

A TURN OF THE WHEEL

Written by

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**SC1. EXT. A BMW WITH TINTED WINDOWS PARKED
OUTSIDE A BANK IN TAINSTAL, AN SMALL TOWN IN THE
SOUTH WEST. LUNCHTIME**

[FOUR HARDENED AND GRIM FACED MEN
ARE SITTING IN THE CAR, TWO IN THE
FRONT AND TWO IN THE REAR. THEY ARE
SILENT FOR A FEW MOMENTS AS THE
THREE PASSENGERS GATHER THEIR
WEAPONS TOGETHER; THREE SAWN OFF
SHOTGUNS]

VILLAIN 1 [TO DRIVER]:

OKAY NOW THIS IS YOUR FIRST JOB

[THE DRIVER NODS NERVOUSLY]

WHEN I COME OUT IF YOU'RE NOT HERE,
KEEP DRIVING. DON'T EVEN STOP FOR
JUICE. IF YOU DO I'LL FIND YOU WITH THIS
[LIFTS SHOTGUN TO HIS OWN MOUTH AND
PUTS IT IN AND THEN REMOVES IT] THAT'S
ONE REFILL YOU WON'T WANT.

DRIVER:

I'LL BE HERE

VILLAIN 2 [IN REAR]:

HEY, I VOUCHED FOR HIM DIDN'T I?

VILLAIN 1 [TURNS TOWARD HIM AND
SNEERS]:

IT'S A DOUBLE BARRELL

VILLAIN 3 [IN REAR]:

JESUS WE HAVEN'T EVEN DONE THE
FUCKING JOB AND WE'RE ARGUING.

[PAUSE]

VILLAIN 1 [LOOKS AT WATCH]:

IT'S TIME

[THEY ALL DON BALACLAVAS EXCEPT THE
DRIVER, EXIT THE CAR AND MOVE
TOWARD THE BANK DOORS]

CUT TO:

**SC2. EXT. A STREET IN A HOUSING ESTATE IN TAINSTAL
AROUND MIDDAY. PRESENT TIME.**

[THE SKY IS OVERCAST AND THE AIR HAS THAT DAMP QUALITY AFTER A SHORT BOUT OF DRIZZLE THAT THREATENS TO DRIZZLE AGAIN AND AGAIN WITHOUT EVER RESORTING TO A CATHARTIC DOWNPOUR. A CAR TURNS SLOWLY LEFT INTO THE STREET AND CRAWLS TO A STOP NY THE KERB. IT'S A NEWISH DARK BLUE MERCEDES AND SPOTLESSLY CLEAN]

CUT TO:

SC3. INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE MERCEDES (FACING DRIVER)

[THE DRIVER, **CHARLIE LUCRE**, IS IN HIS LATE TWENTIES. HE IS IMMACULATELY DRESSED IN A QUALITY DARK-BLUE PIN STRIPE ITALIAN TWO-PIECE SUIT. VISIBLE UNDERNEATH THE TOP OF THE SUIT IS A SMALL STRIPED DARK BLUE AND WHITE SHIRT ADORNED WITH A PLAIN PALE YELLOW TIE KNOTTED TIGHT TO THE THROAT]

CHARLIE (HE THROWS HIS HEAD BACK SO IT BOUNCES OFF THE SEAT'S HEAD REST. AS IT COMES FORWARD HE SCREAMS OUT):

STUPID FUCKING BITCH!

[HE LIFTS HIS RIGHT HAND IN A FIST ABOVE HIS HEAD AND HURLS IT DOWN]

CUT TO:

SC4. INT. THE MERCEDES (LOOKING OUT WINDSCREEN)

[SATELLITE NAVIGATION DEVICE SITTING ON HIS DASHBOARD. HIS FIST SLAMS INTO THE DASHBOARD CENTIMETRES FROM THE INSTRUMENT]

CHARLIE (EVEN LOUDER):

SHITTY SILLY BASTARD! WHERE THE FUCK AM I?

CUT TO:

SC5. INT. DRIVER'S SEAT (AGAIN)

[CHARLIE THROWS OPEN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT AND STARTS TO BURROW INSIDE. HE PULLS OUT SEVERAL ITEMS IN SUCCESSION – THE MERCEDES CAR MANUAL; A HALF-EATEN PACKET OF CHEWING GUM; A SMALL, PLASTER VERSION OF ST CHRISTOPHERS STATUE WITH AN ADHESIVE BASE; AN UNOPENED PACKET CONTAINING A SEXUAL STIMULANT PILL AND A BROCHURE FOR ORIENTAL HOLIDAYS]

CHARLIE:

I KNEW IT; I'VE THROWN THE BLOODY THING AWAY. CHRIST I REMEMBER NOW. FIRST GARAGE I PULLED INTO AFTER THEY INSTALLED THIS FIEND I CHUCKED IT IN THE BIN WITH THE PLASTIC GLOVES I FUELLED UP WITH. I SHOULD'VE KEPT THE MAP AND THREW THIS AWAY. HARDMAN IS GOING TO KILL ME IF I'M LATE

CUT TO:

SC6. EXT. AN INSURANCE OFFICE SITUATED IN A MODERN BUSINESS PARK. A WEEK EARLIER

[IT'S BRIGHT, EFFICIENT BUT PLAIN AND STEREOTYPICAL OF A CALL CENTRE. THE WINDOWS OVERLOOK THE OFFICE CAR PARK. PEOPLE ARE MANNING PHONES DISCUSSING APPOINTMENTS AND INSURANCE DETAILS. CHARLIE IS SEATED AND JUST HANGING UP HIS DESK PHONE AND ADRESSES A COLLEAGUE SITTING OPPOSITE HIM]

CHARLIE:

WELL BEN MY BOY THAT'S MY FIRST HOLIDAY SORTED THIS YEAR – HONG KONG I THINK

BEN:

TALKING TO YOUR TRAVEL AGENT IN FIRM'S TIME?

CHARLIE:

AS GOOD AS – IT WAS THAT SOFT PRICK,
SORRY (MIMES QUOTATION MARKS)
“VALUED CUSTOMER” THAT RUNS THAT
NEW FACTORY MANUFACTURING SOLAR
PANELS

BEN:

WHAT'D YOU SELL HIM THIS TIME?

CHARLIE:

LIFE

BEN:

HE'S ALREADY GOT LIFE

CHARLIE:

MORE LIFE THEN

BEN:

WHAT IS HE A FUCKING CAT?

CHARLIE:

NO HE'S A BUSINESSMAN WITH A THRIVING
CONCERN AND A DEVELOPING BANK
ACCOUNT

BEN:

WHICH MEANS THAT IT'S FAIR GAME

CHARLIE:

NO POINT IN WASTING TIME AND PETROL
ON POOR PLEBIAN BASTARDS THAT
AREN'T BETTER DEAD THAN ALIVE

BEN:

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNDAMENTALLY
DISTURBED ABOUT YOU. CHARLES MY
BOY AS CONCERNED AS YOU ARE FOR HIS
WELL-BEING HIS EARNINGS AREN'T
LIMITLESS – FOR CRYING OUT LOUD THE
BUSINESS IS BARELY SIX MONTHS OLD –
YOU COULD CRIPPLE HIM

CHARLIE:

FUCK!

BEN:

GOOD GOD LUCRE, IS THIS A SUDDEN
DISPLAY OF COMPASSION?

CHARLIE:

NO – HE HASN'T GOT LONG-TERM ILLNESS!

BEN:

YOU PROBABLY HAVE WET DREAMS
ABOUT INSURANCE

CHARLIE:

OH BEN I'M SORRY IS IT A DRY BED IN
WALES FOR YOU AGAIN THIS YEAR?

BEN:

IT'S NOT ETHICAL

CHARLIE:

WALES? DON'T KNOW NEVER BEEN
THERE. YOU'RE THE EXPERT.

BEN:

CHARLIE, SOMEWHERE ON THE HORIZON
THERE IS A GIANT SILVER PIN AS SHARP AS
THAT FUCKING SUIT YOU'RE WEARING
AND ONE DAY IT'S GOING TO PRICK ALL
THOSE PRETTY BALLOONS YOU'VE BEEN
FILLING WITH ALL THAT VACUOUS HOT
AIR.

CHARLIE:

BEN, HOW MANY SALES HAVE YOU LOST
THIS YEAR?

BEN:

NONE [CHARLIE LOOKS AT HIM
QUIZZICALLY] OKAY BUT ONLY THOSE
THAT CANCELLED WITHIN THE TWO WEEK
GRACE PERIOD

CHARLIE (SIGHS):

YOU CAN SIT IN RAINY RHYL BEN WITH A
CLEAR CONSCIENCE IF IT SUITS YOU – I’LL
SETTLE FOR THE IMMORALITY AND
MYSTERY OF THE ORIENT.

BEN:

YOU’RE ON THE ROAD TO RUIN

CHARLIE:

YES IN A BRAND SPANKING NEW SHIT HOT
MERCEDES

[**HARDMAN** ENTERS FROM HIS OFFICE AT
THE REAR. HE IS A LARGE MAN – NOT FAT
BUT SOLID WITH THE COMPLEXION OF
SLATE –SHARP BUT SALLOW]

HARDMAN:

CHARLIE – A MINUTE

[CHARLIE GETS UP AND MOVES TOWARD
THE OFFICE]

BEN (TRIES TO GET IN A FINAL SHOT):

I’LL GET THERE CHARLIE – MAYBE NOT AS
QUICK BUT I PLAN TO STAY THERE

CHARLIE (MOCKING):

IN A MICRA?

CUT TO:

SC7. INT. ROBERT HARDMAN'S OFFICE

[IN CONTRAST TO THE OFFICE WITH ITS PLAIN AND UNEXTRAORDINARY LAYOUT AND FURNISHINGS, HARDMAN'S OFFICE IS PLUSH. THERE'S A LARGE MAHOGANY DESK, HIGHLY POLISHED, CENTRALLY POSITIONED BUT BACK TOWARD A LARGE WINDOW WHICH OVERLOOKS THE ONLY GRASSED AREA ON THE BUSINESS PARK. A LARGE LEATHER CHAIR STANDS BEHIND IT WHICH AN ORDINARY MAN WOULD HAVE TROUBLE FILLING. THERE'S A CABINET DISPLAYING AN OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL HARDMAN WON IN THE JUDO TEAM EVENT AT A GAMES SOME 12 YEARS AGO]

HARDMAN:

SIT DOWN CHARLIE

CHARLIE:

WILL THIS TAKE LONG?

HARDMAN (LOOKS CROSS AND THEN AS QUICKLY LIGHTENS UP):

LOSING MONEY EVEN AT THIS TIME IN THE MORNING?

CHARLIE:

IF I LOSE MONEY – DON'T YOU?

HARDMAN (PAUSES):

I GOT THIS JOB BECAUSE I'M A BASTARD.

[HE STROKES HIS GOLD MEDAL]

IF YOU CAN'T SELL I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE.
I'VE SEEN THE FAILURES, SO HAVE YOU.
THE GUYS WHO HAVE ALWAYS GOT THAT
BIG DEAL GOING THAT'LL SEND THE
GRAVY TRAIN ROLLING OFF THE
PLATFORM IT'S BEEN SAT ON FOR A YEAR.
JUST ANOTHER MONTH'S SUB, BOSS, AND
I'LL EARN YOU A THOUSAND WITH THIS
ONE. THEN WHEN YOU FINALLY RID
YOURSELF OF THE PARASITES TRY
GETTING THE ADVANCES BACK, EVEN
THROUGH THE COURTS.

CHARLIE:

EMPLOY LOSERS...

HARDMAN:

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. I DON'T TAKE ON
FLOTSAM CHARLIE. I'D RATHER HAVE TEN
CLOSERS THAN A HUNDRED BAD
SALESMEN

CHARLIE:

IT'LL BE BLOODY QUIET ROUND HERE
THEN.

HARDMAN (SITS DOWN – PAUSES AGAIN):

WE HAVEN'T REALLY SPOKEN SINCE I
CAME ON BOARD HAVE WE?

CHARLIE:

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU WORK HERE – I
DON'T

HARDMAN:

MEANING?

CHARLIE:

LOOK. MR HARDMAN...

HARDMAN:

BOB

CHARLIE (IGNORING IT):

I UNDERSTAND WHY THE COMPANY HAVE BROUGHT YOU IN. SOME OF THE GUYS OUT THERE COULDN'T FLOG A NEW SWEAR WORD TO GORDON RAMSEY. NEVERTHELESS THEY'RE TRYING AND WHEN, OR BETTER STILL IF, THEY MAKE A SALE YOU CREAM OFF TEN PERCENT FOR WHAT?

HARDMAN (RAISING VOICE):

JESUS WAS I EVER SO DRIVEN? YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY CUNT THAT EVER SOLD INSURANCE?

CHARLIE:

WHY'D YOU STOP?

HARDMAN:

IT'S A HARD ROAD CHARLIE.

CHARLIE:

SO YOU ARE SYMPATHETIC?

HARDMAN:

IT'S NOT SYMPATHY OFF-LOADING POOR SALESMEN – IT'S A KINDNESS. IF THEY'RE NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS LIFE IT SPARES A LOT OF HANKERCHIEF RINGING DOWN THE LINE.

CHARLIE:

WHILE YOURS STAYS FIRMLY IN THE BREAST POCKET

HARDMAN (SIGHS AND PAUSES):

WHEN I FIRST STARTED IN THE GAME IT SEEMED LIKE IT ALL ROLLED DOWNHILL AS MUCH, PROBABLY, AS IT DOES FOR YOU NOW. I WAS YOUNG, SINGLE AND COULD BUY MORE OR LESS ANYTHING I WANTED AND, TO BE HONEST, A LOT OF THINGS I DIDN'T NEED.

CHARLIE:

WELL...BOB...I CAN'T THINK OF A SINGLE
THING I DON'T WANT NEVERMIND NEED

HARDMAN (CONTINUING):

TEN YEARS LATER WITH A WIFE AND TWO
KIDS; SCHOOL FEES; MEMBERSHIP TO THE
GOLF CLUB; GOVERNOR'S BOARDS AND A
GLUT OF "MUST ATTEND" SOCIAL
FUNCTIONS – WELL THE ROAD THESE
DAYS IS FULL OF KINKS AND WHAT'S
WORSE EVERYTHING STARTED TO
FEEL...UPHILL.

CHARLIE:

MAYBE IT WASN'T THE ROAD. MAYBE IT
WAS YOUR DRIVING

HARDMAN (CHUCKLES):

OH NO – I STILL COULD SELL BUT WHEN
THEY OFFERED ME THE BRANCH I TOOK IT.

CHARLIE:

YOU CAME IN FROM THE COLD

HARDMAN:

MY EARNINGS DROPPED, SURE. I
EXPECTED THAT. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY
HIGH FLYER WHO HAD TO ASSOCIATE
HIMSELF WITH...

CHARLIE:

PARASITES?

HARDMAN:

PERHAPS THAT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE
CHOICE OF...

CHARLIE:

VERMIN?

HARDMAN (RISES AND GOES TO WINDOW):

CHARLIE, WE MAY NEVER GET ALONG BUT
I EXPECT SOME FORM OF DEFERENCE

CHARLIE:

I DON'T GET IT BOB. YOUR JOB IS TO RID THE COMPANY OF LEECHES AND FILL IT FULL OF FAT JUICY CLOSERS, LIKE ME, JUST TO SATIATE THE HUNGER PANGS OF ANOTHER SET OF LEECHES, LIKE YOU.

(LAUGHS MOCKINGLY)

I GOTTA GO

[HE RISES AND WALKS TOWARD THE DOOR. HARDMAN HAS BEEN STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW BUT TURNS AROUND SUDDENLY]

HARDMAN:

I NEED YOU

CHARLIE:

I KNOW YOU DO

HARDMAN:

NO – I NEED YOU NEXT WEEK

CHARLIE:

WHAT FOR?

HARDMAN:

COMPANY SALES CONFERENCE IN TAINSTAL – IT'S ONLY A SMALL TOWN IN WILTSHIRE BUT ITS 'EQUIDISTANT' AS THEY SAY; SAVES THE COMPANY FROM PAYING OUT TOO MUCH ON EXPENSES. I WANT YOU TO SPEAK

CHARLIE:

FOR FREE?

HARDMAN:

FOR YOU, AS SPEAKER, OVERNIGHT BOARD
IN ONE OF THE BETTER HOTELS THERE, A
FIVE COURSE GOURMET SUPPER AND
ENOUGH FREE DRINKS TO KEEP YOU
PISSSED FOR A WEEK. THE OTHERS CAN
EITHER DRIVE HOME OR PAY THEMSELVES.

CHARLIE:

OKAY – WHAT DO I SAY?

HARDMAN:

CHARLIE, YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT YOU
TO SAY

CHARLIE:

HOW DOES THE COMPANY'S TOP CLOSER
DO IT, OR SOMETHING ALONG THOSE
LINES?

HARDMAN:

PRETTY MUCH

CHARLIE:

ANY OLD CHUCHILLIAN PHRASES OF
YOURS I CAN USE?

HARDMAN (LOOKING BACK OUT OF THE
WINDOW):

NICE MERCEDES

CHARLIE:

I EARNED IT

HARDMAN:

HOW DOES IT HANDLE CORNERS?

[HARDMAN DOES NOT TURN BUT
CONTINUES TO STARE. CHARLIE,
UNDERSTANDING THE INFERENCE EXITS]

CUT TO:

SC8. EXT. PRESENT TIME. A BACK ALLEY IN TAINSTAL

[CHARLIE'S MERCEDES TURNS INTO WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BACK ALLEY, ONE THAT TYPICALLY RUNS AT THE REAR OF A ROW OF TERRACED HOUSES. RUBBISH BINS LINE THE SIDES OF THE STREET. CHARLIE DRIVES AROUND 30 YARDS AND PULLS UP. HE STARES VEHEMENTLY AT THE SAT NAV AND THEN AT HIS WATCH]

CHARLIE:

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE TALKING IN THIRTY MINUTES AND I CAN'T FIND THE FUCKING CITY CENTRE NEVER MIND THE HOTEL.

[LOOKS UP AND SEES AN OLD MAN LOOKING OUT BETWEEN THE CRACK IN HIS BACK GATE AND THE ADJOINING FENCE. CHARLIE LOWERS THE PASSENGER WINDOW]

CHARLIE:

HELLO. SORRY TO BOTHER YOU OLD SON BUT I'M LOST

[THE OLD MAN CONTINUES TO STARE AT THE CAR]

CHARLIE:

DID YOU HEAR ME? I NEED DIRECTIONS TO TOWN?

[SOMETHING CATCHES THE OLD MAN'S ATTENTIONS AND HE LOOKS TO THE REAR OF THE MERCEDES AND THEN QUICKLY SHUTS THE GATE]

CHARLIE:

OH FOR GOD'S...

[AN OBJECT HITS THE ROOF OF HIS CAR AND BOUNCES OFF THE BONNET AND ONTO THE GROUND]

CHARLIE:

FUCK!

[HE OPENS THE DRIVER'S DOOR AND SEES A HALF BRICK LYING ON THE GROUND. STANDING UP HE INSPECTS THE ROOF OF HIS CAR. A LARGE DENT AND A LONG GASH IS EVIDENT. HE LOOKS BEHIND HIM. TWO BOYS NOT MUCH MORE THAN 13 ARE GAZING AT HIM WITH A NONCHALNCE LACED WITH LATENT VIOLENCE. CHARLIE CLIMBS INSIDE THE CAR – HALF ANGRY AND HALF SCARED]

CHARLIE:

LITTLE BASTARDS – OKAY LADS LET'S MAKE ANOTHER COUPLE OF DENTS BUT THIS TIME YOU CAN BE THE BRICKS

[THROWS THE MERCEDES INTO REVERSE AND SPEEDS BACKWARDS TOWARD THE BOYS - THEY DON'T MOVE CALLING CHARLIE'S BLUFF. HE SCREECHES TO A HALT]

CHARLIE:

JESUS WHAT ARE THEY BREEDING ROUND HERE?

[HE LOOKS AT THEM IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR. THEY ARE LESS THAN 5 YARDS AWAY AND COMPLETELY MOTIONLESS]

SAT NAV:

CARRY ON FOR THE NEXT HUNDRED YARDS

[CHARLIE JUMPS]

CHARLIE:

SHUT UP YOU BITCH

[BEATEN HE CRAWLS AWAY UP THE ALLEY BUT NOT BEFORE HE LOWERS HIS WINDOW TO PRESENT THE BOYS WITH AN INDEX FINGER. AS HE DOES SO HE IS SUDDENLY SHOWERED BY A STICKY LIQUID. FEARFUL OF STOPPING HE CONTINUES TO CRAWL AND LOOKS INTO HIS OFFSIDE WING MIRROR SPYING A YOUNG GIRL ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS THE BOYS STANDING BEHIND ONE OF THE GREEN PLASTIC BINS. SHE IS SWINGING A CLASSIC GLASS COKE BOTTLE. SHE MOVES OFF TO STAND WITH THE BOYS. CHARLIE ACCELRAATES AWAY BUT LOOKING BACK IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR SEES ONE OF THE BOYS BEGIN TO CARESS THE COKE BOTTLE (WHILE STILL IN THE GIRL'S HAND) AS IF IT WERE A WOMAN'S BODY]

CHARLIE:

THE FUCKERS SET ME UP FOR THAT. HOW THE HELL CAN I GIVE A TALK NOW COVERED IN THIS SHIT?

SAT NAV:

AT THE END OF THE ROAD TURN LEFT

CHARLIE:

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW?

[NEVERTHELESS HE OBEYS]

CUT TO:

SC9. EXT. BACK END OF THE ALLEY

[THE BOY SNATCHES THE COKE BOTTLE AWAY FROM THE GIRL AND THEY MOVE TOWARD A HIDDEN AREA CLOSE BY, WHERE THEY HAVE FASHIONED A MOCK ALTAR FROM LOOSE BRICKS WHICH IS DECORATED WITH ANOTHER DOZEN EMPTY BOTTLES. HE FINDS A PLACE FOR THE BOTTLE HE TOOK FROM THE GIRL. NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING]

CUT TO:

**SC10.EXT. TAINSTAL HIGH STREET. 100 YARDS FROM
THE BANK**

[A YOUNG WOMAN IS WALKING TOWARD THE BANK IN A DAYDREAM. SHE TAKES A WRONG TURN INTO AN ALLEY NEXT TO THE BANK PREMISES AND IS HALF WAY ALONG BEFORE SHE REALISES. AS SHE IS WALKING BACK TO THE MAIN ROAD THE BANK ALARM GOES OFF AND THE THREE ROBBERS EXIT THE BANK CARRYING A SACK OF MONEY EACH AND RUSH TOWARD THE BMW. VILLAINS 2 AND 3 CLAMBER INTO THE BACK SEAT BUT VILLAIN 1 DROPS HIS SACK. THE NERVOUS DRIVER LEANS OVER AND PUSHES OPEN THE PASSENGER DOOR TO ASSIST VILLAIN 1 BUT IN DOING SO THE YOUNG WOMAN IN THE ALLEY ESPIES HIS FACE IN THE GAP BETWEEN THE CAR DOOR AND THE WINDSCREEN. VILLAIN 1 PICKS UP THE SACK BUT SEEING THE SHOCK IN THE DRIVER'S EYES HE TURNS AROUND TO FACE THE WOMAN]

DRIVER:

SHE'S MADE ME

VILLAIN 2:

SHOOT HER FOR FUCK'S SAKE

[VILLAIN 1 WALKS TOWARD HER AND LEVELS THE SHOTGUN. THE WOMAN IS RIGID WITH FEAR]

VILLAIN 1:

SORRY SWEETHEART

[PULLS THE TRIGGER BUT THE GUN FAILS TO GO OFF. IN THE DISTANCE POLICE SIRENS ARE BLARING. HE TURNS TOWARD THE SOUND]

VILLAIN 3 [FROM BACK OF CAR BRANDISHES SHOTGUN BUT VILLAIN 1 IS IN THE WAY]:

GET DOWN

[VILLAIN 1 DUCKS AND VILLAIN 3 AIMS TO
FIRE AUTOMATICALLY BUT THE WOMAN
HAS RUN OFF BACK THE WAY SHE CAME]

VILLAIN 2:

GET IN!

[VILLAIN 1 CLIMBS IN AND THEY DRIVE
OFF AFTER HER]

CUT TO:

**SC11. EXT. A MAIN ROAD IN TAINSTAL TEN MINUTES
LATER**

[THE MERCEDES NEARS THE CITY CENTRE]

SAT NAV:

TAKE THE NEXT TURNING ON YOUR RIGHT

[CHARLIE OBEYS. THE BUILDINGS ARE
BIGGER AND SHOPS ARE IN ABUNDANCE]

CHARLIE:

THIS LOOKS PROMISING. WELL MY GIRL
YOU DO HAVE YOUR ROUNDABOUT WAYS
BUT I MAY JUST HAVE TIME TO CLEAN UP
AND PULL THIS OFF.

[HE DRIVES UP TOWARD A BUSY
JUNCTION]

CHARLIE:

THAT MUST BE THE HIGH STREET. THE
HOTEL'S SOMEWHERE TO THE LEFT

[CAR NEARS THE JUNCTION]

SAT NAV:

AT THE NEXT JUNCTION TURN LEFT.

[CHARLIE BEGINS TO ROLL THE WHEELS
LEFT AND LOOKS TO HIS RIGHT FOR
ONCOMING TRAFFIC]

SAT NAV:

NO, TURN RIGHT

[CHARLIE LURCHES THE CAR BACK TO THE
RIGHT AND THE MERCEDES IS HIT BY A
SECOND OBJECT – A YOUNG WOMAN. HER
FACE IS FROZEN ON THE WINDSCREEN FOR
A SECOND AND THEN AS CHARLIE BRAKES
SHE IS AS SUDDENLY GONE AS SHE
BOUNCES BACK TO THE GROUND.
BEYOND, ON THE HIGH STREET, A BMW
EXCELLERATES AWAY]

[CHARLIE SITS IN SHOCK AT THE SURREAL
EVENTS HE HAS JUST EXPERIENCED.
OUTSIDE ONLOOKERS ARE RUSHING IN
TOWARD THE FRONT OF HIS CAR. AFTER A
FEW SECONDS A MAN WALKS AROUND
TOWARD CHARLIE AND OPENS HIS DOOR]

MAN:

YOU'RE OKAY MATE – I THINK'S SHE
GONNA LIVE

FADE OUT.

**SC12. INT. POLICE STATION TAINSTAL TWO HOURS
LATER**

[A TYPICAL POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM WITH JUST THE ONE TABLE WITH A TAPE RECORDER ON IT CHARLIE IS SITTING AT ONE END AND TWO NON-UNIFORM OFFICES (**COLIN TUDOR** AND **TOM WINDSOR**) THE OTHER. TUDOR IS VERGING ON THE OBESE AND HAS A ROUND FACE AND MOUTH WITH SHORT BLONDE CURLY HAIR. HE LOOKS LIKE AN OVERAGE BABY. WINDSOR IS TALL AND WIRY. HIS ANGULAR FACE TAPERS TO A NARROW JAW ALMOST AS IF IT WERE SCULPTED TO GIVE THE LEAST REISITANCE TO WIND. THEY LOOK LIKE THE POLICE'S EQUIVALENT TO LAUREL AND HARDY WITHOUT THE WINSOME HUMOUR]

TUDOR:

WHO ARE YOUR MATES THEN?

CHARLIE [TAKEN ABACK]:

WHAT MATES?

WINDSOR:

FRIENDLESS ARE WE? ALL ALONE; LEFT HOLDING THE BABY?

CHARLIE:

LOOK I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HER – SHE HIT ME

TUDOR:

THERE'S A RARE SIGHT THOMAS!

WINDSOR:

INDEED – KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROADS BAN PEDESTRIANS!

TUDOR:

I SUPPOSE SHE WROTE YOUR MERC OFF THEN?

CHARLIE:

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT AND YOU
KNOW IT. SHE RAN INTO THE ROAD

WINDSOR:

BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE?

CHARLIE:

I WAS DRIVING A CAR

TUDOR:

CAR; A MERCEDES? – MORE THAN A CAR
WOULDN'T YOU SAY - A HIGH
PERFORMANCE VEHICLE PERHAPS? ME
AND THOMAS - WE DRIVE CARS

CHARLIE:

IT'S STILL FOUR SETS OF WHEELS ON A
FUCKING ROAD!

WINDSOR:

MY, MY - HIGH PERFORMANCE LANGUAGE
NOW – TSH – WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE
SWEAR BOX OUT COLIN.

TUDOR [LEANS IN TOWARD CHARLIE
MENACINGLY]:

BY THE LOOK OF HIM, THOMAS, WE MAY
MAKE A TIDY LITTLE SUM BY THE TIME
THIS INTERVIEW'S OVER

CHARLIE [LEANING BACK
APPREHENSIVELY]:

I HAVEN'T KILLED HER HAVE I?

[TUDOR IGNORES HIM AND PULLS
CHARLIE'S WALLET FROM HIS OWN
TROUSER POCKET. HE BEGINS TO PICK HIS
WAY THROUGH THE CONTENTS PULLING
OUT HIS DRIVER'S LICENCE. WINDSOR
LEANS OVER TO CHECK IT OUT]

WINDSOR:

CHARLES LUCRE... YOU ITALIAN?

CHARLIE:

I'M IRISH ACTUALLY, WELL HALF-IRISH.
MY DAD'S NAME WAS FLAHERTY.

TUDOR:

TOO COMMON WAS IT?

CHARLIE:

I NEEDED SOMETHING...DIFFERENT

WINDSOR:

FLASH COLIN

TUDOR:

OR SOPHISTICATED THOMAS?

CHARLIE:

APT.

TUDOR:

APT?

CHARLIE:

FITTING

WINDSOR:

FIT FOR WHAT?

CHARLIE:

I SELL INSURANCE...SUCCESSFULLY

TUDOR:

DOES THAT MEAN YOU GET TO CAUSE
YOUR OWN ACCIDENTS?

WINDSOR:

NICE ONE COLIN, VERY NICE

CHARLIE:

I MAKE A LOT OF MONEY

WINDSOR:

BUT NOT AS FLAHERTY?

CHARLIE:

CHRIST WHAT IS IT WITH THE NAME? I
CHANGED IT BECAUSE IT WAS TOO...

TUDOR:

IRISH?

CHARLIE:

YEAH...MAYBE...I SUPPOSE

WINDSOR:

WE'RE IRISH?

[CHARLIE RECHECKS THEIR ID'S]

CHARLIE:

YEAH, A REGULAR COUPLE OF JACKEENS.

[WINDSOR STANDS UP AND WALKS AWAY
WITH HIS BACK TO THE TABLE, THEN
SWINGS ROUND AND PLACES HIS HEAD
NEXT TO CHARLIE'S RIGHT EAR]

WINDSOR (IN A QUIET INSISTENT VOICE):

TELL US WHERE THEY WENT?

CHARLIE (LOOKING BEHIND HIM
NERVOUSLY):

OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY

TUDOR:

FLANDERS, PORTUGAL AND SPAIN.

WINDSOR:

SHARP, COLIN, SHARP. SO YOUR FRIENDS
ARE ABROAD THEN?

CHARLIE:

YOU DON'T MAKE MANY IN MY GAME

WINDSOR:

COLLEAGUES? ASSOCIATES?

CHARLIE:

OH THAT LOT, THEY'LL BE ECSTATIC

TUDOR:

SURE, THEY GOT AWAY

WINDSOR:

SCOT FREE

CHARLIE:

BOYS IF YOU'RE GONNA TORTURE ME
WITH CLICHES I'LL CONFESS NOW

CUT TO:

SC13. INT. EMERGENCY ROOM OF TAINSTAL DISTRICT HOSPITAL

[THE WOMAN (ADEONA) CHARLIE KNOCKED OVER IS LYING ON A BED PROPPED UP AT THE BACK. SHE HAS A COLLAR AROUND HER NECK ON AND BOTH LEGS IN ARE PLASTER. A DOCTOR (PATHMANATHAN) IS TALKING TO TWO PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVES AT THE FOOT OF THE BED IN A LOW VOICE]

DOCTOR P (LOW BUT STRESSFUL VOICE):

YOU CAN INTERVIEW HER IN THE MORNING!

KENNEDY:

THAT MIGHT BE TOO LATE. THESE WERE PROFESSIONALS. WE'D LIKE SOME SORT OF DESCRIPTION TO CHECK AGAINST THE DATABASE

DOCTOR P:

SHE CAN'T TALK. DO YOU WANT HER TO TRY AND MIME A PHOTO-FIT?

KENNEDY:

WE CAN PROMPT HER; COLOUR OF HAIR, HEIGHT. SHE ONLY HAS TO NOD OR SHAKE HER HEAD.

DOCTOR P:

THE WOMAN HAS UNDERGONE A TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE. IT'S A WONDER SHE'S NOT IN CLINICAL SHOCK. I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO DRAG HER BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME NOW. SHE NEEDS TIME

NIXON:

WE UNDERSTAND. SHE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HELP US AT ALL. WE'LL BE BRIEF

DOCTOR P:

WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE IN THE BANK?

KENNEDY:

NO LUCK. THEY'VE TOLD US THE ROBBERS
ALL WORE SKI MASKS. THEY'VE GIVEN US
THE COLOURS OF THEIR EYES, ALL
CONTRADICTIONARY OF COURSE, BUT
NOTHING CONCRETE

DOCTOR P:

HOW CAN SHE HELP THEN?

NIXON:

A WITNESS SAW THE GETAWAY CAR. THE
DRIVER WAS BARE HEADED

DOCTOR P:

DIDN'T HE DESCRIBE HIM

KENNEDY:

ALL HE COULD SAY FOR SURE WAS THAT
HE WAS 'YOUNGISH'

DOCTOR P:

WHAT ABOUT THE CAR?

NIXON:

DUMPED – TWO STREETS AWAY. THEY
EITHER SWITCHED CARS OR SOMEONE
ELSE WAS WAITING FOR THEM.

DOCTOR P:

WELL I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE
TO GO ON THEN OFFICERS

[HE NODS TO THE NURSE AND WALKS
OVER TO THE WOMAN]

DOCTOR P:

GIVE HER THE SEDATIVE NOW.

[HE PLACES HIS HAND ON HER ARM
REASSURINGLY AS THE NURSE INJECTS
HER]

DOCTOR P:

MY NAME'S PATHMANATHAN. THESE OFFICERS WOULD LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU BUT I'VE TOLD THEM TO WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW WHEN YOU'RE A LITTLE BIT STRONGER (ADEONA SMILES WEAKLY AT HIM)

DOCTOR P:

WE'LL TAKE YOU UPSTAIRS TO A MORE COMFORTABLE BED AND YOU CAN SLEEP. YOU'RE SAFE NOW. THEY'LL BE A 24 HOUR WATCH ON YOU (SHE FROWNS CONCERN) NOW DON'T WORRY IT'S PRECAUTIONARY. I'LL BE HERE VERY EARLY TOMORROW MORNING; I WON'T WAKE YOU BUT I'LL ENSURE YOU'RE NOT TROUBLED UNTIL I THINK YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH

[ADEONA MOTIONS TO HIM AS IF TO SAY SOMETHING AND DOCTOR P LEANS OVER TO HEAR, AND THEN PULLS AWAY REALISING ADEONA HAS FALLEN ASLEEP]

DOCTOR P (TURNING TO THE OFFICERS):

PLEASE DO NOT TRY TO SEE HER BEFORE I HAVE

[THE DETECTIVES EXIT]

CUT TO:

SC14. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. TAINSTAL POLICE STATION

[WINDSOR AND TUDOR HAVE LEFT CHARLIE ALONE. A POLICE WOMAN, SHIRLEY, COMES IN WITH A COFFEE]

CHARLIE:

OH THANK YOU; I'M GOING TO NEED THIS

SHIRLEY:

JUST BEING HUMANE SIR

CHARLIE:

YOU SOUND AS IF YOU'D LIKE TO POISON IT... YOU HAVEN'T, HAVE YOU?

SHIRLEY:

OH WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO DO THAT...ANYMORE

[CHARLIE LOOKS AT HER SMILING AT THE JOKE BUT SHIRLEY FACE IS STERN AND HIS SMILE DISAPPATES]

CHARLIE:

FOR GOD'S SAKE SHE'S NOT DEAD IS SHE?

SHIRLEY:

I'M SORRY SIR I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING OF THAT

CHARLIE:

THEY'D TELL ME SURELY IF I'D DONE...BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING.

[SHIRLEY GOES TOWARD THE DOOR]

CHARLIE:

IT'S NOT MY FAULT, I JUST SELL INSURANCE

[SHIRLEY CLOSSES THE DOOR]

CUT TO:

SC15. INT. OFFICES OF BULTISH INSURANCE COMPANY

[CHARLIE IS SITTING AT HIS DESK MAKING APPOINTMENTS. A COLLEAGUE COMES OVER TO HIM]

COLLEAGUE:

CHARLIE, SOMEONE TO SEE YOU AT RECEPTION

CHARLIE:

WHO THE FUCK COMES HERE TO SEE ME? TELL THEM TO PHONE.

COLLEAGUE:

SHE WANTS TO CANCEL

CHARLIE:

OKAY I'LL SEE HER.

[HE RISES AND MOVES TO THE RECEPTION AREA]

CUT TO:

SC16. INT. RECEPTION AREA OF BULTISH INSURANCE

[A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, VAL, IS SITTING ON ONE OF ONLY TWO AUSTERE AND CHEAP CHAIRS IN THE RECPTION AREA. CHARLIE COMES OUT OF THE OFFICE SECTION TO GREET HER. SHE HAS RETAINED HER HOURGLASS FIGURE THOUGH SHE IS PROBABLY A DRESS SIZE MORE THAN SHE WAS 10 YEARS AGO AND IS NOT UNATTRACTIVE WITH DARK CURLY THICKISH SHOULDER LENGTH HAIR AND LARGE BROWN EYES BUT THE LINES UNDER HER EYES BETRAY A LIFETIME OF SERVITUDE]

CHARLIE:

MRS WOLLY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED ME

VAL:

MY...I...WE WANT TO CANCEL

CHARLIE:

HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED TO YOUR
HUSBAND?

VAL:

NO...NOT AT ALL

CHARLIE (JOKING WITH HER):

THANK GOODNESS I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T
NEED THE INSURANCE FOR A MINUTE.
CAN'T CLAIM IF HE HITS THE DECK BEFORE
WE'VE HAD ANY MONEY OUT OF YOU, EH?

VAL:

IT'S THE PREMIUM

CHARLIE:

BUT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THAT; IT'S
QUITE AFFORDABLE

VAL:

ROGER'S NOT SURE

CHARLIE:

DOES HE UNDERSTAND HOW HELPLESS
YOU'LL BE IF HE DOES DROP DOWN DEAD
(VAL RECOILS) SORRY IF I'M BLUNT MRS
WOLLY BUT IT'S MY JOB TO HELP PEOPLE
HELP THEMSELVES, EVEN WHEN THEY
DON'T WANT TO.

VAL:

COULD I PAY IT MYSELF; WITHOUT HIM
KNOWING? I HAVE MY OWN ACCOUNT

[SHE STATED THIS AS IF IT WERE A LAUREL
WREATH AROUND HER HEAD]

CHARLIE:

OF COURSE, AFTER ALL YOU'RE THE
BENEFICIARY.

VAL:

AND ROGER DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW

CHARLIE (LAUGHING):

YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF KILLING HIM
ARE YOU?

[VAL'S MOUTH SEEMS TO CURVE UP AT
THE THOUGHT]

VAL (DISCONCERTINGLY):

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?

CHARLIE:

I'LL GET ANOTHER FORM

VAL:

I'VE COME RATHER A LONG WAY AND I'M
A LITTLE HUNGRY. COULD I TREAT YOU
TO LUNCH?

[CHARLIE IS TAKEN ABACK BUT NOT
UNCONSCIOUS TO THE OBVIOUS SIGNAL]

CHARLIE:

FINE - GIVE ME TEN MINUTES TO
REARRANGE MY TWO O'CLOCK WILL YOU?

[VAL SMILES]

CUT TO:

**SC17. EXT. A MOTEL ON A ROUNDABOUT ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY**

[A RED PEUGEOT PULLS INTO THE CAR
PARK, FOLLOWED BY A BMW]

CUT TO:

SC18. INT. A MOTEL ROOM

[CHARLIE IS SHUTTING THE DOOR. VAL HAS ALREADY ENTERED. SHE IS SHEEPISH AND LOOKS AS IF SHE'S READY TO BOLT]

VAL (EARNESTLY):

I'VE NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED ANYONE ELSE BUT ROGER, EVER.

CHARLIE:

ARE YOU UNHAPPY?

VAL (VAGUELY - AS IF SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE TERM):

NO, NO

[SHE SITS ON THE BED AND IMMEDIATELY GETS UP AGAIN]

VAL:

I SHOULD GO

CHARLIE (COLDLY):

WELL I HAVE YOUR SIGNATURE, THAT'S ALL I WAS EXPECTING

VAL:

CAN WE BATHE FIRST?

CUT TO:

SC19. INT. THE MOTEL ROOM LATER

[THEY ARE BOTH NAKED ON THE BED. VAL IS ASTRIDE CHARLIE AND ROCKING SENSUOUSLY, FEELING EVERY MOVEMENT AS IF THEY WERE A COMBINATION OF FIRST SEXUAL SENSATIONS. CHARLIE IS ALMOST PASSIVE BENEATH HER. THE CAMERA PULLS AWAY TOWARD A CHAIR FROM WHICH CHARLIE'S JACKET HANGS. THE INSURANCE FORM IS VISIBLE IN HIS INSIDE POCKET, THEN DROPS TO THE FLOOR WHERE VAL'S HAND BAG SITS. THE CAMERA DELVES INSIDE AND COMES ACROSS AN UNOPENED PACK OF CONDOMS]

CUT TO:

SC20. INT. THE INTERVIEW ROOM TAINSTAL POLICE STATION

[WINDSOR AND TUDOR RE-ENTER
CARRYING CHARLIE'S WALLET]

TUDOR:

I TOLD YOU OLD CHARLIE BOY WAS A
SLICK 'UN DIDN'T I TOM?

WINDSOR:

WHAT DO YOU SELL CHARLIE?

CHARLIE:

INSURANCE – I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT!

TUDOR:

HE DID TOM, HE DID

WINDSOR:

BUT WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS AND WE
CAN'T JUST TAKE ANYONE'S WORD FOR IT

TUDOR:

TOO MANY VILLAINS TELLING LIES

CHARLIE:

I'M NOT A CROOK, I'M AN INSURANCE
SALESMAN

WINDSOR:

SOME MIGHT SAY THERE'S NO A LOT OF
DIFFERENCE THERE

TUDOR:

REMEMBER MY GRAN – GOD REST HER
SOUL AND ALL THAT – SOLD HER A DUD
THEY DID. MY GRANDFATHER DIED AND
SHE NEVER GOT A THING, DOUBLE
INDEMNITY OR SOMETHING

CHARLIE:

LOOK GUYS THIS ISN'T A FORTIES FILM
NOIR – CAN I GO OR NOT? IF THE GIRL IS
HURT IT'S HER FAULT.

WINDSOR:

NOT WHAT SOME WITNESSES SAY

CHARLIE:

HOW CAN YOU...

TUDOR:

SAID YOU TURNED INTO HER
DELIBERATELY

CHARLIE (REMEMBERING THE WEIRD SAT
NAV CONTRADICTION):

I DID CHANGE MY MIND – BUT I NEVER
LEFT THE ROAD!

WINDSOR:

UNLIKE YOUR VICTIM

TUDOR (CHUCKLING):

VERY GOOD TOM

CHARLIE:

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HER IS
THERE? YOU TWO HAVE BEEN STRINGING
ME ALONG – WHY? BECAUSE SOMEONE
SOLD YOUR GRANNY A DUFF POLICY?

[TUDOR PUSHES HIS FACE RIGHT INTO
CHARLIE'S]

TUDOR:

YOU'RE HERE MY SON BECAUSE YOU
ATTEMPTED TO MURDER A WITNESS TO A
BANK ROBBERY.

[CLOSE-UP ON CHARLIE'S STUNNED FACE]

FADE TO:

SC21. EXT. TAINSTAL GENERAL HOSPITAL CAR PARK

[A LARGE FOUR BY FOUR VEHICLE PULLS INTO THE CAR PARK, CRUISES TOWARD THE REAR AND PARKS UP. AFTER A MOMENT THE DRIVERS WINDOW LOWERS SLOWLY. THE DRIVER IS HEAVILY BUILT AND BEHIND AND TO THE LEFT CAN BE SEEN THREE OTHER PASSENGERS, THE ONE IN THE PASSENGER SEAT BEING THE DRIVER OF THE GETAWAY CAR FROM THE BANK ROBBERY]

VILLAIN 1:

SHE'S IN THERE NOW

VILLAIN 2:

SHE'LL BE UNDER HEAVY GUARD

VILLAIN 1:

MAYBE.

DRIVER:

I SHOULDN'T BE HERE.

VILLAIN 1:

YOU'RE THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB

DRIVER:

GIVE ME MY CUT AND I'LL LEAVE...NOW.
I'LL GO STRAIGHT TO GATWICK. ONE-WAY
TICKET TO EUROPE OR THE STATES.

VILLAIN 3:

IF SHE'S MADE YOU, YOU WON'T BE GOING
ANYWHERE

DRIVER:

THEN IT'S MADNESS TO BRING ME HERE

[VILLAIN 1 BELYING HIS LARGE FRAME
MOVES SWIFTLY TO THE SIDE AND GRABS
THE DRIVER BY THE THROAT]

VILLAIN 1:

I ROB BANKS. I DO A GOOD JOB ROBBING BANKS. I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO ROB A BANK. YOU ONLY HAD TO PUT ON YOUR MASK AND DRIVE.

VILLAIN 3:

OKAY, OKAY.

VILALAIN 1:

IS IT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE HIS GUARANTOR?

VILLAIN 2:

LET'S COOL IT, EH? HERE HE COMES

CUT TO:

SC22. EXT. CAR PARK

[A SLIGHT AVERAGE HEIGHT FIGURE IS
WALKING TOWARD THEM]

CUT TO:

SC23. INT. 4X4

[VILLAIN 1 IS HOLDING A LARGE ENVELOPE IN HIS HAND AND HANGS IT JUST BEYOND HIS DOOR. THE FIGURE ENTERS SHOT (WE DO NOT SEE HIS FACE) AND GOES TO TAKE THE ENVELOPE BUT VILLAIN 1 HOLDS FAST]

CONTRACT KILLER (A HIGH VOICE AND OUT OF SHOT):

WHAT'S THE GAME? I'M EXPOSED ENOUGH OUT HERE.

VILLAIN 1:

END IT.

CONTRACT KILLER:

IS IT ALL HERE?

VILLAIN 1:

YOU'RE EXPENSIVE

CONTRACT KILLER:

SO'S A STRETCH INSIDE

VILLAIN 1:

YEAH, IT'S ALL THERE

CONTRACT KILLER:

THEN IT'S DONE

[VILLAIN 1 RELEASES THE PACKET]

CUT TO:

SC24. INT. DETECTIVE OFFICES TAINSTAL POLICE STATION

[THE DETECTIVES KENNEDY AND NIXON FROM THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY ARE TALKING TO WINDSOR AND TUDOR]

WINDSOR:

SO HE REALLY IS AN INSURANCE SALEMAN

KENNEDY:

WE NEVER SAID HE WASN'T

TUDOR:

YOU NEVER SAID HE WAS EITHER

NIXON:

HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD HIM IN THERE?

WINDSOR:

A COUPLE OF HOURS

NIXON:

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

TUDOR:

WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?

KENNEDY:

SHE WAS RUNNING AWAY. WE THINK SHE CAN IDENTIFY ONE OF THEM. THEY SHOT AT HER; SHE MORE THAN LIKELY RAN INTO HIM.

WINDSOR:

THAT'S WHAT HE'S BEEN SAYING

NIXON:

WHO DID YOU THINK HE WAS?

TUDOR:

THE GETAWAY DRIVER

WINDSOR (HIS VOICE TAILING OFF):

THAT'S WHY HE RAN HER OVER...WELL WE FIGURED THAT'S WHY

KENNEDY:

WHAT A PAIR OF PRATS. WHAT WAS THE GETAWAY CAR DOING PARKED 50 YARDS AWAY? THE VILLAINS GOT AWAY DIDN'T THEY? HOW DO YOU THINK THEY MANAGED THAT WITHOUT A CAR? MAYBE THEY'RE ECO-VILLAINS AND THEY RODE AWAY ON BICYCLES. YES WE MAY ROB BANKS BUT WE'RE KIND TO THE ENVIRONMENT.

(PAUSE)

WE ONLY WANTED TO KNOW IF HE SAW THE GETAWAY CAR AND COULD GIVE US A DESCRIPTION OF THE DRIVER

TUDOR:

WELL...

NIXON:

SHUT UP. WE'VE ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU TO DO.

WINDSOR:

AND MR LUCRE?

KENNEDY:

I'LL SEND IN SHIRLEY TO TAKE HIS STATEMENT

TUDOR:

WHAT'S THE JOB?

CUT TO:

SC25. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

[SHIRLEY ENTERS WITH ANOTHER COFFEE]

CHARLIE:

NO, NO MORE. I MAY NEED TO PEE AND I
DOUBT IF THE LOCAL GARDA WILL EVER
LET ME OUT OF HERE

SHIRLEY:

IF YOU WANT THE LOO, GO

CHARLIE:

WHAT – A BIG TIME GANGSTER LIKE ME?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY ARE TRYING
TO PIN ON ME?

SHIRLEY:

WE'RE NOT CHARGING YOU WITH
ANYTHING

CHARLIE:

ARE YOU LOT FUCKING WITH ME, FIVE
MINUTES AGO I WAS PUBLIC ENEMY
NUMBER 1? (PAUSES AND CALMS DOWN)

IS THE GIRL OKAY THEN?

SHIRLEY:

SHE'S AT THE LOCAL HOSPITAL AND YES I
BELIEVE SHE'S GOING TO BE OKAY
THOUGH I HAVEN'T ANY DETAILS OF HER
INJURIES.

CHARLIE:

THANK GOD

SHIRLEY:

YOU'RE A SALESMAN?

CHARLIE:

MAYBE NOT AFTER TODAY

SHIRLEY:

IS IT A NECESSARY ATTRIBUTE NOT TO
HAVE A CONSCIOUS?

CHARLIE

LET ME GUESS – YOU’RE GRANNY GOT
CONNED

SHIRLEY:

MY EX WAS AN INSURANCE SALESMAN

CHARLIE:

ANY GOOD? MOST OF THEM ARE SHIT

SHIRLEY:

HE WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL. WE HAD A
LOVELY HOUSE; TWO EUROPEAN
HOLIDAYS A YEAR AND I HAD MY OWN
CAR.

CHARLIE:

WAS?

SHIRLEY:

HE DIED

CHARLIE:

SO YOU’RE A RICH WIDOW

SHIRLEY:

YOU KNOW HE ONCE TOLD ME THAT IN HIS
CAREER HE HAD INSURED OVER 2000
LIVES. “TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE WHO ARE
BETTER OFF DEAD THAN ALIVE!” HE’D
BRAG. PROBLEM WAS THE IDIOT WAS ONE
OF THEM. NEVER THOUGHT HE WAS
GOING TO DIE DID HE? I DIDN’T RECEIVE A
PENNY. I HAD TO BORROW THE MONEY
FROM MY FATHER TO BURY HIM

CHARLIE (LOOKING FURTIVE):

I’M SORRY. HOW DID YOU COPE

SHIRLEY:

I JOINED THE POLICE FORCE

CHARLIE:

CHRIST THINGS WERE TOUGH WEREN'T
THEY?

[HE LAUGHS]

SHIRLEY (SCOWLS AND COLLECTS A SHEET
OF PAPER AND A PEN FROM THE DESK):

YOU FULL NAME PLEASE MISTER LUCRE

CHARLIE:

YOU HAVEN'T A SISTER HAVE YOU?

SHIRLEY:

TWO BROTHERS

CHARLIE:

YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE

SHIRLEY:

IF THIS IS AN INSULT...

CHARLIE:

OH NO, I WOULDN'T DARE. I NEED TO GET
OUT OF HERE. WHAT'S THE TIME?

SHIRLEY:

THREE O'CLOCK

CHARLIE:

I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEWHERE,
GIVING A SPEECH

SHIRLEY:

WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL THEM?

CHARLIE:

I DID. I TRIED THE HOTEL FOR TWENTY
MINUTES BEFORE LAUREL AND HARDY
RAN OUT OF PATIENCE AND DRAGGED ME
IN HERE

SHIRLEY:

NOT MUCH OF A HI-TECH MOVER ARE YOU
– NO MOBILE?

CHARLIE:

IT'S DEAD AND APPARENTLY NO ONE HAS
A CHARGER FOR AN ERICSSON.

SHIRLEY:

WELL IF WE GET THIS OVER WITH QUICKLY
YOU MIGHT STILL CATCH...

CHARLIE:

NOT A CHANCE – HARDMAN WILL KILL ME
FOR THIS.

SHIRLEY:

YOUR BOSS?

CHARLIE:

HOW FAR IS THE BRANDON HOTEL?

SHIRLEY:

ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE; IT'S ON THE
LARGE ROUNDABOUT IN THE CENTRE

CHARLIE (SMILES):

FUCKING ROUNDABOUTS

CUT TO:

SC26. INT. MOTEL ROOM

[CHARLIE IS LYING NAKED IN THE BED
AND VAL IS SITTING BESIDE HIM IN HER
UNDERWEAR BUT WITH HER BACK TO HIM]

VAL:

CHARLIE, I NEED TO STOP

CHARLIE (LOOKING AWAY FROM HER
TOWARD THE WINDOW):

WE HAVEN'T STARTED YET

VAL:

IT'S ROGER

CHARLIE:

HE'S SUSPICIOUS?

VAL:

NO

CHARLIE:

HE'S SAID NOTHING TO YOU?

VAL:

NO

CHARLIE:

WELL IF HE'S SAID...

VAL:

I'M AFRAID I MIGHT TELL HIM

CHARLIE:

CHRIST, WE'VE MET ONCE A WEEK FOR
THREE MONTHS. IT'S HARDLY AN AFFAIR

VAL:

IT'S MY CATHOLICISM

CHARLIE (BREAKING INTO LAUGHTER):

YOU A CHURCH GOER?

VAL:

WE'RE ALL SINNERS CHARLIE, BUT IF I
STOP NOW I CAN BE FORGIVEN

CHARLIE:

SO IT WASN'T LIFE ASSURANCE YOU
WANTED AFTER ALL; IT WAS FAITH
INSURANCE

VAL (STARTS TO GET DRESSED):

DON'T MOCK ME

CHARLIE:

WHO'S SACRIFICED WHAT HERE? YOU'RE
A HOUSEWIFE, WELL MAYBE THAT'S A
RATHER LOOSE DESCRIPTION; BUT YOU'RE
FREE ALL DAY. I COULD BE EARNING
INSTEAD OF COMING HERE. YOU'VE COST
ME

VAL:

YOU GOT THE POLICY DIDN'T YOU?

CHARLIE:

OH YES, I FORGOT ABOUT THAT. £30 A
MONTH - WHOLE LIFE ASSURANCE;
THAT'LL KEEP ME IN MARS BARS FOR LIFE

VAL:

I'M GOING

CHARLIE:

JUST WHO APPROACHED WHO HERE? YOU
SOUGHT ME OUT; YOU CAME TO MY
OFFICE; YOU INVITED ME TO LUNCH AND
IT WAS YOU WHO WANTED TO GO
SOMEWHERE PRIVATE TO SIGN THE
PAPERS. YOU LED ALL THE WAY VAL, I
JUST FOLLOWED.

VAL:

I WAS ATTRACTED TO YOU, I REALLY WAS.
IT WAS... THAT FIRST VISIT WHEN YOU
PUSHED ACROSS THE FORMS AND I FELT
YOUR TOUCH; IT WAS SO EXCITING TO ME
WITH ROGER SITTING IN THE CHAIR
BEHIND US, SEEING AND FEELING
NOTHING

CHARLIE:

OH, SO THE THRILL HAS EVAPORATED?
WHY DON'T YOU BRING ROGER NEXT
TIME? LET HIM SIT AND WATCH. PERHAPS
IT'LL KILL HIM AND THEN YOU CAN
SCREW TWO PEOPLE AT THE SAME TIME.

VAL (PICKING UP HER HANDBAG AND
GOING TO THE DOOR):

BYE CHARLIE

CHARLIE:

SCREW YOU!

VAL:

IF ONLY ONCE I ACTUALLY FELT YOU DID,
RATHER THAN JUST ANOTHER SIGNATURE
ON ANOTHER DOTTED LINE

[SHE SHUTS THE DOOR]

FADE TO:

SC27. INT. HOTEL BRANDON LOBBY

[CHARLIE ENTERS. THE LOBBY IS FUNCTIONAL. THERE IS ADEQUATE SEATING FOR THOSE WAITING AND PLANT POTS SPORADICALLY INSERTED ON THE LOBBY FLOOR; SOME WITH GREEN PLANTS AND SOME FLOWERS. THE RECEPTION HAS A FOUR FOOT HIGH WOODEN COUNTER WITH THE USUAL COMPUTER DESK TOP FOR TAKING AND CHECKING BOOKINGS. THE TRISH, TRISH, IS PRETTY BUT RATHER SEVERE IN HER MANNER, WHICH SHE SEEMS TO COUNT AS EFFICIENT]

TRISH (TO CHARLIE):

CAN I HELP?

CHARLIE:

I SUPPOSE THE SEMINAR IS OVER

TRISH:

BLUTISH INSURANCE? THAT FINISHED ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. ARE YOU PICKING SOMEONE UP?

CHARLIE:

I WAS GUEST SPEAKER

TRISH:

MR LUCRE? THE ORGANIZER MR...

CHARLIE:

HARDMAN

TRISH:

THAT'S IT, HARDMAN...HE WAS FRANTIC. HE MUST HAVE INTERRUPTED ME A DOZEN TIMES ASKING FOR YOU; VERY RUDE!

CHARLIE:

WHAT ROOM IS HE IN?

TRISH:

HE CHECKED OUT – CANCELLED EVEN
WHEN I TOLD HIM WE WOULD HAVE TO
CHARGE HIM FOR IT.

CHARLIE:

ANGRY?

TRISH:

FURIOUS; WHERE WERE YOU?

CHARLIE (INDIGNANTLY):

SORRY?

TRISH:

I JUST FELT ENTITLED TO KNOW. IT WAS
ME THAT ENDING UP PHONING ROUND ALL
THE LOCAL HOSPITALS TO SEE IF YOU'D
BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT; ME HE FORCED
INTO PHONING YOUR MOBILE EVEN WHEN
I KEPT TELLING HIM IT WAS TURNED OFF!

CHARLIE:

DEAD.

TRISH:

OH I'M SO SORRY I DIDN'T THINK OF
PHONING THE CREMATORIUM – YOU LOOK
WELL ON IT THOUGH

CHARLIE:

THE PHONE...DO YOU HAVE A CHARGER
FOR AN ERICSSON?

TRISH:

DON'T YOU?

CHARLIE:

IN MY CAR

TRISH:

WELL THE LAST TIME I LOOKED OUR CAR
PARK WAS JUST OUTSIDE

CHARLIE:

MY CAR'S AT THE POLICE STATION. THEY
WON'T LET ME HAVE IT YET - FORENSICS

TRISH (PAUSING):

OH – AN ACCIDENT; DRINK DRIVING; ARE
YOU IN TROUBLE?

CHARLIE (LOOKING AT HER WITH
CONTEMPT):

CAN I HAVE MY ROOM KEY? I'D LIKE A
BATH

TRISH (FEELING CHEATED):

WILL WE BE HAVING A VISIT FROM THE
POLICE? I WOULDN'T WANT THE OTHER
GUESTS DISTURBED OR TO GET THE
WRONG IDEA

CHARLIE:

PLEASE

[SHE GIVES HIM THE KEY]

COULD YOU SEND UP AN EVENING PAPER
PLEASE?

TRISH:

OF COURSE; RIGHT AWAY

CHARLIE:

NO, NO – IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. GIVE
ME A CHANCE TO SOAK A LITTLE

[CHARLIE WALKS TOWARD THE
ELEVATOR. TRISH DIVES IN THE OFFICE
AREA BEHIND RECEPTION AND PICKS UP
THE LOCAL PAPER AND BEGINS TO SCAN IT
FOR CLUES]

CUT TO:

SC28. INT. LOBBY NEAR ELEVATOR

[THERE IS A BAR OFF TO THE LEFT FROM WHICH CHARLIE CAN HEAR RAUCOUS VOICES, LOUD AND FAMILIAR]

VOICE 1:

THREE CHEERS FOR MR LUCRE

VOICE 2:

WHO DO YOU THINK'LL PICK UP HIS CLIENT BASE?

VOICE 1:

HARDMAN WILL PUT IT OUT FOR TENDER

VOICE 2:

COMPETITION?

VOICE 1:

SURE. WINNER TAKES ALL.

CHARLIE (UNDER HIS BREATH):

DEVIOUS PRICKS - SO HARDMAN'S GONNA SACK ME IS HE?

[THE VOICES GET LOUDER AS IF THEY ARE HEADING HIS WAY. HE LEAVES THE ELEVATOR AND CROSSES THE FLOOR TOWARD THE STAIRS TO AVOID THE RIDICULE AND RUNS INTO BEN COMING DOWN]

BEN:

UNUSUAL THAT?

CHARLIE (IMPATIENTLY):

OKAY -MAKE WITH IT?

BEN:

NO - IT'S JUST ONE ASSOCIATES GOING UP (MOTIONS WITH ARM AND MIDDLE FINGER COMBINING SARCASM WITH INSULT) WHEN ONE MEETS GOD ALMIGHTY

CHARLIE:

HE'S PISSED THEN, I TAKE IT?

BEN:

WAS; NOT SO MUCH AFTER I JUMPED INTO
YOUR SHOES

CHARLIE:

HAVE I MISSED SOMETHING – HOW TO
CLOSE IN TEN EASY (A PAUSE LACED WITH
SARCASM) WEEKS! STANDING OVATION?

BEN:

HARDMAN WAS PLEASED

CHARLIE:

HARDMAN WAS HARD UP

BEN:

I WAS HERE – WHERE WERE YOU?

CHARLIE:

ALL OVER AND NOWHERE; I FEEL LIKE I'VE
BEEN TRAVELLING ALL DAY AND
STANDING STILL

BEN:

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SPEECH DELIVERED
TOO LATE.

CHARLIE:

GOT YOUR EYES ON MY CLIENT BASE
HAVE YOU?

BEN:

YOU CAN'T TAKE THEM WITH YOU –
THAT'S UNETHICAL. MAYBE YOU DON'T
NEED THEM NOW EH?

CHARLIE:

THAT'S MY LIFE BLOOD MATE

BEN:

I WAS JUST THINKING NO-ONE'S SEEN YOU
ALL DAY – YOU DIDN'T ROB THE BANK DID
YOU?

CHARLIE (PUTTING TWO AND TWO
TOGETHER):

SO THAT'S IT? LISTEN BEN BOY I'M GOING
NOWHERE - UNDERSTAND

BEN:

HE WASN'T HAPPY

CHARLIE:

WHAT YOU FORGET BEN THAT UNLIKE
YOU AND (POINTING TOWARD THE BAR)
THOSE MUGS IN THERE, I CAN BRING MR
HARDMAN THE KIND OF HAPPINESS
THAT'S IMPORTANT. ANY MUG CAN TALK
A GOOD DEAL.

BEN:

YEAH, BUT YOU PICKED THE WRONG DAY
TO KEEP MUM

CHARLIE:

I'M GOING TO LIE DOWN NOW BEN AND
DREAM THAT ONE DAY YOU'LL BE TOP
SALESMAN AT BULITISH (WALKING PAST
BEN MENACINGLY) WHICH,
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, IS THE ONLY
STATE OF MIND THAT WORLD CAN EVER
EXIST.

[BEN MOVES TOWARD THE BAR AND
MOTIONS OVER HIS DRUNKEN
COLLEAGUES. THEY ENTER THE LOBBY AS
CHARLIE ASCENDS THE STAIRS TO HIS
ROOM]

BEN:

SORRY CHARLIE

[CHARLIE TURNS AROUND]

BEN:

FOR COMPARING YOU TO GOD; HE WAITED
TILL SUNDAY TO REST

[THE CROWD LAUGH AS CHARLIE CARRIES
ON]

CUT TO:

SC29. INT. BRANDON HOTEL CORRIDOR THIRD FLOOR

[CHARLIE ENTERS FROM THE STAIRWELL AND CHECKS HIS KEY FOB. HE HAS ROOM 312. HE WANDERS DOWN AND CHECKS THE CORRESPONDING NUMBERS EITHER SIDE. THE FIRST DOOR TO HIS RIGHT IS 300 AND TO HIS LEFT 301. HE CONTINUES BUT THE LAST DOOR ON HIS RIGHT IS 310; THE DOOR TO THE LEFT, 311. HE IS AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR]

CHARLIE:

FOR FUCK'S SAKE ALL I WANT TO DO IS LIE DOWN!

[HE WALKS BACK TO THE STAIRWELL AND NOTICES A SMALL NICHE CONTAINING A FEW STEPS DOWN AND ANOTHER CORRIDOR LEADING THE OTHER WAY. THERE IS A FIRE EXIT DOOR IN FRONT OF HIM. HE FOLLOWS THE OTHER CORRIDOR AND NOTICES THE ODD NUMBERS CONTINUE FROM 313 BUT THE EVENS START FROM 314. HE WALKS DESPAIRINGLY TO THE VERY END]

CHARLIE:

JESUS!

[A CHAMBERMAID EXITS ONE OF THE ROOMS]

CHAMBERMAID:

IS THERE A PROBLEM SIR?

CHARLIE:

WHERE THE FUCK IS 312?

CHAMBERMAID:

I'M SORRY SIR BUT I WON'T HAVE YOU SWEARING AT ME

CHARLIE:

I'M TIRED AND...I'M SORRY

CHAMBERMAID (SMILES):

IT IS A BUGGER THIS ONE – WHOOPS –
THAT’S NOT REALLY SWEARING IS IT? I’LL
SHOW YOU

[SHE WALKS BACK TO THE FIRE EXIT AND
PUSHES THE DOOR]

CHAMBERMAID:

THERE – TO THE RIGHT

CHARLIE:

IS THERE ANY PLACE IN THIS TOWN THAT
CAN BE LOCATED WITHOUT TEARING
YOUR HAIR OUT?

CHAMBERMAID:

YOU WERE HARDLY LOST WERE YOU?
THERE’S ALWAYS SOMEONE TO ASK WHO
KNOWS THE WAY

[SHE GOES DOWN THE STAIRWELL.
CHARLIE ENTERS HIS ROOM THROWS THE
KEY ON TO A TABLE AND FLOPS INTO BED]

CUT TO:

SC30. INT. A WARD IN TAINSTAL GENERAL

[ADEONA IS LYING ON HER BED BUT FIDGETING AND STARES AT THE BED PAN ON THE TABLE NEXT TO HER. SHE CANNOT QUITE REACH IT. THROUGH THE WARD WINDOW SHE SEES A NURSE APPEAR THROUGH THE FIRE EXIT DOOR WHICH IS TOWARDS THE LEFT. SHE LIFTS HER BODY UP IN ORDER TO CATCH HER ATTENTION BUT AS SHE LOOKS BACK TWO MEN HAVE ENTERED FROM THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE LIFT. SHE LOOKS BACK AT THE FIRE EXIT DOOR WHICH IS JUST CLOSING. THE TWO MEN ENTER THE WARD]

WINDSOR:

ALL RIGHT LASS, YOU'RE SAFE NOW

TUDOR:

WE'RE DETECTIVES – SENT HERE TO PROTECT YOU

[ADEONA'S FACE DROPS]

WINDSOR:

NOW, NOW – NO NEED TO FRET – YOU'RE IN NO DANGER THE HOSPITAL'S SEALED TIGHT.

[A UNIFORMED OFFICER ENTERS THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR]

TUDOR:

THOMPSON! GET IN HERE!

[THE POLICEMAN OBEYS]

THOMPSON:

YES SIR

TUDOR:

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING THE STAIRWELL

[ADEONA IS STUNNED]

THOMPSON:

I HAD TO GO

WINDSOR:

NOT UNTIL YOU ARE RELIEVED

THOMPSON:

WELL I AM NOW

TUDOR:

SHUT UP THOMPSON

THOMPSON:

IT'S NOT MY FAULT. THEY CALLED ME IN –
THEY'VE GOT NO COVER. I'VE HAD A
COUPLE OF PINTS – I SHOULDN'T BE ON
DUTY

[ADEONA BEGINS TO PULL THE BLANKETS
OVER HER]

WINDSOR:

AHEM; I THINK YOU SHOULD RESUME
YOUR PLACE OFFICER

THOMPSON:

YES SIR

TUDOR:

ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU LITTLE
LADY?

[ADEONA LOOKS AT THE BED PAN AND
SHAKES HER HEAD]

WINDSOR:

WE'LL JUST BE IN THE NURSES STATION
AROUND THE CORNER THERE. NO-ONE
CAN GET PAST US FROM THE LIFT AND
THOMPSON IS WATCHING THE STAIRS.
YOU'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

[THEY EXIT. ADEONA SINKS DEEPER
WITHIN THE BLANKETS AND TRIES TO
SLEEP]

CUT TO:

SC31. EXT. A STREET IN TAINSTAL

[CHARLIE IS DRIVING HIS BMW]

SAT NAV:

STRAIGHT ON CHARLES

CHARLIE:

RIGHT HO

SAT NAV:

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

CHARLIE:

YOU SHOULD KNOW

SAT NAV:

THERE'S A ROUNDABOUT AHEAD

CHARLIE:

WHICH EXIT

SAT NAV:

SHE'S THERE

[CHARLIE LOOKS TO HIS LEFT. THERE'S A
MOTEL SITUATED ON AN EXIT FROM THE
ROUNDABOUT. VAL'S RED PEUGEOT IS
PARKED THERE]

CHARLIE:

WHAT ABOUT ROGER?

SAT NAV:

DO YOU THINK SHE'S INSURED?

CHARLIE:

NO SHE LAPSED THE POLICY

SAT NAV:

DO YOU THINK SHE STILL WASHES?

CHARLIE:

BOTH OF THEM - YES

SAT NAV:

TURN LEFT

CHARLIE:

WHY?

SAT NAV:

TURN RIGHT THEN

CHARLIE:

WHY?

SAT NAV:

WHY NOT?

CHARLIE:

BUT WHICH?

SAT NAV:

LEFT...NO RIGHT

[CHARLIE SKEWERS THE STEERING WHEEL FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AND SEES ADEONA'S BODY CAREERING AT HIM THROUGH THE AIR. SHE IS MOUTHING SOMETHING BUT HE CANNOT HEAR HER. SHE SMASHES INTO THE WINDSCREEN]

CUT TO:

SC32. INT. ROOM 310 BRANDON HOTEL

[CHARLIE WAKES WITH A START. HE IS
FULLY DRESSED]

CHARLIE:

I SHOULD GO SEE HER

FADE TO:

SC33. INT. OUTSIDE ROOM 310

[CHARLIE EXITS LOOKING TIRED DESPITE THE SLEEP AND WALKS OVER THE EVENING PAPER SITTING ON THE FLOOR OUTSIDE HIS ROOM. THE BANNER HEADLINE READS “WITNESS TO TAINSTAL BANK ROBBERY UNDER 24 HOUR POLICE PROTECTION”]

SC34. INT. RECEPTION HOTEL LOBBY

[CHARLIE ENTERS FROM LIFT AND ALMOST TIPTOES TO RECEPTION AS IF THEY COULD OVERHEAR HIM IN THE BAR FROM WHICH RAUCOUS SOUNDS CAN STILL BE HEARD. TRISH LOOKS CONCERNED]

TRISH:

IT'S GETTING UGLY IN THERE

CHARLIE:

YOU'RE RIGHT – THEY'RE NOT THE BEST LOOKING BUNCH OF HOMO-SAPIENS THIS SIDE OF THE MISSING LINK ARE THEY?

TRISH:

ARE ALL YOU SALESMEN LIKE THAT?

CHARLIE:

THEY CHARGE THEIR GLASSES TO HOPE; I DON'T

TRISH:

SHALL I CALL THE POLICE?

CHARLIE:

WELL IF YOU DO ASK FOR INSPECTORS WINDSOR AND TUDOR; THEY'RE PALS OF MINE.

TRISH:

WINDSOR AND TUDOR? ARE YOU MAKING FUN OF ME?

CHARLIE:

CONTRARILY NOT – I THINK INSPECTOR TUDOR WOULD CONSIDER IT A BEANFEAST. I'D CALL THEM MYSELF IF MY PHONE WAS WORKING.

TRISH:

WE DO OUR BEST TO SERVE SIR BUT STOP
SHORT IN OFFERING A PLATTER OF
DIFFERENT MOBILE CHARGERS

CHARLIE:

WHO BOOKED MY ROOM – HARDMAN? OR
DID HE SWITCH ME TO 312 BEFORE HE LEFT

TRISH:

IS THERE A PROBLEM? IT'S ONE OF OUR
BETTER ROOMS – CERTAINLY ON THE
LOWER FLOORS.

CHARLIE:

IT DOESN'T STICK OUT LIKE THE
PROVERBIAL SORE THUMB THOUGH

TRISH:

OH I SEE. I'M SORRY I FORGOT TO...

CHARLIE:

IT'S OKAY – I'M A LITTLE ABRASIVE AT
THE MOMENT, BESIDES WHICH A
CHAMBERMAID SHOWED ME WHERE IT
WAS

TRISH:

CHAMBERMAID?

CHARLIE:

YES SHE CAME OUT OF ANOTHER ROOM
AND SAW ME LOST

TRISH:

ALL OUR CHAMBERMAIDS FINISHED AT
FIVE

CHARLIE:

WELL WHOEVER SHE WAS SHE PUT ME
RIGHT

TRISH:

THAT'S VERY STRANGE

CHARLIE:

AW COME ON NOW YOU'RE NOT SELLING
ME THE HOUSE GHOST ARE YOU?

TRISH:

SSH! WE DON'T HAVE ONE AND WE DON'T
WANT TO MANUFACTURE ONE EITHER. DO
YOU WANT DINNER?

CHARLIE:

NO THANKS; NOT HUNGRY, AT LEAST NOT
AT THE MINUTE.

TRISH:

LAST ORDERS ARE AT...

CHARLIE:

I'LL FIND SOMEWHERE.

TRISH:

LA FORZA DEL DESTINO IS VERY POPULAR

CHARLIE:

IS IT NEAR THE HOSPITAL?

TRISH:

WHY? I HEARD THE FOOD WAS VERY
GOOD

CHARLIE (CHUCKLING):

I THOUGHT I MIGHT VISIT SOMEONE

TRISH:

YOU'RE NOT GOING COLD CALLING ARE
YOU?

CHARLIE:

JESUS WHAT SORT OF AN ARSEHOLE DO
YOU THINK I AM?

TRISH:

SORRY. OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY AND
FOLLOW THE ROAD...

CHARLIE:

I HAVEN'T A CAR REMEMBER?

TRISH:

DO YOU WANT ME TO RING FOR A TAXI?

CHARLIE:

NO – I FANCY SOME FRESH AIR. IS IT FAR
TO WALK?

TRISH:

ABOUT HALF AN HOUR

CHARLIE:

THAT'S FINE. POINT ME IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION THEN

TRISH:

IT'S A BIT TRICKY BY FOOT - WAIT

[SHE GOES INTO THE LITTLE ROOM BEHIND
RECEPTION AND BRINGS FORTH A CITY
MAP]

TRISH:

HERE WE ARE [MARKS THE SPOT] AND
HERE'S THE HOSPITAL. IT'S A LITTLE
TRICKY ONCE YOU HIT THE RING ROAD.
THE LARGE ROUNDABOUT HAS AN
UNDERPASS BUT IT MAY BE DARK BY THE
TIME YOU REACH IT AND I WOULDN'T
FANCY STROLLING THROUGH IT; WELL IT'S
CREEPY IN THE DAY TIME.

CHARLIE:

I COULD TAKE A DIVERSION JUST HERE
[POINTS TO MAP]

TRISH:

OH YES – I FORGOT ABOUT THAT

CHARLIE:

THANKS THEN – I’LL BE BACK AROUND
TEN, TEN-THIRTY - OKAY

TRISH:

I’LL BE IN BED THEN BUT THE NIGHT
PORTER WILL BE HERE

[CHARLIE EXITS. TRISH TIDIES UP THE
AREA AND STEVE, THE NIGHT PORTER
ARRIVES]

STEVE:

HOW WE LOOKING?

TRISH:

NOT TOO BAD; ONE CANCELLATION AND A
ROWDY CROWD IN THE BAR, WE MAY
NEED TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM.

STEVE:

THEY’LL BE UNCONSCIOUS IN HALF AN
HOUR – DON’T WORRY; ANYTHING ELSE?

TRISH:

THE GUEST IN 312 WILL BE BACK AROUND
TEN-THIRTY. HE’S PART OF THE BULTISH
SEMINAR

STEVE:

IS THERE ANYTHING OPEN IN TAINSTAL
THAT LATE ON A FRIDAY?

TRISH:

HE’S GONE TO THE HOSPITAL VISITING

STEVE:

HANG ON IF HE DOESN’T LIVE HERE HOW
COME HE KNOWS SOMEONE IN OUR
HOSPITAL?

TRISH:

YEAH I THOUGHT THAT WAS FUNNY. BY THE WAY – HE’S WALKING. I TOLD HIM TO AVOID THE SUBWAY. HE’S GOING TO TAKE A DIVERSION AROUND CALYPSO STREET? HE’S GOT YOUR MAP.

STEVE:

FROM OUT THE DRAWER IN THE BACK THERE?

TRISH:

YEAH

STEVE:

SHIT - THAT’S OUT OF DATE. CALYPSO STREET WAS DEMOLISHED LAST YEAR. THEY’VE BUILT A HOUSING ESTATE THIS SIDE OF THE RING-ROAD AND IT’S ONE WAY IN AND ONE WAY OUT. HE’LL BE GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES FOR HOURS.

TRISH;

JESUS, I HOPE HE CHECKS OUT TOMORROW BEFORE I START MY SHIFT!

CUT TO:

**SC35. EXT. RING ROAD ROUNDABOUT NEAR TAINSTAL
HOSPITAL, ONE HOUR LATER**

[IT'S NOW DARK AND CHARLIE RUNS
ACROSS THE BUSY ROUNDABOUT FROM
THE CITY SIDE ACROSS TO THE HOSPITAL
SIDE. HE CLAMBERS OVER THE FENCE
GUARD. HE IS DISHEVELLED, HIS SHIRT
HANGING OUT TO ONE SIDE AND HE HAS A
TEAR IN HIS RIGHT TROUSER LEG ABOVE
THE KNEE. HE IS SWEATING AND OUT OF
BREATH. AS HE STANDS THERE HE PULLS
OUT THE MAP FROM HIS JACKET POCKET
AND TEARS IN INTO TWO, SWINGING
ROUND AND THROWING IT IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE ROUNDABOUT]

CUT TO:

SC36. EXT. TAINSTAL HOSPITAL CAR PARK

[CHARLIE IS WALKING ACROSS TOWARD THE MAIN ENTRANCE. AS HE DOES SO HE SQUEEZES BETWEEN A FORD KA AND A LARGE 4X4. HE LOOKS AT THE 4X4 IN ADMIRATION. IT IS BLACK WITH TAINTED WINDOWS AND DISTINCTIVE WHEEL TRIMS. HE STOOPS TO LOOK INSIDE THE DRIVERS WINDOW TO SEE IF HE CAN DISTINGUISH WHAT THE DASHBOARD LOOKS LIKE. AS HE DOES SO THE WINDOW IS LOWERED AND HE IS STARING INTO THE FACE OF VILLAIN 1. HE IS WEARING DARK GLASSES AND SMOKING]

CHARLIE:

FUCK – SORRY I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS IN THERE.

[CHARLIE BACKS AWAY A LITTLE]

CHARLIE:

SORRY – DON'T MEAN TO BE NOSEY BUT THIS IS A NICE CAR – HOW MUCH...

[VILLAIN 1 FLICKS HIS CIGARETTE END INTO CHARLIE'S FACE AND THEN THE WINDOW IS SLOWLY RAISED. CHARLIE STANDS THERE INCENSED FOR A MOMENT HIS FACE REDDENING AS IF HE WERE ABOUT TO REACT. THE WINDOW LOWERS ABOUT AN INCH AND STOPS. CHARLIE'S RAGE TURNS TO FEAR AND HE WALKS ON]

CUT TO:

SC37. INT. TAINSTAL HOSPITAL RECEPTION

[THE AREA APPEARS RUN DOWN AND THE BRIGHT LIGHTS ABOVE THE DESK DO LITTLE BUT ADD TO THE RATHER SICKLY LOOK OF THE PLACE. THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE CENTRAL AREA THROWS UNWANTED SHADOWS INTO BOTH CORNERS OF THE SEATING AREA WHERE, IN ONE, A GIRL IS CRADLING A BEATEN UP YOUNG MAN AND IN THE OTHER A DRUNKEN WOMAN ABOUT 40-45 BUT LOOKING PREMATURELY AGED AROUND 55+ IS HUMMING SOFTLY TO HERSELF. THE RECEPTION AREA ITSELF IS BUSY WITH A QUEUE FORMING DISPLAYING THE USUSAL VARIETY OF INJURIES BUT THERE ARE ONLY TWO PEOPLE AT THE DESK. CHARLIE LOOKS AROUND AND DECIDES THIS WAS A MISTAKE AND TURNS TO LEAVE.]

TUDOR (FROM BEHIND CHARLIE'S SHOULDER AND HOLDING TWO VENDING COFFEES):

LUCRE: HOW THE BLOODY HELL DID YOU COME TO BE HERE?

CHARLIE (TURNING AROUND AND LOOKING CRESTFALLEN AND THEN AS SUDDENLY SULLEN):

I GOT LOST! SHIT!

TUDOR:

HEY YOU HAVEN'T STARTED INSURING THE GOOD PEOPLE OF TAINSTAL AND THEN RUNNING THE BASTARDS OVER AS SOON AS THEY LEAVE THE HOUSE HAVE YOU?

CHARLIE:

NOT YET, BUT IT'S AN IDEA. I MIGHT START WITH THE LOCAL POLICE FORCE.

TUDOR:

PERHAPS YOU'D BE BETTER BEGINNING WITH A LOWER FORM OF INTELLIGENT LIFE

CHARLIE:

I WOULD DO BUT IT'S EXTINCT. WHY ARE YOU...OH GOD I HAVEN'T...

TUDOR (IGNORING ME):

WOULD YOU LIKE A COFFEE CHARLIE?

CHARLIE:

NO – I WANT TO GO

TUDOR:

OH COME ON – I'M BUYING

CHARLIE:

I CAME HERE TO SEE HER

TUDOR:

THAT'S NICE – HERE HOLD THESE

[TUDOR THRUSTS THE TWO COFFEES INTO CHARLIE'S HANDS SO THAT HE HAS TO HOLD THE HOTTEST PART OF THE CUP. CHARLIE WINCES AND BEGINS TO LOOK FOR SOMEWHERE TO PUT THEM DOWN BUT THERE ISN'T ANY PLACE BUT THE FLOOR. TUDOR MAKES A MIME AT CHECKING HIS POCKETS FOR CHANGE AND SMILES BROADLY AT CHARLIE'S AGONY]

TUDOR:

OH DEAR – NO MORE CHANGE LEFT

[HE TAKES BACK THE COFFEES BY THE CUP LIP]

CHARLIE:

YOU ROTTEN...

TUDOR:

NOW, NOW CHARLES DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER

CHARLIE:

IF SHE'S BADLY HURT I DON'T THINK I CAN
FACE IT?

TUDOR:

NO YOU MUSTN'T GO. I'LL TAKE YOU TO
ADEONA.

CHARLIE:

WHAT'S AN ADEONA?

TUDOR:

A CLIENT OF YOURS; FOLLOW ME

[HE MOTIONS CHARLIE FORWARD AND
CHARLIE MOVES TOWARD THE STAIRS]

TUDOR:

NOT THAT WAY – OVER THERE – THE LIFTS.
THE COFFEE WILL BE COLD USING THE
STAIRS. (GESTURING TO NURSE AT
RECEPTION DESK AS SHE QUESTIONS
WHAT HE'S DOING) IT'S OKAY HE'S ONE OF
US

[THE NURSE NODS IN AGREEMENT AND
CHARLIE RETURNS THE NOD THEN
FOLLOWS TUDOR MEEKLY]

CUT TO:

SC38. INT. TAINSTAL HOSPITAL LIFT

[THEY ENTER AND ARE THE ONLY OCCUPANTS. TUDOR PRESSES 7 THE UPPERMOST FLOOR. THEY RIDE THE FIRST THREE FLOORS IN SILENCE. THE LIFT DOES NOT STOP UNTIL THEY REACH 7]

CHARLIE:

WHAT HAVE I DONE TO HER?

TUDOR:

JESUS, GUILT MR LUCRE? – YOU’LL BE A BLOODY CATHOLIC BY THE MORNING

CHARLIE:

I AM CATHOLIC

TUDOR:

THAT’S A LOT OF SUPPRESSED GUILT

CHARLIE:

I DIDN’T SUPPRESS IT – I LOST IT. SHE’S NOT A CABBAGE IS SHE?

TUDOR:

CRIST DON’T TELL ME YOU HAVE INSURANCE FOR VEGETABLES?

CHARLIE:

IF I HAD I’D HAVE SOLD IT TO YOU (PAUSE)
LOOK IF YOU WANT TO SEE ME BREAK
DOWN OVER WHAT I’VE DONE TO HER.

TUDOR:

CALL IT A TRANSFIGURATION

CHARLIE:

EVEN THOUGH YOU MUST KNOW THE
FACTS BY NOW

TUDOR:

WE'RE NOT INVESTIGATING THAT ANY
MORE

CHARLIE (SHUDDERING):

GOD NO – SHE'S DEAD, BUT WAIT, YOU'RE
NOT TAKING ME TO A MORGUE, NOT ON
THE SEVENTH FLOOR

[TUDOR SAYS NOTHING IN REPLY. THE
LIFT DOOR OPENS AND THEY BOTH STEP
OUT]

CUT TO:

SC39. INT. FLOOR SEVEN TAINSTAL GENERAL HOSPITAL

[OUTSIDE THE LIFT THE CORRIDOR RUNS BOTH LEFT AND RIGHT AND THEY BOTH HOUSE GENERAL WARDS. TO THE RIGHT CHARLIE CAN HEAR THE HUBBUB AS PATIENTS AND VISITORS MOVING IN AND OUT OF THE ROOMS BUT TUDOR SWINGS HIM TO THE LEFT BY THE ARM]

TUDOR:

WE'RE THIS WAY

[THE DOUBLE DOORS TO THIS SIDE OF THE GENERAL WARD HAVE A NO-ENTRY SIGN ACROSS THEM]

CHARLIE:

ARE YOU SURE?

[TUDOR IGNORES HIM AND PUSHES HIM THROUGH. THERE IS AN EERIE SILENCE IN THIS WARD. CHARLIE LOOKS INTO THE ROOMS RIGHT AND LEFT – THEY ARE ALL DARK AND UNOCCUPIED]

CHARLIE:

I THOUGHT THERE WAS A NATIONAL BED SHORTAGE

TUDOR:

THERE IS TONIGHT; WE NEEDED THE SPACE

[AS THEY WALK ON THERE IS A BRIGHT LIGHT TO THE LEFT AND A DIMMER ONE GLOWING IN THE ROOM AT THE END WHICH FACES THE CORRIDOR. WINDSOR STEPS OUT FROM THE ROOM ON THE LEFT – THE NURSES STATION]

TUDOR:

LOOKS WHO'S COME TO SEE OUR VICTIM

WINDSOR:

COME TO FINISH THE JOB THEN?

CHARLIE:

SO SHE IS ALIVE EH?

TUDOR:

DON'T SOUND SO DISAPPOINTED CHARLIE

WINDSOR (WHISPERNG TO TUDOR):

IS THIS WISE BRINGING HIM UP? IF
KENNEDY FINDS OUT

TUDOR:

LET HIM SEE HER – WHAT HE'S DONE. I'LL
DRAG HIM OUT AFTER TEN MINUTES. NO-
ONE WILL KNOW

WINDSOR:

WHAT ABOUT THOMPSON?

TUDOR:

WE'LL SAY IT'S HER BROTHER

WINDSOR (NOW LOUDER TO CHARLIE)

YOU TOOK YOUR TIME DIDN'T YOU?

CHARLIE:

YES I WAS DETAINED AT HER MAJESTY'S
PLEASURE

TUDOR:

IT WAS RATHER ENJOYABLE

CHARLIE:

OVERLONG I THINK

WINDSOR:

BUT YOU'RE HERE NOW THAT'S ALL THAT
COUNTS – OKAY LET'S SEARCH YOU

[WINDSOR REACHES DOWN TOWARD HIS
TROUSERS]

CHARLIE:

WHAT THE FUCK?

TUDOR:

YOU CAN'T SEE HER UNTIL WE SEARCH
YOU

CHARLIE:

FOR WHAT - A POLICY?

WINDSOR (NONCHALANTLY):

NO, NO – GUN, KNIFE - MAYBE

CHARLIE:

I'M NO ASSASSIN...OH FUCK! NOW IT ALL
MAKES SENSE

TUDOR:

THE PENNY DROPS!

[WINDSOR SEARCHES CHARLIE
REGARDLESS]

CHARLIE:

SHE SAW IT, DIDN'T SHE?

TUDOR:

NOT IT, MISTER LUCRE - WHO

WINDSOR:

A LITTLE TOO MUCH INFORMATION COLIN!

CHARLIE (LAUGHS):

AND THEY GAVE YOU THE JOB OF
GUARDING HER! (PAUSE) HOLD THE FUCK
UP...ARE YOU EXPECTING THEM TO?... OH
NO, I THINK I'LL GET BACK TO MY HOTEL.

WINDSOR (STILL PATTING CHARLIE
DOWN):

STAY CHARLIE, THEY MIGHT NEED SOME
JAIL INSURANCE.

CHARLIE:

I TOLD YOU BEFORE I'M NOT TO BLAME. I CAME HERE... WHY THE FUCK DID I COME HERE? I GOT LOST, RIPPED A HOLE IN MY PANTS, HAD A CIGARETTE FLICKED IN MY FACE AND THEN WALKED BACK INTO THE ARMS OF THE FUCKING CHUCKLE BROTHERS. NOW IT LOOKS AS IF I'M ABOUT TO CAUGHT IN A BLOOD BATH.

TUDOR:

CALM DOWN CHARLIE, IT'S JUST A PRECAUTION. I WOULDN'T BRING YOU UP HERE IF I THOUGHT THERE WAS ANY REAL DANGER.

WINDSOR:

THEY WOULDN'T RISK IT SO SOON AFTER THE ROBBERY

CHARLIE:

WHY NOT, IF SHE CAN IDENTIFY THEM? THEY'RE HARDLY SHORT OF CASH ARE THEY?

TUDOR:

TRUST US

CHARLIE:

I SUPPOOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. IF YOUR BOSS KNEW SHE WOULD BE IN DANGER HE'D NEVER GIVE YOU THE JOB.

TUDOR:

CHARLIE, I'M SURE DEEP DOWN YOU'RE A GOOD LAD, SO SHUT UP; BESIDES WHICH YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR ONE DAY

[CHARLIE'S SMILES TURN TO A MIXTURE OF SCORN AND FEAR AND HE GAZES TOWARD ADEONA'S ROOM. WINDSOR FINISHES HIS SEARCH BY CUPPING HIS RIGHT HAND UNDER CHARLIE'S SCROTUM]

WINDSOR (GIGGLING):

NO WEAPONS THERE

CUT TO:

SC40. INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO ADEONA'S ROOM

[TUDOR AND CHARLIE WALK ON AS WINDSOR GOES BACK INTO THE NURSES STATION. CHARLIE GLANCES IN AND SEES WINDSOR TAKE A REVOLVER FROM UNDERNEATH HIS JACKET AND PLACE IT ON THE TABLE. AS THEY PROCEED TOWARD THE ROOM CHARLIE'S HEART IS THUMPING AWARE THAT HE WILL FEEL CULPABLE FOR WHATEVER STATE ADEONA IS IN REGARDLESS OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES. AS THEY STAND OUTSIDE THE ROOM CHARLIE CAN SEE ANOTHER OFFICER IN A CORNER TO THE RIGHT ABOUT TWENTY FEET AWAY. TUDOR NODS TO HIM AND THOMPSON RETURNS IT]

TUDOR:

THAT'S THOMPSON. HE'S COVERING THE STAIRWELL

CHARLIE:

IS HE ARMED TOO?

TUDOR:

OF COURSE

CHARLIE:

HE'S NOT YOUR PROTÉGÉ OR ANYTHING IS HE?

TUDOR:

THOMPSON, NO – A GREENHORN, I THINK THE AMERICANS CALL IT. STRAIGHT FROM COLLEGE – DOESN'T HAVE OUR EXPERIENCE

CHARLIE:

GOOD

[HE LOOKS INTO THE WARD. ADEONA IS LYING ASLEEP BENEATH THE COVERS WITH HER HEAD RESTING AWAY FROM THE DOOR. HE PUSHES AT THE DOOR AND THEN HESITATES]

TUDOR:

GO ON THEN – SEE WHAT YOU’VE DONE TO HER

CHARLIE:

I’LL GO ALONE THEN

TUDOR:

I’LL BE WITH WINDSOR

CHARLIE:

ET ETERNAM

[TUDOR WALKS BACK TO THE NURSE’S STATION AND CHARLIE MOVES INSIDE THE ROOM]

CUT TO:

SC41. INT. ADEONA'S ROOM, TAINSTAL HOSPITAL

[THERE ARE FOUR BEDS ARRANGED TWO EITHER SIDE AND ADEONA IS LYING IN THE FURTHEST ON THE RIGHT. CHARLIE APPROACHES THE BED BUT AS YET CANNOT SEE HER FACE. HE KICKS SOMETHING AT HIS FEET. IT'S A NECK BRACE. HE PICKS IT UP QUIZZICALLY AND PLACES IT ON THE OTHER BED. THERE ARE NO MACHINES MONITORING HER AND HER ARMS ARE BY HER SIDE, A LITTLE BRUISED BUT WITHOUT BANDAGES OR A CAST, BUT CHARLIE IS DRAWN TOWARD THE SHAPE OF HER LEGS UNDER THE COVERS. HE BENDS DOWN LOW AND TRIES TO LIFT THE COVERS SO AS TO CHECK FOR SIGNS OF DAMAGE BUT AS HE DOES SO SHE STIRS AND HER HEAD FALLS TOWARD CHARLIE. AT ONCE HE IS STRUCK BY THE PLACIDITY IN HER FACE. HER NOSE HAS A SLIGHT TURN BUT NOT TOO PIXIE LIKE AND ALTHOUGH HER CHEEKS ARE WELL DEFINED HER CHIN BETRAYS A PLUMPISHNESS THAT MAY BREED A SUCCESSION OF SIMILAR FEATURES. HER LONG HAIR, BRUNETTE, FALLS ACROSS HER EYES AS SHE MOVES HER HEAD AND CHARLIE MOVES HIS RIGHT HAND AS IF TO BRUSH IT AWAY SO HER CAN SEE HER CLEARER BUT AS HE DOES SO HER CLOSED EYES BECOME AGITATED AS IF SHE WAS HAVING A NIGHTMARE. HER HEAD ROLLS BACK SO THAT IT IS POINTING STRAIGHT AT THE CEILING. HER HEAD BEGINS TO ROCK A LITTLE AS IF IN PAIN AND CHARLIE MOVES ABOVE HER CONCERNED, BUT AT THE SAME TIME WITH AN IRRESISTABLE URGE TO SMOTHER HER WITH KISSES, RATHER THAN PUSH FOR THE NURSE HE PUTS HIS ARM ON HER SHOULDER AND SHE AWAKES AND STARES DIRECTLY AT HIM. ADEONA, INSTEAD OF PANICKING, BREAKS INTO A BROAD SMILE AS SHE SEES CHARLIE ABOVE HER. CHARLIE IS CAPTIVATED BY THE CRYSTAL GREEN OF HER EYES AND HOW HER SMILE ILLUMINATES THOSE WINSOM FEATURES]

CHARLIE:

I DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE YOU

[ADEONA SAYS NOTHING BUT CONTINUES TO SMILE AND STARTS TO SIT UP]

CHARLIE:

I EXPECT YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT I'M DOING HERE

[SHE SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS]

CHARLIE:

ADEONA, OH I'VE JUST THOUGHT, YOU'RE NAME IS ADEONA, OF COURSE

[SHE NODS AGAIN]

CHARLIE:

HERE'S ME TRYING TO TALK TO YOU IN ENGLISH.

[A PLAYFUL LOOK IS IN HER EYE AND AGAIN SHE SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS]

CHARLIE (GESTURING AS HE GRASPS FOR WORDS):

I (POINTS TO HIMSELF) WAS THE DRIVER (MIMES HOLDING A STEERING WHEEL) WHO KNOCKED YOU OVER (HE STANDS AND DOES A POOR CARTWHEEL MIME ACROSS THE FLOOR)

[ADEONA LAUGHS SILENTLY BUT AS CHARLIE SITS BACK ON HER BED SHE PUTS HER HAND ON HIS ARM NOT AS A FORGIVING GESTURE BUT AS IF SHE WERE APOLOGIZING TO CHARLIE]

CHARLIE:

ARE YOU...

[CHARLIE HESITATES OUT OF FEAR AS WELL AS AN INABILITY TO MIME THE RIGHT WORDS]

CHARLIE:

DID THE DOCTORS (TAKING OUT A PAIR OF EXPENSIVE SUNGLASSES FROM HIS INSIDE POCKET AND HANGING THEM UPSIDE DOWN ON HIS EARS AS IF THEY WERE A STETHESCOPE) TELL YOU (POINTING TO ADEONA) WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

[AS HE STRUGGLES TO PRODUCE A MIME THAT BEFITS THE SITUATION TUDOR, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING ALL THE TIME, WALKS IN]

TUDOR:

SHE'S NOT A FOREIGNER, YOU IDIOT; SHE'S LOST HER FUCKING VOICE.

CUT TO:

SC42. INT. ADEONA'S ROOM TEN MINUTES LATER

[CHARLIE IS STILL SITTING NEXT TO HER AND ADEONA HAS A GUILTY LOOK ON HER FACE]

CHARLIE:

SO YOU WERE TEASING ME THEN WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE A FOREIGNER?

[SHE NODS MISCHIEVOUSLY]

DO I DESERVE THAT FOR RUNNING YOU OVER?

[SHE SHAKES HER HEAD VOCIFEROUSLY]

YOU KNOW THIS CONVERSATION COULD START TO GET A LITTLE ONE-SIDED

[SHE POINTS TO THE DRAWER AT THE SIDE OF THE BED AND MIMES A PULL. CHARLIE OPENS IT UP TO FIND A NOTEBOOK AND A PENCIL. HE GIVES IT TO HER]

CHARLIE:

NOW YOU'RE TALKING (SHE MIMES A GROAN) SORRY

[ADEONA LOOKS AT THE PENCIL AND THEN GESTURES TO THE DRAWER AGAIN. CHARLIE FINDS A SHARPENER AND GIVES IT TO HER. SHE TAKES A WHILE TO GET A REALLY SHARP POINT TO IT]

CHARLIE:

CHRIST YOU MUST BE A REAL CHATTERBOX!

[ADEONA BEGINS TO WRITE AND THEN SHOWS CHARLIE]

ADEONA:

CAN'T SPEAK SINCE ACCIDENT

CHARLIE:

PERMANENT?

ADEONA:

*NOT SERIOUS. DOCTOR SAYS SHOCK. WILL
COME BACK*

CHARLIE:

THANK FUCK FOR THAT - OOPS

ADEONA:

*I'D SWEAR TOO BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO
SPELL FUCK*

CHARLIE (REMEMBERING THE NECK
BRACE PICKS IT UP):

ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE WEARING THIS?

[ADEONA SCRATCHES AT HER NECK AND
THEN WIGGLES IT GIVING CHARLIE THE
THUMBS UP]

CHARLIE:

I'VE HAD A FEW CLIENTS TELL ME THAT,
BUT I MADE THEM WEAR IT. IT COULD
INVALIDATE YOUR INSURANCE

ADEONA (SCREWING UP HER FACE):

DON'T BELIEVE IN IT

[CHARLIE LOOKS BEMUSED]

CUT TO:

SC43. INT. NURSE'S STATION

[WINDSOR IS READING A MAGAZINE AND TUDOR IS NODDING OFF AND SOON BEGINS TO SNORE. WINDSOR LOOKS UP FROM HIS MAGAZINE AND GLARES AT HIS SLEEPING COLLEAGUE. HE TAKES OUT HIS REVOLVER AND PUTS IT UNDERNEATH TUDOR'S NOSE]

WINDSOR (WHISPERING):

BANG!

[TUDOR SNORES ON]

CUT TO:

SC44. INT. ADEONA'S ROOM

[CHARLIE IS READING THE NOTEBOOK]

CHARLIE:

AN ACTRESS THEN?

[ADEONA MIMES A TRAGIC POSE]

WHERE DO YOU WORK?

[SHE MIMES ROLLING THINGS ACROSS A
BAR CODE AT A SUPERMARKET
CHECKOUT. CHARLIE SHRUGS. SHE
WRITES AGAIN]

ADEONA:

GATEWAY

CHARLIE:

WHAT DO YOU DO THERE THEN 'THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE'?

[SHE RUBS HER FINGERS TOGETHER]

I THOUGHT YOU WERE NOT THE FISCAL
TYPE

[SHE PUTS HER HAND IN HER MOUTH]

YEAH, YEAH WE ALL GOTTA EAT. SO THE
STAGE IS A LOST DREAM

[ADEONA SHAKES HER HEAD]

SO YOU STILL ACT? LOCAL STUFF?

[SHE TAKES THE NOTE BOOK AND WRITES]

ADEONA:

VOICEOVERS

CHARLIE:

ADVERTS?

[SHE GESTURES A LITTLE]

SO YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL VOICE TO GO
WITH YOUR BEAUTIFUL FACE

[CHARLIE BLUSHES AT HIS SPONTANEITY
AND SHE WRITES AGAIN]

ADEONA (MIMING TO THE TEXT CHARLIE
READS):

*I HAVE COLOURFUL TONES AND FLAWLESS
DICTION*

[THERE'S A PAUSE AS IF CHARLIE WANTS
TO COMMIT HIMSELF BUT INSTEAD SAYS]

CHARLIE:

I SHOULD LET YOU REST. YOU MAY BE
BUSY TOMORROW

[AS HE BEGINS TO RISE OFF THE BED SHE
PUTS HER HAND ON HIS ARM. THEY LOOK
AT EACH OTHER EARNESTLY AND SHE
WRITES AGAIN]

[CHARLIE, PICKING UP THE NOTEBOOK IN
ANTICIPATION, READS – YOU COULDN'T
TAKE ME TO THE TOILET COULD YOU?]

CUT TO:

SC45. INT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ADEONA'S ROOM

[CHARLIE IS SUPPORTED ADEONA WHO CAN BARELY WALK THROUGH A COCKTAIL OF SHOCK, MEDICATION AND WITH HER LEG IN PLASTER. TO THE LEFT OF THEM THOMPSON HAS DOZED OFF IN HIS CHAIR. HE DOESN'T STIR]

CHARLIE:

YOU'D BE SAFER IN NORTH KOREA.
COULDN'T YOU TRY THE BED PAN AGAIN?
YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GO NOW

[ADEONA SHAKES HER HEAD. THEY MOVE ALONG TOWARD THE RIGHT WITHOUT PASSING THE NURSES' STATION]

CHARLIE:

WHY HAVEN'T THEY GIVEN YOU A CHAIR?

[SHE POINTS BACK TO THE BED]

CHARLIE:

OH YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STAY PUT

[SHE NODS]

CHARLIE:

IT'S DEFINITELY THIS WAY

[SHE NODS AGAIN. THEY GET TO THE END OF THAT PART OF THE CORRIDOR AND IN A LITTLE NICHE THERE'S A BROWN DOOR. CHARLIE STRUGGLES TO OPEN IT AND SUPPORT ADEONA AT THE SAME TIME BUT EVENTUALLY MANAGES IT. IT'S A STORE CUPBOARD]

CHARLIE:

WELL YOU COULD TRY IT BUT IT WON'T
SMELL TOO GOOD AFTER A WHILE

[ADEONA LOOKS APOLOGETIC AND POINTS TOWARD THE LEFT BEYOND WHERE THOMPSON IS SLEEPING]

CHARLIE:

THE OTHER SIDE I GUESS

[THEY BEGIN TO STRUGGLE BACK THE WAY THEY CAME BUT AS THEY PASS THE JUNCTION BETWEEN CORRIDORS WINDSOR JUMPS OUT AT THEM BRANDISHING HIS REVOLVER]

WINDSOR:

BANG!

[SURPRISED CHARLIE INADVERTENTLY LETS ADEONA GO FOR A SECOND AND AS SHE BEGINS TO FALL GOES TO GRAB HER AGAIN LOSING HIS BALANCE. HE ROLLS HIS RIGHT ANKLE OVER AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR IN A HEAP WITH ADEONA ON TOP OF HIM]

CHARLIE:

YOU STUPID BASTARD; I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SHOOT

[WINDSOR GRINS BUT IN AN INSTANT IT TURNS TO A GRIMACE AS TUDOR JOINS HIM FROM THE ROOM, OBVIOUSLY JUST WOKEN]

TUDOR:

WHAT'S GOING ON?

WINDSOR:

YOU JUST MISSED THE PARALYMPICS THREE LEGGED RACE

CHARLIE:

I THINK I'VE SPRAINED IT

TUDOR (BENDING DOWN AND EXAMINING IT):

COULD BE; MIGHT KEEP YOU OFF WORK FOR A WHILE

WINDSOR:

OH I DO HOPE YOU'RE INSURED.

CHARLIE:

I WAS TAKING HER TO THE TOILET

TUDOR:

YOUNG LADY WE CANNOT PROTECT YOU
IF YOU DON'T STAY PUT

[HE PICKS HER UP IN HIS ARMS AS IF SHE
WERE A INFANT AND TAKES HER BACK TO
HER BED AND ASSISTS HER WITH THE BED
PAN]

CHARLIE:

SHE CAN'T GO ON THAT

TUDOR:

SHE'LL HAVE A VERY DISTENDED TUM
THEN WON'T SHE

[TUDOR PATS IT MAKING ADEONA WINCE,
AND THEN EXITS SHOUTING DOWN AT
THOMPSON, STILL ASLEEP DESPITE THE
RUCKUS]

TUDOR:

THOMPSON!

[HE STIRS]

THOMPSON:

SORRY SIR, I'M FIGHTING SLEEP

WINDSOR:

GO AND GET YOURSELF A COFFEE AND
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT GET A NURSE UP
HERE FOR HIM

THOMPSON:

YES SIR

[EXITS TO THE LIFT]

TUDOR:

CHARLIE, YOU SEEM TO BE FULL OF
ACCIDENTS TODAY.

WINDSOR:

HE'S PRACTICALLY UNINSURABLE COLIN

CUT TO:

SC46. INT. A & E DEPT TAINSTAL HOSPITAL ABOUT 11PM

[CHARLIE IS LYING ON A BED IN THE A & E DEPARTMENT AND ABOUT TO HAVE HIS SPRAINED ANKLE TREATED. THERE IS A WHEELCHAIR TOWARD THE WINDOW. TWO DRUNKS, AGED AROUND 25, A MAN (BILL) AND A WOMAN (MAGGIE) ENTER, WITH ANOTHER NURSE, BRIDEY. BILL HAS BEEN BEATEN UP AND HAS CUTS ACROSS HIS FACE. HIS NOSE AND MOUTH ARE BLEEDING AND THE RIGHT HAND SLEEVE OF HIS JACKET IS RIPPED. MAGGIE IS UNHURT BUT HER SKIRT IS COMING AWAY AT THE WAIST DUE TO A TEAR AND SHE KEEPS TUGGING AT IT TO PULL IT UP. BRIDEY PLACES BILL PROPPED UP ON THE ENXT BED AND MAGGIES SITTING AT THE END OF THE BED. SHE IS FAIRLY WELL BUILT BUT HAS SPINDLY LEGS THAT LOOK INCAPABLE OF CARRYING HER WEIGHT. SHE HAS A GENIAL YET PROFICIENT DISPOSITION]

BRIDEY:

OKAY YOU TWO – I’M JUST GOING TO BANDAGE THIS MAN’S ANKLE. YOU RELAX AND I’LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY

BILL (WITH A SLUR):

NURSE DON’T LEAVE ME ALONE TOO LONG WITH THIS BITCH

MAGGIE (SLURRING ALSO):

YOU WON’T BE SAYING THAT WHEN THIS BITCH GETS YOU HOME

[CHARLIE LOOKS OVER AT THEM]

MAGGIE (TO CHARLIE):

I’M A REAL BITCH THEN; A TRAINED LABRADOR TO LEAD THE BLIND MAN HOME

BILL:

I CAN GET MYSELF HOME

BRIDEY:

YOU COULD BARELY GET THROUGH THE
DOORS TO THE HOSPITAL

MAGGIE:

HOME FROM HOME

BRIDEY:

DO YOU TWO HAVE TO BE HERE EVERY
FRIDAY? GO SEE A FILM

BILL (ATTEMPTING TO SAY MULTIPLEX):

THEY DO NOT SERVE THE BEVERAGES I
LIKE AT THE MUPTI...LUMPTI...CINEMA.

MAGGIE:

IF THEY HAD SCOTCH ICE CREAM AND
RUM POPCORN I'D GO - ANYWAY I FALL
ASLEEP IN MOVIES

BRIDEY:

YOU FALL ASLEEP HERE

MAGGIE:

IT'S WARM

BILL (STARTING TO SNOOZE):

TOO WARM

MAGGIE:

NO GRATITUDE

BRIDEY:

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS MAGGIE; LAST
WEEK BILL TOOK YOU HOME

MAGGIE (SMILING SARDONICALLY):

OH THAT'S RIGHT HE DID AND LEFT ME IN
THE HALL AND WENT TO BED. I SHOULD
HAVE LEFT HIM STAGGERING AROUND THE
STREETS TONIGHT

BILL (AWAKENING BRIEFLY):

I MAY STAGGER SLIGHTLY DUE TO THE
FACT I HAVE HAD A FEW DRINKS AND MY
WAY HOME, ADMITTEDLY, MAY INVOLVE
SOME SMALL DIVERSIONS BUT I ALWAYS
END UP IN MY OWN BED DON'T I?

MAGGIE:

NOT TONIGHT SUGAR I THINK I'LL LEAVE
YOU IN THE BACK GARDEN

BILL (ABOUT TO NOD OFF):

YOU WOULDN'T THOUGH?

MAGGIE (YAWNING HERSELF):

NAW, YOU MIGHT BE COMPOST IN THE
MORNING

[BILL IS ASLEEP]

MAGGIE:

IS THAT THE MAN I LOVE?

CHARLIE:

WELL YOU RESCUED HIM DIDN'T YOU?

BRIDEY (SHUSHING CHARLIE):

YOU LIE BACK NOW YOUNG MAN, I'VE GOT
THE BANDAGE HERE FOR THAT ANKLE

MAGGIE:

WHAT DOES BILL WANT RESCUING FROM
EXCEPT SOBRIETY?

CHARLIE (IGNORING BRIDEY):

WHOEVER BEAT HIM UP

MAGGIE:

I BEAT HIM UP!

[CHARLIE IS TAKEN ABACK AND BRIDEY
SERVES HIM AN ADMONISHING STARE]

MAGGIE (POINTING AT THE SLEEPING BILL):

THE BASTARD INSULTED ME. THEN HE SAID OUR MARRAIGE WAS GOING NOWHERE

CHARLIE:

YOU'RE MARRIED!

[BRIDEY SQUEEZES CHARLIE'S SWOLLEN ANKLE AND HE YELPS]

BRIDEY:

MR LUCRE, I APOLOGIZE. I'LL GET THAT WRAPPED UP NICE FOR YOU

MAGGIE (IGNORING BOTH OF THEM):

HATE'S LIKE LOVE ISN'T IT? STRONG; IT MAKES EVERYTHING...BIG! (SHE MIMES A SHAPE LIKE A BIG BALL) BUT YOU KNOW WHAT'S NOT SO BIG? I'LL TELL YOU; THE SMALL SLIM LITTLE LINE THAT SEPARATES THEM (SHE DRAWS HER FINGER DOWN THROUGH THE AIR) ONE DAY YOU'RE THIS SIDE, THEN TOMORROW THE OTHER...

CHARLIE:

WHY NOT STAY ON THE LINE?

[HE REALISES HIS OUTBURST AND PROTECTS HIS ANKLE]

MAGGIE (STROKING BILL'S LEG AND YAWNING AGAIN):

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF....

[SHE FALLS ASLEEP ON BILL'S LEGS]

CHARLIE:

REGULARS?

BRIDEY (PULLING THE CURTAIN AROUND CHARLIE'S BED):

MOST FRIDAYS.

CHARLIE:

YOU MARRIED?

BRIDEY:

AM I THAT UNATTRACTIVE?

CHARLIE:

I'M JUST CURIOUS

BRIDEY:

I DON'T WANT ANY

CHARLIE:

SORRY

BRIDEY:

I DON'T NEED ANY

CHARLIE (PENNY DROPS):

THOSE TWO BASTARDS – LOOK, HOW TWO
DIMENSIONAL DOES EVERYBODY THINK I
AM?

BRIDEY:

THE FAT ONE

CHARLIE:

TUDOR?

BRIDEY:

DIDN'T YOU STITCH UP HIS POOR OLD
GRANNY?

[CHARLIE SAYS NOTHING. BRIDEY BEGINS
TO BANDAGE UP HIS ANKLE. CHARLIE
WINCES INTERMITTENTLY. THEN BRIDEY
SPEAKS]

BRIDEY:

I WAS 19; AT UNIVERSITY –STUDYING ECONOMICS. MY PARENTS WEREN'T WELL OFF BUT I THEY ALWAYS SAW MY CAREER PATH IN A DIRECT AND QUITE CLICHED FASHION; ME IN A NICE PIN-STRIPE SUIT - I HAD QUITE A FIGURE BACK THEN - STRIDING ACROSS THE GREAT FINIANCIAL INSTITUTIONS OF THE CITY. CHAIRING IMPORTANT FISCAL MEETINGS, RUBBING SHOULDERS WITH POLITICAL LEADERS AND TAKING THEM BY THE HAND, GUIDING THE FUTURE MONETARY DIRECTION OF THE COUNTRY

CHARLIE:

THAT WASN'T YOU

BRIDEY:

ON THE CONTRARY I WAS ENJOYING IT BUT...

[BRIDEY PAUSES AND HER FACE BECOMES STRAINED]

CHARLIE:

YOU GOT PREGNANT

BRIDEY:

NO I DIDN'T YOU CHEEKY BASTARD

(PAUSE)

IT WAS ANOTHER FRIDAY NIGHT. IT WAS MY SECOND YEAR AT UNIVERSITY, THE END OF THE FIRST TERM, ABOUT A WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS. I WAS OUT CELEBRATING WITH ANOTHER FRIEND AT A PUB DOWN THE ROAD FROM OUR DIGS IN WOOD GREEN. IT WAS A COLDISH NIGHT BUT THE PUB WAS WARM AND PACKED. WE LEFT ABOUT ELEVEN. WE WEREN'T DRUNK, A LITTLE TIPSY, BUT ABOUT HALF WAY HOME WE THOUGHT WE SAW A DRUNK SLUMPED UP AGAINST A BUS STOP. IT WAS A YOUNG BLACK GUY. WE TRIED TO WAKE HIM UP BUT HE KEPT MUMBLING AND WOULDN'T MOVE. WE COULD HARDLY SEE A THING BECAUSE SOMEONE HAD KNOCKED OUT THE STREET LIGHT SO MY FRIEND THREW HER JACKET OVER HIM AND WE JUST WENT HOME. IN THE MORNING WE WERE WOKEN UP BY A LOUD KNOCK ON THE DOOR. I OPENED IT. IT WAS THE POLICE. SEEMS LIKE THE YOUNG GUY HADN'T BEEN ASLEEP AT ALL; HE'D BEEN STABBED AND OVERNIGHT HAD GRADUALLY BLED TO DEATH.

CHARLIE:

THEY TRACED THE JACKET?

BRIDEY:

DO ALL SALESMEN HAVE YOUR CAPACITY FOR ONE-DIMENSIONAL THOUGHT? IT WAS A GANGLAND THING AND THE POLICE ALREADY KNEW THAT BUT I HAD TO COME CLEAN AND ADMIT I WALKED AWAY WHILE THAT LAD WAS STILL ALIVE. (PAUSE) I WENT TO BED WHEN THE MEREST FORM OF FIRST-AID COULD HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE

CHARLIE (WHISPERING AND POINTING TOWARD BILL AND MAGGIE):

THAT'S WHEN YOU GAVE UP THE DRINK?

BRIDEY (EXASPERATED):

NO, YOU IDIOT, I JACKED IN ECONOMICS AND TRAINED TO BE A NURSE!

[SHE HAS WRAPPED UP HIS ANKLE]

BRIDEY:

I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER SHOT TO EASE
THE PAIN

[SHE INJECTS HIM]

CHARLIE:

I GET THE SUBTEXT NURSE

BRIDEY:

IF YOU GET CAUGHT SHORT, YOU CAN USE
THE CHAIR. (SHE LOOKS AT THE NEXT
BED. BOTH BILL AND MAGGIE ARE
ASLEEP)

GOOD I CAN LEAVE THEM THERE FOR A BIT

[SHE EXITS]

CUT TO:

SC47. INT. 4X4 AROUND 2AM

[VILLAIN 1 IS STILL IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT BUT THE OTHERS ARE IN THE REAR. IN THE PASSENGER SEAT IS AN ANDROGYNOUS LOOKING MALE DRESSED IN A NURSE'S OUTFIT - THE CONTRACT KILLER]

VILLAIN 1:

ARE WE GONNA BE HERE ALL FUCKING NIGHT?

CONTRACT KILLER:

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU PAID ME WHAT YOU PAID ME?

VILLAIN 1:

AT THIS MINUTE - NO

CONTRACT KILLER:

FIRSTLY, THE FACT THAT YOU PAID ME SO MUCH IS BECAUSE I AM VERY GOOD AT KILLING PEOPLE AND GETTING AWAY. SECONDLY, THE FACT THAT I AM HERE NOW GETTING PAID BY YOU IS PROOF THAT I AM VERY GOOD AT KILLING PEOPLE AND GETTING AWAY.

VILLAIN 2:

WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT, IT'S NOT SAFE

CONTRACT KILLER:

I DON'T NEED YOU HERE

VILLAIN 1:

I WANNA KNOW SHE'S GONE. I AIN'T SITTING IN A HOLD UP WAITING FOR THE COPS TO KNOCK DOWN THE DOOR. IF YOU CAN'T DO IT GIVE ME THE MONEY BACK AND I'LL DO HER

CONTRACT KILLER:

GO ON THEN WALK UP THERE PAST THE
COPS AND BLAST HER IN THE HEAD AND
THEN STROLL OUT. I'LL GET YOU YOUR
MONEY BACK. I HAVEN'T BEEN
ANYWHERE TO SPEND IT.

VILLAIN 3:

ANYTHING'S BETTER THAT THIS. WE
SHOULD HAVE BEEN ON A PLANE. WE GOT
THE MONEY.

VILLAIN 1:

HOW FAR EH? HOW FAR IF SHE CAN NAIL
US? I WANNA SPEND THE MONEY NOT SIT
ON FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS. (TO
CONTRACT KILLER) WHEN?

CONTRACT KILLER:

SHE'LL BE DEAD BY MORNING, EARLIER
PROBABLY

SC48. EXT. A BACK STREET ANYWHERE

[CHARLIE IS RUNNING AWAY FROM SOMETHING UNSEEN. THE STREET IS FULL OF TERRACED BRICK HOUSES WITH ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS BRICKED UP. HE RUNS LEFT INTO ANOTHER ROAD BUT IT APPEARS EXACTLY AS THE LAST. BREATHING HEAVILY HE VEERS RIGHT INTO YET ANOTHER STREET; HALF WAY DOWN HE NOTICES ONE OF THE HOUSES HAS A DOOR. HE THUMPS HARD AT IT AND BRIDEY ANSWERS. SHE IS STANDING IN THE HALLWAY WITH A LARGE STANDING CLOCK TO HER RIGHT. SHE TELLS HIM SHE IS FULLY COVERED. BEHIND HER IN THE KITCHEN BEYOND THE HALLWAY CHARLIE CAN SEE BILL AND MAGGIE BOTH CLEAN AND DRESSED SMARTLY BUT BILL'S TROUSERS ARE AROUND HIS ANKLES AND MAGGIE'S SKIRT UP AROUND HER WAIST. THEY BEGIN TO MAKE LOVE ON THE KITCHEN TABLE. CHARLIE TURNS HIS GAZE BACK TO BRIDEY WHO POINTS TO HIS STOMACH. CHARLIE LOOKS DOWN AS A LARGE RED SPOT BALLOONS OUT ACROSS HIS SHIRT. A VOICE TELLS HIM TO TAKE THE NEXT ROAD ON HIS LEFT. HE LOOKS AT THE CLOCK AND IT HAS THE DIAL OF A SAT-NAV. CHARLIE SAYS NO BECAUSE HE KNOWS IT'S A DEAD-END BUT THE DOORWAY IS BRICKED UP. HE HEARS TYRES SQUEALING AND BEGINS TO RUN BUT SLOWLY. THE STREET SEEMS TO TAPER ON BOTH SIDES AS IF IT IS CLOSING IN ON HIM. A CROSS ROADS IS AHEAD. THE ROAD IS NOW ONLY AS WIDE AS A PAVEMENT. CHARLIE VEERS LEFT AS THE SAT-NAV TOLD HIM THEN SAYS NO AND TURNS RIGHT. AS HE DOES SO HIS CAR, BEING DRIVEN BY ADEONA, KNOCKS HIM OVER]

CUT TO:

SC49. INT. TAINSTAL HOSPITAL A & E DEPARTMENT AN HOUR LATER

[CHARLIE DARTS AWAKE]

CHARLIE:

CHRIST I MAY NEVER SLEEP PROPERLY
AGAIN

[CHARLIE ADJUSTS HIMSELF AND LOOKS
DOWN AT HIS ANKLE]

I MAY NOT EARN FOR A WHILE EITHER

BILL (FULLY AWAKE AND SOBER WITH
MAGGIE STILL ASLEEP ACROSS HIS LEGS):

HAD A FEW NASTY ONES MYSELF

CHARLIE (JUMPING):

JESUS, I CAME IN FOR A VISIT AND I'LL GO
OUT IN A COFFIN.

BILL:

DO YOU DRINK MUCH?

CHARLIE:

I HAVEN'T GOT A HANGOVER; UNLESS IT'S
CALLED ADEONA

BILL:

NEVER TRIED IT; IS IT A WHISKEY?

CHARLIE:

NO SOMETHING STRONGER

BILL:

HAVE YOU GOT A WEE SAMPLE?

CHARLIE:

IT'S UPSTAIRS AND (POINTING TO HIS
ANKLE)...MAYBE LATER

BILL (POINTS TO THE CHAIR):

WHAT ABOUT THAT?

CHARLIE:

YES, OF COURSE.

[CHARLIE MANOEUVRES TO A SITTING POSITION AND STANDS ON HIS LEFT LEG SUPPORTING HIMSELF AGAINST THE BED AND HOPS AROUND THE BED TOWARD THE OTHER SIDE WHERE THE CHAIR IS. HE HOPS INTO THE SEAT AND BEGINS TO MOVE HIMSELF FORWARD AND BACKWARD]

YOU KNOW BILL THIS MAY WORK IN MY FAVOUR. I CAN USE THIS. I DIDN'T HAVE INSURANCE AND LOOK...

[CHARLIE HAS SPUN THE CHAIR ROUND AND IS STARING OUT THE WINDOW. HE CAN SEE THE 4X4 VEHICLE HE ENCOUNTERED NEARLY FOUR HOURS AGO]

HE'S BEEN HERE A LONG TIME

[A NURSE GETS OUT OF THE PASSENGER SEAT]

CHARLIE:

SUCH A SLIM LITTLE THING; MARRIED TO A FUCKING NUTCASE.

[HE TURNS BACK TO BILL]

CHARLIE:

DO YOU LOVE HER?

BILL:

MAGGIE? SHE'S MY SOUL MATE

CHARLIE:

SHE BEAT YOU UP LAST NIGHT.

BILL:

I KNOW; BUT I WOULDN'T LET JUST
ANYBODY BEAT ME UP

[CHARLIE LAUGHS ALONG WITH BILL]

CHARLIE:

YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THAT

BILL:

WHY SHOULDN'T WE?

CHARLIE:

WHERE WILL IT ALL LEAD?

BILL:

DOES IT HAVE TO GO ANYWHERE? WHAT'S
ANOTHER FORK IN THE ROAD? IT'S JUST
ANOTHER ROAD. WHO CARES WHO'S
DRIVING?

[MAGGIE STARTS TO STIR]

MAGGIE:

BILL CAN YOU KEEP IT THE FUCK DOWN
I'M TRYING TO SLEEP

CHARLIE:

I'M GOING FOR A DRIVE

BILL:

WHERE?

CHARLIE:

I DUNNO; GET A COFFEE, MAYBE JUST
WANDER

[EXITS]

CUT TO:

SC50. INT. TAINSTAL HOSPITAL CANTEEN

[DOCTOR PATHMANATHAN IS WALKING TOWARD A TABLE WITH A TRAY OF FOOD. A SURGEON COLLEAGUE IS ALREADY SITTING THERE]

SURGEON:

YOU'RE EARLY

DOCTOR P:

GOT A SPECIAL GIRL TO LOOK AFTER

SURGEON:

OH THE WITNESS

DOCTOR P:

YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW THAT

SURGEON:

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT AND IT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE IN AT THIS TIME

DOCTOR P:

SHE HAS UNDERGONE A TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE AND IS STILL IN SHOCK. THE POLICE WON'T CARE ABOUT THAT – ALL THEY WANT IS TO GET HER TO TALK

SURGEON:

WHICH OF COURSE SHE CAN'T

DOCTOR P:

THAT WON'T STOP THEM DRAGGING IN BOOKS AND BOOKS OF SUSPECTS AND INSISTING SHE TRAWLS THROUGH THEM FOR HOURS WHEN SHE SHOULD BE RESTING

SURGEON:

AND YOU'RE HER KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOUR

DOCTOR P:

I COME FROM A LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE
THE PEOPLE ARE UNPROTECTED FROM
DISEASE, FAMINE AND CORRUPTION. ONE
DAY SOON I'LL GO BACK AND SERVE
THEM. I MAY NOT CURE THE FAMINE OR
CORRUPTION BUT I CAN DO SOMETHING
TO PROTECT THEM FROM DISEASE

SURGEON:

SO SHE'LL DO AS A METAPHOR FOR THE
TIME BEING, BUT (PAUSE) SHE'S NOT AS
IMPORTANT AS BREAKFAST I SEE

DOCTOR P:

YOU KNOW I HAVE TO HAVE MY FULL
ENGLISH

SURGEON:

DON'T TOUCH THE SAUSAGES I'VE HEARD
THEY'RE OFF

DOCTOR P (TAKES A BITE):

NOTHING WRONG WITH IT

SURGEON:

I WARNED YOU

DOCTOR P:

I LOVE SAUSAGES

SURGEON:

BESIDES WHICH, AREN'T MUSLIMS
SUPPOSED TO RELENT FROM EATING
PORK?

DOCTOR P:

HERE (THROWS HIM HIS MOBILE) PHONE
MY PARENTS IN SRI LANKA

[THEY BOTH LAUGH]

CUT TO:

**SC51. INT. TANISTAL HOSPITAL TOP FLOOR OUTSIDE
LIFT**

[THE LIFT DOOR OPENS AND CHARLIE EXITS; HE LOOKS TO THE RIGHT AND THE WARD IS QUIET. HE STARTS TO MAKE HIS WAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARD THE NURSES' STATION. THE LIGHTS ARE OFF IN THE ROOM WHICH MAKES IT VERY DARK AS HE MAKES HIS WAY DOWN BUT THE LIGHT IN ADEONA'S WARD IS STILL ON SHARPENING HIS SHADOW AS IT STRETCHES OUT BEHIND HIM. HE STOPS BY THE STATION AND PUTS HIS HEAD IN BUT CAN SEE NOTHING IN THE DARK. HE STRUGGLES TO REACH FOR THE LIGHT BUT EVENTUALLY MANAGES TO TURN IT ON. THE ROOM IS EMPTY. HE PUSHES ON TOWARD THE END OF THE CORRIDOR. AS HE REACHES IT HE LOOKS DOWN TO WHERE THOMPSON SHOULD BE BUT HE IS ABSENT TO. HE PUSHES INTO ADEONA'S ROOM AND SHE SEEMS RESTFUL AND THEN HE NOTICES A SHEEN COMING OFF THE FLOOR AND THE BED PAN LYING UPSIDE DOWN]

CHARLIE:

THE DIRTY ROTTEN BASTARDS – LEFT HER IN SHTUCK WHILE THEY FUCK OFF FOR A COFFEE AND A FAG.

[HE ENTERS TENTATIVELY AND APPROACHES IN A CIRCULAR ROUTE TO AVOID THE URINE. HE BENDS DOWN TO PICK UP THE BED PAN AND UNCOVERS A HYPODERMIC; AS HE LIFTS IT AND BEGINS TO RISE, HIS EYES CATCH A FLASH OF WHITE UNDERNEATH ADEONA'S BED. HE CAN SEE THAT WHATEVER WAS IN THE NEEDLE HAS ONLY BEEN PARTLY ADMINISTERED. HIS EYES BEGIN TO WIDEN AS THE SCENARIO BEGINS TO TAKE ON A SINISTER MEANING]

CUT TO:

SC52. INT. FLASHBACK TO THE A & E WARD

[CHARLIE IS GAZING OUT AT THE BLACK
4X4 AND SEES THE NURSE COMING OUT]

CUT TO:

SC53. INT. ADEONA'S WARD

[CHARLIE MANIPULATES THE NEEDLE SO HE IS HOLDING IT AS IF HE WERE THRUSTING A DAGGER. HE ROLLS BACK A LITTLE ON THE CHAIR UNTIL HE CAN JUST CATCH A LITTLE OF THE WHITE UNIFORM UNDER THE BED, THEN PUSHES THE CHAIR FORWARD WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH LEAPING FROM IT TO THE FLOOR USING THE URINE SPILL AS A SLIDE. HE AIMS FOR THE BODY UNDER THE BED. AS HE HITS THE DECK HE CAN SEE THE NURSE AND RECOGNIZES THE SLIM FIGURE FROM THE 4X4. AS HE SLIDES CLOSER HE CAN SEE THAT THE NURSE HAS AN ANDROGYNOUS FACE (CONTRACT KILLER). CHARLIE PUSHES THE HYPO FORWARD AND THE KILLER RECOGNIZING IT MAKES A GRAB BUT CHARLIE'S FORCE CARRIES HIM INTO THE KILLER AND HE SUCCEEDS IN BURYING THE NEEDLE IN THE KILLER'S NECK. THE KILLER JERKS UP LIKE A RAG DOLL HIT BY AN ELECTRIC BOLT AND RIPS OUT THE NEEDLE. HE LIFTS UP HIS UNIFORM TO REVEAL A SMALL REVOLVER WITH A SILENCER ATTACHED, STRAPPED TO A GARTER ON HIS RIGHT LEG. HE TRIES TO GRAB IT BUT IS BECOMING GROGGY. AFTER THREE ATTEMPTS HE MANAGES TO RIP IT FREE AND CHARLIE BRACES HIMSELF FOR IMMINENT DEATH]

CHARLIE:

WHAT A FUCKING WAY TO DIE. KILLED BY A TRANSVESTITE NURSE PROTECTING A JINXED MUTE AND COVERED IN PISS

[THE KILLER TRIES TO AIM BUT STAGGERS A LITTLE. CHARLIE SEES A CHANCE TO DISARM HIM AND RISES BUT ABOVE HIM ADEONA HAS STIRRED AND HER RIGHT ARM FLAILS OUT AND SHE KNOCKS OVER THE VASE OF FLOWERS BESIDE HER BED. IT FALLS AND HITS CHARLIE ON THE HEAD. HE CRIES OUT AND ALTHOUGH HE'S NOT KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS, HE SLIPS BACK DOWN]

CHARLIE;

I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOU, YOU SILLY COW

[THE KILLER RECOVERS AND BEARS HIS WEAPON AGAIN ON CHARLIE AND FLEXES HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER BUT THE SERUM KICKS IN AND HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR DISCHARGING THE GUN. THE BULLET HITS CHARLIE IN THE LEFT ARM]

CHARLIE:

CHRIST THAT HURTS.

CUT TO:

SC54. INT. ANOTHER WARD TAINSTAL HOSPITAL

[DOCTOR P IS TALKING TO A NURSE]

DOCTOR P:

I'M GOING TO CHECK ON OUR
DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

NURSE:

BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE POLICEMEN

DOCTOR P:

ROUGH ARE THEY?

NURSE:

THEY'RE A BIT JUMPY IF YOU ASK ME

DOCTOR P:

WELL, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES

[DOCTOR P SUDDENLY GRABS HIS
STOMACH]

NURSE:

DOCTOR; ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

DOCTOR P:

YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE SAUSAGES DID
YOU?

NURSE:

I BRING SANDWHICHES

[HE HAS ANOTHER ATTACK]

DOCTOR P:

I'LL PAY A LITTLE PRIVATE CALL FIRST I
THINK

[HE EXITS]

CUT TO:

SC55. INT. TAINSTAL HOSPITAL FLOOR 6 CORRIDOR

[DOCTOR P RUSHES TOWARD THE GENTS
BUT THEY ARE OUT OF ORDER. HE PUSHES
HIS HEAD THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE
STAIRWELL AND LOOKS UPSTAIRS]

CUT TO:

SC56. INT. ADEONA'S WARD TAINSTAL HOSPITAL

[AFTER A STRUGGLE CHARLIE MANAGES TO RIGHT HIMSELF AND PROPPED UP BESIDE THE BED ON HIS GOOD LEG EXAMINES HIS ARM. IT HAS MISSED THE BONE BUT THE PAIN IS INTENSE AND THE BLEEDING PROFUSE. ADEONA IS MOANING AS IF SHE IS FIGHTING THE DOSE OF THE SERUM SHE HAS RECEIVED. HE PUSHES AT THE CALL BUTTON BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. IT HAS BEEN DISABLED]

CHARLIE:

THE BASTARD'S TAKEN NO CHANCES. WAKE UP ADEONA, CAN YOU WAKE UP?

[HE SLAPS HER A COUPLE OF TIMES ACROSS THE FACE]

CHARLIE:

COME ON YOU STUPID GIRL BEFORE HIS EMPLOYERS COME UP AND FINISH THE JOB. I NEED YOU TO PUSH ME. [HER EYES OPEN AND SHE GIVES HIM THAT ADEONA SMILE AND THEN SHE DRIFTS BACK TO SLEEP]

CHARLIE:

JESUS. WE'RE DEAD IF WE DON'T MOVE

[CHARLIE HOPS OVER TO THE WHEELCHAIR AND PUSHES IN TO THE BED POSITIONING IT WITH THE BRAKE ON SO HE CAN FLOP ADEONA INTO IT. UNSEEN THE KILLER IS MAKING A CALL ON HIS MOBILE]

CONTRACT KILLER (INTO PHONE):

FINISH IT...

[CHARLIE DROPS ADEONA AND PEERS OVER THE BED TO SEE THE KILLER DRIFT BACK INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. FRANTICALLY HE ATTEMPTS TO LIFT HER FROM THE BED AND LOSES HIS BALANCE INADVERTENTLY PUTTING HIS WEIGHT ONTO HIS SPRAINED FOOT. HE YELLS IN PAIN AND HOPS BACK ONTO THE GOOD FOOT. EVENTUALLY HE MANAGES TO DRAG HER INTO THE CHAIR AND STARTS TO PUSH HER OUT OF THE WARD HOPPING ON HIS GOOD LEG. HE HEADS DOWN THE CORRIDOR AND CAN SEE THAT THE LIFT AS THE DOORS HAVE OPENED. OUT STEPS VILLAIN 1 WITH A MOBILE IN HIS HAND. FORTUNATELY HE LOOKS TOWARD THE OPPOSITE WARD. CHARLIE SWINGS AROUND ON BOTH FEET IGNORING THE PAIN AND BITING HARD ON HIS LIP. ADEONA STARTS TO STIR. SHE LOOKS AT HERSELF AND STARTS TO PANIC. CHARLIE NOTICES]

CHARLIE:

CHRIST ADEONA YOU'RE AWAKE!

[ADEONA LOOKS OVER HER SHOULDER]

CHARLIE:

I KNOW, I KNOW. HE'S OUT FOR THE COUNT WITH HIS OWN MEDICINE. WHERE'S THE STAIRWELL?

[ADEONA POINTS TOWARD WHERE THOMPSON WAS STATIONED. BEHIND THEM THE OMINOUS SOUNDS OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHES]

[ADEONA TOUCHES HER EAR]

CHARLIE:

I DON'T THINK ITS FLORENCE FUCKING NIGHTINGALE

[CHARLIE PUSHES AS FAST AS HE CAN, HALF-HOPPING AND HALF WALKING AND ALL THE TIME WINCING AS THE PAIN IN HIS ARM AND ANKLE KNIFE INTO HIM]

CHARLIE:

CAN YOU GET DOWNSTAIRS?

[ADEONA CONSIDERS]

CHARLIE:

IF YOU CAN'T WALK I'LL HAVE TO THROW
YOU DOWN

[ADEONA NODS; CHARLIE IS PUSHING
HARD TOWARD THE NICHE AT THE END OF
THE CORRIDOR BEFORE THEY ARE
SPOTTED. HE TURNS OUT OF SIGHT JUST
AS VILLAIN 1 ARRIVES AT ADEONA'S
WARD. BEFORE HIM ARE TWO DOORS.
ONE ON THE LEFT AND ONE STRAIGHT
AHEAD]

CHARLIE:

WHICH ONE?

[ADEONA'S HEAD IS BEGINNING TO ROLL
AGAIN BUT SHE POINTS TO THE ONE
AHEAD. CHARLIE SEES A 'W' PRINTED BUT
THE REST IS SCRAWLED OUT]

CHARLIE:

OF COURSE – 'WAY OUT'

[HE BACKS THE CHAIR UP SO HE CAN PUSH
THROUGH QUIETLY WITH HIS BACK AND
PULL THE CHAIR THROUGH WITHOUT
ALERTING THE VILLAIN]

CHARLIE (WHISPERING TO HER):

AS SOON AS WE'RE THROUGH I'LL GO
FIRST. YOU GRAB THE RAILING AND LEAN
ON ME. WE JUST NEED TO MAKE IT TO THE
NEXT FLOOR. THEY'LL BE PEOPLE THERE.
OKAY?

[ADEONA NODS]

CHARLIE:

HERE GOES. KEEP YOUR FEET IN AND
HOLD THE DOOR AS YOU PASS. STOP IT
SCRAPING AGAINST THE CHAIR. THAT
BASTARD WILL FIGURE OUT SOON
ENOUGH WHICH WAY WE'VE GONE BUT
WE CAN GIVE OURSELVES A LITTLE TIME

[CHARLIE EASES HIS BACK AGAINST THE
DOOR AND PUSHES TENTATIVELY. THERE
IS NO SQUEAK SO HE CONTINUES IN]

CHARLIE:

PUSH YOU HAND AGAINST IT

[SHE MOVES HER LEFT HAND ONTO THE
DOOR KEEPING IT AWAY FROM THE SIDE
OF THE CHAIR. THEY GLIDE IN ALMOST
NOISELESSLY]

CHARLIE (SWINGING THE CHAIR AROUND
AT THE SAME TIME):

SWEET! NOW ALL WE NEED TO...

[CHARLIE DISCOVERS THEY ARE IN THE
TOILET]

CHARLIE:

CHRIST SHE'S KILLED US

CUT TO:

SC57. INT. ADEONA'S WARD

[VILLAIN 1 MOVES INTO THE WARD AND AVOIDS THE URINE. HE EXAMINES THE BED AND THEN PEERING OVER SEES THE KILLER LYING ON THE FLOOR. HE PICKS UP THE KILLER'S GUN AND DISCHARGES A BULLET INTO HIM. AS HE GAZES AT THE FLOOR THE URINE PICKED UP BY THE WHEELCHAIR HAS SHOWN ITS ROUTE. THE VILLAIN STANDS BY THE DOOR AND SEES HOW THE TRIAL HAS MOVED AROUND TOWARD THE TOILET. HE FOLLOWS IT]

CUT TO:

SC58. INT. GENT'S TOILET BLOCK FLOOR 7 TAINSTAL HOSPITAL

[THE TOILET IS SPACIOUS WITH THREE CUBICLES TO THE RIGHT AND A ROW OF URINALS TO THE LEFT. CHARLIE IS REMONSTRATING IN WHISPERS AT ADEONA]

CHARLIE:

JUST ONCE COULD WE GO THE RIGHT WAY? WHAT IT IS ABOUT YOU? YOU WALKED INTO A BANK ROBBERY AND THEN INTO MY CAR AND NOW WE'RE STARING DEATH IN THE FACE

[ADEONA LOOKS GUILTY]

CHARLIE:

WELL I'M NOT DYING HERE, NOT IN A LOO. THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE POSSIBLE WAY

CUT TO:

SC59. INT. INSIDE THE FAR CUBICLE GENT'S TOILET
FLOOR 6 TAINSTAL HOSPITAL

[DOCTOR P IS ZIPPING UP HIS PANTS AND LISTENING WITH CURIOSITY TO CHARLIE. THINKING HE HAS STUMBLED ACROSS A 'DOMESTIC' OR A PSYCHOTIC HE PROPS HIS FEET ON THE TOILET SEAT, SLIPS THE DOORLOCK CAREFULLY AND NUDGES THE DOOR AJAR SLIGHTLY TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON]

CHARLIE'S VOICE:

THE OTHER DOOR HAS TO LEAD TO THE STAIRWELL. WE'RE GONNA DO EXACTLY...

CUT TO:

SC60. INT. GENT'S TOILET BLOCK FLOOR 6 TAINSTAL HOSPITAL

CHARLIE:

...THE SAME AS WE DID BEFORE BUT...

[FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD APPROACHING.
AS THEY GET NEARER CHARLIE HOPS
BACKWARD DRAGGING THE WHEELCHAIR
UNTIL THEY HIT THE FAR WALL WITH THE
URINALS ON THEIR RIGHT. THE FOOTSTEPS
STOP. AFTER A FEW SECONDS THE DOOR
OPENS AND VILLAIN 1 WALKS IN STILL
LOOKING AT THE TRAIL OF URINE.
DOCTOR P LEANS BACK AND PULLS THE
CUBICLE DOOR OPEN AS IF VACANT]

VILLAIN 1 (SMIRKING):

COULDN'T YOU TWO WAIT OR
SOMETHING?

CHARLIE (REALISING):

BETRAYED BY A TRAIL OF PISS

VILLAIN 1:

IT'S YOU ISN'T IT?

CHARLIE:

THE ASH TRAY, YES

VILLAIN 1:

YOU KNOW HER?

CHARLIE:

FUNNILY ENOUGH, NO, I...

VILLAIN 1:

TOOK A WRONG TURN? I'VE A LIFE FULL
OF THEM. BUT THIS DEAD END IS YOURS,
NOT MINE.

[HE AIMS THE GUN AT CHARLIE.
SUDDENLY A CRY GOES UP AND A FLASH
OF WHITE STREAKS ACROSS FROM
CUBICLE 3 AS DOCTOR P SLAMS INTO
VILLAIN 1. THE DOCTOR ALMOST
BOUNCES OFF HIM AND ROLLS ON THE
GROUND CLUTCHING HIS SHOULDER BUT
IT'S ENOUGH TO UNBUCKLE VILLAIN 1'S
KNEES AND HE FALLS TO THE RIGHT
CRACKING HIS HEAD OFF ONE OF THE
URINALS. AS HE LANDS ON THE FLOOR HE
DISCHARGES HIS GUN AND SHOOTS
CHARLIE IN THE OTHER ARM]

CHARLIE:

SWEET EVER-LOVING GOD!

[HE ROCKS BACK ON BOTH FEET AND
SCREAMS AGAIN AS HIS ANKLE REACTS]

DOCTOR P:

HE SHOT YOU

CHARLIE:

IT'S OKAY IT'S A MATCHING PAIR. (PAUSE)
YOU SAVED US

DOCTOR P (RISING BUT CLUTCHING HIS
SHOULDER):

ISN'T THAT WHAT THE NHS IS FOR?

CHARLIE (UNABLE TO LOOK DOWN DUE TO
PAIN):

THE GIRL; IS SHE, IS SHE ALRIGHT?

DOCTOR P:

SHE'S ASLEEP I THINK

CHARLIE (SCREAMING):

THE BITCH!

CUT TO:

SC61. INT. HARDMAN'S OFFICE BULTISH INSURANCE

[HARDMAN IS IN HIS CHAIR AND CHARLIE
OPPOSITE HIM]

HARDMAN:

AND THEY FOUND ALL THREE THERE?

CHARLIE:

TRUSSED UP WITH BANDAGES IN A
CUPBOARD.

HARDMAN:

HE DRUGGED THEM

CHARLIE:

IT MUST'VE BEEN EASY. THEY WERE
NEVER AWAY FROM THE COFFEE
MACHINE. HE JUST WAITED FOR THEM ALL
TO DROP OFF AND DRAGGED THEM AWAY

HARDMAN:

IT MUST'VE BEEN AWFUL IN THE
INTERROGATION ROOM

CHARLIE:

I'VE HAD HARDER SELLS IN MY TIME

[HARDMAN SEES THROUGH THE BRAVADO]

HARDMAN:

I WAS PISSED AT YOU. I THOUGHT YOU'D
DONE IT TO EMBARRAS ME, BUT WHEN I
HEARD...

CHARLIE:

I'M READY FOR WORK?

HARDMAN:

BEN'S DONE A GOOD JOB WITH YOUR
CLIENTS

CHARLIE:

GOOD BEING THE EMOTIVE WORD

HARDMAN:

I WANT HIM TO CARRY ON WITH THEM

CHARLIE:

SO YOU DO BLAME ME?

HARDMAN:

NO, YOU CAN HAVE THEM BACK; THEY'LL
ALWAYS BE YOURS BUT I WANT YOU TO
TAKE A BREAK

CHARLIE:

I'VE JUST HAD TWO MONTHS.

HARDMAN:

AND YOU NEED TO EARN

CHARLIE (PAUSES):

I HAVE MONEY; I JUST DON'T HAVE...

HARDMAN:

I HAVE A COTTAGE. IT'S IN DEVON BUT
NOT IN THE USUAL TOURIST TRAPS. SPEND
A WEEK DOWN THERE CHARLIE, ITS
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY. THERE'S SPACE
AND TIME.

CHARLIE:

I COULD GO NUTS

HARDMAN:

IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF
WAYS TO GO NUTS. I FIND THIS WAY
PREFERABLE

CHARLIE (PONDERING):

I DUNNO

CUT TO:

**SC62. EXT. CHARLIE'S BMW M4 MOTORWAY SOMETIME
IN THE AFTERNOON THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND**

[CHARLIE IS DRIVING BUT RUBS ONE OF HIS ARMS AS IF THE EFFORT OF KEEPING IT ON THE WHEEL IS ACHING. HE SEES A ROAD SIGN FOR TAINSTAL NEXT EXIT AND SHUDDERS. HE TURNS INTO THE NEXT SERVICE STATION ON ROUTE AND FINDS A SPACE IN THE CAR PARK. HE UNWRAPS A SANDWICH AND BEGINS TO EAT. MOMENTS LATER A POLICE CAR PULLS UP. WINDSOR AND TUDOR ARE INSIDE. CHARLIE SPOTS THEM AND BEGINS TO DUCK DOWN IN HIS SEAT BUT TUDOR HAS RECOGNISED HIM AND THEY BOTH GET OUT]

TUDOR:

CHARLES LUCRE, IT IS YOU?

CHARLIE:

OKAY OFFICER WHAT AM I GUILTY OF NOW, RUNNING OVER A CAT?

WINDSOR:

WHY, YOU'RE NOT SELLING PET INSURANCE ARE YOU?

CHARLIE (GETTING OUT OF HIS CAR):

FUCKING HELL CAN'T YOU GUYS WORK ON A DIFFERENT ACT, BESIDES I'M NOT THE ONE WHO LOST HIS JOB AM I?

TUDOR:

REASSIGNED

CHARLIE:

OH IT WAS A PROMOTION WAS IT?

WINDSOR:

TRAFFIC DIVISION ARE SHORT, WE'RE MAKING UP THE NUMBERS. THIS IS TEMPORARY; WE'LL BE BACK

CHARLIE:

I JUST CAN IMAGINE THE CHILL GOING THROUGH THE BONES OF ALL THOSE HARDENED CRIMINALS OUT THERE AT THE NEWS.

TUDOR:

THERE'S A FEW NASTY FUCKERS CHEWING PRISON CLOTH DOWN TO US

CHARLIE:

WELL YOU CERTAINLY ROUNDED UP THAT BUNCH IN TAINSTAL; I LOVED THE COMMAND CENTRE TOO. YOU CAN'T BEAT A HIGH-LEVEL OPERATION BEING RUN FROM A CUPBOARD

WINDSOR:

I'M GLAD THAT FUCKING TRANSVETITE SURVIVED BEING SHOT FOR WHAT HE DID TO US. HE'S DOING TWENTY YEARS FOR A STRING OF MURDERS. WE'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE. THAT'S MI6 STUFF

TUDOR:

WE GOT THE OTHERS DIDN'T WE?

CHARLIE:

FROM WHAT I READ THEY TRIED TO HIGH-TAIL IT OUT THE HOSPITAL CAR PARK AND COULDN'T FIND THE EXIT. RAN STRAIGHT INTO THE AMBULANCE THEY CALLED FOR YOU LOT.

WINDSOR:

EXACTLY

CHARLIE:

JESUS, YOU GUYS WILL CLAIM FOR ANYTHING. WHAT HAPPENED TO THOMPSON?

TUDOR:

HIGH-TAILED IT BACK TO COLLEGE

(PAUSE)

CHARLIE

WELL I'M ON HOLIDAY NOW BOYS SO
PLEASE DON'T CALL ME UP I'M
DEFINITELY NOT INSURING YOU

TUDOR:

SHE ASKED FOR YOU

(PAUSE)

CHARLIE:

I KNOW

[HE GETS BACK IN HIS CAR AND DRIVES
OFF]

WINDSOR (WATCHING HIM):

I HOPE HE SMASHES THAT FUCKING BMW
UP IN FRONT OF ME ONE DAY AND I FIND
OUT HE HASN'T GOT ANY INSURANCE

CUT TO:

**SC63. EXT. A SMALL VILLAGE IN DEVON NOT FAR FROM
THE M5**

[CHARLIE IS PARKED UP LOOKING AT THE
ADDRESS OF HARDMAN'S COTTAGE]

CHARLIE:

IT IS WELL HIDDEN AWAY. WELL HERE
GOES

[HE BEGINS TO ENTER THE ROUTE DETAILS
INTO A NEW SAT NAV ON HIS DASHBOARD.
AS HE FINISHES HE LOOKS AT THE BOX IT
CAME IN. THE LEGEND SAYS "LATEST
MODEL, 100 % ACCURATE, MALE VOICE"]

CHARLIE:

HERE GOES

[CHARLIE DRIVES OFF TOWARD A T-
JUNCTION IN THE VILLAGE CENTRE]

SAT NAV:

AT THE JUNCTION TURN RIGHT

[CHARLIE SCREECHES TO A HALT]

CHARLIE:

IT'S HER AGAIN!

[HE PICKS UP THE BOX]

CHARLIE:

MALE VOICE - LYING BASTARDS.

[HE RIFLES INSIDE THE GLOVE
COMPARTMENT AND FISHES OUT A ROAD
MAP. HE FINDS HIS LOCATION AND LAYS
THE PAGE OPEN ON THE PASSENGER SEAT]

CHARLIE:

RIGHT TURN; THAT'S WHAT THE MAP SAYS

[HE TURNS RIGHT, LEAVING THE SAT NAV ON AND CHECKING DIRECTIONS AGAINST THE MAP AT EACH TURN. AFTER A WHILE HE BEGINS TO TRUST IT AND DISREGARDS THE MAP]

CUT TO:

**SC64. EXT. A SMALL CROSS ROADS IN THE DEVON
COUNTRYSIDE LATE AFTERNOON**

[CHARLIE APPROACHES UP A NARROW
MINOR ROAD]

CHARLIE (LOOKING AT THE HEDGEROWS
EITHER SIDE):

CHRIST I'LL BE IN A FIELD AT THIS RATE

[HE SPIES THE CROSSROADS AND
SIGNPOST]

CHARLIE:

HERE WE GO – IT CAN'T BE FAR NOW

SAT NAV:

AT THE CROSSROADS TURN LEFT

[CHARLIE TURNS THE WHEEL LEFT]

SAT NAV:

NO RIGHT!

[CHARLIE LURCHES THE WHEEL BACK
AGAIN AND SWINGS INTO THE NARROW
ROAD ON THE RIGHT AS AN OLD VW
BEETLE COMES INTO VIEW. BOTH DRIVERS
HIT THE BRAKES AND THE CAR BUMPERS
JUST KISS EACH OTHER. A WALL OF DUST
IS THROWN INTO THE AIR MAKING VISION
IMPOSSIBLE FOR A FEW MOMENTS.
CHARLIE JUMPS OUT OF HIS CAR AND
CALLS INTO THE DUST]

CHARLIE:

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

[HE CAN SEE A SHADOWY FIGURE SLOWLY
EMERGING FROM THE BEETLE]

CHARLIE:

HELLO, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT THERE?

FIGURE:

YES I'M FINE ACTUALLY

[CHARLIE IS STUNNED AND STARES BACK INTO HIS BMW]

FIGURE:

I'M FINE REALLY. I WAS PROBABLY DRIVING TOO FAST ANYWAY

[CHARLIE CANNOT SAY ANYTHING BUT STANDS RIGID STARING AT THE SAT NAV. THE DUST GRADUALLY CLEARS AND THEY CAN SEE EACH OTHER]

ADEONA (THE FIGURE):

CHARLIE, CHARLIE, IS THAT YOU?

CHARLIE:

NEVER MIND ME (POINTING TO THE SAT NAV) IS THAT YOU?

[ADEONA WALKS UP TO HIM AND LOOKS IN AT THE DEVICE]

ADEONA:

OH YOU'VE FOUND ME OUT THEN?

[CHARLIE IS SPEECHLESS]

ADEONA:

GOTTA EAT; COLOURFUL TONES AND FLAWLESS DICTION – REMEMBER? THAT'S WHY THEY HIRED ME. PAYS RATHER WELL; CHARLIE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? (PAUSE) WHY WOULDN'T YOU SEE ME?

CHARLIE (NOW SMILING):

OH, I GUESS I ALWAYS KNEW WE'D BUMP INTO EACH OTHER AGAIN. I'M HUNGRY.

ADEONA:

I WAS TRYING TO FIND A PLACE MYSELF

CHARLIE:

LET'S GO TOGETHER

[ADEONA PARKS HER VW UP IN A SMALL
GRASS NICHE BY A GATE AND CLIMBS
INTO CHARLIE'S BMW]

ADEONA:

DO YOU THINK THE FARMER WILL MIND?

CHARLIE:

I'M SURE THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY
TO GET INTO THE FIELD

[HE STARTS TO DRIVE OFF]

SAT NAV: FOLLOW THIS ROAD UNTIL YOU
REACH THE NEXT JUNCTION

ADEONA:

DO WE HAVE TO HAVE THAT ON?

CHARLIE:

WHY NOT? LET'S SEE WHERE SHE TAKES
US.

END

