. Quick. Take all his clothes off.

CARLA

Why?

MARK

Never mind. Just do it- okay?
He could wake-up any minute.

Carla begins removing Kane's shoes- Mark strips him to
the waist- having to roll Kane over and back.

CARLA

His socks- too?

MARK-(Breathless)

Yeah. Everything.

Mark undoes Kane's trousers- they both struggle- pulling
and hauling- until Kane is left naked.

EXT/INT. KANE'S CAR. DAY

Mark- in the driving-seat- picks the gun up and holds it a moment. He tries twice before managing to eject the clip from the gun- then he empties the bullets- pockets them.

CARLA

Why'd you do that?

MARK-(Smile)

I don't know. Seen it in the movies.

Mark passes the gun to Carla- who takes it awkwardly.

MARK

Throw it out. Beside him.

Carla opens the window- holding the gun with two fingers- tosses it next Kane. Mark starts the engine- about to go- then stops. He reaches over to Carla and puts an arm around her- pulls her close- kisses her and cradles her head.

MARK

Are you alright?

Carla- a tear-stained look on her face- forces a smile.

MARK

I- I- wanted- to kill him.

Carla places two fingers on his lips.

CARLA

It's over. C'mon. Before he wakes-up.

Mark engages gear and they head off.

EXT/INT. KANE'S CAR. DAY

Carla- rummaging in the glove-compartment- Mark turns the car off the main road onto a narrower- hilly path. Carla holds up a number of cassette tapes.

CARLA

They must be Kane's. No labels on them.

MARK

Here! Give me one- I'll try it.

Mark inserts a cassette in the player. A moment passes without sound- and just as Mark is reaching to eject the tape- the sound of be-bop fills the car.

MARK-(Amazed)

What? Charlie Parker! Christ-(Laughs)
I'd never have rated big Kane for that.

Mark spins the tape forward- then plays it again.
The melancholy sound of Sinatra comes on-

MARK

I take it back. He can't be *all* bad.

Carla giggling- holding out another tape to try.

CARLA

Here. Bet this is Abba- or some-

EXT. KANE'S CAR (Road-side) DAY

The car turns into another narrow road- winding upwards. Mark pulls the car over and stops. He leans over the rear and gathers Kane's bundle of clothes and exits the car. Carla looks on- bemused. Mark takes some papers from the glove-box; car-hire missive, etc.. He lights the papers in a small fire by the road verge- places the clothes on top- allowing them to catch fire- then the shoes. Mark tears Kane's passport and adds it to the fire- then opens his wallet- emptying it and contents onto the fire. Mark smiles at Carla- returns to the car- they head off.

EXT/INT. KANE'S CAR DAY

MARK

Nearly there. There's the village- just ahead.

CARLA

Is this where the bar is? Marja's Dad's?

MARK

Yeah- but we'll go right up to the house.

CARLA

God- Mark. I'm getting excited.
Think Gibby'll be surprised?

MARK

Oh- he'll be freaked-out. *You here- too!*
And us- ready to go with them. He'll go
bananas. Wait'll you see the bus. Wild!

CARLA

I know. Drove here from India- blah, blah.

MARK

Yeah- told you-eh? Afghanistan- Ir-

CARLA

C'mon then. I'm bursting.

MARK-(Laughing)

I told you- though. Better get
used to doing without a toilet.

CARLA-(Makes a face)

Right- I know. Fingers and grass-
for wipes. Urgh!

Mark pulls the car onto the road leading to Gibby's house.

MARK-(Excited)

Just here. Look- *Hey! What the fuck now!*

EXT/INT. MARK'S POV(OUTSIDE CAR). DAY

The road is closed- marker-posts flying strips of coloured
cloth. Beyond the posts a bulldozer backs-up and crowds of
locals of all ages stand watching the action. Police cars
and others are parked along the road- on hill verges.

EXT/INT. MARK'S CAR. DAY

Mark/Carla- faces stunned. At the roadside next them- a
small crowd are comforting an old woman who is sobbing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Mark/Carla exiting from the car- bending under the tapes and looking over the crowd of people.

EXT. MARK'S POV(MOUNTAIN ROAD). DAY

The road ahead- covered with a huge mound of earth and stones- the bulldozer going back and forth- digging away at it. Police and many local people are on top of the mound with long poles and spades- digging and prodding.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Mark- a stunned look on his face. Carla points- beyond the locals digging on the mound- where makeshift crosses are stuck in the earth. A local woman notices Mark. She shouts in her language- waves for someone to come over. Carla grips Mark's hand in hers. Many of the locals now turn and stare at Mark and Carla. The crowd split and one of the locals Mark met- a huge bearded man- comes forward and grips Mark by the arms- then hugs him. When he straightens- the man- JASIM has tears in his eyes.

JASIM

Friend. Mark. Ee's very sad. I cry for you.

MARK

What's happ-

Jasim holds Mark's head and lays it on his shoulder.

JASIM

Very bad- friend. Very terrible.
The mountain. Whooosh! All people.

Mark pulls away a moment.

MARK

Not Gibb- Derek!

JASIM-(nodding)

I know- how sad you feel. I hurt for you.

MARK

But-

JASIM

Marja- little one- all gone.
Many families- dead. Putto!

Mark is stunned. Carla breaks into sobs- hugging Mark.

JASIM

Mark friend. I hurt to tell you.
Two days- mountain crash- whoosh!
Allah say's so.

Mark is in tears as he holds Carla- shaking his head.

MARK

Surely there's something. Someone.

As they stand together- huddled in grief- a few local women pass holding cloths to their faces to wipe tears. They touch them with their hands- a brief gesture. They become aware of many other groups expressing grief as they slowly head back past the tape and to the car. Mark- both hands flat on the bonnet of the car- his head bent and shaking- with Carla comforting him. Locals gather round them- many are ones Mark partied with at Gibby's. Jasim holds a small round clay pot.

JASIM

This- for you. We know it was what
Dreek want. Not like die in ground.
Now- you must take.

Mark- teary-eyed- takes the pot- Jasim hugs Mark.

EXT. GIBBY'S SHRINE. DAY

Mark./Carla sitting at the shrine- Mark cupping the pot in his hands. Both are teary-eyed- Carla's arm around Mark. Mark points to the tree-stump carved Buddha idol.

MARK

He made that. Beautiful, eh?

Carla nods. Mark suddenly starts sobbing heavily.

MARK-(sniffs)

I can't-. He was so much- alive.
And Kandi- Marja. Why?

Carla hugs him tighter- both sobbing.

MARK

And what? Kane- *that bastard Crawford!*
Why not them?

Mark eases himself up- looks out to the valley below- then down at the pot of ashes in his hand. He looks at Carla.

MARK

I don't think I can do it.

Carla moves beside him- grips a hand in hers.

CARLA

I'll be with you.

Mark nods- walks slowly to the outcrop of rock. A few feet to the edge- he stops again- the pot shaking in his hand.

CARLA

Mark! You want me- to do it?

Mark hesitates- appearing as if he is ready to relinquish the pot to Carla- then he shakes his head- sniffing.

MARK

I'll do it.- (slight smile)
I could imagine him- telling me.
'You're okay. It's easy.'

CARLA

I've got you. You'll be alright.

Mark gently pushes Carla hand from him.

MARK

No! I want to do it- myself.

Mark inches forward- one foot at a time. At the edge he looks down- seeing the drop- jerks back- closes his eyes and slowly edges a foot forward- an inch at a time. Holding the pot before him- still shaking- he edges further onto the rocky precipice- looks down- stiffens- then looks straight ahead- stretching his hand out as far as he can then slowly tipping the pot- letting the ashes fall and be whipped away with the wind. He shakes the pot- making sure all the ash is out- stands quiet a moment- his eyes closed. A voice- (off camera)- startles Mark- causing him to turn quickly- his balance lost.

GIBBY-(OFF)

I knew you could do it - Mark.

EXT. GIBBY'S SHRINE. DAY

Mark- turning- his face showing panic as he loses his balance and drops onto the rock- almost falling over the edge. Carla's voice-(Off) screams 'Mark'!.

EXT. GIBBY'S SHRINE. DAY

Mark- slipping on the flat surface of the rock- his hands trying to get a grip on anything- but failing. Slipping near the edge- panic on his face- a hand reaching into frame- tightly gripping Mark's collar.

EXT. GIBBY'S SHRINE. DAY

Gibby- arm stretched out- gripped on Mark.
Gibby- smile on his face as he pulls Mark back onto the flat surface of the rock. Both are breathless.
Gibby's good arm around Mark- right hand still bandaged.

GIBBY

I don't know why you're so worried-
the fall wouldn't kill you. Though-
hitting the ground wouldn't be much fun.

Carla kneels beside them- Mark's face changes from fear-
anger- then a smile- and a huge laugh.
PULL-BACK as the three huddle together on the rock.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Gibby/Mark/Carla emerging from the bushes onto the road.
Gibby stares at Carla- thumps Mark on the shoulder.

MARK

C'mon! What's going on? You should be dead.

GIBBY

Oh that. The resurrection bit.
Good scam, eh?

MARK

Christ man. I nearly killed myself-
for what? A joke!

GIBBY

No- I really liked that- Mark.
The way you disposed of those ashes.
Very- spiritual. Almost had me in tears.

MARK

Aye- and me nearly a gonner.

GIBBY

Aye- but it was worth it- believe me.
Those ashes were pretty special. The
result of a farewell hash party last night.

MARK

Fuck sake!

CARLA

And- the landslide?

GIBBY-(Laughing)

All the locals idea. A scream- eh?

MARK

I can't believe this. Fucking crazy.
Where we going now?

GIBBY

Well- you know what they say.
You're either on the bus- or your not.

EXT. THE ON- OR- OFF BUS. DAY

Gibby taking Mark's cases into The On- or- Off Bus. A crowd of local people are gathered around them.

MARK

How did you know we were coming?

GIBBY

How else? Marja!

MARK

But- all the mountain- how did-?

GIBBY

Oh- everybody got into it. They love stuff like that. Anything for a scam- a laugh. Also use it as an emergency exercise. Marja said there was someone else with you. Someone- dark- dangerous.

MARK

Oh yeah. We- ah- bumped into your friend on the way.

Gibby gives him a curious look.

GIBBY

A pal? Local guy?

MARK

Local- no! Loco- yes! Big crazy Kane.

GIBBY-(Alarmed)

Here! What the-

MARK

No sweat- Gibby. He's having a wee rest a few miles down the road. Sunbathing I think.

Gibby looks oddly at Mark- then to Carla- who appears- holding Kandi by the hand- followed by Marja.

GIBBY-(To Carla)

What's he on about- Carla? Said Kane was here- a few miles away.

CARLA

That's right. We left him half-an-hour ago.

Gibby seems agitated.

GIBBY

C'mon- don't piss about. *Is he here?*
Looking for me?

Mark takes Gibby's arm and leads him from the bus- indicates for Carla to get on the bus with the others. Mark- arm around Gibby's shoulder- a smile on his face.

MARK

He must've followed us- I don't know how- but he said he was here to do the job I should've done.

GIBBY

Marja knew! *Dark- dangerous.* Fits Kane to a tee! That's why we done the scam.

Gibby pulls away- an angry look on his face.

MARK

Hey! No worries- Gibby.
I took care of it- okay? C'mon.

Gibby looks unsure and unsettled.

MARK

C'mon. Let's get to fuck.
I'll tell you on the bus.

Gibby follows Mark back to the bus- his face worried.

INT. TOMORROW BUS. DAY

Gibby- in the driver's seat- Mark beside him. Marja and Kandi hug relatives and friends through an open window- Carla is sat- waving to the cheery bunch of locals gathered to send them off.

GIBBY

All aboard! Kandi's Kashmir express moving out- moving on.

As the bus moves off- Gibby leans out the window- clasping hands with friends- the others wave at windows.

EXT/INT. THE ON- OR- OFF BUS. DAY

The group inside the bus excited and laughing as the bus heads down the mountain road- passing the village- where banners are strung across the road and locals are cheering. As the bus leaves the village- down the mountain road- a police car is stopped at the roadside. As the bus approaches- the two police wave and smile. As we pass- we see Kane slumped over the back of the police-car- still naked- wrists handcuffed. One of the police holds Kane's gun- studying it thoughtfully.

EXT/INT. THE ON- OR- OFF BUS. DAY

Gibby's face is a huge smile as they pass Kane. He turns to Mark and they grip hands.

GIBBY

Mark! I owe you. Again!

MARK

No- no! Forget that- owing shit.
Look at the hassle it brings.

We attempt an elaborate DEEP-FOCUS style camera shot which begins on Mark/Gibby- giggling at the front of the bus. PULL-BACK all the way through the bus- seeing Marja/Kandi and Carla laughing out the rear window- pointing- PULL-BACK FURTHER- as the bus heads on it's way. PULLING-BACK further - via crane(or helicopter?)- we see Kane being manhandled into the rear of the police-car by the two officers- and we still PULL-BACK- ARIEL?- seeing both scenes diminish as the title music plays.

SOME CANDY TALKIN',...By The Jesus and Mary Chain -

FADE OUT

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alex.n.hay@virgin.net

