

KILLER CONTRACT

Written by

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OVER BLACK

RODNEY (V.O.)
Yeah, just give us a minute...
Nearly there... Yep, that's it...
Ready? I'm harder than a fucking
rhino's tusk.

FADE IN:

INT. RODNEY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A laptop screen reveals a topless CHAT GIRL, late twenties.

She's on all fours, looking straight forward, in a room just big enough to fit the king sized bed she's on top of.

CHAT GIRL
Good. Now let me see what you've
got for me.

RODNEY, forties, scruffy, overweight, sits at a computer desk. Boxers around his ankles and eyes fixed on the laptop.

RODNEY
I'm paying to see you, love. Not
the other way around.

CHAT GIRL
A shy boy, I see. What is it you
want from me, shy boy?

RODNEY
Well, if I wanted to talk all night
I would've called the fucking
samaritans. I wanna see some pussy.

The Chat Girl smiles, turns onto her back, spreads her legs and teasingly begins to pull down her thong.

CHAT GIRL
And what is it you want to do to my
tight, wet, pussy?

Rodney is now in full stroke.

RODNEY
I want to...

The image of the Chat Girl lags a moment before disappearing completely. A message on the screen reads 'Please connect to a network'.

RODNEY
Fuck it!

Rodney attempts to reconnect but it's no use. He slams the laptop shut and scans the room.

He opens the desk drawer and pulls out a travel magazine. The front cover flaunts an attractive young woman on a beach.

He tries to get back into the swing of things but soon gives up. He throws the magazine onto the desk, pulls up his boxers and heads towards the kitchen.

INT. RODNEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's small, made to look even smaller by the dirty plates, cups and cutlery that litter the sides.

Rodney picks out a bottle of gin from a shopping bag and searches the cupboards for a glass with no luck. He settles for a dirty one and pours a drink.

He takes a big gulp and walks back into the dining room.

INT. RODNEY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Rodney takes a few steps inside and stops dead.

SONNY (O.S.)
You going somewhere nice?

SONNY, mid thirties, slightly balding shaved head and nursing a beer belly, leans against the computer desk.

He flicks through the travel magazine.

SONNY
I've never seen the appeal of it myself. You spend all that money to go away, come back and within a month it's like you never went.

Rodney staggers backwards.

RODNEY
Sonny, look. I know I'm a bit late but...

Rodney drops his drink as he backs into CHRIS, early thirties, medium build, could be handsome with a bit of effort.

Rodney turns and takes a step back.

RODNEY
Chris, please.

CHRIS
Sorry, Rod. Just following orders.

Sonny's wraps a belt around Rodney's throat. He barely has time to react before Chris delivers a powerful right hook.

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of a ball rolling on a hard surface followed by spinning metal and plastic hitting plastic.

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. RODNEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rodney opens his eyes, glances around the room and soon realizes he's tied to a chair in his basement.

He hopelessly tries to free himself and shout for help, but just mumbles due to the duct tape around his mouth.

Across the room, Sonny and Chris play table football.

Sonny stares at Rodney, has one last spin and casually strolls over to him. He crouches down on one knee.

Chris takes a pew on the side of the table and watches.

SONNY

I am sorry about all this. Might have took it a tad too far with the whole chair in a basement thing. But it can get a bit repetitive in this line of work, so we try to switch things up now and again. And besides, you did fuck up pretty big this time, Rod.

Sonny pats Rodney's knee, stands and walks towards a work bench behind him.

SONNY

You see, with Johnny, it's more about respect than anything else.

Sonny rubs his fingers across an assortment of neatly placed household tools. Saw, utility knife, pliers, claw hammer, chisel and a pipe wrench.

SONNY

I mean, don't get me wrong, he's still pissed by the fact that you owe him three grand. But we'll get to that.

Sonny picks up the pipe wrench and studies it.

SONNY

Said he seen you last week outside the club, waiting for the girls to finish work. He came out to have a friendly word with you and you ran off.

Rodney shakes his head and mumbles loudly. He manages to remove the tape around his mouth just enough to speak.

RODNEY

I didn't. I would never do that. Sonny, please. I'll give him his money.

Chris jumps up, approaches Rodney and reseals his mouth.

SONNY

Oh, you'll give him his money.

Sonny circles Rodney and turns to face him.

SONNY

We're just here to make sure you don't try to run again.

Rodney's eyes widen as Sonny draws back the pipe wrench and forcefully swings it towards his kneecap.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny and Chris tuck into burgers and fries outside a drive through restaurant in Sonny's BLACK MK2 GOLF.

CHRIS

You still up for a round of golf tomorrow?

SONNY

Yeah, can do. As long as you don't get shitty when I beat you again.

CHRIS

You didn't beat me last time you prick. You just added the scores up wrong. And I'm not playing if you wear that stupid fucking hat again.

SONNY

You bought it for me.

CHRIS

As a joke. I didn't think you'd wear it in public.

Sonny tips the last few remaining fries into his mouth.

SONNY
Is it still two fifty a pint at the
Golden Lion on Friday's?

CHRIS
Think so.

SONNY
Fancy a couple?

CHRIS
Not really. I'm still recovering
from last week.

SONNY
My treat.

CHRIS
Ah yeah, go on then.

Sonny wipes his hands on his jeans and starts the engine.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris lies asleep on his sofa, fully clothed. He stirs as his
phone vibrates on the coffee table next to him.

His eyes are forced open as three loud knocks fill the room.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sonny peers through the letter box.

SONNY
Come on. We're supposed to be
teeing off at nine.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The loud knocking continues. Chris reaches for his phone,
studies it, sits up and sighs.

He rubs his hands down his face, stands and makes his way to
the front door in zombie-like fashion.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The letter box swings open.

SONNY
(shouting)
Chris!

The flap closes and the knocks continue. Chris reaches the door and unlocks it.

He opens it to find Sonny with a huge grin across his face.

He wears a bright green and white trucker hat. Front and centre features a cartoon golf ball, inches away from a hole. A caption above it reads 'I'd Tap That'.

SONNY

Where's your clubs?

CHRIS

It's half seven.

SONNY

I know. They start serving breakfast at eight.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - TEEING GROUND - DAY

A bright white golf ball sits comfortably on a tee. Ping! A driver head connects and sends it up the fairway.

Chris slips his driver back into his bag. He looks almost as rough as when he first woke up.

Sonny stands beside his bag and tucks into a Crunchy.

CHRIS

Have you seriously not got a hangover?

SONNY

I feel fine.

CHRIS

My heads fucking pounding.

SONNY

You're getting old, mate.

CHRIS

You ain't wrong. I used to drink twice as much and still get up for work in the morning.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - GREEN - DAY

Chris lines up for a long putt. He draws back, hits the ball twenty yards across the green and into the hole.

CHRIS

Get in!

SONNY

I'll give you that. Nice shot.

CHRIS

Looks like your lucky hat's working wonders again.

SONNY

It ain't over yet.

Sonny lines up to take his shot but is interrupted by an upbeat melody. He pulls a phone from his pocket and answers.

SONNY

Hello... When?... We'll leave now.

Sonny slips the phone into his pocket and picks up his ball.

CHRIS

What you doing?

SONNY

We gotta go.

CHRIS

Fuck off. We've only got two holes left.

SONNY

Johnny wants to see us. Now. Call it a draw.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

Sonny's car pulls up at the side of the road.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Chris adds up a scorecard on the dash.

CHRIS

I was nine shots clear.

SONNY

It was anyone's game.

Sonny kills the engine and exits the car. Chris follows.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

Sonny and Chris cross a road and walk towards a semi-detached, neglected looking building.

The sign above the door reads 'Dirty Johnny's'.

CHRIS

No. It was my fucking game. This better be important.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - DAY

Sonny and Chris reach the building and enter.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

It's now clear they have entered a strip club. And not the classy type. If it wasn't for the leather sofa's and neon signs, it could easily be mistaken for a rundown disco hall.

Sonny leads the way as they walk past HALF NAKED WOMEN and overweight, MIDDLE AGED MEN.

A skimpily dressed TEENAGE GIRL leads an OLD MAN to a door that reads 'Dressing Room'.

The BARMAN nods at Sonny and Chris as they walk past the bar towards a stairway at the back of the room.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Sonny and Chris reach the top of the stairs and walk down a short corridor to find TERRY, forties, a man who looks like he's replaced at least three of his five a day with steroids.

He stands in front of a door with his bulging arms firmly crossed.

SONNY

Alright, Terry?

TERRY

Wait there.

Sonny and Chris stop.

CHRIS

This really necessary?

Terry throws Chris a look that says 'Yes. This is fucking necessary'.

He opens the door and leans in.

TERRY

They're here.

Terry shuts the door and steps aside to let Sonny and Chris through. He stares at Chris as he passes who smiles back.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - OFFICE - DAY

Gangsta Rap pumps through surround sound speakers as Sonny and Chris enter a large room.

This is what a strip club should look like.

A bar and pool table at one end, a small dance floor complete with pole and young STRIPPER at the other.

JOHNNY, fifties, stern faced, unshaven, sits at a desk in the middle below a mirrored ceiling.

He wears a bright purple suit with a thick gold chain around his neck. It matches the colour of his gold tooth cap which makes his smile all the more menacing.

JOHNNY
(to Stripper)
Alright, sweet. Go and have a
breather for fifteen.

The Stripper snatches her bra from the floor and leaves, expressionless. Johnny picks up a remote and kills the music.

SONNY
Johnny.

JOHNNY
Boys. Take a seat.

Sonny sits on the single chair in front of the desk.

CHRIS
I'll get my own then, shall I?

Chris reluctantly walks over to the bar, grabs a chair and brings it back.

He sits down and does a bad job trying not to laugh at Johnny's outfit.

JOHNNY
Something the matter, boy?

Chris's smirk vanishes.

CHRIS
No. Everything's good, Johnny.

Johnny glares at Chris a moment.

SONNY
What was it you wanted to see us
about, then?

JOHNNY
All in good time. Drink?

Johnny grabs a bottle of whiskey and two glasses from underneath his desk.

SONNY

No. I'm good thanks.

JOHNNY

Suit yourselves.

Johnny pours himself a double.

JOHNNY

I've been impressed with the work you've been doing.

Johnny swirls his drink and inhales the fumes.

JOHNNY

You've built up quite a reputation for yourselves, which means business is running smoother than ever.

SONNY

Good.

JOHNNY

For me, yeah. But for you two, not so much. I mean, you've still got the door, but you're never gonna get to the big league on them sort of wages.

CHRIS

There a point to this?

JOHNNY

I've been offered a bit of work. Not your average bit of work. I wanted to see if you were interested.

SONNY

What sort of work?

JOHNNY

Well.

Johnny takes a big gulp of whiskey and clears his throat.

JOHNNY

I was approached by a wealthy client of mine a few days ago. He wants three people taken care of.

SONNY

What do you mean taken care of?
Broken legs, couple of fingers cut
off?

JOHNNY

No. Taken care of.

SONNY

You having a laugh?

JOHNNY

These people. They're nasty little
fuckers but this was a new low even
for them.

SONNY

We're not killing anybody.

JOHNNY

Just here me out.

SONNY

OK, but you're wasting your time.

JOHNNY

These people. They found out about
this man's riches and decided they
wanted a slice. They broke into his
house and when they couldn't find
what they were after, they woke him
up and dragged him downstairs.

INT. WEALTHY CLIENTS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

PETER, forties, plump, ugly, drags the WEALTHY CLIENT,
sixties, small, frail, down a set of stairs.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

They had his wife and two kids,
twelve and fifteen, tied up in the
living room, a bucket of water in
front of each of them.

INT. WEALTHY CLIENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WADE, thirties, well built, mean faced, and MARCUS, fifties,
wispy grey hair, hasn't aged well, stand side by side.

In front of them, the Wealthy Client's younger, attractive
WIFE and two adorable GIRLS, twelve and fifteen.

They're on their knees, bound and gagged with a bucket of
water in front of each of them.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Said they were gonna kill'em one by
one if he didn't tell them where
the money was.

Peter grabs the Wealthy Client by the back of the neck and
shouts violently in his face.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
What they didn't know was that the
man is vocally impaired, a mute. He
can mumble a few words here and
there but can't string together a
sentence.

The Wealthy Client falls to his knees. He shakes violently,
dribbles, tries his hardest to speak.

Wade knocks him to the floor with a right hook.

Peter, Wade and Marcus laugh.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
They drowned each one of his family
in front of him.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - OFFICE - DAY

Sonny and Chris are clearly disturbed.

JOHNNY
He was lying in a pool of his own
blood for three days before the
neighbor clocked on. He watched his
family decomposing in front of him.

INT. WEALTHY CLIENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Wealthy Client lies on a blood soaked carpet, completely
motionless apart from a single blink from his widened eyes.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - OFFICE - DAY

Johnny swigs his whiskey.

JOHNNY
He's offering a lot of money to
have them sorted.

SONNY
That's fucked up. And I wish him
all the best, but we're not
killers, Johnny.

JOHNNY

A million. Cash. I take a hundred,
you split the rest between you.
Four hundred and fifty grand. Each.

CHRIS

That's a lot of money.

SONNY

Sorry. It's not gonna happen.

JOHNNY

Just have a think about it. Let me
know by the end of the week.

Johnny pulls a sheet of paper from his drawer.

JOHNNY

While you're here.

He slides the paper over to Sonny.

JOHNNY

Pay this little prick a visit. He
owes nine hundred, so make sure you
get a grand.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - AFTERNOON

Sonny and Chris leave the club and head towards Sonny's car.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Sonny and Chris enter. They sit for a moment in silence.

CHRIS

What d'you think?

Sonny starts the engine.

SONNY

There's nothing to think about.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door, bundled with letters, swings open. Chris
steps inside.

He grabs the letters and adds them to a pile on the floor.

He shuts the door and walks through to the kitchen.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A phone on the kitchen table flashes. He presses a button.

ANSWER PHONE

You have fourteen new messages and
no saved messages. New messages.

LAUREN (V.O.)

Hi, this is Lauren from 'One
Loans'. I've been trying to contact
you regarding a late payment on
your...

Chris, uninterested, presses a button.

ANSWER PHONE

Message deleted.

Chris presses another button.

ANSWER PHONE

Messages deleted. You have no new
messages.

Chris takes a beer from the fridge and walks into the living
room.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits on the sofa, kicks off his trainers, grabs a
remote from the coffee table and puts his feet up.

He switches the TV on to find a blue screen full of technical
information. He flicks through channels but it's the same.

He switches the TV off and chucks the remote on the table. He
swigs his beer, leans back and stares at the ceiling.

INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A YOUNG MAN's head is slammed against a wall. Chris lets go
of his head, pins him to the wall and draws back his fist.

YOUNG MAN

OK, OK! I'll get it! It's in the
kitchen.

SONNY (O.S.)

Run along, then.

Chris releases the Young Man. He scurries past Sonny who's
casually browsing through a CD rack.

CHRIS

I swear this job's getting easier.
We ain't even gotta slap 'em about
anymore. They shit themselves as
soon as we kick the door in.

SONNY

I tell you one thing. He's got a
shit taste in music. Whoever's got
'N-DUBZ Greatest Hits' in their
collection needs a fucking slap.

The Young Man enters the room with a wad of cash rolled into
an elastic band.

He passes the money to Chris.

YOUNG MAN

It's all there.

Chris throws the wad to Sonny.

SONNY

It better be. I'm not fucking
counting it.

Chris leans into Young Man's face.

CHRIS

And if it's not, I'm gonna come
back round here and shove it up
your arse, along with my fist.

EXT. FLAT - DAY

Sonny and Chris exit through a doorless frame.

SONNY

That was a bit gay weren't it?

CHRIS

What?

SONNY

Well, you've just essentially said
you're gonna fist the man.

INT. DICKIE'S GYM - NIGHT

A punch bag is pummeled. No gloves, just sweat stained wraps.
Chris throws powerful jabs, hooks and uppercuts, a headphone
firmly plugged in each ear.

DICKIE (O.S.)

Chris.

The gym is old school. No machines, just dumbbells and benches surround an old, worn out boxing ring.

DICKIE, seventies, stands at the doorway and proudly watches Chris as he continues to dent the leather.

Dickie hobbles towards him.

DICKIE

Chris.

Chris removes the headphones and catches his breath. Dickie chucks him a bottle of water.

CHRIS

Cheers.

Chris takes a big gulp and pours the rest over his head.

DICKIE

You know, you really should be wearing gloves, Chris.

CHRIS

You're not my coach anymore, Dickie.

DICKIE

I know. Bet I could still show you a thing or two, though.

Dickie throws a couple of jabs to the air. They share a pleasant smile.

DICKIE

Could I have a quick word with you in the office?

Chris unravels the wraps from his hands.

CHRIS

It'll have to be quick. I got work tonight.

INT. DICKIE'S GYM - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dickie sits at his desk with Chris opposite.

DICKIE

Now, Chris. You know I don't like to, but I've got to charge a small membership fee to keep this place up and running.

CHRIS

I know.

DICKIE

I mean, I'd love to open it up to everyone for nothing but, well, my pension barely covers the weekly shop these days.

CHRIS

I don't mind paying, Dickie, neither do any of the other lads. It's nice here. You don't get all the muppets who gel their hair before they go gym, just the people that wanna crack on and get fit.

DICKIE

The thing is, Chris. You haven't been paying.

CHRIS

I pay you at the beginning of each month. You know that.

DICKIE

I know. It's not your fault. At first I thought it was just me. I'm still getting used to all this technology stuff, I thought I was just putting the wrong numbers in or something. But my grandson's been coming in lately to help out with the account side of things and, well, he said your card's been declined three months in a row.

CHRIS

You sure?

DICKIE

I've got the transaction sheet here.

Dickie passes Chris a sheet of paper. Chris studies it.

CHRIS

Look, I'm really sorry, Dickie. I must have used one of my old cards.

Chris stands, hands the sheet back to Dickie and grabs his coat from the back of the chair.

CHRIS

I tell you what I'll do. I'll pop in in the next couple of weeks with this months and the rest of what I owe. I might even invest in a pair of gloves to keep you happy.

Dickie smiles at Chris as he exits.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - NIGHT

Chris stands at the main entrance in a tailored black suit and tie.

Sonny emerges from the club with matching attire and two cups of tea in hand. He passes a cup to Chris.

CHRIS

Cheers.

Sonny stands beside him.

SONNY

You sure you're alright?

CHRIS

Yeah.

SONNY

You're a bit quiet.

CHRIS

I'm fine. Just tired.

SONNY

I told ya. You need to cut out all that gym, bollocks. It's not good for you.

Chris throws Sonny a puzzled look.

SONNY

Think about it. Right now, you're about as lively as a bowls match. Me on the other hand, I'm wide awake and full of energy. I admit, you're in slightly better shape, but what's the point of having a decent body if you're too tired to do anything with it?

Chris can't help but smile.

SONNY

See. You know I'm right.

Two TEENAGERS, dressed in tracksuit bottoms, hoodies and baseball caps, approach.

SONNY

They're having a laugh, ain't they?

Sonny and Chris put their cups on the ground as the Teenagers stride up to the front door.

TEENAGER #1

Let's get past, then.

SONNY

Not a chance.

TEENAGER #2

You wanna see some I.D?

SONNY

You could have a letter from the queen, mate. You still ain't getting in dressed like that.

TEENAGER #1

Why not?

SONNY

Because it ain't a crack den.

TEENAGER #1

It's a brothel.

SONNY

It's a gentleman's club. And some of the dancers in there are dressed better than you two.

TEENAGER #2

Come on. Don't be a prick. We're just trying to get a bit of action.

Chris grabs Teenager #2 by the scruff of the neck and leans into his face.

CHRIS

You'll get some action in a minute you talk to him like that again you little shit.

Chris lets go. Teenager #2 stumbles backwards. Teenager #1 grabs him and turns to leave.

TEENAGER #1

Leave it, yeah. Looks like a shithole anyway.

TEENAGER #2

(backing away)
You're lucky I'm in a good mood, bruv.

The Teenagers leave. Sonny stares at Chris, who picks up his cup of tea and takes a sip.

CHRIS

What?

SONNY

I thought the gym was supposed to relieve stress.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A kettle boils. Chris searches through cupboards, pulls out a pot noodle and puts it on the side.

He sits on the kitchen table and flicks through a newspaper. The kettle clicks.

He picks it up, begins to pour but is interrupted by the doorbell.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Chris opens the door to find two BAILIFFS, forties.

BAILIFF #1 is well built and intimidating. BAILIFF #2 is a streak of piss. They wear matching black t-shirts at least two sizes too small.

CHRIS
Can I help you?

BAILIFF #1
Are you Chris Parka?

CHRIS
Yeah. And you are?

BAILIFF #1
We're part of a debt collecting agency and are here on behalf of 'One Loans'.

CHRIS
What d'you want?

BAILIFF #1
Both our agency and 'One Loans' have tried contacting you several times and have not had a response.

Bailiff #1 glances at a sheet of paper.

BAILIFF #1
We're here to collect an outstanding payment of five thousand, four hundred and thirty eight pounds.

CHRIS
What d'you think I am? A drug dealer? Want me to go and grab it from a fucking shoebox?

BAILIFF #1
There are other options.

Chris stares at them a moment.

CHRIS

You gonna tell me, then? Or just stand there like a cunt?

BAILIFF #2

Now sir, there's no need to be like that.

CHRIS

Fuck me, he talks. I thought you might not have been able to after having his pipe down your throat too often.

Bailiff #1 clears his throat.

BAILIFF #1

If you can't pay the amount in full, the charge can be divided into twenty five percent installments, but we'd need the first payment today.

CHRIS

How much is that?

Bailiff #2 pulls a calculator from his pocket and crunches the numbers. Chris sniggers.

BAILIFF #2

One thousand, three hundred and fifty nine pounds, fifty pence.

CHRIS

I might be able to scrape together the one thousand, three hundred and whatever, but the fifty pence might be pushing it.

BAILIFF #2

Sir, we understand people resort to humour in times of need, but this is no laughing matter.

Chris's attitude shifts.

CHRIS

I can get you the money in the next couple of weeks.

BAILIFF #1

I'm afraid if we don't receive a payment today, the charge could increase by a substantial amount and it's likely you'll be taken to court.

BAILIFF #2

This shouldn't have come as a surprise to you, Mr. Parka. You've had plenty of notice.

BAILIFF #1

We can wait, if you'd like to make some calls. Borrow the money from a family member, a friend maybe?

CHRIS

No. What else?

BAILIFF #1

Sorry?

CHRIS

You said options.

BAILIFF #1

Oh. The other option is for us to come in and take the items on your 'Walking Possession Agreement'. That will buy you a bit more time.

CHRIS

How much is a bit?

BAILIFF #1

All depends on what it's worth. It usually covers the first payment, about a month.

Chris stands in deep thought.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris lies on the sofa with his hands behind his head.

The room is almost empty. The TV and stereo are gone. All that remains is the sofa, coffee table and a few worthless items.

The coffee table and floor are littered with letters and torn envelopes. One letter stands out from the rest.

The bold, red writing, front and centre reads -

'REPOSSESSION NOTICE'

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sonny sits on a reclining leather sofa. He watches women's volley ball on a wall mounted, fifty inch TV with his hands down his trousers.

His phone vibrates next to him. It reads 'Chris'. He answers.

SONNY
Hello... Not a lot, just watching
the footy... What for?

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Sonny enters. The place is lively. DRUNKEN MEN and WOMEN of all ages hold up the bar.

Three MIDDLE AGED WOMEN murder a pop song on karaoke.

Chris sits at the far end of the bar, alone. A tumbler of whiskey in front of him. Sonny approaches.

The barman, BRIAN, forties, handsome, notices Sonny.

BRIAN
You alright then, Sonny. What you
after, usual?

SONNY
Yes please, Bri. And one of
whatever he's having.

Sonny nods towards Chris.

SONNY
(to Chris)
What was it you couldn't say over
the phone, then?

EXT. PUB - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

Sonny rubs his hands, blows them to keep warm.

Chris sits on the corner of a table. He doesn't seem to notice the cold.

SONNY
Hurry up. It's fucking freezing.

CHRIS
I've been thinking.

SONNY
That's never a good sign. What
about?

CHRIS
Johnny's offer.

SONNY
Yeah. What about it?

CHRIS

Well, what if we was to take him up on it?

SONNY

You taking the piss? How much have you had?

CHRIS

Just here me out.

SONNY

Fuck me, you even sound like the cunt now.

CHRIS

Just listen a minute.

SONNY

I'm going back inside.

Sonny heads towards the pub. Chris catches up and pulls on his shoulder.

CHRIS

It's not like we'd be doing it to innocent people. They killed a man's family. His wife and kids, Sonny.

Sonny shrugs Chris's hand off and carries on walking.

CHRIS

Please. I need your help.

Sonny turns around, fuming.

SONNY

You're talking about killing people, Chris. You reckon you could live with that? What if we got caught?

CHRIS

We'll be careful. These are evil men, Sonny. You can't say they don't deserve it.

SONNY

I'm not arguing that. But it's not our problem.

Sonny continues to walk.

CHRIS

I need the money.

Sonny stops. Turns back.

SONNY

What?

CHRIS

I'm fucked.

SONNY

What you on about? You're doing alright.

CHRIS

They're gonna take my house.

SONNY

Is this a wind up?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

I got the notice through last month.

SONNY

What notice?

CHRIS

The one where they say they're gonna take your house.

SONNY

Why didn't you tell me?

CHRIS

I've only just opened it.

SONNY

If you needed help you should've asked.

CHRIS

I'm not talking about a couple of grand here, mate.

SONNY

How much?

CHRIS

A lot.

SONNY

How's this happened?

CHRIS

I don't know. I knew I was in a bit of debt, but I always thought I'd sort it before it got this far.

SONNY

What about the money your dad left you?

CHRIS

He didn't.

SONNY

I thought you said...

CHRIS

I know. I just didn't want to make him sound like even more of a cunt. He left it all to his wife.

SONNY

All of it?

Chris nods.

SONNY

What a cunt. But still. I know it's not always steady, but we earn a decent amount.

CHRIS

I know. I applied for the mortgage when I was working on the rigs. The rate seemed high but I was earning a lot more back then. When I got sacked I started falling behind.

SONNY

You shouldn't of knocked that Polish lump out, then.

CHRIS

He was a nonce.

SONNY

Yeah, and also the bosses son.

Sonny cracks a smile.

CHRIS

Look, I have had a few. I'm sorry. Just had it in the back of my mind, you know. I'll sort something...

SONNY

I'll do it.

CHRIS

No, Sonny...

SONNY

On one condition. As soon as the job's done, that's it. We pack our bags and get out of here.

CHRIS

What? Where would we go?

SONNY

Anywhere. Somewhere hot.

CHRIS

I thought you didn't like holidays?

SONNY

It's not a holiday if you ain't coming back.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A knife and fork cut into a greasy fry-up. Johnny shovels food into his mouth like he hasn't eaten in a month. He stops for a second to take a gulp of tea and is right back at it.

Sonny and Chris sit opposite, a look of disgust on their faces. They too have a fry-up in front of them but it's barely been touched.

JOHNNY

(mouth still full)
Not hungry then, boys?

CHRIS

I was.

SONNY

About this job.

JOHNNY

Finish your grub first. Then we'll talk business.

Johnny raises his hand to the WAITRESS, forties, quite a large lady, not overly attractive.

JOHNNY

Excuse me, darling. You couldn't bring us over a bit more brown sauce, could ya?

WAITRESS

Certainly, love.

The Waitress walks away.

Johnny puts his head down the side of the table to try to get a look up her skirt. Sonny and Chris look uncomfortable.

JOHNNY

I wouldn't mind taking that round the back and showing her a bit of my black pudding, hey boys!

Johnny laughs. Egg yoke drips from his chin.

Sonny and Chris look more uncomfortable.

SONNY

Yeah, I think I'm done.

CHRIS

And me.

Sonny and Chris put their knives and forks down.

JOHNNY

Suit yourselves.

Johnny picks up a napkin and rubs it across his mouth.

JOHNNY

If you do this, it's gotta be done right. No fucking about. It can't get traced back to me, or the client. And he wants...

The Waitress returns with the sauce.

JOHNNY

Cheers, love.

Johnny has one last look at her arse as she walks away before turning back to Sonny and Chris.

JOHNNY

He wants evidence.

CHRIS

What d'you mean, evidence?

JOHNNY

Well he's not just gonna chuck someone a million notes for saying they done the job. He wants evidence. Take a fucking photo or something.

SONNY

What about the payment?

JOHNNY

You'll get a hundred grand when you kill the first one.

SONNY
(surprised)
Johnny?

JOHNNY
What?

SONNY
Well, just remember where we are.

Johnny glances around the cafe. It's far from busy, but they aren't alone.

JOHNNY
Alright, then. You'll get a hundred grand when the first pin's down. You'll get the rest when you've made a strike.

Johnny grabs a menu and studies it.

JOHNNY
Are you having pudding?

SONNY
No. What happens next?

JOHNNY
I got all the information for the first one in the motor. Just gotta take a shit first.

Johnny puts the menu down, stands and walks towards the toilets. He stops mid way and turns back.

JOHNNY
(raised voice)
Oh. And I gotta bloke who's gonna sort you out with some weapons. You know, guns and that.

Sonny and Chris share a look of disbelief.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny opens an large, brown envelope. He pulls out a couple of sheets of paper and studies them.

CHRIS
Who is he, then?

Sonny reads aloud from the paper.

SONNY
Names Peter Crawford, owns a garage on Corbz Street.

Sonny pulls a photograph from the envelope and passes it to Chris.

CHRIS

Fuck me. He's an ugly bastard.

SONNY

He lives in a shared house, so it'll probably be best to get him at work. Maybe take him out to the woods near Greenlands, do it there.

Sonny folds the paper back into the envelope and shoves it into the glove box.

CHRIS

How are we gonna, you know, actually do it?

SONNY

I'm not exactly an expert. But if Johnny sorts us out them pistols, I reckon that'll be easiest.

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Sonny's car is parked outside.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny glances at his watch, then over to Chris's house.

He slumps back in his seat, turns the engine off and the radio up. A few adverts play.

Chris bangs on the window. Sonny sits up, startled. He leans over and unlocks the passenger door. Chris climbs in.

SONNY

Nice to see you're on time as always.

CHRIS

You know me. I never disappoint.

Sonny starts the engine and pulls off.

EXT. QUIET SIDE STREET - DAY

Sonny's car pulls into a space.

Across the road sits a small mechanic garage. The sign above the door reads 'Crawford's'. The lights are on but the place looks empty.

CHRIS (V.O.)
What's the plan?

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny and Chris stare at the garage.

SONNY
We wait to make sure he's in there.

CHRIS
Then what?

SONNY
We'll wait for him to finish and follow him. He's banned from driving and only lives a few minutes down the road, so I'm guessing he walked.

CHRIS
Seems to be a lot of waiting involved.

SONNY
You got a better idea?

CHRIS
Yeah. Go in there now and grab him.

SONNY
It's broad daylight.

CHRIS
There's no one about. And the place is a shithole, it ain't exactly gonna have cameras.

SONNY
You do realize there's a place called prison, right?

EXT. CRAWFORD'S GARAGE - DAY

The sound of an angle grinder tearing through metal.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny sits alone. He rubs his hands down his face and yawns.

Chris opens the door and climbs in, a plastic shopping bag in hand. He pulls out an energy drink for himself and passes one to Sonny.

CHRIS
 They didn't have any Milky Ways so
 I got you a Bounty.

Chris chucks a Bounty on Sonny's lap.

SONNY
 Cheers.

CHRIS
 Anything?

SONNY
 Not yet. He's still in there.
 Should be finishing up soon.

EXT. CRAWFORD'S GARAGE - DAY

Peter, poorly dressed and covered in oil stains, emerges.

He sparks a cigarette, pulls a phone from his pocket, glances at it and slips it back in.

He changes the open sign to closed, walks back inside and pulls the shutters down behind him.

SONNY (V.O.)
 Get ready.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny starts the engine. Chris reaches into his coat pocket. Sonny kills the engine.

CHRIS
 What you doing?

SONNY
 Hang on.

EXT. CRAWFORD'S GARAGE - DAY

A HOOKER, early thirties, dressed in a short leather skirt and high heels, strides up to the front door and knocks.

She is greeted by Peter, who shoves her inside, slapping her arse on the way.

Peter glances up and down the street and shuts the door.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny looks at Chris and sighs.

EXT. CRAWFORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Artificial light seeps through a small crack in the door.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Chris is fast asleep with his head against the window. Sonny taps his fingers on the steering wheel.

The sound of a door slamming catches his attention.

He watches as the Hooker storms down the street and nudges Chris to wake him.

CHRIS
(rubbing his eyes)
What?

SONNY
She's just left.

EXT. CRAWFORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Peter opens a side door, sparks a cigarette and shuts it behind him.

He locks up and strolls down the street.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny starts the engine.

SONNY
You ready?

CHRIS
Hang on.

Chris reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a small, hand held axe. Sonny looks bewildered.

CHRIS
What?

SONNY
What's that?

CHRIS
An axe.

SONNY
Yeah. Why have you got it?

CHRIS

You know, in case we gotta chop him up or something.

SONNY

Right, put it away, now. I'm gonna pretend I didn't just here that.

EXT. QUIET SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Peter strolls along a dark pavement. No traffic or working streetlights in sight.

Sonny's car slows to a halt alongside him. Sonny leans over and winds down the passenger window.

SONNY

Excuse me, mate. You don't know anywhere round here that's still open for food, do ya?

Peter steps towards the car and leans inside.

PETER

If you follow the road straight on until you get to the traffic lights and turn left, there's a...

Peter's head bounces off the passenger door. He falls to the ground. Chris stands behind him wielding a nine iron.

Sonny exits the car.

He has a quick look up and down the street, walks around to the boot and opens it. He pulls out a packet of cable ties and throws them to Chris.

Chris turns Peter onto his front and ties his hands together behind his back.

SONNY

(whispering)
Do his legs as well.

CHRIS

Why? He's not going anywhere.

SONNY

(whispering)
Just do it. Hurry up.

Chris bends down and reluctantly ties Peter's legs.

In a joint effort, Sonny and Chris drag Peter around to the boot and lift him in.

Chris slams the boot, but Peter's fingers prevent it from shutting completely.

SONNY
(whispering)
Careful. Do you know how much it costs to have the hinges replaced?

CHRIS
Sorry.

Sonny opens the boot, shoves Peter's now broken fingers inside and shuts it.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Sonny's car travels down a dark, windy road with woodland either side.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny stares at the road ahead. Completely focused. Chris fidgets restlessly.

CHRIS
Anywhere round here will do, won't it?

SONNY
There's a lake about ten miles on. It'll be safer there. And it's nearer to the farm.

Sonny yawns.

SONNY
You got anymore of them drinks?

CHRIS
No. I got something that'll liven you up a bit, though.

Chris pulls a small baggie of white powder from his pocket. Sonny stares at it in horror.

CHRIS
It fell out of his pocket when I twatted him.

SONNY
Please tell me you ain't done any?

CHRIS
Little bit. You wanna try?

SONNY
No I do not. Get rid of it.

CHRIS
What?

SONNY
Get rid of it.

CHRIS
Why?

SONNY
Because we're about to assassinate
someone and I think it'd be best if
we both had a level head to do so.
Fuck sake, Chris. What if we got
pulled?

CHRIS
There's a man tied up in the boot,
Sonny. I don't think two grams of
coke's gonna make a difference.

SONNY
I'm fucking serious. Chuck it out
the window.

Sonny attempts to snatch the baggie but Chris quickly slips
it back into his pocket.

CHRIS
Look, I've put it away and we won't
mention it again, OK?

Sonny glares at him and turns his attention back to the road.

Chris clicks on the radio. An eighties love song plays out.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)
Thanks for that request, Shelly.
And now, as promised, my personal
top ten hits from the eighties.
First up, a duet from...

Sonny lets out a long yawn and glances at Chris.

SONNY
Is it any good?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Sonny's car continues to travel. All is quiet. Peaceful.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny and Chris sing the chorus to Starship 'Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now' at the top of their lungs.

Sonny taps the steering wheel and dash. Chris throws some questionable dance moves.

Sonny has picked up speed in all the excitement.

As the chorus plays out "nothing's gonna stop us now...", the car hits a ditch at the side of the road.

Sonny grabs the wheel and manages to control it, but due to the now flat tyre, the car rolls to a stop.

Sonny turns the radio off and bangs the steering wheel.

SONNY

Fuck!

He turns to Chris who's trying hard not to laugh.

CHRIS

I'll go then, shall I?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Chris hops out of the car and walks around to the boot.

As he swings it open, his face is greeted by the bottom of two size nine boots.

Chris falls to the ground. Peter clammers out.

He attempts to run. But with his hands and feet still tied, he's not getting far.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny glances at the rear view mirror, sees what's going on and reaches for the door handle.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Chris pulls himself up, wipes blood from his nose and looks at Peter who is now ten feet away.

He reaches into his coat and pulls out the handheld axe. He aims, throws, and completely misses.

Sonny calmly walks up beside Chris, pulls a silenced pistol from his jacket and shoots Peter twice in the back of the head.

He slips the pistol back into his pocket and turns to Chris.

SONNY

What the fuck was that?

CHRIS

I was trying to stop him.

SONNY

What, by chucking an axe at him?

CHRIS

It was the first thing that came to my head. You know, reaction.

SONNY

You've been watching too many films, mate. Turn him over so we can get a picture.

Sonny approaches the car and pulls a camera from the glove box. He turns back to see Chris being sick against a tree.

Peter is propped up against a tree stump, his face almost unrecognizable from the blood and bullet wounds.

SONNY

You alright?

Chris spits, wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

CHRIS

Yeah. Sorry. His face reminded me of the Chicken Tikka I had for lunch.

INSERT: A BRIGHT FLASH followed by a brief PHOTOGRAPH of Peter's body.

EXT. DICKIE'S GYM - DAY

Dickie searches his pockets, pulls out a set of keys and unlocks the front door.

INT. DICKIE'S GYM - HALLWAY - DAY

Dickie wipes his feet on a welcome mat. A brown envelope on the floor catches his eye.

INT. DICKIE'S GYM - OFFICE - DAY

Dickie sits at his desk, takes a penknife from his drawer and opens the envelope. He empties it's contents, around ten thousand pound in notes, onto the desk.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - DAY

Chris sits on a stall with an old acoustic guitar in hand. He strums a few made up chords. It sounds terrible.

CHRIS

I never was any good at music.

Sonny sorts through a pile of worn boxes.

SONNY

You gonna help me, or just piss about?

Chris stands, walks over to an open window and throws the guitar into a skip one story below.

CHRIS

How come you got so much shit lying about, anyway?

Sonny chucks Chris an old chunky tape player. Chris throws it out of the window like a rugby ball.

SONNY

Dunno. Just kept piling up over the years, I s'pose. A lot of it was my mum's, she used to keep everything. I chucked away a couple of old porno's once, found 'em in the tape collection a few years later.

CHRIS

Do you not wanna keep some of it? You know, to remember them by?

SONNY

I got photo's and memories. I don't need...

Sonny pulls a large framed print of the Homepride doll from a box.

SONNY

...a framed photo of Uncle Ben.

Sonny passes it to Chris.

CHRIS

That's not Uncle Ben, you tit. It's the Homepride man.

SONNY

You sure?

CHRIS

Yeah. Uncle Ben's black.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chris sits at a table. A steaming cup of tea in front of him.

CHRIS

When you thinking about selling up,
then?

Sonny stirs a cup of tea on the kitchen side.

SONNY

Gotta bloke coming round to have a
look at it this week, see what it's
worth. Hopefully it'll be on the
market by next month.

Sonny opens a packet of doughnuts, offers one to Chris.

CHRIS

No, I'm alright. You sure you wanna
sell it? I mean, what if the job
goes tits up?

Sonny grabs a doughnut and takes a bite.

SONNY

If it does, we'll either be in jail
or a wooden box. A house'll be the
least of my worries.

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT

It's modern. Full of small but smart looking red brick
houses. Sonny's car is parked under a broken lamppost.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Chris stares through a pair of binoculars.

SONNY

Can you see him?

CHRIS

(concerned)
Yeah.

SONNY

What's wrong?

Chris puts the binoculars down.

CHRIS

You didn't tell me he was a pope.

SONNY

A what?

CHRIS

A pope. You know, black and white
cloak, fuck off cross around the
neck.

SONNY

You mean a priest?

CHRIS

Maybe.

SONNY

You sure?

CHRIS

Either that, or he's going to a
church themed fancy dress party.

Sonny flicks through and couple of sheets of paper.

SONNY

Sais here he works nights as a
Warehouse Operative. His shift's
s'pose to start in forty five
minutes.

Sonny puts the paper down.

SONNY

What does it matter, anyway? You're
not religious.

CHRIS

I know. But, just in case.

Sonny picks up the binoculars and puts them to his eyes.

TROUGH BINOCULARS - A PRIEST, late fifties, dressed in
clerical clothing, combs his hair in a mirror.

Sonny passes the binoculars back to Chris.

SONNY

How old did I say this Wade bloke
was?

CHRIS

Thirty?

SONNY

Thirty eight. Now look again.

Chris studies the house through the binoculars.

SONNY

How old would you say he was?

CHRIS
Dunno, I don't like to judge.

SONNY
It's number twenty two.

THROUGH BINOCULARS - The Priest straightens his necklace in the mirror. The binoculars move across to the next window.

Wade sits in a chair, watching TV, a bottle of beer in hand.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Oh. Thank fuck for that.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

A semiconscious Wade is propped up against a tree, his hands and feet cable tied. Dry blood clings to his mouth and chin.

Chris stands in front of him.

Sonny sits on a fallen tree trunk and eats a bag of Revels.

SONNY
You sure about this? I don't mind doing it.

CHRIS
I'm sure.

SONNY
You don't look sure.

CHRIS
Give it here.

SONNY
Give what here?

CHRIS
Your gun.

Sonny looks slightly confused but pulls a silenced pistol from his pocket and throws it to Chris.

Chris jumps backwards as the pistol lands at his feet.

SONNY
Calm down. It's not a grenade.

CHRIS
It's a loaded gun, Sonny. It's pretty high up on the list of things not to throw at people.

Chris picks up the pistol, steps towards Wade and stops about ten feet away. He takes aim.

He pauses a moment. Pssh! Pssh! Two bullets penetrate the tree, a foot above Wade's head.

Chris looks at Sonny sheepishly.

SONNY
I'm not saying a word. Just hurry,
before he wakes up.

Chris turns back to Wade. He shuffles a couple of feet forward and takes aim, closing one eye this time.

He pauses a moment and then Click! Click! Click!

CHRIS
Fuck!

SONNY
It must've run out.

CHRIS
What do you mean, run out?

SONNY
Of bullets.

CHRIS
Well, have you got any more?

SONNY
No. Just use yours.

CHRIS
My what?

SONNY
Your gun. Use it.

CHRIS
I didn't bring it.

SONNY
What?

CHRIS
I didn't bring it.

SONNY
Why not?

CHRIS
I was in a bit of a rush. I must
have left it on the kitchen table.

SONNY
Un-fucking-believable.

Chris slumps against the tree next to Wade.

CHRIS

What are we gonna do?

SONNY

Can't let him go, he's seen us.
We're gonna have to kill him.

CHRIS

How?

SONNY

I don't know. Beat him with a
fucking stick for all I care.

Chris sits in deep thought. He puts his hand across Wade's face, covering his mouth and nose.

SONNY

What you doing?

CHRIS

I'm gonna suffocate him.

Wade struggles, shakes violently. Just as he's on his last leg of life, Chris removes his hand.

Wade gasps for air, now fully awake.

SONNY

Why did you stop?

CHRIS

Didn't feel right.

WADE

Fuck! Whatever you're gonna do, can
you just do it quick!

CHRIS

Shut up.

Chris elbows Wade in the face. His head bounces off the tree trunk, sending him back into a semiconscious state.

Fresh blood gushes from his now split nose.

CHRIS

What we gonna do?

SONNY

We could just wrap him up for
disposal, he'll be dead in a few
hours anyway.

WADE

(mumbling)

Please don't do that.

Chris delivers another powerful elbow to Wade's face. Crack!
This time the back of his head clings to the trunk.

CHRIS

What about hanging him? There's
plenty of rope in the boot.

SONNY

No. That's always freaked me out.
Wait here.

Sonny jumps up and strolls off. Chris sits in silence.

He looks up, startled, as a heavy duty tyre iron lands at his
feet. Sonny stands with his hands in his pockets.

SONNY

Use that. Least it'll be quick.

Chris uncomfortably clutches the tyre iron and stands.

SONNY

What is it now?

CHRIS

Well, it's a bit brutal ain't it?

SONNY

For fuck sake. Give it here.

CHRIS

No, it's alright. I'll do it.

Chris hovers the tyre iron above Wade's head like he's
looking for the best place to hit him. He swings it back.

Wade's head slumps forward, a large crack at the back of it,
the bark behind soaked with blood.

Chris flinches and drops the tyre iron.

CHRIS

Jesus.

SONNY

Is he dead?

CHRIS

I don't know.

SONNY

Find out.

Chris kneels and puts two fingers on Wade's neck.

SONNY

Well?

CHRIS
I think so. I can't feel anything.

SONNY
Are you sure?

CHRIS
Not really, no. It's been a while
since I checked someone for a
pulse.

SONNY
Fuck it. Looks dead to me. I'll go
and get the camera.

INSERT: A BRIGHT FLASH followed by a brief PHOTOGRAPH of
Wade's body propped up against the tree.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Sonny's car slows as it comes to a turning.

CHRIS (V.O.)
You sure it's this one?

SONNY (V.O.)
Positive.

The car indicates and turns onto a narrow dirt track.

EXT. NARROW DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

Sonny's car travels at snails pace towards a large gate.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Chris looks around nervously.

SONNY
You alright?

CHRIS
Not really.

EXT. NARROW DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

Sonny's high beams illuminate WESTON, fifties, who stands at
the gate.

His scraggly hair and beard to match, scream lunatic. But
with a rusty sickle slung over his shoulder as well, he could
easily be the villain in a slasher movie.

SONNY (V.O.)
What's up?

CHRIS (V.O.)
He looks like a fucking murderer.

SONNY (V.O.)
We're fucking murderers.

CHRIS (V.O.)
I know. But he looks like he'd wear
your body after he's finished with
it.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny and Chris watch as Weston opens the gate and waves them through.

Sonny nods and drives towards a dimly lit farmhouse.

CHRIS
Do you mind if I stay in the car
again?

Sonny stops the car and shakes his head.

Weston approaches from behind. Sonny gets out.

Chris watches in the rear view mirror as Weston and Sonny talk. Weston looks directly at him. Chris looks straight ahead.

He closes his eyes as Weston bangs on the passenger window. Chris takes a deep breath and wearily opens the door an inch.

WESTON
Gonna need yer help, boy. I put me
back out on thee las' one, an' the
wheelbarra's gotta flat.

Chris hesitates before exiting the car. He walks around the back, throws Sonny a worried look.

WESTON
Open her up, then.

Sonny opens the boot to reveal a bulging, body sized sleeping bag, mummified with duct tape.

Sonny and Chris stare at it. Weston puts a hand on each of their shoulders. Chris looks nervously at the sickle, now inches away from his face.

WESTON
Come on. I ain't got all night.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Weston leads the way as they walk past a couple of small barns, chicken coops and a cowshed.

Sonny and an increasingly worried Chris, carry the sleeping bag a few feet behind.

CHRIS
(whispering)
Where's he taking us?

SONNY
(whispering)
Dunno. I just dropped it off back there last time.

Weston stops up ahead and bangs on the side of a pigpen. Six large pigs grunt and squeal as they scurry towards him.

Sonny and Chris share a horrified look before carrying the body to the pen. Weston smiles.

SONNY
Do you want us to...?

Sonny gestures throwing the body into the pigpen.

WESTON
I beg yur pardon.

SONNY
Chuck him in?

WESTON
Absurlutely not. You think I'd feed that scum to my pigs. The same pigs I feed me family with?

SONNY
No. It's just... Well, why did we stop?

WESTON
Head count. One of the basterds keeps escapin'. Come on. This way.

Weston gestures Sonny and Chris to follow him.

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny, Chris and Weston approach a well, covered by a thick sheet of metal attached to a chain.

WESTON

I'd advise ya ta hold yer breath,
boys. Don't want that stuff in
there gettin' in yer lungs.

CHRIS

What's in there?

WESTON

Chemicals.

SONNY

What sort of chemicals?

WESTON

Stuff I use on the farm. Dunno.
They all got these fancy names, so
I jus' call'em by the colour of
thee label. There's twelve hundred
gallon a blue in there.

SONNY

Will it... You know, do the job?

WESTON

Oh, aye. He'll be gone before the
weeks out. Well, most of him.
Teeth'll take a bit longer.

Weston pulls a hammer from his pocket and chucks it at
Sonny's feet.

WESTON

Unless you wanna take 'em out now?

Sonny stares at the hammer, considers it.

CHRIS

No. It'll be fine. Open it.

WESTON

Seal yer lungs, then.

Weston covers his nose and mouth with a rag and winds the
well handle. The metal sheet lifts up.

Sonny and Chris take a deep breath, carry the body to the
edge of the well and lift it in. Weston lets go of the handle
and the sheet drops back down.

WESTON

Sorted.

Sonny and Chris exhale.

Chris stares at the well, curiously.

CHRIS

How many can you fit down there at a time?

WESTON

Half a dozen or so. Depends how plump they are.

CHRIS

And how many's down there now?

WESTON

Just the two.

SONNY

(to Chris)

What are you getting at?

CHRIS

(to Weston)

So if we were to bring you another one tonight, you could do it?

WESTON

I s'pose.

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny and Chris stand about ten feet away from Weston.

SONNY

No way. It's too risky.

CHRIS

Just think about it. We could finish this tonight.

SONNY

We haven't got a gun.

CHRIS

(to Weston)

Weston. You got a gun we could borrow?

WESTON

Aye.

SONNY

We need time to plan.

CHRIS

Why? We know where he lives. And we ain't exactly had a master plan for the last two. Just knocked 'em out, took 'em to the woods and...

SONNY

It's too soon.

CHRIS

It's not. It's better this way. What happens when this Marcus bloke finds out, that two of his pals, he just butchered a family with, have gone missing?

Sonny considers it, knows it makes sense.

CHRIS

We do it tonight, he won't see us coming.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A large Victorian house sits on an acre of land surrounded by woodland.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

Sonny's car is parked at the edge of a field. The house is in view but the car's out of sight.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny looks through a pair of binoculars.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marcus smokes a cigarette in a dressing gown on his balcony.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny chucks the binoculars on the dash.

SONNY

I still think we should wait.

CHRIS

Why?

SONNY

Don't feel right. What's he doing up at this time?

CHRIS

Fuck knows. Probably just finished a midnight polish.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marcus flicks his cigarette off the balcony and walks back inside. The lights in his room go out.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sonny looks concerned.

CHRIS

Come on. Let's just get it over and done with.

Sonny reluctantly reaches down and pulls an antique-like, sawn-off shotgun from the footwell.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sonny and Chris move silently across the field.

They head towards the house, get fifteen feet away from the front door when a sensed flood light illuminates the field.

A mixture of shouting and fast paced footsteps echo from inside the house.

Sonny and Chris share a worried look and leg it.

BUTCH, CRAZE, TEFLON and RAZOR, forties, all as thuggish as their names sound, burst through the front door.

Butch and Craze wield cricket bats, Teflon a machete and Razor a shotgun.

Sonny and Chris sprint towards Sonny's car with the four men not far behind.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

Sonny and Chris reach the car. Sonny searches his pockets, pulls out his keys but drops them.

CHRIS

Hurry up.

SONNY

I'm fucking trying.

Sonny searches the dark, muddy floor.

A shotgun blast goes off.

CHRIS

Sonny!

Sonny picks up the keys, rubs the mud off on his jacket and unlocks the drivers door.

He jumps in, reaches over and unlocks the passenger door.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Chris climbs in. Sonny starts the engine. Butch swings back his bat but the Golf's full beams stop him in his tracks.

Sonny reverses the car, attempts to pull off but the wheels just spin.

Teflon gets a hold of the passenger door.

He opens it, reaches in, but Chris slams it, crushing Teflon's arm. Chris shoves Teflon to the ground, shuts the door and locks it.

Razor fires a shot. The rear window shatters. Sonny and Chris take cover.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

The wheels on Sonny's car grip. Razor fires another shot as the car speeds into the distance.

RAZOR

Shit!

Teflon holds his arm, wails in agony.

TEFLON

I think it's broken.

Razor nails him, square in the face with the butt of his gun. Teflon falls to the ground.

RAZOR

Now you got a nose to match.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - OFFICE - DAY

Johnny sits at his desk. Sonny and Chris sit opposite.

JOHNNY

So. What's the problem?

SONNY

We've just told you what the problem is. We ain't gonna be able to do it.

JOHNNY

Looks like we're not getting paid,
then.

CHRIS

We done two thirds of the job.

JOHNNY

And?

CHRIS

That's gotta be worth another
couple hundred, at least.

JOHNNY

It's a contract. You don't finish
it, you don't get paid.

CHRIS

But...

JOHNNY

It's like a mobile. You can't walk
into Carphone Warehouse, get a
twenty four month contract and only
pay sixteen, can you?

SONNY

What about the hundred grand?

JOHNNY

Keep it. But the way I look at it,
that means you've killed two people
for fifty grand a piece, when it
could have been three hundred.

SONNY

Well, we're sort of out of options.
We barely got out last night. And
the element of surprise is out the
window.

Johnny stokes his chin.

JOHNNY

You know what your problem is?

CHRIS

Yeah. We're not hitmen.

JOHNNY

It's that you're getting too close.

Johnny pulls a note pad from his drawer, scribbles down an
address, rips out the page and slides it to Sonny.

JOHNNY

I'll give him a call, let him know you're coming. He'll sort you out with what you need.

Sonny picks up the piece of paper and studies it.

SONNY

That's about an hours drive.

JOHNNY

And?

SONNY

We haven't got a car.

JOHNNY

Why not?

SONNY

It's in the garage.

JOHNNY

What's it doing in the garage?

SONNY

I dunno, just thought it might look a bit suspect driving round with a shattered window and bullet holes in the back.

Johnny opens his drawer, pulls out a set of keys and slides them to Sonny.

JOHNNY

Take good care of her. She's my favorite.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - DAY

Sonny and Chris head towards the car park.

Two men approach the club. DAMON, thirties, wouldn't look out of place among a crowd of football hooligans, and ACE, twenties, tall and skinny.

Sonny slows his pace as he and Damon lock eyes.

CHRIS

They must be the new doormen he was on about.

Damon grins menacingly.

DAMON

Sonny.

Sonny watches as Damon and Ace enter the club.

CHRIS
You know him?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

An UNCONSCIOUS MAN is keeled over a freestanding bathtub.

Damon beats him repeatedly with a detached shower head. Blood drips onto the porcelain below.

SONNY (O.S.)
Yep. I've got it. Let's go.

Damon wraps the shower hose around the Man's neck and squeezes.

SONNY (O.S.)
Damon?

Sonny rushes into the room, grabs Damon and pulls him away from the tub. Damon shoves Sonny away with ease.

SONNY
What the fuck are you playing at?
He only a owed a ton.

Damon shrugs, straightens his shirt.

DAMON
(calm)
He spat at me.

BACK TO PRESENT

Sonny stares at the doors as they shut.

SONNY
I used to.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - CARPARK - DAY

Three cars are parked a few spaces apart. A BLACK BMW, a WHITE AUDI and a BRIGHT YELLOW FORD ESCORT with rims the size of dustbin lids.

Sonny pulls the keys from his pocket, takes a deep breath and clicks a button. The Escort's indicators flash.

He shut his eyes, shakes his head and approaches the car. Chris follows with a smug grin on his face.

INT. ESCORT - DAY

Sonny and Chris enter. Chris fastens his seat belt. Sonny stares straight ahead in a trance-like state.

CHRIS

You OK?

SONNY

Do you trust him?

CHRIS

Who?

SONNY

Johnny.

CHRIS

I wouldn't exactly recommend him as a baby sitter, but yeah, he's never given us a reason not to. Do you? I mean, you've known him longer.

Sonny sits in silence a moment.

SONNY

It's not too late to walk away from this. We've got plenty of money to get by. And when I sell the house we can still move abroad.

CHRIS

D'you not think we've come a bit far to bottle it now?

Sonny sighs, fastens his seat belt.

SONNY

Alright. Let's go pay...

He unfolds the piece of paper.

SONNY

...Limpet, a visit then.

As Sonny turns the key, Wu Tang Clan 'Shame on a Nigga' pumps through the sub woofer.

Sonny rubs his hands down his face. Chris cracks up laughing.

Sonny smiles and pulls off with the music still playing.

EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY

Worn, empty buildings, surround heaps of rubble and piles of rusted metal. The boot of a BMW clicks open an inch.

LIMPET, twenties, a glass half full kind of guy, gets out of the passenger door.

He walks around the back of the car where Sonny and Chris stand side by side and opens the boot to reveal, a fuck-off sniper rifle.

LIMPET

Well? What do you think?

Limpet's impressed by the gun. Sonny and Chris are not.

SONNY

What the fuck is it?

LIMPET

An Accuracy International AWM. It's got a detachable single stack, removable box magazine which holds five rounds and fires a .388 cal...

SONNY

Sorry, mate. You lost me after an.

CHRIS

What do you want us to do? Take out the Queen's men?

LIMPET

What? Have you never used one of these before?

SONNY

I can't believe your asking that like your surprised we haven't.

LIMPET

I was told you needed something with stopping power, at range.

SONNY

And this was the best option? Where did you get it from?

LIMPET

A friend.

CHRIS

How do you work it?

LIMPET

Most people use the trigger. But I've heard they make a good door stop as well.

Limpet laughs. Sonny and Chris do not.

LIMPET

Look. I'll tell you what. Take it away with you and see how you get on. If it's no good you can bring it back. Free of charge.

Sonny considers it. Limpet's smile widens.

SONNY

Fuck it. Go on then.

Limpet rubs his hands together in excitement.

LIMPET

I'll go and get you the manual.

He opens the passenger door and reaches inside.

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - TARGET AREA - DAY

Three helium balloons, nailed to a plank of wood, flutter in a faint breeze. Each balloon has a poorly drawn face on it.

Bang! A large chunk of rock below the balloons falls to the ground. Bang! Another shot. This time a bit higher, but still way off target. Bang! The third shot misses completely.

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - DAY

Chris lies on the ground about two hundred feet away. He looks through a pair of binoculars.

Sonny lies next to him, rifle in hand, eye rested against the scope.

Bang!

CHRIS

A bit higher, about a foot to the right.

Bang!

CHRIS

No. That was way off. Let's have a go.

They switch positions. Chris takes aim.

SONNY

Careful. It's got a helluva kick to it.

Chris rearranges his position, rests the butt of the gun on his shoulder. He takes aim, puts his finger on the trigger.

SONNY

Hang on.

CHRIS

What?

SONNY

You need to put your eye a bit closer to the scope.

Chris takes aim with his eye touching the scope.

SONNY

Not that close.

CHRIS

For fuck sake. Can you just let me do it? You've had your go and you're clearly not one to be giving lessons.

SONNY

Just trying to help.

Chris gets back into position. He takes aim, pauses for a moment and Bang!

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - TARGET AREA - DAY

An old, rusted digger sits ten feet to the right of the balloons. The side window shatters.

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - DAY

Sonny looks at Chris in amazement.

EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY

Limpet stands next to his car, a smile across his face.

LIMPET

Well? How did you get on?

Sonny strides up to Limpet and throws the rifle into his arms, almost knocking him over.

SONNY

You can give that piece of shit back to the Taliban.

Sonny storms towards the Escort and jumps in.

A deflated Limpet watches as the Escort speeds off.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

JAMIE, late teens, slides open a set of metal shutters and reaches for a light switch.

They flicker briefly before lighting up the room. Sonny's Golf sits in the centre.

Jamie chucks Sonny the keys. He seems excited.

JAMIE

There you go, mate. She's all yours.

SONNY

Cheers. What's the damage?

JAMIE

Don't be daft, Sonny. I couldn't charge you.

SONNY

Sorry, do I...?

JAMIE

(ecstatic)

I knew you didn't remember me. I'm Jamie, Connor's brother, well, step brother. You helped him out that time the Lawrence's were after him.

SONNY

Oh right.

JAMIE

You took all three of them on outside our house, left 'em in a right state. I was watching out my bedroom window. You're a fucking legend!

Sonny's unimpressed but smiles faintly to be polite.

SONNY

Yeah, well cheers again. Tell your brother I said hi.

JAMIE

Yeah I will do, Sonny. When he gets back that is.

Sonny opens his car door.

JAMIE

You see, he's in the army now.

SONNY

I thought they wouldn't let him in.

JAMIE

No, well, yeah. They did in the end. He had to wait another two years because of his asthma.

SONNY

Ah, good for him. It's all he ever talked about.

Sonny climbs into his car. Jamie leans on the door.

JAMIE

I'll be joining him soon, well, hopefully. I passed my interview, got the medical next week and then it's just basic training.

Jamie stands up straight and salutes. He laughs. Sonny looks uncomfortable. He starts the engine.

JAMIE

What do you think?

SONNY

Yeah, you'll fit right in. What's that smell?

JAMIE

Oh, I put a new air freshener in. Citrus Magic, it's called. You like it?

SONNY

(definitely not)
Yeah.

Sonny shuts the door, cracks open the window.

JAMIE

The only thing is, though. What do you think it would be like?

SONNY

What's that?

JAMIE

You know, to actually kill someone.

Sonny's taken aback by this.

SONNY

If it's you or them.

JAMIE

I know. But at the end of the day, really you're just doing it for a pay cheque. I mean, that can't be right, can it?

Sonny falls silent.

SONNY

Tell your brother to give us a shout when you see him, be good to catch up.

JAMIE

Yeah, will do, Sonny. Maybe we can all go out for a drink sometime.

Sonny drives off. Jamie salutes him as he exits. He smiles, shakes his head in disbelief like he's just met a celebrity.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny speeds down the road. He rips the air freshener from the rear view mirror and chucks it out of the window.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits on his sofa and stares at the gap where his TV used to be. He glances at his phone on the coffee table a couple of times before picking it up.

He presses a button and puts the phone to his ear.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Sonny's phone vibrates on the bar. The call ends and it reads 'six missed calls'.

The pub is quiet. Sonny sits at the bar. Brian sits opposite and reads a newspaper.

BRIAN

No Chris tonight?

SONNY

No.

BRIAN

What's up? You had a fall out?

SONNY

Just haven't spoke to him.

Sonny's phone vibrates. A text message pops up from Chris. 'We still on for tonight?'

Sonny glances at it, finishes the last dregs of his pint and places it on the bar along with a five pound note.

BRIAN

Same again?

Sonny nods.

Brian refills his glass, gives him his change and is straight back to the newspaper.

EXT. SONNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris knocks on the front door, walks over to the window and peers through. All of the lights are off.

He leans against a wall in the front garden, pulls his phone from his pocket and puts it to his ear.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Brian places a pint in front of Sonny and continues to read the newspaper.

Sonny's phone lights up and reads 'Chris'. He turns it face down on the bar.

BRIAN

Have you seen this?

Sonny looks up.

Brian turns the newspaper around to show him a picture of an old, creepy looking man.

BRIAN

Rapes four little girls and gets six years in prison. Cunt'll probably be out in three.

SONNY

What can you do?

BRIAN

I'd kill him in a heartbeat if I had the chance.

SONNY

You reckon?

BRIAN

Too fucking right I would. It's all he deserves. Now we gotta pay to feed the cunt for the next few years so he can come out on a full stomach and do it again. That's why this country's fucked. Bring back the firing squad. I'd be the first to sign up.

SONNY

Still be murder, though.

BRIAN

It's not murder. Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't go round taking people out for tax evasion, but child killers, pedophiles and rapists? I'd wipe the fucking lot out.

Sonny stares at his pint.

BRIAN

The way I look at it. Even if I got life, it might save another four girls from having their lives ruined. I think I could live with that.

Sonny stands, pulls a jacket from the back of his stool and puts it on.

BRIAN

You not finishing that?

SONNY

There's somewhere I gotta be.

Sonny zips up his jacket.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

An expensive looking trainer squelches in a puddle of mud.

CHRIS (O.S.)

For fuck sake.

Sonny and Chris trudge through a dark, muddy field.

SONNY

Will you stop moaning.

CHRIS

These are my best shoes.

SONNY

Why the fuck did you wear 'em, then?

CHRIS

Because I didn't know we were gonna be walking over three miles of mud and horse shit.

They approach a treeline.

SONNY

Keep your noise down. We're getting close.

CHRIS

You said that half an hour ago.
Just admit, we're lost.

SONNY

We've been walking in a straight
line. Alright, it's a bit further
than I thought, but we are close.

CHRIS

(mocking Sonny)

It'll only take us twenty minutes.

They reach the treeline.

SONNY

This is it.

Sonny pulls a pistol from his jacket and screws a silencer on
the end.

SONNY

I take it you remembered yours this
time?

Chris pulls a pistol from the back of his jeans.

SONNY

I'm impressed.

Sonny cautiously moves up the treeline. Chris follows.

They continue to follow it for about fifty feet until they
come to a long brick wall.

SONNY

Give us a lift up.

CHRIS

Are you having a laugh? Look at the
state of your shoes.

SONNY

Just do it.

Chris reluctantly gives Sonny a boost up and looks at his
hands, now covered in mud. Sonny peers over the wall.

He sees Marcus's house.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Razor and Butch talk in the kitchen, a beer in each of their
hands. Teflon and Craze enter.

CHRIS (V.O)

Can you see him?

SONNY (V.O.)
No. Our friends from the other
night are in there, though.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Sonny jumps down.

CHRIS
What's the plan?

Sonny pulls two dust masks from his pocket, chucks one to
Chris.

SONNY
Put it on.

Chris looks bemused. Sonny puts his on.

CHRIS
We gonna re-decorate while we're at
it?

SONNY
I was all out of balaclavas.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Deep bass escapes through the walls.

Sonny and Chris kneel behind a bush beside the back door with
their hoods up and dust masks on.

CHRIS
(whispering)
We going for it?

Sonny nods above the door to a white box with a blue flashing
light.

Sonny and Chris move silently towards a side door. Another
alarm box flashes above it.

SONNY
(whispering)
We'll have to try the windows.

Sonny and Chris move to a window beside the door.

Sonny peers inside, carefully opens it an inch but quickly
ducks as the room lights up.

The door lock clicks.

Sonny pulls Chris down and draws his pistol.

He points it towards the door as Teflon bursts outside, accompanied by Hard House music.

He stumbles over to a plant pot and fills it with his stomach contents.

CRAZE (O.S.)

You good?

Teflon spits on the ground.

TEFLON

Yeah. I told you I don't do Tequila.

CRAZE (O.S.)

I told you, you was a pussy. And I was right. Now hurry up, it's your deal.

TEFLON

Just give us a minute.

Teflon sits on a wall with his head in his hands. He pulls a cigarette from his pocket and sparks it.

He looks up to see Chris stood in front of him.

A startled Teflon attempts to stand but is stopped by length of washing line being thrust around his neck.

Sonny kneels behind him, both hands tightly wrapped around the line.

Teflon gasps at the air, mouth wide open, face bright red.

Chris lunges forward, delivers a powerful right hook. Sonny releases the line. Teflon slumps to the ground, unconscious.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The door swings open. Craze exits.

CRAZE

Teflon?

He glances around.

CRAZE

Tef? You out here?

He walks over to the wall where Teflon was sat and notices a lighter on the floor beside it.

CRAZE

Selfish prick.

He heads down a dark garden path towards a patio.

CRAZE

Tef. You better not have sparked up
without me.

He carries on down the path.

CRAZE

You in the shed? Te...

Craze trips, lands face first on the ground.

He reaches behind him and picks up a boot, stares at it,
puzzled.

He stands, brushes dirt from his jacket. As he lifts his
head, a sensor lamp lights up the patio.

He stumbles backwards.

Teflon is in the centre of the patio. His hands and feet
cable tied, a strip of duct tape around his mouth.

Craze turns to run but the head of a shovel being swung
towards his face stops him in his tracks.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Razor and Butch sit at a table riddled with empty beer
bottles. Butch shuffles a deck of cards.

RAZOR

What the fuck are them two clowns
up to?

BUTCH

Dunno. They better not be smoking
in Marcus's shed again. He'll hit
the fucking roof.

RAZOR

They might be going at it.

BUTCH

What?

RAZOR

You know, going at it. Tef might be
taking him up the... What do they
call it these days?

BUTCH

Arse?

RAZOR

No, they got a name for it. My nephew said it the other day. It's axe wound for the birds and something else for the back door.

BUTCH

Prison wallet?

RAZOR

No. It's got a ring to it. It'll come to me.

Razor stands.

RAZOR

I'll go check on 'em. Need a piss anyway.

BUTCH

If you come back limping, I'll know what you've been up to.

Razor chucks a bottle cap at Butch and heads towards the door. He pulls down the handle but turns back excitedly.

RAZOR

That's it! Chutney locker!

The door crashes open, almost flooring Razor.

Sonny stands in the doorway wielding his pistol.

Butch reaches down for Razor's shotgun but stops dead as Chris rests a pistol on the back of his head.

Butch slowly raises his hands. Chris slams his head on the table and cable ties his hands behind his back.

Razor stares at Sonny, wipes blood from his nose.

SONNY

Floor.

Razor laughs.

RAZOR

You're way out of your depth.

SONNY

Well, as it happens...

Sonny edges towards Razor, pistol pointed at his head.

SONNY

...I'm a good swimmer.

Razor slumps to the floor as Chris cracks the handle of his pistol, hard, on the top his head.

CHRIS

Please don't do that again.

SONNY

Do what?

CHRIS

You know what. 'I'm a good swimmer.' And you said I've been watching too many films.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Teflon, Craze, Butch and Razor sit back to back on the patio by lamp light.

A thick layer of duct tape binds them together and their hands and feet are cable tied.

They mumble and struggle. The light goes out.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marcus lies asleep, his eyes covered by a night mask. He snores loudly until a pillow covers his face.

Sonny and Chris stand at either end.

Marcus's body spasms. After a minute, the movement slows to a stop. Sonny and Chris remove the pillow.

Sonny pulls up the night mask. Marcus is lifeless, a fixed gaze on his face, his mouth wide open.

Sonny pulls a camera from his pocket.

INSERT: A BRIGHT FLASH followed by a brief PHOTOGRAPH of Marcus's body.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - OFFICE - DAY

The photograph of Marcus's body lands on Johnny's desk. Johnny picks it up and studies it. He's impressed.

Sonny and Chris sit opposite.

JOHNNY

Well done, boys. I'll be honest, I wasn't sure if you had it in you.

Johnny stands and walks over to his drinks cabinet. He grabs a bottle of whiskey, glances at the label and returns it.

He picks out another, covered in Japanese symbols and places it on his desk along with three tumblers.

JOHNNY

I've been saving this for a special occasion.

Johnny cracks the lid, inhales the fumes and fills the three glasses.

JOHNNY

Imported all the way from Japan. I tell you what, they're ugly little bastards, but they sure do know how to make a good bottle of whiskey.

CHRIS

When do we get paid?

JOHNNY

Now, now. You know what they say. Good things come to those who wait.

CHRIS

Try telling that to a cancer patient.

SONNY

Normally we don't mind waiting, Johnny. But this ain't a couple of quid we're talking about. It's a lot of fucking money.

Johnny slides two tumblers over to Sonny and Chris. He takes a swig of his own and picks up the photograph.

JOHNNY

I'll get this over to him this afternoon. You can come and collect it in the morning.

CHRIS

Morning?

JOHNNY

It's what I fucking said, weren't it? Now drink up, best whiskey you've ever tasted. I guarantee it.

Johnny puts the photograph down and raises his glass.

JOHNNY

In the words of Notorious B.I.G. 'Time to get paid, blow up like the world trade.'

Sonny and Chris are unsure about Johnny's quote but raise their glasses anyway.

All three polish off their drinks and slam the tumblers on the desk.

JOHNNY
Cheers, boys. It's been a pleasure.

Johnny reaches out to shake their hands. Sonny and Chris are shocked, this is a first.

They shake hands and stand.

SONNY
We'll see you in the morning.

Sonny and Chris brush past Terry as they leave the room.

Johnny and Terry exchange a menacing look as Johnny refills his glass.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sonny lies on his sofa in night wear and slippers. He flicks through a few channels on the TV and settles for a film.

He yawns, rubs his eyes, pauses the TV and stands.

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris stands in his front garden, a large holdall on the ground beside him. A LOCKSMITH is changing the locks on his front door.

A SMARTLY DRESSED MAN, forties, nerdy, approaches him.

SMARTLY DRESSED MAN
I am sorry it's come to this, Mr. Parka.

CHRIS
It's alright.

SMARTLY DRESSED MAN
I wish there was another way. But after missing your court date, you really have left us no choice. Have you got somewhere you can go? There's a shelter a few miles down the road. I could arrange a lift.

CHRIS
No, you're alright. Cheers anyway.

Chris picks up the holdall, has one last look at his house and walks away.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steam clouds the air as a kettle boils. Sonny reaches into his cupboard and pulls out a cup. He adds a heaped teaspoon of coffee, followed by two sugars and opens the fridge.

He pours milk into the cup and returns it to the fridge. The kettle clicks. Sonny tops up the cup with hot water and puts the kettle down.

Something catches his eye. The kettle reflects a dark figure stood behind him.

Sonny grabs the cup by the handle, turns and chucks its contents at the figure.

The MAN, tall, well built, wearing dark cloths and a balaclava, stumbles backward. He drops the gun he was holding, lets out a cry of pain and grabs his face.

Sonny moves forward, reaches for the gun but the Man lunges towards him and knocks him backwards against the cupboards.

The Man reaches for Sonny's neck but is forced back by a powerful kick to the groin. Sonny clambers past him and reaches for the gun.

His fingertips inches away, the attacker gets a good grip around his neck. Sonny, struggling to breathe, manages to get to his feet and force the Man backwards.

With great effort Sonny picks up a potato peeler from the side and lodges it into the Man's thigh.

The Man releases Sonny but is now in a fit of rage. He charges towards him like a lunatic and swings.

Sonny ducks the first punch but the second connects, causing his head to bounce off a cupboard door.

The Man grabs Sonny by the scruff of the neck and throws him across the side, knocking plates, cooking utensils and cutlery to the floor.

Sonny tries to crawl to safety but the Man picks up a rolling pin, thrusts it around his neck and drags him off the ground.

Sonny, red in the face and again, struggling to breathe, pulls the potato peeler from the Man's thigh, forces it into his groin and twists.

The Man drops the rolling pin and falls to his knees.

Sonny grabs the first thing in sight, his kettle, and repeatedly beats it over the Man's head.

Sonny slumps to the floor, injured and out of breathe, next to his attacker who is now lifeless and bloody.

He removes the balaclava to reveal Terry.

Sonny reaches into his pocket and retrieves his phone. He dials a number and puts it to his ear.

SONNY

You need to get out of your house,
now... What?... Where are you?

Sonny wipes blood from his nose.

SONNY

Good, meet me... I'll explain later
but you gotta... I'm not fucking
about, Chris. Listen. I'll meet you
at the old fishing hut in about
half an hour, I'll explain when I
get there.

Sonny hangs up, turns to Terry and gives him one final jab.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Chris stands at the waters edge. Behind him sits an old,
rundown fishing hut. He blows his hands to keep warm.

He turns with squinted eyes as a pair of bright headlights
approach from a dirt track.

The lights turn off. A car door opens and slams shut.

CHRIS

Sonny?

Sonny limps into view.

CHRIS

What the fuck happened to you?

INT. OLD FISHING HUT - NIGHT

Chris warms his hands over an old Colmen lantern. Sonny sits
by the window in a deck chair, clutching a bottle of rum.

Chris pulls up a chair next to him.

Sonny passes him the bottle. He takes a swig.

SONNY

You didn't fancy paying off your
debts, then?

CHRIS

Didn't really see the point.

They stare out of the window at the moonlit lake.

CHRIS
What we gonna do?

Sonny shrugs.

CHRIS
I can't believe that scrawny little
fucker done us over. I say we go
round there first thing in the
morning, kick the door down and
torture the little prick.

SONNY
You don't think he'll be expecting
us, then?

CHRIS
I couldn't give a fuck if he is. We
ain't letting him get away with it.

Sonny pulls a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and puts
one in his mouth.

CHRIS
You don't smoke?

SONNY
They're Terry's.

CHRIS
Chuck us one, then.

Sonny passes Chris a cigarette and throws the packet on the
table. He pulls a Zippo lighter from his pocket, lights up
and holds it out for Chris who does the same.

CHRIS
I'm sorry for getting you into
this.

SONNY
It's not your fault.

CHRIS
It is.

SONNY
I know, I was trying to be nice. I
should've known better than to
trust Johnny, though.

Sonny and Chris toke away on their cigarettes.

CHRIS
Do you believe in Karma?

SONNY
Never really thought about it.

CHRIS

I mean, I'm not religious by a long stretch, but there's gotta be something out there, right?

SONNY

It's just logic at the end of the day. We had it coming.

CHRIS

How d'you work that out?

SONNY

Well, you go round kicking the shit outta people for a living, it's gonna come back to bite you in the arse at some point. To be honest, I'm surprised it ain't happened sooner.

CHRIS

We're not bad people, though.

SONNY

If there is a God, mate, he might disagree on that one.

Chris passes the bottle back to Sonny.

CHRIS

What's the plan?

SONNY

Sleep. Then first thing tomorrow, we're leaving.

CHRIS

Leaving? What d'you mean?

SONNY

I mean we're getting out of here.

Sonny pulls a white envelope from his pocket and chucks it on Chris's lap.

Chris opens it and pulls out two plane tickets.

CHRIS

Australia?

SONNY

It was gonna be a surprise. The flight's not for a couple of days but I say we go to the airport, find a Travel Lodge and wait.

Chris stares at the tickets.

CHRIS

What about the money?

SONNY

What about it? It ain't worth our lives.

CHRIS

And Johnny? We're just gonna let him get away with it?

Sonny sits in silence, his full attention on the lake.

CHRIS

Sonny?

Sonny stands, puts the bottle of rum down and walks over to an old set of drawers. He pulls out a sleeping bag and chucks it at Chris's feet.

SONNY

Try and get some kip. We'll sort something out in the morning.

Sonny grabs the bottle of rum and opens the door.

CHRIS

You say it's not worth our lives.

Sonny stops.

CHRIS

But waking up every morning, knowing, that that little cunt's probably tanning it up, laughing at us. I'm not sure that's a life I wanna live.

Sonny carries on outside and closes the door.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Sonny sits on a grass verge and stares across the water. The bottle of rum beside him is almost empty.

He stumbles to his feet, turns to walk up the verge but slips on the mud.

He laughs, slurs a few drunken words and continues to laugh.

INT. OLD FISHING HUT - DAY

The first rays of sunlight filter through makeshift blinds.

Chris, fast asleep in his chair, is abruptly woken by a pistol landing on his lap.

Sonny puts on his coat, a gun handle visible from inside its pocket.

SONNY
Ready?

CHRIS
For what?

SONNY
To get our money.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Chris yawns. Sonny fiddles about with the heating.

CHRIS
Plan?

Sonny starts the engine.

SONNY
I thought you came up with that last night. Kick the little prick's door down and fuck him up.

CHRIS
Sounds good to me. Where do you reckon he is?

SONNY
If he's got any sense, another country. But knowing him, probably at home.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DAY

A posh looking semi-detached house sits behind a well kept front garden.

The door is cracked down the middle and hangs from one hinge.

Sonny and Chris stride outside.

CHRIS
What now?

SONNY
The club.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - DAY

Sonny's car screeches to a halt.

Sonny and Chris jump out and storm towards the entrance, guns at the ready.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Chris enters, carefully aiming his pistol. Sonny follows his lead as they move cautiously across the deserted room.

They look up to the sound of footsteps.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Sonny and Chris reach the top of the stairs, walk down the short corridor and stop outside the door.

Sonny gives Chris the nod and he kicks the door, almost off it's hinges.

They burst into the room, ready to shoot.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - OFFICE - DAY

Johnny sits at his desk, a large holdall in front of him. He looks up with a grin.

A shotgun cocks and is pressed against Sonny's cheek. The muzzle of a pistol rests against Chris's temple.

Terry, looking like he's just finished twelve rounds in the ring, wields the shotgun on one side. Damon stands on the other with the pistol.

JOHNNY

Probably a smart move to put them
down.

Sonny drops his gun. Chris hesitates before reluctantly doing the same.

Ace emerges from behind the door, picks up the guns and places them on Johnny's desk.

He turns back and frisks Sonny and Chris.

He pulls out their wallets, phones and a packet of cable ties from Chris's jacket.

He places the items on Johnny's desk.

Johnny pulls a cable tie from the packet, looks impressed. He chucks the packet to Ace.

JOHNNY

Tie 'em.

Ace cable ties Sonny and Chris's hands behind their backs.

Johnny picks up the two pistols and aims them at Sonny and Chris. A tense moment passes. He puts the guns down.

JOHNNY

Have a seat.

Sonny and Chris stay still. Terry pushes the shotgun into the back of Sonny's head, edging him towards the desk.

TERRY

Sit the fuck down.

Sonny and Chris sit. Johnny zips up the holdall.

JOHNNY

It's funny. You see all these films and TV programmes, and whenever there's a million quid involved, there's always a briefcase. I bought one a few weeks back, on the off-chance that you two didn't fuck up. It was a nice one, proper leather, shiny hinges, and I couldn't even fit five hundred grand in it.

Johnny lifts the holdall onto the floor.

JOHNNY

I should sue. It's fucking false advertising.

Johnny cracks open a bottle of whiskey.

JOHNNY

Drink?

Sonny and Chris answer with a stare.

JOHNNY

Suit yourselves.

Johnny pours himself a double.

JOHNNY

Now you left me with a tricky decision. I could've gave you the money, took my cut and we could all remain friends. Or I could kill you both and spend the rest of my days in the sun, enjoying my retirement.

Johnny knocks back his drink.

JOHNNY

I'm only messing. It wasn't tricky.

SONNY

You could let us go.

JOHNNY

Come on, Sonny. You're smarter than that.

SONNY

Why not? Just let one of these muppets keep an eye on us for a few hours, fuck off on a plane and you'll never see us again.

Terry strikes the back of Sonny's head with the butt of the shotgun. Johnny raises his hand. Terry steps back.

JOHNNY

You see, I don't like loose ends, never have. I can't remember a time when I've been more frustrated than at the end of Inception. And I'm not gonna spend the rest of my days looking over my shoulder. But if it's any consolation, I've always liked you two. You've been like sons to me.

CHRIS

Well if it makes you sleep any better at night, I've always thought you were a twat.

Terry lifts the shotgun to strike Chris but Johnny stops him with another hand gesture.

SONNY

This was your plan all along, then? To fuck us over?

JOHNNY

Pretty much, yeah. Even got hold of your old buddy there. He was more than happy to lend a hand.

Johnny pours another drink and knocks it back.

JOHNNY

But enough of the chit chat. I don't wanna make the mistake of not killing you while I had the chance.

Johnny stands and nods towards the dance floor.

JOHNNY

Take 'em over there. Be easier to clean up.

TERRY

Move.

Terry nudges Chris with the shotgun. Chris stands and walks towards the dance floor.

Sonny sits still. Damon grins.

DAMON

I can kill you here. I'm not cleaning up.

Sonny stands and joins Chris.

They watch Johnny open his drawer, pull out a revolver and walk towards them. He aims the gun at Chris.

JOHNNY

Now make like Bonnie Tyler, and turn around.

Bang! Blood sprays over Chris face.

Johnny slumps to the floor.

Ace puts a knife across Terry's throat and cuts it in one clean slice.

Terry drops to his knees, both hands on the gushing wound.

DAMON

That was the last fucking straw!

Terry groans. Damon aims the gun at the side of his head and silences him.

DAMON

(to Sonny)

I dunno how you've put up with that cunt all these years.

Sonny and Chris look at each other in shock.

DAMON

(to Ace)

Keep an eye on 'em.

Ace closes his knife, slips it into his pocket, picks up the shotgun and revolver from the floor and points them at Sonny and Chris.

Damon walks over to the holdall, unzips it and laughs.

DAMON

I thought we'd at least have to torture him for a bit to find out where it was.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

Didn't think the stupid cunt would bring it with him.

Damon zips up the holdall and steps onto the dance floor.

DAMON

(to Sonny)

I am sorry about this, mate. But it's gotta be done. Just think. If you hadn't of fucked me over, things could be different.

Sonny chuckles.

DAMON

Not gonna beg for your life then, no? I got a lot of time for that. If you're gonna go out, why not do it with a bit of dignity.

Damon raises his pistol to Sonny's face.

A retro ringtone cuts into the tense moment. Damon laughs, reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone.

DAMON

I wouldn't get your hopes up, lads. It ain't your guardian angel.

(into phone)

What?.. What do you mean?.. Well, deal with it... Sorry, I don't like the word can't... I'm gonna be coming out them doors with a shitload of money in about thirty seconds, if anything goes wrong, you ain't gonna be around to hear your kids first words, you get me?.. Ten minutes? You got two.

Damon hangs up and slips the phone into his pocket.

ACE

What's up?

DAMON

Couple of joggers heard the shots.

ACE

They call the old bill?

DAMON

No. Just being nosey. Poking around outside.

ACE

What do we do?

DAMON

Just give it a minute. If they don't go, Mac's gonna deal with them. Unless you wanna cut 'em instead?

ACE

It's a bit hands on, init. I think one throat's enough for one day.

DAMON

Fair enough.

(to Sonny and Chris)

Looks like you've just had an extra couple of minutes added to your life span, lads. Enjoy 'em.

Damon pulls up a seat in front of Sonny and sits.

DAMON

While we've got a minute. What was it that I done, then. For you to go behind my back and get me sacked?

SONNY

Nothing specific. Just think it was down to the fact that you were a fucking psychopath.

DAMON

Psychopath. Bit dramatic, init?

SONNY

Dramatic? Like the time you stuck a bottle into that blokes neck because he looked a bit like someone your missus had been shagging?

Damon and Ace laugh.

DAMON

I'd forgotten about that. Good times.

Damon grabs Chris's cheek and pinches.

DAMON

You his new partner, then?

CHRIS

Yep.

DAMON

Bet he's told you a few stories about what we used to get up to.

CHRIS

No mate. Never mentioned ya.
Obviously ain't as important as you
think.

Damon turns to Sonny.

DAMON

Got a bit of a mouth on him, ain't
he. Might have to kill him first,
now.

CHRIS

Well give me a ten second warning
before you do so I can shut my
eyes. Don't want that ugly fucking
mug to be the last thing I see. No
wonder your missus was fucking
about.

DAMON

I'd shut 'em now then, kid.
(to Ace)
Knife.

Ace pulls out his knife and chucks it to Damon. Damon opens
it, wipes the blade across his jacket and holds it against
Chris's throat.

His phone rings. He laughs.

DAMON

You might have a guardian angel
after all.

He lodges the knife into the dance floor next to Chris's
foot, pulls the phone from his pocket and answers.

DAMON

(into phone)
What?... What d'you mean on the
phone?... Well fucking stop 'em,
then!

Damon lets out a roar of frustration and launches his phone
against the wall.

He jumps to his feet.

DAMON

(to Ace)
Don't let 'em fucking move!

Damon grabs the holdall and rushes out of the room.

All is quiet. Ace glances around, concerned.

SONNY

Looks like it's gonna be a lovely day. If you let us go. You might live to see another one.

ACE

Shut up.

SONNY

You really think he's gonna give you any of that money? When he can kill you and keep it all himself?

Ace aims the shotgun at Sonny.

ACE

Shut the fuck up.

Two gunshots echo from outside.

SONNY

He doesn't seem to be all that bothered about killing people. You're gonna be next.

Ace lifts the shotgun to strike Sonny.

ACE

I said, shu...

Sonny lunges forward and attempts to spear Ace. But Ace steps to the side and watches Sonny face plant the floor.

ACE

Really?

Chris emerges from behind Ace and wraps a chair around his head. Ace drops to the floor, unconscious.

Chris turns to a surprised Sonny.

SONNY

How did you get free?

CHRIS

They're re-usable.

Sonny stares at him blankly.

CHRIS

The cable ties. They're re-usable. You can undo 'em yourself.

Chris picks up the shotgun and pistol. Sonny frees himself and stares at Chris in astonishment.

SONNY

So you're telling me we've been using these the whole time?

CHRIS

Seemed a bit of a waste buying ones you can only use once. And they were only ten p dearer.

Sonny shakes his head. Chris throws him the shotgun.

CHRIS

You ready?

SONNY

I was born...

Sonny attempts to cock the shotgun but instead fires it.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Damon hears the blast and looks up.

INT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - OFFICE - DAY

Chris hunches down with his hands over his head, showered in glass from the mirrored ceiling above.

SONNY

I think I better leave this here.

Sonny drops the shotgun.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - DAY

Chris and Sonny step over two dead JOGGERS, one male, one female, both early twenties, and head towards the carpark.

They take cover behind the entrance wall.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - CARPARK - DAY

Four cars sit a few spaces apart.

The black BMW, white Audi and bright yellow Escort, along with a grey, hurst-like, VOLVO ESTATE.

Damon scurries towards the Volvo.

EXT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

MAC, forties, four foot something and the human equivalent of a dumpling, gets out and leans against the bonnet.

MAC
I'm sorry, mate. I've never done
nothing like this before.

Mac ducks behind the car as the windscreen shatters.

EXT. ESCORT - DAY

Damon scrambles behind for cover.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - CARPARK - DAY

Sonny and Chris stride towards Damon and Mac.

EXT. ESCORT - DAY

Damon leans out from behind the wheel arch and fires.

EXT. AUDI - DAY

Sonny and Chris take cover.

DAMON (O.S)
Fucking shoot 'em, then.

Seven rapid shots are fired. The Audi's front tyre bursts.

CHRIS
Plan?

SONNY
Fuck do I know.

Chris peers around from the wheel arch.

CHRIS
Can we not just shoot the petrol
tank. Blow it up?

SONNY
Don't work.

CHRIS
How d'you know?

SONNY
Saw it on Myth Busters. Aim for the
tyres.

EXT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon clambers around the back of the car and joins Mac.

MAC

I'm out of bullets. What do I do?

DAMON

You distract 'em, I'll jump in the motor.

MAC

What?

Damon shoves Mac out into the open. A shot's fired and Mac instantly hits the deck.

EXT. AUDI - DAY

Chris fires another two shots, blindly from behind the wheel arch. Sonny peers through the back window.

SONNY

Nice!

CHRIS

What, did I hit the tyre?

EXT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon chucks the holdall onto the passenger seat, jumps in and starts the engine.

EXT. AUDI - DAY

Chris stands.

CHRIS

Fuck this.

He strolls out into the open, towards the Volvo and attempts to shoot. But his gun just clicks.

CHRIS

Shit.

He stumbles backwards as a bullet pierces his shoulder. Sonny grabs him and shoves him behind the car.

Sonny stands and shoots his three remaining bullets as the Volvo speeds off. He kneels back down.

SONNY

You alright?

Chris holds his shoulder with a painful expression on his face.

CHRIS
Not really, no.

SONNY
You alright enough for a car chase?

CHRIS
Too fucking right. Can we take the
Bimmer?

SONNY
Can you hot wire?

Chris shakes his head.

SONNY
Well no, then. Wait here.

Sonny jumps up and leaves.

Chris takes off his belt and fastens it around the mid
section of his arm.

EXT. DIRTY JOHNNY'S - CARPARK - DAY

Sonny pulls up in his car. He gets out and helps Chris in.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

The belt around Chris's arm catches Sonny's eye.

SONNY
What's that?

CHRIS
A belt.

SONNY
Yeah. What's it doing on your arm?

CHRIS
You know, stop the bleeding.

SONNY
It's in the wrong place you tit.
Take it off, you look like a
fucking heroin addict.

Chris releases the belt and chucks it in the footwell. Sonny
wheel-spins off.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - DAY

A PAPER BOY folds a newspaper into a letter box. He looks up
to the sound of an unhealthy engine approaching.

He watches as the Volvo Estate speeds down the road, followed by Sonny's Golf a few moments later.

INT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon glances in the rear view mirror. He sees Sonny's car in the distance.

With a look of frustration on his face, he makes a sharp turn into a side street, missing a lamppost by inches.

He glances back and sees Sonny's car hurl around the corner.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - DAY

The Volvo Estate skids around a corner, mounting a kerb and knocking over a bin in its path.

Sonny's car swerves around the bin.

INT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon looks in the rear view mirror. He sees Sonny gaining distance and bangs the steering wheel.

DAMON

Fuck!

Damon grabs the wheel with both hands.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - DAY

The Volvo swerves into a tight alley.

Sonny's car follows, the two cars now ten feet apart.

INT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon grabs his pistol from the passenger seat. With one hand on the wheel, he turns and shoots through the rear window.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny and Chris duck beneath the dashboard. Chris still holding his shoulder in pain.

SONNY

Hold on!

Sonny floors it and rams into the back of the Volvo.

INT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon's head slams forward. The impact causes him to swerve from left to right. The Volvo scrapes the walls either side.

Damon manages to gain control just as the alley comes to a close. He swerves back onto the main road, over a mini-roundabout and up a long straight heading out of town.

EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

A railway line lies at the end of the straight. Lights flash as the barrier descends.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny drives over the roundabout and follows Damon up the long straight. He turns to Chris.

SONNY
You alright?

CHRIS
Yeah. Just keep your eyes on the road. You ain't a good driver at the best of times.

EXT. RURAL STREETS - DAY

The two cars are almost neck and neck. They approach the railway line at pace.

INT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon notices the barrier up ahead. He slams through the gearbox. The clock reads eighty miles per hour and is rapidly increasing.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny sees the barrier. He speeds up. The clock reads ninety miles per hour. Chris looks worried. Sonny looks focused.

EXT. RURAL STREETS - DAY

The cars are neck and neck, a quarter of a mile away from the crossing.

EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

The lights continue to flash. The barrier is down. The tracks rumble as a train approaches.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Chris turns to Sonny.

CHRIS
Sonny. Stop the car.

Sonny smiles, completely focused on the track ahead.

CHRIS
Sonny, I mean it. Stop the car.

Sonny doesn't batter an eyelid.

CHRIS
Sonny! Stop the fucking car!

Chris braces himself for impact.

INT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon looks confident. He glances at Sonny beside him. Sonny looks back, smiles. Damon laughs.

DAMON
Good times.

EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

Sonny's car screeches as the brakes lock up and it handbrake turns to a halt.

The Volvo crashes through the barrier but swerves on impact and hurls down a steep grass verge to the side of the crossing. The train passes thirty seconds later.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Chris breathes a sigh of relief.

CHRIS
Jesus.

Sonny smiles.

SONNY
I think he's the one that's been watching too many films.

Chris catches his breathe.

CHRIS
You reckon he got away?

SONNY
Doubt it. That drop's a good ten feet.

Sonny opens the door.

SONNY
Wait here.

EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

Sonny walks towards the crossing. Chris clambers out of the car and joins him.

SONNY
What you doing?

CHRIS
There's no way I'm missing this.

Sonny and Chris walk over the crossing and climb down the grass verge.

The Volvo Estate sits at the bottom, looking like it's just finished a day at the Banger Races. Water sprays fiercely from the radiator. Thick grey smoke pours from the bonnet.

INT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon's face is cut, nose badly broken. He opens his eyes and slowly turns his neck in agony.

He looks over to the passenger footwell where the holdall and his pistol lie.

EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

Sonny and Chris approach the Volvo.

INT. VOLVO ESTATE - DAY

Damon reaches for the pistol. He almost gets a grip but his head suddenly jolts backwards.

EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY

Chris has a hold of Damon by the hair. Damon lets out a yelp of pain.

DAMON

Please.

Sonny reaches through the broken passenger window and grabs the holdall and pistol.

He walks around the car to Chris, drops the holdall and raises the pistol.

SONNY

Let go.

Chris shoves Damon's head back into the car. Sonny rests the pistol against his temple.

Damon's eyes well up, lips quiver. Sonny pulls the gun away and puts it in his jacket pocket.

He grabs the holdall.

CHRIS

Shoot him, then.

SONNY

No point. He's finished.

CHRIS

Fuck that.

Chris reaches into Sonny's coat pocket, pulls out the pistol and aims it at Damon.

SONNY

Chris.

Chris pauses.

SONNY

Leave it, mate. Trust me, you'd be doing him a favour.

After some consideration, Chris lowers the pistol.

Sonny puts his arm around Chris's wounded shoulder.

CHRIS

Ow.

SONNY

Sorry.

Sonny lowers his arm and Chris puts his around Sonny's. They take a steady stroll towards the verge.

SONNY

You probably wouldn't have hit him anyway.

CHRIS
(laughing)
Fuck off.

Chris glances back at Damon. He quickly removes his arm from Sonny, swings around, aims the pistol and fires twice.

Sonny turns to see Damon's head slump from the window. A pistol falls to the ground from his limp arm.

Chris tucks his pistol into his trousers, turns back around and puts his arm around Sonny.

CHRIS
What were you saying?

Sonny and Chris head towards the crossing.

SONNY
Nothing.

CHRIS
Go on. It was something about my shooting.

SONNY
No, I'll give you that. Nice shot.
But you can take that fucking gun
outta your trousers.

Chris smiles and passes the pistol to Sonny who tucks it back into his coat pocket.

CHRIS
We just gotta work on your driving
now. Then we'll be unstoppable.

SONNY
There's nothing wrong with my
driving.

CHRIS
I was more scared of you behind the
wheel than I was being shot at.

Sonny laughs.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Sonny and Chris enter. Sonny shoves the holdall onto the back seat.

CHRIS
What we doing now, then?

SONNY
Dunno, you hungry?

Sonny starts the engine.

CHRIS

A bit. I wouldn't mind getting this
bullet out of my arm at some point.

EXT. RURAL STREETS - DAY

Sonny's car pulls off and travels up the long straight.

SONNY (V.O.)

We've got plenty of time for that.
Our flight's not til Wednesday.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I know. But, it kind of hurts.

SONNY (V.O.)

So does my stomach. I haven't eaten
since yesterday afternoon.

The radio clicks on. It searches through different stations
before crackling into frequency.

Mcfadden and Whitehead's 'Ain't No Stopping Us Now', plays
softly.

SONNY (V.O.)

You can turn that off.

CHRIS (V.O.)

No chance. This is a classic.

The music gets louder as the car fades into the distance.

FADE OUT.