

Calm Before The Storm

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EXT. OUTSIDE TATS HOUSE. MIDDAY.

FADE-IN.

DIPPY, a shortish attractive looking twenty something young woman wearing a dark coloured hooded top, her goldish hair reaches down past her shoulders, she wears a pair of tattered loose fitted blue jeans with a small pouch hanging on a strap from her left shoulder,

SHAUN, a young mixed race teenager with very short black hair and a somewhat generic look to him, he also wears a hoody along with tracksuit bottoms and a worn dirty pair of trainers, he stands slightly taller than her,

They both walk down a small side road on a cloudy looking day, they pass a couple of house's to there left before stopping at the gate of the third, she tells Shaun to wait for her,

She opens the gate, steps through and walks down the front path leading to the front door, while Shaun waits on the street rolling a fag lent up against the wooden gate,

She reaches the door, she knocks it twice and waits, before knocking again one last time,

Shuffling is heard from within the house behind the door before it opens a crack, she cautiously looks around prior to entering and closing the door behind her,

Shaun sparks up, pulls out his phone and begins texting.

INT. TATS HOUSE. MIDDAY.

Dippy walks through the short cramped hallway leading directly to the living room door, she carefully steps through,

TATS, a fragile looking forty something woman with long dark hair wearing her pajamas and dressing gown, she slowly makes her way across the organized chaos of her living room towards the settee and gently sits down,

Dippy stands near the door leading to the hallway,

TATS
How ya doing bab?

DIPPY
Alright, I got a couple of good ones today.

TATS
Any cheese?

DIPPY
Nah sorry.

Dippy takes off her bag, unzips it, reaches inside, she removes a couple of DVD case's,

TATS
Can't win 'em all.

Tats black and white pet cat gently brushes up against Dippys leg as she opens one of the cases, inside there are a couple if small baggies containing cannabis,

She removes the bag with the biggest buds and hands it over to Tats for inspection,

Tats begins examining the bag, while Dippy kneels to love the cat,

TATS
How's your dad?

DIPPY
He's good, he sends his love.

Tats presses the bag up to her nose, smells it, she looks over to Dippy,

TATS
Suppose this'll do.

She points over to the bookshelf near the wall opposite the settee,

(CONTINUED)

TATS(CONT.)

Money's on the bookshelf, sorry.

Dippy straightens back up once she's done giving the cat some fuss, she puts down her bag and DVD's on the small coffee table in front of the settee, she walks over to the bookshelf and looks for the money with little success, Tats offers some assistance,

TATS

Second shelf.

Dippy adjusts her focus onto the second shelf, she catches sight of the money in between some books and a bunch of random crap, she picks it up, checks it, she bends over to stash the money in her right sock, she stands up again,

Tats removes the singular staple from the top of the bag, opens it and takes another big smell,

Dippy moves towards the hall door,

TATS

Before you left, were you considering making a beverage?

Dippy moves closer to Tats as she reaches down beside her leg to pick up her mug and hand it to Dippy,

DIPPY

Thanks for the roll-up.

TATS

But of course.

Dippy walks through the doorway on the left side of the bookcase across from the settee, which is decorated with a multi-coloured beaded curtain into the small box like kitchen and begins making Tats a coffee,

She puts the kettle on, washes the cup provided, sets it down on the worktop near the kettle, removes the sugar from the cupboard above the kettle, she swills the spoon on the side and puts four sugars into the cup,

She picks up the milk carton next to the kettle, opens the cap, smells it briefly before pouring some into the cup, the kettle finishes boiling, she pours the water into the cup, stirs it after adding a couple of spoons of coffee,

Dippy exits the kitchen drink in hand and passes it to Tats,

TATS

Thanks bab.

Tats hands Dippy her roll up,

DIPPY

Thanks.

Tats takes a sip of her drink before resting it on the table in front of her,

TATS

Them boys treating you right?

DIPPY

Yeah, I suppose.

TATS

How's Munch?

DIPPY

She's okay, PMS'ing like a motherfucker though.

TATS

How's that little girl of her's, Holly is it?

Dippy looks around for a lighter before requesting Tats help,

DIPPY

She's good, you got fire?

Tats rummages around between the gaps in the cushion of the sofa, she produces a clipper and hands it to Dippy, who thanks her and sparks up after first taking a seat,

She hands back the lighter to Tats, she looks at the TV on the wall near the left side of settee,

Tats starts skinning up,

DIPPY

What you watching?

TATS

I dunno, some shit.

BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE.

Montage of various shots of Birmingham, key locations and landmarks ranging from medium shots to close-ups of the streets, cars, buses, people, shops then moving onto key characters and event which feature throughout the series overlaid with title's over black for numerous individuals involved in the production, all while non-diegetic music plays throughout, ending with the name of the episode following a fade-to-black.

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

INT. CAFE. MIDDAY.

Inside a small smoke stained breakfast cafe between one of the large front windows, of which there are two plastered with leaflets detailing various specials, sandwiches and hot drinks printed on bright coloured paper,

FRANKIE, a tall rough looking guy in his late twenties with short black hair wearing a white short sleeve t-shirt exposing his partially tattooed forearms and denim jeans,

He sits across a small white wooden table opposite RICK, another generic looking white guy around the same age, again with black short hair, stubble on his face, wearing tracksuit bottoms and a sports branded t-shirt,

RICK

So what happened?

FRANKIE

They went to pick up some money from Phil, shit turned into a massacre, they not only did Phil, but his girl too.

RICK

That's a bit drastic.

FRANKIE

Apparently bint came at them with a carving knife.

RICK

Shit.

FRANKIE

Considering the situation, self-fucking-preservation becomes the order of the day.

RICK

What they do to her?

FRANKIE

Take into consideration they had already clipped the bitch, she went into some kind of fucking mong strength, adrenaline or something, comes flying at Teddy with a carving knife, Teddy the crazy bastard, Bruce Lee's the knife out of her hand, somehow and jooks the cunt, no hesitation, leaves her a fucking smear, true story.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Shit.

FRANKIE

Teddy the fucking Terminator, not
a dude with whom to fuck.

RAY, a bulky balding middle aged man wearing a black
bomber jacket and dark blue jeans enters the cafe,

The bell above the door alerts both Frankie and Rick to
his presence,

Ray scans the cafe briefly before making his way over to
Frankie's table, he sits down on the chair next to Rick,

RAY

You two got the means?

FRANKIE

Means to what?

RAY

You know Ste?

RICK

Ginger geezer, hangs around the
park.

RAY

Go round to Ant'knee's in a bit,
He'll sort you out with what you
need, don't fuck up, bell me when
it's done.

Ray stand's up and makes for the door, Frankie and Rick
say nothing until he's left,

RICK

What the fuck did Ste do?

FRANKIE

Obviously he fucked up.

RICK

Shit son.

EXT. CAR PARK/RAY'S CAR. MIDDAY.

Ray opens the drivers side door of his old red P-reg Mercedes and climbs inside,

sat in the passengers seat is DAVE, a bald rotund man around the same age or a little older than Ray, he is dressed in a loose fitting dark plain shirt and black trousers, he takes a drag in his cigarette before looking over to Ray,

DAVE

Any problem?

RAY

They got the concept, well Frank at least.

DAVE

Good, get in touch with Dimitri.

RAY

I gotta bell Ant'knee first.

DAVE

Continue by all means, I'm sure Dimitri can wait.

Dave continues smoking his cigarette while Ray reaches into his right coat pocket for his phone, he cycles through hos contacts to find Ant'knee's number, he hits call and lifts the phone to his right ear,

He waits for a reply.

INT. ANT'KNEE'S HOUSE. MIDDAY.

ANT'KNEE, a young looking long haired man in his early 30's dressed all in black is sat in his gloomy living room with one of his chav looking boys JAMES,

They are playing a football on the games console, they are both sat forward eyes fixated on the flat screen television hanging on the wall opposite them,

JAMES

Yeah, but how the fuck do you even realize you like that shit.

ANT'KNEE

It's one of them ain't it, whats in your fantasy ain't always a good idea to bring into reality.

JAMES

What'd mean?

ANT'KNEE

The mind is uncensored, no restraint, no judgement, you start bringing your fucked up sexual fantasies into real life, and therin is where the problem lies, think about it, say a woman has a rape fantasy, it's in her head, she's in control, it only affects her, no one else is involved.

JAMES

Thinking about something and doing something are two different things.

ANT'KNEE

Exactly, thinking about fucking kids and actually doing it are two completely different things.

JAMES

And that's what Ste did?

ANT'KNEE

You didn't hear it from me, its bad enough that he did the shit in the first place, but Dave's fucking neece, I'm suprised Dave hasn't handled him already, if he did it.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

If Ste fiddled with his neece,
why hasn't Dave done it himself.

ANT'KNEE

Ordering murder is a very
different thing from doing
murder, thats the distinction.

Ant'knee's black ghetto fabulous girlfriend DAWN enters from the kitchen, she dashes Ant'knee's phone across to him, he quickly drops his controller and catches the phone before it hits him,

DAWN

I ain't your fucking secretary
you know.

ANT'KNEE

Alright, calm down.

DAWN

Handle your fucking business
then.

Dawn exits the room again,

JAMES

What's with her?

ANT'KNEE

Fuck knows, hormones or some
shit.

Ant'knee's phone begins vibrating in his hands, he looks at the caller ID, it's Ray,

ANT'KNEE(CONT.)

Pause a minute, I gotta take
this.

He stands up and exits the living room via the door near the bay window leading to the hall, he answers the phone,

ANT'KNEE(CONT.)

It's all sorted.

INT. SMOKEY'S FLAT. AFTERNOON.

Dippy stands in the hallway of the towerblock in front of Smokey's front door, she bends down to the letterbox and calls his name through it,

She waits a couple of seconds before the door opens slightly, she steps inside, walks down the narrow dark central hallway through the one bedroom flat leading to the living room after closing the front door behind her,

SMOKEY, a scruffy looking long haired 23 year old man is playing a video game while seated on the settee opposite the large television,

Nutty, a tall mixed race 22 year old garbed in a black t-shirt and baggy trousers with extremely short hair quickly runs back to the settee, he sits down, grabs the other controller off the small glass table in front of the sofa,

NUTTY
Where's Shaun?

DIPPY
Went home.

Dippy takes her bag off her shoulder,

SMOKEY
How'd he do?

She removes her footwear,

DIPPY
Can't complain.

She walks over to the small table in the right corner of the room near the doorless frame leading to the kitchen and sits down,

She reaches into her right sock, removes the contents, she places it on the table,

Nutty looks away from the screen at Dippy,

NUTTY
Dipps, what the fuck? what did I tell you about keeping shit in your fucking sock, I can speak for both me and Smokey when I say we don't like removing your fucking sock fluff before spending any money, no matter how lovely your feet may be, it's just plain nasty.

(CONTINUED)

DIPPY

Where would you rather I kept it?

NUTTY

I don't know, how about in your bra or your fucking purse.

SMOKEY

To be fair, he does have a point, I don't even like looking at your feet, let alone touching something that's been up close and personal.

NUTTY

Smokey can you fucking maintain, I want this achievement.

Dippy sparks up a fag,

DIPPY

What achievement?

SMOKEY

What you trying to prove?

Various gunshots and screams of terror are heard originating from the television,

NUTTY

Dippy seriously, either help us or shut the fuck up.

DIPPY

Fine, but I don't see why you gotta be so fucking hostile.

Dippy begins counting the money from her sock on the table,

Smokey and Nutty continue playing for a moment before dying grousomely,

Nutty jumps up, he throws his controller across the room,

NUTTY (SHOUTS)

STUPID FUCKING GAME.

He turns his attention to Dippy, he points at her with a twinge of aggression,

NUTTY (CONT.)

You see that, we were doing fine until Dippy came in messing with her damn socks.

Smokey puts down his controller calmly on the table, he picks up his half empty pack of cigarettes, he sparks up, takes his intial drag, he exhales slowly before speaking,

SMOKEY
I wasn't feeling it anyway.

Nutty sits back down near Smokey,

NUTTY
If you have that kind of attitude, how are we ever gonna win, you know what, fuck this game, I can't even be fucked anymore.

SMOKEY
Chill, man, it's only a game, we can play something else.

NUTTY
This is exactly why we fail all the fucking time, I don't even know why I fucking bother.

Smokey stands up, he walks over towards Dippy,

SMOKEY
You need any help?

DIPPY
Nah, I'm cool.

Smokey turns around, walks over to the tv and switches off the games console,

Nutty shuffles through the selection of gash mags on the table, he begins flicking through one after removing it from the pile, he stops on the centerfold, raises the mag up in his hand towards Dippy,

NUTTY
Dippy, look at that for a bit of fucking clunge.

Dippy looks up at the magazine, she grabs it from Nutty, she lays it down on the table in front of her,

DIPPY
That's a nice piece of gash right there.

NUTTY
You know what I'm saying.

She continues flicking through the magazine, Nutty stands up, walks over to the table and sits down next to Dippy,

DIPPY(SHOCKED)
Whoa, what the fuck is wrong with
her snatch.

Dippy presents the unpleasent picture of a womans crouch
to Nutty, he express a similar level of disgust,

NUTTY
Ahhh, that is well nasty.

He takes the mag off her and continues flicking through
it,

Smokey's mobile phone rings,

She hands Nutty some of the money from her sock for him to
count, he throws the titty mag to one side, he begins
counting,

Smokey quickly takes his phone out of his pocket, the
number is unknown, he hits accept and lifts the phone upto
his ear,

SMOKEY(PHONE)
Speak.

NUTTY(TO DIPPY)
I'll count this, you make the
drinks.

SMOKEY(PHONE)
Oh, hey Zoey, I'm good, what
about you? cool, your coming to
Brum, cool, okay.

Dippy stands up, waves her hand to get Smokey's attention,

DIPPY(TO SMOKEY)
How many sugars?

Smokey holds up two fingers,

SMOKEY(PHONE)
Sure, that's cool.

NUTTY(TO DIPPY)
Four for me.

Dippy walks through into the kitchen.

EXT. OUTSIDE ANT'KNEE'S HOUSE/RICK'S CAR. AFTERNOON.

Rick pulls up in his black Astra, Frankie is sat in the passengers seat, Rick parks on the curb in front of Ant'knee's house, Rick shuts the engine off and turns the stereo down, Frankie turns slightly to Rick,

FRANKIE

Wait here.

Frankie opens his door, exits the car and waits,

Rick looks around aimlessly before turning his attention to some young children playing a little way in front of the car,

James exits from Ant'knee's house with a blue plastic bag, he walks down the concrete path through the front garden upto the wooden gate, he approaches Frank,

JAMES

It's clean.

James offers the plastic bag to Frankie, he takes it, James turns around and heads back towards the house, Frankie gets back in the car, he looks around cautiously before peering inside the plastic bag, there is a handgun, he closes the bag again.

INT. SMOKEY'S FLAT. AFTERNOON.

Nutty is sat at the table, Smokey is still on the phone, Nutty clicks at Smokey to get his attention,

NUTTY(WHISPERS)

Who is it?

SMOKEY

It's my cousin, yeah thats fine, I'll see you on Wednesday in town, 11 O'clock, can we make ir 12 instead? okay, cool, see you there, alright bye.

Smokey ends the call, he puts the phone down on the table near the settee,

Nutty us still counting the money,

NUTTY

Why you gotta be so hospitable.

Smokey sits back down on the sofa,

SMOKEY

Why you gotta be like that, she's alright.

NUTTY

If she's anything like your cunt sister we're gonna have problems, you dig?

SMOKEY

She won't be any trouble.

Nutty points at Smokey with the money in his left hand,

NUTTY

I'll remember you said that.

SMOKEY

When she gets there can you, you know, be nice.

NUTTY

I'll be nice, I won't swear, I won't even fucking talk.

Smokey begins to tidy up some of the mess scattered around the room,

Dippy returns from the kitchen with three cups of coffee, she hands Smokey and Nutty there drinks, she sits back down at the table,

(CONTINUED)

SMOKEY

Thanks, hey Dipps my cousin is coming to stay for couple of days, can you help clean this place up a bit, cuz frankly most of this mess is yours.

Nutty stops counting the money,

NUTTY

Yeah Dippy, don't you know how to clean up after yourself, ya fucking messy beast.

DIPPY

I'm a guest, I shoudn't have to.

NUTTY

Nigger please, your here more than Smokey and he fucking lives here.

DIPPY

Man, can't we just do it later.

NUTTY

Which roughly translates to, Nutty will do it when the bitch is ten minutes from the fucking door.

Smokey stops clearing up and looks over at Nutty and Dippy,

SMOKEY

Okay, seriously can somebody help me.

NUTTY

Calm down, there's no need to get cunt, we'll help in a minute.

DIPPY

I'm drinking my beverage.

SMOKEY(SARCASTICALLY)

Thanks Nutty, I knew I could count on you.

Dippy slams down her drink in frustration before adressing Smokey,

DIPPY

Fine, you happy now, you've guilted me into helping you.

Dippy stands up, slowly walks over to Smokey and begins clearing up,

(CONTINUED)

Nutty finally finishes counting the money with a somewhat suprised expression on his face,

NUTTY

Dippy, what the fuck? there's only 286 quid here, that shit was worth at least 500 quid, did you lose some, where's the rest.

She stops clearing up and gives Nutty her attention,

DIPPY

No, that should be it all.

Nutty quickly grabs her bag, reaches inside and empties the contents, he quickly opens all the DVD case's which are empty,

NUTTY

Okay, if you only got this much, where's the rest of the drugs, what happened, ya lose 'em?

DIPPY

Nah, I sold it all, but.

SMOKEY

But what?

Nutty quickly stands up, he approaches Dippy,

NUTTY

Dippy, what did you do?

DIPPY

Well you know, Ste?

NUTTY

What about that kiddie fiddling concksucker?

DIPPY

He didn't have enough, so I said he could pay me next time.

SMOKEY

What?

DIPPY

He's gonna give me the money next time, whats the big deal?

NUTTY

What the fuck is wrong with you, we're making loses selling shit in the first place and you ya fucking soft touch, go and give the shit away for free.

SMOKEY

Did you really think he's gonna pay us back?

DIPPY

Of course he will, won't he?

NUTTY

Of course he won't you stupid fucking gullible cunt, since when have fucking bagheads been trust worthy up standing members of society.

SMOKEY

You don't have to talk to her like that.

NUTTY

I don't fucking believe this.

DIPPY

I'm sorry, maybe we can find him and get the money.

SMOKEY

What's the fucking point, he's properly chasing the fucking dragon as we speak.

Smokey slowly looms towards Dippy,

NUTTY

Dippy, I just have one question for you, why would anybody risk as much as we do selling fucking drugs if everybody just gave the fucking shit away.

DIPPY

Alright, I'm sorry, okay, point made, okay, sorry, I can call my dad and get some more.

SMOKEY

No Dippy, I don't think I completely understand, when you were giving away the smack we paid good money for, you didn't once think it was a stupid fucking idea.

Dippy slowly backs away from Smokey as he approaches her,

DIPPY

He said he'd give me double next time.

(CONTINUED)

Smokey lunges at her, Nutty tries to hold him back,

SMOKEY(SHOUTS)
AND WHEN WOULD THAT BE, WHEN PIGS
FLY.

Nutty pushes Smokey away from her, she takes a step forward before speaking,

DIPPY
I said I was sorry, why you gotta
be such a fucking prick?

Smokey lunges at her again,

SMOKEY
Fuck you.

Smokey grabs her by the neck, she trips and falls on the floor, he jumps on her, he grabs her by the neck and strangles her while shouting profanity at her, she squirms and struggles in pain,

Nutty pulls Smokey off her and pushes him back toward the settee,

NUTTY
What the fuck man.

Dippy stands back up grasping her neck tightly in pain,

DIPPY
Fuck you geez, I said I was
sorry.

Nutty grabs her by the scruff of the neck, he pulls her out of the room, through the hall towards the front door,

NUTTY
Get the fuck outta here, don't
come back without the money or
the drugs.

DIPPY
I'm sorry man.

He opens the front door and pushes her out,

NUTTY
Just get the fuck outta here,
I'll talk to him.

He slams the door in her face.

She stands motionless outside the flat for a few seconds, she steps back, leans on the wall behind her, she slowly slides down until she is seated on the ground opposite Smokey's front door, she puts her head in her hands,

The lift to the right of the door opens,

She lifts her head, there is nobody inside, she stands up and enters,

She hits the button for the ground floor, nothing happens, she hits it again, the doors finally close.

Inside Nutty enters the living room,

Smokey is out on the balcony, smoking, Nutty walks across the living room, opens the plastic door at the center of the plain glass windows, he steps out onto the balcony,

Smokey stare out across the various houses, roads, fields visible from the balcony, he addresses Nutty,

SMOKEY

Nutty, what are we gonna do?

NUTTY

You can't just attack Dippy, man, you know who her dad is or have you suddenly forgotten.

SMOKEY

Fuck her and her dad.

NUTTY

Calm it down sailor, I got an idea but your not gonna like this but,

SMOKEY (INTERRUPTS)

But what?

NUTTY

Your father was Billy Stathem.

SMOKEY

What about it?

NUTTY

One phone call, we could have the money.

Smokey throws his cigarette over the side of the balcony,

SMOKEY

Are you crazy? I can't just call my family.

NUTTY

Why not, you dad was and is still a well respected guy, your saying we can't call some of his old friends and crack some fucking

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NUTTY (cont'd)
heads, get our shit back, get
some back up, fucking expand or
something.

SMOKEY
This ain't the fucking Sopranos,
we can't just call some people,
they'll flip if they knew what I
do.

NUTTY
Big fucking deal so your a drug
dealer, so what.

SMOKEY
My dad din't want this kind of
life for me.

NUTTY
We've gotta do something to get
ahead in this world, you don't
see Haze and her boys making shit
from top quality shit.

SMOKEY
There's nothing we can do about
that, we'd be finished if Haze
knew we were dealing on her
patch, we have to put up and shut
up, so don't go getting any
ideas.

NUTTY
Fuck her, we need money, cuz I
tell ya right now, the risk ain't
worth no reward.

Nutty re-enters the living room, Smokey remains on the
balcony for a few seconds longer before coming in, he sits
down on the settee,

Nutty walks over to the table, moves some random items out
of the way to reveal an old Al Pacino film poster, he hold
it up and points at it,

NUTTY
You see that shit, that's the
shit we should have, instead we
got no drugs, money covered in
fucking foot crust dust and fuck
all else.

SMOKEY
Are you serious? that's a film
man.

NUTTY

It's the fucking principal, I'm making a statement, Al wouldn't stand for this shit, Al ain't nobodies bitch, this ain't about films, it's about getting paid, it's about fucking respect.

SMOKEY

I've seen this before, people who speak akk this load of old bollocks and end up locked up or dead, whatever your thinking you can just stop thinking it, right now, cuz I ain't ending up being left in the woods by some sick fucker with a sawn-ff.

NUTTY

You always assume the worst, I was just saying.

SMOKEY

How about this, the more you don't say, the longer we both live.

NUTTY

What's with all the fucking negativity all of a sudden.

SMOKEY

I'm just being realistic.

NUTTY

Fuck realism.

He drops the poster on the table and storms out towards the front door, Smokey shouts to him,

SMOKEY(SHOUTS)

WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU GOING?

NUTTY(SHOUTS)

OUT.

SMOKEY(SHOUTS)

THAT'S GONNA SOLVE ALL OUR PROBLEMS, STORMING THE FUCK OUT.

NUTTY(SHOUTS)

FUCK YOU.

Nutty opens the front door, exits and slams the door on his way out,

(CONTINUED)

SMOKEY

Fuck your mother.

Smokey tries to light up another cigarette but his lighter won't work, he mutters 'cocksucker' under his breath as he throws it across the room.

EXT. RICK'S CAR/PARK. AFTERNOON.

Rick and Frankie pull up in the car near the curb outside the entrance to the park gates, there is a railing around the borders of the park, there are various tall trees, a playground and an old abandoned toilet cubicle,

There are a few bagheads hanging around near the bricked up toilet entrance, they're all gangley, gaunt and scabby in appearance wearing grubby looking clothes,

Rick looks at the toilet building briefly before posing a question to Frank,

RICK

You gonna tell me what he did?

FRANKIE

Not important, who do you work for?

RICK

Dave.

FRANKIE

Exactly, so act accordingly, he says Ste's gotta get got, he's gonna get got.

RICK

It's a bit final though ain't it.

FRANKIE

What my word ain't good enough.

RICK

I just wanna know why we're about to waste this fool.

FRANKIE

If it'll get your head in the fucking game I'll tougue your balls, will that help confirm your fucking conviction to this thing?

RICK

Fine, fuck it then, I don't even wanna know anymore.

FRANKIE

He touched Dave's neece, you never heard that from me.

RICK

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE
Exactly, feel enlightened?

Rick remains silent,

FRANKIE (CONT.)
That's what I thought, so shut
and maintain.

Dippy walks past the outside of the car, she enters the
park, they watch her,

RICK
Who's that?

FRANKIE
I don't know, tissue fonder for
all I know.

RICK
What shall we do?

FRANKIE
You tell me.

Dippy walks over to the bagheads near the toilets with a
sturn expression on her face,

DIPPY
Where's Ste?

One of the bagheads points to the bushes behind the old
toilets,

BAGHEAD
Chasing the dragon.

Frankie and Rick watch as Dippy walks round the back of
the toilets into the bushes,

FRANKIE
The plot thickens.

Dippy drags the lankey drawn out looking ginger 20 year
old man STEVEN from the bushes behind the toilet,

She drags him over to the other bagheads, she kicks Ste a
couple of times in the stomach,

DIPPY
Where the fuck is my money?

STE
I Haven't got it yet man, it's
only been a couple of hours.

DIPPY

Fuck you, I want my fucking money, you think you can fuck with me, give me my fucking money.

Dippy continues to violently kick and stamp on Ste, the bagheads watch in disbelief,

Rick poses another question to Frank,

RICK

Should we stop her?

FRANKIE

Fuck off, with any luck she'll do him for us.

Dippy grabs Ste's head as he yelps in pain, she smacks his head off the ground before stopping again,

DIPPY

I want my fucking money you cunt.

Ste doesn't say anything, he just cries in pain, she searches his pockets, there is a phone, a couple of notes and a little brown,

RICK

Is she jacking him?

FRANKIE

Twat's got some balls.

Dippy kneels down next to Ste and grabs him by the scruff of his neck,

DIPPY

Don't fuck with me, you have something for me tomorrow shitbag, money or brown, I don't give a shit, I will fuck you up, don't make me come looking for you.

She let's go of his collar, stands up, the bagheads look at her gormless, she takes a false step forward, one cowers, the other remains stood still, Dippy eyeballs him before swiftly headbutting him straight in the face, he yelps and drops to the ground, the other baghead backs off,

Dippy turns around and begins walking towards the exit of the park, blood on her forehead and knuckles,

Rick muses,

RICK
Serious fucking balls.

She walks out of the park, past the car and down the street.

EXT. STREET. AFTERNOON.

Nutty walks down a small side street with houses either side with parked cars sporadically on the curbs in front of the houses, he is smoking a cigarette while messing with his phone, he tries to call his girlfriend Rosie, he waits for a reply.

INT. SMOKEY'S FLAT. AFTERNOON.

Rosie's phone vibrates on the coffee table in front of the settee, ROSIE a petite young woman with brownish shoulder length hair, full lips and big green eyes is draped naked over the right arm of the sofa while Smokey gives her the old in-out from behind, they both sweat and breath deeply as he pumps away,

Dippy lifts the letter box and shouts through,

Smokey quickly pushes Rosie off his member, Rosie panics, she manically grabs her clothes which are scattered across the floor, Smokey grabs his trousers,

Dippy call's through again,

Rosie tries to put her clothes on, Smokey tells her to be quiet, he tell's Dippy he'll be there in a minute,

He pushes Rosie into the bathroom and closes the door, he checks the living room before answering the front door, Dippy enters,

DIPPY

What the fuck man geez, you cracking a nut up in here.

SMOKEY

Busting a nut.

DIPPY

What?

SMOKEY

It's busting a nut, not cracking a nut.

DIPPY

Whatever, you hotheaded cocksucker, I saw Ste.

They enter the living room, she sits down, removes her tin and tobacco, she starts skinning up,

Smokey stands near the living room door, he looks back toward the hall at the bathroom door,

DIPPY(CONT.)

You alright man?

He looks at her,

SMOKEY

Yeah, I'm fine.

He catches sight of her bloody knuckles and forehead,

(CONTINUED)

SMOKEY(CONT.)

What happened to your head?

DIPPY

I told you I saw Ste.

He takes another look at the bathroom door, he walks over to the sofa and sits down next to Dippy,

SMOKEY

And?

She commences rolling the joint before sticking and licking,

DIPPY

I sorted it.

SMOKEY

What did you do?

DIPPY

I hit him, what'd you think I did, sang him a musical number.

She looks around for a lighter, she scans the table, there is no lighter but there is a pink thong, she looks at Smokey, he does nothing,

DIPPY(CONT.)

Sorry, I didn't realise you were getting your dick wet, I'll go if you want me to.

Rosie emerges from the bathroom fully clothed and enters the living room,

Dippy looks at her, then at Smokey,

ROSIE

I'm gonna get going now, tell Nutty I called round.

She picks up her bag off the table near the kitchen door, she makes her way out of the flat and exits slamming the door behind her,

There is silence between Smokey and Dippy for what seems an eternity,

Dippy finds a light and sparks up,

SMOKEY

Look, Dipp.

She exhales, coughs, she holds up her none spliff bearing hand up,

DIPPY

You haven't gotta justify
yourself to me.

SMOKEY

It's not what it looks like,
honesty.

DIPPY

If that's your version of
honesty, then that isn't a thong
and chair arm coated in fucking
pussy residew.

SMOKEY

Look, I never meant to, please
don't tell Nutty.

DIPPY

You fucking strangle me, and
expect me lie for you, call
yourself a friend, fuck you, I
got no loyalty to you.

Dippy leans back and continues smoking,

SMOKEY

Please, Dippy.

EXT. RICK'S CAR/PARK. EVENING.

Ste hobbles out of the park, he walks out the gate past Rick's car, he holds his stomach while in great pain, he pause's for breath and leans on one of the railing's near the car,

Rick runs up behind Ste, he kicks him in the back of his left leg, he forces a blue plastic bag over his head, Rick drags him toward the boot of his car,

Frankie steps out of the darkness and promptly opens the boot, the inside is lined with black big liners, they force him inside head first, Ste struggles, they hit him, Rick holds him down,

FRANKIE

Hold him down.

Ste begin screaming for help,

FRANKIE(CONT.)

Shut him up.

Rick covers Ste's mouth and forces him down as he struggles, Frankie lifts the bottom right hand corner of the bin liners, he retrieves the gun which has a small pop bottle taped to the end of the barrel,

Frank presses it against Ste's forehead, the now muffled screams reach a crescendo,

He shoots Ste in the face,

The inside of the plastic bag is littered with Ste's IQ, Frankie throws the gun in the boot, they fold his legs into the back of the car, Rick closes the boot, they get in and hasterly pull away.

EXT. ROSIE'S FLAT. EVENING.

Nutty and Rosie are in the bedroom of her flat, she is sat on the double bed in her underwear, he is knelt down in his boxer shorts kissing and licking her toes, while she smokes a cigarette, he carefully sprinkles coke over the top of her left foot and toes, he promptly snorts it, he stands up, lifts his arms up high, lets out a loud shout before jumping Rosie.

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Frank and Rick are digging a makeshift grave in a secluded wooded area, Frankie stops and puts his shovel down, he lights up a cigarette, takes a few drags,

FRANKIE

That's enough, drag him in.

Rick opens the boot of the car, he drags Ste's black bag covered corpse out of the car,

Frankie pulls out his phone, he call Ray,

Rick drags Ste into the hole, he begins filling it in.

EXT. OUTSIDE PUB. NIGHT.

Ray stands outside with a couple of the local lads, having a smoke, his phone rings, he removes it from his coat pocket and answers,

RAY

Speak.

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Frankie is on the phone to Ray,

FRANKIE
It's done.

Rick fills in the grave, Frankie hangs up the phone.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Nutty is walking down a busy main road minding his own business, a few random people pass him by as cars travel at varying speeds in both directions,

When LIL NIGGA aka Tony, a short weedy looking 19 year old white kid in a hoody walking in the opposite direction smacks into Nutty,

Nutty pushes him back,

NUTTY

What the fuck is the matter with you, how about you pull your head out of your ass and open your fucking eyes, geez.

They guy takes his hood off to reveal his short dirty blonde hair and rough looking face,

LIL NIGGA

Look man, I'm sorry.

NUTTY

Lil Nigga, what the fuck man, you don't open your eyes when you walk down the street.

LIL NIGGA

I'm sorry man, my bad, I'm glad I ran into you actually.

NUTTY

Fucking literally.

LIL NIGGA

You holding?

Nutty has a quick look around,

NUTTY

Jesus Nigga, a little fucking digression maybe.

LIL NIGGA

I heard Dippy slapped up Ste something rotten down the park.

NUTTY

You serious?

LIL NIGGA

Yeah, so you got anything?

(CONTINUED)

NUTTY

She fucked him up.

LIL NIGGA

He was selling, she came up,
busted him, took his H and fucked
off.

NUTTY

He was selling?

LIL NIGGA

Yeah.

NUTTY

He was exchanging product for
currency?

LIL NIGGA

Yeah, man, how many times.

NUTTY

Alright, don't get cunty.

LIL NIGGA

So, you got anything?

NUTTY

Nah, big fat nothing, thanks to
Dippy, so stop asking.

LIL NIGGA

Thats a shame cuz I got something
lined up, it's right up your
street, maybe if you can get me
something, I can tell you
something.

NUTTY

Your a cheeky fucker, you know
that.

LIL NIGGA

Yeah, I'm the worst, so we got a
deal coco pop or what?

NUTTY

Fucking coco pop, yeah maybe we
can work something out, but this
better be worth it or I'll smack
your fucking face.

LIL NIGGA

Don't worry my friend, It's worth
it.

NUTTY

Yeah, yeah, deal, hurry up, this
way fool.

They both begin walking and chatting together towards
Smokey's place.

INT. SMOKEY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

The front door knocks, Smokey walks towards the front door, he looks through the peep hole, he opens the door slowly,

SMOKEY

Hey man.

NUTTY

What the hell, I knock and you look through the peep hole, you don't trust me or soemthing.

SMOKEY

No, I trust you, I was just being careful and shit.

NUTTY

Yeah, yeah, I forgive you.

Nutty steps through the door followed by Lil Nigga, Smokey nods towards Lil Nigga,

SMOKEY

Who the fuck is that?

NUTTY

It's Lil Nigga, hes got something for us.

SMOKEY

He cool?

NUTTY

He's cool.

SMOKEY

Alright, Little Nigger, come in, don't mind the mess.

Nutty walks into the living room, he sees Dippy layed out on the sofa, stoned, Nutty turns to Smokey,

NUTTY

What the fuck is she doing here? did you hear about what she did to Ste?

SMOKEY

Look at her, she fucked him up.

They both gaze upon Dippy, half asleep spread out on the sofa, one eye open, arms adrift melting into the settee,

(CONTINUED)

SMOKEY(CONT.)

How can you stay mad at that loco face.

NUTTY

Fucking soft touch, you and her cool.

Nutty and Smokey sit down at the table, Dippy slowly slides across the settee so Lil Nigga can sit down,

NUTTY(CONT.)

Nigga, tell 'em what you told me about Ste.

SMOKEY

wait, why's he called Little Nigger.

NUTTY

Because.

SMOKEY

Because what?

NUTTY

Because.

SMOKEY

Because of what, the wonderful things he does, just fucking tell me.

Nutty points towards Lil Nigga,

NUTTY

Nigga tell 'em.

LIL NIGGA(EMBARASSED)

Because I'm the Littlest Nigger.

Nutty laughs loudly,

SMOKEY

What does that even mean?

DIPPY

Yeah, your not even black.

NUTTY

Jesus, Dipps, really, my black ass is sitting right here, so do you maybe wanna tone down the racial shit a notch.

(CONTINUED)

DIPPY

Sorry, I didn't mean it like that, I'm not racist, sorry Little Nigga.

NUTTY

Thank you Dippy, myself and the fucking tribe forgive your ignorance, now Nigga tell 'em what you told me.

LIL NIGGA

Ste, the prick, was selling your shit for double the price.

DIPPY

Till I twated the bitch.

NUTTY

My nigga, fucking Rocky Balboa over here, ADRIAN.

Nutty reaches forward and slaps Dippy five,

LIL NIGGA

Okay, in the next couple of days theres gonna be a delivery, all types of electrical shit, 3DTV's. laptops plus a couple of suitcases full of E's, and I'm not talking about little carry-on cases either, big fuck off 1980's type cases, full of pills, and all this stuff is getting delivered down to Elvis's warehouse, you know Elvis right?

SMOKEY

Yeah, he's got the funky hairdo.

LIL NIGGA

Well, I had the idea of jacking this shit and well the rest writes itself, so what do you say? I need some help and there's plenty of money in it for you, and I was thinking your guys ti do this type of thing, and girl.

Dippy nods,

SMOKEY

Question?

LIL NIGGA

Sure.

SMOKEY
Who's shit is it?

LIL NIGGA
Just some local assholes, got the
shit imported from where ever the
fuck, Russians or Polish or
something help 'em bring it in,
you guys up for it?

SMOKEY
Is this a regular thing or a one
off.

LIL NIGGA
Word round the camp fire says
this is a one time thing.

SMOKEY
Why?

NUTTY
Fuck knows.

SMOKEY
Why don't you know?

NUTTY
Who gives a shit, supply and
demand, its the foundation of
modern society.

SMOKEY
How'd you know all this?

LIL NIGGA
One guy I know, Purple, he's in
with on of Haze's boys.

NUTTY
Well?

SMOKEY (INTERRUPTS)
What I think Nutty is trying to
say is we need a couple of
minutes to talk it over, give us
a minute.

LIL NIGGA
Take as long as you need.

Smokey stands up, he walks into the kitchen, Nutty and
Dippy follow,

Lil Nigga sparks up,

They speak in lowered tones due to the lack of a kitchen
door,

(CONTINUED)

NUTTY(WHISPERS)

Seriously what the fuck is there to talk about, this is the chance to make some real money.

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)

I just dont think this is a very good idea.

NUTTY(WHISPERS)

Always with the fucking negativity.

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)

How well do you know this Nigga fella?

NUTTY(WHISPERS)

He's okay, he's good people, not chill all the time cool, but if he's there it ain't the end of the world.

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)

That's your professional opinion?

NUTTY(WHISPERS)

Yeah.

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)

Can we trust him?

Dippy sniggers to herself,

NUTTY(WHISPERS)

Fuck's so funny?

DIPPY

Nothing.

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)

Again, can we trust him?

NUTTY(WHISPERS)

Probably.

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)

What?

NUTTY(WHISPERS)

Well the way I see it, what does he have to gain from lying to us.

SMOKEY(SARCASTIC)

Erm, let me think a shitload of fucking drugs.

DIPPY(WHISPERS)
Do you think he told anybody
else?

NUTTY
All due respect Dippy, shut the
fuck up.

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)
Don't tell her to shut up, that's
a good point, how do we know he
didn't tell anybody and
everybody.

NUTTY(WHISPERS)
I know it sounds almost too good
to be true if Dipps hadn't fucked
our shit up,

She flips him the bird,

NUTTY(CONT.)
Then this opportunity wouldn't
have been made available to us,
it almost makes me wanna thank
Dippy for being such a fucking
nob.

DIPPY(PROUDLY)
Thanks.

NUTTY
I said almost.

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)
If, we do this, if, we're gonna
need some tools, cuz they ain't
just gonna leave this shit on its
own, Dippy can you sort shit with
your dad?

DIPPY(WHISPERS)
No probs.

NUTTY
Ghetto bitch.

Nutty and Dippy firms,

DIPPY(WHISPERS)
What'd ya need?

SMOKEY(WHISPERS)
Something bold, but we need to
check the pace out first.

Nutty smiles,

SMOKEY(CONT.)

This doesn't mean I'm gonna do
it.

Nutty points toward the living room,

NUTTY

What do we tell him?

SMOKEY

I'll handle it.

Smokey and Nutty exit the kitchen, Lil Nigga looks over to
them, he quickly puts his cigarette out,

Dippy remains in the kitchen, she raids the fridge,

SMOKEY

We'll let you know.

LIL NIGGA

Sure, but don't take too long.

SMOKEY

Come round in tomorrow afternoon.

NUTTY(TO DIPPY)

Yo Dippy, sort him a draw.

Dippy slams the fridge door in frustration, she mutters
'cocksuckers' under her breath before exiting the kitchen.

EXT STREET. MORNING.

Smokey and Nutty stand across street from Elvis's old rundown looking warehouse,

Smokey pulls out his smokes, he offers Nutty one, Nutty refuses via a shake of the head,

Smokey lights up, they stare at the warehouse,

NUTTY

What you thinking?

SMOKEY

I'm thinking we should do it at the weekend.

NUTTY

Really? thats fucking great.

SMOKEY

I've been thinking a place like this, that amount of X, bound to be a guard or some shit, I don't think knives are enough of a statement, you get my drift?

NUTTY

I'll talk to Dippy, sort something out, I'll make sure she doesn't get us snubs that blow up in our fucking hands, I do have a question though.

SMOKEY

Shoot.

NUTTY

Are we really gonna include Lil Nigga.

Smokey pauses as he takes a drag of his cigarette,

SMOKEY

Fuck that nigga man.

They both laugh briefly,

Nutty looks over at Smokey as he takes another drag, Nutty points at it,

NUTTY

I changed my mind give me one of those.

(CONTINUED)

SMOKEY
Fuck you, ya had your chance.

NUTTY
Cocksucker.

Smokey begins walking away, Nutty follows after him,

NUTTY(CONT.)
You gonna give me one of those
motherfuckers or not?

Smokey removes a cigarette from the pack, he chucks it at
Nutty,

SMOKEY
Here, you fucking vulture.

They continue walking down the street.

FADE TO BLACK.