

A REVERIE

By

Chris Neilan

Inspired by Jacques Audiard's 'The Beat That My Heart
Skipped' and Michael Mann's 'Thief'

Chris Neilan, 2020

www.chrisneilan.com

@ChrisNeilan

+44 (0)7905 470734

Literary Agent:

David Smith, The Annette Green
Agency

david@annettegreenagency.com

SUNLIGHT ON A TROPICAL SEA-GREEN SEA seen from a moving ferry.

The light flares and shimmers as the credits play, fading in and out in the same emerald green as the glittering water.

Mixed up with the sound of the water we hear LIVE MUSIC: amplified guitar, gain and feedback, heard through a filter of time.

Gradually, the SOUNDS OF THE SEA overpower the music, with OMINOUS STRINGS, and on a powerful FLARE TO WHITE...

DREAM IMAGE

CLOSE ON the freckled face of a boy (10 or 11) staring straight into camera... a look of terrible shock...

CLOSE ON GUY (40), caught in some terrible act, staring back...

Light FLARES beyond the boy, and that GUITAR SOUND carries us into...

INT. GIG VENUE--NIGHT

Guy is pushing desperately through the crowd... Following a man...

We can't see the man's face, but he's looking back at Guy, pushing through the crowd as if he's fleeing...

Guy is desperate to catch up, but can't push through the bodies... A LIGHT FLARES in his eyes...

VOICE (PRE-LAP)
Hallo hallo?

EXT. PASSENGER DECK, THAI FERRY--DAY

Powerful sunlight washes over Guy as a brown hand shakes him awake.

THAI TEENAGER (O.S.)
Hallo hallo mister?

Guy is lying on a bench on the ferry's top deck. He blinks his tired eyes in the light.

(CONTINUED)

THAI TEENAGER (O.S.)
Hallo, arrive.

DREAM IMAGE

We're in bed, looking at the face of AN UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN.

Late 30s, a look of warmth on her face. She's on her side, under the sheet, looking right at us

Her mouth is moving, but we can't hear the words. Instead we hear the sounds of the sea, the background hum of guitar feedback.

THAI TEENAGER (PRE-LAP)
Dis way, dis way.

EXT. BEACH, THAI ISLAND--DAY

Powerful Thai sunlight flaring through palm leaves, as a silhouetted hand brushes them aside at half-speed.

THAI TEENAGER (O.S.)
Dis way sir.

And now we see Guy properly: sun-reddened, crop-haired and clean shaven, sweating. He's trying to follow the Thai boy, but his sandalled feet are slipping on the rocks.

His foot goes-- the SEA-GREEN SPORTS BAG almost goes flying!

He just keeps his grip, the bag splashing the surface.

THAI TEENAGER
Okay?

Guy checks the wetted bottom of the bag.

GUY
Yeah.

THAI TEENAGER
Okay, dis way.

RUDE MAN (PRE-LAP)
It's this way for fuck's sake!

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET, BRIGHTON--DAY

And we're in England, some rainy side-street, a RUDE MAN in a grey overcoat clutching a grey Louis Vuitton ladies' handbag holding open a jewellery store's door for his wife.

RUDE MAN

You got rocks in yer 'ead av ya?

We'll meet **3 versions of Guy** throughout this film as the timelines chop and change: this Guy is stubbly, the bagged eyes of a drinker. **FIRST ACT GUY**. He bumps the man.

GUY

Sorry pal.

RUDE MAN

Nah no bovver mate.

(to wife)

Fuckin' come on then.

In CLOSE UP we see Guy pulling a GREY PURSE from the grey handbag, slipping it into his jacket pocket.

LATER

He opens the purse: a WAD OF CASH. Removes it, riffles through a collection of cards. Tosses the purse.

DREAM IMAGE

A man in a GREY BALACLAVA runs, panting, in dreamy slow motion, down some side street. Early morning light flares.

BARMAID (PRE-LAP)

Four-eighty please.

INT. PUB, BRIGHTON--EVENING

In tight CLOSE UP we see Guy slip a twenty off the top of the wad, slide it across the bar.

GUY (O.S.)

One for yourself hun.

The twenty year old BARMAID gives him a look, wary of him.

Guy takes a long draught of his pint. Over his shoulder, a hipster-ish OPEN MIC HOST is playing some bloodless cover of an American standard to a dozen or so clustered drinkers.

(CONTINUED)

Guy looks at the Host. The Host catches Guy's eye, grins and winks as he sings.

GUY (PRE-LAP)
What is it then?

MITCH (PRE-LAP)
Ladbrokes, safe job.

EXT. NORTH LAINE PUB--DAY

The outside area of a buzzing pub on a sunny day. Guy's at a table with his friend MITCH (East End, bolshy, 40ish). Pint jars clink as a glass collector squeezes past.

BARMAID (O.S.)
Oop, sorry hun.

MITCH
Nah no bother love.
(watching her)
Fuh kin ell.

GUY
Holding up a Ladbrokes? What is this, nineteen eighty-two?

MITCH
Money's money sunshine.
(sees off his pint)
Your round.

GUY
What, in 50p change bags?

MITCH
HA!

There's a group of buskers over Mitch's shoulder. Guy watches them.

MITCH
Well wot else you wanna do,
eh? Fancy a bit of cyber crime do
ya? Spot of Wannacry?

DREAM IMAGE

The man in the grey balaclava runs, half-speed...

Two other balaclava'd men are leading the way ahead of him--

EXT. THAI ISLAND--DAY

Guy squints and covers his eyes, white sunlight flaring.

(This version of Guy, the first we met, with his cropped hair and clean shave, this is **THIRD ACT GUY**. The Guy all this is building up to.)

THAI TEENAGER

Zese here.

The Thai boy is pointing out a row of beachside huts. A few sunbathers dot the porches, or lie on towels on the sand. Two sunning bikini girls turn to look at Guy.

Too many people, too much visibility.

GUY

(in Thai)

I want that one.

The Thai boy looks where Guy is pointing: one isolated hut, away from the others, hidden by palms.

EXT. BRIGHTON STREET--DAY

The group of buskers trundle through a bluegrass number, upright bass and harmonica, crowds passing.

GUY

So who's job is it?

MITCH

Symmons.

Guy raises an eyebrow. Mitch shrugs his mouth--'and?'

INT. PITCH AND PUTT CAFE, ROTTINGDEAN--DAY

CLOSE ON a man **strangling another man** at half-speed, fat pale hands around the throat.

TIGHT ON GUY as he and another man enter the cafe, also at half-speed, his eyes locked on the strangler.

(CONTINUED)

We hear chuckles and snatches of dialogue. The strangler is SYMMONS (a fleshy incompetent), the stranglee FLETCH (a sniggering beta to Symmons' alpha).

SYMMONS (PRE-LAP)
S'easy innit.

LATER

Guy and RAYMOND (40s, French, career criminal) sit opposite Symmons and Fletch.

SYMMONS
Iz mate works there weekends
dun'ee, so ee knows when they do
their banking n'at, knows where
they keep the spare safe key, and
ee knows when the bleedin'
manager's gonna be there and when
the place is in the 'ands of the
fuckin' incontinent fifty-year-old
munter oo 'elps 'im out two days a
week and don't know 'er 'orrible
saggy old arse from 'er elbow.

He bites into his sausage sandwich. Ketchup oozes.

SYMMONS
Fuck.

FLETCH
Oops, your time o' the month is it?

SYMMONS
(calling to the woman behind
the till)
Oi, you fink you put enough ketchup
in ere do ya? You got any more?

She looks uncomfortable--mutters through the kitchen hatch.

SYMMONS
Ere, you got a finger lickin'
service? I'll pay extra!

FLETCH
HA!

RAYMOND
(in French)
I think he's a halfwit.

(CONTINUED)

SYMMONS

Wot? Speak English, cunt.

RAYMOND

I sink you're an 'alfwit.

SYMMONS

You wot?

GUY

So his mate knows where the safe
key is and he knows who's working
and he knows they an't done the
banking. Right?

SYMMONS

Spot on Monsieur.

FLETCH

Monsieur Cuntyballs.

SYMMONS

Ha!

GUY

How much is in there?

SYMMONS

Forty thou, give or take.

GUY

Ten each?

SYMMONS

Eight each, eight for the gov'nor

GUY

Who's the gov'nor?

Symmons taps his nose, leaving a dab of ketchup.

FLETCH

Got sauce on ya.

SYMMONS

Wot?

FLETCH

(gesturing)

Sauce.

(CONTINUED)

SYMMONS

Oh, right. Ta.

GUY

(to Raymond, in French)

It's not much.

Raymond shrugs.

HALF-SPEED: THE UNIMPRESSED WAITRESS watches Guy as they walk out.

FEMALE SINGER (PRE-LAP)

*How can ya, how can ya ask me
again--*

INT. PUB, BRIGHTON--EVENING

Back at the open mic night, a young female singer-guitarist is doing a proficient Bob Dylan cover.

FEMALE SINGER

It only brings me sorrow--

Guy, a bit drunk, has muscled his way into the conversation of a couple of amused/intimidated looking young'uns. They'll improvise some verite-style responses.

The female singer wraps up her set, thanks the crowd. Whoops, cheers. Guy joins in, too loud:

GUY

Whoo! Fuckin' beautiful my
love! Roberta Zimmerman, eh? Eh?

(to the young'uns)

Not bad eh? Could you do
that? No? Could you?

The host has spotted Guy being a bit lairy, tries to move things on:

OPEN MIC HOST

Alright, thanks Sadie, awesome as
always.

Guy throws back too big a mouthful of his pint, bothers the girl with some improvised joshing.

OPEN MIC HOST

--so if there's anyone else--

Guy chucks back the end of his pint as he stands--

(CONTINUED)

GUY
Yep! Over 'ere!

EXT. BRIGHTON STREET--DAY

VOICE (O.S.)
Over here! Over here!

Mitch turns in his seat to try and see where the voice is coming from--

DREAM IMAGE

THAT BUSY GIG we saw in the opening, Guy pushing through the crowd, desperation in his face--

*--and this, we might notice, is **another version of Guy**, First Act Guy's scruffy hair neater, stubble grown out to a rugged beard, cleaner, stronger: this is **SECOND ACT GUY**--*

--following the unidentified man in woozy slow-motion. The MAN turns and looks--

--we see his face, a bearded average face, looking back at Guy as he continues pushing away from him--

--and the sound of the FEEDBACK merges with the RAIN--

INT. CAR--DAY

Rain battering windscreen, Guy leaps into passenger seat.

GUY
Fuck me it's raining!

RAYMOND
Jesus man!

Raymond tosses a hand towel at Guy, who tousles his head.

RAYMOND
Well is not so bad. Less people,
you know.

He starts the engine.

We stay CLOSE ON Guy as he stares through the windows: rain pummelling, only vague hints of the grey streets beyond...

...we begin to hear the SOUND OF THE SEA...

DREAM IMAGE

THAT DARK BEDROOM in the pre-dawn...

...that WOMAN we don't know yet rolling next to us, leaning her head on us, mouthing words we can't hear...

INT. CAR--CONTINUOUS

Guy gazes from the window.

DREAM IMAGE

THE GIG, the bearded man's hard-to-read face, mouthing important words at us that we can't make out...

INT. CAR--CONTINUOUS

RAYMOND (O.S.)
(breaking Guy's reverie)

Hoh!

Raymond pulls over, shoves a GREY BALACLAVA at Guy, pulls a black one over his own head.

RAYMOND
(in French)
Let's go.

And with that Raymond's out of the car.

Guy takes a half-beat, pulls the balaclava on and follows.

WOMAN (PRE-LAP)
This one here?

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

This time we can hear the woman's voice. She's tracing scars on Guy's shoulders and torso with her finger.

GUY
Erm... daring daylight robbery.

WOMAN
This one here?

(CONTINUED)

GUY
Mexican stand-off.

CLOSE ON the finger, gentle on the pale ribs in his skin.

INT/EXT. CAR/BRIGHTON STREET--DAY

Guy's door SLAMS shut as he exits.

(For the rest of the sequence we'll stay tight on Guy, the sounds of BREATHING and PULSE high in the mix, other sounds muffled).

EXT. BRIGHTON SIDE STREET--CONTINUOUS

He follows Raymond, who is gripping a hammer, hand around the head, handle up his sleeve. Guy has his own hammer--

It's pissing down--rain machine-gunning--

Up ahead, two other balaclava'd men (Symmons & Fletch) appear, heading for the Ladbrokes--

A male CUSTOMER exits as they arrive--they scare the shit out of him, send him running, enter--

Raymond isn't far behind, then Guy--

INT. LADBROKES--CONTINUOUS

Symmons is already screaming at the 50-year-old till woman--

Fletch is on crowd control, threatening the only two customers--a large black man (40s) and a weasely white man--

Raymond grabs the woman, pulls her towards the tills--

Guy makes for a cubby hole, swiftly finds the SAFE KEY--

As he makes for the safe he sees Raymond making the woman open the tills, shouting at her, emptying the money into a canvas bag, and beyond him--

Symmons squaring up to the big black customer and threatening him with his hammer.

Guy only pauses for a moment...

Then he's to the safe. He pushes the key in, turns--

It sticks. He tries again--

It sticks. He tries again, lifting, turning--

(CONTINUED)

Hearing a muffled SHOUT and OOMPH, he turns. Symmons has thumped the black customer in the stomach--he's crumpled at Symmons' knees holding his abdomen. Symmons HITS him in the cheek with the handle of his hammer.

Guy shouts out, muffled. Symmons retorts, muffled. Raymond yells, gestures at safe.

Guy lifts, turns, OPENS. He starts lifting wedges of cash into his canvas bag, zip-loc bags filled with each day's cash banking, plus the change bags he joked about to Mitch--

In thirty seconds he's done, on his feet, passing the terrified woman, tapping Raymond's shoulder--'let's go.'

Symmons goading the crumpled man. Guy pushes him toward the door, which Fletch is holding open, but he sees as he goes--

The BLACK CUSTOMER crumpled, bloody, his face a horrible mess, and cowering a few paces away, behind a pillar, what he'd missed before: the man's LITTLE GIRL, 3 or 4 years old.

Half a beat as Guy takes this in, on the move, then he's

OUTSIDE

And back into the passenger seat of

RAYMOND'S CAR

Symmons and Fletch in the back. They all pull off their balaclavas. Sound becomes slightly clearer, but pulse and breathing still muddy everything, voices distant and blurry.

Raymond starts engine, pulls away--we're still tight on Guy.

Symmons is cheering and whooping and pounding the back of Guy's headrest in celebration, blood up.

The rain has eased somewhat. Guy gives Raymond directions.

Symmons continues prattling on.

Raymond pulls over. Staying tight on Guy, we get the impression of a secluded BREAKER'S YARD. They exit the car.

EXT. BREAKER'S YARD--CONTINUOUS

Raymond tosses keys to OVERALLED MAN who's greeting them.

Guy nods hello. Symmons is air-boxing Fletch, throwing jabs.

Guy walks over, head of his hammer clenched in his fist giving it more weight, and THUMPS Symmons in the kidneys.

(CONTINUED)

Still tight on Guy, the world swirls around him...

At his feet, Symmons is crumpled and whinnying.

He looks at Fletch--backing away, hands up.

Guy pulls a wad of cash from his bag, another, gives a quick count, pockets them, drops the bag on Symmons, strides away.

Raymond shrugs, does the same, and follows Guy. We HEAR chuckles, glasses clinking...

INT. PUB, BRIGHTON--EVENING

Open mic night, Guy stumbles to the mic, half-cut, pulls the guitar's strap over his head.

OPEN MIC HOST

Okay ladies and gentlemen, give it up for Guy.

He leads a lukewarm applause. Guy looks out at the room.

And looks. Taking them in. The amused chuckles die away to discomfort. Guy takes a breath, all amusement and facade falling away.

Uncomfortable laughter from the crowd. Maybe there's something honest, something deep inside, that he's about to finally release...

GUY

Nah, fuck it.

He pulls the guitar back over his head, drops it on the ground before the host can grab it--it clatters and reverbs as he staggers off the stage.

The FEEDBACK from the 50w amp stretches out...

DREAM IMAGE

The same image we saw at the film's opening: THE BOY, staring right at us, seeing something terrible...

Guy, staring back, caught in some awful act...

The SOUND OF THE SEA and the background hum of FEEDBACK rise, as sunlight flares the screen to white--

EXT. BEACH, THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

HALF-SPEED: Flames blown from the mouth of a fire dancer paint the night sky. They lick and coil in the air.

Another dancer's fiery torch spins, blurring and flaring...

GUY (PRE-LAP)
(in Thai)
How much?

EXT. SECLUDED BEACHSIDE HUT, THAI ISLAND--DAY

The empty, lonely interior of a basic, hot, small, dim hut.

THAI TEENAGER (O.S.)
Two hundret twenny baht.

Guy nods, peels off a few bills, hands them over.

On a beachside access road, a scantily dressed THAI GIRL (early 20s) is leaning on her friend's dusty motorbike, the friend, a short-haired TOMBOY, sitting on the seat. The girl has the sexualised look of a bar girl.

She's eyeing Guy. She says something to her friend, who looks at him too.

THAI TEENAGER (O.S.)
(in Thai)
You speak good Thai, huh?

GUY
(in Thai, eyeing the girl)
Just a little.

The WAVE SOUND melds with BASS-HEAVY DANCE MUSIC--

EXT. BEACH, THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

CLOSE ON Guy's feet kicking through the shallows. Music blaring, voices, cheers, applause.

The fire dancers are full speed now, tubthumping music. A crowd of drinkers and loungers on the beachside tables.

Flames twisting and flying, sweat beading on the dancer's cheeks, their muscular backs, their warrior-pose thighs.

Guy pushes through the crowd, muttering 'excuse me'.

(CONTINUED)

SOUTH AFRICAN MAN (PRE-LAP)
 How many of these fuckin' islands
 even are there,
 bru? Y'know? S'ridiculous.

INT. BAR--LATER

Guy's sitting alone on a stool at the bar, nursing a bottle.
 A banged wrist comes into frame, hand on his arm.

THAI BAR GIRL (O.S.)
 (propositioning)
 Hallo mister.

GUY
 (in Thai)
 No thanks.

At another table, an annoying young South African man is
 holding court. He notices Guy.

THAI BAR GIRL (O.S.)
 (in Thai)
 Oh, you speak Thai?
 (switching to English)
 Come on, you can buy me drink na?

GUY
 (in Thai)
 Don't want.

The South African man is watching.

THAI BAR GIRL
 Is no problem, I'm nice girl. Can
 teach me English na.

Guy's seen the South African seeing him.

GUY
 (in Thai)
 Go away.

She makes an annoyed sucking sound with her mouth, retreats
 muttering curses, gesturing to the other bar girls.

SOUTH AFRICAN MAN (PRE-LAP)
 Come on bru, it's so obvious.

LATER

The S.African (DENZIL, oversize t-shirt, high on coke or
 speed or both) and his group have foisted themselves on Guy.

(CONTINUED)

DENZIL

Can tell it a mile off mate! And
what do newbs do? Bruno?

BRUNO

Death charge!

Cheers from the group.

DENZIL

Death charge bru!

A ridiculous-looking cocktail is brought Guy's way.

DENZIL

S'like a depth charge only it'll
brutally kill you man! If you're
weak.

Cheers and whoops from the group.

DENZIL

Are you a weak guy Guy? Are you a
weedy weakling guy Guy?

Guy eyes him for half a beat. Denzil eyes him right back,
but maybe his smirk wavers. And then Guy chucks back the
disgusting drink in one.

Cheers, backslaps. An arm grips Guy around the neck--

DREAM IMAGE

*A flash of Symmons' hands around Fletch's throat,
play-strangling him at half-speed...*

Squeezing the flesh...

GUY (PRE-LAP)

Fuck off is it!

EXT. SMOKING AREA OUTSIDE PUB, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

Guy is bothering a group of younger drinkers.

GUY

I was listenin' to them when you
were still--

(CONTINUED)

DRINKER #1
Blah blah blah mate.

GUY
I was listenin' to them--

DRINKER #2
Blah blah fuckin' blah!

Stay TIGHT ON GUY as a montage of semi-improvised drunkenness and antagonism unfurls:

He annoys the BARMAN--

He makes friends with an extravagantly dressed oddball--

He pushes around a couple of the younger drinkers--

The Barman tells Guy he has to leave.

GUY
Piss off.

BARMAN
No you've been warned haven't
you? You can finish that one then
that's it.

Guy necks the last, SMASHES the pint glass on the floor,
storms behind the bar to where Barman is opening the till.
Pushes him aside, pulls wads of notes out.

GUY
Gonna stop me? Gonna stop me are
ya, big man? Eh?
(throws the money in his face)
There, av yer fuckin' money ya big
fuckin' prick. Fuck off.

INT. LATE NIGHT GREASY SPOON DINER--NIGHT

The place is full with 2am drinkers sobering up on fry ups.

Guy takes a mouthful of fried matter. Under the table he
pours a good glug from a hip flask into his black coffee.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Oi.

Guy looks up--caught out, by the unidentified woman we've
seen in snatches throughout, lying in bed, fingering his
scars. Late 30s, tired, no nonsense--this is MAEVE. One arm
is loaded down with dirty plates.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

Can't have drink in here, we haven't got a licence.

GUY

It's just a wee top love.

MAEVE

We haven't got a licence, you wanna get us shut down?

GUY

Come on.

The big table of lads are getting raucous.

MAEVE

Look, don't give me a hard time please, we haven't got a licence, I'm not trying to be difficult.

(to other group)

Oi! Behave yourselves or you're out, all of you.

GUY

I've poured it now.

MAEVE

(beat)

Alright drink that, but if you do it again you'll have to go.

GUY

Alright.

MAEVE

I mean I'm not trying to be difficult.

GUY

Yeah.

MAEVE

We've not got a licence.

Guy watches her as she continues piling dirty plates one-handed, chides the noisy lads as she passes, keeping them in order. There's definitely something about her...

Then something catches his eye:

ENTERING, a SCRUNGY MAN in a filthy hoodie, sketchy as hell, hands stuffed in hoodie pouch, hesitating in the doorway-- pushed in by a couple of other scrungy looking characters--

(CONTINUED)

He looks jittery, unsure-- he shuffles inside, bobbing his head, lips moving as if he's psyching himself up. Guy watches.

The noisy lads continue their noise, volume rising. Maeve huffs, shakes her head--she's gonna have to kick them out. She sees the scrungy man.

MAEVE

Grab a seat love, I'll be with you
in a sec.

She heads back behind the till, wiping her hands on her apron, and when she turns around--

The guy's there, with a knife clutched in his shaking hand.

SCRUNGY MAN

(quietly)
Just gimme the mo--

Before he can finish, Guy FLATTENS him from behind!

A garbled screech and BLOOD spatters the floor. Chairs go flying, SCREAMS and shouts. The scrungy man's down, Guy on top of him, pinning him.

Guy looks up at Maeve, who hasn't moved a millimetre since she saw the knife: locked in a trauma reaction.

GUY

Call the police love.

WAVE SOUND rises...

EXT. BEACHSIDE HUT, THAI ISLAND--EVENING

Close on Guy, smoking a joint, taking in a symphonic sunset.

Youths & couples enjoy the waters. Guy: alone on his porch.

EXT. LATE NIGHT GREASY SPOON DINER--NIGHT

Guy smokes, watches, as paramedics patch up the mugger. A police officer finishes taking Maeve's statement.

For a moment Maeve isn't sure what to do. Then she sees Guy.

EXT/INT. GUY'S BUILDING--NIGHT

CLOSE ON Maeve, standing outside Guy's front door as he jiggles the key. She holds her coat bundled in her arms.

After a moment the door opens and she follows him into the

DARK & MUSTY STAIRWELL

He says something we don't catch.

MAEVE

Huh?

GUY (PRE-LAP)

He gonna be alright?

EXT. LATE NIGHT GREASY SPOON DINER--NIGHT

Maeve shrugs.

MAEVE

I dunno. Yeah, probably.

He sucks on his fag, offers her one.

MAEVE

I'd take a drag.

He offers her the one from his mouth, she takes it, sucks.

MAEVE

Fuck me. Never stop wanting them do you, the filthy little bastards.

She hands it back.

INT. GUY'S FLAT--NIGHT

CLOSE ON Maeve, walking through Guy's front door.

Dark--a lamp is turned on O.S., glowing one side of her face. She takes her surroundings in.

GUY (PRE-LAP)

You ever had something like that before? The knife I mean.

EXT. LATE NIGHT GREASY SPOON DINER--NIGHT

MAEVE

Yes.

Silence.

GUY

Got brandy back at mine. For the nerves.

MAEVE

I don't drink.

Beat.

GUY

Bit boring, innit?

MAEVE

Yup. But I'm an alcoholic.

INT. GUY'S FLAT--NIGHT

Maeve watches as Guy takes his jacket off. Hangs it on a hook. Takes hers.

GUY (PRE-LAP)

Good for you then. How long you been off it?

EXT. LATE NIGHT GREASY SPOON DINER--NIGHT

MAEVE

A year. Well, eleven months. It'll be a year in a couple of weeks.

GUY

Hard?

MAEVE

It's fucking boring.

They share a laugh.

MAEVE (CONT.)

But. It is what it is.

Guy nods, and they fall silent. The sounds of the paramedics, police, the nearby drunks fill the soundscape.

(CONTINUED)

A paramedic closes the ambulance doors. Guy looks at Maeve...

The lines of her neck... the loose strands of hair blowing in the breeze... she pushes them out of her face...

The SEA SOUND is there, under the breeze...

GUY

Come on. I'll make you some hot water and dried leaves, you'll love it.

MAEVE

(beat)

G'wan then.

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)

Well this is quite the little shithole you've got here.

INT. GUY'S FLAT--NIGHT

MAEVE

I think it's actually smaller'n mine if that's possible.

GUY

I like to be able to touch all four walls at any one time.

He pour himself an enormous brandy.

MAEVE

For the nerves?

He takes a mouthful.

LATER, sitting at Guy's kitchenette table.

GUY

Maeve - that Irish?

MAEVE

(doing an accent)

Scottish.

GUY

(amused)

Excuse me?

She slaps his arm.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE
(accent)
Scottish! Ahm a wee Glasgow
lassie.

GUY
Oh yeah?

MAEVE
(switching accent)
Except on my ma's side, she's from
Belfast so she is.

GUY
And you grew up in?

MAEVE
Chelmsford.

Guy laughs, a good one--Maeve smiles at having provoked it.

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)
I have these nightmares.

LATER, closer:

MAEVE
Teeth rotting out of my head and
that.

GUY
Well, you're quite the flirt aren't
you.

MAEVE
(Betty Boop voice)
Gee, I'm awfully sorry. Would you
perhaps like to take all my itty
bitty clothes off me, you big
strong boy?

Guy eyes her a moment. Puts down his drink. Shifts closer
to her. Leans in and begins to undo the top button of her
shirt.

She lets him. And the next.

MAEVE
What you doing?

GUY
Seizing a moment.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE
 (amused)
 I mean I wasn't--

GUY
 Shush.

MAEVE
 Don't shush me.

LATER, pre-dawn hours, an upside down view through a window: a stripe of aquamarine sky, the sound of one or two birds. Breeze rustling through bare coastal trees.

Maeve's lying with her head on Guy's shoulder, eyes open. Guy's are open too, staring up and back, out the window.

She nestles closer into him.

He regards her for a moment, as if that movement into him has real significance.

We begin to hear the sound of POURING RAIN...

EXT. BEACHSIDE HUT, THAI ISLAND--EVENING

Monsoon rain strobes over the sea like a spell.

Guy pulls his drying clothes from the railings around his hut's porch, takes them

INSIDE

The Thai Girl is lying on his bed, curled up, not asleep. She watches him as he hangs the clothes around the room.

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)
 Wakey-wakey. Time to wake up.

INT. GUY'S FLAT--PRE-DAWN

SECOND ACT GUY, with his neater hair and rugged beard, is sitting at his kitchenette table, staring at:

An UNIDENTIFIED MAN, curled up and asleep on Guy's sofa.

He's staring at this man with a face of stone: absolute unblinking blankness, as if something inside him has been unalterably broken, and this man on his sofa is responsible.

The WHINE of a boiling kettle becomes a SCREAM.

(CONTINUED)

The man shifts, but doesn't wake.

Mitch appears, barefoot & yawning, switches off the kettle.

LATER

We hear the shower. Steam curls from under bathroom door.

MITCH (O.S.)

Ready?

Guy's sitting at the table, staring at the bathroom door.

GUY

Yep.

Mitch regards him a moment. He knows something's up.

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)

Hey. Wake up!

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--MORNING

A t-shirt lands on Guy's sleeping face, waking him.

MAEVE

I'm raiding your cupboards, you want anything?

Guy struggles to get his bearings.

MAEVE

Not an early bird, eh?

GUY

There's, um... there's bread I think.

MAEVE

Ooh, *bread*? You fancy bastard you. Where?

GUY

Cupboard.

MAEVE

You a coffee or tea man?

GUY

Coffee. Other cupboard.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

Aw. And it was going so well.

Sound of LAUGHTER rolls us into--

INT. BAR, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

Guy and Maeve in a cool little pub, leaning on the bar.

(Guy's hair is neater, his stubble beardier--over the next few sequences he'll gradually morph into SECOND ACT GUY.)

They're raising their voices to be heard.

MAEVE

No it isn't!

GUY

Of course it is!

It's a trendy place -- lads in flat caps, fairy lights, strawberry beer.

MAEVE

Oh, fine then, of course it is. If you say so sir!

GUY

I'm not being--

MAEVE

Sir yes sir! Guy knows best, sir!

Two kids with guitars strapped to their backs push past, bump Maeve -- she spills a bit of her drink over her hand.

MAEVE

Oi!

She gestures -- what the hell?

MAEVE

Fuckin manners on some people.

GUY

Here.

He leans down, licks the drink from her hand. She cracks up, pulls her hand away.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Wait, it needs a kick to it.

He sticks his fingers into his pint, flicks beer onto her hand, goes in for another lick.

MAEVE

(laughing)

No! My hand doesn't drink!

LATER, the tightly packed space in the rear of this pub, watching the open mic. The place is jam-packed.

The performers are the guitar kids who bumped past Maeve. They're playing a very confident, pretty awful head-bobber.

MAEVE

Fuh kin ell.

Maeve laughs, hits him.

GUY

Keep it on the inside.

MAEVE

I wish they would.

The lads reach for the song's climax, harmonising with stage-school timing and zero soul. Maeve rolls her eyes.

MAEVE

C'mon, they're fine.

The lads bring to song to its end, to enormous cheers.

MAEVE

Come on, you can do better'n this.

He shrugs--maybe.

MAEVE

Go on then, up you get.

GUY

Alright, mouthy. God knows what you're like when you've had a drink.

The host has taken the mic, shepherded the boys off, is pulling on his guitar, about to do a song of his own.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

Hey! Over ere! Got one ere for ya!

GUY

What you doing?

She hits Guy, pushes him up toward the stage.

MAEVE

G'wan, do it. He'll do it!

Some in the crowd are cheering him on, some chuckling.

GUY

What are you doing?

MAEVE

Go on!

Beat--the host isn't sure what to do. Chuckles from crowd.

HOST

Up to you big fella. You coming up?

Beat. Guy looks at Maeve, grinning, enjoying every moment of this. He gives in, heads to the stage. Light cheers.

MAEVE

Wooo!

HOST

Alright, wanna do one song? Two?

GUY

I dunno. One.

The host hands Guy his guitar--Guy pulls strap over head.

HOST

Alright, give it up, ladies and jellyspoons, for Guy!

More applause and whoops as Guy settles himself in front of the mic, and then...

...silence. He blows into the mic cautiously.

GUY

Check check. Okay.

Crowd members are looking. Maeve's eyes fixed on him, maybe just starting to wonder if this was a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

He starts strumming... a few light cheers...

GUY
No, hang on...

He leans down to the amp, fiddles with some dials.

The crowd's uncomfortable. Maeve worrying a touch more.

CLOSE ON Guy's hand, raising the gain. The HUM intensifies.

He stands back up, faces the crowd. Takes a breath. He's ready now.

He SMACKS out the opening notes of some dark, tremulous, idiosyncratic blues-influenced end-of-the-world thing.

GUY
(singing)
Oh my lover--

It's 'Oh My Lover' by PJ Harvey. His voice isn't bad. Low and breathy. Sincere.

(NOTE: All specific songs can be changed, catered for the talents of the actor-performer playing the part of Guy)

GUY
Don't you know it's ah-al-right--

Maeve's not finding it funny anymore. Impressed.

GUY
*You can love him-- and you can love
me at the same time--*

He's no superstar, he just... *means* it. Every word.

GUY
*Much to discover-- I know you don't
have the time--*

Those in the crowd who were talking and clinking have stopped to listen. Guy belts out these low bluesy notes, bending the string, skewing the notes.

GUY
*Oh my sweet thing, oh my honey
thighs-- give me your troubles,
I'll keep them with mine--*

Faces in the crowd: taken off guard, impressed, immersed.

INT. GUY'S FLAT--MORNING

Back to Guy and Maeve, morning after their first night, toast & tea & coffee. Guy's face puffy, hair skew-whiffed.

MAEVE

So, shall we agree never to see each other again?

GUY

(chewing)

Alright.

She frowns--isn't quite sure how to take that.

GUY (CONT.)

Or, you know... I was thinking we could see each other five or six more times. Couple of lunches, couple of dinners. Ten or twelve cups of tea for you--

MAEVE

Thirty or forty quadruple brandies for you?

GUY

Couple more orgasms each.

MAEVE

Oh you think I had one do you?

GUY

Either that or you're epileptic.

She slaps his arm.

INT. BAR, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

Back into the open mic. Guy bashes out more of those bending, skewed notes.

GUY

*What's that colour, forming around
your eyes? Waltz my lover, tell me
that it's alright --*

The song merges with--

EXT. BEACH BAR, THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

The Thai house band at this beachside joint, rollicking out a Tinglish version of Bad Moon Rising.

THAI SINGER

*Ah see a bad moon a-lising-- Ah see
tumble on-a-way--*

Guy's drunk, on the makeshift dancefloor, dancing with the Thai Girl we saw earlier. The bar blurs around him, their bodies close.

Her face is blank, impassive, as she shimmies against him. Denzil is nearby, cheering him on.

DENZIL(PRE-LAP)

You like whatchoo see eh?

EARLIER

Guy, less drunk, eyeing the Thai girl from across the bar. Denzil nudges.

DENZIL

Eh, you like her? No worries bru,
she's on me -- you get me the next
one, eh?

His mate cracks up. The girl is staring back at Guy.

BACK TO

The dancefloor, shimmying. Guy wipes his face--drunk.

THAI SINGER

*Don go out tun-nigh-- coz is boun
to tay your lie--*

INT. BAR, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

A different bar, another open mic -- Guy's hair a little neater, beard a little more developed.

A dreadlocked whiteboy plays Bad Moon Rising. The tubthumping full band Thai version bleeds over into this one-man, electro-acoustic version:

DREADLOCKED SINGER

*There's a bad moon on the
rise! Whoooo!*

(CONTINUED)

Guy & Maeve in the crowd, Guy's arm around her, swigs from a pint, leaning on guitar case. Maeve leans her head into him.

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)
What's this?

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--DAWN

In bed, naked, dozing. It's the moment we glimpsed earlier: Maeve inspecting Guy's scars. Finger tracing white rips.

GUY
It's a scar.

MAEVE
Oh thanks smartarse.

GUY
Well. You get to a certain age,
you pick a few up don't you.

She runs her finger around his shoulder: there are three or four just here. Crescent moons.

MAEVE
How'd you get this one?

GUY
I was attacked by a tiger.

She joke-sighs: 'come on.'

MAEVE
This one?

GUY
Panther.

MAEVE
This one?

GUY
Erm... daring daylight robbery.

Beat. Maybe she's aware of the truth in that one.

MAEVE
This one?

GUY
Mexican stand-off.

(CONTINUED)

She grows quiet, looking at all the places in which he's been hurt. He rolls her onto her back, moving on top of her.

GUY
How about you, eh? Where are yours?

She closes her eyes, smiles, as he runs his hands over her, looking at her body, nuzzling her flesh with his brow.

GUY
No appendectomy? No panther attacks?

She sighs pleasantly.

MAEVE
Maybe one or two.

He kisses her shoulder, her collarbone.

GUY
(muffled, mouth pressed to her)
I'll kill 'em.

MAEVE
(amused)
What?

GUY
(pressing hard, more muffled)
Ah said ah'll gill'em!

On her laugh--

INT. BAR, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

Guy's taken the stage--we catch the end of his applause, Maeve cheering. A packed crowd in this little back room.

GUY
(into mic)
Nothing more shit than some old white cunt stealing a blues song, right? I'll try to make it not shit.

Chuckles, smattered claps.

Guy, beer bottle for a slide, gain turned up, plucks the opening of 'Dark Was The Night, Cold Was The Ground.'

(CONTINUED)

He begins to hum and moan from his throat.

The crowd eat it up. Including Maeve.

As Guy hums and moans we begin to hear the sound of WAVES...

EXT. BEACH THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

Wide on the dark beach. Guy and the Thai Girl stumbling from the beach bar, distant figures. Followed by Denzil & crew.

We continue to hear Guy's song and the waves.

EARLIER

HALF-SPEED: sunlight flaring as palm leaves brushed aside.

The leaves shift in overpowering light, a silhouetted hand.

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

CLOSE ON the Thai Girl as she enters, behind staggering Guy.

Denzil smacks her butt, pushes her in.

She watches as Guy sits in on bed, rubs his drunken face.

INT. BAR, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

CLOSE ON Maeve, taking in Guy's performance.

Pride, growing affection, maybe a hint of understanding: she's seeing Guy's pain.

CLOSE ON Guy: moaning, humming, picking.

The sound of pub clamour begins to rise, voices, glasses...

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)
Are you having another?

INT. PUB, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

Another pub, this one busier, Guy and Maeve leaning over a high table as Maeve finishes her tonic water. Guy nods.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

Same?

GUY

Yeah.

She takes the last mouthful, regards him a moment.

MAEVE

How long you been playing? Your whole life?

He shrugs -- yeah. She takes that in.

MAEVE

Why an't you done anything with it?

GUY

I, um...

(maybe he doesn't know himself)

It just wasn't the main thing.

A moment of silence sits: something not being said.

So she kisses him on the cheek and heads to the bar.

CLOSE ON Guy. He's not smiling exactly... but something is happening to his face... A peacefulness working its way in.

Maybe he even closes his eyes for a moment...

And opens them, watches Maeve from behind. Leaning at the bar, waving at the barman, making her order.

Just watches her, just as simple as that. And he allows his eyes to emptily scan the bar... the other couples on other tables, the friends chatting...

Until his eyes lock on something familiar, sitting at the rear of the pub, between a couple of men:

SYMMONS. His bald fleshy head. And at the exact moment that Guy's eyes lock onto him--

--his eyes lock onto Guy.

And in that moment, everything changes.

Guy looks away for a moment.

Just a moment, just a beat, a beat and a half, of pretending he hasn't seen him. That he can keep sitting here and nothing bad will happen. That everything hasn't changed.

(CONTINUED)

And then he's up.

GUY
(slipping hand under her arm)
We gotta go.

MAEVE
What?

GUY
Gotta go, come on.

MAEVE
I've just ordered.

GUY
Cancel those mate, sorry.

And he's pulling her away.

MAEVE
What are you doing?

GUY
I'll explain, but we gotta go.

MAEVE
Um, alright? Get off my arm.

GUY
We gotta go.

MAEVE
I'm going, you don't have-- my
coat!

GUY
I'll come back for it.

We can HEAR approaching footsteps behind, speeding up.

SYMMONS (O.S.)
Oi you fuckin--

Just as Symmons is closing in, Maeve through into the little vestibule between the inner & outer door (relative safety)--

--Guy picks up a bottle we didn't even see--

--and turning he SMASHES it into Symmons' face!

The two guys who'd been one step behind Symmons flinch back as Guy aims the smashed and jagged bottle end at them:

(CONTINUED)

GUY
FUCK OFF!

He waves it at them, pushing them back --

Maeve, in the vestibule... well, how would you react?

Guy eyes the two men for a long beat...

Then he THROWS the bottle end at the floor, shattering what was left of it, and turns on his heel--

If we hadn't noticed, we're just seeing that **the barman is the BEARDED MAN from the dream image of the crowded gig.**

He's now on his walkie-talkie, calling for security.

EXT. STREET--CONTINUOUS

Maeve is outside the main door, lost in shock, when Guy--
--paces out of the door, grabs her arm.

GUY
Come on.

She flinches away, numbly. He grabs more firmly.

GUY
Come on.

He tugs and she falls into step alongside him. He's quick-marching away from the pub, Maeve just keeping up.

She's silent... numb... going along with him...then--

She TUGS her arm away, darts across the road. Guy tries to follow--*beep!*

A car--he has to pause, hold up a hand. He runs, catches up, but she pulls away:

MAEVE
Get the fuck away from me.

Still quick-marching, he tries again:

GUY
I'm--

MAEVE
Get the fuck away from me.

(CONTINUED)

She's pacing ahead, not looking at him. He doesn't have the words to answer, so he just keeps pace.

Looking at her, no words. Quick-marching down the street.

MAEVE

(quieter, almost to herself)

Get the fuck away from me.

They both keep walking. And walking.

And with their footsteps still reverberating...

INT. GUY'S FLAT--MORNING

CLOSE ON Guy, watching the steam curl out from under his bathroom door.

MITCH (O.S.)

What's the time?

Guy doesn't respond -- he's fixed on the steam.

MITCH (O.S.)

Oi, space cadet -- time?

GUY

Five.

MITCH (O.S.)

Alright. Twenty mins. Get coffee on.

Slow zoom into door... we can hear movement within...

GUY (PRE-LAP)

I'm not a good man. I'm a villain.

INT. MAEVE'S FLAT--DAY

CLOSE ON Maeve, her face, taking Guy in.

GUY

I am what I am, you know?

Maeve regards him a moment. We hear the sound of FOOTSTEPS overlaid, heavy PANTING...

EXT. BRIGHTON STREET--NIGHT

TIGHT ON Maeve, quick-marching, out of breath.

MAEVE
(muttered)
Get the fuck away from me.

Guy is at her elbow, out of frame and focus, trying to keep up with her, to grab her arm -- she pulls away.

MAEVE
(muttered)
Get the fuck away.

He grabs hold of her arm.

MAEVE
Get OFF!

We can hear Guy saying something. Maeve STOPS. Faces him.

Stay tight on Maeve's shoulder, and we see Guy, a few inches away, looking at her. Emotion, tension, fight hormones.

They just stare at each other, panting.

INT. MAEVE'S FLAT--DAY

MAEVE
You are what you do.

GUY
Yeah, okay.

He shakes his head, takes out a cigarette.

MAEVE
Not inside.

EXT. BRIGHTON STREET--NIGHT

Maeve stares at Guy. Maybe she's not sure what to do.

Maybe her lip starts to go, just a little.

Maybe he reaches a hand to console her, and she flinches.

MAEVE
Don't fucking touch me.

(CONTINUED)

GUY (O.S.)
Okay.

MAEVE
Don't.

GUY (O.S.)
Okay.

A long beat. Wind whips her hair. She sees something O.S.

MAEVE
Christ, look at your hand.

She starts to sob, big deep heaving sobs--

INT. BATHROOM, MAEVE'S FLAT--NIGHT

A nasty gash on Guy's hand leaks watery blood as it's held under the running tap, Maeve's hands cradling it.

GUY (O.S.)
Pffff. Aah.

Skirts and knickers hang from a wall-mounted rack. A tiny, damp-speckled bathroom, only big enough for one.

MAEVE
Is there any glass in it?

GUY
No.

She riffles through a toiletry bag.

MAEVE
Gotta make sure.

LATER

She wraps gauze around the dried, cleaned hand.

Guy watches her as she does.

LATER STILL

Guy lies awake in bed, bandaged hand. He's looking at Maeve, asleep next to him. She opens her eyes.

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)
Have you heard of Royston?

INT. MAEVE'S FLAT--DAY

Guy shakes his head.

MAEVE

S'a shitty part of Glasgow. My dad was from there, born and bred and that, and he was funny, and he wasn't a shrinking violet, so, you know, people knew him, they liked him--big scary people liked him. So he... he sort of... fell in with 'em I guess. He was a fixer. He knew a lot of people, he got things done. I'm pretty sure he had people killed My mum took me away, down to Chelmsford, when I were little. But he'd show up now and then.

She falls silent.

MAEVE

I used to wonder if I was like him.

GUY

Are you?

A long quiet moment.

MAEVE

Yes and no.

(beat)

You smashed a bottle over someone's head right in front of me.

GUY

He would've--

MAEVE

I know.

(beat)

I know what you are. I wasn't born yesterday. It doesn't suit you. You should do something else.

Guy looks at her.

It's such a simple thing, someone believing in you. But in his entire life, no-one's said it to him quite like that.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

I don't know how to do anything else.

MAEVE

Yeah you do. Course you do. Don't be stupid. Course you do. So do it.

INT. BAR, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

...and Guy's under stage lights, picking out this tremulous tune, letting the feedback hum elongate and spread out.

And on a car door SLAM--

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET--MORNING

RASCHID, strapping Algerian roofer (40s), is unloading equipment from his van.

RASCHID

Guy?

He greets Guy with a handshake.

GUY

Yes mate. Raschid right?

RASCHID

Yes, nice to meet you my friend, nice to meet you. You're early.

GUY

Yeah well I found the place easier than I thought so--

RASCHID

No is good, is good.

EXT. BACK GARDEN, SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE--LATER

Guy's pulling hi-vis overalls over his clothes.

RASCHID

So today we gonna apply the, ah... the, ah... the--

He makes a hand gesture.

(CONTINUED)

GUY
The undersarking?

RASCHID
Yeh, undersarking, yes - we gonna... uh... apply the undersarking to the... rafters, and then we gonna start to lay the slate. You lay slate before?

GUY
Yeah, I know the basics.

RASCHID
Good! Good, okay, that's good, because sometimes you know you get someone and they don't know shit!

He laughs, big and warm -- Guys softens.

LATER, on the ROOFTOP. One side of the gabled roof is exposed to the rafters. Raschid leads Guy along a thin strip of scaffold. Guy looks down--a dizzying drop.

RASCHID
So is gonna go from here -- here you can see, look, is gonna go from here, and uh... and have to be not totally tight--

GUY
Little bit of slack, right?

RASCHID
Well but not slack really, not so much, jus like--

GUY
Just like a little--

RASCHID
Jus a little--

He makes a hand gesture.

RASCHID
Very little... loose. But not even loose, jus not tight, you know? Like imagine is like a t-shirt, you don't want it to be like sexy t-shirt, you don't want it to be like... like *baggy* t-shirt, you want jus like normal t-shirt, you know?

(CONTINUED)

LATER

On the rooftop, Guy pulls the strip of undersarking along the rafters.

GUY
Like this?

RASCHID
Looser, little bit.

Guy adjusts the material.

GUY
This?

RASCHID
Yes, good.

LATER

The sun glows over Guy's shoulder as he hammers nails into the joists. He's sweating. He wipes his brow.

RASCHID (PRE-LAP)
Look, look. You see?

LATER

Raschid is holding up a tile of slate.

RASCHID
Re-claimed slate. Is beautiful,
no? Always reclaimed slate, the
man-made slate is shit. Is
shit! Dog shit! Real slate is...
look, she is beautiful.

The thrum of a train going over a bridge...

INT. TRAIN--DAY

Guy sitting by the window, looking at the evening sunlight falling over the rooves of Brighton.

The thrum of the train begins to meld with the sound of THE SEA...

EXT. BEACH BAR, THAI ISLAND--EVENING

Dusk falling over the island, people lazing on loungers, on floor cushions.

Guy's nursing a bottle of beer, Denzil across from him, wearing big shades and an obscene t-shirt.

DENZIL

Nah I can tell bru, I can tell. I spent three years in England. Fucking shithole.

Guy looks around, at the groups of young people, old couples, lounging, drinking.

DENZIL (O.S.)

But I can tell. You're from down south, right?

His attention flashes back to Denzil.

DENZIL

Not London. You're from, like... Brighton. Yeah. You're a fuckin' Brightoner. Right?

Guy eyes Denzil: leaning in, smile fixed on his face, something a bit too keen about him.

DENZIL

Am I right?

INT. TRAIN--DAY

And we're back on the train, Guy staring out the window. He notices something:

Two BEARDED MEN a few seats away, eyeing him and saying something to each other.

One of the men approaches.

Guy tenses himself, ready for something...

BEARDED MAN #1

Hey--your name's Guy, right?

Guy doesn't respond--just eyes him back, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

BEARDED MAN #1
 From the open mic, at the Bee's
 Mouth? We saw you there the other
 night, you killed it man.

And now he sees the GUITAR CASE that other bearded man is
 resting his arm on.

BEARDED MAN #1
 It is you right?

GUY
 (snapping out of it)
 Yeah, sorry. Yeah. How you doing.

BEARDED MAN #1
 Good man, good. I don't know if
 you're playing with anyone at the
 moment but we're actually looking
 for a guitarist.

The TH-THU-THUD of a drum rolls over us...

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM, BRIGHTON--DAY

A muscular DRUMMER in his 30s is warming up, doffing the
 snare, tonking the hi-hat.

RECEPTION

Guy enters, guitar bag on his back, following Bearded Man
 #1, who we'll now call the SINGER-GUITARIST.

SINGER-GUITARIST
 I mean we've had probably, what...
 about five months of jamming?

GUY
 Right.

SINGER-GUITARIST
 So I mean we're pretty solid
 already, but obviously whoever we
 bring in is gonna, you know--

GUY
 Yeah, yeah.

SINGER-GUITARIST
 Is gonna, you know... is gonna
 bring their sound into the mix.
 (to receptionist)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SINGER-GUITARIST (cont'd)
Alright, I think we're in room six?

RECEPTIONIST
Band name?

SINGER-GUITARIST
Red Road.

REHEARSAL ROOM

A fuzzed up bass sound FLOODS the room, as the Singer-Guitarist and Guy enter.

Bearded Man #2 is the bassist -- he greets Guy and the Singer-Guitarist. Warmth, handshakes, etc.

SINGER-GUITARIST
(to drummer)
This is Guy, bloke from the Bee's Mouth.

The Drummer eyes Guy a moment -- half-stands from his drum stool, reaches out a hand. He gives no verbal greeting as he shakes Guy's hand, as if to say: who the fuck are you?

Another man, KEYBOARDIST, enters, gripping a sandwich in his mouth.

SINGER-GUITARIST
Oi Al -- this is Guy. Guy, Al.

KEYBOARDIST
(mouthful)
Awright mate.

Guy nods hello -- slightly unwelcoming vibes.

SINGER-GUITARIST
Alright so we'll just crack through a couple and see how we all get on, yeah?

GUY
Yeah -- can I get a cable?

BASSIST
In the crate there.

Guy unzips a beautifully knackered old telecaster, pulls the strap over his head.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

A song's up and running: Drummer chugging,
pt-TAT-pt-TAT-pt-TAT, Bassist laying a thrumming bassline,
Singer-Guitarist feathering out some shimmering chords.

Guy's watching the Singer-Guitarist's hands, frowning,
trying to click in to the song's rhythm.

He adds a couple of power chords.

Singer-Guitarist shakes his head, says something inaudible.

GUY
(roaring)
What?

The Singer-Guitarist slows down a little, demonstrating the
chord pattern, where Guy's meant to come in.

The Drummer's watching Guy -- exchanges a look with the
Bassist: 'this bloke's not getting it.'

Guy tries again, brow furrowed, sluicing out his chords.

The Singer-Guitarist nods, encourages him: 'that's it.'

The song motors along. Guy half-feeling it, looking unsure.

Drummer shaking his head, biting his lip, thudding the beat.

SINGER-GUITARIST
*In the absence of your loving... I
took a trip towards a circle in the
sky...*

Close on Guy's face: he knows he's blowing it.

SINGER-GUITARIST
*But the circle proved elusive...
just a figment, just a fantasy of
mine...*

They plough on into a perfunctory middle eight.

The Drummer yells something at the Bassist. Guy sees it --
can't make it out -- but the Drummer looks unimpressed.

Fuck it -- Guy approaches the Singer-Guitarist --

He yells something we can't make out --

Starts adjusting the Singer-Guitarist's chord pattern: 'try
this... like this...'

The Singer-Guitarist goes with it, adjusts: 'like this?'

Guy nods, encourages him.

The song shifts. Guy nods, getting into the new rhythm.

Drummer and Bassist eyeing him, curious.

Guy SLAMS IN on the 3, behind the beat, skewing the melody.

Bassist raises his eyebrows: 'Ooh, not bad.'

Singer-Guitarist nods, nods, watching Guy.

Guy throws in a skewed, off-kilter minor chord.

Singer-Guitarist breaks out into a grin: 'Yes!'

Drummer throws out a huge fill, they shift up a gear.

Keyboardist watches, nods, earplugs in, eating his sandwich.

LATER

Another song, a meatier, angrier song.

Guy's rolling out a four-power-chord chainsaw routine, Sonics-esque, in front of the Drummer, directing him.

Drummer watching him, nodding, adjusting his pattern.

Guy lets the pattern flow, Singer-Guitarist riffs, sings:

SINGER-GUITARIST

Guy leans into the second mic, adds a backing vocal: opening his throat and straining for a high note.

The Keyboardist joins in with a phantasmagoric chord sequence, shimmering along underneath the guitars.

SINGER-GUITARIST

Guy adds another harmonised part --

And as the song heads into the bridge it ramps up, with a Television-esque run, Guy's guitar and the Singer-Guitarist's countering each other, the bass echoing, the Drummer getting meatier still...

And the song carries over into--

INT. PUB GIG, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

A packed, sweaty room above a pub. Maeve's in the audience, stage right, mind being blown. The song is a cover of The Neckbones' Taxi Driver-inspired 'You Can't Touch Her'.

SINGER-GUITARIST

*They can't touch her, can't even
see her...*

It's a tiny stage, the band members almost bumping into each other, sweaty faces.

SINGER-GUITARIST

*They can't feel her, 'cos I'm
watching over her...*

Guy bashes out the main riff.

Maeve's squeezed in, by the stage, being shunted and shifted by the enthusiastic, head-bobbing, moshing crowd.

Sweat flies from Guy's hair, a SEA-GREEN stagelight flares.

SINGER-GUITARIST

*I see her walking in the city... in
her new dress and she's really
looking pretty... but I know things
are not what they seem... 'cos I
know that life is just a dream...*

And the clink of GLASSES, the sound of VOICES rises--

INT. PUB, BRIGHTON--DAY

And the music dissipates. Guy and Maeve and Mitch, sitting around a table, laughing. Mitch wipes a laughter tear.

MITCH

Oh my days. Jesus Christ. Right, I
need another drink, right fucking
now.

MAEVE

You do know it's lunchtime?

MITCH

(checks his watch)
So it is. Triple absinthes? Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Suit yerself mate.

(points at his empty Guinness)

Oi'll stick wi' de drink of my fathers.

MITCH

Wimp. And for madame?

MAEVE

I could stomach another juice.

MITCH

Ah go on, you can av one can't ya?

MAEVE

Fraid not.

MITCH

Just a little one! Just a little triple absinthe!

Laughs.

MAEVE

No, I don't drink Mitch, at all. I haven't touched a drop in over a year, I'm not gonna start now. I like you an all, you seem nice, but... you're not the one to turn me back to drink I'm afraid.

MITCH

Well I've barely tried av I. You aven't seen the full extent of my persuasive skills.

GUY

Behave yourself you.

MITCH

(salutes)

Sir yes sir!

Laughter.

MAEVE

(getting up)

And I think it's my round isn't it?

MITCH

Nah don't be sill-- don't be silly! Not avin you get a fucking

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MITCH (cont'd)
round in an you avin fucking
cranberry, ere y'are.

He holds out a twenty.

MAEVE
No it's my round.

MITCH
Take it!

MAEVE
(putting on rough voice)
Put yer money away sunshine,
orwight? S'my treat.

She gives him a laddy wink and heads to bar. Mitch laughs,
enjoying her.

MITCH
Well she's a fuckin diamond in't
she.

GUY
She is.

MITCH
Fuh kin ell. You've done alright
for yourself there. Nah, nice one,
like her. Could use one like er
meself.

GUY
Get yer own.

MITCH
Fuck off.

He throws a peanut, joshing. But: face shifts--tone change.

MITCH
Listen. I gotta talk business.

GUY
Alright. Later?

Mitch looks over to the bar -- Maeve is ordering.

MITCH
Nah better do it now.

Guy can see Mitch is tense.

(CONTINUED)

GUY
Alright. What's up?

MITCH
That job, the Ladbrokes. You gave
Symmons a smack on the nose.

GUY
He earned it.

Mitch shakes his head.

MITCH
Wan't Symmons' job.

GUY
You said it was.

MITCH
Yeah well I was told it was wan't
I.

GUY
So whose was it?

This is the crux -- Mitch eyes Guy.

GUY
Whose was it?

MITCH
Waghorn.

A beat as that sinks in.

The absolute worst name Guy could have heard.

GUY
Symmons hasn't got fuck all to do
with Waghorn.

MITCH
Nah, it was the other cunt.

Guy eyes the bar: Maeve's being handed the drinks.

MITCH
He was iz fuckin cousin or summink,
I don't know.

GUY
(taking it in)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY (cont'd)
I did the fucking job man, I did
it. I just gave the idiot a smack
on the nose.

MITCH
S'Waghorn mate.

No more needs to be said.

Guy watches Maeve waiting for her change, chatting nicely
with another customer, laughing.

GUY
So?

MITCH
So ee's gonna come down, in a
couple weeks. Ee'll av some job,
you gotta do it. That's it. You'll
earn a bit, not much. You toe the
fuckin line and... ee'll be
alright. Symmons dun't mean fuck
all to im, ee just wants ya to kiss
iz ring dun'ee.

Maeve's coming back, three pints on a tray.

GUY
Fuck.

MITCH
Yeah.

Beat.

MITCH
Listen--

But before he can get an apology out--

MAEVE
(in rough cockney voice)
Right, ere y'are gents, get your
gobs on these you twats, and I'm
gonna put my feet up and enjoy my
fuckin cranberry, and I don't wanna
'ear any fuckin jokes about
cystitis, right?

She sits down with her pint of juice, pleased with herself
-- Mitch grins, laughs despite himself.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH

What're you, frustrated comedian?

Guy tries to smile.

MAEVE

Yeah something like that.

SEA SOUND rises as we stay tight on Guy, a light flares--

EXT. SEA, THAI BEACH--DAY

Guy floats on his back, eyes closed in powerful sunlight.

He blinks, tries to crack his eyes open.

They stay cracked, screwed up in the harsh light.

CLOSE ON

The emerald water around his semi-submerged hands...

Toes half out... Shimmering light playing on the water...

HIGH ANGLE, Guy's floating face looking up, into camera, eyes beginning to open more, getting used to the light...

The light washes the screen, flaring the corners to white...

And as the sea sound mixes with the WHINE of a kettle reaching boiling point we

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GUY'S FLAT--PRE-DAWN

Guy staring. Maybe we get a hint of steam behind him, from the kettle we can hear BOILING O.S.

And we hear a DOOR OPEN O.S.

A NAKED MAN emerges from the bathroom, toweling his head.

At HALF-SPEED he pulls the towel away, revealing his face. An early-30s face, hard and bitter. This is WAGHORN.

He stands in the doorway, big and muscular, steam tumbling.

WAGHORN

D'you get rid of the knife?

Long beat, Guy holding his eye contact.

(CONTINUED)

Not many people hold eye contact with Waghorn. Guy does.

GUY

Yeah.

Long beat -- Wags eyeing him right back.

WAGHORN

Get me a coffee.

Hard beat.

GUY

(deadpan)

One lump or two?

Wags pulls the towel from around his neck, standing there stark bollock naked -- points a threatening finger at Guy.

WAGHORN

Stop being a cunt.

Long beat of unwavering eye contact.

The big naked man trying to assert his authority.

Guy not giving in.

WAGHORN

Go on.

Finally...

Guy gets up, moves to make the coffee.

Waghorn, nude & bullish, watches Guy. He towels his hair.

CLOSE ON

Guy's face, pouring coffee into a mug, milk, sugar...

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)

What you doing?

GUY (PRE-LAP)

Seizing a moment.

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

And we're back to the night they met, Guy undressing Maeve.

MAEVE
(amused)
I mean I wasn't--

GUY
Shush.

MAEVE
Don't shush me.

He looks at her, amused smile--enjoying teasing each other.

GUY
You're a stroppy one aren't you.

MAEVE
'Stroppy'?

GUY
Like to let me know who's boss.

And the warmth goes out of the moment.

MAEVE
Don't be like that.

She pulls back from him a bit.

GUY
Like what?

She shakes her head. Her guard has come up.

GUY (CONT.)
Like what?

MAEVE
Like that. 'Stroppy'. I'm not a
little girl.

GUY
(genuine)
No, I wasn't--

Suddenly she's like a different person.

MAEVE
Is that how it is is it?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

I wasn't--

MAEVE

You think you can just take my
clothes off me as and when, have
your way? Alright.

(spreads her arms out wide)

Go on then.

Guy isn't quite sure what to say. They look at each other.

A long moment. Until--

GUY

(quiet, sincere)

Sorry.

And that changes something in her. Not what she expected.

Not what she's been used to. Maybe her eyes water up, a bit.

She puts her arms down, isn't sure what to do with herself.

MAEVE

Jesus.

Rubs her face, laughs to herself. Guy watches, quiet.

She isn't sure what to say for a moment. Then--

MAEVE

(this is hard for her to say)

I've had a pretty hard life.

Guy nods. Maeve stares into space, thinking what to say...

...but nothing comes. She chubs a sad smile at Guy.

GUY

Me too.

She nods quietly. Silence.

They sit there in the silence, neither sure what to say.

MAEVE

What're you thinking right now?

GUY

Thinking?

She nods. He takes a moment, to find the honest answer.

(CONTINUED)

GUY (CONT.)

That I don't want you to leave.

Maeve takes that in.

GUY (CONT.)

Do you wanna leave?

She thinks a moment.

MAEVE

No, think I'm alright.

They share a little tension-breaking semi-laugh.

A little bit of warmth returning.

LATER

In bed, lying near each other, maybe their hands touching.

As feedback and a hi-gain guitar sound rise...

INT. PUB GIG, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

Another gig, Guy adjusting the settings on his amp.

We're with the band, tiny stage, cam handheld, and out beyond the singer the small room is pretty packed.

The Bassist yells to Guy--Guy nods--belts out a chord.

Crowd cheers. Bassist nods, clicks in with Guy.

SINGER-GUITARIST

(to crowd)

Alright, we've been Red Road.

Guy and Bassist syncing into an intro. Drummer joining.

SINGER-GUITARIST

This is our last one tonight, hope
you like it.

The Drummer throws out a big fill, and Guy and the Bassist shift into their verse parts, and the beat hits, the Singer-Guitarist adds some rhythm chords--

--and we're right there, on the tiny stage, right in the middle of these guys building this rollicking hybrid, part blues-rock, part post-punk, part motown--

(CONTINUED)

SINGER-GUITARIST
(singing)

Close on Guy, sweaty, getting into it, letting it flow...

WAGHORN (O.S.)
They're menna do the banking every
Monday morning.

INT. BRIGHTON PUB--DAY

Close on Guy and Mitch, listening.

WAGHORN (O.S.)
S'bang in the South Lanes, takes a
shit ton a cash, twenty grand on a
good week, s'rammed every weekend.

Now we see Waghorn. He chucks back a 3rd of his pint in one.

WAGHORN
And it just so appens that I've got
a wickle bird oo's been in there
getting friendly with the staff.

CROSSCUT WITH

INT. THE BLACK LION, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

A scruffy older guy, WAGHORN'S LITTLE BIRD, is sitting at
the bar, laughing with a member of the barstaff.

WAGHORN (V.O.)
And my wickle bird as told me that
the manager's fucked off on
holiday, gone travelling round Asia
for two months, and she's left the
place in the 'ands of the assistant
manager.

We see the ASSISTANT MANAGER, knocking back shots on the
backbar, other staff cheering him on.

WAGHORN (V.O.)
An ee's a fuckin twenty-five year
old alky in training, an ee's lazy
as fuck, an ee an't done the
banking. An't done it!

CLOSE ON the Assistant Manager, drunk, carrying the till
tray to the cluttered, mess-filled office, wiping his face.

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN (V.O.)

Bank closes their business window
at 12pm, ee's up raiding the whisky
shelf an knocking back jager bombs
with his barmaids til dawn, he's
never up in time to get it
done. Ee's just let it fuckin sit
there.

CLOSE ON THE SAFE as he stuffs the day's take in--it can barely fit, a dozen plastic wallets stuffed with cash in there. Thousands and thousands of pounds.

He looks at it, thinks about doing something about it.

Then a voice calls to him from O.S.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

What?

(beat)

What?

(beat)

Yeah.

He closes the safe.

BACK TO

Waghorn's Little Bird, listening to a young Barman telling him about the Assistant Manager, and how lazy he is.

The little bird nods, nods.

WAGHORN (V.O.)

So there's two an an arf weeks
takings in there right now, maybe
fifty grand.

BACK TO THE PUB

Guy and Mitch listening, nodding.

GUY

That's not bad.

WAGHORN

No it's not, but it's not all is
it. Cos what's the day after
tomorrow?

Guy and Mitch shrug.

Waghorn points his thumb at the wall. Guy and Mitch look:

(CONTINUED)

Rainbow bunting.

WAGHORN (O.S.)
Gay pride innit.

CLOSE ON Waghorn.

WAGHORN
Biggest weekend of the year for
pubs in this town. This one'll take
thirty grand probably. Fridee an
Saturdee are gonna be huge, they
won't finish 'til 4am. So come
Sunday morning...

He knocks back the remaining half of his pint, sits back in
his chair. He's muscular, and he's firm, and he fills every
space he's in, and he's doing that right now.

GUY
Seventy, eighty grand.

WAGHORN
And oo's in charge of it?

GUY
A 25-year old alky in training.

WAGHORN
Oo's lazy as fuck. An ow d'you get
in the safe?

CUT TO

The Assisant Manager, swinging the set of keys that he keeps
on a chain attached to his belt loop.

GUY (V.O.)
He's got the key.

WAGHORN (V.O.)
An where's he live?

CUT TO

Waghorn.

MITCH (O.S.)
In the pub?

WAGHORN
An what security they got?

(CONTINUED)

MITCH
CCTV?

WAGHORN
And does it work?

CUT TO

The younger Barman laughing, drinking, as he shows Waghorn's Little Bird the blank screen of the CCTV monitor.

MITCH (V.O.)
No?

BACK TO

WAGHORN
Nope.

MITCH
Alarm?

WAGHORN
And oo's got the code?

BACK TO

Waghorn's Little Bird, watching the drunk young Barman, as he tries to tap in the code. But he's drunk, gets it wrong.

The Little Bird steps in.

WAGHORN'S LITTLE BIRD
Slowly, slowly.

The Barman chuckles, takes a breath, slows down...

The Little Bird watches him tap in the code...

5... 4... 4... 6...

BACK TO

GUY
You do.

Waghorn makes eye contact with Guy.

Just a beat of something... Before he nods.

WAGHORN
They got a couple'a cameras working
in there but they're old an' grainy
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN (cont'd)
as fuck, you pull a scarf over yer
mug an they can't see fuck
all. The main fing's avoiding the
one's on the street, but we know
where the blind spots are. They'll
pick up the car, but we'll dump it,
crush it, long as we ain't silly
they ain't gonna have fuck all to
go on.

GUY
How about your little bird?

WAGHORN
Going back to Belfast Sunday
morning. No-one ere knows fuck all
about im.

Long beat as Guy works out how to say what he's about to
say. Then:

GUY
Listen. I never had any plans to
work with you. I'm part-time.

WAGHORN
Din't used to be.

GUY
I shouldn't have taken the Symmons
job. I needed the cash, but... I
can't fucking stand Symmons, and
that cousin of yours is a moron.

WAGHORN
(beat)
Second cousin. And family's
family.

GUY
I know. I shouldn't've done the
job, no-one forced me, but I did
it, and I smacked Symmons' hand,
which he deserved... so I owe you.

WAGHORN
Yep.

GUY
But I don't do jobs where civilians
get their cheekbones caved in in
front of their little girls.

(CONTINUED)

Maybe Wags' eyes tighten.

GUY
I ain't doing that kind of job.

Beat.

WAGHORN
You're doing what I say.

GUY
No. I do the job. No-one gets hurt.
That's it.

Long beat as they hold eye contact.

The sound of THE SEA, and heavy sleeping breaths--

INT. GUY'S HUT, THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

Guy opens his eyes.

Blinks twice, tries to take in his surroundings.

He's still drunk, and his room is dark.

Lying on a floor mat, curled up, is the Thai Girl.

She's still fully clothed, and seems to be asleep.

Guy watches her. Her eyes fluttering under their lids.

He sits up. Rubs his face. Looks out of his window.

A clear, bright night, moonlight glimmering on the still sea, palms rustling ever so slightly.

Trying to stay quiet, he stands, looks down at the Girl.

He sits down next to her. Her mouth is slightly open, lips moving ever so slightly in her sleep.

Guy pulls the thin blanket from the bed, and lays it gently over her body. He stands, walks--

OUTSIDE

He stands on the hut's porch and surveys the beach. A yellow Andaman moon and sweep of darkness.

There's a figure in the dark, way off. Guy watches:

It's some DRUNK MAN, staggering along the sand.

(CONTINUED)

He staggers toward the sea, stops as it splashes his feet.
Shouts something into thin air. Staggers back, to the side.
Looks in Guy's direction.

CLOSE ON

Guy, stoic-faced, watching.

A LONG-LENS IMAGE

of this distant, dark figure, looking back.

The sound of PUB CLAMOUR rises: VOICES, GLASSES--

INT. BAR, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

After a Red Road gig. It's packed, noisy. Guy's leaning his ear close to the lipsticked mouth of a TEENAGE GIRL.

GUY

What? I can't hear you!

The Girl, who's with a similar-looking friend, is obviously paying Guy a compliment (verite, improvised).

Maeve's sitting with the other band members, watching him.

GUY

No that's very nice, ta very much.

Drummer hands Guy a fresh beer...

GUY

Nice one.

And a shot of tequila.

GUY

Oh really?

Drummer clinks Guy's shot glass with his, and knocks it back. Guy does too.

GUY

Ahhhhh!

The Teenage Girls laugh, enjoying him. Maeve watches.

LATER

Tight on Guy, drunk, the world beyond him swirling.

(CONTINUED)

Maeve is at his shoulder, saying something.

GUY

What?

She says something again -- again we barely hear it.

Someone O.S. says something to him, makes him laugh. He smacks the O.S. person, playful.

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--DAWN

Maeve sits up in bed, looking at Guy, asleep next to her, his back to her, curled up against the wall.

She's not quite sure what to think.

EXT. BRIGHTON HOUSE--DAY

Guy and Raschid are lugging slate from the van.

RASCHID

Come on, come on.

He grabs a load of slate from Guy's arms, impatient -- stacks it with the rest.

Guy's still pulling the next load from the van.

RASCHID

Come on!

Guy frowns -- unsure what's with him.

Raschid claps the dust from his hands: CLAP--CLAP--CLAP--

ROOFTOP

Raschid's kneeling by the lowest rafter, laying tile.

RASCHID

Three more.

Guy kneels by a stack of slate.

RASCHID

Ho! Three more!

Guy looks at him -- what's with him?

He picks up the top three slates, but the top one falls apart in his hand--it's broken into two pieces.

(CONTINUED)

Guy picks another one, leaves the broken one, but--

RASCHID
Ey? What's this?

GUY
Broken one.

RASCHID
You break it?

GUY
Well one of us did. Or they sold it
you broken.

Raschid looks at him down at him, standing over him.

RASCHID
I'm paying you third of my pay, for
what? Huh?

Guy stands up. Even standing, Raschid towers over him.

GUY
Wind your neck in.

RASCHID
What?

GUY
Calm down. Wind your neck in.

Raschid looks at him for a long, testy beat...

Then shakes his head, picks up the three unbroken slates,
heads back to the spot where he was working.

Guy watches Raschid: dark rings under his eyes, all tension
and anger--a different man.

The sound of LIVE ROCK MUSIC--

INT. BAR, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

Back to the bar, and a new band starting up.

Guy slanting and sliding through a crowd, dazed, drunk.

The band are getting into it: fuzzy hi-gain guitar.

Guy grabs the head of his Singer, play-bites his scalp.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)
What's going on?

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--MORNING

Guy's lying in bed, shirtless, hair skew-whiffed, smoking.

MAEVE (O.S.)
What's going on with you?

He shrugs.

Maeve's standing by the bed, looking at him, in baggy t-shirt and underwear. He's not making eye contact.

She sighs, looking out the window.

Pulls off her t-shirt, puts on her bra, starts dressing.

Guy watches her, her back to him:

The pretty curls of hair at the back of her neck...

The way her side doughs as she bends...

He stubs out his cigarette, lies back on the bed...

And we get his UPSIDE DOWN view of the window, the sky, a seagull passing, it's flight inverted...

INT. CHAIN PUB, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

The THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of commerical dance music in a packed chain pub, and we're tight on

WAGHORN

Drunk and dancing, bumping and grinding with a group of 40- and 50-something women.

Guy watches, leaning on a table nursing a pint.

Mitch is next to him, talking (inaudible).

Guy is totally focused on--

Waghor, HALF-SPEED: grinding, bumping -- roaring, wiping his face -- gorilla-walking back towards us, eyes on Guy.

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN (PRE-LAP)
Ow old was you when you started,
eh?

LATER

WAGHORN
Thirteen, fourteen?

Guy shrugs. Mitch, beyond them, is dancing with the ladies.

WAGS
Used to do a lot din't'cha? Bank
jobs, post office, bookies?

GUY
Never did a bank.

WAGS
I heard you was an 'orrible cunt.

Guy eyes him.

GUY
I was.

WAGHORN
Not anymore though eh?

Wags shifts closer to Guy, knocking an empty glass, slips a hand round Guy's head.

WAGHORN
Listen cunt. You're my boy. Right?

GUY
(uncomfortable)
Yeah.

WAGHORN
You're one of my boys, right?

Waghorn kisses Guy on the side of his head -- cackles.

WAGHORN
(necks his pint)
Come on then!

He pulls Guy over toward the dance floor.

HALF-SPEED MONTAGE

Bodies shifting, the women cheering, Guy trying to pull away, Mitch pulling him back, Waghorn closing his eyes...

The sound of the SEA rises...

INT. BEACH HUT, THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

Guy, on the porch, smoking. He hears a noise from inside.

Looking, he sees the shadow of the Thai Girl moving.

INSIDE

She's curled on the floor, waking up, disoriented. She startles as she sees Guy in the doorway.

GUY
(in Thai)
It's okay.

She frowns, unsure.

GUY
(in Thai)
You can sleep.

She stands, moves toward Guy's bed and begins to pull her top over her head.

GUY
(in Thai)
No, no.

He stops her.

GUY
(in Thai)
Don't want. You can sleep.

THAI GIRL
(in Thai)
Your friend paid me already.

He encourages her to the bed as he backs away, straightens the floor mat out and lies down on it.

The Thai Girl, not sure what to think, sits on the bed. Andaman moonlight traces one side of her face.

CLOSE ON

Guy, eyes closed, hands behind his head.

(CONTINUED)

THAI BAR GIRL (O.S.)
Why do you speak Thai?

GUY
I used to live here.

Distant ANGRY VOICES begin to rise...

EXT. CHAIN PUB, BRIGHTON STREET--NIGHT

In SLOW-MO a PINT GLASS arcs and tumbles through the air...

It glints against the black sky...

Before it smashes silently on the pavement.

A CROWD OF MEN rush and stumble at HALF-SPEED through the chain pub's doorway.

Grappling, stumbling -- someone's leg goes, he slips and falls, another stumbles over him --

We hear the shouts and grunts muffled and slowed --

INSIDE

In the flash and strobe of the disco lights we catch splices of the conflict:

Headlocks--hands grabbing faces--punches thrown --

Waghorn bouncing on his toes and shouting 'COME ON' --

Mitch pushing people away and trying to keep the peace --

Two BOUNCERS with their hands full --

And Waghorn has homed in on one man --

And someone's coming for Guy, Guy fending him off --

And Guy sees Waghorn and the man he's grappling with stumbling into the darkest corner of the pub --

And as Guy shrugs off his aggressor we shift back to

FULL SPEED

And the DEAFENING ROAR of voices overpowers us --

And Guy runs into the DARKNESS --

To see an oblique, hidden image of Waghorn --

(CONTINUED)

BLOODY KNIFE in hand --

STABBING and STABBING and STABBING --

We hear SQUEALS and WHINNIES from the poor victim...

As Guy freezes, helpless...

Waghorn rising from his victim, bloody handed...

Pulling his bloody shirt off he GRINS at Guy...

Grabs Guy and hustles him away, Guy looking back at --

The shadowed mass of the victim, writhing in the darkness.

CLOSE ON

Guy, HALF-SPEED, looking at:

Waghorn, eyes glinting, panting.

EXT. SIDE STREET--LATER

Waghorn, quick-marching, pulls Guy's jacket over his naked torso.

Bundles up his bloodied shirt, shoves it into Guy's hands.

WAGHORN

Get rid.

Guy, numb, in shock, looks at the bundle. Mitch is quick-marching in tandem, also shocked into silence, unsure.

INT. GUY'S FLAT--LATER

Waghorn sleeps on the sofa.

Guy sits at the kitchenette, watching him.

A moment we've seen before -- now in context.

Mitch is sitting at the table too, and he's staring at Guy, as if he knows what's going on in Guy's head...

INT. GIG VENUE GREEN ROOM, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

Guy sitting on a stool in the cluttered upstairs office-cum-green room of this small venue.

Around him, the other band members blur, chat, drink, smoke.

Guy stares.

A bandmate says something to Guy from O.S.

GUY

Yeah.

Bandmate says something else -- Guy nods--

BAR

Packed bar, music loud. Guy's trying to order from the barman, barely audible.

But shots come his way. Three, all in a row.

He says an inaudible thank you, pays. Takes a deep breath.

Knockes them back: one, two, three.

Down the other end of the bar, the BEARDED BARMAN (who we saw in an earlier dream image, and who saw Guy bottle Symmons) is eyeing Guy, trying to place how he knows him...

And as Guy turns and pushes back into the crowd--

MAEVE (PRE-LAP)

Hey, wait--

INT. GUY'S FLAT--DAY

--Guy's turning away from Maeve.

MAEVE

Wait!

GUY

What?

She's following him.

MAEVE

Will you look at me?

Guy turns, looks at her. She takes him in a moment.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

What?

MAEVE

I want to know what's going on with you.

Off Guy's face, and the CHEERS of a crowd--

INT. GIG VENUE, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

SINGER-GUITARIST

(on mic)

Thank you, free city of Brightonia,
yer beautiful d'you know that?

Cheers. Guy plugs his guitar in -- FEEDBACK SCREECHES!

SINGER-GUITARIST

(on mic)

Jesus! Our guitarist ladies and gentlemen.

The Drummer glares at him.

DRUMMER

Oi! Sort it out mate!

Guy reacts.

GUY

Oh yeah?

The Singer-Guitarist is focused on the crowd:

SINGER-GUITARIST

We're gonna do a few--

GUY

(over him)

TWO THREE!

And he SMASHES into the opening hook of the first song!

The band, wrongfooted, curse and stumble into their parts. Guy's glaring at the Drummer, mad-eyed. Drummer mouths 'the fuck?' The Singer-Guitarist fumbles into his first line.

SINGER-GUITARIST

INT. GUY'S FLAT--DAY

GUY

I don't want to do this anymore.

Close on Maeve's brow-furrowed face.

Just staring -- taking him in.

GUY

This, I don't want to do this
anymore.

She hasn't made a sound, moved an inch.

GUY

You, I don't want to be with you
anymore. This isn't what I want.

MAEVE

(quiet)

What's going on?

GUY

I don't want to do this anymore.

MAEVE

What's going on?

Guy shrugs, exasperated.

GUY

I don't want you anymore.

Long beat.

MAEVE

Tell me what's going on.

GUY

I don't want you anymore! I don't
want to be with you anymore!
Okay? You're asking me what's
going on, that's what's going on, I
don't want you, I don't want this,
just go, just leave now, I don't
want this.

He begins grabbing items: clothes, her bag, etc.

GUY

Here, take this manky old t-shirt,
and this hairspray, and this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY (cont'd)
fucking scrunchie, and go,
alright? Because I'm done, I'm
done with whatever this is, it's
done, go.

He opens the flat door, tosses the bag out into the hall,
holds the door open. A passing neighbour says something.

GUY
(to neighbour)
FUCK OFF!

He turns back to Maeve, gesturing to the open door. She
hasn't moved: just looking at him.

After a moment, she walks away from the door, and sits down
on the bed, facing Guy.

GUY
GO!

She doesn't move, just stares at him.

After a beat, he disappears into the hall, comes back with
her bag, dumps it on the floor by the door.

GUY
Please. Go.

Maybe she's let slip a few tears.

MAEVE
Tell me what's going on.

Guy punches a cupboard--the door splinters--Maeve flinches.

Guy stands over the sink, trying to catch his breath.

Maeve watches him.

After a few moments, Guy moves to the kitchenette, sits. He
looks at the floor, panting.

MAEVE
What's going on?

GUY
(looking at the floor)
I don't care about you. I was just
using you for sex and I'm done with
you now.

Maeve takes that in.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE
What's going on?

GUY
Stop saying that.

MAEVE
Tell me.

He looks right into her eyes...

As if he's about to tell her the real deal...

What's really going on...

But...

GUY
I want you to leave.

He said that right into her eyes. Right into her heart.

She lets that sit a moment. And another.

Takes a breath. Pats her thighs.

Stands. Walks over to her bag.

Walks to the still open door and leaves. Guy watches her go.

HALLWAY

We hear footsteps O.S., hear the front door open and close.

Guy appears, goes to the front door, opens it.

OUTSIDE

It's a grey, drizzly afternoon, and we follow Guy as he runs to the edge of the entranceway, to the top of the exterior stairs, looks off down the street --

Sees Maeve getting smaller, not looking back.

And the SQUEAL OF FEEDBACK, the THRUM of MUSIC rises...

INT. GIG VENUE, BRIGHTON--NIGHT

And we're TIGHT ON GUY, mid-song, goin through the gears.

Bridge part leading to chorus, throwing himself around, the image blurred, bumping the drum kit, the bassist--

(CONTINUED)

Into a feedback-screeching, punk-ish, remedial solo, that he plays as if trying to take the skin off his hands--

He knocks the Drummer's hi-hat flying--

And he's holding this screeching note, bending and vibrating it, and beyond him we can see the dim, shadowed crowd--

CLOSE ON

The face of the Bearded Barman near the front of the crowd--

The dream image we saw in the opening, half-speed--

Looking at Guy, and *seeing* him--recognising him--

Guy looking back, off the stage now, in the heaving bodies of the crowd--pushing through--

And the Bearded Barman is moving away from him, mouthing something--

And Guy can't get through the bodies, but he's trying, pushing--

The Barman disappearing, the crowd and the shadows swallowing him up--

A YOUNG BOY

is standing on the bar, free pouring shots to a cheering crowd, the image weird and dream-like, half-speed--

GUY

still pushing through the crowd, desperate--

THE BOY

pouring liquor into revellers' mouths--

GUY

being overwhelmed by the crowd, shoulders squeezing him almost out of frame--

THE BOY

is the boy we saw in the opening. We see that image again:

DREAM IMAGE

CLOSE ON the freckled face of the boy staring straight into camera... a look of terrible shock...

CLOSE ON GUY, caught in some terrible act, staring back...

Light FLARES beyond the boy, becomes...

EXT. BRIGHTON STREET--NIGHT

The orange flare of a streelight. We hear RUSTLING, see--

GUY'S HANDS

stuffing Waghorn's blood-covered shirt under the bin-bagged contents of a streetside wheelie bin.

WAGHORN'S HANDS

wiping clean his knife, tucking it into his jeans.

And now we're tight on Waghorn, over his shoulder, sound distant, mixed with the SOUND OF THE SEA... LAPPING WAVES...

As Waghorn makes his way toward the glowing yellow lights of an ALL NIGHT DINER.

WAGHORN

In ere, c'mon.

Guy sees where he's headed. Maeve's diner.

GUY

What you doing?

WAGHORN

Grub.

Through the windows, Guy can just make out Maeve, working.

GUY

We need to get off the street, old bill'll be--

WAGS

Checking every diner? Fuck off. We're eating.

He makes for the diner. Guy has to do something.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

The food's shit, there's a better place down the road.

WAGS

I'm going ere.

Mitch shrugs, follows Wags.

What does Guy do? Leave them to Maeve, or go in after them?

INT. DINER--CONTINUOUS

Maeve's busy taking an order when she hears the door open, and looking up sees Waghorn enter, followed by Mitch.

A moment later she sees Guy entering behind them.

Guy doesn't acknowledge her. Waghorn and Mitch sit at a table. Guy joins them.

Mitch sees Maeve -- looks at Guy. Guy shakes his head, subtly and firmly: 'say nothing.'

Guy's sitting opposite Waghorn and Mitch. Waghorn is looking at one of the laminated menus.

WAGHORN

The fuck is all this shit, eh? Oi!

He yells too loud -- Guy tenses.

WAGHORN

We getting some service are we?

Guy's whole body tenses as Maeve approaches, eyes on him.

MAEVE

Don't shout please, I was serv--

WAGHORN

What?

Maeve starts -- Waghorn's glare is intimidating, and he's in full-on intimidation mode.

MAEVE

I was serving someone else.

WAGHORN

Oh right.

Horrible beat, as Waghorn eyes Maeve, up and down.

(CONTINUED)

GUY
Just or--

WAGHORN
What?

GUY
Just order.

WAGHORN
I am ordering.

He's eyeing Guy hard too. Too hard. And maybe Guy's starting to get what he's doing.

WAGHORN
What's in your full English.

She's looking at Guy. What's she to make of this? Maybe her eyes are watering.

WAGHORN
Oi! What's in your full English?

MAEVE
Don't say oi to me pl--

WAGHORN
You what?

MAEVE
Don't be rude to me please, I'm not being--

WAGHORN
Is that what I'm being?

MAEVE
I'm not being rude to you.

WAGHORN
What's in your full English?

MAEVE
Two rashers of bacon, two sausages,
beans, fried or scrambled egg,
mushrooms, toast.

WAGHORN
And a coffee.

She writes his order down.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

Do you want fried or scrambled egg?

WAGHORN

Which way do you like 'em darlin'?

MAEVE

(beat)

How do you want them?

WAGHORN

Fried.

She looks at Mitch. Mitch avoids her look.

MITCH

Same.

She writes down his order. Then she looks at Guy.

Guy, avoiding her eye, silently shakes his head.

WAGHORN

G'wan, av something.

GUY

I'm fine.

WAGHORN

Av something.

Guy returns Waghorn's stare: a long, hard beat.

GUY

Coffee.

Maeve begins to leave.

WAGHORN

Ask him how he takes it.

She turns back. Looks at Guy.

GUY

(eyes on Waghorn)

Black.

WAGS

(eyes on Guy)

Milky for me ta.

Maeve looks at Mitch.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH
(sheepish)
Black.

She casts another look at Guy. Still he refuses to look back. His eyes fixed on Waghorn --

And Waghorn's on him.

Maeve heads back to the kitchen.

WAGHORN
(eyes fixed on Guy)
What a fuckin' ugly old cunt.

Guy doesn't blink -- not for a second.

MITCH
What, er? She's alright.

WAGHORN
No she's not.

MITCH
You've gone blind mate, she's a nice one. Even put up with you.

WAGHORN
What's wrong with me?

MITCH
You're being a stroppy cunt that's what's wrong wi' you.

He and Guy are still holding unwavering eye contact.

Maeve enters with a tray of coffees. As she nears:

WAGHORN
No you're right Mitch, I've misjudged er.

Maeve puts their coffees on the table.

MAEVE
Here you go.

Wags eyes her body.

WAGHORN
I think she'd do after all. Got the shape asn't she? Bit of strength in her thighs.

GUY

Alright.

WAGHORN

Yeah she is alright, I wouldn't say no. Whatchoo reckon darlin, wanna take me out back, get a load of my full English?

She looks at Wags.

MAEVE

If you're gonna be rude you can leave.

WAGHORN

Who's being rude?

She looks at Guy.

MAEVE

(quietly)

Get out.

WAGHORN

You what?

MAEVE

Get out.

WAGHORN

When I've ad my full English.

GUY

Let's go.

WAGHORN

(very loud)

SIT DOWN!

Roared so loud the plates in the kitchen are rattling.

Maeve has frozen up now, like she did when she saw a knife.

Waghorn takes a gulp of his coffee.

WAGHORN

This coffee's 'orrible, get me another one.

MAEVE

Get out.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH
(tentative)
Come on Wags--

GUY
(standing)
We're leaving.

WAGHORN
I an't ad my coffee yet. Ere y'are
darling, ere's my money up front--

He pulls the front of Maeve's jeans and STUFFS a twenty pound note down into her crotch --

She SMACKS HIM in the face instinctively, very hard --

And he KNOCKS THE COFFEES FLYING as he LEAPS AT HER --

Throttling her --

Guy wrenches one arm from her --

Mitch the other --

They drag him backwards --

WAGHORN
(uncontrollably furious)
Fuck off you horrible cunt! You
fuckin horrible old cunt! Fuck off!

Kicking tables, customers scurrying, plates flying --

Until they're out of the door --

OUTSIDE

Shoving him back, closing the door --

Waghorn PULLS HIS KNIFE OUT --

GUY
(deadly serious)
Put that away.

A long, horrible beat, Wags holding the knife out...

He viciously STABS THE AIR, grunting as her does, once, twice, five times, ten times.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH

Old bill's gonna be ere in about
thirty seconds you fucking lunatic,
put yet cock away and let's go, eh?

Guy eyes Waghorn...

As he pants, coming down from his rage high...

Laughs, manic. Pockets his knife.

WAGHORN

Come on 'en.

And with that he turns and strides away. Mitch shrugs at
Guy, follows.

CLOSE ON GUY

Staring. Dead-eyed. Blank-faced.

Making a decision.

INT. GUY'S FLAT--MORNING

CLOSE ON Guy, watching the steam curl out from under his
bathroom door.

MITCH (O.S.)

What's the time?

Guy doesn't respond -- he's fixed on the steam.

MITCH (O.S.)

Oi, space cadet -- time?

GUY

Five.

MITCH (O.S.)

Alright. Twenty minutes. Get the
coffee on.

Slow zoom into the door...

We can hear the person inside moving around...

And the SOUND OF THE SEA begins to rise again...

CLOSE ON BLACK WATER

Rushing beneath us-- Moony glimmers on the surface foam--

Flashes of shimmering light in the dark-- The wake of
whatever vessel is bearing us--

CLOSE ON

Guy, sitting on the side of this vessel, Andaman night and
ocean breeze all around him, staring into the distance...

It begins to rain...

GUY (PRE-LAP)
(in Thai)
I used to live here.

THAI GIRL (PRE-LAP)
(in Thai)
Where? In Bangkok?

GUY (PRE-LAP)
(in Thai)
No. Right here.

INT. BEACH HUT, THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

Guy is lying on the mat, maybe his eyes are a little watery.

GUY
(in Thai)
Very close.

THAI GIRL
(in Thai)
You had a Thai girlfriend?

GUY
(in Thai)
No. French. Wife.

THAI GIRL
(in Thai)
What happened?

GUY
(in Thai)
She died.

Guy stands, goes to the window, stares out.

(CONTINUED)

The Thai Girl watches him, looks at her hands, not sure what to say.

GUY
(switching English)
I was trying to keep her safe,
but... I ended up getting her hurt.

EXT. BOAT OFF THE ISLAND'S SHORE--NIGHT

CLOSE ON Guy, staring ahead, the wind ruffling his hair.

And the Thai Girl sitting behind him on the boat's edge, watching him.

Rain strobing over them, over the sea, turning heavy...

Monsooning into the water's surface...

INT. BEACH HUT, THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

CLOSE ON Guy, staring out the window.

DISSOLVE into

THE BLACK WATER

rushing by, glimmering in the moon, exploded by the rain...

It goes on and on, dark and endless, rushing by...

Until the sound of the water begins to meld with FOOTSTEPS,
MUTTERED VOICES... SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT...

INT. HALLWAY, GUY'S FLAT--DAWN

Wordless, Guy, Mitch and Waghorn zip their jackets up to their necks, pull baseball caps down low over their brows.

Guy watches Waghorn, zipping his jacket up--

OVER THE FLESH OF HIS THROAT

Time slowing for a moment--

The material of his jacket folding itself over his flesh--

And then they're quick-walking to the front door, Waghorn carrying a familiar SEA-GREEN SPORTS BAG...

The same one Guy almost dropped in the sea in the opening...

(CONTINUED)

OUTSIDE

They walk quick, single file, hunched. The first dawn-light is beginning to blue the edges of the sky.

INT. CAR--DAWN

Mitch driving. Guy in the passenger seat. Waghorn in back. Guy looks in the rearview mirror--Waghorn's eyeing him...

WAGHORN

Time?

MITCH

Five forty.

The car travels through the empty streets of central Brighton. The leftovers of Pride are apparent: rainbow bunting, wasted stragglers, trash everywhere.

WAGHORN

(re: side road)

Park it there.

Mitch makes a sharp turn, hands working the wheel.

WAGHORN

Right there.

The car comes to a stop--manoeuvres back--into the space.

Waghorn pulls his collar up, hat down. Guy does the same.

Waghorn opens his door, the other two follow suit.

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--DAWN

Guy and Maeve in bed, partially clothed. We're tight on them, as Maeve cracks an eye, looks at Guy from very close.

She snuggles closer. Guy cracks an eye, strokes her hair.

MAEVE

(sleepy)

This is nice.

GUY

Yeah.

They kiss. She strokes his face. Runs a finger along the bristles of his beard, his jaw. Kisses his chin.

(CONTINUED)

She reaches down, we stay tight on their heads/faces, as she pulls his t-shirt up. It gets caught on his chin.

MAEVE

Oops. Sorry.

GUY

Be gentle.

They chuckle softly, kiss. Guy wraps an arm around her, turns them so they're on their side.

He slides two hands either side of her face, his fingers in her hair, and looks into her eyes. She looks back.

They stay there a moment looking at each other...

Until a peaceful, genuine little smile turns the corners of Guy's mouth. Another kiss.

Guy's hands rummage out of shot, pull Maeve's t-shirt up and over her head.

We stay tight on them, on their faces, their closeness, as they undress each other.

EXT. BRIGHTON STREET--DAWN

TIGHT ON GUY from behind, quick-walking, following Mitch, and ahead of Mitch there's Waghorn leading the way.

They turn into an alley that runs behind a parade of shops.

Up ahead, we see Waghorn signal, and remove his baseball cap to pull on his BALACLAVA.

Mitch does the same. Guy follows: off comes the cap, and on goes his **GREY BALACLAVA** (seen in previous flashbacks).

The cap is stuffed in his jacket, and out comes

A HAMMER

And then he's running, and we're staying tight on him, balaclava'd and running, an image we've seen before--

And he's clambering over a fence--hopping a wall--down to ground level--

ALLEYWAY

Into a patch of darkness.

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN (O.S.)
(hushed)
Wait!

Guy stops.

Silence. We can hear Guy's breathing, Mitch's breathing O.S.

A car engine... Getting closer...

Passing... Getting distant.

And we're off again, trotting--into some kind of
yard--clambering over another fence, Mitch offering a hand--

Heaving up and over--and suddenly we're at

THE BACK DOOR OF A PUB, BEER GARDEN

And Waghorn is at the back windows, peering in.

He looks for a long moment. Then stands up, reacting.

MITCH
(hushed)
What?

He gestures for them to look.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

We see that the pub is a state, streamers and confetti,
dirty glasses, fallen bunting.

A CLUSTER OF BAR STAFF & THEIR FRIENDS are passed out asleep
on the sofas, table littered with empties and full ashtrays.

MITCH
Fuck.

Waghorn takes the situation in.

WAGHORN
(to Guy)
You keep 'em quiet.

GUY
Call it off man.

WAGS
Keep em quiet or I'll keep em
quiet.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Wags--

Waghorn pulls a metal DOORSTOP from his jacket, wedges it into the crack in the door, just above the lock.

GUY

Oi - we need to leave it--

But before he can finish, Waghorn KICKS--

INT. THE BLACK LION PUB, BRIGHTON--CONTINUOUS

--THE DOOR IN!

With a splintering of wood it FLIES OPEN, and Waghorn is STRIDING across the floor of the pub.

The alarm is BLEEP - BLEEP - BLEEPing.

A couple of the still-drunk, fast asleep REVELLERS have opened their eyes at the noise.

Guy and Mitch enter too, closing the door behind them -- Wags is at the alarm control, tapping in the code.

GINGER BARMAID

Oi--

The alarm control bleeps at Wags -- the code's not working.

Guy, no option, strides over to the Revellers, hammer out.

GUY

(firm)

Stay there.

GINGER BARMAID

Jesus Christ.

The other Revellers start waking, reacting. The machine rejects Wags' code again.

WAGHORN

Fuck!

The bleeping intensifies--how long until the alarm goes off?

The woken Revellers are in shock: exclaiming, reacting.

(CONTINUED)

GUY
Shut up. Shut up.

Wags STRIDES back over.

WAGHORN
You!

He grabs a pretty BLONDE BARMAN in a tutu and glitter make-up by the crook of the arm, YANKS him up and DRAGS him.

The others scream/react.

GUY & MITCH
Shut up!/Mouths shut!/etc.

WAGHORN
Turn it off!

The poor lad is shaking, being DRAGGED to the control panel.

BLONDE BARMAN
(in shock)
What the fuck? What the fuck?

BLEE-BLEEP! BLEE-BLEEP! The alarm's about to go off...

WAGHORN
TURN IT OFF!

With shaking fingers the poor Blonde Barman gets the code tapped in, presses UNSET. The bleeping stops.

BLONDE BARMAN
Jesus--

Wags SHOVES and PUSHES him back over toward the others.

Guy's leaning over the group of Revellers, trying to keep them under control.

Blonde Barman trips and stumbles, tumbles badly, limbs flying and head HITTING the bar.

The Revellers react -- screams, gasps.

Wags pulls Blonde Barman up by his hair, SLAPS him hard.

WAGHORN
Stop wailing you fucking vermin!

He SLAPS him again, full force.

REVELLERS
No!/Stop it!/ etc

GUY
Shut up! Sit down!

Guy and Mitch force the others to sit back down on the sofas, threatening them with the hammers.

Wags DRAGS the terrorized Blonde Barman over to them, throws him at the feet of his friends. They console him.

WAGHORN
Ow many upstairs?

REVELLERS
What?/What is this?/etc.

Wags SMASHES a pillar with the hammer -- a light fixture explodes. Screams, curses.

WAGS
Ow many upstairs!

Guy assesses them quickly.

GUY
You.

He's pointing at the Ginger Barmaid.

GUY (CONT.)
Get up.

Though shaky and terrified, she's the most together of the lot -- there's a resoluteness under her terror. She stands.

GUY
How many people upstairs?

GINGER BARMAID
Three. No--four. There are four.

GUY
Go get em down here. If it takes more than sixty seconds people are gonna get hurt. Understand?

She nods.

GUY
Go.

She makes for the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH
 (to Guy)
 Phones.

GUY
 Oi!

She stops at the stairs.

GUY (CONT.)
 Bring their phones. If there're
 more people than phones--

GINGER BARMAID
 I'm on it.

She disappears up the stairs.

An eerie silence--panting, whinnying from the Revellers. A
 Hippy Barmaid checks the Blonde Barman's scalp.

HIPPY BARMAID
 (to Guy)
 He's *bleeding*.

WAGHORN
 So?

Beat.

GUY
 Where are your phones? Put em on
 the table, now, all of you.

They look at each other, unsure.

MITCH
 NOW!

They react, fumble for their phones.

Wags paces, animalistic, panting under his balaclava,
 tensing his grip on his hammer. Eyeing Guy.

Gradually, four phones are placed on the table.

GUY
 Take the batteries out.

Shaky handed, the Revellers do as told.

UPSTAIRS

The Ginger Barmaid yanks a phone from a wall charger --

(CONTINUED)

Finds another on a bedside table --

She shakes a still-drunk friend, slaps his face, he groans:

SLEEPY BARMAN

What?

GINGER BARMAID

This isn't a joke, we're in the
middle of a break-in, there are
three men with hammers--

DOWNSTAIRS

Wags walks up to the clock hanging over the bar. He watches
the second hand ticking down. Tosses the hammer in his hand.

CLOSE ON

Guy, his eyes visible through the balaclava.

Wags STRIDES over to the base of the stairs. Looking up:

WAGHORN

TEN SECONDS! Ten!

He WHACKS the wall with the hammer! Plaster scatters.

The Revellers react/gasp/oh-my-God etc.

WAGHORN

Nine!

Whack!

WAGHORN

Eight!

Whack!

UPSTAIRS

SLEEPY BARMAN

Jesus fucking Christ!

GINGER BARMAID

Come on!

She's pushing the sleepy, confused BARMAN and his
GIRLFRIEND in their underwear out to the staircase.

DOWNSTAIRS

WAGHORN

Six!

Whack!

WAGHORN

Five!

Whack!

TOP OF THE STAIRS

The SLEEPY COUPLE see Wags, react: 'fucking hell/Jesus!'

WAGHORN

Get down ere!

UPSTAIRS

The Ginger Barmaid searches through jean pockets for the last phone -- nothing --

WAGHORN (O.S.)

Four!

Whack! The final phone spills out of a jacket pocket -- she grabs it, leaps to her feet --

STAIRCASE

And she's running down the stairs.

WAGHORN

Three! Two! One!

And she passes him, down the last step, on the one.

The terrorized Late Sleepers, in their underwear, join the others, shuffling, scared, in shock, still a bit drunk.

GUY

Sit down.

He points the hammer at a space on the floor.

The Late Sleepers do as they're told. Tears, shaking hands, mutterings, shushes. Ginger Barmaid puts the 4 phones on the table with the others, starts taking out their batteries.

One of the Late Sleepers, UNDERWEAR GIRL, is in skimpy knickers and loose, revealing vest top. Wags is eyeing her. She sees this, shifts closer into her BOXER-CLAD BOYFRIEND.

Mitch is counting the phones. Counting the people.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH
Only got eight.

GUY
What?

MITCH
Eight phones, nine o' them.

GUY
Who hasn't handed their phone over?

GINGER BARMAID
I got the four from upstairs.

HANDSOME LAD
I don't have a phone.

His girlfriend, NECKBEADS GIRL, is next to him.

NECKBEADS GIRL
It's true he doesn't.

GUY
Bollocks, put it on the table.

HANDSOME LAD
No honestly, I don't like phones, I
don't have one.

Wags GRABS him, lifts him up, drags him--

NECKBEADS GIRL
No, he doesn't have one!

GUY
Sit down!

Guy pushes her back down. Wags drags the Handsome Lad over to another table, pulls out his hand and slaps it on the table, holds the hammer high.

WAGHORN
WHERE'S YOUR PHONE!

HANDSOME LAD
I haven't got one!

Wags WHACKS the table next to his hand!

WAGHORN
WHERE'S YOUR PHONE!

HANDSOME LAD
I haven't--

Wags SLAMS the base on the hammer's handle into the back of the Lad's hand! Not as bad as a full hammer hit, but bad.

Screams, cries, etc.

HANDSOME LAD
It's in my shoe!

Guy checks through the shoes--shakes out a phone.

GUY
Got it.

Wags SHOVES Handsome Lad to the floor. Neckbeads Girl runs to him. Guy removes the battery from the final phone.

REVELLER GIRL
You've broken his hand!

GINGER BARMAID
Shut up.

Wags approaches the group.

WAGHORN
Which one's assistant manager?

The group look at each other.

GINGER BARMAID
He's not here.

Oh dear.

GUY
Don't do anything silly.

GINGER BARMAID
No really, he crashed at his girlfriend's place last night.

Mitch and Wags react.

GUY
Where's his girlfriend's place?

GINGER BARMAID
Few minutes away, off East Street.

Mitch can't hide his frustration. Wags is eyeing Guy, like: 'alright then, if you think you're so smart, fix this.'

(CONTINUED)

Guy takes a moment.

GUY
Put your battery back in your
phone.

She nods, starts reassembling her phone.

GUY (CONT.)
He'll be asleep?

She nods.

GUY (CONT.)
You're gonna call him until he
answers, and you're gonna tell him
there's been a break-in and that
you need him here now, with his set
of keys, and you're gonna make sure
he's heard you, and then you're
gonna hang up. Say it back to me.

GINGER BARMAID
Break-in, need him here now with
his keys.

GUY
And hang up.

She nods, does something with her phone.

GINGER BARMAID
Contacts are loading.

Some Revellers are looking at her with hostility, like 'why are you helping them?' The injured Lad is crying softly.

NECKBEADS GIRL
(crying)
I think you've really broken his
hand.

Wags had been miles away, staring at the scantily clad girl. He snaps out of it, walks calmly over to Neckbeads Girl and SLAPS HER hard in the face, so hard it knocks her flying.

Guy's head snaps around to look. Wags calmly walks back to the spot he was in, resumes his position.

GINGER BARMAID
Um... you want me to...?

GUY

Yeah.

She presses a button -- we hear the phone ringing.

WAGS

Put it on speaker.

She does as he says. We hear the ringtone filling the room.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)

(muffled, groggy)

Ghg..... shit...

Sounds like he's dropped the phone.

GINGER BARMAID

Max?

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)

Gmhmf... yeah? Sas?

GINGER BARMAID

Max, I need you to be awake right now, are you awake?

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)

What is it?

GINGER BARMAID

Are you awake?

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)

....gnmgh...

(voice gets a bit louder)

I'm awake, what's the deal?

GINGER BARMAID

We've had a break-in.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)

What?

GINGER BARMAID

We've had a break-in and I need you--

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)

Fuh kin ell--

GINGER BARMAID

We've had a break-in and I need you here in five minutes,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GINGER BARMAID (cont'd)
understand? Five minutes, I mean
it.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)
Yeah, no, hang on--

GINGER BARMAID
I need you here in five minutes
with your keys, this is serious,
okay?

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)
What's--

GINGER BARMAID
Five minutes, with your keys. I've
gotta go.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)
Hang on--

She hangs up.

GUY
Good job.

She sits back down, relieved--a Reveller puts an arm around
her, another mutters some criticism, is told to shut up.

Guy approaches Wags.

GUY
So when he gets here?

WAGHORN
We'll meet him at the door.

Guy steps closer.

GUY
This lot are scared
shitless. No-one needs to get
hurt. We get the money and bolt.

Wags takes this in for a long beat. We can hear the injured
lad weeping, his Girlfriend shushing him.

WAGHORN
You think you're so much smarter'n
me don't'cha. Think you're
smarter'n everyone.

A silent beat, the two balaclava'd faces inches apart.

(CONTINUED)

We hold and hold on this beat. Both men assessing each other, neither giving an inch.

MALE LATE SLEEPER (O.S.)

Hey - excuse me?

Mitch had wandered behind the bar, nosing around, looking for he-doesn't-know-what. He heads back to the Revellers.

MITCH

What?

MALE LATE SLEEPER

(re: his girlfriend)

She needs the toilet.

MITCH

Tough luck.

PYJAMA-CLAD GIRLFRIEND

I really need it.

MITCH

Piss yerself.

Back to Guy and Wags. Tension still there. Guy breaks away first, wanders to the injured Lad and his crying Girlfriend.

GUY

Show me.

They hold up his injured hand. Purple, shaking, swollen up.

GUY

You'll live. Behave yourselves and it'll be over soon.

Wags has wandered behind the bar. He picks up a glass, picks out a bottle of rum, pours himself a large one.

Gravitates back toward the skimpy underwear girl.

Eyeing her, he pulls the bottom of his balaclava up over his chin to reveal his stubble-surrounded mouth, and, still eyeing her, necks the rum. Aaaaaah.

She shifts uncomfortably into her boyfriend.

The boyfriend tightens his grip on her, but can't hold eye contact with Wags.

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN

Oi.

She won't look at him.

WAGHORN (CONT.)

Oi, Victoria's Secret.

She looks at him.

WAGHORN (CONT.)

Ever had a real man?

The boyfriend plucks up the courage:

BOXER-CLAD BOYFRIEND

Please leave her alone.

Wags' eyes flash.

BOXER-CLAD BOYFRIEND

Please.

GINGER BARMAID

Shut up Ross.

Wags eyes the Ginger Barmaid. And the Boyfriend.

WAGS

Stand up.

The Revellers mutter protest: no / please / etc.

WAGS

Stand up. Come on.

The Boyfriend shakes his head.

UNDERWEAR GIRL

I don't want him to.

He looks at her.

UNDERWEAR GIRL (CONT.)

Please.

WAGS

Alright. You stand up then.

She does, standing before him, semi-naked--but the Boyfriend pulls her back down, stands in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

BOXER-CLAD BOYFRIEND
 Alright? There.

The girl stays standing too, just behind the boyfriend.

GINGER BARMAID
 (to Wags)
 Come on man.

WAGS
 Shut up.
 (to Boyfriend)
 Take them off.

He points the hammer at the lad's boxers.

UNDERWEAR GIRL
 Why?

WAGS
 Shut up.
 (to Boyfriend)
 Off.

After a beat he takes them off. Stands there NAKED. Wags takes the lad's boxers, walks over to the bar, tosses them in the bin. Walks back to the sofas where the nude boy and the semi-nude girl are standing.

Wags looks at them a moment.

WAGHORN
 Alright, sit down then.

Confused, terrorised, they sit back down, the lad trying to cover himself up, the Underwear Girl trying to help.

Mitch shakes his head, on the fringe of the situation. Guy peering out the front windows. He's seen something.

GUY
 This is him.

He and Mitch jog over to the front door. Wags takes up a position just inside the door -- Mitch on the other side -- Guy stays by the window.

POINT OF VIEW SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW

shows a drunk/hungover guy in an oversize hoodie fumbling with keys as he approaches: the ASSISTANT MANAGER.

Guy nods -- get ready.

(CONTINUED)

TIGHT ON Wags on one side of the door, as through the slatted blinds we see the silhouette of the Assistant Manager reaching the doorway, fumbling the keys.

We hear muffled swearing. He seems to find the right one, jiggles it into the lock. The door opens --

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Sas?--

As soon as his head pokes around the door --

Wags GRABS him around the neck--YANKS him in, Guy SHUTS and LOCKS the door--

Mitch helps Wags DRAG him down to the floor--DRAG him along the floor, away from the front windows--Gasps and yells from the Revellers--

GUY

(marshalling the Revellers)

Shut up, sit down! Down!

TIGHT ON Asst Manager, on the ground, bundled up against the bar, two balaclava'd psychos all over him--pure terror.

WAGHORN

Keys!

ASSISTANT MANAGER

What?

Wags SLAPS him.

WAGHORN

KEYS!

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Alright, alright!

He fumbles the keys from his pocket. Mitch picks them up.

WAGHORN

Safe key!

ASSISTANT MANAGER

It's not-- it's behind--

WAGHORN

What?

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT MANAGER
It's behind the till! It's behind
the till!

WAGHORN
Get it.

Wags DRAGS him to his feet, SHOVES him behind the bar.

The panicked Asst Managers scrabbles through the pots and
holders that are dotted around the till and backbar area.

WAGHORN
Come on!

ASSISTANT MANAGER
It's here somewhere, I left it
right here.

GINGER BARMAID
Calm down, just take a sec and
think.

WAGHORN
Shut up!
(to Assistant Manager)
You've got til the count of
ten! One!

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(more frantic)
I can't see it!

GINGER BARMAID
Max, calm down!

WAGHORN
Two!

Assistant Manager is starting to sob.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
It should be here!

WAGHORN
Three!

Ginger Barmaid goes behind the bar, pushes Asst Manager
aside, lifts the till drawer, runs her hand in all the gaps.

WAGHORN
Four!

(CONTINUED)

GINGER BARMAID
What the fuck did you do with it?

ASSISTANT MANAGER
I put it here!

WAGHORN
Fucking five!

GINGER BARMAID
You're meant to keep it on you!

ASSISTANT MANAGER
It should be here, I don't know why
it's not here!

Wags, losing his patience, STORMS behind the bar, GRABS the Assistant Manager by the hair, DRAGS him forwards --

SHOVES his head down against the bar, raises the hammer.

WAGHORN
WHERE IS IT?

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(a mess)
I don't--I don't--

WAGHORN
WHERE IS IT!

GINGER BARMAID
(pleading)
He doesn't know! He doesn't know!

GUY
Cut it out!

WAGHORN
WHERE IS IT!

GINGER BARMAID
We can find it! We'll find it!

GUY
Oi!

Guy SHOVES Wags's shoulder, jolting him. **He looks at Guy...**

Yanks the Asst Manager up to his feet, pushes him up against the wall--SLAPS him hard. SLAPS him hard again. THROWS him to the floor, where he crumples, limbs jellied.

(CONTINUED)

GINGER BARMAID

Look. Things go missing, it happens all the time--everyone was shitfaced last night, it's normal. We'll find it, things always turn up.

GUY

Listen. All that's happened so far is he's got a cracked hand and he's been slapped around. It's gonna get a lot worse if you don't find that key, you understand?

Guy holds eye contact a moment... nods: okay, off you go.

GINGER BARMAID

Jay, Sam -- here, now.

HIPPY BARMAID and a TATTOED BARMAN look up from the sofas.

GINGER BARMAID

Now!

LATER

A HALF-SPEED CAMERA slips across Guys' eyes, striking green, eyeing:

Wags: the deep rivets in his brow, eyes panning across to:

Underwear Girl, under someone's jacket on the sofa, leaning on her humiliated, naked Boyfriend.

Beyond them, the Ginger Barmaid and Hippy Barmaid and Tattooed Barman are turning the backbar upside down.

HALF-SPEED, Wags stands, walks towards the sofas. Guy watches.

As Wags' walk speeds up to normal pace.

The Underwear Girl and the naked Boyfriend watch his approach.

WAGHORN

(to Underwear Girl)

Go help 'em.

She isn't sure what to do, doesn't want to go, can't answer.

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN

Go on.

She shakes her head. Wags calmly sits down opposite them.

WAGHORN

Don't make me angry sweetheart.

Reluctantly, encouraged by the Boyfriend, she stands, walks over to the bar, trying to cover herself with her hands.

Wags stares at the naked Boyfriend. Guy is watching from across the room.

Wags reaches out to the naked Boyfriend with the end of the hammer, poking him with it--in the chest, under the chin.

Then he stands, and we follow him back over to the bar area. He passes Mitch, leaning on a chair.

MITCH

We gotta be moving mate.

Wags ignores him heads to the bar, to Guy.

WAGHORN

Time?

Beat as Guy holds Wags eye contact. Checks his phone.

GUY

Six-fifty.

Wags nods.

WAGHORN

You lot av got five more minutes.

Ginger Barmaid has the glass washer pulled out, shelves emptied, the other two on their knees, searching.

GINGER BARMAID

We'll find it.

Wags saunters over to watch the Underwear Girl, who is tentatively looking through shelves.

WAGHORN

Oi. Take your knickers off.

She looks at him, looks at Guy.

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN

Take em off.

GUY

No.

Wags looks Guy.

GUY

Wind your neck in.

Underwear Girl is frozen, unsure what to do--Ginger Barmaid and the other Revellers also waiting, scared.

Wags looks at Guy a long moment... then steps over to the bar stool where the Asst Manager is leaning, recovering.

Wags YANKS him off the stool, RAMS his head into the side of the bar. Screams, etc.

Guy moves, but Wags holds the hammer out, threatening.

GUY

Cut it out!

WAGHORN

You wanna tell me what to do do ya?

He SWINGS the hammer into the Assistant Manager's gut -- WHOOMPH. Screams, cries, etc.

WAGHORN

You wanna tell me what to do?

UNDERWEAR GIRL

Fine, fine, I'll take my fucking knickers off, fine!

Angry, shaky, she steps out from the bar and takes her knickers down, stands there naked below the waist, angry-crying and shaking like a leaf.

UNDERWEAR GIRL

Okay? Happy?

Guy PULLS the stricken Asst Manager away from Wags, sets him on the floor, a yelping heap, blood streaking down his face.

Revellers go to comfort him, to comfort the half-naked Girl.

GINGER BARMAID

(holding up the key)

I found it.

The Underwear Girl convulses with angry sobs.

UPSTAIRS

CLOSE ON the safe door opening to reveal STACKS upon STACKS of cash contained in clear plastic cash bags.

Guy lets it sink in. A momentous amount of cash.

He begins to stuff it into the SEA-GREEN SPORTS BAG.

TIGHT ON

the bulging bag, as it's carried down the stairs...

Into the pub... handed over to...

WAGHORN

who makes no acknowledgement of happiness or satisfaction, simply accepts the bag, glances at its fullness.

THE REVELLERS AND THE LATE SLEEPERS

are gathered around the sofas, looking up at us with terrorized faces.

Asst Manager's face horribly swollen and bloodied, the Handsome Lad cradling his broken hand, the Boyfriend of the Underwear Girl comforting her, still naked himself.

Waghorn looks them over.

WAGHORN

Woss time?

MITCH

Nearly seven.

Waghorn walks over to the pub's front windows.

We stay with Guy, looking at the group. The group, looking at him. He's unable to apologise. All he can do is look.

Waghorn peers through the blinds, returns.

WAGHORN

Right. Where's your cold cellar?

GINGER BARMAID

(indicating)

Down there.

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN

Alright, up you pop. Stand up.

The traumatized group stands.

WAGHORN

Key?

The Ginger Barmaid works a key off her fob, tosses it.

WAGHORN

In.

GINGER BARMAID

(re: Underwear Girl &
Boyfriend)

Can they cover up?

WAGS

No.

Guy can't help but shake his head at this. Maybe Mitch sees, and eyes him: 'careful.'

The group shuffle to a doorway behind the bar, down stairs.

Waghorn approaches Guy.

WAGHORN

We'll get the cash and the car back
up to London, dump the car with one
of my breakers. You can find
somewhere to kick your feet for a
few weeks, 'til the rozzers drop
it.

GUY

Mm hm.

WAGHORN

Cheer up son. Perfect job this.

He claps Guy on the shoulder.

DOWN IN THE COLD CELLAR

the group are assembling, between the kegs, shivering.

From the top of the stairs:

WAGHORN

Get cosy children, yer gonna be in
ere for the next little while. And

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAGHORN (cont'd)
in case any of you feel like
helping out Old Bill--

Leans into the hallway, RIPS a paper rota from a pinboard.

WAGHORN
(holding up the rota)
--names and numbers, right
ere! Right?

And with that, he SLAMS the door closed, locks it, CHUCKS
the key across the bar.

WAGHORN
Back way, look sharp.

He STRIDES over to the back door. Guy and Mitch start to
follow. Mitch nudges Guy.

MITCH
Oi. Keep it together, right?

GUY
I'm fine.

Wags OPENS the back door, holds it open:

Guy's PoV, half-speed, floating camera, making for the
doorway, as Wags PULLS OFF his balaclava...

CLOSE ON

Wags, eyeing us as we pass him...

CLOSE ON

Guy, removing his balaclava, eyeing Wags back...

THE SEA

Broad, marbled blue-green, foaming at the peaks. It's
spitting rain, breezing wind. The waves break on the
groynes, on the pier struts.

VERY WIDE ON A SLEEPY SIDE STREET

Their white Kia nestled between other cars at the far end.
We hear the SOUNDS OF THE DAWN, the breeze, the gulls.

Wags, a distant figure, emerges from a side alley at a clip.
Followed by Mitch. Followed by Guy.

(CONTINUED)

They quick march across the empty road, baseball caps back on and tops zipped up, hiding their faces. Wags makes it to the distant car, gets in the passenger seat. Mitch gets in the driver's seat. Guy arrives, gets in the back.

Camera continues to move slowly in, centering on the car, still small in frame.

We begin to hear noises. Muffled shouts.

Something being hit. Hit again. Muffled swearing.

INSIDE THE CAR

WAGHORN

Fucking start it!

MITCH

It's not starting!

WAGHORN

Fucking start it then!

MITCH

Look!

Mitch jiggles the key in the ignition -- lights flicker on and off, but there's no power.

MITCH

It's dead!

WAGHORN

Fuck off!

Wags SMASHES the dashboard.

MITCH

Ow is it dead! You were menna get a new one!

WAGHORN

Shut the fuck up you fucking cunt.
(eyeing Mitch)

You wanna start somefing, eh? Maybe you did this. Mutiny job. Fuck me from the inside. Eh? Eh?

Guy, in the back, takes a moment. Then:

GUY

Alright, call Jimmy, out in Peacehaven, he can get it towed, he

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY (cont'd)
can take it to your breaker to have
it crushed.

Wags eyes him, unsure.

GUY
Pub doesn't open 'til twelve,
right? Kiddies won't be out of
there 'til then.

MITCH
What do we do?

GUY
Split up. You take the bus, we take
different trains, meet in London to
dole out the cash. One of Wags'
places. You still got that building
behind Victoria?

WAGHORN
Yeah.

GUY
Meet there.

Wags turns around to look at Guy.

GUY (CONT.)
Or we sit here and wait for the AA.

Long beat.

GUY
(to Mitch)
Give us your hammer, I know a place
we can dump 'em.

Mitch hands it over.

MITCH
Why do I get the fucking bus?

WAGHORN
Shut up.

DESERTED BEACHFRONT

The empty seaside promenade in the early morning breeze. Guy and Wags, small figures again, emerge from a side street.

Guy trots across the empty road, leading the way. Wags follows.

CLOSE ON GUY

trotting down a stone staircase to beach level.

GUY
(calling behind him)
Down here.

Wags is following. Guy leads him

UNDER THE PIER

A dim, mossy spot, right under the pier's rusted struts. The entire beachfront is empty, this spot dim and secluded.

We HEAR the amplified groan of the wind.

Guy's breathing is shallow... His chest rising and falling... He squeezes the hammers he has held in both hands, handles up sleeves, hammer-heads in palms.

Wags, gripping the well-stuffed SEA-GREEN SPORTS BAG, his own hammer in his other hand, handle-up-sleeve, looks at the rusted metalwork, the dripping pier belly.

GUY
(gesturing)
Here.

Guy CROUCHES down by an OUTFLOW PIPE. He pulls a cluster of beach pebbles from it's mouth. SHOVES one hammer deep inside its throat...

Wags watches...

He SHOVES the other hammer in after it... He STANDS.

GUY
Stuff the stones back in when
you're done.

Wags eyes Guy...

But CROUCHES down, not loosening his grip on the bag...

(CONTINUED)

And takes out his hammer, REACHES into the throat of the outflow pipe, trying to fit it in...

Guy, breath shaky, removes GAROTTE WIRE from his pocket...

Beyond them, a morning sky FLARES through the gloom, glowing the puddles and metalwork around them...

Guy REACHES around Wag's neck from behind in a smooth movement and YANKS the wire against his throat--

We hear a sharp INTAKE OF BREATH--

As Wags is HEFTED BACK, off balance--

Guy, teeth gritted, HEAVES him onto his belly--

TIGHTENS the garotte wire around Wags' throat--

KNEES his back to keep him held--

Wags fitting and STRUGGLING-- Knees spasming, KICKING--

Guy PULLING and PULLING the garotte wire with all his might-- Wags struggling-- Shifting like a cow in the slaughterhouse-- Guy almost loses his grip--

Blood on his fingers from where the wire is cutting into Wags' flesh-- And Wags still STRUGGLES and little strangled YELPS escape--

And he KNOCKS Guy off-balance--

And he SQUIRMS out from under his knee--

GASPING, eyes almost popping out of his head, he tugs at the garotte wire still bound around his throat--

But Guy's there again, YANKING it tight--

Re-asserting his grip--

And now Wags is on his back, eyes STARING up at Guy--

Who grits his teeth, and tries to keep him pinned--

Wags' EYES--

Fixed on Guy's--

And his kicks are beginning to soften-- His struggling becoming less fierce-- Guy's breathing is turning to panting, something on the verge of sobs--

Wags is dying, under his weight--

What's he doing? Is he making a terrible mistake? Is it too late? Can he reverse this?

Wags' lips are moving-- He's mouthing something--

Guy, almost weeping, redoubles his efforts, SQUEEZES--

As the SOUND OF THE SEA is there, rising in the background... The dawn light flaring on the GREY and SEA-GREEN paintwork...

And Wags, his life ebbing away, moving his lips... Mouthing words we can't make out...

He mouths them again... Guy can't make it out...

But we HEAR--

Footsteps O.S.!

Guy turns to see a dream image, wrought in real life...

A boy, 10 or 11 years old, freckled, trotting down the last step and turning under the pier--

Freezing as he sees a man strangling another man to death.

TIGHT ON

Guy, caught in guilt, dawnlight flaring behind him.

TIGHT ON

The Boy, his expression shifting from incomprehension into fear.

Everything slowed, Guy's whole life being defined, decided, ended in this moment of guilt.

And everything is frozen, in this terrible moment-- The moment we saw at the beginning of the film-- Until the Boy--

Turns--

Guy tries to call out--

But the Boy is running back up the steps--

And Guy looks at Wags: slit-eyed, tongue-lolled.

He has to do something -- the Boy has seen him, clear as day. He SCRAMBLES to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

But--

Turns back-- Grabs--

The SEA-GREEN SPORTS BAG.

EMPTY MORNING SEAFRONT

Seagulls gliding over shuttered nightclubs. The SOUND of the SEA mixed up with FEEDBACK HUM and a MOURNFUL GUITAR.

For a long moment, we're TIGHT ON the SEA-GREEN SPORTS BAG, bulging, stuffed, heavy, as it bobs and shunts.

Guy's running -- but all we see is the bag.

Slightly less than full-speed, shifting and bumping as he runs. And then--

We're behind the Boy, as he runs into the dawn sun. Sprinting down the empty streets.

Speed less than natural, camera shifting, somewhere between dream and reality: **we're chasing him.**

He runs and runs, arms flailing, as a kid's arms do. Looking back over his shoulder.

And now we see Guy, his torn up expression, his panting mouth, sprinting after the Boy. The Boy had a decent head-start, and is going full pelt.

Guy exhausted, old, worn out, struggling to make up the ground. Lugging the heavy BAG.

The Boy runs into the middle of the EMPTY ROAD, across the central meridian. Toward a side-street.

Guy follows.

SIDE STREET

And the Boy's running up the street, between parked cars, looking back...

Heading closer to humanity, normality, shops, passing cars...

And Guy's beginning to slow... Breath heaving... Panting...

Until he isn't running anymore...

And we stay TIGHT ON Guy, as he STARES off-screen...

(CONTINUED)

Letting the Boy escape. Giving up. Letting him go.

We stay on him, as he sucks in the air.

Rubs his face. Face in hands. Blood on fingers.

He spits on his hands, rubs them. Wipes them on his clothes.

The quick-drying blood brightens, smears.

THE SEA

shifts as if it's breathing.

Deep undulations. Muted dawnlight glimmering. Rain spitting.

BACK ON THE SEAFRONT

Guy cautiously heads back toward the pier. The seafront streets still largely empty -- for now.

He makes it to the railings over-looking the beach.

A hundred feet or so away from the pier, he leans over the beachside railing, craning for a view...

In the distance, he can see a jogger CROUCHING by Wags' body, another on the phone.

The body has been found. The deed has been done.

Guy takes this in.

And gradually, over this image we begin to HEAR sounds of movement... Breathing...

Bed-sheets... Quiet, intimate sounds...

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM--DAWN

And we're back to Guy and Maeve, in bed, 1st night together.

A moment we've seen before, as Maeve nestles closer to Guy, and Guy eyes her, moved, as if that movement is deeply significant. She shifts to look up at him--

Looks like she's about to say something--

(CONTINUED)

GUY

What?

MAEVE

No, it's... nothing.

GUY

What?

MAEVE

(beat)

I don't know... you ever get that feeling, like... like, who are you? You're just some bloke I just met.

GUY

Well yeah.

MAEVE

Like what am I doing here.

(beat)

What am I doing here?

She pulls away from him.

GUY

Hey--

MAEVE

What am I doing? I don't know you.

She slides out of the bed, naked but for underwear, stands, wrapping her arms around herself.

GUY

So?

MAEVE

So? Who are you?

Beat.

GUY

What do you want me to say?

Beat.

MAEVE

I don't know.

She frowns at herself, seeming to lose the moment, sits down at the kitchenette table, head in hands.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE
God. God God God.

GUY
What is it?

MAEVE
Life's fucking weird.

Guy laughs, just a little. Maeve laughs, just a little.

GUY
You're hard work aren't you.

She shrugs.

GUY (CONT.)
Yeah, life's fucking weird. Life's
shit and hard and horrible and
weird. Come back to bed.

She considers this... stands, returns. Sits next to him.

GUY
My name's Guy. I'm a washed up old
fuck, and I'm almost always alone.

MAEVE
Are you a good guy, Guy?

GUY
No.

Beat.

GUY (CONT.)
But I haven't given up trying yet.

Maeve takes that in. It seems to be enough. She slides back under the covers, nestles back up to him.

MAEVE
What do you want? From life?

Beat, as he thinks about it.

GUY
I dunno. You?

Beat, as she searches for the honest answer.

MAEVE

To be loved.

Tips her head back, looks through the window upside down.

MAEVE

It's raining.

GUY

It does that.

Beat.

MAEVE

It's nice.

CLOSE ON

the rain, impacting against the window, pre-dawn light...
the sound rising in volume, morphing into...

EXT. THAI ISLAND--NIGHT

Monsoon rain, machine-gunning the sea, and the little boat
delivering Guy and that Thai Girl back to the beach.

In WIDE SHOT we watch as the boat attempts to deliver them.
Getting as close as it can to the beach. The Thai Girl
covering her head with her hands.

Guy slips some money to the boat's driver, jumps off into
the sea -- knee deep. The RAIN smashing down on him, on the
sea's surface. He holds his hands out for the Thai Girl.

As she takes his hands he LIFTS HER --

And CARRIES her --

To the shore, lets her down.

And now we're CLOSE ON Guy, from behind, over his shoulder,
as he and the Thai Girl trot up the beach, toward his HUT.

Guy pauses --

The Thai Girl looks back at him.

THAI GIRL

(distant, in Thai)

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

We're behind Guy, as he tips his head to the skies, takes the rain on his face (NOTE: the rest of this sequence should play out in one unbroken shot).

We can hear his BREATHING deepen for a moment...

And then with one DEEP BREATH...

He's walking up the beach. To the hut. The Thai Girl is holding open the door for him.

He goes inside. We stay outside, with the Thai Girl.

She seems to be waiting for something.

We can hear, buried deep in the SOUND of the RAIN, the THRUM of a cheap motorbike's ENGINE O.S.

And then a VOICE O.S. Footsteps O.S. approaching...

And a THAI MAN walks past the Thai Girl, into the hut...

And for a moment there's silence. And then, under the white noise of the RAIN, we hear:

A GUNSHOT-- See a FLASH--

Another GUNSHOT and FLASH--

...and silence.

The sound of something FALLING. Slumping.

More silence. The Thai Man emerges.

Slips something to the Thai Girl, exits frame.

We stay on the Thai Girl, the same frame, as she moves into the doorway, and looks into the hut. We don't see what she sees -- just her expression.

After a long moment... she walks away.

Cam turns ever so slightly, revealing, in the distance, what looks like DENZIL sitting on a motorbike. We see the Thai Man get onto an adjacent motorbike.

He starts its engine, peels away, up the muddy beachside road, into deep background of the now layered shot. The Thai Girl is walking towards Denzil.

We see some movement in the roof, still in frame: A GIANT GECKO, it's eye glowing, scuttles out onto the wall.

As the Thai Girl gets onto the back of Denzil's motorbike. The gecko presses itself into the wall, hunting a mosquito.

Denzil kickstarts the motorbike, and peels away, following the Thai Man, whose rear lights we can see in the gloom.

We hear a DOOR SLAM--

EXT. BRIGHTON HOUSE--DAY

Maeve shields her eyes from the post-rain SUN GLARE, as she locks the front door to her run-down building.

BRIGHTON STREETS

She walks in a hurry, troubled -- maybe she's been crying. The NOISE of the streets getting to her.

She passes POLICE TAPE cordoning off some kind of crime scene. A police van, a POLICE OFFICER directing the public.

DINER

She gets to the diner, finds her keys, jiggles the door -- it sticks -- she huffs, jiggles -- the door opens --

But HITS something.

She looks down. Frowns.

Picks something up.

She flicks the lights on, closes the door. Striplights flicker on above her. The chairs are all upended on the tables -- she takes one down, sits.

She's holding a PACKAGE. A well-stuffed envelope.

She opens it. Pulls out a WEDGE OF CASH.

A few grand at least. She looks at it.

Lets it sink in a moment.

Begins to cry.

To sob.

Until she's overcome.

Doubled over.

Just managing to stop from wailing.

(CONTINUED)

Moaning.

She tries to stop herself.

Suppressing it.

Calms.

Looks at the money again.

At the heavens.

Shakes her head.

Wipes her face.

Stands up.

Looks at the front windows.

Through the glass, the day is progressing -- people passing,
normality.

She looks down again at the money.

END