

PIGEON

By

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FADE IN

SUPR: LONDON 2001

EXT. COCK AND BULL PUBLIC HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

An old burgundy Land Rover is parked outside the pub. Rain bounces off its bonnet with a random beat. The sky is grey, a sad winter like shade.

A YOUNG BOY sits in the front passenger seat, he's around seven years old, wearing a thick coat and playing with a wooden bird.

In the background is the Cock and Bull's main bay window.

TOM (O.S)

I asked you nicely, I even paid you
to stay away. Stop selling that
shit to my wife, or there will be
fucking trouble.

INT. CAR

The boy looks up towards the pub window, two silhouetted figures are arguing with each other.

TOM leaves the pub, angry, he is in his early thirties, wearing blue overalls and dark work boots.

There is no attempt to cover his face from the pouring rain as he walks toward the car.

He sits heavily into the drivers seat.

TOM

Little Wankers!

Tom hits the steering wheel in anger.

TOM

Ive got to go to work now to pay
for that shit she puts in her arm.
I'll take you both to grandmas.

A BABY on the back seat begins to cry sensing the tension. Tom reaches into the back, his youngest son is wrapped in a blanket, strapped into a baby seat.

Tom puts the babies pacifier back in his mouth. He smiles at the baby, then re-focuses on the road ahead.

He turns over the cars engine.

TOM

Wankers!

The boy continues to play with his bird, oblivious to the words he was listening to, there meaning, or his fathers rage.

Car speeds away.

EXT. GRANDMAS HOUSE

The car speeds back into view, a car door opens and closes, then it speeds away again.

Young Sam is stood holding his baby brother, stood on the porch of a well kept semi-detached house, the rain still pours, but they are sheltered. His GRANDMAS apron and slippers are snuggled close with her hand round his shoulder.

GRANDMA (O.S)

Come on you two. I got some apple pie and custard in the fridge, you can help get Shaun settled. Hey Sam?

Sam doesn't answer, he stares at his fathers car. He waves goodbye as the burgundy Land Rover dissapears into the industrial city, another day at the rat race. Another day to support his wifes bad habits.

INT. GRANDMAS HOUSE. EARLY MORNING

Waking to the sound of muffled voices. Sam, wearing his pajamas, jumps from the spare bed. His baby brother is fast asleep in his cot a few feet away.

Sam peers out through the window. He sees a police car, the blue light bounces around the surrounding houses.

Sam sneaks out onto the upstairs hallway, the walls are lined with family photos, the floor is covered with a thick feather like carpet.

He hears a mans voice, not his fathers, he creeps downstairs.

His grandmother in her nightgown is crying in the living room, two police officers are walking out of the door.

Sam looks out of the front window, he sees his father in the back of the police car. Toms shoulders are hunched, his head is hung low.

GRANDMA (O.S)

It's ok Sam, daddy is going to work away for a while, helping the police. You and Shaun will be coming to stay with me.

Sam is too young to understand fully, more mesmorosed by the flashing lights and the police men. Shaun has woken, he begins to cry. Sam's grandma hugs Sam tight.

SUPR: London 2016

EXT. COCK AND BULL PUBLIC HOUSE ROOF. DAYTIME

Rows of pigeon coots line the pub roof, inside are a flock of prized birds. Surrounding the roof top is a sea of chimneys and tower blocks, a large maze of council properties.

SAM (O.S)

Some of my friends wonder why I prefer pigeons to people. Although considered pests by most, Pigeons are one of the most intelligent species of birds on the planet. Amongst other tasks, they are one of only six species on earth, and the only non mammal of those who can recognise its self in a mirror, and they can also distinguish all

(MORE)

Sam (O.S) (CONT'D)
twenty six letters of the alphabet.
Which beats hands down most of the
muppets on this estate.

Sam is sat on an upturned beer crate. He is in his early twenties, dressed in worn clothes, his trainers match. He has a pigeon in one hand and is stroking it softly with the other.

SAM (O.S)
As it turned out, my father wasn't going to work away helping the police. Well not in the sense my grandma meant. He was helping out, he was serving food and mopping floors at one of her majesty's very finest hotels. So exclusive a hotel it needed fifteen foot walls around it and guard towers to keep out the riff raff.

The door to the rooftop opens, PHIL, who is a middle aged, tubby, bispeckled man, enters through it. He is wearing a cream colored shirt rolled up at the sleeves and a pair of brown cord trousers, ready for work.

SAM (O.S)
My father had been arrested, charged, and found guilty of attempted murder of a police officer. Apparently he was stopped for speeding, had an altercation with the officer in question and a gun was fired. The bullet entered the officers stomach and exited through his right lung and shoulder blade. The guy was lucky to be alive, and my old man probably wished he had died that night. Despite my father sticking around and saving the officers life, The judge threw the book at him, gave my father twenty five years to life, no parole for fifteen years.

PHIL

Come on son, these birds aren't
going to pay your wages are they.
Got pints to pull down there.

Phil places his hand on Sams shoulder. Sam places the bird
back into its hole. He follows Phil down the steep rickety
stairs.

SAM (O.S)

The very same day of my fathers
arrest, my mother had an overdose
and almost died. She went into a
coma, and woke paralysed from the
waist down. My little brother
couldn't cope with the burden and
left for the army at the first
chance. Leaving me alone to look
after mum.....And people wonder why
I prefer pigeons.

INT. COCK AND BULL PUBLIC HOUSE

Kids are playing pool, other kids are gathered in the
corner, hoods are up. The usual suspects are stood around,
propping up the bar. Two round tables are occupied by a
group of grown men.

KIMBLE is the ring leader, a rough and ready con-man, in
his early forty's, the streets have taken there toll on his
looks, but he still makes the effort. Dressed in a long
coat and dark jeans. He has a side parted greying haircut,
and a slightly noticeable scar on his left cheek.

BESTY is Kimbles right hand man, roughly the same age,
bigger built, wearing a cheap suit, crew cut hair and an
unshaven face. Besty cares less about his appearance. He
gulps his beer, while smoking a cigarette.

MICK THE HAT (as his friends call him) is a tubby guy, the
same age as his other friends. He is sporting a dark blue
tracksuit and his trademark flat cap that's covering just
about all of his red hair.

JIM is a couple of years younger than Kimble and Besty, but the streets haven't been easy on him either. The top of his left ear is missing, which is made more obvious by his thick rimmed glasses. He is wearing jeans and a shirt, smartly dressed.

SKINNY is the youngest of the group, breaking thirty he is an over enthusiastic kid compare to the others, they have already walked down the road he is starting. Skinny is wearing a white tracksuit, with a large gold chain hung on the outside.

KIMBLE

Here's to Skinny, not sure how you made it three years and can still walk without looking like a fucking monkey. But, good to have you home!

The group lifts up there glasses.

MICK THE HAT

It's because he's all skin and bone, you would do yourself an injury on the back end of that!

SKINNY

You should make sure you never end up in there then Mick, they would love you inside big boy!

MICK THE HAT

They couldn't cope with me in there.

KIMBLE

Who couldn't? the fucking kitchen? Your right Mick, knocking up an pig kebab and a bath of chips everyday would be a serious strain on the prison finances.

The group laughs in unison. It's Kimbles turn to buy the round, Skinny approaches him at the bar.

SKINNY

I need to talk to you Kimble. I have a very lucrative plan.

KIMBLE

Oh yeah? like the lucrative plan that got you nicked and slammed up for a three stretch.

SKINNY

Ha ha, very funny. This one is fool proof Kimble.

KIMBLE

It would have to be wouldn't it.

SKINNY

I was talking to a guy on the inside. He was telling me about a smuggling ring. A group of guys that were bringing diamonds into the country, tax free, they have been making a killing for years doing it.

KIMBLE

A tall tale, told from obviously a criminal mastermind. That's why he was locked up inside with you. You muppet. You have been out less than twelve hours. Take a day off skinny.

SKINNY

I never take a day off Kimble you know me. Anyhow the guy wasn't banged up cos' of anything to do with smuggling, he was in on another charge. But that's not the point. The point is how they were doing it.

Kimble waves a bank note in the air, grabbing the barman's attention.

KIMBLE

And how's that then?

SKINNY

Using homing pigeons.

KIMBLE

Fucking homing pigeons

Kimble stared into space for a second, eyebrows raised.

SKINNY

Pretty sneaky eh?

KIMBLE

Actually that's not a bad idea. Ok let's talk tomorrow, for tonight we party like it's nineteen ninety fucking nine. Barman. Same again and two tequilas, double time.

Kimble places his arm around Skinny, pays the barman, they drink the shooters with a grimace, then walk back to the group holding another round of drinks.

The gang party hard, the table soon fills with empty glasses, they fall around, drink some more, then leave for the nightlife of the big city.

INT. NIGHTCLUB

Flashing lights and drinks delight, ecstasy and tuppenny rush. Up and down and all around they go.

EXT. CITY STREETS. NIGHT

They are ejected from a nightclub for one reason or another, then it's off to the Pleasure Palace, a local brothel for some late night entertainment.

INT. PLEASURE PALACE. EARLY MORNING

Red sparkly wallpaper lined the reception area, golden dragons and Chinese symbols decorate the entrance, a middle aged CHINESE MAN is sat behind a large carved oak table watching a small television set.

He switches his focus as the door bell rings.

CHINESE MAN

Hello and welcome to pleasure
Palace, how i can help you?

KIMBLE

My friend here has just spent three
years...away. We would like to
arrange some entertainment for him
while the rest of us relax in your
fine establishment.

CHINESE MAN

Ok, please go through, you will be
taken care of.

The gang walk through an archway, parting a fake door of hanging beads and into a large meeting room filled with girls and customers.

A WOMAN appears towering over skinny, she leads him away by the hand. Skinny is grinning from ear to ear. The rest of the group stroll to the bar, scantily clad women are walking around serving drinks and making fake friends.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM

Skinny is pushed onto a large bed, he lands with a smile on his face. The woman stands facing him, she begins to lower her dress, inch by inch. Skinny's smile grows bigger and bigger. Then it vanishes. Skinny frowns.

INT. PLEASURE PALACE BAR

Several minutes pass, girls are talking to the gang who are sipping shorts, then the door flings open. Out runs skinny in just a towel clutching his clothes, the tall woman is following him.

From nowhere skinny hits her square in the face knocking her unconscious.

JIM

What the fuck!?

KIMBLE

Fucks sake skinny what on earth are you doing? You just knocked that poor girl clean out.

SKINNY

That's what I thought.

KIMBLE

Thought what? No thinking needed Skinny, she's taking a nap on the fucking carpet.

SKINNY

No, that it was a girl. She's a geezer.

KIMBLE

A geezer, what do you mean she's a geezer?

SKINNY

I mean Kimble, she has a deep voice, bigger hands than me, and fucking stands up when she takes a piss.

Besty walks over to the unconscious girl, the Chinese man and other girls begin to gather round. He lifts up her mini skirt.

His face contorts at the sight. He glances at Kimble, one eye still closed.

BESTY

Cock and balls Kimble.

Kimble looks towards the receptionist.

KIMBLE

Oi chin, what's the idea of fitting my friend up with a seven foot transvestite.

CHINESE MAN

First of all my name is Charles not chin you ignorant British, and second, you say he been away, away means prison right?

KIMBLE

Right....

CHINESE MAN

So, are no women in his prison, I think you try be discreet because your friend he like penis.

KIMBLE

Discreet!? This is a fucking knocking shop, you do know you work in a knocking shop don't you? Or is this the first time you have ventured out from behind that desk back there you fucking tit.

CHINESE MAN

You no call me tit! how do I know what you mean, fucking British with your Cockney rhyming slang, why you no just speak correct English.

From no where a one of the girls hits skinny with a plant pot, knocking him flying across the room. He lands with a huff. A security guard rushes into the room.

JIM

Oh for fucks sake!

Then other girls start to attack the group.

EXT. PLEASURE PALACE. MORNING TIME.

The streets are beginning to wake, everyday people starting there daily routine.

The group escapes carrying skinny and his clothes out of the front door, skinny still wearing only a towel.

They throw him into the back of Kimbles car, then speed away, laughing whilst leant out of the car window flipping off the receptionist and the other girls.

The girls are hissing at them. The Chimese man and security guard are shaking his heads.

INT. COCK AND BULL PUBLIC HOUSE. MID DAY

The gang are back at the public house, they sit around their usual table, the bar is quiet.

KIMBLE

So, we have a plan. Skinny has been given some valuable information from his boyfriend while he was inside....skinny.

SKINNY

Very funny.

KIMBLE

The deal is this, we are going to smuggle a shit load of diamonds into the country.

BESTY

Smuggling? we have never smuggled anything anywhere Kimble. And where the hell are we getting diamonds from?

JIM

If you think I'm stuffing a boat load of sparkly jewels up my ass then sweating it through Gatwick airport, then you got another thing coming.

KIMBLE

If anyone is stuffing anything up there arse, it will be skinny.

SKINNY

Yea, yea, keep laughing boys.

KIMBLE

No, nothing like that. We purchase a load of diamonds cheap from a guy in Amsterdam, then we get them back here and sell them on, without the tax. I've done the math, and we could earn a quarter of a million.

The gang goes silent, smiles grow on there faces, cogs turning in there heads, already spending the money.

MICK THE HAT

So let's just go over the details Kimble. We buy a load of diamonds in another country, from 'a guy' then we just bring them back here, nice and simple yes? And how much is this going to cost?

KIMBLE

It's going to cost a cool million.

JIM

For a minute, I thought he just said we need a million pounds.

KIMBLE

Yes Jim, a million.

BESTY

And after you pull a million from
thin air like Harry-fucking-
Houdini, and we go to Amsterdam,
and we see 'the guy', then what?

KIMBLE

This is the best part.

JIM

You mean it gets better?

KIMBLE

Skinny.

SKINNY

Pigeons.

BESTY

Pigeons? What the fuck have you two
been smoking?

KIMBLE

The diamonds will be smuggled back
inside a flock of homing pigeons.

MICK THE HAT

You off your rocker Kimble, we
don't know anything about
Amsterdam, smuggling diamonds or
fucking pigeons.

KIMBLE

I've been thinking about this most
of the night, I made some phone
calls, cousin Joe knows a guy who
can help us over there. I can pull
together around a hundred and fifty
grand, but that's everything. If
you want in, I'm gonna need some
cash from the rest of you. The rest
I'm going to loan from Handsome
Pete.

MICK THE HAT

Handsome Pete! Handsome 'I'll cut your head off for a tenner Pete. Are you insane Kimble? I'm going no where near Pete. That guy likes it when people dont pay him back. What kind of a loan shark prefers his clients not to pay him on time just so he can give them a warning slap? The guys a shitting maniac, and so are you.

KIMBLE

Look, all we need to do is make two or three runs, then we will have enough money to cut Pete out all together. Then the profit is all ours. I'm tiered of selling gear, robbing motors and fucking people over. I'm getting too old for that shit. We put everything into this, shit or bust. And if...when it works, we will be sitting pretty. I figure we're in to earn over forty large ones each, each run.

JIM

So even if you manage to get the money and the diamonds, where the hell do we get a flock of pigeons from?

Kimble turnes toward the bar, the others all turn in unison. Sam is stood behind it, cleaning a pint glass, oblivious to the plan the gang are brewing.

EXT. COCK AND BULL PUBLIC HOUSE. NIGHT

Kimble and the others stand outside the pub, waiting. Sam exits the front door on his way home after finishing his shift.

KIMBLE

How's you Sam?

Sam dosnt reply, he keeps walking. The gang follows him.

KIMBLE

Where you off to? Fancy a pint
somewhere?

SAM

No thanks, I need to get home to my
mother.

SKINNY

Oh yea, how is your old mum Sam?

SAM

She's ok.

SKINNY

Still shitting in a bag tho eh?

KIMBLE

Skinny, shut the fuck up. Sorry
Sambo, what Skinny is trying to
delicately say, is that I bet you
could do with a few extra quid to
make her life a little more
comfortable, to ease the burden you
have to bear?

Sam stops walking.

SAM

It's no burden, she's my mother.

KIMBLE

Of course Sambo, we know that, but
we also know how hard it must be,
young lad like yourself, nothing to
occupy his time except pulling
pints and taking care of your mum,
and your pigeons.

MICK THE HAT

A few extra quid in the back pocket
would go a long way Sam.

KIMBLE

We have a little thing going Sambo,
and if you want to help, I'll give
you fifteen grand. And it dosnt
just stop there, if it all works
out, this could be a regular job. A
steady income. Your old ma could be
living it up at the ritz. What do
you think?

SAM (OS)

That's when things changed, after
this my life would never be the
same again. Scumbags as they were,
they were right about one thing. I
did need the money. And after
laying out the plan, crazy as is
was, I agreed.

Kimble pats Sam on the back then they walk in separate
directions.

INT. PETE'S TATTOO PARLOR. DAYTIME

An old school tattoo shop, dark walls lined with skulls and
upturned crosses. Tattoo flash designs are displayed
everywhere.

A small bell rings as the gang walks through the front
door.

A FEMALE RECEPTIONIST sits behind a desk, covered with
tattoos, half her face has a Maori tribal design on it.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you, you wanting a
tattoo?

KIMBLE

Were here to see Pete.

The receptionist picks up the phone, she mumbles into the receiver, then hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST

Go through, second door to the left.

The gang walk into a large open area, the sound of tattoo machines Rock music fills the air. Several clients are laid in various positions getting tattoos.

They walk through the second door to the left and into an office.

INT. HANDSOME PETE'S OFFICE

HANDSOM PETE is sat behind an immaculately clean desk, a large frame and thick neck, he's wearing an expensive grey suit and reading glasses, his face is covered in scars, even more on his shaven head.

On the desk is a stack of papers, a laptop and a human skull.

SIMON, an even bigger bulk of a man is stood by his side. He is also donning a full suit, but his frame tells the group he is far from an office worker, or accountant. He's the muscle.

KIMBLE

Pete. Long time no see.

Pete removes his glasses.

PETE

Not long enough Kimble, what the fuck do you want?

KIMBLE

Thought that would be pretty obvious Pete, as your a loan shark. I need to loan some cash.

PETE

Oh dear Kimble, you fallen behind with your mobile bill? You want to lay off those dirty hotlines, go get yourself a real woman instead of sat on your lonesom at home, knocking one out to what you think is some bored supermodel, when in fact, it's Bestys mother..

BESTY

Bit wrong in it Pete?

SKINNY

We all know Kimble here is on pay as you go Pete.

Skinny giggles to himself, nudging Kimbles arm. No one else laughs. Kimble stares at his younger friend, the smile dissolves fast.

KIMBLE

We got a sure thing planned Pete. Just need the rest of the capital. Will be a big enough earner all round.

PETE

How much?

KIMBLE

Seven fifty large.

Pete leans back in his chair, his attention has been caught.

PETE

That's quite a phone bill Kimble. And without any kind of security, houses, cars, you know, those kind of things, the outcome of an unpaid debt would result in only one penalty. And it wouldn't be just you. You know what I'm talking about, don't you.

Pete places one hand on the skull, he waves his opposite index finger at the rest of the gang.

The phone rings, Simon answers it.

SIMON

It's Bobby Feathers boss. His debt is due today. He has the cash to collect.

Pete thinks for a second.

PETE

Tell him I'm not here, then pop round tomorrow for the money, and give him a friendly slap for being late.

Simon pauses for a second. Pete smiles to himself, visibly happier.

PETE

Job satisfaction boys, nothing beats enjoying your job, after a while it doesn't even feel like work. Bobby feathers owes me ten grand. It is ten isn't it Simon?

SIMON

Yes boss, it's ten.

PETE

You want seven fifty Kimble?

Kimble glances at the others, each look as terrified as the next, he could hear there silent screams of no, no, no.

KIMBLE

Yes.

The others sink, the colour drains from their faces.

PETE

Payable, when?

KIMBLE

One week

Pete grabs a calculator from the desk, taps in a few numbers.

PETE

For a week, I'll do you twenty five percent, That's nine three seven fifty back.

KIMBLE

Come on Pete, this could be an ongoing thing here, play the good guy.

PETE

Do I look like a fucking good guy to you Kimble? Do you think Alberto de-la-fucking Ringer here thinks I'm a good guy?

Pete points towards the skull on his desk. The muscle in the suit leans towards Pete.

SIMON

It's Ringo boss.

PETE

'Its' not anything now is it, maybe he 'was' Ringo. But now he's just a dead fucking 'ringer' isn't he Simon.

Pete looks at Simon with an unimpressed glance.

SIMON

Yes boss. Sorry Pete.

PETE

Im sure it will be an 'on-going' thing, that is until you have made enough to cut me out.... I'll tell you how good I am Kimble, I'll hang around, while you pop to the bank on the corner, see if they will

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

give you a loan. If not, you can come back here, but next time through that door, it will be thirty percent. That good enough for you?

KIMBLE

Ok, ok Pete, get the message. Can't blame a man for trying.

Pete stood from behind the desk.

PETE

Now, I got another engagement elsewhere. Simon will give you your cash. And Kimble, man is to blame for everything that's fucked with this world, remember that.

Pete smiles at the gang, then walks out.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM

SAM'S MOTHER is sat in her wheelchair in front of the television set, she is dressed in a pink nightgown. Sam is sat on the sofa besides her.

The television shows the local news, usual doom and gloom. Sam and Sarah sit in silence for a while, simply enjoying each others company.

SAM

I'm going to be away for a few days Mum.

SAHRA

Where are you off to?

SAM

I have some work on Mum. It's not legal, but we could all have enough money to move away from here.

SAHRA

Fast money is never as easy as that Sam. And you shouldn't put yourself in danger to help me, you do enough son.

SAM

It's ok Mum, not much risk, not for me anyways. There has to be something better than this Mum. Shaun has been on leave now for a whole week, and he hasn't even been around. Dads gonna be out soon also, I want to try and have something for when he comes home. The family has been broken for a long time. It's time to put it back together.

SAHRA

What's meant to be will be Sam. But I'll always love you and your brother no matter where we are. As long as your safe, that's all that matters to me.

SAM

I'm going to cook your favorite before I go, we can watch a bit of crap t.v and I'll get you settled. Phil will pop round to give you a hand in the morning.

SAHRA

Love you son.

Sam cooks sausage and mash, with onion gravy. They clear their plates, then sit and watch an old movie, Sarah falls asleep in her chair.

Sam scoops up his mother and carries her into her bedroom, which was actually the dining area. He tucks her into bed then pushes her wheelchair by her side. He exits the house locking the door behind him.

INT. KIMBLE'S CAR. DUSK. HEAVY RAIN

Skinny is sat in the passenger seat, Kimble and Sam are sat in the back. Rain is bouncing off the car, a faint red glow from the cars rear lights shine through the back window.

KIMBLE

Nice night for a drive eh Sam?

Sam does not answer.

KIMBLE (CONT)

Well, a drive you got son....

SAM

Please don't call me son.

SKINNY

Oooh, touchy, touchy. Be careful, 'son!'

Sam smiled at skinny.

KIMBLE

Leave it out Skinny. Can't blame the kid. Got strong feeling for your old pa, don't you Sam?

Again Sam doesn't reply.

KIMBLE (CONT)

Ok. Everything is set. Mick the hat is going to meet you outside the pub, he has a rented van for your little flying-smuggling-fuckers. Load them up, then it's off to Dover for you. A quick ferry trip, then a few hours more driving, you should be there tomorrow morning. Mick knows where we are meeting, make sure your birds are hungry.

SAM

No problem. See you tomorrow.

Sam exits the car.

SKINNY

I don't like that little prick, and
I don't trust him either.

KIMBLE

You don't have to like him skinny.
We ain't wining and dining. We can
use him a couple of times, maybe,
then cut him loose. As for trusting
him. He won't be out of my sight
until this deal is done. Now, we
need to get to the airport.

INT. RENTED VAN

Sam and Mick are sat in the front of the rented van, Mick
is driving. Thirty five pigeon cages are piled in the back,
each cage holding a pigeon. They are on the motorway
heading towards Dover.

Mick is examining his hand.

MICK THE HAT

One of those little shits bit me,
look.

Mick holds out his hand as he drives the van, showing Sam
the small scratch on the back of it.

SAM

I would be careful with that Mick,
pigeons have all kinds of diseases,
could get infected, you could even
lose it.

Mick stares back at his hand, obviously concerned.

MICK THE HAT

Fuck off, your talking out of your
ass.

SAM

No lie. Hope it's not your business hand Mick.

Sam makes a masturbation gesture at mick.

MICK

Little twat.

SAM

Can we stop for a small break? I need to take a piss, maybe grab a coffee? You should get some alcohol for that scratch though.

Mick thinks for a second, glancing again at the cut on his hand.

MICK

Fuck it, why not.

They pull into a service station, a large twenty four hour supermarket, cross cafe, cross garage. They park the van and enter through the main automatic doorway.

INT. SERVICE STATION. NIGHT

Dozens of people wander around like a flock of insomniatic sheep. Taxi drivers, long distance drivers, delivery drivers, families on the way home from the airport, sunburnt and tiered. Doves of local late night shoppers, antisocial spending at its finest.

MICK THE HAT

Grab a seat I will get us a coffee.

Sam picks a booth by the window. The rain is falling fast outside. Within a few moments Mick returns with two large takeaway cups.

MICK THE HAT

No one is going to take your birds Sam.

Mick smiled at Sam as he was staring out the window towards the van.

MICK THE HAT

Here, I got you milk and two
sugars.

Mick hands Sam his cup and takes a seat opposite him in the booth.

SAM

Thanks.

They sit in silence for a few moments, adding sugar and milk to their coffee, stirring the hot beverage.

MICK THE HAT

So, how do we know your pigeons
won't just shit out the jewels half
way across the pond?

SAM

Pigeons are very particular about
where they take a shit. And the
jewels probably won't have passed
through until they hit land.

MICK THE HAT

You know your pigeons kid.

Mick knocks back the last of his coffee, at the same time Sam spilt the last of his cup all over micks lap. Mick spits out his coffee all over the table.

MICK THE HAT

What the fuck?! You soaked me you
muppet!

SAM

I'm sorry mate, it was an accident.

Mick stood from his seat, a large wet patch ran from his crotch to his left knee, A YOUNG DISABLED KID limps past, he giggles to himself as Mick points to the stain.

MICK THE HAT

I look like I've pissed myself you idiot. I'm off to the boys room, you better hope and pray that they have a working-fucking hand dryer in there.

Mick walks around the table with a limp, he begins hobbling to the bathroom right behind the young disabled kid. From no where A BRUTE OF A MAN appears, grabbing Mick by the throat pinning him up against another booth.

BRUTE OF A MAN

You taking the fucking piss bro.

MICK THE HAT

You better get the fuck off me 'bro' or there's gonna be trouble your way.

BRUTE OF A MAN

Kind of a man makes fun out of a disabled kid? Taking the piss out of the way he walks.

Mick glances towards the young boy, who was now staring right at Mick. He realizes what his actions must of looked like.

MICK THE HAT

Wasnt taking the piss, I've got coffee on my crotch you fucking shit head.

BRUTE OF A MAN

Shit head?

With a White flash the brute slams his forehead into Micks face. Mick is unconscious before he hits the ground.

YOUNG KID

Haha you got fucked the knock out!

BRUTE OF A MAN
 How many times John. It's knocked
 the fuck out.

The brute shakes his head in disapproval.

BRUTE OF A MAN
 Fucks sake.

EXT. AMSTERDAM. EARLY MORNING

Kimble, Besty, Skinny and Jim arrive in Amsterdam. The streets are full of tourists. Happy high holiday makers taking photos and enjoying the cities taboo delicacies.

Kimble is on his mobile phone.

KIMBLE
 Ok Tommy, you and the others meet
 us at the hotel in an hour.

Kimble ends the call.

KIMBLE
 Tommy and the others have landed
 with the rest of the cash.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 208

The gang and the extra hired help meet in a dingy Dutch hotel, they each retrieve their portion of the smuggled cash from money belts hidden under their clothing, then they hand it to Kimble.

Kimble shakes TOMMY'S hand.

KIMBLE
 Your Mick will be here soon enough
 Tommy. So, that's step two. Now we
 need to meet with my contact.

Kimble hands out cash to the others who wore the money belts.

KIMBLE

Your flight back is in six hours.
if you decide to get stoned in one
of the local cafes and miss it. Not
my problem, ok? Tommy, your staying
with us to help out, then you can
drive the van back.

TOMMY

Ok Kimble, no worries.

They each nod in agreance and leave for the city center.
Besty is on his mobile in the background.

BESTY

That was Mick on the phone. They
are pulling into the port, they
should be here with the birds in
around two hours.

SKINNY

See Kimble, like clockwork mate.

JIM

Don't jinx us you asshole.

KIMBLE

Now we need to go and meet with a
guy called Finn.

Kimble takes out his mobile phone, he taps in a number and
waits.

JIM

Finn the seller, or the jeweler?

KIMBLE

Finn is the jeweler Jim, he will
check out the stones for us. A
geezer called Korbus is the dealer.

JIM

Korbus?

SKINNY

Yes Jim, Korbus Vogel is his name.

JIM

Korbus Vogel, sounds like a fucking drain cleaner.

KIMBLE

Finn? Kimble. We are on the way.

INT. AMSTERDAM COFFEE SHOP. MID DAY

Kimble, Skinny, Jim and Besty enter the cafe, Tommy waits outside, the place is full of people sat around, chatting, drinking coffee and smoking joints. FINN waves from the back of the cafe.

KIMBLE

That must be him.

The gang walks through a thick cloud of ganja smoke, a small bespeckled man wearing a light blue suit is sat drinking coffee, smoking a huge joint.

FINN

Welcome to Amsterdam. Kimble yes?

Finn points a finger at Kimble.

KIMBLE

Thanks for meeting with us. Cousin Joe sends his regards.

FINN

No problem. Happy to help, you want a smoke of this?

Finn held out the huge joint.

SKINNY

What the hell is that? Is it Tommy Chongs birthday today?

FINN

This is breakfast.

KIMBLE

Too early for me thanks.

FINN

No better way, to start the day.

SKINNY

Sod it, I'll have a bash.

Finn takes a large drag of the joint, he exhales, engulfing half the cafe in thick smoke. Then passes it to Skinny, who does the same then chokes a little before handing it back.

JIM

Fucks sake. I can't breath.

FINN

I've arranged a meeting with Korbis. I have never delt with this merchant before, so unfortunatly I can't vouch for him.

KIMBLE

As long as you can vouch for the diamonds, I don't give a monkeys. If Korbis is a straight up guy, we can do more business in the future. We all win, if everyone plays the game.

FINN

The shop is just around the corner, lets go and get your merchandise.

The group stands to exit the cafe, there eyes stinging from the smoke, Skinny and Besty both begin to cough. Jim pushes his way out the door.

JIM

Damn that stuff is strong.

Finn smiles at Jim.

INT. KORBUS AND SONS.

The gang walk into a large jewelry shop, again, Tommy waits outside. They are escorted by a tall Dutch guy down a long corridor.

JIM

Anyone else really hungry?

Skinny smiles at Jim. Jim's eyes are bloodshot.

INT. KORBUS OFFICE.

They enter a door into an office. The walls are clad in wood, the floor a polished stone.

KORBUS is sat behind a desk, he's around fifty years of age, wearing a light blue suit, red tie and is covered in jewelry, a briefcase in front of him. He is alone, taking a line of cocaine. He finishes and looks up at the customers.

KORBUS

Welcome England.

KIMBLE

Mr Vogel, good to meet you.

BESTY

Is that all everyone does out here, get wasted.

KORBUS

The ones who can afford it. Is your friend ok?

Korbus points towards Jim. Jim has his mouth half open, he is staring at a bowl of peanuts on the desk next to the briefcase.

JIM

Shit, I'm sorry mate, but can I have a handful of those peanuts, I'm fucking starving.

KORBUS

Help yourself. And do not worry, it is not the first time someone has asked for my nuts.

Jim grabs the bowl tips the whole contents into his mouth.

KIMBLE

Sorry about him, he's not used to the smoke out here.

Kimble pinches his fingers together mimicking someone smoking a joint.

KORBUS

Ah, I see. Its not very professional, mixing business and pleasure.

SKINNY

Says the man sticking half a Colombian mountain up his hooter.

KORBUS

But the difference is my good man, I can take it.

JIM

Was fucking Bob Marleys grandson over there.

Says Jim with a mouthful of peanuts pointing at Finn, Finn frowns at Jim in return.

KORBUS

Ok, let's get down to business.

KIMBLE

Exactly what I was thinking.

Korbus opens up the briefcase, dozens of diamonds are displayed on a dark blue felt cushion.

KORBUS

So, it is how you say....Fill your boots.

Korbus hands Finn a jewelers loop, Finn picks up a random diamond and begins inspecting it.

FINN

Finest quality cut, fire and brilliance is there. Your good to go Kimble.

Kimble hands Korbus the money. They shake on the deal, and Kimble takes the briefcase.

KIMBLE

Nice doing business.

KORBUS

Likewise. Get your friend some strong coffee. Have a good trip.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET

The gang leave the shop. The streets are busy with holiday makers, stoners and mushroom heads. Pushers selling substances that you couldn't buy legally in the coffee shops.

KIMBLE

Ok. now that's that little piggy taken care of. Now to meet with Mick and Sambo and feed some pigeons.

INT. RENTAL VAN

Mick and Sam are pulling into a warehouse. Mick jumps from the van and closes the door.

The door opens again, Mick climbs halfway back into the front and glares at Sam. Mick has a bump on his nose, and a red and slightly swollen left eye.

MICK THE HAT

You mention a word about what happened and you'll fucking cop for one Sam. We clear? I had a fucking trip getting the birds in the van. That's it! Ok?

SAM

Already told you Mick, you tell your mates whatever you want, nothing to do with me.

Mick glares even harder. They exit the van and open the back doors.

MICK THE HAT

We got about twenty five minutes to unload the birds. Then it's chow time.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Sam and mick unload the birds, one by one, Sam carefully stacks them on the ground. Next to the van is a small office.

A few seconds later the warehouse doors open, Kimble and the rest of the gang enter. They pull The doors closed, and have a mini celebration.

SKINNY

I told you, like clockwork, fucking clockwork.

KIMBLE

What happened to you Mick?

MICK THE HAT

I fell out the van trying to load up these stupid birds.

BESTY

Looks like someone gave you a good smack mate.

MICK THE HAT

Shut up! I fell hard, didn't I Sam?

Mick glared at Sam for confirmation.

SAM

Like a sack of shit, out before he hit the floor Besty.

Sam smiles at Mick. Who was beginning to turn an angry red colour.

MICK THE HAT

Fucks up with Jim?

They turn to see Jim picking his nose, in a trance like stare looking at one of the pigeons.

KIMBLE

Had a meeting in a coffee shop, we know Jims a drinker not a smoker.

MICK THE HAT

So, everything went to plan?

Skinny opens his mouth

SKINNY

...

BESTY

You say like clockwork and I'll slap you skinny.

KIMBLE

All good. So, let's get these birds fed. Sambo, your up.

For an hour or so Sam takes the birds into the room and under the watchful eye of the gang, he force feeds the diamonds to them. One diamond per bird. Sam gives them some bird seed and the pigeons have there fill, ready for the long flight home.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF. EARLY AFTERNOON

The gang carry the cages to the warehouse roof, they stack them neatly.

KIMBLE

Our flight back is in two hours,
lets go enjoy the sights, sorry
Tommy, your bird sitting. So,
coffee shop, or knocking shop?

JIM

No more cafes for me mate.

SAM

I'm just going to go to the
airport, get some food and relax.

KIMBLE

Oh no my old son, your staying
close to me until all thirty five
of those diamonds are back in my
pocket.

SAM

Don't call me son...please.

Kimble scoffs at Sam.

KIMBLE

You got some ballocks, for a kid,
like I was, when I was your age.
Tommy, I'll call when we are
landing so you can release the
them, we've been through it a dozen
times, so there should be no
mistakes. After that, you can take
the van back whenever you like
mate....So knocking shop it is
then.

The gang leave the warehouse, Tommy is left behind watching the merchandise. They enter a local lap dancing club and spend the time waiting, watching, spending.

INT. COCK AND BULL PUBLIC HOUSE

Nothing's changed, same people, drinking the same drinks, talking about the same football games. Sam and the others enter the pub. Phil is behind the bar polishing a wine glass.

PHIL

Evening Sam.

SAM

Hey Phil. I need to use the roof, some of my birds are out, they should be on there way back now tho.

Phil spots Kimble and the others as they walk into the bar.

PHIL

No problem kiddo. Is everything ok?

BESTY

Everythings fine Phil, haven't you got a barrel to change or something.

SAM

It's ok Phil, won't be long.

The gang walk up the stairs to the roof.

Sams cages are all open, ready for there occupants return. The gang sit, and they wait.

Kimble has a pair of binoculars, he is scanning the sky, the others are also looking in anticipation.

JIM

There, over there!

KIMBLE

Where?

JIM
(Jim points)
Right there.

Kimble searches in the direction Jim is pointing.

KIMBLE
They are crows you idiot.

Kimble shakes his head.

BESTY
There fucking pigeons though.

SKINNY
Think your right Besty.

Kimble refocuses on the incoming birds.

KIMBLE
Yes! Yes they are pigeons, lots of
pigeons, and I can see the red
tags. There coming! There fucking
coming!

Kimble and the others begin to jump around like school
kids. There fortune was flying right towards them.

KIMBLE
Get ready with the cages Sambo.

The birds fly lower and lower, swooping left and right. The
closer they get, the bigger the smiles on the gangs faces.
Then, at the last second the pigeons fly right by, without
warning, they are gone.

MICK THE HAT
What's that all about then?

KIMBLE
What's that all about? A million
has just flown right past us. Sam
what the fuck is going on.

SAM

I don't know Kimble, there pigeons.

KIMBLE

I know there pigeons you little cunt, where the fuck are they going?

SAM

I've got no idea.

KIMBLE

I'm going to fucking kill you.

BESTY

Later Kimble, we got to get after those birds.

EXT. COCK AND BULL PUBLIC HOUSE.

The gang run into the street, dozens of pigeons are flying over head, on the way towards the city center. The gang are stood with there mouths open, watching there future pass right by.

JIM

What the fuck are we going to do?

BESTY

How are we going to catch all these birds Kimble?

KIMBLE

I don't fucking know! We need to get some weapons.

BESTY

Weapons?

KIMBLE

Airguns, slingshot...

BESTY

Slingshot?

KIMBLE

Not slingshot, fucking, you know, catapults, anything to get these fuckers out of the sky.

SAM

You can't kill my birds!

KIMBLE

Your little flying friends have decided to go for a wonder, well not with my fucking diamonds their not. Your new job is driving my car after those little bastards. And I would be worrying about myself if I were you Sam, never mind those fucking birds.

MICK THE HAT

I'll run over to the hunting shop on the high street. Get something we can use.

KIMBLE

We'll follow the birds, I'll call if they stop, may have to jump in a cab.

INT KIMBLES CAR

Sam is driving, Kimble is sat in the passenger seat, Jim is sandwiched between Besty and skinny on the back seat. The gang weave in and out of traffic trying to keep up with the birds.

SKINNY

Over there, look.

KIMBLE

That's them, they are flying
towards the park. Keep on them.

Kimble's phone rings, he answers it.

KIMBLE

Mick. Where are you? Meet us at the
park, looks like the birds are
flying there.

The pigeons fly into a busy park, they land on the grass
and begin pecking the ground. Sam pulls the car over and
they exit, their eyes pinned on the birds.

EXT. PARK, DAYTIME

Mick arrives in a taxi, he runs towards the rest of the
gang with bags full of airguns and ammunition.

MICK THE HAT

Grabbed some pea shooters, guy said
they would take out a pigeon.

KIMBLE

Ok, looks like all the birds are
still together, there pecking
around on the grass over there.

MICK THE HAT

So what now, we all take airguns
and start shooting?

SAM

Please don't kill them.

Sam is ignored.

JIM

Better we just try and take one out
at a time. I'll take a shot, you
guys cover me.

Jim rummages through the newly purchased air guns.

JIM

This one has a silencer, hopefully we're far enough away so it won't scare the rest.

SAM

Please, you can't just shoot them.

KIMBLE

Well, unless your going to walk over there and summon your birds to fly back into there cages, like some fucking-magic-fucking bird man, there as good as dead Sam.

JIM

Give me the ammo.

Jim takes a tub of pellets, he loads the gun and lays on the ground. Kimble, Besty, skinny and Sam lay next to him, Mick is stood by, keeping a look out.

SAM

Please, just try and clip it.

JIM

Clip it, I'm not Tom fucking Berrenger.

SKINNY

Tom who?

JIM

You know, from that movie. The one with the army sniper.

SKINNY

Never watched it

JIM

Missing out mate, there is a part where the guy goes to....

KIMBLE

Fucks sake Jim, just take the shot
will you.

Jim lines up the bird again, takes a deep breath. From no
where comes a voice. It's AN OLD LADY.

OLD LADY

What do you think your doing?

MICK THE HAT

Don't worry grandma, not what it
looks like, it's only an airgun.

Jim holds fire, they turn to see what the problem is. An
old lady dressed in a long coat, and wearing a red scarf
tied around her head is looking over them.

OLD LADY

Looks pretty clear to me, gun
aimed, finger on the trigger,
innocent people going about there
business. And don't call me
grandma, I've got toenail clippings
older than you, you septic bastard.

JIM

Septic bastard, fucks a septic
bastard?

Jim shakes his head and lines up the shot

OLD LADY

you!

The old woman winds up and kicks Jim square between his
legs, Jims face instantly contorts, he fires the airgun
prematurely hitting a passing cyclist, who falls towards
the birds scattering them into the sky.

The old lady swings her handbag towards Mick just missing
him.

KIMBLE

Quick, in the car.

The rest of the gang jump to there feet, they dash towards the car, leaving Jim on his knees and struggling to stand.

OLD LADY

Stop! Terrorists!

The woman begins waving her fist in the air, she chases the gang back towards the car, people begin taking notice.

Jim hobbles just two or three steps ahead of the enraged old lady. He clammers into the back the car as it speeds after the pigeons.

INT KIMBLES CAR

JIM

You were supposed to be looking out
Mick you asshole.

MICK THE HAT

Sorry mate. Was just an old lady.

JIM

Yea well I think that old lady has
just broke one of my balls.

Jim grabs his crotch, pain still visible on his face.

KIMBLE

Keep after them Sam. There going
towards the old hall estate.

Sam turns the corner and enters a huge council estate complex, hundreds of apartments in a maze like structure.

KIMBLE

They have landed on the roof, pull
the car over.

EXT. OLD HALL ESTATE

The gang exit the car. They squeeze through a gap in a chain link fence then climb some stairs to the third floor, they run towards the end of the hallway and peer over the balcony.

The pigeons are on the roof of an abandoned reception area.

BESTY

Get the guns out Mick.

KIMBLE

Wait. If we hit one the rest will just fly away, we're too close. There has to be a better way.

SKINNY

We should drug them.

MICK THE HAT

Drug them? You got some fucking pigeon anesthetic in your back pocket Skinny?

SKINNY

No you twat, I mean get some feed, and give them a dose of something.

KIMBLE

Good idea skinny.

Kimble takes a step back from the balcony, he retrieves his mobile, he taps in a number and waits for an answer.

KIMBLE

Gordon. It's Kimble. Long time mate. You still out and about? Great stuff, I'm at the old hall. Look mate need a favor, can you sort us out some greenery?Not sure mate really, enough to knock out a flock of pigeons.....yes I'm sure I want more drugs. What kind

(MORE)

KIMBLE (CONT'D)

of a drug dealer are you?.....oh
and Gordon, can you stop off at the
supermarket for a loaf of bread on
the way here.

Kimble hangs up the phone then returns to the balcony. The
birds are still pecking away.

KIMBLE

Gordon is on his way with some
weed.

SKINNY

Let's hope these little bastards
hang around

SAM

They need to rest from the flight.

KIMBLE

Don't really care a fat shit what
you have to say at this point Sam.

BESTY

Why the fuck haven't they gone
home, thought they were homing
pigeons, i mean, it's even in the
fucking name.

SAM

It's there first long flight, I
don't know why, I'm not doctor
Doolittle.

BESTY

Don't get smart with me you little
shit....

KIMBLE

Be quiet your going to scare them
away.

They wait for the drugs and bread to arrive. Kimble is
pacing up and down the hallway, anxiety coursing through
his veins.

Kimble's phone beeps, he glances at the screen.

KIMBLE

Gordon is here, I'll be back in a minute.

Kimble leaves quietly.

BESTY

You better pray we get these birds back, or I'm going to fucking kill you Sam.

SAM

Fuck off besty.

Besty goes red with anger, but has to keep composure. He takes a deep breath, and smiles at Sam. Who smiles right back at him.

Kimble returns with a loaf of bread, and a large bag of weed.

KIMBLE

Dig in boys.

Kimble unwraps the bread and hands everyone a slice. He then opens the large bag of weed and he starts stuffing it into the bread. They all follow suit and begin throwing it to the pigeons.

The pigeons dive onto the bread, gobbling it up. The gang continue feeding the birds until the bread is gone.

MICK THE HAT

Greedy buggers arnt they.

JIM

How long will it take?

KIMBLE

God knows, we're just going to have to wait.

They sit around, never taking their eyes off the pigeons, skinny rolls a joint from the remaining weed.

JIM

So..how will we know if it's working?

KIMBLE

No idea Jim, never got a pigeon stoned before.

SKINNY

Maybe they will all start giggling.

Skinny laughs to himself.

KIMBLE

Shut up skinny

Time passes slowly.

JIM

It's been over an hour, how much longer can it take?

Suddenly a teenager appears on the opposite balcony, he is speaking on his phone. Within seconds a gang of men appear. One of the men pulls a gun from his jacket, he aims at the birds.

BESTY

What's he doing?

KIMBLE

Oi! What the hell are you doing?

The man doesn't reply, he fires a shot. The birds fly away.

BESTY

Fucking asshole!

The shooter aims at Besty. Besty and the others duck behind the guard rail as a bullet is fired at them. The shot hits the railing with a clang.

The gang run for there lives.

EXT. STREETS.

They exit the estate and clamber into the car, Sam speeds away as Jim and Micks legs are sticking out of the back doors.

INT. KIMBLES CAR.

SKINNY

Who the hell where those guys?

KIMBLE

Keep after those birds, you two,
start shooting at them.

Jim and mick grab an airgun each, they wind down the windows and begin firing at the pigeons. Again and again they miss. Then a car appears by the side of them, a man is driving, he is looking up at the birds, obviously chasing them.

SKINNY

And who the fuck is this guy?

MICK THE HAT

Looks like he's after the birds.

The driver spots them looking at him, he begins using his mobile, he accelerates ahead then slams on his breaks, Sam hits the breaks on Kimbles Jaguar, but not in time, they slam into the back of the car infront, crippling there bonnet and the other cars boot.

The driver speeds away. Sam follows, the car is making a grinding noise.

KIMBLE

Holy fuck! My car.

BESTY

What the hell is going on?

KIMBLE

I don't fucking know! I don't know who they were or who this asshole is, I don't know where the pigeons are going, where the fuck we are going, I don't know why this is happening or what in the sweet shitbag of a fuck nut we do about it!

MICK THE HAT

This is turning into a nightmare Kimble, someone must of opened there mouth.

Kimble looks at Sam

KIMBLE

Have you been talking to anyone about this.

SAM

Like my crippled mother you mean, or maybe Phil at the pub?

From nowhere a black fourdoor car appears and sideswipes them. Four burley looking men are inside the vehicle.

JIM

Shit! Who the fuck are these guys.

KIMBLE

Shoot them.

MICK THE HAT

What, with pellet guns?

KIMBLE

Ok, well just flash the guns at them.

Mick shows the airgun to the car, the driver backs off for a second, then the passenger takes a closer look, realizing the gun isn't real, the car speeds back by their side again, side swiping kimbles car once more, shattering the side windows covering Kimble, Jim and Mick in glass.

JIM
Fucks sake!

The passenger then shows a real gun, a shotgun. Then another from the back seat, both are pointed directly at the gang.

KIMBLE
Shit! Get down

Everyone ducks as a garbage truck pulls out of a junction ahead, the car with the shooters inside slams into it, they are wiped from view in an instant.

Sam peers over the dash to see where he is going. Kimble pops up his head.

KIMBLE
Where did they go?

The rest of the gang slowly take a look.

BESTY
Who cares, keep after those birds.

SKINNY
I have a bad feeling about this
Kimble

KIMBLE
Not as bad as I do.

EXT. TRAIN STOP. DAYTIME

The car limps around the corner chasing the birds, they arrive at a train stop, the birds perch inside on the rafters.

The gang enter the stop. They stand under the birds, watching there every move.

JIM

I think the weed is taking effect
Kimble. This one has a bit of a
wobble on.

Jim points to one of the birds, it begins to wobble.

KIMBLE

I think your right Jim.

The pigeon loses its footings and falls off its perch. It
half glides, and half falls to the ground, seemingly
forgotten how to fly.

In a flash skinny jumps on the pigeon.

KIMBLE

Good catch skinny!

SKINNY

What do we do with it?

KIMBLE

We need to get that diamond out of
that bird.

SKINNY

How do you suggest we do that?

KIMBLE

We're going to have to cut it out.

SAM

You can't cut my bird open!

KIMBLE

Too late for that Sam, and if there
isn't a diamond inside, I'll be
cutting you open.

SKINNY

No problem Kimble, I'll just get my
surgical kit out my pocket, damn I
left it at home.

KIMBLE

Your mother lives near here doesn't
she Mick.

MICK THE HAT

Yes? And?

KIMBLE

We're going to need to use her
kitchen.

MICK THE HAT

Fuck off kimble, what I am I
supposed to tell her?

KIMBLE

Tell her what you like Mick, tell
her your making pigeon fucking pie,
but we got to get those stones out,
and fast.

Another bird falls to the ground, skinny passes the first
bird to mick, and dives on the second.

SKINNY

Looks like you will be making two
pigeon pies Mick.

Skinny smiles as he hands Mick the second bird.

MICK

For fucks sake!

Then the pigeons fly from there perch. But they split up
into two groups of birds.

The gang stand with there mouths hung open.

JIM

Shit! Now what the hell do we do?

KIMBLE

Mick, take the birds to your
mothers, Jim, get after the other
birds, there is a taxi rank on the
corner.

JIM

You want me to jump in a cab?
Fucking hell kimble.

KIMBLE

Got a better idea? Skinny, get on
the blower and call everyone, we
are going to need more people,
offer one 'K' for anyone who
catches one of these fucking birds,
tell them to take them to Micks
mothers house, dead or alive.

Mick jogs away towards his mothers home a pigeon in each
hand. Jim runs around the corner to the taxi rank and
Skinny pulls out his mobile.

EXT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET

A young kid is sat on his bike, several other teenagers are
sat around wasting time. The kids mobile rings.

KID ON BIKE

Skinny, how's tricks? Do what?
Kimble is offering a grand for any
pigeons caught with a red tag? need
to take the birds to Micks mothers
house. Ok mate I'll spread the
word.

The kid ends the call, and dials again.

KID ON BIKE

Oi, Kimble is offering a grand for
anyone who catches a pigeon with a
red tag. Need to take them to Micks
mothers house.

EXT. LOCAL PARK

Several kids are sat on a park bench. A phone rings.

TEENAGER

Whats up?. What, really? Ok man, no stress.

The teenager ends the call.

TEENAGER

Just had a call, saying Kimble is offering a grand for any pigeons caught with two red tags.

The OTHER TEENAGERS pull out there mobiles.

TEENAGER #2

Hi mate, kimble is offering a Grand for any pigeons with two red tags caught Dead or alive. Collect the cash from Micks mothers house.

The other kids make more phone calls.

INT. SMOKEY LIVING ROOM

TWO KIDS are sat playing video games, smoking marijuana and drinking. A phone rings

KID

What's that? Kimble is paying two grand for any pigeons caught alive, and taken to micks mothers house? We're on it bro.

Kid ends the call

KID

Did you hear that, Kimble is offering two grand for any pigeons caught and taken to micks mothers house.

KID #2

What sort of pigeons?

KID

The flying kind you twat.

KID #2

I mean, how do we know which ones?

KID

He said something about them having tags.

KID #2

Sort of tags.

KID

I don't know man. Red ones, or was it blue...blue I think.

INT. KIMBLES CAR

Around twenty pigeons remain in the main group of birds. Their flight pattern is more erratic, they are bumping into each other as they venture towards an unknown destination.

SKINNY

Think that weed is kicking there
ass Kimble.

KIMBLE

They just flew into that tower
block.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS

Kimble, Besty, Skinny and Sam exit the car. They look up at the towering building.

KIMBLE

Skinny, you stay here, if those pigeons appear before us, call me.

The others dash into the graffiti covered entrance.

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS

The flats are abandoned, empty apartments and graffiti are all that's left.

KIMBLE

Anyone see them.

KIMBLE

There is one over there.

Besty points to a solitary bird pecking the floor by a dilapidated stairwell. The bird is staggering around.

BESTY

Where are the rest of them?

Kimble's phone rings. It startles the pigeon and it flies up the stairwell.

KIMBLE

Fucks sake! What is it Skinny?....
What?....your kidding. All we need.

BESTY

What is it?

KIMBLE

Those assholes from earlier are coming in through the side door.

BESTY

So now what?

KIMBLE

How about we all sit around and have a party?... What do you think we do? We get those god damned birds and get the hell out of here.

A closed door splinters into the main hall, several men enter. They spot the gang, and start chasing them.

Kimble, Besty, and Sam run up the stair well.

BESTY

We need to split up.

The three dart off in different directions, all searching for a way to the roof.

INT. TOWER BLOCK HALLWAY

A pigeon is stood in the middle of the hall. Kimble appears at one end of the corridor, then A MAN appears at the opposite end, he is carrying a small bat and an unwelcoming smile.

They both spot the pigeon simultaneously.

Kimble takes a step forward, the man takes a step, the floor begins to creak and crack.

The man with the baseball bat darts forward to grab the bird, Kimble, without fear, runs towards the unaware pigeon.

The other man gets there first, he stands over the bird victorious, the floor creaks loudly, the man falls through to the next floor.

Kimble walks over to the bird picks it up, leans over the hole and laughs at the man on the floor.

The floor creaks again, and Kimble also falls straight through, he lands right next to the man below, with the pigeon still in his hands.

The man smiles at Kimble

MAN

Wanker.

The man punches Kimble square in the face at the same time he plucks the pigeon from kimble's grasp.

He clambers to his feet, shakes off the loose timber that's attached to his clothing along with several decades worth

of dust and stands proud.

From nowhere Besty tackles the man to the floor, knocking the wind out of him, the pigeon drifts away in a stupor. It flies towards the stairwells railing.

Kimble sits up, gathering his senses, he sees the bird.

KIMBLE

Fucking thing is going over the edge.

Kimble jumps to his feet and reaches for the pigeon, two more men are hanging from the floor above, another two on consecutive floors below.

The pigeon floats just inches out of Kimbles reach. The two men above loose there grip, they miss the bird and fall from the ledge above. Kimble dodges to the side and they fall past.

Kimble looks over the railing, Besty joins him. One of the two falling men reach out and grab one of his friends from the floor below, then he grabs the next one below him, all fall to the ground floor, unconscious, certainly. Death, maybe.

BESTY

Ouch. I bet that hurt.

The pigeon glides to the ground, takes a look around, then flies straight back up past Kimble and Besty towards the top floor.

KIMBLE

We need to get to up there and fast.

They begin the ascension, Kimble nursing a bloody nose. Besty looks over the railing, he spots more men coming up the stairs after them.

BESTY

This is a mess Kimble, they obviously know what's in those birds. We're fucked mate.

KIMBLE

Not really the time or place Besty,
we have to get these pigeons, or
handsome Pete is going to kill all
of us.

They climb to the top floor, Sam appears from around a
corner.

KIMBLE

Where the fuck have you been?

SAM

You said split up.

Kimble shakes his head.

KIMBLE

These fuckers aren't letting up,
and I think three or four of them
just fell to there death. There
buddies aren't going to be to happy
about that.

SAM

Sounds like a big fuck up kimble.
It's one thing smuggling a few
diamonds into the country, it's
another when people are dying.

KIMBLE

I don't give a flying asshole Sam,
your in this all the way to the end
now, like it or not. This isn't
over until I get all thirty five
stones back.

EXT. TOWER BLOCK ROOF

Kimble, Besty and Sam exit a fire door onto the roof.
Dozens of pigeons are wobbling around the floor, most are
struggling to walk.

BESTY

There they are, little bastards.

KIMBLE

Shh...we need to be quiet.

Kimble and Besty sneak closer and closer to the birds, Kimble removes his jacket, holding it at arms length, anticipating the pigeons capture.

He gets within six feet of the birds. Then his phone rings.

The birds in an intoxicated panic, scatter.

KIMBLE

Fucking hell! Jim you asshole, you just scared the birds away.... What are you talking about? Jim, I can't hear you, Jim. Jim. Fuck is going on?

BESTY

What's happening?

Kimbles phone rings again.

KIMBLE

Yes skinny, I fucking know the birds have flown away. Get after them, we are on the way back down.

Kimble, Besty and Sam rush back down the stairs.

They turn a corner to see three men stood waiting for them.

KIMBLE

Give it a rest, who are you? And who told you about these fucking birds.

MAN #1

One of your boyfriends has opened their mouth.

KIMBLE
Is that right.

MAN #1
Maybe it was him.

The man points at Besty.

BESTY
Fuck off.

Kimble looks at his life long friend, confused.

KIMBLE
What is he talking about?

BESTY
I don't have a clue, he's full of
shit.

MAN #2
We were offered a deal, to cut the
rest of you out.

BESTY
Why the fuck would I do that?

MAN #1
Who knows, greed is a funny old
sin, makes people do stupid things,
unspeakable things.

Kimble looks hard at Besty

BESTY
Your not falling for this are you?
Why would I do that? We have been
friends all our lives Kimble.

KIMBLE
I don't know Besty, greed is a son
of a bitch. And someone has
obviously opened there mouth.

MAN #1

Why would we lie?

BESTY

Because your a sack of shit.
Kimble, he's talking crap.

MAN #2

We were supposed to take the birds
after they landed safe and sound
back in there cages. But obviously
things didn't go to plan, the
pigeons decided to go for a wonder.
Now we figure, there fair game.

KIMBLE

Well they aren't fair fucking game.
Those birds are our birds.

SAM

Technically there my birds.

KIMBLE

Shut the fuck up Sam, they aren't
your birds anymore.

MAN #1

Or perhaps it was the other idiot
who is sat in the car outside.

KIMBLE

Skinny? Nah, your full of shit.

MAN #1

Maybe I am, maybe I'm not.

KIMBLE

Fuck you!

Kimble turns and runs down the corridor towards another
fire exit, Besty and Sam follow quickly, the men give
chase.

EXT. TOWER BLOCK/STREETS

Kimble, Besty and Sam run from the tower block and into the street, several men chase them.

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY

Kimble, Besty and Sam dash through the streets, turning right they jump into a waiting taxi. AN OLD LONDON TAXI DRIVER is snoozing in the front.

TAXI DRIVER

Easy boys, no need to rush, not a place on earth worth dying for to get to.

KIMBLE

Just drive will you, or we will be dying before we get any-fucking-where.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to

BESTY

Any where but here!

TAXI DRIVER

What about the art museum? I haven't been there for ages....

KIMBLE

Just drive!

The taxi speeds away inches from the persuers. Kimble retrieves his mobile.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S)

Nineteen eighty seven was the last time I was there, infact I was courting a young lass called Jill.

KIMBLE

(On phone)

Skinny. Where are you? Please give me some good news.....how many? good fucking work skinny. We're on the way.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S)

Her mother used to own the local paper shop, I called there every morning before work, over a mile out of my way for a pack of park drive, and a bottle of milk. But she knew I wasn't there for the cigarettes, and so did her mother.

The driver laughs out loud.

Kimble ends the call

KIMBLE

Skinny is parked up outside The train station, he's got almost a dozen birds in his car, he says there just falling from the sky.

Besty knocks on the glass divider to the driver

BESTY

Train station, fast.

TAXI DRIVER

No problem sir.

Kimble glances at Besty from the corner of his eye. Besty catches him.

BESTY

Your still thinking about what that idiot said aren't you? We're a tight group Kimble, no way did one of us spill.

Kimble doesn't answer. He makes another call instead.

KIMBLE

Jim? Where are you? What's that? I can't hear you right mate. Chinese? What the fuck do Chinese have to do with anything. Please Jim, just say something I can understand, please, I feel like I'm going fucking mental here mate, what in the sweet fuck are you talking about? Jim. Jim. Fucks sake!

BESTY

What's going on with Jim?

KIMBLE

I couldn't make it out, all I got was he's in a taxi, he has some of the birds, but Chinese are there, think there after the pigeons also.

BESTY

Now what do we do?

KIMBLE

We get to Skinny, secure the birds he has, then try and find Jim. I'll call Mick to see how he's doing.

INT. MICKS MOTHER KITCHEN

Mick is staring out the kitchen window, Shaking his head. Blood on his face. his phone rings.

MICK THE HAT

Kimble? What the hell is going on here?.... What do I mean? I mean what the fuck we're you thinking when you put the word out for every cockhead and crackhead in London to bring all these birds to my mothers house. They are queuing up round the block. It looks like some sort of biblical fucking nightmare, some of them don't even have birds, what

(MORE)

MICK THE HAT (CONT'D)

the fuck am I supposed to do with a
Bichon Frise?

Mick turns towards a young boy stood in his mothers
kitchen, a white fluffy dog in his hands. The kitchen is
covered in blood, feathers and pigeon carcasses.

MICK THE HAT

It's a dog Kimble.

YOUNG KID

It's still worth a grand tho?

Mick turns away with a defeated shake of his head.

MICK THE HAT

I'm just going to go back to
selling a bit of weed man, I can't
cope with all this, the little
bastards have been putting there
own tags on random fucking
pigeons.....i just cant cope!

Mick begins to sob.

MICK THE HAT

You get a grip Kimble.... What?
Dose it sound like I've found any
fucking diamonds! I've cut up too
many, I think it's starting to
effect me Kimble, you know,
psychologically, I can't keep doing
it.....I don't know who's who,
there bringing pigeons with one red
tag, two red tags, blue tags, no
frigging tags....I hate you Kimble.

Mick ends the call.

INT. MICKS MOTHERS LIVING ROOM

The front door opens and an OLD LADY walks in, she places her handbag on the sofa, takes off her coat, and wanders into the hallway, she hears muffled voices.

She opens the kitchen door to see the carnage, her son has a kitchen knife to the face of a teenager who is holding a dead pigeon in his hands.

Blood is covering her work surface, feathers and more dead pigeons cover the floor.

She glances past Mick and out the kitchen window, she sees two dozen teenagers lined up in her back garden, each carrying some sort of bird or animal.

She looks at mick.

MICK THE HAT

Making some....pigeon pies mum, for
all the lads.

Micks mother shakes her head.

MICKS MOTHER

Just like your father.

MICK THE HAT

What? Dad never used to cook.

MICKS MOTHER

No Michael, your a stupid twat.

Micks mother turns and walks away.

EXT. LONDON STREET

The taxi pulls up in front of the town hall, Kimble, Besty and Sam exit the car.

They wander over to Kimbles damaged Jaguar. Skinny is sat inside, he is smiling.

INT. KIMBLES CAR

A dozen pigeons are strewn around the vehicle.

KIMBLE
Nice work Skinny.

SKINNY
Have to be careful getting in, they
only just calmed down, they are
still stoned as hell.

KIMBLE
Where are the others?

Skinny spots Kimbles bloody, swollen nose.

SKINNY
What happened to you?

KIMBLE
Never mind that. The pigeons?

SKINNY
There are another load of birds on
that ledge over there.

Skinny points towards the town hall, several birds are
perched uneasily on a ledge half way up the building.

KIMBLE
Shit. We need to move them. Too
many people around to try and shoot
them or climb up to the ledge.
Skinny, pull the car around to the
other side of the building and
leave the engine running, you two,
lets see if we can get these
pigeons to fly away.

Kimble, Besty and Sam walk towards the town hall, skinny
starts the engine, he pulls up to a Safty gate at a
railroad crossing.

A tall slender man carrying a Siamese cat stops at the
crossing, right beside the car, he peers in.

Skinny turns to see the man. He recognizes him. And the man recognizes Skinny. Its the transvestite from the pink palace, the poor guy who skinny knocked out cold.

Skinny smiles, not sure what else to do. The man smiles back. He opens the back door.

MAN WITH CAT
Pettles. Kill!

EXT. RAILROAD JUNCTION

The man throws the cat into the car and slams the door closed.

Within a second the cat goes crazy, a dozen pigeons fight for there lives. A whirlwind of claws and feathers are all that can be seen from outside the vehicle as it rocks violently from side to side.

A mans voice screaming can be heard.

Then the car lurches forward, and again, it accelerates and smashes through the guard rail. Kimble, Besty and Sam turn to witness the commotion.

KIMBLE
What the fuck is Skinny doing?

The car comes to a halt on the tracks. Then a train at full speed crashes into it, smashing it to pieces, spreading twisted metal, pigeon and human remains over hundreds of feet.

BESTY
No! Skinny.

KIMBLE
Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

BESTY
Skinny.

KIMBLE

The stones.

SAM

My birds.

KIMBLE/BESTY

Fuck off Sam.

Besty slaps Sam hard in the face.

BESTY

Your birds? Your fucking birds have just got one of my friends killed Sam.

KIMBLE

We need to get the hell out of here.

Besty picks up an empty can from a nearby bin.

BESTY

That taxi is still there, go grab him, and get ready to get these last fucking pigeons.

Kimble and Sam run towards the taxi, driven by the old londoner.

Besty throws the can at the pigeons sat on the perch, passers by turn to see what's happening. The birds fly away, still unsteady on there path.

INT. TAXI CAB

KIMBLE

Follow those pigeons.

TAXI DRIVER

Well that's a new one on me. Who's dastardly and who's muttley then? They never catch the pigeon you know.

BESTY

Thanks old timer, that's just what we needed to hear. Please just concentrate on the road.

TAXI DRIVER

Will do sir.

KIMBLE

I can't believe Skinny is gone. What was he doing driving on to the track?

BESTY

I've no idea, all I know is he's dead. The cops are going to be all over that place, and all over us very soon.

KIMBLE

We need to get Mick, meet up with Jim, capture the remaining pigeons and maybe there will still be enough to payback Pete. If not, we're all going to have to do a runner Besty.

The birds land on a bowling green, fortunately the grounds are empty.

BESTY

Stop here, keep the meter running.

EXT. BOWLING CLUB

They exit the car, the birds are visibly tiered, and still heavily stoned. Kimbles phone rings.

KIMBLE

Finally. Jim, what's happening? Where are you?... who is this? Where is Jim?... I'm listening....fucks sake!

Kimble ends the call.

BESTY

What now?

KIMBLE

The fucking Chinese have got hold of Jim, and the remaining birds. They want me to bring any birds we have or they will kill him.

BESTY

This ain't happening man. We don't even have any birds, Skinny just took a load with him, what the fuck do we do Kimble?

KIMBLE

We need Mick to get here, then get these birds, then go and rescue Jim, while stealing back any birds the Chinese have.

BESTY

Oh yea, fucking super mate. Fucking just like double 'o' six and three quaters. All without getting killed like Skinny, killed by the Chinese, all so we don't get killed by Handsome Pete....sounds fucking brill that mate, can't think of anything I would rather be doing, nothing better than not getting killed on a Friday afternoon.

Kimble calls Mick.

KIMBLE

We're at the bowling green down town mick, get here as fast as you can, and bring as many of your decipels as possible.

Kimble, Besty and Sam wait by the bowling green, Kimble pays the taxi driver and he leaves. Several moments later Mick arrives in his mothers car, filled with teenagers.

MICK THE HAT

What happened to you Kimble?

KIMBLE

Got a punch in the mouth Mick.
Thanks for coming boys. We need to
catch those pigeons.

TEENAGER #1

They still worth two grand?

KIMBLE

They were never worth two grand.
I'll give you a grand a bird. We
need to catch them all.

TEENAGER #2

Piece of piss.

The teenager walks over towarss the green.

He retrieves a chocolate bar from his pocket, making a
whistling and a clucking noise he walks over to the birds.

Holding out his hands in a Jesus Christ pose, the birds
begin to hover around him, landing on his shoulders and
arms, pecking at the chocolate.

Within seconds almost all the birds are covering the
teenager.

He walks over to the car and sits inside, more birds
follow, until every last one is in the vehicle.

KIMBLE

I don't fucking believe that.

TEENAGER #2

That's eleven grand you owe me
Kimble.

Kimble and Besty shake there heads in disbelief.

KIMBLE

We need to get those birds back in
there cages, we can get the
diamonds out after we get the rest.

BESTY

And Jim.

KIMBLE

Yes, and Jim.

TEENAGER #2

Eleven grand?

Kimble kicks the teenager out of the car. The kid has
pigeon excrement on his jacket.

KIMBLE

I'll sort you out after, we're in
the middle of a shit storm here.
Keep your mobile handy, I'll call
you.

TEENAGER #2

Your not going to pay me are you
Kimble.

Kimble shakes his head.

KIMBLE

No. not really, but you got a few
years of good luck there kidda.

Kimble points to the pigeon excrement on the teenagers
jacket, laughs at the kid as the car pulls away.

INT. MICKS MOTHERS CAR

MICK THE HAT

Your an asshole Kimble.

Mick looks around.

MICK THE HAT

These all the birds you got? Where are Skinny and Jim, do they have the rest?

The others look at each other. Mick senses the tension

MICK THE HAT

What?

BESTY

Things haven't gone exactly to plan Mick. Jim has been kidnapped, and Skinny....is gone.

MICK THE HAT

Kidnapped, by who? And what do you mean gone, gone where, on holiday to Lanza-fucking-rote?

KIMBLE

Jim has been kidnapped by the Chinese, they have the rest of the pigeons, they want any birds we have or they threatened to kill him.

MICK THE HAT

What the hell do the Chinese have to do with anything?

KIMBLE

I've no idea.

MICK THE HAT

So, where's Skinny gone?

No one replies.

MICK THE HAT

Skinny?

BESTY

He's dead Mick. He drove onto some rail tracks and was hit by a train.

MICK THE HAT

Are you taking the piss? Why was he on the tracks?

KIMBLE

No Mick, he's gone.

MICK THE HAT

Fucking hell. What the shit sake is happening?

BESTY

Apparently one of us has tipped people off about the scam.

MICK THE HAT

One of us? Well we can count Skinny out of the equation can't we. What a load of shit. Kimble, your not buying that are you?

KIMBLE

Honestly mate, I don't know what's going on here, or who's said what. I've know you guys all my life. But this is just fucked.

MICK THE HAT

Fuck this, we go get Jim, and get the hell out of here. Fuck the birds, fuck the diamonds, fuck Pete, fuck this place.

KIMBLE

The Chinese are holding Jim at the docks, warehouse twenty six c.

EXT. DOCK YARD LATE AFTERNOON

The car slowly creeps towards there destination. The lights are off outside the warehouse, no signs of movement can be seen.

The car pulls past the building and parks up out of sight. The gang exit the vehicle.

They slowly walk towards the corner of the warehouse.

Kimble climbs on top of some low laying pipe work and peers through the window.

KIMBLE

I can't see anything, it looks like
all the skylights are open though,
if we can't find a way in on the
ground, we can get in through
there.

They sneak around to the front of the building.

Besty tries the main doors, they are open. Nodding towards the others, Besty and Mick slide open the large metal doors.

INT. WAREHOUSE TWENTY SIX C

The warehouse is in darkness, Mick reaches for a light switch, he finds one.

In an instant the warehouse is illuminated. The sight isn't a pleasant one. Jim is hanging from the rafters, a rope tied tight around his neck.

BESTY

Oh no, quick get him down.

The gang rush towards there friend, the each take Jims weight taking the strain from around his neck.

BESTY

Someone pull the noose off him.

Mick begins pulling at the knot, loosening the rope, he slowly pulls the noose over Jims chin.

Kimble glances up at the rope, he follows it along the rafters and down the wall. Then he spots where it ends, its weighted down with a pulley, the end is around fifteen birdcages, filled with pigeons, their pigeons.

KIMBLE

No wait!

But it's too late. The rope whips from Micks hands as it passes Jims head, it flies past several rafters, the weight drops and the cages are opened. The pigeons are free, again.

KIMBLE

Shit!

Besty checks for Jims pulse.

BESTY

He's dead.

KIMBLE

The birds are escaping, there going to get out through the sky lights.

BESTY

Didn't you hear me Kimble.

KIMBLE

I'm going to kill these fucking birds.

BESTY

Kimble! Jim is dead.

Kimble puts his face in his hands for a second.

KIMBLE

We have to keep going. There is nothing we can do for Jim or Skinny. We can mourn them after. But right now, we need to get these pigeons. Then get the fuck out of here.

BESTY

People are fucking dying here Kimble, don't you get it? This isn't a game, there isn't enough birds left to give us any profit, maybe not even enough to keep us alive.

KIMBLE

Exactly if we all die, it's all been for nothing. The biggest fuck up in human history. We need the rest of the birds to fund our trip away, and to keep us safe wherever we are. We get the rest of the birds, cut them open, get rid of the stones, and get as far away from here as possible.

MICK THE HAT

Fucks sake!

The gang run around to the stairs and follow the birds towards the skylight.

BESTY

Why would they kill him, and leave the birds rigged up like that?

KIMBLE

I don't know, I don't know anything, but I do know I never want to see another pigeon as long as I fucking live.

MICK THE HAT

We're going to have to bring him with us.

KIMBLE

Who?

MICK THE HAT

Jim.

KIMBLE

What do you mean bring him with us?

MICK THE HAT

I mean, we can't just leave him here.

KIMBLE

I know he's a mate Mick, but how the hell do we explain a dead body in our car if we get pulled over?

MICK THE HAT

Technically it's my mothers car, so I say he's coming with us.

KIMBLE

We don't have time for this. Fucks sake!

BESTY

There going for the skylights. Quick pull the cord.

Besty points towards the skylight cord to close them. Sam looks puzzled.

BESTY

The rope you twat.

It's too late, the birds escape again.

The gang runs back down the stairs.

MICK THE HAT

Help me get Jim.

BESTY

I'll grab his legs.

EXT. WEAREHOUSE

Kimble pokes his head out of the door.

KIMBLE

It's clear. Hurry up, the birds are getting away.

Mick opens the door.

KIMBLE

Fuck are you doing?

MICK THE HAT

I'm putting Jim in the back.

KIMBLE

What the hell for?

MICK THE HAT

Well he can't drive the car can he
Kimble.

KIMBLE

Put him in the boot.

MICK THE HAT

He's a mate Kimble or have you
forgot that, I'm not throwing him
in the boot.

KIMBLE

I know he's a mate Mick, but he's
dead. Or have 'you' forgotten that?

BESTY

We don't have time for this, the
birds are getting away.

Kimble glances towards the birds, who are headed out of the
city.

KIMBLE

Fucks sake!

Mick and Besty place Jim on the back seat amongst the still
stoned pigeons.

INT. MICKS MOTHERS CAR

Mick and Besty squeeze in to the back, pigeons are laid on
the floor, the back shelf, perched on the headrests, even
on the dashboard.

KIMBLE

Sam your driving. Get after those birds. Mick, give him the keys.

Mick is about to throw the keys to Sam, when a dark van screeches around the corner.

It pulls up along side Sam, two hooded men jump from the side door and snatch him. The van speeds away, everyone is stood speechless.

MICK THE HAT

Well that's fucked.

KIMBLE

Pass me the keys Mick.

Mick passes Kimble the car keys, Kimble clambers over into the driving seat and starts the car, he accelerates after the pigeons.

BESTY

What we going to do about Sam.

Kimble does not answer. His mobile rings.

KIMBLE

Yes I got it. Now you listen. I don't give a fat shit about that kid. If you don't gut the little wanker, I'll probably do it myself. He's not worth one bird. So you can get his head, and stick it right up your arse.

There is a faint bang down the line. Kimble hangs up the phone.

KIMBLE

That's what we do about Sam. He's no ones concern now.

MICK THE HAT

They shot him?

KIMBLE

Don't think it was a celebratory party popper Mick.

MICK THE HAT

Shit. We're fucking dropping like flies Kimble. Going down like a Russian sub mate, fucking taking it right up the..

KIMBLE

I get the picture Mick. He was useless anyway. All this is down to 'his' stupid pigeons.

BESTY

Was it the Chinese again.

KIMBLE

No. Had a local accent.

BESTY

Who could that be, we know everyone around here Kimble, all the heavies anyway.

KIMBLE

Didn't sound familiar....the birds are following the motorway. Looks like we're headed up north.

EXT. ON RAMP MOTORWAY

Kimble, Besty and Mick follow the birds at a steady pace up the motorway.

KIMBLE

It's going to be dark soon, those pigeons have to be close to stopping.

BESTY

So Mick, what do you suggest we do with Jim?

MICK THE HAT

What do you mean?

BESTY

Well, we can't take him with us if we run. I think they already stopped the summer flight special for dead passengers.

MICK THE HAT

We will have to drop him outside the hospital.

KIMBLE

But he's already dead Mick, I would say the emergency is already over.

MICK THE HAT

Where then? What about outside a church?

BESTY

A church? Nothing praying will do to help either Mick.

MICK THE HAT

What do we do with him then?

KIMBLE

(Angrily)

I don't fucking know Mick, which is why I said to leave him at the warehouse in the first place.

BESTY

We're going to have to drop him somewhere and call the cops anonymously.

KIMBLE

Think that's the best idea. First we catch the rest of these pigeons. Drop Jim off somewhere, retrieve the diamonds, sell them on sharpish, and if we don't have enough to make a sizable payback for Pete, we get the hell out of here.

BESTY

Agreed mate.

KIMBLE

Mick, you need to start getting the diamonds out of those birds.

MICK THE HAT

Fuck off kimble, I'm not cutting open any more pigeons, it's making me feel sick thinking about it. Want the stones? You cut them open.

KIMBLE

I'm driving Mick, and by the way, you had more practice than I have, I never dissected anything before, well not sober anyway.

BESTY

Fucks sake, give me the knife.

Besty takes the pen knife from Mick, then plucks a pigeon off the dashboard.

BESTY

Fucks sake!

Besty looks at the bird, almost apologetically, then with a swift stabbing motion he sticks the knife in.

Instantly the bird jolts into action, and the rest begin there escape plan.

Birds are flying all over the car, Kimble is struggling to drive. The car weaves in and out of its lane.

Seconds later the bird stops squawking, and the others settle down again.

Besty carefully cuts open the bird.

BESTY

Can't see any diamond.

KIMBLE

Check it's stomach.

BESTY

Where do you think I was checking its asshole.

MICK THE HAT

That will be the next stop.

BESTY

What do you mean?

MICK THE HAT

I mean, if it's not in its stomach, it will be in its bowels.

BESTY

Fucks sake! so I have to look in it's ass.

MICK THE HAT

No, just squeeze out its intestines.

BESTY

Oh that's ok then, that's much better, you twat.

Besty digs into the birds carcass, deeper and deeper, he retrieves the intestines, blood squirts onto his face.

BESTY

Fucking hell kimble, I'm covered in the shit.

KIMBLE

Is the stone there?

BESTY

I can't find it Kimble, there is no diamond in this bird.

KIMBLE

There has to be.

BESTY

Well there isn't. Feel free to double check.

KIMBLE

I don't fucking believe this.

MICK THE HAT

You checked everywhere Besty?

BESTY

Not looking for a t.v remote Mick. There is no diamond in this bird.

KIMBLE

The birds have stopped, they have landed on that pylon by the road side.

Kimble pulls the car off the motorway onto an off ramp and down a country lane.

KIMBLE

Someone is going to have to climb up there.

BESTY

Do what?

MICK THE HAT

I can't, I'm scared of heights.

BESTY

Fuck it, I'll do it, you can cut open the rest of these birds Mick, I would rather climb up there than look inside another pigeons asshole.

Besty hands Mick the bloodied knife and exits the car.

MICK THE HAT

Great.

EXT. LAYBYE ON COUNTRY ROAD

Besty looks up at the pigeons, who are perched almost at the top of the pylon. Besty shakes his head, and begins to climb.

INT. MICKS MOTHERS CAR

Mick grabs another bird. He swallows hard, shaking his head, then stabs the pigeon. Again the bird goes mad, the others follow suit, the car is a wash with crazed bird, feathers and blood.

KIMBLE

Fucks sake Mick, can't you do it any faster?

MICK THE HAT

I'm trying here Kimble.

The birds begin to settle down as the dying pigeon stops squawking. The fluttering subsides to reveal a POLICE OFFICER peering into the car.

KIMBLE

Shit! Where did he come from?

The police officer looks puzzled as he witnesses the chaos inside. He gestures Kimble to wind down his window.

KIMBLE

Good afternoon officer.

POLICE OFFICER

Afternoon gentlemen. Can you tell me why you are driving around with a flock of pigeons in your car? And why is he cutting one open?

Kimble is at a loss for words.

MICK THE HAT

Proposed.

POLICE OFFICER

Proposed?

MICK THE HAT

Yes that's right, err.... I was about to propose to my girlfriend and my friend here accidentally fed the ring to one of these birds. So we had to catch them all, and now I'm trying to retrieve....the ring.

POLICE OFFICER

I'm sure killing the birds are against some law somewhere, why don't you just wait for the bird to pass the ring naturally? And what's wrong with him?

The officer points towards Jim.

POLICE OFFICER

He looks a little pale.

KIMBLE

He had far to much to drink, he's sleeping it off.

POLICE OFFICER

And how about you? You had a drink today?

KIMBLE

No officer, I'm the designated driver.

POLICE OFFICER

So the vehicle belongs to you?

MICK THE HAT

It's my mothers car.

POLICE OFFICER

And she gave you permission to chop up a dozen pigeons in the back of it?

MICK THE HAT

She did give us permission to use the car, I sort of left out the pigeon part.

POLICE OFFICER

I need you to wake up your friend here.

KIMBLE

Good luck with that.

MICK THE HAT

He's past it officer, no waking Jim when he's had a skin full.

POLICE OFFICER

Skin full or not, I want him awake.

Mick shakes Jims shoulder.

MICK THE HAT

Jim, Jim, Come on mate, police are here. The officer needs to talk to you. Jim....Jim....It's not working.

The police officer walks around the car, he opens the door and touches Jim, then he feels his neck for a pulse.

POLICE OFFICER

This man is dead.

MICK THE HAT

Dead?

POLICE OFFICER

As in, not alive.

KIMBLE

He was alive and kicking when he got in.

POLICE OFFICER

And that's the response you give as you discover your friend is dead in the back seat of your car?

The police officer spots the red rope mark around Jims neck.

POLICE OFFICER

Looks to me like he has been strangled.

MICK THE HAT

He was always a little depressed, must of done it to himself.

POLICE OFFICER

While he was in the car? Do you think I just fell from the sky?

EXT. MICKS MOTHERS CAR

As the officer reaches for his radio Besty falls from the pylon and lands on the police cars bonnet.

The officer stands with his mouth open.

He walks around to his car, steam is coming from the front grill.

POLICE OFFICER

Who is this guy then? Another friend of yours.

Kimble presses the car horn, the pigeons fly away once again.

KIMBLE

No idea officer. He's all yours
now.

Kimble speeds away, hot on the pigeons tail.

INT. MICKS MOTHERS CAR

MICK THE HAT

What are you doing?

KIMBLE

Getting the hell out of here. He's
going no where, his car is fucked.

The pigeons follow the motorway again, Kimble and Mick are
close behind them.

MICK THE HAT

What about Besty?

KIMBLE

That copper will have to take care
of him.

MICK THE HAT

Fucks sake Kimble. He could be
dead!

KIMBLE

We will be dead too if we don't get
the fuck out of here. The police
will be on the look out for us now.
We need to ditch this car.

MICK THE HAT

I've know you both all my life
Kimble, Besty could be dead,
Skinny, and Jim are gone, Sam has
been killed, and we're hanging on
by a thread. What the fuck is wrong
with you?

KIMBLE

What's wrong with me? You think I don't give a shit. I do Mick, but it's not going to keep us alive is it? We need to focus.

MICK THE HAT

This is fucked Kimble. It's been the worst day of my life.

KIMBLE

Not exactly been a day at Disney land for me either Mick. And for all I know Besty could have opened his mouth.

MICK THE HAT

To who? you don't honestly think one of us has fucked over the rest do you?

KIMBLE

I have no idea mate.

MICK THE HAT

Fucks sake.

EXT. MOTORWAY AFTERNOON

The pigeons fly away from the motorway. They head towards a farmers field.

INT. MICKS MOTHERS CAR

MICK THE HAT

Maybe this is where thy are stopping.

KIMBLE

Let's hope so Mick.

EXT. MOTORWAY AFTERNOON

The pigeons land in a field, they begin pecking at the ground, eating the sewn seeds.

Kimble pulls the car to the side of the road. He and Mick exit the vehicle.

MICK THE HAT

I'll get these little fuckers.

Mick clambers over a low wire fence, Kimble watches from the sideline.

Mick begins picking up seed from the ground. He walks towards the birds, arms outstretched, making a clucking noise like the teenager had done before.

The pigeons see Mick walking towards them, one of the birds flies towards him, it lands on his arm, Mick stands still, like a statue.

Another bird lands on him.

KIMBLE

That's it Mick, there coming to you.

Another two birds land on Mick, they begin pecking at the seed in his hands.

From nowhere there is a loud bang. A gunshot.

Mick flies through the air, several birds are blown to pieces. The rest fly away.

Kimble turns towards the source of the gunshot. AN OLD FARMER wearing a hunting jacket and dark jeans is stood by in the field with a smoking double barrel shotgun in his hands.

KIMBLE

What the fuck are you doing? You just shot my mate.

The farmer squints towards Kimble, he hadn't noticed him.

FARMER

It was my scarecrow, wasn't it?

Kimble jumps the fence and runs to Mick's aid. Mick has several holes in his side. He is bleeding profusely.

KIMBLE

Scarecrow? Are you fucking blind?

FARMER

Pretty much, without my bifocals anyway.

The farmer squints at Kimble.

KIMBLE

Your scarecrow is over there.

Kimble points toward a scarecrow at least a hundred feet away.

The farmer walks over to Mick. he looks down with a squint in his eyes.

FARMER

I was aiming for the birds, sick of those little bastards eating my seed.

KIMBLE

Well your a fucking bad shot.

FARMER

I'm sorry, what was he doing pretending to be a scarecrow anyhow?

KIMBLE

He wasn't pretending to be anything. We're trying to catch these pigeons.

FARMER

What on earth for?

KIMBLE

Doesn't fucking matter why.

FARMER

It dose matter, this is private property. Neither of you should be on this field.

KIMBLE

So that means it's ok to shoot at us with a shotgun?

FARMER

I'll call for an ambulance.

KIMBLE

Don't do that, I'll get him to hospital myself. Give me a hand to get him in the car.

Kimble and the farmer pick up Mick, He is a bloody mess, they carry him to the car.

Kimble opens the back door. The farmer looks inside. He sees Jim, a dozen pigeons and blood covering most of the vehicles interior.

FARMER

What the hell have you lot been up to?

KIMBLE

Let's just say we are having a really bad day.

INT. MICKS MOTHERS CAR

The farmer looks at Jim.

FARMER

I'm sorry about your friend.

Jim doesn't respond.

FARMER

You ok?

KIMBLE

He's fine, he's sleeping a hangover off.

The farmer reaches into his pocket and retrieves his glasses. He puts them on and looks closer at Jm.

FARMER

He looks brown bread to me.

KIMBLE

Your glasses were in your pocket?
Why the fuck didn't you put them on before you decided to shoot that shotgun off?

FARMER

Can't apologize enough friend. Just didn't think really.

KIMBLE

Didn't think?

Mick begins to wake up.

MICK THE HAT

What the fuck happened?

KIMBLE

It's ok Mick, you have been shot mate. Going to get you to a hospital.

MICK THE HAT

Shot? I would say that's pretty
fucking far from ok. Shitting hell.
How bad is it?

KIMBLE

You got some shot in your side,
your bleeding pretty bad, but you
will be ok mate.

FARMER

I think I had better call the
police.

KIMBLE

Fucks sake.

EXT. MOTORWAY AFTERNOON

Kimble sucker punches the farmer knocking him out cold at
the side of the road. He jumps back into the car and speeds
away.

INT. MICKS MOTHERS CAR

KIMBLE

Keep pressure on the wound Mick.
Son as we find these birds I'll
drop you at a hospital.

MICK THE HAT

Drop me at hospital. Fuck the birds
Kimble, I'm fucking dying here.

KIMBLE

Your not dying Mick, you will be
ok.

MICK THE HAT

Oh that's good then, Kimble fucking
Smith M.D has diagnosed me.... Get
me to a hospital you twat.

Kimble is scanning the skies, searching for the missing birds.

KIMBLE

There, I see them. They are going for that barn over there.

MICK THE HAT

I really don't care anymore Kimble. I just want to go home.

KIMBLE

We will mate, soon as, I promise.

EXT. BARN LATE AFTERNOON.

Kimble gets out of the car.

MICK THE HAT

Don't leave me in here Kimble.

KIMBLE

Can't move you Mick.

MICK THE HAT

I don't give a shit, I don't want to die on my own.

KIMBLE

Your not going to die Mick.

MICK THE HAT

Fuck you kimble. Get me out of this car, I'll lay down inside that barn.

Kimble pulls Mick from the car, supporting his weight with his arm around his shoulder they stagger towards the barn.

INT. BARN

Kimble slides open the barn door. The pigeons are inside.
Inside pigeon cages.

KIMBLE

This is it Mick.

MICK THE HAT

Well Kimble, this a long way from
home. What the fuck are they doing
here, and who the hell owns these
cages?

A mans voice is heard.

MAN (O.S)

They are my cages.

Kimble and Mick turn to see who is speaking. A SHORT STOCKY
MAN wearing dark clothing is stood in the shadows.

KIMBLE

Who the hell are you?

MAN

Doesn't matter who I am. What's
happened to you Mick?

MICK THE HAT

I've been shot you idiot.... How do
you know my name?

MAN

Don't be like that Mick, the end is
here now. You did your part,
thanks.

KIMBLE

Thanks? Thanks for what? Mick what
is he talking about?

MICK THE HAT

I haven't got the faintest fucking
idea.

KIMBLE

It was you Mick?

MICK THE HAT

Don't be fucking stupid Kimble. It wasn't me anything, he is talking shit.

Kimble releases Mick, who slouches to the ground in pain.

KIMBLE

You cunt Mick. Besty, Skinny, Jim. You have fucked us over.

MICK THE HAT

How many times Kimble, this has nothing to do with me.

MAN

Here is your share Mick.

The man throws Mick an envelope, bank notes spill onto the ground.

Mick looks puzzled.

MAN

Just hope you live to spend it mate.

Mick shakes his head.

KIMBLE

You mother fucker.

Kimble attacks Mick, he begins to beat him on the ground, stamping on his head over and over, until he is unconscious, then he continues, until he is dead.

Kimble is screaming at his long life friend. Then a familiar voice is heard.

VOICE (O.S)

Bit harsh Kimble.

Kimble turns to see Sam standing there.

KIMBLE

Sam?

SAM

Looks like you have seen a ghost
Kimble.

Kimble smiles to himself, then laughs out of realization.

KIMBLE

You little wanker.

Kimble steps towards Sam, Sam points a gun at Kimble's head.

SAM

You ruined my life Kimble. So, I
just ruined yours.

KIMBLE

Ruined your life?

SAM

It was you who poisoned my mother
with that bad dose fifteen years
ago, leaving her paralyzed.

KIMBLE

Your mother? Your mother was a
smack head. She took that hit all
by her self. She fucked your life
up, not me you little cunt.

Sam shoots Kimble in the leg, dropping him to the floor
instantly. Kimble growls in pain. He clutches his leg,
blood drips through his fingers.

SAM

And my father was banged up the
same night.

KIMBLE

Your old man shot a copper Sam, has
nothing to do with me.

SAM

Oh but it does Kimble. He was on the way to kill you that night, which is why he had the gun.

Kimble laughs again.

KIMBLE

Then he is a bigger asshole than your mother.

Sam shoots again, hitting Kimble in the other leg. Kimble winces in pain.

SAM

You have been running around London chasing the wrong pigeons Kimble. The diamonds aren't in these birds, infact, these aren't even my pigeons. My pigeons are safe and sound. So are the diamonds. These pigeons belong to Andy here.

KIMBLE

How?

SAM

I switched the birds before they even left the country. The service station, Mick was knocked out cold by a friend of mine. We switched the birds. That's why he had a black eye. Nothing to do with a trip and fall loading the van.

KIMBLE

And what about the Chinese, and those other bunch of pricks that have been at us all day.

SAM

The Chinese and the others were tipped off about the scam, and the diamonds. They also didn't know the birds were empty. When the Chinese were told that they were, they took

(MORE)

Sam (CONT'D)

out Jim. Whatever else happened was an added bonus. You know, mix it up a bit. The cash for Mick was the cherry on the cake.

KIMBLE

Fucking cunt!

SAM

Why the hostility Kimble, is it because you have just lost all your money, or because you have lost all your crew? Or is it because you just beat Mick to death, for nothing?

Sam smiles at Kimble. Kimble realizes what he has done. He shakes his head in disbelief.

SAM

I have just taken everything from you. Who do you think put the idea into skinny's head in jail? It was my father Kimble.

Kimble shakes his head again.

KIMBLE

And now your about to take my life, is that it Sam, well fuck you. Go on shoot me, won't help your mother, she will always be a cripple. and your old man will always be a fucking fool.

SAM

No Kimble, it won't change my mum, but you and your gangs life savings and the profits from the diamonds will make sure she lives in comfort for the foreseeable future. My old man is out soon, so he can help spend the cash. And as for killing you, no Kimble, I won't kill you. Someone else will do that. You remember Handsome Pete don't you?

Handsome Pete walks from the shadows.

HANDSOME PETE

Hello Kimble, looks like someone is going to be very late paying me back the debt they owe.

KIMBLE

I don't have the money Pete, this little wanker has it.

HANDSOME PETE

That maybe true Kimble, but the debt is yours. I told you once Kimble that man was to blame for everything fucked with this world. Today that man is you. You pushed that shit onto too many people, you ruined too many lives Kimble. Did you seriously think there would be no consequences to your actions?

KIMBLE

And this is the consequence? Ripping me off and stringing me up.

HANDSOME PETE

Pretty much. Sams father came up with the whole pigeon scam many years ago. But Tom wanted out of the game when his wife got pregnant with there first kid. Understandable. Tom was a top geezer. A solid guy. You almost killed his wife, and the only reason your alive today is because Tom was pulled over that night and locked up. You just never know who your fucking with Kimble. Looks like you'll learn that the hard way.

KIMBLE

Fuck you Pete!

HANDSOME PETE

Now now Kimble, no need for that. You knew what would happen if you couldnt pay. And unless you have my money, I'm going to fucking kill you....No?

Sam hands the gun to Pete. Pete smiles at Kimble.

HANDSOME PETE

Job satisfaction.

KIMBLE

Go on then, do it you wank....

Pete shoots Kimble in the head, killing him instantly.

The short stocky guy and Petes right hand man Simon appears, within seconds, both bodies are wrapped in plastic and are being carted away.

HANDSOME PETE

I'll call round later Sam for the cash. Say hello to your mum for me, and your Pa.

Pete winks at Sam.

EXT. PRISON GATES MORNING

The prison is intimidating, barbed wire held up high by a steel fence. The walls are thick, red brick and iron bars decorate the impenetrable structure.

SAM (O.S)

You can wait your whole life for the right lesson, some people call it karma, others call it justice. Will you be teaching or learning, living or dying? Like a coin toss. A fifty fifty chance, the trick is though, to be the one throwing the

(MORE)

SAM (O.S) (CONT'D)
coin.... Some of my friends wonder
why I prefer pigeons to people.
This is true, but not all people.

A prison officer opens the gate, Sams father walks out into
the street.

A brand new Mercedes is waiting for him. SAMS YOUNGER
BROTHER is driving the car, Sams mother is in the back, Sam
is sat next to her holding a pigeon, stroking it.

TOM
Hello son.

SAM
Hello dad. Good to see you.

TOM
Everything ok?

SAM
Sparkling dad, sparkling.

Sam's brother opens the passenger door, Shaun smiles at his
father. Tom climbs inside.

INT. SAMS CAR

Tom retrieves a cigarette and is about to light it.

SAM
Can't smoke in here dad.

TOM
Why not?

SAM
No room in the ashtray.

Tom opens the ashtray to see dozens of glistening diamonds.
He smiles.

He flicks his unlit cigarette out of the window.

TOM

Let's go build a new home boys.

FADE OUT

