Hello, Mr Cool

by Danny Naylor

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BLACK SCREEN:

Sounds of a SCUFFLE, clothes RIPPING, GRUNTS and GROANS. FISTS CONNECT - The sounds piercing our imaginations...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

TWO MEN clinch and struggle ferociously, a blur of arms and elbows. MAN #1 (bigger and quicker) throws MAN #2 (younger and furious) to the ground. Man #2's head crashes and bounces against the floor, dust spitting and clouding the air. Man #1 drops his knee down onto his neck - he aint going anywhere.

CLICK! A GUN is cocked, slammed into Man #2 temple as he spits and screams in rage, blood oozing from his nose.

MAN #2

(Furious) I'M GOIN TO TEAR YOUR FUCKIN THROAT OUT YOU FUCKIN CUNT!!! GET OFF - GET FUCKIN OFF ME!!!

Man #1 drives to gun further into Man #2's temple.

MAN #1 (Shouting) SHUT YOUR FUCKIN MOUTH!!!

Man #2 struggles to get free, his effort futile. SLOW MOTION of him giving up, his muscles weaken.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (VO) Me Dad told me I should think before I act.

Man #2 looks up to see a GAUNT MAN out of his depth and pleading to a FORCEFUL MAN who holds him by the scruff of the collar. Gaunt Man is pointing, almost reasoning towards Man #2 while firing pleas of mercy.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID (VO CONT'D) (CONT'D) "Always figure out how things work, how to deal with it, son. If not...don't even get involved."

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTIAN QUIAD, 35, stares into the mirror fixing his cufflinks. Dressed in a sharp crystal blue shirt he stares at himself in deep thought. As he fixes his belt we notice he is Man #2 but older, set in his ways with a few scars hinted on his face, his piercing eyes giving him away.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT) Was a bit late after that though wasn't it, Doug, mate?

Sitting on the edge of the bed remorsefully, his hair and shirt dishevelled, is DOUG COHAAGAN, 35. Stubbled but casually stylish he stares at the tumbler of whiskey in his hand in trying to find words to say.

> DOUG COHAAGAN What? I...I guess so, yeah.

CHRISTIAN QUAID You guess so? Yep. All too fuckin late. You did all you could, mind.

Doug looks up to stop Chris; he's been in this situation before.

DOUG COHAAGAN Come on now, Chris. The same shite, different year, eh? We know we aint gonna forget what happened in a hurry so lets stop remindin ourselves about it at least, hey? It's fuckin depressin, man.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Course it is. It's supposed to be.

DOUG COHAAGAN Then, no offence like, but why do we keep fuckin doin this every year?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Cos some ones got to.

Doug sits shaking his head and sighs, he cant really talk to Chris about the "subject" at hand. Chris downs his glass of whiskey like a pro and growls to himself.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) I'm gonna work.

EXT. STREET - BAR - NIGHT

The neon lights shining from the surrounding clubs and pubs bounce from the wet streets and parked cars. We follow a couple of GIRL CLUBBERS as they walk down the street past masses of other CLUB GOERS smiling and giggling to each other. They stop and cross the road but we carry on focusing our attention on Chris stepping out of a parked car. With his sharp suit and even sharper styled hair he takes in the surroundings before walking across the street. We follow him as he strolls into a modern and trendy bar: large glass windows, sleek oak framing. He acknowledges the two BOUNCERS as though he's done it countless times before and enters the bar --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

-- (The "Kopacabana Shot" from Goodfellas) Without missing a beat we stay close as he walks through the sexy lit bar full of HIGH CLASS CUSTOMERS all with one thing in common - money.

He makes his way over to the busy bar like he owns the place and reaches a YOUNG BARMAN behind the bar serving patrons. He nods to him and points over to the double doors at the far end of the club.

Chris makes his way over to the double doors, cutting through the Clubbers. We stay right behind him as he hits the doors – –

INT. BAR - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

-- He makes his way down the stairs, the lights glaring as he makes his way past the toilet doors and through another set of double doors --

INT. BAR - BACKROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

A set of neon lights blink on and off. A SUITED MAN paces up and down past the frame. Chris enters at the far end of the hall and makes his way over to the Suited Man.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID Alright, mate. How's it going?

SUITED MAN Running smooth, man, running smooth.

The two men shake hands. The Suited Man stands outside a slightly open doorway keeping his eye into the room and over Chris' shoulder.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Everything okay? Sorted for drinks and all that, yeah?

SUITED MAN Sorted, sorted. I didn't get me pimms and lemo though, but what the fuck can you do, hey? CHRISTIAN QUAID You didn't get it? Shit! You should've said before...

SUITED MAN No, no, it's fine...

CHRISTIAN QUAID ...Told Barry about it. Could've sorted you right out.

SUITED MAN No, its cool, its cool.

Chris eyes the door briefly catching a glimpse of TWO YOUNG MEN clearly out of their depth. Both of them sit at the side of a table chatting to a number of people we don't see, about something we don't hear.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID Got you're coke and a smile?

> > SUITED MAN

(Laughs) Definitely. It's the only guaranteed thing you get doin these sorts of things. Coke deals never...

CHRISTIAN QUAID Whoa, whoa, whoa, I don't wanna know, alright? Nothing to do with you, okay? Sorry. I just got rules. What happens in the room stays in there with you, them, anyone coming in, out, up and down

Suited Man just stands and grins.

SUITED MAN I got it, mate. I got it...

the spout. You get me?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Good stuff.

Chris' phone RINGS and he answers it.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D)

I gotta...

SUITED MAN Yeah, yeah, ok, mate.

Suited Man goes back and stands guard by the door. Chris turns and walks back down the hall taking on his phone.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Yeah? (Shocked) What?! That's half the fuckin stock? Mercer? Hold on. Was it Mercer? I wanna see him tomorrow morning in my office, 10 o'clock, bright eyed and bushy tailed so he gets the message he's on the dole. (Beat) Why? The toilet? They already there? I'm coming.

He walks out of the door.

INT. BAR - GENTLEMENS TOILET - NIGHT

Chris bursts into the toilet putting his phone away. Standing in the marble, high key rest room are two heavyset DOORMEN, Chris stands in the middle of them. The three men stare at the far end of the room for a few intense seconds.

Standing at the other end looking back at the man are three YOUNG CLUBBERS, suited and cocky they just stare back chewing gum obnoxiously. Chris takes notice of one of the men holding a rolled up fiver, a line of white powder on the sink.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID Alright fellas? You do know you're barred from this club indefinitely, don't ya?

The Young Clubbers just stare back stone-faced and chewing. Beat.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Okay, there's two options. I'll tell you the polite one first because I wouldn't want you to get the wrong impression I didn't give you that option like a civilised individual now, would I?

The Clubbers don't acknowledge the question.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) And here it is. Could you three, as gentlemen, please leave the premises, quietly and without incident?

The Young Clubbers just stare blankly once again; they aint going to move.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) (Sighs) Guess that didn't work. Alright, option two. Could you and your little faggot mates - yeah, I'm talking to you two - get the fuck out before Batfink and Karate here knock the living Christ out of you, using your fuckin' heads to open each and every door on the way out. This option will be initiated on the count of three.

Christian holds three fingers up.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D)

One.

He drops his index finger. The Clubbers look at each other then back at Chris and the Doormen.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D)

Two.

He drops the middle finger. The Clubbers fidget on the spot casually preparing themselves. The Doormen stand to alert. Chris eyes each of the Clubbers.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D)

Three.

He drops the third finger. The Doormen sprint at the Young Clubbers, pinning two of them to the wall as they throw punches, screaming, swearing - a real scrappy fight with the Doormen getting the upper hand.

The third Clubber holding the rolled up fiver goes for Chris wildly throwing punches. Chris skilfully dodges them and swiftly punches the Clubber in the face multiple times before clinching him in a painful arm-lock and slamming his face into the toilet stall...

... Before the face violently hits the stall we crash into...

FADE IN:

'HELLO, MR COOL'

FADE TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

The busy workday skyline, cars rush by, WORKERS going to their jobs - a busy, bustling city.

SCREEN TITLES: TWO DAYS LATER

DOUG COHAAGAN (VO) Let me spell it out for you...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Close on his stubbled chin.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT) He's a CUNT!! That's what he is.

Pacing up and down on a gravel covered rooftop, overlooking the busy cityscape and holding a phone is Doug decked out in dirty/smart-casual clothes. The scene is quick and choppy, cutting to different takes and different conversations he has on the phone.

> DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) (Conversation #2) If you want what I got, don't be giving me this shit! (Conversation #1) Yeah, he is. You want to do it with him you're a worst cunt than he is. (Conversation #2) Give and take, take and give. Buy it, don't buy it! (Conversation #1) No, that's if you do it with him. You're not a cunt... (Conversation #3) Stick it in one big pile and drive it up your sisters arse! (Conversation #1) No, you misinterpreted me. When I say 'cunt' I mean it in a fuckin "we know each other so well the word doesn't mean shit" (Conversation #2) The shit will turn you into a sexual tyrannosaur! It will seriously make you dick harder than Bruce Lee on a dose of fuck you up pills! (Conversation #3) You fucking prick! (Conversation #4) Go suck a dick! (Conversation #5) Bell end! (Conversation #2) Oh, no! I don't mean you. (Conversation #3) (MORE)

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) Yeah, yeah, yeah - Fuck off! (Conversation #1) I mean, its true. I call my mother a cunt all the time. (Conversation #2) Sorted like the entire VC squad in Commando. Later!

Doug closes his snap phone and walks towards the exit door from the roof.

INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT - DAY

SNAPPY MAN What the fuckin hells this?

The bearded and shirtless man, SKINNY, 30, sits behind a table in a scruffy, grime ridden kitchen unimpressed with the small white box in front of him.

Doug stands by the table pretty cool and comfortable like he goes there on a regular basis - muted HARD-HOUSE MUSIC is booming through the walls.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Putting chewing gun in his mouth) What's fuckin what?

SKINNY (SNAPPY MAN)

This?

Skinny holds up a SEVERED FINGER with a wedding ring still attached.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Nonchalant) A beaver's dick. What's it look like?

SKINNY (Throwing the finger back in the box) This isn't good for me, man. I can't sell this shit anymore.

DOUG COHAAGAN What? You chav twats cream over your own mothers for this kind of cheap arse gold. It's a quick and easy sell.

Skinny gets up and walks over to the sink, casually throwing the box of now revealed jewellery to the dirty sideboard.

SKINNY I know it's a quick and easy sell...

DOUG COHAAGAN Then why are you acting like a queer on his first boyfriend?

SKINNY

(Lighting a cigarette) I dunno. Things are changing.

DOUG COHAAGAN Changing? You found a fuckin finger in the box you're doing a T-1000 and morphing into dick head? The shit comes to me and I sell it to you because you can use it, man.

SKINNY

Hey, I know all this, and I know this place aint the targe-mahal but this stuff? It's not my kind of thing anymore.

DOUG COHAAGAN Whoa, whoa, whoa! Are telling me that my goods aren't good

that my goods aren't good enough...here?

SKINNY

No. I didn't say that. We just got something else coming up so we don't need to sell that kind of stuff anymore. Things are moving in another direction now.

DOUG COHAAGAN Where the fuck to, hey? The fuckin off-license?

SKINNY

We got a deal coming up with some of the big boys; that's all I can say.

DOUG COHAAGAN

All you can say? All you're saying to me is a big fuck off, Skinny! How long have I been coming here, hey? If you're gonna do a deal, do it with me, Skinny. Me!

SKINNY I would, Dougie, man, I would. But this is going big league now and, no offence, but...that just isn't you, son.

Doug just stands with a face of hurtful confusion.

DOUG COHAAGAN Isn't me? Isn't me. Okay, okay.

Doug volleys the kitchen table in anger, startling Skinny a little.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) This is me leaving this shit den you fuckin smack rat! Gimme-Gimme my shit! Gimme it!

SKINNY Okay, okay, calm down.

DOUG COHAAGAN Hurry up and past it here you twat!

Skinny picks up and passes over the box of jewellery.

SKINNY Look...its not like we can't do business with other stuff...

DOUG COHAAGAN Yeah, definitely, Skinny, mate. Definitely. Give me a ring when your mother pops round and wants it in the arse!

SKINNY (Defensive) Hey! Watch it! I know this's pissed you off but don't you push it, alright?

DOUG COHAAGAN Or what, Skinny? What the fuck are you gonna do? Not offer biscuits when you make me a brew? Fuck off!

Skinny wolf whistles. The door leading into the living slowly opens. The hard-house music blurts out. Doug turns around to see a gang of TRACKSUIT TEENS sit inside the smoke filled room. The Teens sit around holding and waving large MACHETE'S, KNIVES, wearing BALACLAVAS, one of them even holding a Beretta pistol. Doug swallows back hard hoping he leaves this place alive. DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) (Turns to Skinny smiling) Maybe we can do business on something else, hey, Skin?

Skinny cross his arms with a smile embracing the fact he's controlling this argument.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - DAY

The morning sunlight pours through the overlooking windows. Someone is seen walking inside, the sunlight blurring our vision until he sits down. Chris sits back in his chair with a cup of coffee in his hands dressed in smart but casual clothes.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Sit down, Mercer.

A young impressionable but hyperactive kid, MERCER, 18, sits in front of Chris' sparse desk. The office is bare and white, sunlight beaming through, with a computer and flatscreen monitors showing us the CCTV cameras.

> MERCER Yo, Chris. What's up?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Nothing much. You get a drink?

MERCER No, I'm good. Not much of a hot beverage man in the morning.

CHRISTIAN QUAID There's pure orange in the fridge.

MERCER I don't do liquidised fruits either. In fact I don't do much fruit. Goes straight through me like a hot knife through a sandwich.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Butter.

MERCER

Sorry?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Like a hot knife through butter. MERCER

My shits are anything but butter, mate. The toilet is there for annihilation.

CHRISTIAN QUAID That's...informative. Anyway, now that you've got your arse out of the way, I asked you up here...

MERCER Bollocks! It's about those DVD's innit?

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Confused) What?

MERCER The DVD's I copied for you.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Realising) Oh...Why?

MERCER You watched them yet? They alright?

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Yeah, yeah, fine. But the reason I brought you...In fact, no, no they weren't all alright. Mortal Kombat 2 was fucked, kept skipping.

MERCER

What?

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Yeah. It gets up to the Sonja/Jax rumble and just skips to the end where Angelina Jolie's mum whips shit out of people.

MERCER The other's work alright though?

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Yeah.

MERCER Well, three out of 4 aint bad and MK2 is shit anyway.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I enjoy it.

MERCER I bet you do but you didn't have to get me in at 10 in the morning to tell me that. I could've...

Chris interrupts, trying to get to the point.

CHRISTIAN QUAID It's not that. I asked you here to clear something up. Did you sort out the stock...?

The YOUNG BARMAN from last night enters dressed in casual black clothes and holding a cup of tea in his hand, stirring it with a spoon. His name is BARRY HOWSER, 23, your casual laid back kinda guy.

BARRY HOWSER Alright, boss. Alright, Mercer.

Mercer turns in his chair to point his attention to Barry.

MERCER Howdee, Barry, mate. How's tricks?

Chris leans back in his chair eyeing the ceiling slightly frustrated.

BARRY HOWSER Like the DMC said - Tricky.

MERCER

Niiiice.

Chris leans in interrupting once again.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Like I was saying, Mercer. Half the stock went yesterday...

BARRY HOWSER What you here this early for, Merc?

Chris eyes Barry in open-mouthed shock that Barry just butted in.

MERCER Oh, nowt much. Chris' Mortal Kombat film doesn't work.

BARRY HOWSER

1 or 2?

MERCER

Two.

BARRY HOWSER Two's shit! (To Chris) Chris, two's shit so what's the beef, man?

Chris leans back in his chair irritated and blurts out...

CHRISTIAN QUAID Will you fuck off?!

Barry holds his hands up knowing he's not wanted, edging out of the door.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Delivery's, now!

Barry walks back the way he came.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) (Shouting) And don't forget to check each one!

MERCER I usually forget that. Anyway, about that DVD...

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Annoyed) It's not about the fucking DVD you tit!

MERCER Okay, okay. So what's it about then?

CHRISTIAN QUAID I've qotta sack you, mate.

Mercer's happy young face drops.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

A lop-sided painting of Dogs playing poker hangs against the dirty white walls. Doug paces up and down the smoke filled and sparse office: small desk in one corner, a battered settee in the other. The room is full of boxes stacked on top of each other filled with whatnots of stolen goods.

Sitting on the battered settee is TERRY, 25, more laid back and cool than the rest of the gang. On the edge of the settee is PAUL, 20, young and naïve he chain-smokes while going through some of the boxed good next to him as SKA music plays from the CD player. DOUG COHAAGAN I mean, who the fuck does he think he is the chud faced cunt?!!

TERRY

Well I haven't heard anything about what they're up to, so...

DOUG COHAAGAN -- No one has apart from his crackrat mates who are in on the fuckin thing.

Relaxed with his feet up - DAVEY, 26, cocky but clumsy looking who loves his tracksuits.

DAVEY So he's not buying the shit from us then?

DOUG COHAAGAN What the fuck have I been banging on about, Davey? No, he isn't buying anything, nothing! And get your feet off me desk!

Davey sighs and lowers his feet. Paul bursts into the conversation with an exciting idea.

PAUL

We can just pass most of it on to Georgie cant we?

DOUG COHAAGAN Georgie will give you a fiver and the cheese off his dick.

Paul retreats back to his boxes, his idea shot down in flames. Terry sits back in thought.

GANG MEMBER #4 (OS)

Doug?!

DOUG COHAAGAN

Yeah?

Leaning into the room on a chair is a taller and sturdy looking guy called JIMMY, 25, on the phone to somebody.

JIMMY (GANG MEMBER #4) I got Matty on the phone. He wants to know how many DVD players you want lifting?

DOUG COHAAGAN Can he get us more? TERRY So Skinny's doing a deal with Max then?

JIMMY Looks that way.

DOUG COHAAGAN Gold! Tell him we'll see him at the venue. (To Terry) What was that, Tel?

TERRY

You said Skinny was meeting with the big boys or something? So he's doin something with Max then?

DOUG COHAAGAN

I dunno, the cunt wouldn't tell me what with or when - fuck all. But what are we gonna do, eh? If he's involved with Max, we can't touch him, end of.

Paul jumps in again with another comment he thinks will go down well.

PAUL Wouldn't Chris know?

DOUG COHAAGAN Why the <u>fuck</u> would Chris be involved with some ball-bag like Skinny, Paul? Think.

Paul sits back again, his confidence blasted.

TERRY All the deals from Max go through the bar he runs don't they?

DOUG COHAAGAN Yeah, they go through but he doesn't get involved. Never has, never will.

DAVEY Cant you just ask him if he knows what Skinny's up to?

DOUG COHAAGAN

What, and lose a set of testicles? He even sniffs that I'm trying to get info out of him he'll kick off. No chance. TERRY (Irritated) You don't have to ask him anything about Skinny.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Irritated) Look, if you've got something to say, which I know you fuckin have, just spit it out, alright?

Terry stands up with things on his mind and edges towards the door.

TERRY Gimme a day, alright?

DOUG COHAAGAN

For what?

TERRY

If a fuckin pean-arse like Skinny can get in with Max and the like, I'm not fucking having it!

DOUG COHAAGAN What the fuck are you gonna do about it, hey? Send Davey round to Skinny's with some flowers for blow jobs and milky bars?

DAVEY Oi! I aint sucking no dick for chocolate!

DOUG COHAAGAN You've done it for less!

DAVEY So has your mother.

DOUG COHAAGAN Eat my shit, Davey!

Terry reaches the door, putting things together in his head.

TERRY (Reassuring) Just give me till tomorrow night. If I haven't found out shit, we'll leave it, okay? Just one night.

Terry walks out leaving Doug and the rest complementing. Doug kicks the wall in frustration.

A box of wine is slid towards camera. Barry pulls out bottles and goes about filling the fridges while crouching.

> WOMAN'S VOICE (OS) You actually doing some work?

Barry drops one of the bottles to the ground startled, it doesn't smash.

BARRY HOWSER Fuck me! Can't you see I'm...

Turns and looks up unimpressed. Standing at the end of the bar is a woman decked out in an expensive business suit with tanned long legs, conditioned and shiny tied back hair and piercing green eyes. Her name is MEL, 25, and you'd love her to break your heart.

> MEL (Smiling) Retarded? Immature? Sexy?

Barry exhumes a relieved sigh.

BARRY HOWSER Jesus Christ, Mel! You almost gave me a fuckin coronary!

MEL Oh, poor baby! Did I scare you?

BARRY HOWSER No, you just made me dye my undies a paler shade of brown is all.

The two hug smiling like old friends that haven't seen each other for a while.

MEL Sounds eventful.

BARRY HOWSER And how are you?

MEL I'm fine. Haven't seen you around these parts for ages.

BARRY HOWSER I've been about. I took a few weeks off last month. MEL You go anywhere nice?

BARRY HOWSER The funeral home.

Mel looks away uneasy.

MEL

Oh shit, I'm sorry. She got worst I take it?

BARRY HOWSER Yeah. We don't know when it'll happen like. I just thought I'd make some arrangements so I wasn't rushing around when the day comes, know what I mean?

MEL Course I do, hun. Look...

Mel pulls out her contact card and turns it over, taking a pen from the bar and writes on the back.

MEL (CONT'D) I'll leave you my number if you need anything. You know - if you need to talk.

Mel hands Barry the card who looks at it touched and appreciative.

BARRY HOWSER Yeah...Cheers for that.

MEL

He in?

BARRY HOWSER

Upstairs.

Mel turns and makes her way towards the steps.

BARRY HOWSER (CONT'D) Hey, don't go ripping his clothes off too quick will you?

Mel turns smiling as she climbs the stairs.

MEL Why, you jealous?

Barry jokingly gives Mel the V-sign. She laughs giving him the middle finger in return.

Close on a glass novelty paperweight becoming lost in it.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (OS) I dunno, you'll have to wait a few more days. The schedule is pretty packed.

Chris sits behind his desk on the phone looking pretty bored with whatever he's sorting out.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) We've got enough lined up for the next three weeks, so if you don't mind waiting a while, that's the only thing I can do.

Mel walks into the office and leans against the doorframe. She stares longingly at Chris as though every time she does so she finds new things that warm her inside. Beat.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Is that alright then? I'm sorry about it, I really am. Cheers, man. Thanks for the call. Bye.

Chris hangs up the phone. He lets out a huge sigh before slowly looking over towards the doorway. Mel smiles shyly at Chris.

> MEL Hello, Mr Cool.

Chris smiles back, his day has just gotten brighter.

Mel slams against the wall passionately kissing Chris' face off. She cocks her leg up against his waist as he rubs her thigh and kisses her neck. They stare into each other's eyes never parting for a second.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID I've missed you.

MEL

I can see.

They two giggle like children. Chris eyes her face loving her skin, her hair, her eyes - everything.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Why did they have to put you somewhere else? MEL (Smiles) Why? CHRISTIAN QUAID (Smiles)

Yeah.

Mel slowly walks away from Chris and over to his desk, leaning against it. Chris sighs, calming himself down somewhat.

> MEL Well...I had to see over one of their new business proposals.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID (Walking forward. Laughs) Is that what they're calling it now?

MEL (Smiles) Yup. It's another legit op Max is getting up and running on the dance floor.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Then why does he need you?

MEL Because I'm good at what I do.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Uneasy) So that means you'll be doing more work?

MEL And that'll mean I'll be away from you more.

Chris stands taken aback at her bluntness. She just smiles like an innocent schoolgirl.

MEL (CONT'D) But then again I could be stuck here liasing with scumbags and arseholes who do naughty things, putting my pretty little booty on the line every time we meet.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Hey, it's the same with me, babes...

MEL No. You try and stay as far away from all this as humanly possible. I've gotta meet and plan with these people and see it through to the end. Did you hear about 2 nights ago? Monday? Chris walks away not wanting to listen to what she says. CHRISTIAN QUAID Well, no, can't say I... MET. Sorry, of course you don't, was a silly question to ask. CHRISTIAN QUAID Do I need to know? MET. Not really, but it'll make you understand where I'm coming from. CHRISTIAN QUAID (Reluctantly) Ok. MEL It didn't come through. The suppliers were killed 2 hours after they left this very club. And nobody knows who by. CHRISTIAN QUAID What it Max? Mel grins at his naivety. MET. Baby, I wouldn't be here if it was. Chris holds his hands up in apology. Mel sit behind the desk.

> MEL (CONT'D) But...someone has had a word with Max on the suppliers behalf and he's wanting answers.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Interrupting. Uneasy) Mel...? MEL Ok, ok. I'm just letting you know that we haven't got a supplier to bring our custom back anymore, and that's why they've brought me back in.

CHRISTIAN QUAID And I need to know that because what? You're fed up with it?

Mel looks towards the computer screen somberly.

MEL

No. Its not that. Its fine. You don't need to know about anything.

Chris looks at her confused feeling he's let her down all of a sudden. Mel smiles getting back to her normal self.

> MEL (CONT'D) So...Now the dynamic duo are back do you want to know the schedule for tomorrow?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Y-yeah. Fine.

MEL

Good.

She pulls out a small memory stick, plugs it into his computer and opens up a few programs. Beat. Chris stares trying to figure her out as she types away with a grin on her face.

INT. BAR - DAY

Barry places Mel's business card at the back of the bar among a few magazines etc. He sits flicking through a music magazine on the siding, bored out of his skull.

He looks up and takes in the surroundings. Through the window busy SHOPPERS walk by doing their daily business. Inside the place is dead, you can almost hear a pin drop. Barry sighs and goes back to his magazine.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS makes their way over to the bar. Barry slides from his chair still interested in the magazine.

> BARRY HOWSER What can I get you, mate?

MAN'S VOICE (OS) Yeah, I was just wondering if you could help me.

Barry looks up to see who he's serving. The man is tall and athletic with a handlebar moustache and stubble, a tight black bomber jacket and woollen gloves with the fingers cut off; grubby 80's vibes are what we get behind his dark eyes.

> BARRY HOWSER What do you wanna know, mate?

Bomber Jacket Man opens up a cigarette tin and slowly takes out a brown rolled up cig.

BOMBER JACKET MAN I'm looking for a Mr Christian Quaid. I've heard he works here.

BARRY HOWSER Sorry, mate, he's not here.

Bomber Jacket Man smiles and places the cig in his mouth.

BOMBER JACKET MAN Really? I've been told by a reliable source that this is where he works.

BARRY HOWSER

No, he works for the company that own the bar but he doesn't actually work here. He was meant to pop in later today but it got cancelled due to a meeting.

Bomber Jacket Man lights his cig slowly and in thought. Barry doesn't seem phased and smiles back at him with a friendly helpful face.

> BARRY HOWSER (CONT'D) Is there anything else? You want to leave a contact number.

Bomber Jacket Man takes a long drag and shakes his head.

BOMBER JACKET MAN No. That's fine. I'll call again soon. Thanks for your time.

The Bomber Jacket Man turns and leaves. Barry shakes his head due to the surrealness the man emanates and gets back to his magazine. Beat. The sound of HIGH HEELS walking down the stairs fills his ears. Mel walks down from the office with Chris behind her.

MEL Everything will be all fine and dandy, alright?

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Troubled) I guess it will be, if you say so.

MEL

I don't say. I know.

Mel grins and walks over to Barry who's all smiles. Chris lingers in the background with his arms crossed, his mind on other things.

> BARRY HOWSER Hey, you all done then?

MEL I'll be back round tomorrow to annoy you again, babes.

BARRY HOWSER I wouldn't want it any other way. Come here.

Barry leans over the bar and the two have a long comforting hug. Chris steps forward with a smile not wanting to spoil the happy mood.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID Come on now! Don't I get a hug?

MEL (Smiles. Turning to Chris) Only in specific circumstances.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Like what?

MEL Barry will tell you.

Barry rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

BARRY HOWSER You are a little sly little bitch, aint you? MEL That's a sly mega bitch, Barry, and don't you forget it. See you kids tomorrow.

BARRY HOWSER See you later, Mel.

Mel gives a sly wave and walks towards the door. Chris trots over to her a little uncomfortable for a final one to one.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID Mel. Are you...Are you really okay?

Mel stops and turns to Chris with a calming smile.

MEL (Reassuring) Stop worrying. The faster this all gets done, the quicker we'll forget about it.

CHRISTIAN QUAID That's easier said than done, but...

MEL But it's true. Okay? Enjoy the rest of the day, babes. You better surprise me tonight, alright?

Chris glances at the ground like a shy child.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I'll try to, I promise.

MEL

Good.

She leaves through the double doors into the outside world. Chris watches her leave longingly. He snaps back on clock and back on the job. He turns to Barry who's still flicking through his magazine.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID Are you going to do some work today?

> > BARRY HOWSER

Course I am.

Chris pauses waiting briefly for Barry to make a move. Barry just carries on reading an article in his magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN QUAID

And...?

BARRY HOWSER

And what?

CHRISTIAN QUIAD And go get something done!

BARRY HOWSER I will. When there's something to do.

CHRISTIAN QUIAD Barry. Have you ever thought about the fact that you're being over paid?

Barry finally looks over to Chris in his laid back manor.

BARRY HOWSER I have actually. And I came to the conclusion that I'm just one of those privileged few that are blessed with the less work more pay ratio you hear through the grape vine. It's great, yeah.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I fucking hate you, you know?

BARRY HOWSER I aim to please. But if my job involves being your secretary I'm gonna hate you more.

CHRISTIAN QUAID And why is that?

BARRY HOWSER Cos some weird cholo in a bad arse coat came in before wanting to see you about something.

CHRISTAIN QUAID Don't know anyone like that, not planning to meeting anyone...

BARRY HOWSER Got no friends.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Fuck you. I don't know him so I aint seeing him. Anyway, what was Mel on about before?

BARRY HOWSER What? Specific circumstances?

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Yeah.

BARRY HOWSER (Closing his magazine) It doesn't matter.

CHRISTIAN QUAID She'll tell me eventually, Barry, so you might as well spit it out.

BARRY HOWSER (Sighs) Me...Me mother's got worst when I was on holiday and I don't know how long she's got, so...

Chris begins to walk up the stairs.

CHRISTIAN QUAID You got the days off when you need it.

BARRY HOWSER

Do I get...

CHRISTIAN QUAID Yes, with pay.

BARRY HOWSER (Texan accent) Why thank you very much, master.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Stops walking and turns) Oh, and if you need to talk to anyone about what you're going through...

BARRY HOWSER (Rolls his eyes) Yes?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Go see someone else. I've got enough on my plate.

Chris carries on to his office. Barry smiles, flipping a beer matt into the air.

The lights burn bright from the nearby neo-modern glass buildings. An ornamental statue flowing with water.

Mel and Chris, both dressed in smart casual white, walk hand in hand past the building chatting away happy together.

> MEL Why do you always have to eat too much when we go out?

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Comically surprised) What are you on about? I like food, what's the big deal?

MEL

(Laughs) You always get desert knowing full well you ain't going to eat it!

CHRIS (Comically) Fuck you. I bought dinner so don't complain how I eat, okay?

MEL (Smiling) You wouldn't want me any other way, baby.

The two sit down on a wall. They look out at the neon glow of the building as the lights reflect against the water statue. Chris looks away with things on his mind.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID I...I know you don't like going to those kinds of places...

> > MEL

It was nice. Thank you.

Chris turns to her surprised.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Wry smile) You liked it? Seriously?

Mel leans in closer to Chris with a kind of school-girl crush look.

MEL

Yes, seriously. Places like that are usually full of dull rich couples that get on my nerves. There was something different about tonight. It made me smile.

Chris stares out towards the building, the lights drawing his concentration away from his thoughts.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I'm sorry, Mel.

MEL

For what?

CHRISTIAN QUAID When I saw you today and I got all defensive about what you were telling me. I was being selfish. I know you've got a job to do and I should be more helpful about it rather than piss and moan...

Mel slowly turns his face to his with her reassuring smile.

MEL Hey, come on now. You do what helps you, makes you happy.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Almost to himself) That's all I seem to ever do, isn't it?

MEL Chris, come on. I've done this job for years, I know what I'm doing.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Yeah, but I should be there for you when you need it, if you need help...

MEL Babes, when I need help you'll be the first person I ask, ok?

Chris looks away feeling like he's unable to open up to her.

MEL (CONT'D) What is it, hun?

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Turns to Mel) Its...It's fine. I'm fine, really. MEL Is it about your sister? CHRISTIAN QUAID No. No, is nothing about that, honest. (Beat) Look...You know I love you. I just want to be there when you need me. MEL

(Smiles) Don't worry about it, babes. This stuff never goes away, its always there in the morning, everyday like...I don't know. It never just goes away. I've still got a job to do without a get-out clause that gets more serious by the day.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Unsettled) Mel, please...

MEL ...And I understand you wanting to separate yourself from that side of the job, really I do. And I'm fine with that because I know I can handle it, and I know you'll be there for me.

Mel stares into his eyes wanting him to understand every word she says. Chris sits overwhelmed, his eyes stunned.

> MEL (CONT'D) Because I know you're there I wont let it get to me or upset me in any way. It wont make me breakdown and cry or anything because I know I got you by my side.

Chris fights all he can as he stares at her holding back tears. Mel just smiles back looking like she hasn't a care in the world and caresses his cold cheek.

> MEL (CONT'D) It's not gonna make me cry. I'm a tough girl.

We see Young Chris Quaid slammed to the ground and the gun pointed into his temple again.

MAN #1 (Shouting) SHUT YOUR FUCKIN MOUTH!!!

As he struggles on the dusty ground he looks up to see Young Doug griped by the scruff of the neck by the Forceful Man. Doug turns with assuredness in his eyes as he composes himself, the adrenaline pumping through his veins.

> FORCEFUL MAN He took the fuckin piss and put Johno in the fuckin hospital!!! So shut the fuck up cos you aren't gettin him out of this...

YOUNG DOUG COHAAGAN Just hold on a fuckin minute, okay?! Hold on! Put yourself in his position. What if it was your little sister, hey? He might have gone a bit far but, Christ! He could've done a lot fuckin worst due to the circumstances. Fuck! The twat chewed off her nose for fucks sake!

FORCEFUL MAN And he crippled the cunt for it!

YOUNG DOUG COHAAGAN And I would've put a hole in his head! But that's not me and I know this shit isn't you...!

FORCEFUL MAN Fuck off! (To Man #1) Do him!

Man #1 turns his head away from the gun to avoid brain splatter as he pulls the hammer back on the gun. Young Chris struggles...

YOUNG CHRISTIAN QUAID No! No!! Fuck you!!

Doug cuts in with desperation.

YOUNG DOUG COHAAGAN Whoa! Chill out, okay? You've been snortin some heavy laced Charlie if you're thinking today's a good day to shoot somebody...

BANG !!! Forceful Man smacks Doug in the mouth ...

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doug lays on the bed staring at the ceiling in thought.

DOUG COHAAGAN My fuckin jaw hurt for weeks after that.

Chris stands staring into the mirror putting on his blue shirt, his eyes absorbed in the mirror. This is a few minutes before we came into the scene at the beginning of the film.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID (Laughs) I didn't see it happen. Was too busy eating the sand.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Smiles) Yeah, I did noticed. A bit of a forgetful moment during the nights proceedings though, don't ya think?

Chris turns and smiles over to Doug in reminiscent friendship.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Smiles) A little bit, yeah.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning sunlight pours through the window blinds in an orange hue. Chris sits at the end of the bed in just his underwear staring out of the window in deep thought. Beat.

He looks over to the bed to see Mel in her underwear slowly waking up. She smiles at him with her sexy sleepy eyes.

MEL Come back to bed, babes.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I'm alright, you sleep. Mel slowly sits up and hugs him from behind for comfort. She kisses him on the shoulder as he holds her hand. Beat.

MEL

What's up?

Chris sighs and closes his eyes for a second.

CHRISTIAN QUAID If...if we could get out of all this, would you come with me and go somewhere?

MEL (Smiles) Where would we go?

CHRISTIAN QUAID I haven't thought that far ahead.

The two smile at each other in a cute sombre way.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) But away from all this. Somewhere.

Chris turns to stare deeply into her tired eyes.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) If you had the chance to.

Mel smiles her reassuring smile.

MEL Of course I would.

They hug tightly bathed in the sunlight.

EXT. BUS STATION - CAR PARK - MORNING

Buses whiz in and out of the hectic station. Doug struts across the road and jumps over a small wall to cross the small wet car park. He walks over and up a small flight of stairs --

EXT. STAIRWELL - MORNING

-- We TRACK with him as he carries on up the grotty and rundown concrete enclosed stairway, water dripping from the bust piping, smack needles laying on almost each step.

He reaches the top, the only part of the stairwell hit by sunlight.

Standing in the filth-ridden section of the stairway is Terry, calmly smoking away, and a skinny SMACKHEAD - thin vest, bad teeth etc - who stands next to him twitching for a fix. Doug isn't too impressed with this all and enters with his arm outstretched.

> DOUG COHAAGAN Gary Glitter on a Philippino child this better be good to get me out of my pit, Tel!

Doug takes a quick glance at the Smackhead.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) Who's the new friend? You been finding cheaper rent boys to blow you off?

TERRY Not when I've got your mother, son.

DOUG COHAAGAN Why the fuck do you's always go for the mother jokes?

TERRY Do you wanna hear this or not?!

DOUG COHAAGAN Come on then, its fucking cold out here.

TERRY Right...when I went out last night it didn't take me long to find out what Skinny's made a drop on. A couple questions here and there and I stumbled on this piece of shit.

Terry grabs the Smackhead by the scruff of the neck and steps him up to Doug. Doug pushes him back for getting too close, he's gutter scum that deserves to be pushed around.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Tell him.

SMACKHEAD (Mumbles) T-t-t-tell him what?

Terry pinches him roughly around the neck before letting him go.

TERRY (Aggressive) What you told me.
Doug focuses his attention on the Smackhead who dances on the spot, looking around the stairway while speaking.

> SMACKHEAD A'went to Skinny's a few days ago, you know, to get me scag and that. He's got some smashed out bird that's always bagged out all over the place ...

Doug grabs him by the jaw and shakes his head, trying to get him to focus.

> DOUG COHAAGAN Come on, spit it out you fuck!

> SMACKHEAD S-s-she was smashed out of her minge on'couch a-and she was sitting on a parcel.

Doug stands unimpressed.

DOUG COHAAGAN

A parcel?

SMACKHEAD

Yeah, mate.

Doug sighs at Terry.

DOUG COHAAGAN What the fuckin hell are you up to Terry?

Terry holds his hands up to calm Doug down and to make him listen. The Smackhead just marches on the spot next to the two like Bez from the Happy Mondays.

TERRY

Just listen, alright? Two nights ago a couple of fellas got done over. They were comin from, what I've heard, a meeting at Chris's bar over a deal.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Sarcastically) Great. That's superb, Tel. Can I go back to bed now?

TERRY (Irritated) Fuck me, Doug! Max's main coke dealers are out of the game and he's looking for a new supplier. (MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D) He set up a deal with the two that got kopped the other night.

DOUG COHAAGAN But now they're dead.

TERRY And there's a parcel of coke sitting in Skinny's gaff.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Dismissive) So what? He could've got that...

TERRY

Doug - Max's got no supplier. The new guys he's supposed to be getting in have been killed and Skinny has a parcel of coke sitting in his home.

DOUG COHAAGAN You saying Skinny killed those fellas?

TERRY That's debatable. But what isn't is that Skinny is doing his deal with Max at some point and he's got the minerals to do so.

Doug stands for a moment in thought, looks over at the Smackhead then back at the ground. He grins.

DOUG COHAAGAN You want to fuck him over don't you?

TERRY (Smiles) If there's anybody worthy of a fuckin apart from your mother it's him.

Doug is now excited and seems a little buzzed.

DOUG COHAAGAN Okay, okay. Well, when do you want to do it then?

Terry lights a cigarette.

TERRY Why do you think I got you up this early, sonny?

Doug is almost taken a back by surprise.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Grabbing his crotch) It's giving me a fuckin hard on, boy! Lets have it, mate! Lets fuckin have it!

Doug is doing a little jig on the spot, which gets the Smackhead smiling and joining in on it too. Doug stops at stares at him.

> DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) And we're gonna need you - Doss cunt!

Doug grabs him by the jaw and hair before pushing him forcefully down the stairs. Terry laughs in the background as Smackhead is pushed towards the camera with fear in his eyes...

HIT BLACK:

FADE TO:

ENITRE SEQUENCE IN SLOW MOTION: The darkness is suddenly pulled away as a BLACK SUITED MAN WITH BROAD SHOULDERS walks away from camera to reveal...

INT. BAR - DAY

... The Broad Shouldered Man strolls into the bar followed by a few other colleagues. We see a sexy pair of high heels following close behind; its Mel dressed in her figure hugging business dress and stylish shades.

Behind her are two men dressed equally smart, one smaller than the other - LITTLE and LARGE. Behind them is a man that is almost identical to the Broad Shouldered Man keeping an eye on the rear.

Chris steps forward from the bar in his cool manor and walks over to them. They all shake hands in a reassuring way as Chris chats his smooth-talk to all concerned. Mel nods and smiles professionally like she doesn't even know Chris.

Chris leads the group over and through the double doors. Barry sits behind the bar coolly reading his magazine and sighs.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

We soak in the cityscape as the mid-day sky kicks in over the buildings. TRACKING back we pull out of the city to --

EXT. DESOLATE HILL TOP OVER LOOKING CITY - DAY

-- Past the concrete and grass mix to THREE cars pulling up next to each other. Davey and Doug climb out of their cars. Terry climbs out of his dragging the Smackhead with him as they all congregate, pumped and ready to go.

A WHITE TRANSIT VAN slams to a halt straight in front of us. Jimmy and Paul climb out dressed in grey overhauls. Jimmy's the professional and struts straight to the back of the van. Paul is hyped up to the max, bouncing up and down with a huge silly grin.

Doug turns to his troops for one last boost of confidence to them all.

DOUG COHAAGAN Right, this is where we make a name for ourselves boys. We're doing this cos we deserve it. What they've got isn't theirs so no ones goin to give a fuck when we take it. They don't deserve to get anywhere near Max, you hear me? We do. Just keep that in mind if one of these scagheads decides to be a hero. You all know what you're doing?

Everyone nods in agreement. The time has come.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) Rock n roll.

INT. BAR - BACKROOM HALLWAY - DAY

The dodgy light blinks again.

BACK TO SLOW-MOTION - The group casually walk down the hall as Chris talka away making Little and Large laugh to calm their nerves. Chris even seems to make a joke about Mel to every ones amusement but her. He turns to see her smile but as he looks back he closes his eyes as though he doesn't want to be here, especially her. He smiles again as they reach the end door.

He opens it up and indicates the group to go in. Mel is the last to enter and does so without giving Chris a second look.

The light inside is turned on revealing a large desk inside the cold room. Chris watches Mel get straight to business in seating and talking to Little and Large. Broad Shouldered Man slowly closes the door in front of Chris. Just as the door closes, Chris catches a glimpse of Mel turning and looking at him longingly, the door parting them.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Skinny's Gang sit inside smoke filled pigsty of a room, most of them stoned out of their skulls.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Skinny begins to make his way out of the kitchen talking on his mobile and a cigarette in the other hand, a huge smile on his face --

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

-- And into his room at the end of the hallway laughing to himself. He closes the door.

BUZZ! BUZZ! Like lightening we turn a speedily TRACK to --

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

-- To see the light on the intercom pulsate as it rings. Nobody moves to it. A YOUNG GANG MEMBER sits right next to it looking incapable to move. CLOSE on his eyes and they slowly open. His pupil dilates.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT - DAY

Young Gang Member slowly walks down the final set of stairs out of breath. He stops by the front door, the BUZZ from the intercom still ringing. He breathes deeply to compose himself and opens the door.

Standing outside is Smackhead, clucking and shaking.

YOUNG GANG MEMBER What is it, man?

SMACKHEAD A-A-A'need some stuff geez.

YOUNG GANG MEMBER I cant. Something fucked up with delivers. We ain't got much to sell, so...

SMACKHEAD Come on, mate. I'm good for it... YOUNG GANG MEMBER I cant so fuck off, alright?

SMACKHEAD Come on, mate, please!

YOUNG GANG MEMBER No! Fuck...

DOUG COHAAGAN Fuckin have him!!!

Balaclava wearing men burst into the hallway, the leader (Terry) smashing Young Gang Member in the face and leg dropping into a heap on the floor. They blitz up the concrete stairs, climbing each floor to reach the top. They hit the door slamming their way through --

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

-- Doug's Gang kick the door almost from its hinges, booting every door they see as they terrorize the apartment, each of them screaming and shouting violently.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door again is burst open followed by two of the balaclava gang (Jimmy and Terry), shouting, grabbing anyone they see, pointing knives in their frightened faces. Jimmy points the gun at everyone as Terry throws the lads in the corner.

INT. APARTMENT - TOILET - DAY

Skinny Gang Member #2 is slowly placing the toilet lid back on. BOOM!!! Paul sprints inside, the Gang Member holds his hands up pleading not to be hurt. He gets a smack in the face for his trouble and is dragged out with a sharp knife held to his throat.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

CRASH!!! The door explodes open. A HALF NAKED GIRL lays comatose on the dirt-sheet bed. Skinny scrambles from the floor, yanking his hand from underneath the bed...BANG!!! He turns firing a GUN.

Doug almost hits the deck as the bullet rips through the wall --

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

-- And hits one of Skinny Gang in the chest. He drops to the deck instantly to the shock of everyone who mutter in total fear.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Doug charges for Skinny, kicking him in the chest. He grabs the gun and puts it into his trouser waist while he drags Skinny out of the room.

Davey stays with the knife pointed eyeing the comatose Woman on the bed, breathing heavy and looking over his shoulder out of the room repeatedly.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Doug throws Skinny across the filth ridden kitchen floor to the end of the kitchen. He runs over and kicks him repeatedly in the stomach - Skinny aint getting up anytime soon. As he writhes in pain, Doug prods his knife forcefully against Skinny's chin with fierce intent.

DOUG COHAAGAN Coke! Cunt! Now!

Skinny shivers in fear, his face pinned to the floor so he can taste the grime.

SKINNY

What coke...?

Doug pulls out a Beretta from his trousers and points it at Skinny's leg.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

All of Skinny's gang are collected together with their hands on their heads, Jimmy holding them at bay with his gun. BLAM!!! A gunshot startles everyone. Skinny's gang all stare defiantly back at their captors.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Skinny screams in agony, his thigh pumping blood from a bullet hole. Doug crouches closer and holds the gun against Skinny's groin.

DOUG COHAAGAN Coke! Now! Skinny's bloodshot eyes stare at Doug with intent as he grits pain through his teeth.

SKINNY

Show em!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Skinny's crew sit with anger not making a move even though they all heard what he just said.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Doug waits a beat before pulling back the hammer on the gun. Doug wiggles in fear holding his hands up in submission.

> SKINNY GIVE HIM THE FUCKIN GEAR!!!!!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Skinny Gang Member #3 suddenly jolts in disgust.

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3

OH FUCK!!!

PAUL

Up!

Paul pull Skinny Gang Member #3 up by the hair.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Show me.

He drags him out of the room forcefully, his knife firmly placed against his throat.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Skinny closes his eyes absolutely gutted with what is happening to him. Doug grins pulling the gun away from Skinny's groin and casually points it at his head.

> PAUL (OS) FOUND IT!!! DOUG COHAAGAN How many? PAUL (OS)

Two!

DOUG COHAAGAN There's more!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Terry walks over to Skinny Gang Member #4 and picks him up by the throat. Holding his head he shakes the brains out of him, he could snap his neck like a twig any second.

> TERRY Where's the fuckin rest?!

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #4 U-under the couch!

Terry head-butts him, dropping him to the floor with blood oozing from his nose. He rips up the couch cushion revealing 2 parcels.

TERRY

I got two!

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Doug hears this and instantly slams the gun into Skinny's temple with brute force. Skinny cowers even more.

DOUG COHAAGAN

Where?

SKINNY My room. Underneath the bed.

DOUG COHAAGAN The room next door under the bed!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Terry turns and walks out of the living room and into Skinny's room --

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

-- Where he sees Davey on top of the Comatose Girl thrusting away. Terry stands stunned for a brief moment.

TERRY What the fuck are you doin?!!!

He runs over and throws Davey off the girl and out of the room in disgust.

DAVEY What's the fucking problem?!

TERRY Get the fuck out of here you filthy twat! Go! Jesus fuckin Christ!

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Doug notices the disruption, taking his eye off of Skinny for a brief second.

DOUG COHAAGAN What the fucks going on?!

Skinny takes his chance and knocks the gun away from his head, pouncing on Doug.

SKINNY YOU WANNA FUCKIN KILL ME!!!!!

He bites at Doug's throat, piercing the skin. But Doug is stronger and throws him to the ground.

DOUG COHAAGEN Bite me?! Bite me you fuckin faggot?!!!

Doug stomps on Skinny's head furiously, pounding down again and again, blood shooting out of his face. He stomps down straight on camera...

SMASH TO BLACK:

Beat. Shallow breathing.

DOUG COHAAGEN (VO) (CONT'D) Who's going up now, Skinny, hey?! Who's fuckin going up now you fuckin cunt!!?!!

TERRY (VO) (Shouting) We've got the shit now lets go!!!

SMASH TO:

INT. STAIRWAY - APARTMENT - DAY

The sound is CUT as we follow Doug's gang sprinting down the stairs, one of them holding a holdall.

They reach the bottom of the stairs and open the front door, blinding us with white light.

FADE TO:

The light begins to dim to reveal...

INT. BAR - DAY

...Barry looks through the window seeing Mel leave the bar and get into her car across the street with a sense of urgency. Intrigued Barry makes his way up to the office.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - DAY

Chris sits on the edge of his table in solemn thought. He stares out of the window with the sunlight pouring down on his face, the thoughts of his job and Mel scarring his mind.

Barry walks into the room and leans against the doorframe seeing Chris in this state.

BARRY HOWSER Is that it for today then?

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Snapping out of trance) What was that?

BARRY HOWSER Is that it for today?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Oh, yeah. Sorry. Max called Mel. Cancelled the rest of the meetings.

BARRY HOWSER You know what for?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Nah, never do, do I?

Chris looks down to the ground solemnly; he really should know. Barry sighs seeing something wrong and walks over to him concerned.

> BARRY HOWSER What's up, man? You've been having mood swings worst than the PMS Avenger the past two days.

Chris rubs his face in frustration.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

(Sighs) Christ. She's been away two weeks and the minute she comes back she puts my head in a fucking spin.

BARRY HOWSER

About what?

CHRISTIAN QUAID You don't wanna know, mate. I don't even wanna know. (Sighs. Stands from the desk) The first time I put my nose into

the dirty side of the business, just a little inquisitive question and bang! I'm hit with shit that fucks up the way I work. Fucked for the duration till Max sorts his shit out.

BARRY HOWSER Why don't you call em up, see what going on?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Don't get involved Barry, alright...

BARRY HOWSER Hey, I'm only asking...

Chris stands to Barry like the teacher to his pupil.

CHRISTIAN QUAID ...And I know you're trying to help. But you don't want to be asking those kinda questions. You have to stay out of the box.

BARRY HOWSER

Yeah, I got that lecture when I first came here. But all I need to know now is that you're okay because if your not...I'm the only one here and I cant do what you can...

CHRISTIAN QUAID Yeah, I'm sorry. But the way it is, is that...

Chris sighs and looks around at his office to concentrate as he figures things out.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) I've never wanted to know anything that happens inside these walls. Now I know one little thing..all I want is to know more. More to answer questions that I don't want answering because of where it might go, it's fuckin stupid.

BARRY HOWSER Caring for someone isn't as stupid as you think, Chris.

Chris turns to Barry with subdued enlightenment recognising the pupil becoming a sage. Barry backs away a little embarrassed.

> BARRY HOWSER (CONT'D) I'll...erm...get back to work.

Barry leaves. Chris looks back through the window in contempt thought.

EXT. DESOLATE HILL TOP OVER LOOKING CITY - DAY

CRACK!!!! Davey is cracked square in the face by Terry! Terry is ready to pound-down on the stumbling Davey but is held back by the rest of the crew, all of them hyped up and covered in sweat.

> TERRY You fuckin sick twat! Don't you ever, EVER do that near me or I'll kick your fuckin teeth down your throat!

Doug steps to calm everyone down as Davey holds his bloodied nose.

DOUG COHAAGAN Fuckin chill out the lot of yous!!!! Now!!

DAVEY What the fuck is your problem, hey?

TERRY My problem? I don't shag unconscious girls while we're on a fuckin job, that's my problem, Davey, you cunt!

DAVEY Oh fuck ya, ya prick! Terry turns and goes for Davey again but is pulled back and pushed away by Jimmy. The Smackhead just stands in the background nodding his head incessantly.

> DOUG COHAAGAN Both of you enhance you're fucking calm, now!!!!!

The tension begins to simmer as Doug stands in the middle of the gang ready to unload the plan.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) Right, we know the drill. Clothes in the bag, keep your nut down, don't say shit to anyone and everything will be sweet as, okay?

Everyone nods and calms down but the tension between Davey and Terry is still there as they constantly eye each other. Doug opens up a bin bag and the crew strip off the overalls and stick them inside.

> PAUL W-what about the coke?

DOUG COHAAGAN Don't worry about it. Stay by your phones cos this deal is gonna get set-up and done quick, alright? Jimmy, get rid of this shit.

JIMMY

Sorted.

Doug throws the bag to Jimmy who walks over and climbs into his car.

DOUG COHAAGAN All of you, get home or whatever and keep low for a bit, alright?

Everyone nods. Davey eyeballs Terry as they all walk back to their cars.

DAVEY You're overreacting, you know that?

TERRY Just don't fuckin speak to me, okay? Don't open your fuckin mouth.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Halfway into his car) Oi!!! Fuck it off!! DAVEY No. I just want him to apologise for hittin me!

TERRY You cheeky twat!

DOUG COHAAGAN Hey!! Just get in the car and leave, both of you!

Smackhead steps forward pleading, he's of no use anymore.

SMACKHAED W-what about me, lads? Hey! Terry? Where's me cash, mate?!

TERRY Fuck off back to you're crack den or something, alright?

SMACKHEAD Wha...? Wh...Fuck you, Terry, alright?!

Terry stands dead in his tracks still incensed with Davey and turns to Smakchead with fury in his eyes. He storms over to him as he cowers back knowing he's said the wrong thing.

> SMACKHEAD (CONT'D) (Begging) I'm sorry, Terry, please...

SMACK!!! Terry head-butts Smackhead to the deck, his nose erupting with blood, and proceeds to quickly beat the shit out of him with kicks and punches.

DOUG COHAAGEAN Terry, get in the fucking car!!!

Terry stops out of breath, his knuckles bleeding.

TERRY Watch your fuckin mouth or I'll put you in that van and burn you alive in it you cunt!

Terry spits on the Smackhead and walks back to his car. The cars pull away and speed off. We stay on the Smackhead bleeding on the floor shivering, alone and in tears.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Blood and vomit hits the sink with velocity.

50.

Skinny stands over the sink in audacious pain sporting cuts, lumps, and bruises that cover every inch of his head (his cuts are covered and mixed with blood stained plasters). Skinny Gang Member #3 stands next to him treating Skinny's cuts with cotton wool as he pulls out loose teeth.

> SKINNY That fucking sly bastard!! That fucking cheeky, sly, fucking bastard!!

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 Put that ice back on your jaw, Skin.

SKINNY "Who's going up now?" You stupid prick Dougy! I'll find you, you twat!

A loud CRASH is heard from the living room, startling the two. They look over to see the Shot Gang Victim sprawled on the floor with the rest of the Gang trying to pick him up again.

> SKINNY (CONT'D) What the fucking hells going on?! Ow!!

Skinny holds his jaw in pain and brings the towel full of ice next to him on his face. Skinny Gang Member #2, sporting a plaster on the bridge of his nose, steps to the doorframe irate.

> SKINNY GANG MEMBER #2 What are we gonna do with Charlie, man? He's got a giant hole in his back! I mean...fuck, man!

Skinny turns back to the sink spitting out more blood and loosening more teeth.

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 (Clueless) Just...jus...

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #2 Just do fuckin what?! Hey?!!

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 I don't fuckin know, do I, you cunt! SKINNY Just leave him there till we get something to move him with, alright?

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #2 But...but what about all the blood?

SKINNY

Jesus fuckin Christ! Can't you fuckin see I've head my head booted so far down my arse I can taste my own shit, ya prick?! Just use your nounce and go get what we need to get rid of a dead fuckin body, okay?

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #2 Like what? Its not something I do on a regular basis now, is it?

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 You've seen enough fuckin films you stoner cunt, figure it out.

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #2

FUCK!!!!

Skinny Gang Member #3 turns and volleys the doorframe out of frustrated anger and gets back into the living room to talk to his pals.

> SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 What a dick!

Walking out of Skinny's bedroom is the Unconscious Girl in a long dirty top. She strolls straight past the living room with the dead body and into the kitchen completely oblivious to the carnage around her. Skinny and Skinny Gang Member #3 just turn and look at her with bemused stares as she opens the blood stained fridge and drinks out of the flagon of milk.

She puts the milk back and sees a watch on the side table as the boys stare. She checks the time and walks back out, standing on a smashed plate or chipped tile, carrying on back into the bedroom.

> UNCONSCIOUS GIRL Place is a fucking pigsty. Wake me up about 7, babes.

She slams the door closed. Beat. Skinny and Skinny Gang Member #3 just stare at each other to take in what they just saw.

SKINNY

OWW!!!

Skinny holds his jaw in pain and leans over the sink slowly pulling out one of his back teeth.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Shit!

He holds the bloody tooth up and drops it into the sink. PLINK!

BOMBER JACKET MAN (OS) Hope you have enough money for treatment.

Skinny and Skinny Gang Member #3 turn on the spot startled to see the Bomber Jacket Man sitting on a chair with his legs crossed by the table. Skinny Gang Member #3 with his hands trembling grabs a kitchen knife next to him and points it at the man while protecting Skinny.

> SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 Who the fuckin hell are you?

Bomber Jacket Man smiles and places his cigarette tin on the table.

BOMBER JACKET MAN My name isn't too important. But what I'm here for - is.

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 Oi!!! Get in here you cunts!

The rest of the Gang bail from the living room standing firm inside the kitchen but not wanting to get in close. Bomber Jacket Man looks up at the rest of the gang and grins to himself.

> SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 (CONT'D) Now, tell me who you...

Skinny pushes his way out from behind Skinny Gang Member #3.

SKINNY Fuckin move!! Jesus! I couldn't breathe stuck against that!

SKINNY GANG MEMBER #3 Sorry, boss.

SKINNY So who the fuck are you then, hey? Come on, spit it out, shitty arse. Bomber Jacket Man opens up his cigarette tin, slowly placing the lid on the table.

BOMBER JACKET MAN I'm what's known as the Collector. I was sent to retrieve something that was stolen from my employer. But by the looks of things, I think I arrived a couple of hours too late. So what I'm doing here now, in your presence, is to collect some information on where, or maybe how, I can retrieve said "thing".

Everyone stands in stunned silence. Beat. Skinny bursts out laughing as everyone stands ready to pounce on this Collector.

SKINNY

Oh so you're here, pretty fuckin quick I might add, wanting me to tell you who fucked up my grid and stole my product?

THE COLLECTOR Correction - my employer's product. And yes, I'd like for you to do that.

SKINNY

Oh you would? Great stuff. Look, go and tell Max we ain't even made a deal yet so this school bully-boy bollocks isn't going to work, alright?

THE COLLECTOR

Indeed it isn't, and I'll tell who was it? Max? Yes, that very same thing. But...you haven't given the information I came here for, Skinny.

SKINNY

Oh, so you know my name? How very clever of you. But answer me this what the fuck are you going to do if I tell you not a single fuckin thing?

The Collector smiles and places one of his brown rollups in his mouth.

THE COLLECTOR Then I'll have to be forced to do something you, and your friends here, would rather regret.

Skinny just stares in disbelief at the audacity.

SKINNY Have him, Johno!

Johno (Skinny Gang Member #3) comes in screaming from behind Skinny and lunges for the Collector with the knife. As fast as lightening the Collector kicks Johno between the legs and twists his arm, forcing the knife into Johno's chest.

Johno hits the deck like a headless chicken, gasping for air, wriggling about the floor and around the kitchen with a knife handle sticking out of his chest, blood pouring out all over the place. The Collector just sits in his chair as calm as a coma. Johno falls into the corner of the room twitching and abruptly stops motionless.

Everyone stands around in utter shock unable to move. The Collector lights his cig and looks up at Skinny who is overcome with fear.

THE COLLECTOR And so...?

SKINNY (Scared shitless) Y-yeah, yeah. I'll tell you who's got it now, yeah.

The Collector smiles and takes a drag from his Cig.

While staying with Skinny who is frozen in fear, the Unconscious Girl walks into frame and past him completely oblivious and picks up a box of tampax from the table next to him. She walks back to her bedroom.

INT. BAR - HALLWAY - DAY

Chris comes walking up from the stairway dialling a number on his phone. Heading to his office he gets the answer phone.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Annoyed) Fucking phones!!

INT. BAR - OFFICE - DAY

Throwing his phone on his desk he sits down mildly frustrated.

He picks up the office phone and speed dials a number. A beat. He take a few deep breathes as mild nerves take over. A DEEP VOICE answers.

DEEP VOICE

Yeah?

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Coughs) Alright, it's Chris Quaid.

DEEP VOICE

What's up?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Yeah, it's nothing serious or anything. I don't even know why I should be ringing you up...

DEEP VOICE What is it, Chris?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Is...Is there any chance of speaking to Max?

Deep Voice pauses. Chris swallows back waiting for the answer.

DEEP VOICE

What about?

CHRISTIAN QUAID

N-nothing serious or anything, I just wanna know if he knows what Mel is doing? You see, Max cancelled the rest of the meetings today and I need to know if there's any meetings tomorrow?

DEEP VOICE All today's meetings are going ahead tomorrow on top of the ones tomorrow.

Chris' eyes divert to the phone - a RED LIGHT BLINKS recognising an incoming inner-call.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Oh, okay. The other thing is I keep ringing Mel mobile and she's not answering.

DEEP VOICE She's on another job. She'll be able to see you tomorrow at 10 in the morning. (MORE) CONTINUED:

DEEP VOICE (CONT'D) Unless you've got something else to say, the conversation is over.

The Red Light keeps blinking. Chris sweats a little.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

(Defeated)

The phone is slammed down, the red light pressed and the call answered.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D)

Yeah?

BARRY HOWSER I got Doug down here. He wants to see you.

Chris sighs closing his eyes as a mild headache begins to rumble between his ears.

INT. BAR - DAY

The bar phone is slowly hung up. Barry turns with a look of loathing behind his eyes.

BARRY HOWSER You can go up, mate.

Doug stands at the other side of the bar chewing gum obnoxiously.

DOUG COHAAGAN Cheers, cunt!

He cockily struts towards the stairs.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - DAY

A bottle of PILLS are POPPED open. Two PARACETAMOL'S are dropped into the palm of a hand. Chris downs the two pills with a glass of water and shakes the pain out of his head.

> DOUG COHAAGAN (OS) Beep, bada-beep, bada-beep, ba-bo!

Chris reclines in his chair, the cool demeanour sliding straight back. Doug trots into the room like a giddy child.

CHRISTIAN QUAID And what do I owe this for, hey?

Doug sits down with a huge smile on his face.

DOUG COHAAGAN I'm surprised with that me-self, sonny. How's you anyway?

CHRISTIAN QUAID I'm alright now, yeah, cheers. I...I forgot to say thanks for the other day...

DOUG COHAAGAN Forget about it. I was being a prick anyway. Forgot about how much it meant to ya.

CHRISTIAN QUAID It's fine. Like you said, forget it. So...this a social visit or what?

DOUG COHAAGAN (Smiles) Well...it'll get you blown in a convent put it that way.

Chris sits up in his chair slightly uneasy and intrigued at the same time.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Unsure) Okay. What is it?

Doug leans in to make this more intimate.

DOUG COHAAGAN Alright. Now...I'm goin against every fuckin rule you have involving your connections, okay?

Chris sighs and sits back again, his interest dropped to zero.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Doug...

Doug sees he's losing him and pleads with excitement.

DOUG COHAAGAN No, just hear me out, mate. Please.

Chris reluctantly rolls his eyes and sighs.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) Right. We, I, me, just needs to have a word with whoever it is you have to speak to about getting a meeting with your boss. This isn't some fuckin low-rent cheap-arse proposition I got for him, this is something big, and good, that I know he'll want a cunt-slice of.

Chris rests his fingers against his mouth in thought.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) I got some Charlie, a shit load of the Charles, and all I'm asking is a little word with someone, anyone, just to set something up. Come on, mate. Play the white man.

Chris stares at his desk in thought for a beat. Doug waits anxiously. Chris turns on the ruthless business manor.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Doug. Look. I'm on the spot here, aren't I? This isn't a game of Monopoly. I do anything like that, things get serious for everyone involved.

DOUG COHAAGAN

(Pleading)

Chris. Chris, I've never asked you for anything, a favour, nothing, because I've respected you and your rules. I've never begged you for a fuckin thing, but if you want me to I will. Just make a call and set something up, you can just walk away after that.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

(Stern)

Me doing that means I vouch for you. By doing that means you have to deliver something that doesn't make me look like a fuckin idiot.

DOUG COHAAGAN

I know this, but I swear to you, its fuckin sweet as. I wouldn't be here if I were dealin the hair off a niggers arse, mate. I'm good for it. CHRISTIAN QUAID Doug, this goes to the next level if I do this.

DOUG COHAAGAN

I know all this. You want me to prove something to you, huh? What can I do? I'm not some fuckin skiprat to get a quick score, I'm a friend you've known for over ten years. I've never once fucked you over during that time because of what you've done for me. What do you want me to do, Chris, and I'll do it, anything.

Chris soaks all this in, trust to a friend running through his mind.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Come back tomorrow night. I have to sort things out around here because of a fuck up. That's all I can do at this point. Okay?

Doug smiles knowing his got a shot.

DOUG COHAAGAN Tomorrow night?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Yep. It'll be a straight yes or no, I promise you.

Doug stands holding back his euphoria.

DOUG COHAAGAN Ok, yeah. Cheers, mate. I swear to you, I wont let you down. You're a fuckin diamond!

Doug leaves with a spring in his step and bumps into Barry with a huge grin. Barry watches Doug leave and walks into the office with a confused stare, frowning like he has to ask Chris a few questions. Chris pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration.

> BARRY HOWSER He didn't stay long did he?

CHRISTIAN QUAID What? Why aren't you behind the bar? BARRY HOWSER It's dead as usual. Thought I'd see if you're okay.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

I...I'm fine.

Chris rearranges some papers on his desk irritated, trying to show Barry he's 'busy'.

BARRY HOWSER Why don't you just tell him to fuck off, Chris?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Because that's all he's ever had said to him, Barry.

BARRY HOWSER That's not a viable reason anymore, man.

Chris carries on searching his desk for something trying not to listen.

BARRY HOWSER (CONT) (CONT'D) He's an inner city scumbag who'll get one of his cronies to boot your head in if you look at him the wrong way.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Irritated) Look, I know that. But when he's up shit creak without a paddle he's got nobody but me, okay?

BARRY HOWSER But what has he ever done for you...?

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Snappy) End of discussion, Barry. I don't have to justify to you who I keep as friends.

BARRY HOWSER Hey, I'm just looking out for...

CHRISTIAN QUAID And I don't need anyone to look out for me. Barry backs off from any more questions as Chris finds his phone again and redials Mel's number. He is hit with the answer phone.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) (Closes the phone) Shit!

BARRY HOWSER What's up?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Mel's just disappeared off the face of the fuckin earth!

BARRY HOWSER She's at home.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Surprised) What?

BARRY HOWSER I was on the phone with her an hour ago. She just got in and said she was havin some shuteye.

Chris whips his jacket from behind the chair.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Oh well that's just fuckin marvellous, isn't it?

BARRY HOWSER (Confused) What's goin off?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Just...Man the fort for a bit, alright?

Chris storms out of the room leaving Barry clueless.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - ROAD - NIGHT

The neon lights from the city are a blur against the raincovered windows.

Chris drives down the calm water soaked road, thoughts running through his head as he rests his head against his arm.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Forceful Man smacks Young Doug in the mouth and pulls him back like a rag doll.

YOUNG DOUG COHAAGAN Okay, okay, I deserved that, but hear me out! I know he's bashed up a few of you lot before and you're pissed off with him. Fine. I get that. But you do not want to do this cos all you're gonna do is make him come back after both of you...

FORCEFUL MAN Not if he doesn't get up in the next 30 seconds!

YOUNG DOUG COHAAGAN Now why do you want to go and do something like that, hey? The way I see it is...its over, okay? Done. They've both got back at each other and you doin this for some kinda loyalty for a stupid twat of a mate is all well and good, but not when it involves his fuckin family. Let them kill each other if they like. Fuck! Let them both fall in love in a three way fuck-fest to sort it all out - who cares? But you killing him is not gonna solve or help anything apart from making it a lot fuckin worst!

Man #1 and Forceful Man stare at each other soaking in the information Doug has projected at them. Man #1 still has the gun poised at Young Chris' head - the finger pinned on trigger.

YOUNG DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) Or you could just carry on with what you were gonna do and tell us to get to fuck.

The Men eye each other again. Forceful Man lets out a huge sigh.

FORCEFUL MAN Fuck em. Let Jayo sort it out, the cunt! Forceful Man lets Doug go. Doug swallows back hard as relief pours through him. Man #1 takes the gun and walks away. Chris closes his eyes, tears falling from them as he lay motionless on the dusty ground.

EXT. MEL'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

BUZZZ!!! Chris presses the doorbell inside the all white hallway to Mel's flat. The door opens. Mel stands there; her blouse unbuttoned, her high heels off, looking comfortable and tired. She smiles a wry smile slightly shaking her head.

MEL

I was wondering when you'd show up.

CHRISTIAN QUAID That's nice to know.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An STONE ANGELIC CHERUB statue under shadow.

Chris stands looking out of the rain stained window inside the low lit and cosy minimalist but modern living room. Mel walks inside and sits down with a warm cup of tea in her hands, taking a load off her tired feet.

MEL

That's better.

Chris turns around like he's going to give her a lecture but can't find the words to say.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Are you...? Are you okay?

Mel reclines in her chair and smiles with a relaxing sigh.

MEL Yeah babes. Why?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Y-you didn't answer you're phone.

MEL Well if you hadn't noticed I was recharging the batteries.

Chris nods his head knowing that was going to be the answer.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I gathered that.

Mel takes a long sip of her tea. Chris rubs his hair out of frustration.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Then what the fuck did you do?

Mel laughs putting down her cup.

MEL Look, there's no point in going into all this, is there?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Well, yeah, I think there is.

MEL Look...it's nothing.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Nothing? Fine. Just answer me this then. Why the fuck am I feeling like I'm on the outside looking in when I'm around you now days, hey?

Mel stands walking over to him, gently touching his waist.

MEL Awwww, poor babes. It's because you've broken one of your sacred rules. Burst your little introverted bubble is all.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Well, now that I'm out, why don't you tell me what's going on?

Mel turns and steps away trying to get around the question.

MEL Because...it doesn't concern you.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Frustrated) Fine. None of it ever does, does it?

MEL (Turns back) You wanted it this way.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Walking to Mel) And now I want to change it. MEL (Turns to Chris) Well why now, hey?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Because...because you're going to walk into one of those rooms someday and never come back out, I can feel it.

Mel looks into his eyes knowing how much he cares about her.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) I want know what's going on because I don't want you to just disappear one day. I don't want you to leave with me oblivious to whatever the fuck you got involved with.

Mel is overcome with uncertainty, she's never been in this position with Chris before.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) You've never depended on anyone and I know this. But when you came to see me the other day all I felt was that you were showing an inch of wanting help. It opened up something I should've been prepared for.

MEL That's you all over. Wanting to know everything ahead of time to prepare for the worst.

Chris smiles and walks away, he knows his flaw but hates to admit it.

MEL (CONT'D) But you can't be prepared for everything, you know?

CHRISTIAN QUAID I don't like losing control.

MEL But its something you've got to do sometimes.

Chris stares down to the ground introverted.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A line of Cocaine is snorted from the cheap worn desk. Davey cocks his head back pinching his nose in slight pain, a bright lamp next to him covering his face in deep shadows, an open brown parcel filled with coke underneath it.

> DAVEY Fuck me! Some good shit, I'll give him that.

Davey smothers his gum with more coke from a brown parcel next to him. He cuts up another line and hits it. BUZZ!!!! He looks up confused as the doorbell buzzes.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Shit.

He checks around the room for somewhere to hide the parcel. He opens the desk draw and hides it while the door constantly BUZZES.

> DAVEY (CONT'D) Alright, alright, I'm coming. Fuck.

He gets up and walks to the door straightening his jacket to look presentable. We hold on the door.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mel walks up behind Chris and hugs him tightly for comfort.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I'm sorry. Things are just gettin to me a bit. With Lucy's birthday the other day and all the other stuff...

MEL

I know, hun.
 (Beat)
She'd be twenty something now,
wouldn't she?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Now, yeah. Wouldn't know what she'd be up to if she was still here like, but then again she didn't either.

Chris dips his head in remembrance as Mel holds him tight. Beat. He turns around to face her to take his mind away to something else.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) So you gonna tell me what's goin on? MEL (Smiles) Well, honey. I was re-establishing the business deal with our new suppliers. Mel lets go as Chris is overcome with intrigued confusion. CHRISTIAN QUAID I thought they were dead? MEL No, no. They were only working for the suppliers by all accounts. CHRISTIAN OUAID So why is the deal still on? MEL Because... Mel walks away, uneasy about explaining this stuff to him. MEL (CONT) (CONT'D) ... We know who killed them and stole the gear. CHRISTIAN QUAID Who? MEL A two-bit crack dealer named Skinny. CHRISTIAN QUAID Yeah, I've heard of him. So everything's okay now, yeah? Mel turns back to him; he really wants to know this so I guess she has to tell him. MELNot necessarily. Word's got back that Skinny and his crew of intellectuals were taken care of a few hours ago. CHRISTIAN QUAID (Surprised) You are joking? (MORE)

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Wha...What the fucking hells going on out there, hey? When did this town turn in to Beirut all of a sudden?

MEL Don't get your little panties in a twist, babes. Its all getting kind of sorted.

Chris is overcome with frustrated anger as he takes in what she's saying.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Kind of?! What the fuck do you mean kind of?!

MEL Max has said someone's trying to get the product back...

CHRISTIAN QUAID What, by putting holes in peoples heads?!! And Max know's about all this?

MEL Ok, just calm down...

CHRISTIAN QUAID Fuck me! D-do you have a clue who this fella is?

INT. HALLWAY - DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy and Paul walk up the stairs in the decayed and cold hallway to the front door of Doug's office looking a little tired.

> MEL (VO) No, I don't, no

CHRISTIAN QUAID (VO) So is he keeping you involved when some fuckin nut-case is already getting the shit back for him, hey?!!

Jimmy pulls out his keys and opens the door --

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mel stands up to Chris like only she can.

MEL Because I'm keeping that deal together, alright? That's why!!

Chris shakes his head; he isn't accepting that answer and is right back on the defence.

CHRISTIAN QUAID No, fuck that! This is getting out of control and you're stuck right in the middle of it trying to, what? Calm the situation? Fuckin bullshit!!!

Mel stands slighty taken aback.

MEL

Bullshit? Bullshit is you, coming in here like you give a shit and getting all high and mighty about what I should or should not be doing in my job!

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul and Jimmy stroll inside the office carrying on their conversation and checking out where Davey is. They turn the corner and walk into the office room.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (VO) I wouldn't be here telling you this if I didn't give a shit, Mel, okay?

MEL (VO) Oh and it really sounds that way too, doesn't it?

Jimmy just stops in his tracks with pure shock.

Paul keeps on talking before looking up and is also frozen on the spot with fear, his legs almost giving way from under him.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sighs and walks close to Mel wanting her to listen carefully to what he has to say.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Just listen to me, okay? People are getting killed out there and you do not need to be involved in all this, understand? MEL (Confused) No, I don't understand, alright?

Chris just gives up at her subborness and goes to leave.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Fuck it! I'm going to see Max and I'm gonna get you out of all this.

MEL What? To go fuckin where?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Somewhere else, another department, who the fuck cares? I'm not having you in the middle of a street war!

MEL

Just go home, Chris. Sleep it off and forget about what I do for a living, just like you always do.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Like I always do? Right. I know what I'm doing. You're just fuckin stupid enough not to see it. I've gotta go back to work.

Chris marches out of the room. Mel just sighs and holds her face in her hands; she's barely coping with the stress.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy just stands opened mouthed. We see what they're seeing - Davey sits arched back in his chair, his throat slit wide open and saturated in dark red blood, the entire room covered in it. On the wall smeared with the blood the words "WHERE IS COHAAGAN?" are written. Jimmy and Paul stand unable to move, their breathing deepening.

> JIMMY Get Dougy on the phone.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Booming DANCE MUSIC kicks in. The bar is bustling once again with CLUBBERS, the bar staff and hostess working over-time.

Chris strolls inside irate and flustered cutting his way through the crowd to the bar. He pulls up a glass and gets himself a double whiskey as Barry walks over with concern.
BARRY HOWSER Everything alright?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Fuckin beautiful, mate.

Barry watches with a wry smile as Chris downs the drink.

BARRY HOWSER Looks like it too.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Snappy) What did I say about getting involved, Barry?

Chris fills his glass with another shot and makes his way to the stairs.

Sitting in the corner of the bar on one of the comfy couches, a red light pinning down them, are the three Young Clubbers bruised from a few nights before. They all sit with emotionless glares as they watch Chris make his way up to the office.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

A tumbler is filled with VODKA and smashed back. Chris sits behind his desk and slams the glass down on the table. He shakes the frustration out of his head, the vodka waking him up. He dives on the phone and speed dials a number. A few beats.

DEEP VOICE (OS)

Yeah?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Alright? It's Chris at the Bar.

DEEP VOICE (OS) What is it now?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Look, I've been mulling things over. I've come to the conclusion that I really do need that little meeting with the boss I asked for.

DEEP VOICE (OS) It's not going to happen, Chris.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Come on, mate...

DEEP VOICE (OS) I aint your mate, okay? It's not going to happen because it interferes with his fuckin schedule, which is full with people like yourself pissing and moaning. Take a number and wait...

CHRISTIAN QUAID Alright, fair enough, fair enough. All I'm saying is...why don't I just smash a lot of pettie up in the place and burn the fucker to the ground, eh?

DEEP VOICE (OS) What are you talking about, Chris?

CHRISTIAN QUAID I just wanna know what you think about this place turning blacker than a niggers suntan tomorrow morning?

DEEP VOICE (OS) (Pauses) I'm listening.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

It's important that he sees me, alright? Because if you don't want him to know that a bunch of crackheads are goin to shoot up the bar in a few days, then go right ahead - I don't give a shit. At least me torching this place has a no-questions-asked insurance policy rather than a bullet-fest would. You get me?

Deep Voice pauses for a second. Chris knows he's got his way this time.

DEEP VOICE (OS) Half 2. Tomorrow. If you're a second late, I'll break your fingers.

The phone goes dead. Chris doesn't even grin at his victory because suddenly the incoming phone light shines bright. Chris sighs releasing a heavy load and answers it.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Yeah?

BARRY HOWSER (OS) The nob-heads from the other night snuck in and tried to get into your office. The Bouncers have dragged em downstairs.

INT. BAR - BACKROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

The light blinks constantly yet again. Sounds of STRUGGLES and SCREAMS are heard echoing down the hall. Chris comes marching through the doors and makes his way to into the meeting room --

INT. BAR - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

-- THWACK!!!! Chris is hit with speckles of blood which stops him in his tracks to soak in what is happening.

Young Clubber #2 is smashed in the face with a baseball bat, splitting open his eye. The other 2 Young Clubbers are getting a fair beating by two more Bouncers with bats. The flat impact sounds of wood pounding on muscle are mixed with the groans and obscene threats being thrown into the air.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Whoa, whoa, whoa. That's enough!!

He pulls one of the Bouncers back causing the others stop.

YOUNG CLUBBER #1 Do you want some, do ya?!!!

Young Clubber #1 gets to his knees and pulls out a Beretta from his trousers, pointing it at Chris ready to pull the trigger.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Startled) Fuck me!

Chris lunges and grabs Young Clubbers #1 arm, getting him into a lock, holding the gun away from him. The Bouncers move in trying to pry the gun from his hand.

YOUNG CLUBBER #1 I'm gonna fuckin kill you!

The Bouncers pound down on Young Clubber #1 as Chris smashes his hand to let the gun go. Chris has no alternative and places the arm in-between his legs. CRUNCH!!! With a violent jolt he breaks the Clubbers arm the Clubber squeals in agony. Chris picks up the gun and steps away out of breath and in adrenaline shock. CHRISTIAN QUAID Jesus Christ!

BOUNCER #1

You ok, boss?

Chris stands staring at Young Clubber #1 writhing around in pain in a shocked trance.

BOUNCER #1 (CONT'D)

Oi!

CHRISTIAN QUAID Y-yeah. (Pauses) He just pulled a gun on me.

BOUNCER #1 What do you want us to do, boss?

Chris shakes the shock out of his head.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Kneecap em and dump em as far away from the hospital as possible.

Bouncer #1 nods his head. His colleagues in turn goes about beating the two helpless Clubbers. Young Clubber #1 looks up to Chris innocently as he stares at the gun in his hand.

> YOUNG CLUBBER #1 I-I'm sorry. Please. Lets me go, please.

Chris looks down to the Clubber helpless on the ground, breathing deeply and soaking in the fact he could've been shot a few seconds ago. He just turns and walks out of the door.

Young Clubber #1 screams, as do his mates. Bouncer #1 smiles and just smashes Young Clubber #1 straight into the mouth with his bat.

INT. BAR - BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris wonders down the hall with the gun in his hand as the violent BEATING and SCREAMING sounds fill his ears. The image blurs and shifts in and out of focus as he walks through the doors at the end.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Davey's bloodied head is rolling slowly across the floor wrapped up in a thick carpet. Paul and Jimmy are struggling with the dead weight as they reach the end of the carpet.

Doug stands staring at his blood soaked wall with his name on it smoking, his arms close to his chest as thoughts cycle though his head. Jimmy and Paul walk over to him out of breath with concerned dread in their eyes, Paul especially looking like a dear in the headlights.

> PAUL (Nervous) This is fucked, isn't it?! What the fuck are we going to do now?

DOUG COHAAGAN I'm thinking.

PAUL Thinking? Oh great stuff! So while you do that, we'll just sit back and wait to get bust across a bathroom wall by some fuckin psycho...!

DOUG COHAAGAN (Snappy. Turns to Paul) Just shut up for a minute.

PAUL Jesus fuckin Christ!

Jimmy walks towards Doug, the voice of reason.

JIMMY Calm it down, Paulie. (To Doug) You think its Skinny?

DOUG COHAAGAN He hasn't got the bollocks for anythin like this.

JIMMY So who the fuck is it then? You have an idea, eh? Anyone?

Doug pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration.

DOUG COHAAGAN I haven't a fuckin clue, alright?! Just... PAUL Just what, Doug?! What the fuck are we goin to do?! I'm fuckin shittin it here, man...!!

DOUG COHAAGEN

(Aggressive) Just fuckin shut your gob for two minutes you jew cunt! The way I'm seeing it...Alright, the way I'm seein it is that if we do the deal we're in castle grey-skull, we're untouchable, right? You agree?

JIMMY

(Reluctant) I guess so.

DOUG COHAAGEN You fuckin hearing me, Paulie?

PAUL (Holding back tears) This is so fucked!

DOUG COHAAGEN Now listen. Go home. Keep low. Keep your mouth shut and I'll get back to you, both of you, and it'll be all gravy, ok?

PAUL I don't know, Doug. I just don't know about it.

DOUG COHAAGEN Well fuck you, Paul, you fuckin homo! Do what you fuckin want! This cunt is after me, alright! I'm gonna be knocking on St Peter's gate before the week's up, you fuckin minge!

He flicks the cig at Paul who jolts and backs away intimidated. Jimmy stands in the middle of both of them as Doug storms out of the office. Jimmy and Paul stand without a clue about what to do next. Paul puts his heads in his hands and paces the room before realising Davey is still wrapped up in the carpet.

> PAUL And what the fuck do we do about him?

Jimmy just frowns throwing his hands up fresh out of ideas.

PAUL (CONT'D)

FUCK!!!

Paul runs up and kicks the Davey in the ribs.

INT. BAR - MORNING

Mel, her Guards, and a few NEW FACES walk into the bar as the morning sunlight hits the décor. Chris walks down the office, his shirt creased, the top button undone and looking like he's had a few hours sleep. Mel and her colleagues stand in the middle of the bar waiting for Chris to be the great host he's supposed to be.

> MEL Gentlemen, this is Chris Quaid. He'll be taking care of whatever you want for today.

With a look of subdued and lazy angst he strolls over to the bar where Barry stands drying a glass like a classic bartender. Chris completely blanks the group as he grabs the glass and makes himself a quick vodka and orange juice. Mel stands with a small wash of embarrassment coming over her that quickly turns to anger.

> MEL (CONT'D) Mr Quaid? Would you like to introduce yourself?

Chris turns stirring his drink in a sarcastic manor.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Well, the young lady over there has already given me the best introduction I need. Please, place your order and I'm sure my colleague here will take care of your needs. I have a bit business to attend to, so I'll leave you all to it.

Mel has to smile behind her gritted teeth as Chris makes his way back up to his office. She sighs to herself and gets back to business.

MEL (Turning to the group) Well...Why don't we make are way downstairs and we'll take it from there.

Mel ushers the men through the backdoor, she lags behind and marches up to Barry unimpressed.

MEL (CONT'D) What the fuck is he doing, hey?!

BARRY HOWSER I dunno. There was some grief last night like but...

Mel carries on upstairs to the office with fury in her eyes --

INT. BAR - OFFICE - MORNING

-- Chris sits behind his desk with his head in his hands, a major migraine taking over. Mel just storms in and owns the room with her presence as she goes straight for Chris, slamming her hands on the desk jolting him to attention.

MEL Fuck you, Christian! Fuck you!

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Defensive) Mel, come on...

MEL No! Now shut your mouth and listen to me very carefully, okay?

Chris looks up into her eyes wanting everything to be okay after what she has to say.

MEL (CONT'D) You're pissed off with me? That's fine. You wanna go on this crusade at trying to change my line of work? Go right ahead and do it. But if you want to bring all this pent up fuckin childish bullshit out of our personal relationship and into the business side, that's where I've gotta pull you up and tell you straight.

Chris swallows back slowly closing and opening his eyes as the headache and personal problems build.

MEL (CONT'D) Book your fuckin ideas up because this more than you and me! Okay?

Chris closes his eyes and tries to shake the hangover away. Mel has finished her piece and just steps back to calm down. She notices the glass of vodka and orange juice on the desk and picks it up. MEL (CONT'D) (Walking out) And don't be drinkin that shit at this time in the morning!

She slams the drink into the waste bin near the door and leaves to carry on her work. Chris arches his head back rubbing his tired eyes. He checks his watch.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Fuck!

Chris gets to his feet and marches out straight after her -

INT. BAR - DAY

-- Putting on his jacket he walks down the stairs. Mel turns to him ready for an apology. Chris just makes his way to the double doors. Barry looks over confused.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID I'll be back in an hour.

He walks past Mel like he's never met her before, leaving her speechless and concerned.

MEL Chris? Chris? Hold on...Shit!

Chris leaves. Mel turns to Barry who just stands open palmed shaking his head - he hasn't the faintest idea. Mel sighs, the feeling of worry in the pit of the stomach building. Her mobile RINGS.

> MEL (CONT'D) (She answers her phone) Hello? Y-yeah. I'll be ready in an hour.

She closes her phone and takes a deep breath to calm the anxiety pounding through her veins.

MEL (CONT'D)

Shit!

TERRY (VO) I know what fuckin happened to Davey, man! EXT.

Terry stands by the brick wall to the desolate building speaking irately down his mobile phone, looking around the corner and over his shoulder frequently - paranoia setting in around this concrete and grass mixture.

TERRY (CONT) You don't have to remind me that this is getting fuckin serious, ok?

JIMMY (VO) (Phone voice) Where we're you that night, Terry? How come you didn't answer your phone?

TERRY What? Now hold a minute! I know I cracked him after what happened but there's no way I'd slit fuckin his throat, Jim! Christ!

From around the corner we see in the distance a MAN IN A BOMBER JACKET walking towards him.

JIMMY (VO)

(Phone voice) I'm sorry, Terry, but I have to ask. You aint been to the office and nobody's seen you since...

TERRY

Yeah, I know I haven't been into the office or seen any of yous, but I'm just keepin low till I get the call. That's what Dougie said, wasn't it?

The Man gets close...Terry turns the corner and jumps startled. The Man just walks by minding his own business and off into the distance. Terry sucks in the fresh air trying to calm down, his eyes looking like piss holes in the snow.

> JIMMY (VO) (Phone voice) You there, Tel? Terry?

TERRY Yeah, yeah, I'm still here. Christ! (MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

Why doesn't this twat just come out and ask for a meeting or something so I don't have to keep looking over me shoulder all the time! Fuck! You any ideas who it is?

JIMMY (VO)

(Phone voice) Nope. Dougy doesn't think its Skinny so the only thing I can think off is its one of Max's.

TERRY Do you think he's going for all of us?

JIMMY (VO) (Phone voice) He wants Doug is all I know.

TERRY

He just wants Doug? Ok. Well I'm sorry to be the burden of bad ideas but lets give him up! I ain't dying for anyone but myself, and if this cunt wants him I say that's exactly what we do, we give him up!

JIMMY (VO) (Phone voice) Where are ya?

TERRY By the industrial estate, the back of the glass house.

JIMMY (VO) (Phone voice) Stay there. Me and Paulie will be there in 20.

Terry snaps his phone together and turns to walk away...straight into the barrel of a Beretta. He freezes cold on the spot but his expression is of anger rather than fear. Holding the weapon is the Collector, his face shrouded by a red balaclava. The two men just stare at each other for what seems like an eternity.

> THE COLLECTOR You haven't seen him have you?

Terry is just frozen on the spot, his eyes wide.

From further behind the back of the building the grass sways in the cool breeze. Beat.

BLAM!!!! A gush of thick crimson and red mist fills the air from around the corner of the wall. Terry falls to the ground a split second after his brains decorate the concrete. The Collector slowly walks around the corner and away from the scene as calm as the wind.

We hold on the blood drenched green grass swaying in tranquillity.

EXT. CITY - STREETS - DAY

Chris drives his car around some of iconic rain blessed streets of the city, a funeral sense of the end dawning.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - STREET - OUTSIDE MODERN NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Chris slowly pulls up to what looks like a modern and sleek nightclub. He shuts the engine down and sits in silence, breathing slowly to calm his nerves.

He glimpses at the club trying awash all the detrimental ideas he has and composes himself. He kicks open his door and climbs out.

INT. MODERN NIGHTCLUB - HALLWAY - DAY

Chris turns the corner of the dark and dim hallway, the burgundy coloured carpet and oak finished walls leading down to a hellish entrance he's about to face. Two STERN GUARDS stand next to each other filling the hallway, their long black coats putting the fear of the Grim Reaper into him.

Chris slowly makes his way down the hall to the men, swallowing back his fear as his polished black shoes caress the carpet.

> STERN GUARD #1 Arms up, Chris.

Which is what he does and is patted down by the Guard, roughly spun around and firmly checked. Stern Guard #1 steps back with a nod to his colleague.

STERN GUARD #2 You got 5 minutes, ok?

CHRISTIAN QUAID It's all I want.

Stern Guard #2 turns to open the door behind him.

INT. MODERN NIGHTCLUB - OFFICE ROOM - DAY

From the darkness the door opens and Chris, disguising his sheepishness, walks inside. The door closes.

The room is cramped with a singular red bulb illuminating the entire office in a heat bursting scarlet. To Chris' left and right are more STERN GUARD'S decked out in black. In front of him a desk so dark it was as though it was salvaged from a fire. Standing behind it by the back wall is a sleek but brooding TALL MAN who just stares at Chris nonchalantly.

As Chris soaks in the surroundings a VOICE speaking on the phone is heard over everything else. Situated behind the desk is the big honcho, the top dog, MAX - a large domineering man dressed in a white shirt and bright red tie. He speaks on the phone as he types on his laptop.

> MAX ...Yep, they will be with you and sorted within the week, I promise you. Ok? Yeah, see you later.

He lowers the phone and types on his laptop. The tension is almost unbearable for Chris, his mouth feeling dry.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I'm sorry about...

TALL MAN

(Deep Voice) No one told you to open your mouth, did they?!

Chris just nods knowing his mistake. Max just doesn't acknowledge the remark shot at Chris and just finishes what he's tying on the laptop before turning to him.

MAX So what brings you down here, Chrissy boy? Some bag-heads trying to shoot up my club?

Chris swallows back hard again.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Well...honestly?

Max leans back in his chair with a grin.

MAX

My time is precious so I think you'd better be.

Chris almost settles becoming slightly more relaxed.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I lied about that just to see you. The bar's fine. I cant fault the business side from my angle, boss.

MAX

So this isn't about business?

CHRISTIAN QUAID It is and it isn't...

TALL MAN

4 minutes.

Chris feels the pressure of the reminder the Tall Man gives him.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

It's about Mel. Now...you know there's a street war goin on that she's involved with. I-I want her out of it.

MAX

She's a main asset to what is going on out there, Christian. I can't just pull the plug.

CHRISTIAN QUAID I can understand that, boss. Maybe I'm just jumping to too many conclusions, but when you've already put someone out looking for the missing coke, sticking her in the middle of everything doesn't make sense to me.

MAX

He's not my guy.

Chris is taken aback by the comment, his purpose here thrown slightly.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

What?

MAX

The suppliers sent him, not me. It's their coke and they want to get it back - so be it, it's not my business to interfere.

CHRISTIAN QUAID And you've given him free roam? MAX

By any means necessary.

Chris gathers his shocked bearings and gets back to his point.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

(Mildly angry) Then why the...Why have you still got her out there? This guy can go for anyone, me, her - whoever, just to get what he wants. And you're letting him do it?

MAX

He gets his product back then my deal is back on. Like I said, I don't care how he does it, just as long he does - it's out of my hands.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Frustrated) But its not! You can fuckin sort it out without people getting killed!

TALL MAN Watch your fuckin mouth!

CHRISTIAN QUAID Sorry. But why is she...?

MAX

I'll tell you why.

Max leans forward from his chair, his buttons getting slightly pushed - something he does not like.

MAX (CONT'D)

This is a fuck up on my back that they fully well know. They made an offer to get the product back. Without adding to more embarrassment, am I gonna turn down that fucking offer? Think about it! Why should I get my hands dirty?

CHRISTIAN QUAID

(Pleading) Drop your price, do something that doesn't make waves.

TALL MAN What like your mate Doug? Chris turns to the grinning Tall Man with a confused glare.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

What?

MAX Mel's already on her way to make peace with these fucking troglodytes so...

CHRIS She's already there? Doing what?

TALL MAN Sucking dick!

Stern Guard #3 chuckles to himself. Chris swallows back, keeping the anger at bay.

CHRISTIAN QUAID What she doin down there, Max? And why did that twat mention Doug?

MAX

That's your problem right there, Christian. You never think outside the little world that's kept you secure the years you've worked for me. If you did, you'd probably be standing next to me. Like him.

Tall Man smiles proudly. Chris eyes the ground as the match becomes personal with his past misfortunes, something he regrets.

TALL MAN

2 minutes.

Chris eyes the Tall Man once again with a fierce glare. The Tall Man knows how to press.

MAX

You've a bad temper Christian prone to some violent outbursts. Do you like violence? Personally...it cuts through the bullshit. It separates and unites in equal measure. It strips away everything meaningless leaving you with what matters the most to you. (Pauses) If it doesn't...you end up alone. Morality eating away at your very being. CHRISTIAN QUAID You're not answering my questions, Max?

MAX Are you fucking her?

Chris is hit with the comment like a punch to the face.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Sorry?

MAX Are you having relations of a sexual nature with Melena, Christian?

Chris stands confused, overcome with shock.

MAX (CONT'D) I'm just asking because you've worked closely with her for a number of years, and a tasty bit of arse like hers is not something to be sniffed at. I should know. I've done plenty of sniffing of it in the past.

The men in room laugh briefly. Chris smiles, his pride raging inside, his gut ready to burst out but he has to keep cool.

CHRISTIAN QUAID No, I haven't.

MAX And why not?

TALL MAN Are you a faggot? 1 minute.

CHRISTIAN QUAID This isn't about me, boss...

MAX

But you said it wasn't business, Chris, so I'm going to ask nonbusiness related questions. Because if this isn't about business, then why on Gods green fucking earth should I listen or not be afraid of asking you if you've fucked a slut?

Chris stands there with gritted teeth, he knew this was a bad idea but not to this extent.

MAX (CONT'D) Oh you did know, didn't you? She didn't get where she was without taking up the arse for a few years, I can tell you.

Chris is almost holding back fury behind the tears building up in his bloodshot eyes. The Tall Man just chuckles as Max grins at him.

> MAX (CONT'D) To answer your question - she's rectifying this fuck up.

Chris slowly wipes his mouth with a clenched fist.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

And Doug?

TALL MAN Little Dougy got himself a visitor knocking on his door. I wonder why?

Chris takes in a deep calming breath. Tall Man looks at his watch then at Chris with a shit-eating grin.

TALL MAN (CONT'D)

Times up.

MAX That's all I got time for now, Christian. Goodbye.

Chris closes his eyes as he absorbs the news. Within five minutes his entire life has been blown to pieces.

EXT. DESOLATE BUILDING - FIELD - DAY

Terry lays dormant with his eyes wide open. His head buried in the blood soaked grass with a bullet hole in his forehead and his brains pouring out of the back.

> PAUL (OS) You've got to be fuckin kidding!

Paul and Jimmy stand over Terry as panic and fear overcome them. Paul recoils almost ready to throw up as Jimmy looks closer in a mixture of intrigue and shock.

> PAUL (CONT'D) How'd he know he was here, hey? How the fuck did anyone know?!

We PAN up from Terry's frozen face to see Doug standing over him, his arms folded with a smoke in his hand as he thinks.

> PAUL (CONT'D) Who fuckin told him? None of us knew...!

DOUG COHAAGAN The crack-rat.

JIMMY (Standing) How did he know?

DOUG COHAAGAN Any of you checked this place?

Paul and Jimmy eye each other; it hasn't been done.

INT. DESOLATE BUILDING - ROOM - DAY

The Smackhead lies with his head arched against the gritty wall, his body disjointed and crooked as it rests on a grimy mattress.

Jimmy stands from crouching over the body as Paul and Doug stand behind him soaking in the sights. The rundown and mould ridden place is covered with empty tins of beans, magazines, a chair, mod cons scraped from the streets.

> JIMMY The guy probably found him. Crackrat knew where Terry was or how to get hold of him. He didn't know where any of us were so...

PAUL But why the fuck was Terry here, man?!

Doug looks over to the corner of the room behind him and sees a few used CONDOMS soiling the ground.

PAUL (CONT'D) He had no reason to be here!

DOUG COHAAGAN Who gives a fuck why! He came here and now he aint leaving, the same with him. The thing we need to concentrate on is to keep breathing for a day or two, okay? (MORE) DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) I'm seeing Chris in about an hour for our golden ticket to easy street, so keep doin what yous are doin, alright?

JIMMY And what if Chris doesn't come through?

Doug pauses and gives the both of them the reassuring stare he's given countless times so they can believe him.

> DOUG COHAAGAN He's never let me down yet.

Jimmy and Paul just look away slightly unconvinced with the whole thing.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

A phone screen with the words "MEL" written on it. We focus on the word "CALL".

Chris sits behind his desk staring incessantly at his phone, his eyes bloodshot, his clothes and hair dishevelled. A tumbler filled with whiskey, a half empty bottle next to it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The dust glides along the ground of the derelict and sheet metal warehouse. You can hear a pin drop.

CAR ENGINES are heard making their way down the trail, headlights hitting the entrance to the place. Three cars slowly pull up and out step FOUR SUITED MEN.

INT. MEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Mel sits and breathes to calm her nerves as the Suited Men stand around the car waiting for her. She closes her eyes.

Warehouse doors are slid open from the inside, A LARGE MAN stands waiting for them to come in. Mel looks through her rain soaked windscreen to see a group of SHADY MEN standing around a table inside the warehouse.

KNOCK!! KNOCK!!! Mel is snapped from her trance as SUITED MAN #1 knocks on her window.

SUITED MAN #1 You okay?

MEL Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. The business alter ego kicks into overdrive and she climbs out of the car. From inside the car we see Mel and her Guards make their way into the warehouse. The door dragged closed behind them.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

Chris goes to press the call button on his phone. His finger freezes - he can't bring himself to make do it. Placing the phone against his head he forcefully closes his eyes trying to pour all his pain into it. He goes to throw the phone as he holds his tears but pulls back. He grabs a bottle of pills next to him - aspirin, vicodin, who knows? Chris just necks back a few and drowns them with the whiskey.

He turns to the monitors with a psychotic tear stained stare. On the monitors we see in black and white a group of YOUNG PARTY GOERS, the only people in the club. The Party Goers are standing on the table, spilling drinks and generally being rowdy in a joyous way.

INT. BAR - HALLWAY/OFFICE - NIGHT

In SLOW MOTION we follow Doug strut down the corridor towards the office, clouds of smoke billowing his face as he puffs on a cig. The walk feels drawn out like he's treading through water - this is the make or break walk.

We watch the walk again in REAL TIME following Doug as he steps into the office and sitting down in his cocky manor in front of Chris.

> DOUG COHAAGAN Yo, Chrissy, my good man! All good?

Chris just stares at the monitors almost possessed.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) What you looking at? (Looks at the monitor) Shit! They're a bit noisy but fuck is it dead down there. Bazza's got em sorted anyway.

Chris takes a long swig of his whiskey. Doug is only just hit by the fact something is wrong.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) You alright, man?

Chris turns to Doug staring at the desk not wanting to look at him.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) So how's it goin with what we talked about, huh? You did have a word didn't ya?

Chris covers his eyes as his anger begins to waver; he shakes his head trying to find the words to say to Doug.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) What did he say?

Chris brings his hands down and stares at Doug like a father would to his child knowing he had to say he's leaving.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID It's over, Doug.

Doug smiles as he disguises Chris' seriousness.

DOUG COHAAGAN Over? What's over? I-I don't get ya...

CHRISTIAN QUAID (Shouting) THE FUCKING COKE!!!!!

Chris slams his fists on the table causing Doug to jump in his chair - he's now overcome with how serious Chris really is.

DOUG COHAAGAN Okay, okay, just calm down, alright?! We didn't know it was gonna end up this! Please.

Chris wipes the tears away from his eyes while listening to Doug pleading to his only true friend.

> DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) Skinny was gonna do a deal and there was no fuckin way I would have that cunt do a big-time deal like that over me, no fuckin way! We didn't know who he stole it off, Chris, I fuckin swear!

Chris kicks his chair from behind him and walks away from the desk, pacing up and down behind it with anger. Doug leans forward in pleading mode wanting and hoping anything he says will get him out of this.

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) Chris, this fuckin psycho's killed half me crew, man. (MORE) DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) He's fuckin wasted two of em trying to get to me, okay?!

CHRISTIAN QUAID And you weren't goin to tell me?!

DOUG COHAAGAN I thought getting in with all yous would protect me from that shit! That's why I came to you...

CHRISTIAN QUAID Max knows about the fuckin guy! He He's letting him do whatever the fuck he wants!

Doug is overcome with shock as the realisation of being fucked has just kicked in.

DOUG COHAAGAN (Denile) What? No. No - I thought he wanted a new supplier...

CHRISTIAN QUAID He does! With the ones that Skinny fuckin killed! The fellas they were working for sent the guy in to get the coke back!

Doug wheels the chair closer to the desk wishing that Chris would hear him out.

DOUG COHAAGAN You can stop it, Chris. Talk to him...

CHRISTIAN QUAID It's not goin to happen, Doug.

DOUG COHAAGAN

What do you mean it cant happen?! Fuck! What do you want me to do, give the coke back? Say I'm fuckin sorry?!

CHRISTIAN QUAID That's exactly what he wants!!!

DOUG COHAAGAN Fuck that, fuck you, and fuck that cunt who wants to stick me in a fuckin grave! Skinny's the one that did all this, not me! I stole... Chris snaps and runs over to Doug, grabbing him with a vice like grip around the jaw ready to punch him.

CHRISTIAN QUAID What did I say to you about not fuckin me, hey? What did I fuckin say to you? This doesn't just affect me but everyone I fuckin know!!!

DOUG COHAAGAN He's gonna kill me no matter what. No matter what I do, Chris. I need help!

Chris's grip loosens as memories of their past come back to haunt him. Doug sits afraid and alone, wanting help from his friend is a scenario they've both been through before.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID How could you do this to me, Doug? Why...

He let's go and staggers back, holding back his tears. Doug sits like a terrified and emotional child knowing there's no way to fix this. Chris stands with domineering but quiet anger towards Doug.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) After the night you talked those fellas out from killing me, I was indebted to you for the duration. You'll never know how grateful I was, and still am, for what you did. I would've gone through hell and back for you.

Doug just sits holding back tears and hangs on every word.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) For all the times I got you out of scrapes, given you money when you needed it, sorted you out. Not once did I ever ask one fuckin question! Do you wanna know why?

Doug doesn't answer, afraid to even look at him.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Do you know why?!!

Doug jolts and shakes his head.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Because I thought I'd never had to. (Beat) And now, it's over.

Doug looks over to Chris with shock, the friendship ended. Chris walks into the hallway emotionally drained having said his piece. Doug chases wanting to rectify this.

> DOUG COHAAGAN Help me, please, Chris! I don't know what to do!

Doug pulls Chris back in desperation. Chris snaps by slapping him across the face and pinning him against the wall with fury in his eyes.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Shut the fuck up and listen to me for once in you fuckin life!!!

Doug stands in fear as Chris spits hurtful comments towards him, emotional pain building inside, his eyes filling with tears.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) I'm the only friend you ever had and now you've fucked up like they always told me you would! But I've always believed that you wouldn't do something like this and pull through in the last minute with the final gasp of life you had!

Doug nods as he forcefully holds himself back from breaking down. Chris has overcome his enraged emotion as tears calmly stream down his face.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) I was the only friend you ever had. But now you've just gone and killed us both.

Doug bursts into tears as he buries his head into Chris' chest. Chris reframes from hugging him as he closes his eyes wanting this to all go away.

DOUG COHAAGAN But how can I make it right by you?

Chris stares him defiantly in the eyes. Doug waits for the words that will make everything okay.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

You cant.

But Doug knows this is a lost cause. We hold on the two in a close but emotionally drained embrace.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse door slides open again. Mel and her Men walk out and climb into their respected cars. Mel stops by her car door and dials a number on her phone. Beat. Tall Man aka Deep Voice answers.

> DEEP VOICE (VO) (Phone voice) Yeah?

MEL It's still on for a third of the asking price.

DEEP VOICE (VO) (Phone voice) Good. Take tomorrow off.

She closes her phone and climbs into her car --

INT. MEL'S CAR - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

-- She sits in tranquillity gathering her thoughts and calming her nerves. The warehouse door slides closed.

Right then Mel covers her mouth with her cold hands and closes her eyes for a brief moment. The business alter ego is gradually building pressure and anxiety insider her, the stillness of being alone in the car relaxes her into normality. She never shows this nervous side to anybody, being alone helps her overcome her fear.

She turns the key to ignition and drives away.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

With only a single desk lamp and the glow from the TV monitors shining on his face, Chris lays asleep behind his desk. The silence soothing as Barry walks inside to see him like this; an empty bottle of Whiskey, files and papers scattered everywhere.

Barry sighs and throws his beer towel to the back of the room before waking over to Chris and shaking him awake.

BARRY HOWSER Chris? Come on, mate. Home time. Get up, mate. Chris groggily opens his tired eyes breathing slowly and deeply. Barry gets him to his feet and throws his arms around his shoulder, steadily leading a not terribly drunk Chris out of the room.

INT. MEL'S CAR - ROAD - NIGHT

Mel drives along the wet road to get back to her home. The city a blur through the rain soaked windows, neon signs and lights brushing past Mel's face as she drives with thoughts rushing through her mind. Tomorrow's a new day, a day where Chris and her decide their future.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

From the darkness of a narrow hallway we slowly TRACK towards a living room. As we gradually peer closer we see Jimmy standing by the kitchen doorway with a beer in hand, laughing away, and Paul sitting on a couch supping a can of super joining in as they watch TV.

INT. BARRY'S CAR - ROAD - NIGHT

Street lamps shine one after the other through drops of rain on the windscreen. Barry drives along the wet desolate streets contempt that his bed is not long away. He looks next to him to see Chris sleeping like a baby in the passenger side.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jimmy turns into the rundown and murky kitchen that's a few shades from looking like Skinny's shit-hole. Throwing his empty bottle into a bin bag he hits the fridge for another.

He closes the fridge door and cracks open the bottle with an opener. CLOSE on the bottle top as it hisses and cracks open.

BANG!!! Thin fishing wire is wrapped around his throat instantly cutting into his Adams apple, drawing blood. Jimmy struggles in pain as The Collector pulls him back. The bottle hits the ground spewing bubbling ale into the air.

INT. MEL'S CAR - ROAD - NIGHT

The thoughts processing in Mel's mind come to fruition as she sits alone with the city floating by her window. Overcome with sadness she forces the tears back before smiling to herself. She sees an optimistic light at the end of the tunnel. Paul stands from his seat throwing his can of ale into the kitchen as he sees the masked Collector throwing the unconscious Jimmy to the deck. Paul is absolutely petrified has he holds his machete in his hands.

The Collector with calm in his strides walks over to him. Paul backs away as he gets closer, he swings at the Collector who as fast as lightening clinches hold of the arm and grabs him by the throat.

Paul begins to cry in pure terror, pleading for his life. The Collector smiles before giving him a mighty elbow to the face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doug staggers around in the cold night completely out of his face holding a bottle of Sambuka in his hand. He launches the bottle into the air before stumbling over a pile of rubbish bags. He quickly gets to his feet and violently kicks the bags, punches the wall - anything in pure anger.

He slams his back into the wall and slides down to the cold concrete. Sitting alone he begins to weep painful tears while holding his chest.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Covered in blood and gashes lining his face, Paul struggles for breath, his red eyes bulging. The Collectors fingers are covered with blood as he tightens the fishing wire around Paul's throat.

> THE COLLECTOR Tell me...Where is Doug Cohaagan?

Paul grips the Collectors coat as he struggles to get free. He looks over to the kitchen to see Jimmy lying motionless in a pool of his own blood. He eyes The Collector with the belief that anything he says is the honest truth.

> THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) (Shouting) WHERE IS HE?!!!

PAUL (Finding it hard to breathe) H-he...he went to see Chris...Chris Quaid.

THE COLLECTOR

Where?

PAUL

Th-the Bar.

The Collector smiles to himself before lifting Paul closer to him and tightening his vice-like grip. Paul fights with all his strength as blood pours from the slices on his face. His eyes begin to bulge even more.

PAUL POV: Looking up at the Collector who is putting the upmost amount of force into his grip, we hear a POP and a loud SCREAM!!! As Paul's POV the camera will lunge forward and drop to the floor like his eyeball before rolling around and looking up to see The Collector push him to the ground and finish choking him.

EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - STREET - NIGHT

Barry's car pulls up outside the sleek and modern looking apartment block.

INT. BARRY'S CAR - OUTSIDE CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barry shakes Chris awake, who does so with a jolt almost disorientated with the surroundings for a second.

BARRY HOWSER Yo! You're home, Chris. Get some sleep.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Wha...? Y-yeah, sounds like a good idea.

BARRY HOWSER I'll open up tomorrow so have a lie in for a change, okay?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Y-yeah, whatever. Hold on a minute. I'm the boss. I'm supposed to be making those kinds of decisions.

BARRY HOWSER Yeah, well, at this point you're in no fit state to have a wank or not never mind...

CHRISTIAN QUAID So very true. The two laugh and sit in a brief moment of silence with Barry knowing not to even ask or get involved with what's been going on.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D)

Thanks, man.

BARRY HOWSER

For what?

CHRISTIAN QUAID Just being there. I know you wanna know what's going on but...

BARRY HOWSER No. I honestly don't.

Chris smiles and opens the car door.

CHRISTIAN QUAID

Good.

EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - STREET - NIGHT

Chris closes the door and watches Barry drive away. He stands for a moment soaking in the cold air before walking into his apartment.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

KNOCK!! KNOCK!! KNOCK!! The door slowly opens as Doug staggers in while knocking.

DOUG COHAAGAN Jimmy!!! Paulie!!!! You in, lads?

Doug stumbles inside unaware the door is ajar and stands in the narrow hallway. Silence fills the air. More tears begin to fall as he makes his way down the corridor feeling sorry for himself.

> DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT'D) I've fucked up! I've completely and utterly bollocksed everything!

He steps into the living room --

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DOUG COHAAGAN (CONT) I'm sorry for everything I've... Doug is frozen on the spot as he soaks in the carnage around him: Paul sprawled out on the floor, blood and his eyeball covering the carpet.

Doug steps back slightly slipping in blood to see Jimmy lying in a sea of viscous red liquid. He swallows back hard and grabs his head, shaking himself out of his drunken state. Panic begins to set in as his breathing becomes erratic. He bolts out of the room.

INT. DOUG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

A SUITCASE is slammed to the bed filled with clothes. Another case is filled with the brown parcels of coke.

EXT. DOUG'S HOUSE - STREET - DAWN

The cases are thrown into the boot of a beaten up Ford Fiesta, the door slammed shut.

As the orange glow of the sun begins to rise Doug walks around his car and looks out down the street. Soaking up his surroundings he realises he will never come back here ever again. He spits on the ground.

DOUG COHAAGEN

Fuck em!

He gets in the car. The tires screech and Doug drives away into the sunrise.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Chris jolts upright in his bed clinching hold of his gun in front of him, a cold sweat running down his body. He calms his breathing and holds his hand against his head, a huge migraine taking over. Beat. He looks over at the bedside alarm clock; "11:30am"

CHRISTIAN QUAID Bollocks!!!!

He jumps out of bed.

INT. BAR - DAY

Chris strolls into the bar putting on his tie which he's completely messing up.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Sorry about being late, Baz. I know you said...Fuck it! Chris pulls off the tie and looks up. Nobody's there, eerie silence.

Bazza?

He walks over to the bar and looks behind it. Nobody there. He looks up the stairs to the office.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) You there, Barry?

Again, no answer. Somewhat confused he makes his way through the double doors.

INT. BAR - BACKROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Reminiscent of the first time we saw Chris walking down here, the light blinking on and off, Chris makes his way down trying to find Barry.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID We aint got delivers today! Where are ya, son?

He passes the Meeting Room. CRASH!!! Chris stops in his tracks as he hears something like a chair or table crash to the ground. He turns and slowly opens to Meeting Room door --

INT. BAR - MEETING ROOM - DAY

-- The door etches its way open as Chris cautiously steps inside the room. His eyes widen with horror to see Barry swinging from a noose around his throat as he hangs from a pipe on the ceiling.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Jesus fuckin Christ!!

Chris sprints to Barry who struggles to breathe. He grabs him by the legs and lifts him up higher - Barry begins to suck in the air. But Chris can't keep him up forever and struggles to keep him there.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Take in a lung full, okay?!

Barry nods, his face glowing red.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D)

Okay! Now!

Barry breathes in as Chris lowers him and darts out of the room...

A sharp KNIFE is snatched from behind the bar...

INT. BAR - MEETING ROOM - DAY

...Chris sprints back inside holding the knife - Barry's face glowing purple. The rope is cut. Barry and Chris hit the deck with Barry scrambling for air, holding his throat. Chris crawls over to him holding him up for help.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Breathe, okay? Breathe.

Barry quickly calms his breathing while coughing. Chris is overcome with worry, tears welling up.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) (Frantic) I'm sorry. I'm so fuckin sorry. Fuck! Breathe, come on! Shit!!!

Barry nods, coughing a lung full.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) Who did this? Hey?

BARRY HOWSER I-I dunno. Some guy with a tash looking for you.

CHRISTIAN QUAID Christ Barry. I didnt want this to happen. I'm so sorry.

Chris is overcome with worry, his eyes darting around the room, he knows who the man was.

CHRISTIAN QUAID (CONT'D) What happened? What did he want?

BARRY HOWSER I don't know. He-he trashed your ooffice. He-he...

CHRISTIAN QUAID

What?

BARRY HOWSER He asked about Mel.

Chris just gets to his feet and bolts out of the room --

-- Down the hall --

INT. BAR - - DAY

-- Out of the door and out of the bar.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sunlight pours into the none-too-exciting apartment living room.

The door is heard CLOSING. Someone is heard WALKING AND TAKING THEIR SHOES OFF. Mel walks inside in her business uniform, her shoes off. She takes off her jacket throwing it on the couch and releasing a huge tiring sigh. She crashes down on the settee with her feet up, the ultimate in relaxation. BEAT.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - STREET - DAY

The road blitzes past us. The speedometer hits 60. A FOOT slams down on the accelerator. The sidewalk, people, shops, lampposts, speed by. Hectic. Sweat pouring down his panicked and worried face.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mel notices something on the floor towards the television. She sits up intrigued and slowly walks over to it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The battered red ford skids around the corner and hurtles down the road faster than a bullet.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mel kneels down by the TV and inspects the ground curiously. What she's looking at is dried mud in the shape of a boot heal. She's hit with a certain dread as she slowly gets to her feet and looks over towards the door --

INT. MEL'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

-- The hallway - empty, eerie. Mel slowly steps out of the living room.

CONTINUED:

She eyes the end of the hallway left and right, her breathing slowly deepening. She hesitantly steps forward and carries on down the hall, her eyes cautiously looking at every closed door on the way.

She's almost by the front door but...she stops. The door close to the front door is slightly ajar. The idea of an unknown danger behind that door plays tricks in her mind, she swallows back hard. She heads for the front door...she touches the handle...

WHOOSH!!! The opposite door swings open. Mel screams as The Collector in his balaclava bursts out grunting and punches her across the face...

INT. CHRIS' CAR - STREET - DAY

The car suddenly slams to a halt almost hitting two CHAV LADS - tracksuit, loud mouthed - crossing the street. BEEEEP!!!! The horn is slammed down. CHAV LAD #1 kicks the car headlight in retaliation.

> CHRISTIAN QUAID (Furious) Fuckin' twat!!!!

Chris bails out of the car and pounces for the Chav's. From inside the car we see Chris grabbing one of them and aggressively smashing him with a few punches, forceful and quick. Chav #2 jumps on Chris' back but he's too skilful and flips the kid, slamming his head into the headlight.

Out of breath and in rage he climbs back into the car and slams on the accelerator.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Water is splashed into Mel's face, washing the blood from her nose. She wakes up abruptly, nervous, frightened, eyeing the room and breathing incessantly. Her mouth is covered with grey gaffer tape, her hair messy and damp, her nose swollen.

Mel tries to move but she cant. She's sitting on a chair. Her hands are strapped palms-down to the armrests, her feet bound tight with thin cutting wire; no matter how much she struggles she can't get free. Her eyes fill with tears as begins to break down.

A rattling of UTENSILS is heard from the kitchen. Mel's attention hits the doorway where she can see into the kitchen.

The Collector walks up and down, in and out of the frame, taking things out of draws and putting them to one side. He walks to the sink and fills up a basin. Mel sits in floods of tears. The Collector walks back to her carrying the bowl of water. She thrashes, trying to get away from him as he places the bowl next to her. He looks at her for a moment before smashing her in the face with a punch.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - STREET - DAY

PING!! PING!!! PING!! The fuel gage hits empty. Steam rises from under the bonnet. Chris pounds away at the steering wheel in frustration and anger.

CHRISTIAN QUAID NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!!! You fuckin' piece of shit!!!! Fuck you!!!! Fuck you!!!

Chris steers the car up onto the kerb as it slowly comes to a halt --

EXT. STREET - DAY

-- He bails out slamming the door closed and kicks it repeatedly screaming at the top of his lungs. He rubs his hair and backs away from it in sheer desperation. He doesn't know what to do as he frantically looks up and down the street almost searching for help, tears in his eyes.

He just turns and sprints down the street.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mel sits in a state of hysterics, blood oozing from her mouth and nose. The Collector kneels next to her, wiping her hair from her clammy face in an almost comforting manor.

THE COLLECTOR Suuuush. Breathe.

Mel stares into the man's eyes, breathing deeply and trying to calm herself even if it is nigh on impossible.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) Now. I'm going ask you some yes and no questions. Nod for yes, shake for no. You tell me the truth and everything will be all right. Understand?

Mel nods, her body shaking with fear. The Collector pulls out a large knife with sharp serrated edge and holds it against her hand, resting on top of a prominent thick blue vein. Mel mumbles with tears, shivering with fear. THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) Five days ago, Monday the 15th. Did you set up a meeting between the Moses brothers?

Mel nods swiftly.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) Okay. Did you meet with these people?

Mel shakes her head. The Collector relaxes his grip of the knife slightly. BEAT.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) Do you know the manager of the bar, Chris Quaid?

Mel shakes her head quickly. SLASH!!!! He rips the knife along her hand, blood shoots out of the vein and across the room.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The pavement rushes underneath us. Chris is in an all out sprint down the street, his face and shirt covered in sweat, his legs pumping the blood and pushing him on.

Chris sprints around the corner, stumbling as he goes. He carries on as fast as he can, barging past frightening pedestrians.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mel wriggles and screams in pain trying to trash about, crying her heart out. The Collector stands incensed, blood covering the knife.

> THE COLLECTOR You're not being truthful to me. I said you would be okay as long as you told me the truth!

Mel screams are muffled because of the tape, her shivering continues. The Collector kneels next to her again covering her bloody hand with a towel. He begins to wipe her hair out of he tear stained face trying to calm her down again.

> THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) Breathe, okay? Remember to breathe.

She does so in a state of shock as his hand caresses her bruised face.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) You ready to answer more questions?

Mel breathes to the rhythm to her pounding heart. She hesitantly nods.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D)

Good girl.

He wraps the towel around her hand and walks over to her right hand, crouching next to her.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) Can you move your fingers?

She hesitantly shakes her head.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D)

Good.

He pulls out what looks like large nail clippers about three inches long with a bottle-opener device at the end. He places them on the end of her middle finger.

Mel begins to pant once more, trying to be strong in front of him.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) This is it. Round two. (Beat) Do you know Chris Quaid?

She nods her head.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Chris slams against a tree panting for breath; taking in all the air he can, sweat dripping like a fountain from his face. He suddenly just bolts down the street again.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Collector looks up to Mel, the clipper still on her fingertip.

THE COLLECTOR Does he know a Doug Cohaagan?

She pauses before slowly nodding her head yes.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) Have they met at any point during the past two days? Mel's eyes dart around the room looking for something, anything that might help her. She nods yes again.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) Do you know where I can find Mr Ouaid?

Her eyes widen, looking towards the door then back again. She sheepishly shakes her head. CLIP!!!! The sound of bone and blood spitting is heard as the Collector clips the tip of Mel's finger. She writhes about in sheer shock rather than pain mumbling "Stop. Please" repeatedly.

The Collector turns the bloody clippers around and using the bottle-opener end, digs it underneath her fingernail before wrenching it fully away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Chris pounds the pavement towards and busy town, he will not stop to he reaches his destination.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Collector covers Mel's hand with another towel. He stands and walks behind her towards the room table. Mel lowers her head with all her hope lost, completely spent emotionally, blood, snot, and tears dripping from her face.

The Collector suddenly grabs tight around her forearm and wraps thin razor wire around it, leading him over to the next arm and doing the same. Mel struggles with little energy she has, trying to head-butt the Collector or break free of the chair, rocking from side to side. He leads the razor wire to her ankles, wrapping it tightly around the Achilles heel. Blood seeps from Mel's arms and feet as the wire digs in.

The Collector lifts her feet up and places them in the bowl of water he brought in before he started this ordeal. He turns back to the table. Mel just looks up into the heavens without any faith, her nerves and emotions shot to shit.

A large WHIRR is heard behind her. He stands and places his hands on her head, kissing her slowly before walking in front of her holding a twist dial remote control device.

> THE COLLECTOR Round three, okay? Do you know where I can find Mr Quaid?

She shakes her head quickly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Chris turns another corner slamming straight into a door to a building.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Collector forcefully gets up close and personal in Mel's face.

THE COLLECTOR Do you know where he is?!!! Where is what I want?!!!

Mel stares at him defiantly, her eyes never looking away from his.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) I'm asking you, where the fuck is he?!

Mel does flinch, doesn't move and just stares at him, her eyes blood shot and drained.

INT. APARTMENT - STAIRWAY - DAY

Chris carries on up the stairs, floor after floor, his heart racing.

INT. MEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Collector pauses and takes a deep breath before grabbing the control and holding it up. He looks at the table: On it a medium sized ELECTRICAL GENERATOR. The conductor is wrapped in razor wire that leads down to Mel in the chair.

The Collector is ready to turn the dial on the control. Mel begins to pant excessively in pure fear.

THE COLLECTOR I will ask you one more time. Do you know where he is?

Mel for the final time shakes her head. The Collector takes a deep breath.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D) I hope he's worth it.

He holds the dial and is about to turn it...Mel closes her eyes.

BOOM!!!! A GUN SHOT! The Collectors head explodes with blood and pulp gushing over Mel. He stumbles into the couch, dropping the dial to the deck. Mel's eyes open with shocked surprise. Chris stands in the doorway holding his smoking gun sweating and panting.

Mel begins to cry tears of relief. Chris walks over the body and begins to free her of all her shackles. Mel pounces onto Chris, her legs weak and shattered, and hugs Chris with all her energy, sobbing into his chest. He comforts her in his arms. Through her bloodied face and bloodshot eyes, tears flowing like a river, she pours her heart out and says...

MEL I didn't want it to make me cry! I didn't want to cry!

Chris closes his eyes and just holds her tight against his chest. We see the entire room in a complete mess, blood lining the ground around the Collector and Chris embracing Mel in his arms.

INT. BAR - MORNING

The morning sunlight pours through the windows. The bar is empty, desolate and dormant.

Barry opens the front door with the key and walks inside, locking the door behind him. He stands in the middle of the room wearing a neck-brace soaking in the stillness. He checks his watch - its 10:20 am. He looks around wondering why the lights are off and the place empty for a couple of seconds before. He suddenly grins to himself.

> BARRY HOWSER The sly little bastard.

Grinning like a Cheshire cat he walks up the stairs to the office.

INT. BAR - OFFICE - MORNING

Reminiscent of the first scene in the office, the morning light covers everything in an over exposed white light before calming down to see Barry walk inside and over to the desk.

He stops and ponders at the chair like a naughty schoolboy checking if Chris will pop his head in at any moment. He slowly pulls the chair back and awkwardly sits. He reluctantly reclines and looks around, soaking in the room and almost breathing a new sense of responsibility. Getting relaxed and comfortable he nods and puts his feet up on the desk and reclines in the chair like a king. The phone RINGS. Barry takes his feet from the desk, eyeing the door and the phone, wondering whether he should answer or not.

BARRY HOWSER

Ah fuck it!

He picks up the phone like he was born for this job.

BARRY HOWSER (CONT'D) Hello? Oh, hi. Yeah, Chris wont be in for a couple of weeks I'm afraid. Yeah. An overdue holiday.

INT. CAR - ROAD - MORNING

From the car window we see the sun cutting through the trees that line the roadside as we drive past.

BARRY HOWSER (V.O.) No, I don't know where he's gone. And I don't know if anyone else does either.

A single eyelid slowly opens to show a piercing blue pigment and a dilated pupil. In the back seat lying with a blanket to keep her warm is Mel, her face also bruised and worn. She stares out of the window in thought, the sun caressing her face as she watches the world glide by. She looks over to Chris driving them away from their lives.

Chris, bandaged up and sporting a few cuts and bruises, drives calmly and relaxed soaking in his new freedom. He smiles to himself.

We stay with the world floating past the windows of the car, soaking in as much as possible.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE OUT:

THE END