

THE REPROBATES

"RATS"

by Benjamin Grose

BLACK.

THUNDER. HEAVY RAIN. Someone is pouring liquid on to a hard floor – it slaps, sloshes. They pause. Flip open a ZIPPO LIGHTER, light the flame...

FADE IN:

EXT. GIN LANE/OPPOSITE MONKS – MORNING

FIRE ENGINES on a city backstreet, FIREMEN swarming around a building as smoke pours from the windows, a sign saying MONKS NIGHTCLUB is seconds away from becoming completely charred – the WRITING DRIPS as it succumbs to the flames. Bystanders watch on, in shock.

A hooded figure wearing a backback STANDS AWAY FROM THEM ALL, watching.

FADE TO BLACK:

MUSIC CUE: 'Exit Music (For A Film)' by Radiohead.

FADE IN:

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. MONKS/ASSISTANT MANAGER'S OFFICE – NIGHT

TEXT: 1 YEAR EARLIER

THE ASSISTANT MANAGER OF MONKS NIGHTCLUB in his basement office – 32 years old, heavily worn hoody and jeans, a CIGARETTE BURNING in a yellow-fingered hand, slumped and strung out at the desk with his hood up in front of an OLD COMPUTER. FAG ASH, CIGARETTE BUTTS, EMPTY MEDICATION BOTTLES, and all manner of other crap and rubbish surrounds him. On the computer screen is someone called CLAIRE KING'S FACEBOOK PAGE. The Assistant Manager twitches, he is DREAMING.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE MONKS/THE STREET – NIGHT

A storm rages. The MONKS NIGHTCLUB SIGN swings slowly in the wind. The door is closed and locked, the lights off inside. The Assistant Manager, a HOODED, HAUNTED figure stands at the large window, looking in. All over the glass are MISSING PERSON

POSTERS for a girl – early twenties, dark hair, too much eye-makeup, Nirvana t-shirt with a picture of the baby from 'Nevermind' on the front.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MONKS/ASSISTANT MANAGER'S OFFICE – NIGHT

The cigarette in the Assistant Manager's hand smoulders, almost burnt to the END OF THE BUTT.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MONKS/CORRIDOR – NIGHT

The Assistant Manager walks slowly through a dingy, disgusting corridor, OLD FLYERS FOR DEAD SINGERS such as Kurt Cobain and Amy Winehouse scattered on the floor – some stained red, some burnt at the edges. A HUGE RAT is chewing on one of the flyers, consuming Kurt Cobain's face. Ahead are FLICKERING LIGHTS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MONKS/ASSISTANT MANAGER'S OFFICE – NIGHT

The sound of someone BANGING on the door, SHOUTING indeterminate words.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MONKS/STAIRS – NIGHT

The Assistant Manager descends a staircase, looking down into an empty dance floor, ABLAZE WITH FIRE.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MONKS/ASSISTANT MANAGER'S OFFICE – NIGHT

The shouting and banging gets louder. The Assistant Manager STIRS, his face twitches, the CIGARETTE is seconds from burning out.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MONKS/DANCEFLOOR – NIGHT

He stands on the VERY EDGE OF THE FLAMES... REACHES OUT to touch the fire...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MONKS/ASSISTANT MANAGER'S OFFICE – NIGHT

The Assistant Manager JOLTS awake. His eyes are red, face haggard.

END MONTAGE

END MUSIC CUE

ASSISTANT MANAGER
I'm fucking coming!

He puts the cigarette in his mouth and takes a last puff before stubbing it out, moving to the door, opening it.

HARRISON, one of the bar staff, at the door – 32, beanie hat, skinny jeans on long legs, denim jacket, beard, the sort of guy you look at and know is in a band.

HARRISON
I thought you were dead!

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Not yet. What's gone wrong?

HARRISON
There are people shagging in the Gents'.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Naylor?

HARRISON
Fuck knows, not here.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Where's Mike?

HARRISON
He's coming down now.

They move into the –

INT. MONKS/CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

– where drunk people are CHATTING SHIT, some GETTING OFF WITH EACH OTHER up against the grimy walls. 'Red Morning Light' by the Kings of Leon is playing loudly in the club.

MIKE, the Head Bouncer, appears – 43, 15 stone, skinhead, a round face with dark, excited eyes. But there's something in his face that makes you feel safe, a good guy.

MIKE

(grinning)

I hear there are shaggers???

They all go into the –

INT. MONKS/GENTS' – CONTINUOUS

– a dilapidated hole of PLASTIC CUPS, TOILET PAPER, POOLS OF PISS. The left-hand cubicle is SHAKING, from within come the UNMISTAKEABLE NOISES of a nightclub sexual encounter.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(knocking)

Hello?

MIKE

(knocking)

Stop fucking shagging you dirty fuckers.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(knocking)

Cease intercourse!

The men crack up. The cubicle door continues to RATTLE in a steady rhythm.

Mike grabs hold of the top of the door, pulls himself up to take a look.

MIKE

(dropping down again)

They're fucking naked, not wearing a stitch.

The Assistant Manager knocks again, then pulls himself up and looks down to see –

FREEZE FRAME

– a **NAKED COUPLE** both with their backs turned to the cubicle door. **HE** is SITTING ON THE PAN, and **SHE** is RIDING him. On the stained light green wall above them is scrawled **FUCK FOREVER** in black pen.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

I work in a nightclub where the only people more reprehensible than the customers are the people serving the drinks, and manning the doors.

END FREEZE FRAME

The Naked Woman turns her head and we see one HALF-OPEN EYE as she smiles in a drunken stupor.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

There is absolutely no shame in a place like this.

The three men wait, taking it in turns to KNOCK ON THE DOOR, and after a moment it opens, and the couple emerge with their clothes on backwards and SHAMELESS SMILES on their faces.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

People come here because we're still open when everywhere else shuts, and the drink is cheap because they know someone behind the bar – and even if you don't, you soon will.

INT. MONKS/DOWNSTAIRS DANCEFLOOR AND BAR – MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'Les Fleurs' by Minnie Riperton

People are falling over drunk, dancing, being sick, starting fights, spilling drinks, a group of girls posing for photos, and

immediately posting them on Instagram. The bar staff are pouring PINTS, SHOTS, SWEATING THEIR ARSES OFF behind the bar, the CLOCK behind the bar shows 3.55 AM, the bouncers Mike and **PETE BONE** (48, skinhead, wiry build, Jet Li tattoo on his neck, suspicious eyes, like he's barely a second away from hitting someone) are kicking out drunkards through the FIRE EXITS, including a hammered guy who decides to TAKE A PISS on the edge of the dance floor.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

At this time of night, the customers are no longer customers – they're the unwanted, the wasted, the faceless. But some want more. They always do.

HARRISON

(ringing a big bell behind the bar)
And that's time!!!

PETE BONE

(tapping a guy still dancing
on the shoulder)
Time for you all to fuck off!!!

SCREAMS from the bar. People panicking, pointing at the floor, throwing their drinks at something.

GIRL

RAT! RAT! OH MY GOD!

Chaos ensues. Two HUGE RATS dodge the puddles of booze, nipping at people's feet. Pete Bone, in a manic fear frenzy, grabs a mop from behind the bar and moves in for the kill.

PETE BONE

(swinging the mop violently)
Bastards! Dirty little bastards!
FUCK OFF! FUCK OFF!

CUT TO:

The Assistant Manager, STANDING ON THE EDGE OF THE DANCE FLOOR, as customers rush up the stairs in a panic.

CLOSE UP on the Assistant Manager's face.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(looking directly at the camera)
Welcome to Monks.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE SEQUENCE

MUSIC CUE: 'Shimmy Shimmy Ya' by El Michels Affair

TEXT ON BLACK:

Every weekend, millions of us go out and get completely fuck
faced.

We do this again, and again, and again...

How often do we stop to question why?

The events you are about to witness could be set in any city in
the country today.

RED BLOOD-LIKE TEXT over the illustration 'GIN LANE' BY HOGARTH:

THE REPROBATES: RATS

FADE IN:

INT. MONKS/STAFF TABLES – LATER THE SAME NIGHT

The bar staff are sitting at the table after clearing up, drinking BOTTLES OF BEER, vaping, smoking cigarettes, chatting after-work shit. On the periphery, three of the doormen are RE-ENACTING FIGHTS – Mike and **SAM** (34, tall, sculpted hair, goofy grin, tortoise eyes) are drinking very strong VODKA AND COKES. Pete Bone sips from a BOTTLE OF EVIAN.

The Assistant Manager picks up his ZIPPO, stares at it long and hard, looking pensive. Next to him is **BRAN** (31, Mr Bean's face with a Sideshow Bob haircut, skinny jeans, white headphones in, bopping away to Dubstep music), then **CUB** (26, short red hair, chipmunk face, an XL wolf t-shirt swathing her thin frame), **JEREMY** (25, very very long dirty blonde hair, squeaky voice, baggy trousers), **JACKSON** (25, well dressed, tidy beard, a thespian air) and finally a **BLONDE GIRL** (late teens, black

dress, heels, excitable) who doesn't work there, and none of them actually know.

BLONDE GIRL

So are you gay too, Jackson?

JACKSON

One-third.

CUB

It was two-thirds last week.

BLONDE GIRL

How can you be one-third gay?

BRAN

Postman, not postbox.

JACKSON

Exactly.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Unlike Jeremy here.

JEREMY

Nah, I drink too much to have a boyfriend.

CUB

You're too lazy. And your bedroom is a hole.

Jeremy shrugs and drinks his beer.

JEREMY

(to Blonde Girl)

Who are you again?

BLONDE GIRL

Naylor's friend. Harrison said I could stay for a drink.

JEREMY

Where is Harrison?

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Getting more staff beer.

HARRISON enters carrying a CRATE OF BEER.

HARRISON
(taking a seat)
No sign of any more rats. What
have I missed, homies?

The Bouncers, bags on their shoulders, wave goodnight as they
pass by the tables to the stairs.

HARRISON
Hey, I didn't know you were scared
of rats, Pete?

PETE BONE
(grumbling)
Skanky little fuck faces.

On his way past, Sam slaps Bran on the back of the neck.

BRAN
(jumping up)
FUCK OFF SAM! Such a cunt. Stop
handing out humbugs to fat girls.

SAM
(grinning)
Fuck you Bran, at least I get
some.

Once the bouncers have gone, Bran takes A BAG OF WEED out of his
pocket and ROLLS A JOINT. They pass it around, and everyone
takes a drag besides the Assistant Manager.

JACKSON
So, the question is - what do we
all think of Dom?

BLONDE GIRL
Who is Dom? I've not met him.

JACKSON

New promoter that the new owners
have just hired.

BRAN

Pegasus!

JACKSON

Yeah he wears trainers with wings
on.

BRAN

He's a total piece.

JEREMY

Another one of their brilliant
strategies to 'restore' Monks to
the glory days. Along with making
the upstairs bar into a Music
Cafe, serving food. In a fucking
nightclub!

CUB

Remember it's not a nightclub
anymore! We are a Live Music Venue
that does club nights.

BRAN

With rats!

HARRISON

(to Girl)

Unfortunately the staff and the
owners have different opinions of
when the glory days were.

BLONDE GIRL

Didn't Blur play here?

HARRISON

Blur 1990. Killers 04. The Smiths
83. Oasis 94. My band in a few
months at the end of our tour.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Radiohead 92.

BLONDE GIRL

Wow. I mean, I'm always too drunk to actually read the names on the wall upstairs. But WOW. I couldn't believe it when Naylor told me all of this when I met him.

JACKSON

So, how do you actually know Naylor?

The phone starts RINGING in the Assistant Manager's office.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Fuck is that? Bran, can you get it? I can't see, let alone walk, with the amount of ganja smoke in here.

Bran goes to the office. A few moments later -

BRAN (O.S.)

It's Freddy and Inez, I'm letting them in!

BLONDE GIRL

(to the Assistant Manager)

So what's your name again?

Before he can answer, Bran comes back in, accompanied by **FREDDY MAYTAL** - 25, small, black, dreadlocks, the warmest smile in the world, holding a bottle of TEQUILA, and **INEZ** - 49, Spanish, dark hair, stoner eyes, hippy clothes.

FREDDY

WAHEY GUYS!!

INEZ

Hello guys!

JEREMY

Well you two are fucked.

INEZ

Of course, we have a Friday night off! And we have shots.

MUSIC CUE: 'Left Hand Free' by Alt J

SHOT GLASSES appear, Jackson takes the bottle and fills them up. They all CLINK glasses, before tipping them back.

Harrison SPRAYS liquid over the table from his mouth. Jeremy RETCHES, and is sick. The Assistant Manager coughs, indicates another, but before that can happen –

– a DOOR SLAMS UPSTAIRS. Footsteps. Everyone freezes,

ASSISTANT MANAGER

No one mention the rats.

He gives them all a look that says – keep your mouths shut.

NAYLOR (O.S)

What are you fucking shit stains
doing down here?

NAYLOR (early 40s, round red face, floppy dark hair, saucer cocaine eyes, left arm a phocemia stump, perfect white teeth, cirrhosis on his neck) appears, surveys the scene, sniffs the air like a fucking wolf.

HARRISON

Didnt realise you were still here,
Naylor. Take a pew. Have a shot.

NAYLOR

Can't Harri, the wife has been
busting my balls to get home since
midnight, so I'm going to a lock
in somewhere else, then I'll roll
in at 6am shitfaced, see how the
bitch likes that.

HARRISON

You animal, Naylor.

NAYLOR

(striding over to them)

What have I told you about smoking
fucking weed down here. I've got a
good mind to dock wages.

He grabs the joint resting on an ashtray, takes a huge pull.
Closes his eyes.

NAYLOR

You do get good shit Bran, I'll
give you that. It's a fucking state
down here, tidy up. Ass-Man – the
tills are down again. £9. That
will be coming out of your wages
again.

The Assistant Manager looks at the floor, bites his lip.

NAYLOR

You better watch your back, or
I'll make Jeremy my Ass-Man.

Jackson starts laughing, followed by Bran, Cub, Harrison, Freddy
Maytal, Inez.

INEZ

Naylor, you are funnnnny. But what
about your poor wife, I feel sorry
for her.

NAYLOR

She knew I was a cunt when she
married me. So it's on her.

Naylor smiles, grabs the bottle of Tequila, drinks directly from
it. Spits some out over the Assistant Manager.

NAYLOR

Fix the fucking tills.

Beat. The Assisntmant Manager wipes his face.

NAYLOR (CONT'D)

(to Blonde Girl)

Now, do you still want that lift
home sweetheart?

BLONDE GIRL

Yes please.

NAYLOR

Come on then darling. You can do better than hanging out with this bunch of lowlifes anyway.

Taking the joint and the Blonde Girl with him, he disappears. The staff all look round at each other, the Assistant Manager lights a cigarette, his face pale.

BRAN

Slimey fuck stain.

HARRISON

That poor girl is his now, there's no coming back for these poor girls once the One Arm Bandit reels them in.

JACKSON

(to the Assistant Manager)

It still mystifies me what you did to him mate to make him fucking hate you so much.

CUB

You should report him to HR.

INEZ

He's a pussycat really, it's all a fuckin' show. Because he's got a teeny tiny -

She wiggles her little finger. They all crack up.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

More shots?

MUSIC CUE RESUMES: 'Left Hand Free' by Alt J

More and more shots are POURED, knocked back. Freddy Maytal falls on the floor, and they all start tickling him.

FREEZE FRAME

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

Yeah, they're an eclectic bunch. At least to begin with they are. Then, a week into the job, the drink, the drunks, the twilight hours take over. Their new shoes fall apart thanks to the sticky floors and the grime - scuffed, puked on, full of holes after a few nights of dealing with the juice mob.

END FREEZE FRAME

The staff all start jumping on Freddy Maytal, the TABLE IS KNOCKED OVER. GLASS BREAKS.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

This place has moulded them into a ragtag bunch of students and ex-students stuck in the same city, band members with a dream of the big time, once-upon-a-time teenagers now in their mid-twenties, then their mid-thirties, always about to get a real job - but all going nowhere except the pub next door on their night off.

END MUSIC CUE

EXT. GIN LANE - EARLY MORNING

The sun comes up, and we MOVE THROUGH THE DAY IN QUICK TIME until the sun goes down.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

I'm as bad as any of these fucking reprobates. I've been here eight years, Assistant Manager to the world's biggest cunt for two and a half of those. But the worst part? I can't even remember the last

time I left this godforsaken city.
I am, as I'm reminded almost
daily, a nobody...

PAN DOWN to street level on Gin Lane, over the grates in the pavement outside Monks, which is littered with takeaway food and other crap. SQUEAKING, GNAWING. We see below, in the Monks cellars, a RATS' NEST, hundreds of them, climbing over each other to claim the food falling from above.

INT. ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/KITCHEN-LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

MUSIC CUE: 'Sculptures Of Anything Goes' by Arctic Monkeys

The Assistant Manager wakes up FULLY-CLOTHED on the sofa to his PHONE RINGING, MUM the caller ID. He lets it ring out. He makes coffee in a dingy kitchen, smokes cigarettes, opens the fridge, which is BARE save for some ROTTING VEGETABLES, MOULDY CHEESE, and a BOTTLE OF VODKA. He collapses on the sofa, closes his eyes again –

FADE TO BLACK

The sound of RATS, hundreds of them, thousands – GNAWING IN HIS BRAIN.

INT. ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/KITCHEN-LIVING ROOM – EARLY EVENING

The Assistant Manager asleep on his sofa. A figure standing above him, slowly dangling a dead rat by the tail closer to his face.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(snapping awake)
What the fuck!

He jumps to his feet, sees Naylor grinning at him.

Naylor cackles, TOSSES THE RAT into the sink, sits down on the vacated sofa, sniffs, starts helping himself to the Assistant Manager's tobacco. He bears the appearance of someone who hasn't been to sleep yet.

NAYLOR

When were you going to tell me the rats were back?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

How the fuck are you in my flat?

Naylor finishes rolling a cigarette expertly using one hand and his stump, lights it with the Assistant Manager's ZIPPO.

NAYLOR

(admiring the Zippo)

I've always liked this lighter.
It's a classic piece of engineering.

The Manager holds his hand out for it. Naylor delays handing it over, looks at it closely again, before tossing it in the sink with the dead rat.

NAYLOR

Get rid of those little bastards before we have Health and Safety round again, or you're fired.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Seriously Naylor, how am I supposed to do that? There's probably thousands of them.

NAYLOR

Not my problem. They appeared on your shift. Work it out, put your fucking degree to some use.

Naylor stubs the cigarette out on the sofa. Stands. Looks around the place.

NAYLOR

Shame about Claire ditching you, she was a real minx, a fine piece of arse. Bet the fact you'll never have that pussy in your mouth again really gets -

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Get the fuck out, Naylor.

NAYLOR

I've touched a nerve. I'll let you off this time, as it was a low blow, but –

He suddenly PINS THE ASSISTANT MANAGER AGAINST THE WALL with his good arm, which is fucking massive to overcompensate.

NAYLOR

Never forget that I run Monks. I am fucking in charge. You DO as I SAY. Or I'll send you snivelling down to the fucking job centre with your useless fucking degree.

He releases him. Heads to the door.

NAYLOR

(turning)

Ah yeah, clean yourself up, the bosses want to speak to us.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(catching his breath)

When?

NAYLOR

Half an hour. Chop chop.

INT. ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/BATHROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The Assistant Manager looks in the mirror, sees a HAUNTED FACE staring back at him. He opens the cupboard and takes out a BOTTLE OF PILLS. He throws one back, swallows and –

END MUSIC CUE

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MONKS/UPSTAIRS MUSIC CAFE – LATER THAT EVENING

The Assistant Manager, Naylor, **TERRY** (56, short, balding, dressed by his wife in the clothes of a younger man), **KAREN** (49, tall, blonde, the sort of woman who looks like she didn't smoke

enough weed as a teenager but tells everyone she smoked too much) and **DOM** (21, short hair, pale, could be a budding insurance salesman) are sitting round a table in the middle of a conversation.

The Assistant Manager is looking at the **CLOCK**, which says 7.05pm. We can hear every **TICK**, **TOCK**.

KAREN

...so that's our vision, it's not going to be easy, but we have every confidence. Have I left anything out, Terry?

TERRY

Erm, no, I don't believe so. That's it for now.

DOM

Inspiring stuff.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Very.

NAYLOR

Let's fucking do this. I'm stoked, jefas. I really am.

The Assistant Manager starts to **SLOWLY** roll a cigarette, anything than look at Naylor.

KAREN

Now, three things. Firstly, Terry and I are away tomorrow for next four days, meeting with possible investors in London. Secondly, Naylor I want you to call all the staff in next Wednesday for a meeting when we are back.

NAYLOR

Great idea. I'll put it on the staff Whatsapp group.

KAREN

Thank you Naylor...and lastly, all efforts need to be on the launch of our new Friday night. A LOT is riding on it. You've done a good job Naylor, of holding the fort, so thank you – but now is the time for us to really make this place a success again. Of course, Dom will come to you both soon with all the details.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

What are you going to call it?

DOM

Erm...we have drawn up a shortlist of names.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Great, let's hear them.

Dom just LOOKS blankly at him.

DOM

Erm...we havent settled on one yet, so...

NAYLOR

(punching the Assistant Manager on the arm)
He'll share it when he's ready. Now, noble bosses – I must make an exit, this place doesn't get itself ready for the busiest night of the week.

EXT. GIN LANE/OUTSIDE MONKS – LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'Elephant' by Tame Impala

In QUICK TIME, three hours pass, STREET LIGHTS blink on, the people 'out out' on Gin Lane come in and out of bars, getting drunker and drunker, and slowly the queue to Monks gets BUSIER, ROWDIER, until everyone is inside, and there's a lull.

The Assistant Manager, Bran, and **DAVE ABBOT** (Resident DJ and Club Night Producer, 49, nervous twitch in one eye, battered Converse, faded jeans, an open shirt with white t-shirt underneath) are smoking by the door. Pete Bone and Mike are IDing the last of the people queuing to get in.

BRAN

Look out, Beadles about.

BEADLE (41, lanky, greasy hair, trousers slightly too short, cheap suit and shoes, glasses) shuffles up the street towards them.

MIKE

Ah, if it isn't our favourite Health and Safety Executive. What now, Beadle?

BEADLE

Rats, Mike.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Rats? No rats here Beadle. Not since last time you came poking round.

DAVE ABBOT

Yeah I've not seen any rats, Beadle.

BEADLE

Really?

He gets his phone out, taps, shows them the screen – a video posted to Facebook showing Pete Bone attacking something with a mop by the Monks bar.

MIKE

Looks to me like Pete decided he wanted to help clean up last night.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Exactly, he's such a helpful chap.

PETE BONE

I'm a dab hand with a mop.

Beadle puts his phone away, takes his filthy glasses off, CLEANS THEM SCRUPULOUSLY, then tucks his hands behind his back.

BEADLE

(seriously)

We also had three email complaints to the council today. There's no getting out of this one, chappies, I'm afraid. Not this time.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

OK, ok, say you're right, Beadle, and we have seen traces of our little friends. How long do we have to prove you wrong?

BEADLE

24 hours.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Give us a week. Come on Beadle, for a friend?

BEADLE

(considering)

Three days.

BRAN

You gentleman, Beadle.

BEADLE

But know this my chappies...when I come back at 7pm on Tuesday, if I see so much as a trace of a rat, Monks will be...well...quite simply - shut down for good.

He smiles smugly, and shuffles off. The men look at each other.

MIKE

Fuck.

PETE BONE

I told you those little fuckers would be the end of this place.

DAVE ABBOT

We can't let that happen. My mortgage is fucking scandalous. I need my cut.

BRAN

What are we going to do?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(checking they are alone on the street)

Fuck knows. But not a word to anyone else. We can't risk this getting to Terry and Karen, or even worse - Naylor.

PETE BONE

Why not? Serves them right for taking on this rat-infested place.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Because Pete, who do you think will take the fall if this goes tits up? Maybe the twats who have known about it for months and done nothing? Plus Naylor will fucking kill me in my sleep, the psychopath somehow has a key to my flat.

PETE BONE

(shrugging)

Just pulverise the lot of them. That's what I'd do to the little cunts.

MIKE

How did he get a fucking key to your flat?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Fuck knows...he knows fucking everyone in this city, he probably blew the estate agent, all to fuck with me. Fuck, fuck fuck! I need to think. And fucking dub step night is not the night for that.

DAVE ABBOT

Let me know if you need anything,
mate. I've got a number for a pest
control guy.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Cheers Dave. Let's just hope we
can get through tonight rat free.

Naylor walks out of the club -

NAYLOR

Alright twats, who was that?

PETE BONE

Beadle.

The Assistant Manager gives Pete a 'what the fuck' look.

PETE BONE

Wait, no it was someone who looked
like Beadle, but wasn't.

NAYLOR

It's alright Pete, no one is in
trouble. I know it was Beadle, he
messed me to say he was coming
up.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

We've got four days.

NAYLOR

Good. Let me know if I can help.

The men disperse as more people join the queue. Naylor catches
the Assistant Manager's eye, points threateningly at him, eyes
bulging - makes a walking gesture with his fingers.

NAYLOR

(mouthing)

J-O-B C-E-N-T-R-E...

INT. MONKS/DANCEFLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'Porcelain', by Moby.

PALE FACES popping pills in the darkness. People EATING each other's faces, OFF THEIR TITS, dancing in SLOW MOTION. A man DOWNS a pint, then pours a second one on his head. A group of lads film some poor guy being sick in the corner of the dancefloor and post it online, ZOOM IN TO THE PHONE SCREEN, as it RACKS UP LIKES in seconds. EMPTY DRUG BAGS, VAPES, PLASTIC CUPS on the floor. People BEGGING for water at the bar. And the Assistant Manager, standing on the edge of it all, TAKING IT ALL IN, but his mind not entirely there.

END MUSIC CUE

INT. MONKS/THE CLOAKROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The Assistant Manager sits in an OLD RED LEATHER CHAIR with his feet up on the cloakroom counter in front of him, looking pensive and pissed off. Customers come up to the counter to put in their COATS. 'Red' by Artwork is playing in the club.

Assistant Manager (V.O.)

I don't know whether it's just a coincidence, or that the guy who put it there is a pervert, but the cloakroom is opposite the Ladies' toilets. It's perhaps the strangest place in this godforsaken club – a money-making scheme, a shopper's delight, a place of solitude, desperation, ill health, and philosophy.

QUICK CUTS TO:

The graffiti, all over the walls: **DRUGS SEX & TEA, HOMOPHOBICS ARE GAY, COATS ARE FOR TWATS, HARRISON HAS HAIR LIKE PAT BUTCHER, DON'T EAT CHILDREN..**

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

It epitomises this club, and there are ghosts here suffering from an endless hangover. I fit right in whenever I cover Tattoo Paul to go for a fag, or three.

CUT TO:

A **POSH GUY**, well-dressed, holding a memory stick at the counter. Stuck below the counter on the inside (so only the staff can see it) is a cut out from a food and drink magazine that says **COCKTAIL OF THE MONTH**.

POSH GUY

My parents used to come here.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Great.

POSH GUY

Can I DJ?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Sorry?

POSH GUY

This DJ is frankly absolute shit. I will double the numbers through the door. I guarantee it. I won't even ask for a fee.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

What are you going to use?

POSH GUY

(thrusting out the memory stick)
This!

ASSISTANT MANAGER

I mean, I agree with you mate, I hate dubstep, but think about it – I can't just let you DJ.

Posh Guy stands back, **ALOOF**, shaking his head in disbelief.

POSH GUY

My parents used to come here.

SMASH CUT TO:

Two **PRETTY DRUNK GIRLS** at the counter.

PRETTY DRUNK GIRL 1

Hey, do you know where we can get some Es?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

NO!

SMASH CUT TO:

A **GUY OUT OF HIS HEAD** at the counter.

GUY OUT OF HIS HEAD

Yo mate, can I have two vodka cokes?

Assistant Manager

NO!

SMASH CUT TO:

A fucked girl dressed like **CRUELLA DE VIL** at the counter.

CRUELLA DE VIL

Can I put my coat in for free?

Assistant Manager

No.

CRUELLA DE VIL

Paul lets me.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

I'm not Paul.

CRUELLA DE VIL

Where is he?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Heaven.

CRUELLA DE VIL

You're a prick. You're not helping with my anxiety.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Look, come on, it's only a pound. Is it really going to ruin your night if you have to pay?

CRUELLA DE VIL

Why do you think you're better than everyone else? Just because you're posh, I do not fear you. It's people like you my therapist

has told me to cut out of my life.
So fuck you.

She gives him the MIDDLE FINGER, and storms off.

TATTOO PAUL (48, missing teeth, tight t-shirt showing off extensive tattoos, including an angel on his neck) appears at the counter, lifts it up, comes in.

TATTOO PAUL
Alright mate.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
You're too kind to these cretins.

TATTOO PAUL
It's Paul's Coat Room Emporium.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Some girl just called me posh...

TATTOO PAUL
Ah, tally ho, Bertie, did they call you posh? Fancy that, darling. Would Bertie like one of my finest Roses?

He grabs a BOX OF ROSES from the floor.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(taking one)
I do believe you eat too much chocolate, Ernest.

TATTOO PAUL
Well Bertie, when you haven't imbibed alcohol or drugs for twelve years, one's vices tend to become more homely.

Sam appears at the counter.

SAM
Need you. We've got a waster in the Gents'. Give us a Rose, Paul.

TATTOO PAUL

Fuck off Samuel. Well, tally ho to
you then Bertie.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Always a pleasure Ernest.

The Assistant Manager gets up, exits, and he and Sam move down
the corridor to -

INT. MONKS/THE GENTS' - CONTINUOUS

- where Mike is standing by the right cubicle.

MIKE

We just found him. The idiot has
collapsed with his back to the
door, jeans and boxers around his
ankles.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(banging on the door)

Mate! Wake up!

The men knock for a while. Finally, **DRUNK MAN** mumbles, a belt
buckle JANGLES and SCRAPES on the shitty tiled floor. Sam pushes
the door open and pokes his head in.

SAM

He's fucking shit himself, the
dirty bastard.

Drunk Man stumbles out of the cubicle, a DEAD STARE on his face,
caked in crap and dirt, a great big globule of TOILET ROLL stuck
to his neck. He stands at the sink in front of the mirror,
FUMBLES FOR THE TAPS.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Yep, and he's pissed and puked on
himself too.

MIKE

(sniggering)

I think he's got more pressing
problems than dirty hands.

SAM
(approaching Drunk Man)
Come on mate, time to go.

Sam escorts the guy out of the Gents'.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(looking at his watch)
How busy is it upstairs, Mike?

MIKE
Dead.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Ok, I'll shut that bar and take
the upstairs till at 3am then
mate.

INT. MONKS/DANCEFLOOR – LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'Tarantula' by Pendulum

The Assistant Manager stands on the edge of it all, fiddling
with his CLUB KEYS in one hand, looking distracted. He is
approached by a **GIRL**.

GIRL
Hey, do you work here?

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Yes. Why?

GIRL
Because there is a man over there
who is scaring me and my friends.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Ok, I'll deal with it. Where is
he?

GIRL
(pointing)
There.

CUT TO:

FREDDY NELSON – 20, fluffy blonde hair, low skinny jeans, innocent blue eyes in baby face – at the bar, like a toddler, fucked out of his face. Harrison and Jackson are spraying him with the soda guns.

FREDDY NELSON
WOWSER! REVVING! GOD YEAH!

He sways and clotheslines all the drinks off the bar with both arms.

INEZ
(trying to hand him a pint of water)
Freddy...Freddy...here, please please
have some water darling.

FREDDY
I'll drink water when I'm dead, Inezzzz.

Freddy stumbles, GRABS A RANDOM DRINK, tries to take a swig, pours it down himself.

CUT TO:

The Assistant Manager and the girl.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(smiling and patting her shoulder)
I wouldn't worry. He works here
too.

Bran, carrying a TOWER OF EMPTY PLASTIC CUPS squeezes through the crowd to stand next to them.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Bran, can you and Harrison hide
Freddy in the cloakroom? If Karen
decides to turn up and sees him
like that –

CUT TO:

Freddy – now BALANCING A PINT OF GUINNESS ON HIS HEAD and attempting to dance with a group of girls.

CUT TO:

ASSISTANT MANAGER (CONT'D)

- she'll probably sack him on the spot.

BRAN nods, and is lost in the crowd.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(warmly to the girl)

If I were you, I'd give him a wide berth until I can move him somewhere safe.

GIRL

Ok...thanks.

INT. MONKS/CLOAKROOM - LATER

The Assistant Manager, Mike, Bran, Tattoo Paul, and Naylor are standing by the counter, LOOKING DOWN at something on the floor, BEMUSED EXPRESSIONS on their faces.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

How did this even happen?

MIKE

Who brings a wooden spoon to a nightclub?

CUT TO:

Freddy Nelson conked out and snoring on the floor, a WOODEN SPOON down his pants, the words **I FUCK RATS** in black pen on his face.

BRAN

(laughing)

Nelson...

NAYLOR

If we didnt know he was a cunt, he looks so innocent.

TATTOO PAUL

Revvng!

FREDDY
(opening one eye)
God yeah...

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Leave him here to sleep it off a
bit, I'll check on him in half an
hour once I've cashed up.

INT. MONKS/UPSTAIRS BAR – LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'How You Like Me Now' by The Heavy

The Assistant Manager is at the TILL with his back turned. Staff are clearing up – WASHING plastic cups, WIPING down the counter, TURNING DRUNKS AWAY. Mike waits by the bar. The Assistant Manager takes the till and with Mike as his escort they move past drunk people –

INT. MONKS/STAIRS – CONTINUOUS

– down stairs soaked with booze, past a guy collapsed at the bottom, Sam trying to wake him up, to –

INT. MONKS/CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

– walk the length of the corridor, past the toilets and the cloakroom, to the Assistant Manager's office door, which he expertly unlocks with one hand, goes in – shuts and LOCKS the door.

CUT TO BLACK:

END MUSIC CUE

The Assistant Manager draws a DEEP breath. Lights a cigarette with his Zippo. Exhales.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)
Cashing up – staring into a screen
of numbers, trying to make
everything fit and restore some
balance to a place of moral
bankruptcy.

FADE IN:

INT. MONKS/ASSISTANT MANAGER'S OFFICE – LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'Chaise Longue' by Wet Leg

A spreadsheet on an old Windows computer, seen through tired and wired eyes,

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

When the new Owners arrived, Naylor made them kit his office out with state of the art fucking tech. Meanwhile me, I got his hand me downs...

He goes through the MOTIONS OF CASHING UP, getting frustrated, the spreadsheet too slow, the printer jamming.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

A thousand pounds here, a thousand pounds there. I'm ten pounds down on the upstairs bar till, but find it in the door till, use a pound from my pot on the desk to fill a gap, discover we're twenty quid down on downstairs till #2 but find it hiding in the change drawer, then print out the cash sheet on the dodgy printer, put it all in a bag and into the safe below – to which only the new owners have a key. I've put hundreds of thousands of pounds in there. Never to be seen again.

He puts a fat envelope of cash in the safe, sits back at his desk, opens Google on the computer, types in: **how to get rid of rats**. He scrolls through the results (**The city ruled by rats: three more venues shut down because of rat problems, Pest Advice for controlling rats**) and opens up **'They're all high': Rats eat evidence from police evidence room**. He laughs.

His phone vibrates. Text messages from Naylor:

Places to be tomorrow, family event. Need you to do the daytime prep jobs

Also - 🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭🐭

Also - You're a prick

Also - JOB CENTRE.

He sits back dejected, lights a cigarette, smokes, puts his head in his hands.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(shaking his head)
Fuck you Naylor, I just don't give
a fuck anymore. I'm out.

EXT. GIN LANE/OUTSIDE MONKS - LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'Hunger of the Pine' by Alt-J

The Assistant Manager locks the doors to Monks. He walks a short way up the street and sees Drunk Man collapsed on the steps down to the road. His head is in a POLYSTYRENE BOX of half-eaten chips and there is KETCHUP and MAYO in his hair.

The Assistant Manager stands there for a few seconds, walks a few yards on. Stops. Goes back and sits down beside Drunk Man. Lights a cigarette. LOOKS down at him.

SMASH CUT TO:

Drunk Man has BECOME THE ASSISTANT MANAGER - lying there, TWISTED and WASTED, the ketchup could be BLOOD, the mayo could be his BRAINS.

The Assistant Manager takes his phone out of his pocket.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (ON PHONE)
Hello mate, yep, it's me again.
Listen, we've got another
situation. Yeah...he's got
money....cool, see you soon.

He looks at his phone. Reads it. His hands start to shake.

TEXT MESSAGE ON SCREEN from an unsaved number received at 9.30pm the previous evening:

I'll be coming round tomorrow to pick up the rest of my stuff. Please make sure you're not there. I'll put my key back through the letterbox. C

Drunk Man stirs, looks blearily up at the Assistant Manager like he's an angel of god.

DRUNK MAN

Johnny?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

No mate. I'm not Johnny. How the fuck have you got in this state, buddy?

DRUNK MAN

(moaning, crying a little)

I'm just so fucking bored of life, Johnny.

The Assistant Manager puts a comforting hand on Drunk Man's shoulder, whose sobs intensify.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

I know, mate. I know. But it could be worse, you could be days away from losing the only thing you have left thanks to some fucking rats and a massive cunt.

CUT TO:

A LONG SHOT of Gin Lane in QUICK TIME. The Assistant Manager continually SMOKING next to Drunk Man, a TAXI comes, the Assistant Manager helps the guy get in, tucks a £20 into Drunk Man's top pocket. Then he sits there until the SUN comes up, as if he's waiting for an answer to a dilemma. Finally, he makes a decision, and GOES BACK INTO THE CLUB.

CUT TO BLACK:

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

Years mean nothing to me. It doesn't matter what month it is. Weeks pass like days. Hours no

longer exist. They go far too quickly, alone, smoking, drinking, eating crap, thinking about the people I used to know – too numb to think, too tired to sleep, too cold to feel.

INT. MONKS/DOWNSTAIRS BAR – THAT SAME MORNING

The Assistant Manager walks around the dark club, smoking a cigarette, his tattered shoes STICKING TO THE FLOOR.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

This wretched building...Nothing works. The sinks are blocked. The drains smell. The toilets are broken. The walls are crumbling. The ceiling is leaking. It reeks of sweat left to fester, puke cleaned up but still lingering, the clinical whiff of every evil alcohol.

INT. MONKS/ASSISTANT MANAGER'S OFFICE – LATER THAT MORNING

The Assistant Manager doing paperwork, swigging a can of coke, scrabbling around his desk trying to find something

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

Paperwork.

INT. MONKS/CELLAR – LATER THAT MORNING

The Assistant Manager checking stock in the cellar, smoking a cigarette, trying to stay awake.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

Booze order.

INT. MONKS/DOWNSTAIRS BAR – LATER THAT MORNING

The Assistant Manager hitting a rusty pipe under the bar with a hammer, and beer spraying everywhere

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)
Maintenance.

INT. MONKS/DANCEFLOOR – LATER THAT MORNING

The Assistant Manager sweeping up RAT DROPPINGS from behind the DJ booth.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)
Cleaning...It's what Sundays are for, when you're cunt boss bails his shift again, and gives them to you. The tragedy is when you'd rather do this than go home. Now, just to solve an out of control rat infestation.

FADE TO BLACK:

The SOUND OF HUNDREDS OF RATS, enough to make your skin crawl a thousand times over.

INT. MONKS/CELLARS – LATER THAT MORNING

A doorway, light around the edges. A hinge squeaks. The Assistant Manager fumbles for a light. Flicks it on. The room is illuminated. OLD DUSTY BOTTLES on the shelves, FADED FLYERS, RUSTY BARRELS. It is also completely full of RATS, writhing and nibbling and gnawing. At the end of the room is another door – old, rusted, padlocked. One of the rats, the biggest, looks at him as it chews on a polystyrene box.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Fuck...so you must be the Rat King?
If you could tell your minions to all fuck off, I'd really appreciate it. I'll even give you some cheese.

He throws a BUCKET OF RAT POISON into the room, and slams the door shut as the rats writhe and squeak.

EXT. OUTSIDE MONKS/GIN LANE – MIDDAY

MUSIC CUE: 'House of the Rising Sun' by The Animals

The Assistant Manager locks the doors and steps out onto the street. Blinks in the sun, dazed. He lights a cigarette, leans on the railings, smokes, puts his phone to his ear.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Hey mate, Dave Abbot gave me your number.

PEST CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Mate it's a fucking Sunday.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Look, it's a bit of an emergency. I need to get rid of some rats by Tuesday evening.

PEST CONTROLLER (V.O.)

You're having a laugh mate, I'm up to my eyes in rats already. Three week wait list.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Three weeks?! You're fucking joking. Do you know anyone else who could do it?

PEST CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Nah not really mate. Google it. But I expect they will say the same thing. This city is fucking filthy right now. Rats, cockroaches, wasps, ants, bedbugs, termites, fleas...fucking fleas are the worst, I tell you, the other day I-

The Assistant Manager hangs up. Googles: **pest control near me**. Tries a few numbers, gets frustrated, no luck, nothing doing. He moves up the street, smoking and goes into -

INT. THE BELLHOP/BAR - CONTINUOUS

- where he joins a few solitary day time drinkers at the bar. On the wall by the optics is a newspaper clipping: **DO YOU LIKE**

BEING THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION? The Assistant Manager nods to barman **NICK** (32, dark hair and solid beard, wearing at least two long necklaces, black chest hair poking out of the top of his unbuttoned shirt, the sort of guy you want to like you.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Large Bloody Mary please mate.

NICK
Of course mate.

A **GUY AT THE BAR** sidles up to the Assistant Manager.

GUY AT THE BAR
Hey! What band is on tonight? I might pop in.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Sunday. We're shut and I get a night off.

GUY AT THE BAR
Ahh, fair enough.

NICK
(putting the Bloody Mary on the bar)
Here you go mate. Extra special.
Long shift?

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(nodding, exhausted)
Just finished.

He hands Nick **THREE POUND COINS**. And gets three pounds back in 50ps.

FREEZE FRAME on the **MONEY CHANGING HANDS**.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)
Yeah, this is an unofficial yet steadfast agreement, and one that cannot be spoken of under any circumstances.

END FREEZE FRAME

NICK

One of your new owners was in here the other night. Karen? Came nosing in about eleven to see how busy we were. Didn't even have a drink.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

I told her from day one that these two places are like twins. She seems intent on severing that symbiosis.

GUY AT THE BAR

So true! I sometimes think they are the same place.

NICK

Well, they used to be run by the same guy. Ian still owns the Monks building, he just leases it to them. In fact, he owns most of Gin Lane.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

How is Ian?

NICK

He's alright...but you know how he is, with his socks and sandals and fucking spreadsheets. But I can't really complain. He did give me a bonus when I finally bought my boat.

GUY AT THE BAR

You live on a boat? That's seriously cool man...

Guy At The Bar takes a cigarette from a packet, tucks it behind his ear, and heads outside.

NICK

(leaning over the bar,
conspiratorially)

So, talking of Ian, he did let slip something to me the other day

that I think you need to know
mate.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

What?

NICK

Terry and Karen have an ultimatum,
6 months to prove Monks can make
money again. Otherwise...

ASSISTANT MANAGER

He's finally selling the building?

NICK

Yep. Potential buyers have already
made enquiries. And Ian is
seriously considering them.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Fuck...

NICK

I know right.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

No Monks...a frightening prospect.

NICK

What would you do?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

I don't think I can handle the
implications of that question
right now mate. Not today. Fuck.

A customer comes in, and Nick gives the Assistant Manager a
final sombre look, before going to serve them.

The Assistant Manager's phone buzzes.

Text message exchange:

MIKE: Any joy with the rat man?

ASSISTANT MANAGER: Nope. We're fucked. tried every pest guy in
the city.

MIKE: FUCK. Meet later?

ASSISTANT MANAGER: Tomorrow? done in. haven't been home yet mate. Naylor fucking made me work today. Thank fuck we are shut Mondays.

MIKE: He's such a cunt. Has his tongue so deep up Karen's arse too. Hopefully the poison does it stuff with the fuckers by then. Or we could just send Dave in with a mop??????? 😂😂😂😂

The Assistant Manager laughs maniacally, then throws his phone down on the bar, zones out. He picks up his Bloody Mary with SHAKING hands and takes a big GULP, but his respite is interrupted by – Cub and Jeremy, accompanied by LUKE (21, solid moustache, the sort of lad who gets all the ladies, jeans and a t-shirt that says **MY NAME IS LUKE, NOW TAKE YOUR PANTS OFF**). They all greet the Assistant Manager enthusiastically.

LUKE

Four tuacas please, Nick.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Please no.

They force it into his TREMBLING hand. CLINK glasses, TIP it back.

FREEZE FRAME

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

We have an aimless, comfortable existence that ends at closing time and begins when the doors open the next morning. Although, in The Bellhop, we wear our day faces to pretend this is a sanctuary and not just another House of the Rising Sun...

END FREEZE FRAME

Stay on the drinkers, who proceed to get drunk until the screen turns blurry and then –

EXT. GIN LANE/OUTSIDE MONKS – NIGHT

The Assistant Manager stumbles along the street, trying to light his cigarette. He trips, falls, drops his Zippo which disappears down the grate. RATS SQUEAKING.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Fuck.

He pulls his phone out, uses the torch to look down the grate into the Monk's cellar. We see THOUSANDS OF LITTLE RAT EYES, his face reflected back at him.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM – LATER THAT NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: 'Horizon' by Aldous Harding

A key SCRAPES multiple times in the lock, until finally the door opens. The Assistant Manager stands in the doorway like a ghost. He moves into his flat and looks around at the place that has practically been STRIPPED BARE in his absence. He stumbles to the bedroom, COLLAPSES on the bed. He goes to sleep to the sound of RATS gnawing at his brain.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/BEDROOM – THE NEXT EVENING

The Assistant Manager wakes, late daylight showing through the curtains. He FUMBLES for his phone. The time is 5.03pm.

TEXT MESSAGES FROM MUM:

Are you awake yet? What's happening with you and C? X

Call me when you wake up. We are at a nice anchorage all day with signal and wifi. X

Are you still remembering to take your medication?? xx

*Please get in touch. I'm worried. Love you always my boy. Mum.
Xx*

He THROWS his phone across the room, rolls over.

END MUSIC CUE

INT. ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM – EVENING

The Assistant Manager on his sofa, wearing a hoody and jogging bottoms, eating directly from a BOX OF CEREAL, his eyes constantly flicking to the door as if someone is about to come through it. On the coffee table in front of him are a number of unopened letters marked URGENT. He flicks through the TV channels. He stops on the channel showing Shrek: Forever After. He watches, numb. THE PIED PIPER APPEARS ON THE SCREEN. He sits up.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

That's it. That's fucking it!

He picks his phone up. Types. Stands.

MUSIC CUE: 'Get It On' by T-Rex

EXT. GIN LANE/OUTSIDE MUNKS – NIGHT

The Assistant Manager smoking at the railings, looking down into the road. He has a plastic bag on the floor next to him. Mike, Bran, and Pete Bone walk towards him. Pete is carrying TWO BUCKETS and a PLASTERER'S FLOAT. Mike a BAG OF PLASTER and TWO SHOVELS, Bran TWO TINS OF PAINT.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Evening chaps.

MIKE

I take it you have a plan, and haven't lost the plot.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Pied Piper.

PETE BONE

He has fucking lost it.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

We can't get rid of the fuckers.
So we're going to hide them.

BRAN

Hide them? Where?

The Assistant Manager takes his set of Monk's keys out of his pocket. Finds an old, rusty looking one. Holds it up.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

In the fucking tunnels.

MIKE

(flummoxed)

Where's the fucking pipe to get them there?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(nudging the plastic bag at his feet)

Here. Just missing one key ingredient...Bran?

BRAN

(tapping his pocket)

I've got it, mate. You owe me £100.

END MUSIC CUE

INT. MONKS/CELLARS - LATER

A doorway, light around the edges. A hinge squeaks. Figures. The lights come on. The Assistant Manager - Mike, Bran, Pete at his shoulders.

PETE BONE

Fuck this. There are thousands of the fuckers.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Stop being a fanny, Pete. Go and mix the plaster if you're shitting your pants already.

PETE BONE

(pale as milk)

I'm not shitting my pants.

The sound of rats NIBBLING AND SQUEAKING is punctuated by a LOUD FART.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Pete, for fuck's sake.

MIKE

Good lord Pete, that's chronic.

PETE BONE

Fuck off alright, it's my IBS.

MIKE

(nudging a pellet with his foot)
Poison did fuck all. It's made them breed if anything.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(handing Mike the plastic bag)

Here, tip all this shit in one of those buckets mate.

MIKE

It fucking stinks.

BRAN

That's Pete.

PETE BONE

Fuckin' isn't.

Mike tips the bag into the bucket – a concoction of VEGETABLES, CHOCOLATE, CHEESE, KEBAB MEAT, NUTS, SOAP.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Bran?

Bran hands him a LARGE BAGGY OF WEED. The Assistant Manager sprinkles most of it in the bucket, then sprinkles some on the floor. The rats immediately swarm.

MIKE

They fucking love it.

PETE BONE

Druggy fucking rats.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Now, get the shovels, brooms,
anything. We've got to remove all
of them from here before we
barricade them in.

MUSIC CUE: 'This Is Not a Song, It's an Outburst: Or, the
Establishment Blues' by Rodriguez

The Assistant Manager strides through the rat's nest, holding
the BUCKET, a few of them nibble at his feet, some jump on his
legs, frantic to get to the bucket. Halfway there he stops,
bends down, retrieves his Zippo lighter. Looks up at the grate
above, shards of daylight shining down on his face. He smiles.

PETE BONE

Well, it was good knowing him.
Fair play to the man, putting his
life on the line for this shit
hole.

MIKE

(looking at the floor, where
a few rats are already
comatose)
Shut up, Pete. Go and get the
fucking shovels.

The Assistant Manager reaches the door at the end of the cellar.
He takes the key, unlocks the padlock, pulls it open. Then he
throws the contents of the bucket into the tunnel beyond. Most
of the rats swarm madly past him, disappearing into the dark,
squeaking.

MIKE

Fuck.

BRAN

Fucking genius.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Quick, get these stoned fuckers in
there too.

BEGIN MONTAGE

CUT TO:

Mike, Bran, the Assistant Manager, and Pete (begrudgingly) SWEEPING AND SHOVELLING STONED RATS THROUGH THE DOORWAY. Mike bending down to get one under a shelf by the tail. Bran uses a PINT GLASS to scoop one up. Pete kicking the last few through the door. The Assistant Manager slamming the door shut.

CUT TO:

Pete Bone MIXING UP PLASTER, then slathering it over the brick to hide the door edges, whilst the other men scrub and clean the cellar to within an inch of its life.

CUT TO:

Bran, Mike, and the Assistant Manager sitting on old rusty barrels drinking BEERS. Pete finishing the edges of the wall, his top off, a huge Bruce Li Dragon tattoo on his back.

CUT TO:

The men PAINTING the wall a ruby red colour.

CUT TO:

The Assistant Manager, Mike, and Bran using dirty mouldy cloths and mops to rub black dirt over the wall. Pete creating a few strategic cracks. They step back, admire their handiwork – a wall that looks like it's been there for years.

INT. MONKS/TRIUM – TUESDAY, EARLY EVENING

The Assistant Manager stands nervously by the door till at the counter, looking up every few seconds. He's playing Scrabble with **SHELLEY** – 25, blonde, nose piercing, heavily pregnant, an 'I don't take any shit' look on her face – she has just played the word PREGGERS. Pete Bone and Mike are lurking just outside the door. Beside them Bran is smoking endless cigarettes, on lookout.

The Assistant Manager's phone buzzes. Text message exchange:

NAYLOR: You better have fucking sorted it. I've got your P60 printed ready cunt.

ASSISTANT MANAGER: It's done.

SHELLEY

You alright?

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Look, don't say anything to
anyone, but Beadle is coming any
minute.

SHELLEY
Ahhh.Rats?

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Hopefully not.

MUSIC CUE: 'Carnival of the Animals: Royal March of the Lions'
by Camille Saint-Saens.

CUT TO:

The door, Beadle, looking in, holding a clipboard. He shuffles
inside. Nods at the Assistant Manager, who smiles, gestures for
him to follow him into the club.

INT. MONKS/UPSTAIRS BAR – MOMENTS LATER

Beadle – inspecting EVERY INCH of the place, including getting
down on to his hands and knees to practically sniff the floor.
The Assistant Manager lurking, nervously. Bran appears, white as
a sheet. The Assistant Manager SHOOS him downstairs.

INT. MONKS/STAIRWAY – MOMENTS LATER

Beadle – holding a MAGNIFYING GLASS, inspecting large cracks in
the walls, running a long yellow-nailed finger across the rusty
handrail, examining dust particles on his finger tip.

INT. MONKS/DANCEFLOOR – MOMENTS LATER

Beadle – looking at his CLIPBOARD, marching across the lit dance
floor. He stops by the DJ booth, writes something down.

INT. MONKS/DOWNSTAIRS BAR – MOMENTS LATER

Beadle – looking under the bar, his lanky legs sticking out
showing Daffy Duck socks.

INT. MONKS/SINK ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Beadle – surveying the dirty floors, bending down triumphantly to pick up a BLACK SPECK. The Assistant Manager holds his breath. The little speck moves, a WOODLOUSE.

INT. MONKS/CELLAR – MOMENTS LATER

Beadle – perspiring now, points at the barrels, and the Assistant Manager moves them so he can inspect behind. Begrudgingly satisfied, Beadle points at the door to the second cellar.

INT. MONKS/SECOND CELLAR – MOMENTS LATER

A doorway, light around the edges. A hinge squeaks. Figures. The lights come on. Beadle frowns, surveys the room. The Assistant Manager strides into a place unrecognisable from a day ago. It is spotless. Beadle shakes his head, WRITES ON HIS CLIPBOARD.

INT. MONKS/CLOAKROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Bran sitting in the chair. The Assistant Manager leaning on the wall. Beadle reading the graffiti on the walls, shaking his head. In the corner is KING RAT, looking at them. Bran makes a small noise, the Assistant Manager freezes. Beadle is still reading the graffiti, unaware of the little visitor. The Assistant Manager GRABS A HOODY from a peg, THROWS IT over the King Rat, just as Beadle turns, gives them a small disappointed smile, nods, and leaves. The Assistant Manager and Bran grin, let out deep breaths.

INT. MONKS/ATRIUM – MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'White Room' by Cream

The Assistant Manager walks in from the club. Dave Abbot is waiting nervously by the till, Mike and Pete look in from the door. The Assistant Manager gives them all A BIG THUMBS UP.

DAVE ABBOT

You fucking beauty.

The Assistant Manager and Dave Abbot go outside, jubilant –

EXT. OUTSIDE MONKS/THE QUEUE – CONTINUOUS

– where there are 40 STUDENTS waiting in the queue, all pissed up already. Mike and Pete Bone have been joined by bouncers **BILL** – 45, glasses, short ginger crew cut, could be an accountant, most likely still a virgin – and **SLICER** – 38, short, wiry, buzzing, fists wrapped up in tape like a bare knuckle boxer.

STUDENT

Hey, can we come in yet?

DAVE ABBOT

Not long now, 10 minutes until we open.

Harrison, Cub, and Jackson saunter down Gin Lane from The Bellhop and GREET them.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Harrison, Jackson – downstairs bar with Bran. Inez is in at 11. Cub, upstairs bar please. Freddy Maytal is in at 10.30 to join you.

DAVE ABBOT

Ready for another Cheese you lot?

HARRISON

Can't bloody wait Dave.

INT. MONKS/DANCEFLOOR AND BAR – LATER

Students getting drunk on cheap doubles, and doing all manner of things to 'Take on Me' by a-ha. The queue for the bar is 30 DEEP. The bar staff are laughing and joking. The time on the CLOCK is 1.30am. The Assistant Manager stands on the edge of the dancefloor, a relieved man. A ginger kid with no shirt on wanders through the midst of it all, **MY PARENTS ARE COMING TOMORROW** written on his chest. He stumbles through a group of girls in their early 20s on the dance floor. One of them, wearing a Nirvana t-shirt with a picture of the baby from 'Nevermind' on the front, black leggings, boots, too much eye makeup – looks up and catches the Assistant Manager's eye, a slight smile on her face. The Assistant Manager SMILES BACK.

INT. MONKS/ASSISTANT MANAGER'S OFFICE – LATER

MUSIC CUE: 'God's Gonna Cut You Down' by Johnny Cash

The Assistant Manager swigs from a beer, sits down at his desk, lights a cigarette. The screensaver on his computer says YOU AND WHOSE ARMY? He wakes the screen up with the mouse, and opens Windows Explorer, clicks in THE SEARCH BAR.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

What the fuck?

On the screen the MOST RECENT GOOGLE SEARCHES are:

**what to do if you lose your job unfairly / should i leave my
boyfriend if he won't marry me / job centre near me**

He sits back, looking PERPLEXED.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Who the fuck has been in my
office?

He sighs, suddenly looking BEYOND TIRED. He shuts his eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

Blazing fire, SCREAMING VOICES, a building collapsing.

END MUSIC CUE

SMASH CUT TO:

The Assistant Manager's face, EYES SNAPPING OPEN, and he is now
in –

INT. MONKS/UPSTAIRS MUSIC CAFE – THE NEXT EVENING

All the bar staff and the bouncers are gathered in the cafe, some sitting, some standing awkwardly. Naylor leans against the wall at the back. The Assistant Manager stands with Harrison on the opposite side of the room. Karen, Terry, and Dom are at the front, Dom midway through talking about his new Friday night.

HARRISON

(whispering)
You ok mate?

ASSISTANT MANAGER
(nodding)
Can't believe I got out of bed for
this.

DOM
...so yeah, that's our vision,
that's our plan. DESIRE is a truly
exciting time for Monks.

KAREN
Thank you Dom...very exciting
indeed, and we can't wait for the
launch of DESIRE next Friday. Now,
does anyone have any questions?

CUB
(raising her hand)
What is happening with the staff
contracts?

KAREN
We are still working on them.

JACKSON
Still?

KAREN
(glaring)
It's important to get these things
right.

FREDDY NELSON
(raising his hand, BLACK PEN MARKS
still visible on his face)
Erm...a mate of mine has expressed
an interest in working here. Shall
I just get him to drop his CV in,
or...?

KAREN
(smiling)
Ah yes, thank you for reminding me
Freddy.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(whispering to Harrison)
She wouldn't be smiling at him like that if she'd seen him with that spoon up his arse last Saturday.

Harrison tries and fails to SMOTHER A LAUGH.

KAREN
We bought a business here that we want to expand. We like to think of Monks as a family, and we want to extend that family. We want some new blood. So, if any of you have any friends who you think might want to work here, give me their details. Terry, Naylor, and I will start interviewing next week.

DEATHLY SILENCE. Most of the staff look at the Assistant Manager, try to CATCH HIS EYE.

KAREN
Also, I want to draw your attention to the signs behind the bars if you haven't seen them already.

She points to the wall.

A sign that says **Monks: THE FUTURE** on the wall.

The staff roll their eyes.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

KAREN (CONT'D)
We just want to reiterate how important it is to not call this place a nightclub. That may have been the direction under the previous owner, but not us. Monks is a Live Music Venue. You only have to look at the names we've put on the walls to see that. And to advertise this rebirth, we need

it to begin with you guys. If we hear anybody calling it a nightclub, we will correct them.

INEZ

(raising her hand)

Will our hours be changing, in this not nightclub?

KAREN

(without looking Inez in the eye)

I know that you have grown used to your fixed hours under the previous regime and in the transition period, but do not be surprised if they begin to be cut down slightly whilst we head into our quieter period of business. What I will say though, is that in the short time we have been here, we have seen some worrying behaviour – complacency, laziness, and just downright unacceptable, such as drinking on shift. We will not tolerate that anymore. No one's job is safe. Treat the next few weeks, even months, as a trial shift.

An awkward buzz. Whispering. Staff looking awkwardly at each other. Karen's phone PINGS. She checks it, frowns towards Inez, then gives Naylor the most fleeting of suspicious looks.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(whispering to Harrison)

If they last that long..

HARRISON

What have you heard?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Nick heard directly from Ian that they are on a timer...they have to

start turning a profit, or they're out...

HARRISON

And Monks?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Shut. For good. Ian has already had contact from a potential buyer.

HARRISON

Fuck...

KAREN

Now...one final thing. Terry and I want to extend our personal gratitude to your Manager.

Everyone looks at Naylor, who makes a show of looking around, pretending to be humble – WHO ME?

KAREN

We came perilously close this week, whilst Terry and I were away, to being shut down for good by the council. Rats are all over this city, not just in our building, but thanks to Naylor's hard work and dedication – we are now rat free. So, we all thank you Naylor, for keeping us open.

JACKSON

Get on Naylor!

INEZ

You hero, Naylor.

Bran, Mike, and Pete Bone look darkly at the Assistant Manager, who looks at the floor, quietly fuming.

KAREN

Unless anyone has anything else, I hope you'll all join us for a

drink and we can get to know each other a bit better.

NAYLOR

First round is on me, everyone.

The staff disperse. The Assistant Manager, Tattoo Paul, Jackson, Harrison, Bran, Jeremy, and Cub immediately head out the door to

—

EXT. OUTSIDE MONKS CAFE/THE STREET — CONTINUOUS

— where they all light cigarettes.

JACKSON

What the fuck.

TATTOO PAUL

Shit about to get real.

HARRISON

I mean, come on guys — let's give them a chance to turn this place around. It's been dying for years afterall.

JEREMY

A chance to what, fuck us all over?

CUB

One thing is for sure...no one is safe.

TATTOO PAUL

Did you see how she wouldn't look at Inez? I tell you, shit is about to go down...

BEAT. They smoke in silence, thinking seriously.

BRAN

Bellhop?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(watching Naylor laughing with

Karen through the window)
Bellhop.

They all walk up the street to -

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BELLHOP - CONTINUOUS

- where they go in through the open door, 'Coco Mango' by MF Doom playing inside. There's the sound of LAUGHING AND JOKING, CLINKING GLASSES, snippets of conversation. The last of the light leaves the street, DARKNESS SETS IN - the frivolity continues.

CUT TO BLACK:

MUSIC CUE: 'Luminous' by Ludovico Einaudi

FADE IN:

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. A CITY PARK - MORNING, THE NEXT DAY

A sunny day in a civilised city. People stroll around the park, walking their dogs.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The Assistant Manager alone, lying in bed, smoking a cigarette and looking up at the CEILING, his eyes darting to the door every so often.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. A CITY PARK - MOMENTS LATER

A girl sniffs a fresh flower. A gentle breeze. Wildlife in the trees, the grass, the flower beds.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The Assistant Manager sits on his sofa, BOUNCING A BALL off the wall.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. A CITY PARK – MOMENTS LATER

People sitting on the lush grass, drinking coffee, laughing.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

The Assistant Manager DROPS THE BALL. Sighs. He looks at his WATCH. Heaves himself up. In the corner is a LARGE CAGE, King Rat looking at him expectantly through the bars. The Assistant Manager takes a SLICE OF CHEESE from the kitchen counter, bends down at the cage.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Yeah, I know what it's like mate,
being stuck in a cage.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ASSISTANT MANAGER'S FLAT/BATHROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The Assistant Manager, naked, looking in the mirror, the shower running, the mirror STEAMS up until he can no longer see his face.

EXT. A CITY STREET – AFTERNOON

The Assistant Manager strolls along with the crowds, PEERING IN SHOP WINDOWS. He buys a book. He buys a new pair of jeans. He gets his haircut.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (V.O.)

A whole day off. A whole fucking
day to try and remember that I am
in fact a semi-functioning member
of society...arent I?

EXT. A CAFE – LATER

The Assistant Manager sits in the window of a cafe, reading 'THE ROAD' by Cormac McCarthy.

MONTAGE END

MUSIC CUE END

EMO GUY 1 (O.S)
Hey mate! Good to see you.

The Assistant Manager looks up BEGRUDGINGLY at **TWO EMO GUYS** and an **EMO GIRL** standing next to him. He doesn't recognise them.

EMO GUY 1
So good to see you. The other week was fucking madness. Wasn't it guys? FUCK-ING MAD-NESS.

The Assistant Manager takes a sip of his coffee.

EMO GUY 2
Also by the way mate, we saw you on TV last year, on the news in that piece about Monks. So sick. That reporter was super hot too.

EMO GUY 1
So sick. Wish we had been on it that night. Always wanted to be on TV. Especially if I'm off my tits!

The Assistant Manager drinks his coffee.

EMO GUY 1
We were wondering if you could get us on the guestlist for tonight mate?

He and his friends look ENTHUSIASTIC.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
It's my one night off, mate.

MUSIC CUE: 'Iron Sky' by Paulo Nutini

He turns back to his book, and puts it up IN FRONT OF HIS FACE.

EXT. THE STREET - LATER

The Assistant Manager wanders back up through town, a lost soul, the world, the iron sky, the grey buildings revolving around him, all on his shoulders. He CLOSES his eyes.

EXT. OUTSIDE MONKS/THE QUEUE - NIGHT, OLD TV FOOTAGE

TEXT: 1 YEAR AGO

A **YOUNG FEMALE REPORTER** is standing on the street next to the busy queue of revellers queuing to get in, some hammered already and trying to get their mugs on camera.

REPORTER

With the news this week from the Music Venue Trust that more and more grassroots music venues are closing for good in the UK, tonight we are at one that is still alive...

EXT. GIN LANE - NIGHTFALL, PRESENT DAY

The Assistant Manager reaches Gin Lane, he leans against the wall across the street from Monks. Lights a cigarette. Looks over at the queue to get in, which slowly gets busier as people come out of The Bellhop, and move towards Monks. Karen stands by the door, arms crossed beside Mike and Sam, who ignore her. Naylor comes out, stands with Karen and the two of them have a conversation. Karen puts a hand on his shoulder warmly, before they both turn and go into the atrium. The Assistant Manager laughs, shakes his head, CLOSES his eyes.

EXT. OUTSIDE MONKS/THE QUEUE - NIGHT, OLD TV FOOTAGE

The reporter moves down the queue, stopping at **TWO GIRLS** with saucers for eyes, wearing too much makeup and too few clothes.

REPORTER

How often do you come to Monks?
What do you like about it?

GIRL 1

We're here every weekend! We love this place.

GIRL 2

Particularly the double vodka drink deals.

REPORTER

And how many drinks do you usually have in a night?

GIRL 1

As many as we can really!

GIRL 2

Yeah, usually like 12, then shots too.

GIRL 1

Until we can't stand up.

GIRL 2

Then we get a kebab.

They grab each other in a laughing fit. The queue moves. A **WIRED GUY** wearing a beanie hat moves into view, smiles goofily at the camera, licks his lips.

REPORTER

And how about you? If Monks closes, like so many nightclubs and live music venues are right now, how would that make you feel?

WIRED GUY

This place, it's legendary man, it's like our church or something. Because like, this world right now, it's so depressing, you've got kids on social media all day, kids committing suicide because they are worrying about climate change, or if they have enough likes on Insta, all that stuff..Anyway it's all too much. There's like a mental health

crisis out there, everyone has something going on, all my mates do, I do, everyone does...but this place it stops us worrying about things, because here, we're like...free from all of that.

TWO DRUNK GUYS behind him lean in and pull stupid faces.

GUYS BEHIND HIM
FREE TO GET DRUUUUJUNK!

The camera cuts to a wide shot of people going in to the club, the bouncers IDing on the door. Cuts to a shot of the atrium from the doorway, as customers pay and get their hand stamped. Cuts to the names of bands on the wall inside, pans slowly across them – we see **The Smiths 83, Oasis 94, Klaxons 06, Blur 90, The Cure 83, the Killers 04, Radiohead 92** among others. We cut back to the queue outside, where the Assistant Manager stands at the door under the Monks sign, looking down the queue, talking to Mike. They both avoid looking at the camera. Naylor comes out, a proud bastard, barks something at the Assistant Manager, who walks inside.

REPORTER (V.O)

Monks has been here since 1972, and it's seen the likes of The Smiths, Radiohead, Ed Sheeran, Simian Mobile Disco, and Mumford and Sons play here on their way to fame. Tonight, these revellers are queuing up to see the next up and coming live act...but, there is a concern that hand-in-hand with these places comes excessive drinking, drugs, and general antisocial behaviour. Indeed, residents on this street have been campaigning for years that should Monks indeed shut like so many other venues, it won't be able to open again as it is now...a thriving nightclub that means the world to these people. My name is

Sophie Green, reporting for
Channel Four news.

EXT. GIN LANE – NIGHT, PRESENT DAY

The Assistant Manager smokes, still watching Monks from across the street. But now IT'S ON FIRE. Smoke pours from the windows, flames spit from the doorway.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

But the truth is, most of us want
to set this shit hole on fire. We
just want the world to start
again.

He blinks, the fire is gone. He turns and walks off in the direction of home.

MUSIC CUE END

CUT TO BLACK:

Someone FLICKING OPEN A ZIPPO, lighting the flame.

END CREDITS

MUSIC CUE: 'When the Night Comes' by Dan Auerbach