

One Night In Soho

Written by

Romeo Crow

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Romeo Crow

Romeo@RomeoCrow.me

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

WILL sprints down the middle of the road like his life depends on it. Clutching a bag, he pumps his legs for all he's worth. Behind him POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2 struggle to catch up.

Suddenly WILL banks to the side, jumps a parked car bonnet, slides onto the pavement and fires up an alleyway. The POLICEMEN inelegantly bump into the car, bounce onto the pavement and grimace their way after him.

Shooting out the alleyway and onto a railway bridge, WILL bounds up the stairs like a gazelle on steroids.

The POLICEMEN eventually emerge too, pulling hard to get their breath, wincing at the stairs ahead of them. Reluctantly, they start clambering up.

WILL crosses the bridge, the urban sprawl of London suburbs behind him. The shot FREEZES:

WILL(V.O.)

This is me this morning. But if you'd met me yesterday you'd never have believed it. It's crazy what one night in Soho can do to a man.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE - YESTERDAY

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A mundane office. The thrum of mediocre productivity drones monotonously over the banks of desks, each one staffed by dull-suited workers looking bored, grinding through their day.

At a bank of six sits five young men, including WILL.

Everyone looks bored, distracted, except ROSS, staring at some paperwork, pen in hand, and WILL, who's intently focused on his screen. Peering over his shoulder we see what's got his attention. A job site. He's scanning jobs, adding them to a Favourites list. His desk phone rings.

WILL

Hello, WorldVision? Ah yes, hi. Sure, will do. Thanks.

He puts the phone down, subtly looks around to make sure no one overheard, then gets up.

ROSS
(without looking up)
Off somewhere?

WILL
Toilet.

ROSS doesn't reply, or look up. WILL snakes out through the office.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Looking round to check no one followed him, WILL passes the men's toilet and heads straight up the stairs past a sign pointing to "Roof", until he's outside a battered emergency exit door that isn't shut properly.

Pulling his mobile out he dials.

WILL
Hi my love, sorry about that. But you know I can't talk at work, ROSS's like a POW guard. What's up?
(trying to close the emergency exit door, face dropping)
Yeah, well yeah. That's great news my love.
(quietly punching the door to try to close it)
Wow, early maternity leave, eh? That's so good!
(quietly headbutting the door)
You're right, my new salary can just about support us both.
(pushing the door hard, it slams but still stays open)
Nothing, just some workmen. Yes, as you say, the main thing is to rest as much as you can, for the baby's sake. Listen, Ross is coming, I've got to go, speak later!

WILL hangs up quickly. He's standing alone in the stairwell, in silence, the emergency exit door still not shut.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

WILL crosses back to his desk. He sees ROSS, standing over WILL's computer.

ELLIOT
Piss or shit?

WILL
(anxious)
Shit.

ROSS
(shooting WILL a knowing look)
Indeed.

ROSS passes him, but instead of going back to his own desk, he heads off towards the closed door of Paul's office. WILL watches him with trepidation, then sits at his desk, his screen still showing the job site.

ELLIOT
So, payday motherfuckers. What's the plan tonight?

CHARLIE
The George. The Crown. Wherever the new chick is going.

ALEX
Which one, the blonde or the brunette?

ELLIOT
Aren't you seeing Martha?

CHARLIE
I am sleeping with Martha, not seeing her. There is a difference.
(to ALEX)
The brunette.

ELLIOT
Does she know that?

CHARLIE
Not exactly.

ALEX
Ooooh, dear. She's going to go bananas if she sees you chatting up some new girl.

CHARLIE
She'll be fine. I'll just explain that it's me, not her. Et cetera, et cetera. Chicks love that kind of talk.

ELLIOT
She's going to love your balls in a vice. I'm definitely not missing this.

So we go wherever Martha's going.
Sorted. First round is on Charlie,
whilst he's still alive.

WILL
What about the brunette?

ALEX
Martha's blonde.

CHARLIE
More mousey brown.

WILL
No, the new one. I thought you were
going where she was going?

ELLIOT
We, you fucking newbie. We. You're
coming too. And she's new too,
guaranteed she'll go where all the
other chicks in HR go. I.E. where
Martha goes. So don't worry, you can
still try and jump her later.

ALEX
Well, at least you can try, if Pussy-
magnet Charlie is out the game.

ELLIOT
So you'd better let Martha know her
new status straight away, if you want
to take Charlie out.

CHARLIE
That's not Queensbury!

WILL
Oh I'm not going. I'm going home. To
my wife.

ELLIOT picks up the phone and dials.

ELLIOT
Hey Martha, it's Elliot. Are we
getting paid today?

You're right, it's a pretext. Listen,
our new boy fancies your new girl and
wants to get all chatty-chatty with
her tonight. Where are you guys going,
so we can come meet you?

I don't know her name, nor much do I
care.

The brunette.
Jasmine. Fine. Whatever. Where are you going?

Yeah, Charlie was just saying how much he's looking forward to seeing you. He's like a lovesick puppy, it makes me want to puke. Catch you in a bit. Bye!

CHARLIE
You're not a nice man.

ELLIOT
True. And we're also going to The George, you fucks.

WILL
I'm not. I'm going home.

ROSS returns. The guys go silent, apparently getting on with their work.

ROSS
Will, can you please go into Paul's office, he wants to see you. Now.

There's a collective mocking intake of breath from the others as WILL gets up and heads to Paul's office.

ROSS
That's enough guys. Get on with your work.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting at a big desk, a BAFTA award on one side and a screen showing security camera feeds on the other, sits PAUL. Behind him is metal safe and above it hangs a giant framed selfie of him and a homeless person, somewhere cold and grim.

PAUL
Just a few weeks in, I walk by your desk and see you're already looking for a new job? Found anything you like?

WILL
It isn't what it...

PAUL
I started this company from scratch, just me filming that Glaswegian drunk.
(indicating the photo behind him)

But it won me this BAFTA and started this company. Now I've fifty grand cash sitting in that safe for a jungle shoot next week. How do you think I went Glaswegian drunks to rare river animals? By making sure that everyone who works here pulls their weight. Not by having new starters spending my money looking for other jobs. Now, as you're on probation and clearly eager to leave I'll save myself the agency finder's fee and help you on your way.

WILL

But I don't want to leave. I need this job.

PAUL

Evidently not. I'm sorry Will, I run a tight ship. Your team is already up to capacity, so everyone needs to be pulling one-hundred percent. No leakage. Come Monday consider yourself on notice. Please close the door on your way out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

WILL, deflated, closes PAUL's door and slowly makes his way to his desk, ROSS watching him the whole time.

The others are in the process of shutting off their computers and putting on their coats.

WILL pulls out his mobile and starts dialling.

ELLIOT

Right, I'm in, obvs. Alex and Charlie are coming. How about you, Ross?

ROSS

No, I don't think I will.

WILL

(into his phone)

Hi, my love, how are you?

ELLIOT

(to ROSS)

The wife given you shelves to put up has she?

ROSS

As a matter of fact, there are some shelves that need putting up.

WILL

(into his phone)

No, I'm fine, just finished.

ELLIOT

Will, are you coming? Or are you also going home to your Mrs, so she can show you where she keeps your balls?

ALEX

(noticing WILL's dejection)

Are you alright mate?

ELLIOT

No, he's just remembered he's ball-less.

WILL

(to Alex)

Yeah, fine.

(to phone)

I am, I'm fine.

ALEX

Looks like you could use a drink?

WILL

(to Alex)

Nah, I'm going to head home.

ALEX

Why don't you come with us? Even just for one?

WILL

(to phone)

Don't you want me home?

ELLIOT

(to WILL)

Nah, she's got no use for a ball-less man. Best to come with us. Then you can watch Charlie get his balls handed to him too. You'll be the Nutless Brothers.

WILL

(to phone)

Really? Celebrate while I can, eh? Sure a hundred percent? Ok.

(to Alex)

Ok then, maybe just the one.

ELLIOT
Seems Will's just been re-loaned his balls for the night.

WILL
(to phone)
OK my love, thanks. I'll see you in an hour or two.

CHARLIE
Or six!

ROSS
(eyeing WILL)
Perhaps I'll come just for one too.

ELLIOT
Holy fuck! It's a fucking miracle. I didn't think you were allowed out after dark! Come on then, you fucks.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The George, a Soho gastropub throbbing with a trendy Friday night crowd of media-types.

WILL, Elliot, CHARLIE, ALEX and ROSS are standing in a huddle, clutching near empty pints.

Sat down in a booth next to them, engaged in their own gossip, are the "HR Girls"; Martha, Jasmine, VICKY and MARIA.

ELLIOT
(to ROSS)
I believe it's your round?

ROSS
Really? I thought I got the last one.

ALEX
I'll go.

ELLIOT
It's his fucking round. Don't let him weasel his way out of it. He may have been home doing DIY for so long he's forgotten pub etiquette, but it's his fucking round and he is paying for it. Alex can go, but Ross pays. End of it.

ROSS
Fine.

ROSS fishes out his wallet and rifles through the folds.

ROSS
I don't have any cash.

ELLIOT
Nice try.

ELLIOT suddenly grabs ROSS's wallet, fishes out his credit card and hands it to ALEX.

ELLIOT
Contactless. A revolution since you were last allowed out. You don't even need to give him your PIN.

ROSS
Asshole.
(to ALEX)
One round of beers only.

ALEX walks off.

ROSS
I've got a bad feeling about this.

ELLIOT
(to WILL)
So come on, what the fuck is wrong with you, you've had a face like a slapped ass since we left work?

WILL
I've been served my notice.

ELLIOT
Fuck. I didn't think you were that shit. How come?

ROSS
Paul walked past his screen and saw him searching for other jobs.

ELLIOT
Why bother? All jobs are shit.

CHARLIE
Did you find another job?

ELLIOT
Like fuck! He's only just started this one! His C.V. will look like utter dog shit if he leaves so soon. Who'd employ him then, huh?

CHARLIE

I tell you whom I'm going to employ;
the new chick, Jessica, to sit on my
face.

WILL

Jasmine.

CHARLIE

Whatever. Just call them "darling" or
"babe" and they're all the same.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Really?

CHARLIE spins to see MARTHA standing behind him. Fuming.

CHARLIE

Babe!

MARTHA

Don't fucking "babe" me.

CHARLIE

When did you arrive darling?

MARTHA

Somewhere around your face? You think
you're some kind of Don Juan Casanova?

CHARLIE

Well, no; technically, they are two
different people. And one is
fictional.

MARTHA

I don't, technically, give a fuck. You
aren't them. Technically, you're just
a little lying maggot boy with, a
little maggot cock who thinks he's
God's gift to women.

ALEX returns excitedly, awkwardly clutching five pints, not
noticing MARTHA.

ALEX

Have you seen who's at the bar?

WILL, ROSS and ELLIOT shake their heads, taking their pints
from ALEX, their eyes not leaving MARTHA and CHARLIE.

MARTHA

And can't even keep it up long enough
to be worth sleeping with.

Without noticing MARTHA, ALEX holds out the last pint to CHARLIE.

ALEX
(to everyone)
The supermodel Ella Rivers!

MARTHA
(to CHARLIE)
You're pathetic. Just a little man boy who still thinks with his cock, which, technically, doesn't even work properly anyway. Juvenile, disgusting pig.

ALEX
(shouting)
I said it's Ella Rivers at the bar!

This gets everyone's attention.

ELLIOT
No fucking way?

ALEX
At the bar.

ELLIOT
Bullshit.

They all turn to look, except CHARLIE, who, still facing MARTHA, only twitches his eyes to try to sneak a look.

MARTHA
Don't you fucking dare.

WILL/ELLIOT/ROSS
(looking at the bar)
Fucking hell it is!

It's too much for CHARLIE. He turns to face the bar.

MARTHA
Oh, OK, I'm not here then? Just some invisible phantom woman, moaning in the wind. Well, can a ghost, technically, do this?

MARTHA takes CHARLIE's pint from ALEX, who's still forgetfully holding it out, and dumps it full over CHARLIE.

CHARLIE shudders from the shock. Gasps can be heard from everyone nearby. All eyes are on them.

MARTHA

There you go. Since you're such hot shit why don't you go and hit on Ella fucking Rivers?

Feeling the pressure of everyone staring, CHARLIE straightens his back, relaxes his shoulders and looks at MARTHA.

CHARLIE

OK.

CHARLIE strides confidently towards the bar, politely tapping the backs of people in the way, who immediately part when they see the state of him.

He manages to cut straight through the crowd and position himself next to Ella Rivers.

CHARLIE

(loudly to the barman)

Do you have a towel please my good man, I seem to have dropped my pint?

Ella Rivers is looking at him. He gives her his cutest coy smile.

CHARLIE

I appear to have developed a very recent drinking problem.

ELLA

It must be some problem.

CHARLIE

About five seven, with mousy brown hair.

ELLA

And how did you develop this problem?

CHARLIE

I simply told the truth. That the most beautiful woman to ever walk the Earth has just, by some miracle of nature, walked into the self-same pub that I'm standing in. And, if I don't make some effort to speak to her right now, I will regret it. And not just in this life, but in subsequent lives too. So much so that, a thousand years from now, reincarnated for the umpteenth time, I'll be sitting, in the form of a defenceless little kitten, weeping little kitten tears at the ancient memory of my past life's catastrophic

error of not coming over here, right now, to speak to you, a lady whose stunning beauty can surely only be matched by the liquid honey tones of what she's about to say next?

ELLA
You're an idiot.

CHARLIE
Beautifully put. Though no where near as beautiful as you are, in this moment, right now.

ELLA
Does that kind of bullshit ever work?

CHARLIE
I don't know, yet. Ask me again in five minutes.

ELLA
I'll be gone in five minutes.

The barman arrives and passes a towel to CHARLIE.

CHARLIE
Time enough for one drink then?

ELLA gestures to two shots set up on the bar in front of her.

ELLA
Someone beat your pussy tears to it.

CHARLIE
And who is this champion?

ELLA
I don't know, nor cared to ask his name.

CHARLIE
I'm Charlie.

ELLA
I don't care to ask your name either. You can have these drinks on him.

ELLA pushes the shots to CHARLIE, then turns and leaves the pub.

CHARLIE
(to himself)
And she never even told me her name.

ELLIOT arrives at the bar.

ELLIOT
That's Ella Rivers, you fucking idiot.

CHARLIE downs one shot.

CHARLIE
That's just what she said. Minus the
fucking.

ELLIOT
Must be hard to fail for once. But
don't worry, you've got all night to
have another crack; you're a free man
now.

ELLIOT gestures towards MARTHA, who, along with the PR Girls,
is laughing at CHARLIE. CHARLIE smiles at her and shrugs his
shoulders in defeat. MARTHA'S face goes stern as she flips
him the finger, turns and hustles the PR Girls out of the
pub.

ELLIOT
Well done mate, you right fucked that
up. What's the plan now then?

CHARLIE downs the second shot.

CHARLIE
I need drugs.

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

WILL, ELLIOT, CHARLIE, ALEX and ROSS are walking along the
street, all of them a bit drunk.

ROSS
This is not a good idea.

ELLIOT
Don't be a pussy. It'll be fun.

ROSS
I don't think it will. I'm going home.
Been out late enough already.

ELLIOT
Don't you fucking dare. Finally you're
out. You're not going back for Friday
DIY now. No fucking way. Besides, the
state of you right now you'd probably
drill through your hand.

ROSS

What, you saying I can't handle my drill?

ELLIOT

You can't handle your drink.

ROSS

You're probably right. It's been a while. The Mrs doesn't really like me going out, especially not on a Friday.

ELLIOT

Or any day.

CHARLIE

(slurring a little)

We're nearly there. There. We're nearly there.

ALEX

Have you been here before?

CHARLIE

Of course.

They get to a doorway with eight different buzzers. CHARLIE studies them, evidently having trouble focusing.

ALEX

Which one is it?

CHARLIE

I'm not sure.

ALEX

What's his name?

CHARLIE

I'm not sure.

ROSS

Great, then I'm off.

ELLIOT

Bullshit. You're in it for the long-haul, see if you can't rediscover your balls at the end of the rainbow.

CHARLIE

(to himself)

Fuck it.

He lunges at the panel and presses all the buzzers with one sloppy palm slap.

DAVE (O.S.)
Who the fuck's this?

CHARLIE
Charlie.

DAVE (O.S.)
You want Charlie?

CHARLIE
Yes? I'm here to... party?

A window opens a few floors up and STEVE peers down at them, then ducks back inside and shuts the window.

DAVE (O.S.)
There's no party here, you've got the wrong address. Fuck off.

CHARLIE
I've got money.

DAVE (O.S.)
How much?

CHARLIE
Two hundred quid.

DAVE (O.S.)
And what are you going to do with that?

CHARLIE
Give it to you?

There's a silence, then the door buzzes open.

DAVE (O.S.)
Second floor, green door.

INT. DAVE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHARLIE pushes the door open so hard it almost smashes. Stumbling, he enters the hallway. The others follow. There's a stairwell at the end of the hallway.

CHARLIE
No fucking lift?

CHARLIE starts climbing the stairs, miss-steps and drops down. He kicks the banister in disgust.

CHARLIE
Fucking stairs.

ELLIOT

All right mate, calm down! You seem a little worse for wear mate.

ALEX goes to help CHARLIE up, but he aggressively shrugs him off.

CHARLIE

I can manage. I'm not a fucking baby.

INT. DAVE'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The five of them emerge from the stairwell into the corridor. There are multiple doors. Only one of them is green. CHARLIE strides up to it and bangs it as hard as he can. The sound booms around the hallway.

ELLIOT

Are you sure you're feeling alright mate, you don't seem quite yourself?

CHARLIE rests his forehead on the door, sweat beading from his brow. He looks at ELLIOT almost like he doesn't recognise him.

ROSS

This is a bad idea.

The door opens and CHARLIE half falls into the flat, straight onto STEVE'S shoulder.

INT. DAVE'S FLAT - NIGHT

STEVE shrugs CHARLIE off his shoulder, who then stumbles over a plant, taking it to the ground as he falls. WILL, ELLIOT, ALEX and ROSS enter.

STEVE

What the fuck!
(to ELLIOT)
Is your mate all right?

ELLIOT

Of course. Just too much to drink. I reckon he'll be fine in five minutes, just needs a little toot to fix him up.

STEVE

Well, make sure he doesn't puke.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The five colleagues follow STEVE into the living room. At a dining table sits DAVE. On a couch playing a computer game are IAN and NIGEL, their feet up on a coffee table.

ROSS
(to IAN and NIGEL)
All right guys?

CHARLIE stumbles to the dinning table, resting his weight on the back of a chair. ELLIOT stands with him, STEVE just to his side. WILL, ROSS and ALEX hang back by the couch.

CHARLIE
All right. We need coke.

DAVE
You don't look all that well, mate?

CHARLIE
I'm fine. Just need some coof.

DAVE
The money?

CHARLIE fumbles his wallet, dropping it on the floor. Scrabbling to pick it up, he pulls out all the notes, scattering them on the table. DAVE counts them up into a pile.

DAVE
That's a hundred and twenty.

CHARLIE
And?

DAVE
You said two hundred.

CHARLIE
Well, what the fuck's the difference?
It's a hundred and twenty. Is there something wrong with my money?

DAVE
I opened the door for two hundred.
I'll do business for two hundred.
Otherwise you can all get out.

CHARLIE
(mumbling to himself)
How about you fuck off, little bitch.

DAVE
What?

ELLIOT takes his wallet out, peels off a few notes from a thick wedge and tosses them onto the table.

ELLIOT
There. Two hundred quid. Satisfied?

DAVE scoops up the money, counts it again, then drops it into a large duffel bag under the table.

DAVE
IAN?
(silence)
IAN! Put that fucking game on pause
and bring three gees.

IAN tuts, pauses the game and pulls a bag from under the sofa.

ELLIOT
Three gees? For two hundred quid?!

DAVE
Yeah.

ELLIOT
It should be four.

DAVE
It's seventy quid a gram. You're
getting a discount.

ELLIOT
Ten fucking quid?

CHARLIE
(muttering to himself)
Cunt.

DAVE
The fuck did you just say?

CHARLIE
It should be four fucking grams.

IAN dumps a wrapped ball of cocaine on the table, then heads back to his game.

DAVE
(to IAN)
I said three, not a ball.

CHARLIE
That'll do.

Suddenly, CHARLIE lunges forward, grabbing the ball of coke. STEVE is on him in a flash, grabbing him in a bear hug and knocking into the table, which flips onto it's side, revealing a huge hunting knife tapped to the underside.

The ball of coke flies out of CHARLIE's hand, scuttling along the floor towards the couch.

CHARLIE breaks STEVE's grip and pushes him crashing into the wall, then shoots up from the floor, clutching the duffel bag. He darts to the door, bowling through WILL and ROSS on his way.

IAN and NIGEL try to block him, but get tangled with the video game controllers, managing only to fall into the door after CHARLIE has bolted through it.

Everyone stands still, stunned from what's happened, except DAVE. He's holding ELLIOT by his hair, the huge knife pressed to his throat.

DAVE

(to IAN and NIGEL)

Well get the fuck after him?

IAN and NIGEL bolt out of the door.

DAVE

(to WILL, ROSS and ALEX)

You lot sit on the fucking couch, or I swear I'll cut your mate.

WILL, ROSS and ALEX mechanically sit on the couch, still in a stunned silence.

DAVE

Steve, get the gaffer tape.

STEVE rummages in some draws and brings DAVE the tape.

DAVE

(to STEVE)

And a chair.

ELLIOT

I think you need to calm the fuck down..

DAVE

Shut it.

ELLIOT starts to gingerly wriggle away from DAVE's knife.

ELLIOT

I don't think you're going to..

Suddenly STEVE clubs ELLIOT in the side of the head with gaffer tape. As he stumbles STEVE pulls him onto the dinning chair. DAVE presses the knife even harder to his neck, pulling him back by the hair.

DAVE
Stay fucking still.

STEVE binds him to the chair with the gaffer tape.

DAVE
It's like this; we're all going to stay here until that bag arrives back here. Then all of you can fuck right off and I never see you again.

They hear a noise in the corridor, the rumble of feet. In walk IAN and NIGEL. No bag.

IAN
(to DAVE)
He just fucking vanished.

DAVE
Fuck! Vanished? Fuck! Do have have any idea what.. Fuck!

A silence grips the room, punctuated only by DAVE's despair.

DAVE
(to WILL, ALEX and ROSS)
Where the fuck is your mate?

WILL
I don't know. We don't know.

DAVE
Well you'd better fucking know. Call him and tell him to bring that bag back fucking now. I'm not playing.

WILL
I don't have his number.
(to ROSS and ALEX)
You guys?

ROSS and ALEX shake their heads.

DAVE
(to ELLIOT)
You?

ELLIOT gingerly shakes his head.

DAVE

Fuck! Then how the fuck.. Where.. I'm a dead man... Fuck! OK, here's what's going to happen; this idiot is staying right here, tied to this chair and you fucking heroes are going to go out there, find your mate and bring that fucking bag back.

ROSS

But we don't know where he is?

DAVE

That's your fucking problem. You've got until midday tomorrow to bring it back, or I swear your mate's probably going to die.

WILL

Calm down mate, there's no need for this. You're not going to kill him over a bag.

DAVE

Not me, no. But the person it belongs to might.

WILL

What's in the bag that's so important?

DAVE

Money.

ROSS

Well how much? We can just pay you now?

ROSS gets his wallet out.

DAVE

Thirty grand.

ROSS puts his wallet away.

ROSS

Perhaps not.

WILL

It's not worth killing someone over thirty grand.

DAVE

Trust me, the guy that money belongs to will probably disagree. Bring that bag back here by midday, for all our

sakes. You'd better go, the clock is ticking.

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

WILL, ROSS and ALEX stand shell-shocked in the street.

ROSS

What the hell was wrong with him?

ALEX

He was acting odd since we left the pub. Proper aggressive, not like him at all. And grabbing that bag?

WILL

We need to find him.

ROSS

Not we. I told you this was a bad idea. I'm going home.

WILL

And Elliot? What a caring boss.

ROSS

They we're bluffing.

WILL

It's not a round of poker.

ROSS

Ooh, the boogie man is coming at midday!

WILL

Where'd you think those guys got the drugs they sell? There's always a bigger fish. We need to find Charlie, and we don't even have his number.

ROSS

Actually, I do.

WILL

You were bluffing?

ALEX

Perhaps it is a round of poker.

ROSS gets out his phone and starts tapping. ALEX's phone pings.

ROSS

There, that's his number. Now you can call him to your heart's content. I'm going home.

WILL

Wait up, we need to find him first. Just wait one minute.

ALEX dials.

ALEX

It's ringing.. Still ringing.. Still ringing.. Shit! Voicemail.

WILL

Try again.

ALEX

Obviously.

(rings again)

Nope, still voicemail. What do we do?

WILL

Wait a few minutes, try again.

ROSS

Enjoy.

ROSS turns to leave.

ALEX

Still just ringing off to voicemail.

They both watch ROSS walking further away.

ALEX

What if he doesn't answer?

ROSS nears the end of the street corner, still walking away.

WILL

Do you know where he lives?

ALEX

No.

WILL

(shouting to ROSS)

Ross! Wait!

ROSS turns around, gesturing that he's leaving.

WILL

We need Charlie's address.

ROSS
I don't have it.

WILL
Don't move.
(to ALEX)
Martha should know his address.

ALEX
I don't have her number.

WILL
(to ROSS)
Do you have Martha's number?

ROSS
Yes. But I'm certainly not calling her
at this time.

ROSS taps into his phone. ALEX's phone pings.

WILL
(to Alex)
Call her.

ALEX
It is pretty late...

WILL
NOW!

ALEX dials, wincing in anticipation.

ALEX
Yes, it's Alex. From work. No, don't
hang up! I know. You're right. I know.
A man pig. Yes. Listen, I really need
you help. I'm sure he will. Do you
have his address?
(shaking his head at WILL)
You're right, that's not very
romantic. Did he? AFTER you got a cab
there? And you couldn't wake him? Yes,
a manpig. OK, cheers though. I know,
I'm sorry, I won't call again.

WILL
(shouting at ROSS)
We need his address.

ROSS
I said, I don't have it.

WILL
The office does.

ROSS slowly walks back towards them.

ROSS
It's closed.

WILL
You have keys.

ROSS
I'm not going back to the office.

WILL
You have to, you've got to help.

ROSS
I don't.

WILL
Then give me the keys.

ROSS
I won't.

WILL
Then we're going there together, now.

ROSS
I shan't.

WILL
You have to. Elliot's life might depend on it. We'll go in quietly, get the address and leave. Then you can go home.

ALEX
This is not a good idea. I can't break into an office.

WILL
It's not breaking in, we've got the keys. What's the problem?

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL and ALEX anxiously wait while ROSS fishes out his bunch of keys, pushes one into the lock and turns it. Nothing. It won't budge.

ALEX
Perhaps if you...

ROSS
I've got it.

ROSS tries another key. Same. On the third key the lock pops back and the door swings open, to the beautiful accompaniment of a screaming burglar alarm.

ALEX
The alarm!

ROSS
I'm doing it! I'm doing it!

The three men bundle through the doorway, crowding round the alarm keypad, the swirling alarm almost deafening them.

ROSS
Get out the way! I can't see the pad.
Move!

Barging the others out the way, ROSS taps in a four-digit code and hits a Bell icon button. The alarm continues.

ALEX
That's not working.

ROSS
Really?!

ALEX
Stop it!

ROSS
I'm trying!

ROSS taps in the code again, but hesitates on the Bell button.

WILL
What is it?

ROSS
Perhaps the Bell's not enter.

ALEX
Why did you press it then?

ROSS
I can't remember which one it is!

ALEX lunges forward and presses the Set button. The alarm still rings in their ears, warning everyone within a hundred meters that there's three men breaking into the office.

ROSS
You idiot!

ALEX
You put in the wrong code. Sort it out.

ROSS
I didn't.

WILL
Calm down. Try again.

ROSS taps the code again, and hits the Bell button. The alarm goes off.

ALEX
Jeez.

WILL
Get in, shut the door.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - NIGHT

WILL, ALEX and ROSS breathe in relief as they shut the main office front door. The silence after the alarm almost as deafening. ALEX gives ROSS a slow, golf clap, who gives him a look back. WILL starts up the stairs. The other two follow.

INT. HR OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL, ROSS and ALEX fumble around a deserted and dark HR department, the torch from a phone their only light.

ALEX
Will you turn the damn light on?

ROSS
No, I told you, I don't want to arouse suspicion.

ALEX
Was the air raid siren part of your plan, Mr Bond?

Suddenly, there's a scraping sound, followed by a crash and the sound of paper files scattering over the floor.

ALEX
Sorry, that was me. I'm getting the lights.

WILL
Wait! What's that?

ROSS
What?

WILL
Up there. The red light? Alex, stop...

ALEX flicks on the lights.

ROSS
Oh shit.

A whole box of paper files lies spread all over the floor and, on the ceiling, staring directly at them, is a surveillance camera.

ALEX
Do you think it saw us?

ROSS
It will have done now, thanks to you, Judas.

ALEX
I'm so fucked.

ROSS
Don't you mean we? You clowns made me do this, I didn't want to.

ALEX
It's not like we put a knife to your throat.

WILL
Hey, guys! Calm down. Listen, we came here for the address. Stay focused. The camera controls are in Paul's office, we just need to delete them before we go.

ALEX
I'll go.

WILL
Fine. Just do it quickly and let's get out of here.

ALEX heads out of the HR office. ROSS sits at a computer, booting it up.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ALEX eases his way into Paul's office, being careful to close

the door quietly behind him. He slowly works his way around the room, opening drawers, cupboards and cabinets. He picks up the BAFTA award, weighs it in his hands then puts it down.

He tries the safe door behind Paul's desk, it won't budge. Then he sits at the desk and looks at the surveillance screen.

In one box on the screen he can see WILL and ROSS crowded round a computer in the HR office. He looks intently at the screen, then up at the door, then back at the screen, weighing something up in his mind.

A mischievous smile on his face, he reaches into his inside jacket pocket he pulls out a small packet. Fishing his wallet out of another pocket he smirks as he pulls out ROSS's credit card and a twenty-pound note. Laughing, he rolls the note into a tube.

Putting his wallet back in his pocket he spreads open the little packet, revealing the ball of cocaine from DAVE's flat. Grinning, picks up the BAFTA award, lays it on it's front, and pours out the coke into it's little bowl-shaped back. Then he leans over and starts cutting a massive line of coke with ROSS's credit card.

INT. HR OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL and ROSS stare at the password prompt on the screen.

WILL
I don't suppose you know it?

ROSS
No.

WILL
Martha?

ROSS nods. They both grimace. ROSS gets out his phone and starts dialling.

ROSS
(into the phone)
Hi, it's Ross. From work...

MARTHA (V.O.)
WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU PIGBOYS WANT NOW?

ROSS
Martha, Elliot is in trouble and Charlie is the only one how can help him, but he's not answering his phone, so we need his address.

MARTHA (V.O.)
I TOLD YOU MORONS I DON'T HAVE IT!

ROSS
I know. So we just need the password
for your computer. No, of course not.
The one at the office, so we can get
his address out of the HR records.

MARTHA (V.O.)
YOU BROKE INTO THE FUCKING OFFICE?!

ROSS
Technically no, as I have a key.
Listen. This has already been a long
night and it's urgent. So please, just
tell me the password? Yes, I have to
have it. I won't, why would I?

ROSS laughs, then quickly tries to suppress it.

ROSS
(to MARTHA)
No, I promise, I was sneezing. I won't
tell anyone. Thank you.

ROSS hangs up the phone.

WILL
What?

ROSS types in the password "Ten-Inch-Charlie", WILL looking
over his shoulder.

WILL
Oh, OK. Wow. Right, find his address,
I'll get ALEX and let's get out of
here.

WILL heads out the HR office.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL crosses the dark and deserted main office, on his way to
Paul's office, but his attention catches on a flashing light
coming from outside.

He rushes to the window.

WILL
Oh fuck.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ALEX's sits crumpled over, face down in the back of the BAFTA mask on Paul's desk, hovering the coke through his nose like he's just come up from a five-minute free-dive, desperate for breathe.

Barging open the office door, WILL rushes in.

WILL

The police are here!

In his absolute surprise, ALEX shoots up from the seat, crashing the desk over. The BAFTA award smashes into the ground, the mask snapping off, whilst a puffy cloud of cocaine bursts into the air, snowing down on the room.

The two men stare at each other through the swirling coke-storm, shock framing ROSS's open mouth, a white circle from chin to nose framing ALEX's gaping mouth.

ALEX

THE POLICE?! What?! Nooooo. NOOOOO! I can't, I can't, not again...

ALEX rushes to the door, almost barging WILL on his way through, just as ROSS comes flying in, bumping into each other.

ROSS

The police are here!

ALEX

Out of my way, I've got to get out of here!

ALEX tries to push ROSS out of the doorway, but ROSS is unmoving, fixated on the mess in front of him.

ROSS

What the fuck is this?

ALEX

I've got a fucking coke problem, OK? Now get out the way!

ALEX manages to push ROSS to the side and run out the door.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL and ROSS rush into the main office to see ALEX standing paralysed in front of them, watching torch beams announcing the police are just about to enter the main office.

WILL
The fire escape.

WILL and ROSS have to push ALEX to get him moving, just managing to exit the side door fire escape as the police enter the main office.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

WILL, ROSS and ALEX cautiously descend the stairs in the darkness, ears and eyes strained for any signs of the police.

They get to the ground floor with the barred fire-escape door.

WILL
We need to be cautious in case...

ALEX darts forward, clumsily bundles the door open, and flies through it, the door crashing on it's hinges with the force.

WILL
...there are cops.

EXT. ANOTHER SOHO STREET - NIGHT

WILL, ROSS and ALEX are walking swiftly down the street, the swirling blue lights of parked police cars in the distance behind them.

WILL
Not too fast. Don't rush.

ALEX
I'm not rushing.

WILL
Cool it. Just walk casual.

ALEX
They're on to me! They're going to get me!

ROSS
Us, you mean? Us.

WILL
They're not. Relax. They've no way of knowing it was us.

ALEX slows to a halt. A look of panic spreading on his face.

The other two stop and look at him.

ROSS
What are you doing? Hurry up!

WILL
What? What have you done?

ALEX's mouth opens, but no words come out. Panic has given over to terror.

WILL
Don't tell me you...

Horror spreads across ALEX's face.

WILL
Tell me you deleted the recordings?

ALEX's clasps his face in his hands.

ROSS
WHAT?! You total moron! You had one
job! ONE JOB!

ROSS lunges at ALEX, clawing at his head. WILL pulls them apart.

WILL
Stop it! The police are right there!

ROSS
What are we going to do? We're
screwed? We're totally screwed? He
screwed us!

WILL
Calm down. We need to think.

ALEX
I need to get out of here. They can't
catch me. I can't. Not again.

ROSS
(to ALEX)
You PRICK!

ROSS dives at ALEX again. WILL pulls him off.

WILL
Focus guys. Don't forget about Elliot.
We've still got to get that bag or he
really is screwed.
(to ROSS)
Tell me you've got Charlie's address?

ROSS

Yes.

WILL

Well that's something, at least. The plan hasn't changed. We need a cab.

INT. BLACK TAXI CAB - NIGHT

WILL, ROSS and ALEX sit in silence in the back of a Taxi.

ROSS glares at ALEX.

ALEX, teeth gritted in a cocaine grimace, stares down at the floor, trying to keep still.

WILL stares out the window.

MIGUEL, the taxi driver, stares at them all through the rear-view mirror.

MIGUEL

You guys having a good night?

Silence from the three passengers.

MIGUEL

C'mon, you guys are partying, right?
Don't worry, you're safe with me.
You're high, right?

WILL and ROSS glance at ALEX.

WILL

What makes you think that?

MIGUEL

Your friend's face. His little Rudolph nose. His jaw is gritted so tight he could chew diamonds out of coal.

ALEX starts to panic.

MIGUEL

Don't worry, my friend! I'm not the cops! It's coke right?

WILL

Why'd you say that?

MIGUEL

I'm Colombian! I know my cocaine! Yes, Sir, I know it inside and out!
(to ALEX)

Is it good?

ALEX looks at him and gives him a tiny nod.

MIGUEL

Aha! See, I told you! I know my cocaine! Then why the long face? You guys look far too serious, like you just got busted!

The three colleagues glance worryingly at each other.

MIGUEL

You need to let it out, man, free the beast! You can relax, you're safe now, in Miguel's taxi! Whatever problems are out there, aren't in here. In here, you're cool.

The three passengers nod in subconscious agreement, relaxing slightly.

MIGUEL

Yes! That's it guys! You need to relax, enjoy yourselves, smile a bit. You like music? Try this.

Miguel turns the stereo on. It picks up from where he left off listening before. The cool upbeat rhythms of some Latin music streaming through the cab.

Miguel starts tapping the steering wheel in time, nodding his head and vocalising the sounds of the instruments.

The three men in the back start nodding their heads too. Almost imperceptible at first, subconsciously, as the infectious rhythms start taking over their brains.

MIGUEL

Yeah! That's it! You need the sounds of the Latinos in your souls!

ALEX starts nodding more vigorously now, the music infusing with the cocaine in his blood, taking over his mind. A smile spreads over his face as he gives himself to the music.

Watching him, the other two colleagues can't help but smile too.

MIGUEL

That's what I'm talking about! Yeah! Feel it! Feel the groove, yes? This is proper music. Music to dance to. Music to make love to!

The four men in the taxi are all bouncing to the music now, enjoying the moment, detached from the reality outside, everyone feeling good.

ROSS

So, Miguel, you're from Colombia, right?

MIGUEL

Yes, Sir. Born and raised.

ROSS

How did you end up here, driving a taxi?

MIGUEL

Ah, well, it's a long story. Back in Colombia I used to do a lot of driving, so I figured I could do the same when I was here.

ROSS

You drove a taxi in Colombia?

MIGUEL

Well, more like logistics haulage.

WILL

But why here, in London?

MIGUEL

Well, I came to London sixteen years ago, and stayed.

WILL

But why London?

MIGUEL

I had a consignment to deliver!

ROSS

What made you decide to stay?

MIGUEL

The Judge.

ROSS

The who?

WILL sinks back into his chair, gesturing at ROSS with a shake of his head. ROSS is oblivious as to why.

MIGUEL

The Judge. Well, and the Jury too, I guess.

ROSS
You were in court?

WILL facepalms. ALEX starts looking uncomfortable.

MIGUEL
Yeah man! They gave me twenty years!
Can you believe that?!

WILL taps ROSS, shaking his head and mouthing "no".

ROSS
Twenty years for what?

MIGUEL
For cocaine man! They found my
consignment, said it was one of the
biggest busts they'd had in years!

ALEX looks distinctly anxious.

Suddenly, the penny drops with ROSS.

ROSS
Wait a minute! You were busted for
smuggling cocaine?

MIGUEL
Yeah!

ROSS
You were a cocaine smuggler?!

MIGUEL
Well, yeah? It was tough, where I grew
up. Not like here, where there are so
many opportunities. Where you can find
nice, safe, respectable work in fancy
offices and wear suits, like you guys.
In Colombia where I grew up you either
worked in cocaine or were too poor to
buy medicine if your family got sick.
In London it's a dream. You guys have
got it made! Even with next to no
skills you can get a good paying job.
Even if you don't speak English you
can get a good paying job! Here in
London, you get rewarded for desire
and effort. You Brits have it so good!

ROSS
But it was us Brits who gave you
twenty-years in jail?

MIGUEL

Yeah man, that's true! I won't lie, that was a tough stretch I tell you. But even then, British prison is much nicer than in Colombia. You can still get rewarded for desire and effort! That said, it's no walk in the park, either, you know?

ALEX starts to tremble.

MIGUEL

Yeah, you still got to avoid all the butt-fucking, well, unless that's your thing, I guess. And the stabbings too, that's always a pain. But generally, you get treated well, get to get outside for at least an hour a day, and the guards don't beat you for fun. Well, not generally. Which is better than Colombia.

ALEX looks horrified.

ROSS

But, you said you came here sixteen years ago and got twenty years in jail. So, how come you are driving a cab now?

MIGUEL

I told you! Desire and effort, my man! I got offered a reduced sentence for good behaviour and if I retrained and got a job. So, since I liked driving, and that's all I really knew, I studied and took The Knowledge whilst inside, so I had a job when I came out. I'm still on probation but it's a hell of lot better than being in a cell, busted for cocaine!

The music still plays but no one is moving to it. An introspective silence grips the inhabitants of the cab.

MIGUEL

But that's why I don't do cocaine no more. I'm never getting busted again. Never going to be cooped up in a cell for years on end, even if it's a fancy British one. No Sir. There are too many good opportunities here in London, I'm not going to prison again. Not ever. I'd rather kill myself.

The three men look completely depleted in the back of the cab.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All the houses are dark, except one; light cascades from the open windows, pumping music flows out mingled with shrieks and laughter from an untold amount of people inside. The silence of the night shattered by the commotion. Clearly a big party is happening.

The three colleagues stand at the front door as Miguel pulls away in the background.

The men look at each other, up at the open windows with sound spilling out, then back at the door.

ROSS

Not what I was expecting.

ALEX

What would you do if you just nicked
thirty grand in cash?

ROSS presses the doorbell. It's ring drowned out by the pumping music.

WILL

Sod that.

WILL starts banging his fist on the door so hard the frame rattles.

ROSS

Really?

WILL

I'm not wasting time here.

Finally, a figure comes to the door, hidden behind the glass. It opens.

GIRL 1

Come on in!

The girl leaves the door open and hurries back to join the party, leaving the three men to do as they please.

ALEX

Party time!

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The place might have been nice, at some point earlier in the evening. It has all the hallmarks of a professional's house; nice TV, IKEA couches, coffee tables, carpets. But now it's a complete mess. Beer cans, wine bottles and half drunk plastic cups line every surface. People are crammed into every space, some sitting, some laying down, some snorting drugs, most up and dancing. There are crumbs of white powder coating the coffee table surfaces. A guy walks past pulling hard on a spliff. And the music is loud. Really loud.

ROSS

This is a bad idea, I think we should...

ALEX nods his head, smiles and disappears into the crowd.

WILL and ROSS start pushing through the crowd. As they do, people keep materialising out of the melee, stopping them with questions, then melting back into the crowd:

GUY 1

You got any coke?

ROSS

No, sorry.

MARK

Have you seen Sarah?

ROSS

No, sorry. Have you seen Charlie?

MARK

Who?

ROSS

Never mind.

SARAH

Are you mates with Tony?

ROSS

Who?

SARAH

Tell him I'm upstairs.

ROSS

OK. Have you seen Charlie?

SARAH

No. But his housemate is in the kitchen sink.

WILL
 (to ROSS)
 Let's split up. I'll go ask his
 housemate in the kitchen, you have a
 look in the other rooms.

WILL pushes off in another direction, leaving ROSS to elbow
 his way through the throng.

TONY
 Where's Sarah?

ROSS
 I really don't know who you mean.

TONY
 Blonde girl, about this tall, cracking
 tits. Red dress.

ROSS
 Are you Tony?

TONY
 Yeah!

ROSS
 She said to tell you she was upstairs.

TONY
 Cheers mate!

ALEX appears from the crowd, a massive smile on his face, two
 cups of drink and white powder on his nose.

ALEX
 This party is fucking insane!

ROSS
 We're not here to party, you fool. We
 need to find Charlie.

ALEX
 And we will! Live a little though.
 Here.

ALEX offers him one of the cups.

ROSS
 What's that?

ALEX
 Sangria.

ROSS
 You sure?

ALEX shrugs, holds out a cup to ROSS.

ALEX

Looks like sangria. Smells like sangria. Came from a bowl in the kitchen that has sangria written on it. Yeah, it's probably sangria.

ROSS

No thanks.

ALEX

Don't be such a pussy. At least have one drink while you're here. Lighten up a bit. It's not going to hurt you.

ROSS

No.

Two girls come out the crowd and come over to ALEX.

TINA

There you are! Thought we'd killed you!

TANYA

It's your turn.

Tanya offers ALEX a CD case with a line of coke and a rolled up twenty pounds on it.

ALEX

Oh no, I'm hard to beat.

ALEX leans forward whilst Tanya holds the twenty to his nose so he can snort up the line in one strong pull.

TINA

Who's your mate?

ALEX

This is ROSS.

TANYA

He looks a bit...dull.

ALEX

He is.

ROSS

I'm not.

TINA

You don't even have a drink?

ROSS grabs one of the cups from ALEX and downs the whole thing.

ROSS
I did.

TANYA
Is that the sangria?

ROSS
Yes?

The two girls simultaneously suck air in through their teeth.

ROSS
What?

TINA
You're hardcore, mate.

ROSS
I think I can handle my sangria.

TANYA
Okay..

Mark comes stumbling back through the crowd, bumping into ROSS.

MARK
Have you seen Sarah?

ROSS
You asked me that already.

MARK
And?

ROSS
Blonde girl, about this tall, red dress?

MARK
Yes!

ROSS
She's upstairs.

MARK
Cheers mate.

ROSS turns back round but the others are gone.

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

WILL stands in the kitchen, aglow in red lights, watching

HUNTER in his underwear, with a deerstalker hat, motorcycle goggles and Bic biro pen case acting as a cigarette holder for a lit spliff, standing in the kitchen sink pouring vodka down his chest whilst a man and a woman in blindfolds, with their arms tied behind them, attempt to lick it off his stomach, to the encouraging chants of small crowd of onlookers.

WILL
(to a guy on his left)
Have you seen Charlie?

The guy shakes his head, eyes transfixed on Hunter.

WILL
(to the girl on his right)
Have you seen Charlie?

The girl shakes her head, eyes transfixed on Hunter.

WILL
(shouting to everyone)
Has anyone seen Charlie?

Hunter suddenly stops pouring the vodka on himself and crouches down until he's eye level with WILL.

HUNTER
Who are you?

WILL
I'm looking for Charlie.

Hunter leans a hand forward and slowly paws at WILL's face, testing the elasticity of his skin.

HUNTER
Why are you?

Hunter bolts upright, arms out in a Jesus pose.

HUNTER
(shouting to all)
He must drink from the sacred button!

A cheer goes up from the crowd.

HUNTER
(to WILL)
You must drink from the sacred button.
(shouting to all)
Prepare the initiate!

More cheers from the crowd.

HUNTER
 (shouting to all)
 Blindfold and cuffs!

A couple of guys from the crowd start to pull at WILL's arms.

WILL
 What the hell? No! No, you can piss
 off with your blindfolds and cuffs. I
 just need to find Charlie.

HUNTER
 (to WILL)
 Charlie you say?

WILL
 Yes!

HUNTER
 Looking for Charlie, you say?

WILL
 Yes.

HUNTER
 Then you must pass the test of the
 ancients, before you can have charlie.
 (shouting to all)
 Prepare him!

Cheers go up again as more hands grab at WILL.

INT. CHARLIE'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ROSS slides down the hallway, his shoulder pressed to the wall, knocking hanging pictures as he slips along the surface. His right eye squints, like he's staring into the sun, his left eye open wide, like he's witnessing the creation of all time.

A couple of guys walk past him in the corridor.

MAN 1
 You alright mate?

ROSS reaches up and slowly slides his palm down the man's face.

ROSS
 You are.. You are..

MAN 2
 Did you have the sangria?

ROSS
You are... man.

MAN 1
Shit dude, how much did you have?

ROSS
You are a man!

MAN 2
Mate, you are totally fucked!

Suddenly a door swings open and Tony flies through it, crashing into the corridor wall. Mark appears in the doorway, with Sarah, half naked, trying to pull him back.

MARK
(shouting at Tony)
I told you to stay away, you snake!
Now fuck off!

SARAH
Leave him Mark, it wasn't his fault!

Mark turns to Sarah in the doorway.

MARK
(shouting at Sarah)
How is him doing press-ups into your
naked ass not his fault?

SARAH
He thought I was someone else..

MARK
You what?!

Mark and Sarah disappear back into the room as the door slams shut behind them.

MAN 2
Oops.

Tony notices ROSS, and grabs him by the collar, threatening like he's about to hit him.

TONY
(to ROSS)
Thanks for squealing, you moron!

ROSS
(screaming)
You are a... beast!! A BEAST!!

ROSS recoils in horror, shielding his eyes with his hands.

TONY
Alright mate, calm down.

MAN 1
I think he's had too much sangria.

TONY
He had the sangria?

The two other men nod.

TONY
Ah, ok then. I guess he's already
fucked enough.

Tony lets him go. ROSS shrinks to the floor, still shielding his eyes.

ROSS
(screaming hysterically to himself)
A Beast! Ahgh! He's a beast!

The other three men shrug and walk on.

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

WILL is pushing away the zombie-like crowd who seem intent on trying to tie him up and put a blindfold on him.

WILL
I'm not putting on a blindfold. I'm
not getting tied up. And I'm not
licking vodka off Colonel Kurtz. What
is wrong with you people?

The hands clawing at him get more vigorous.

WILL
Piss off! Will someone just tell me
where Charlie is?

The hands clawing start getting the better of him. WILL struggles but is too overwhelmed.

Suddenly, ALEX bursts through the crowd spraying liquid into people's faces from a spray bottle. As it hits their eyes the sting makes them recoil like vampires hit with holy water, freeing WILL.

WILL
Right, enough of this bullshit.

WILL grabs HUNTER by the throat and drags him off the sink.

WILL
Where the fuck is Charlie?

HUNTER
You are unworthy! Unworthy!

WILL
What the hell is wrong with you?!

ALEX holds out the spray-bottle of sangria. WILL takes it and aims it at HUNTER's eyes.

WILL
Tell me or you're getting this in your face.

Suddenly, HUNTER snaps out of his trance-like state, staring intently at the bottle.

HUNTER
Where did you get that?

ALEX
It's the sangria spray, by the bowl in the lounge.

HUNTER starts laughing, getting to the point of hysterics.

ROSS (O.S.)
(screaming)
A beast! He's a beast!

The three men turn to look at ROSS, who is half-crawling through the crowd towards them, slithering on the floor like a snake.

WILL
(to ROSS)
Literally, what is wrong with you?

ROSS gets to WILL's leg and starts hauling himself up. Finally, he gets eye level with HUNTER and lets out a piercing, fearful scream.

ROSS
He is the devil!! THE DEVIL!!

HUNTER laughs even harder. WILL looks at ALEX. ALEX looks back at him, bewildered. This is the strangest thing they've ever witnessed in their lives.

WILL grabs HUNTER even tighter by the throat and gives him a small slap across the face. He brings up the bottle of sangria.

WILL

Right! No more dicking around! In three seconds you tell me where Charlie is, or I'm pulling the trigger on this sangria.

The slap seems to have sharpened HUNTER a little.

HUNTER

That's not sangria, you infidel. It's liquid acid.

(nodding to ROSS)

And your mate's had waaaaay too much!

HUNTER starts laughing uncontrollably as WILL let's him slump to the floor.

WILL

(to ALEX, nodding at ROSS)

We need to get him out of here.

ALEX

What about Charlie? He's not here, I've searched everywhere.

WILL

He's not here.

(gesturing at HUNTER)

And this clown's no use.

WILL looks around for inspiration. He notices the fridge has a wipe-board attached to the front.

WILL

We'll leave him a note then get ROSS out of here. It's the best we can do.

WILL starts scrawling a note on the fridge whilst ALEX starts hauling a weeping ROSS to his feet.

EXT. CHARLIE'S STREET - NIGHT

WILL and ALEX stand on the pavement outside CHARLIE'S house, with ROSS huddled on the floor between them, clutching WILL'S leg like a small, frightened child.

ALEX

What the hell do we do now?

WILL

We need more time.

ALEX

How?

WILL
We call the kidnappers and ask.

WILL gets out his phone and starts dialling.

ALEX
Oh, and you've got their number?!

WILL
I'm calling Elliot's phone. Call
Charlie again.

They both wait anxiously, clutching ringing phones, whilst the music from the party blares out behind them.

ALEX
Yeah! Charlie, it's...

WILL looks at him with hope. ALEX closes the phone.

ALEX
Voicemail.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
Hello?

WILL
Elliot! You're alive!

WILL puts the phone on speakerphone. ALEX leans in to listen.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
No fucking thanks to you impotent
wankers. Where's the fucking bag?

WILL
Listen, we're having trouble...

DAVE (O.S.)
Where is the fucking bag?

WILL
We don't have it with us...

DAVE (O.S.)
Are you at a fucking party?

WILL
No, well yes, sort of. We were just
here looking for...

DAVE (O.S.)
You think this is a fucking game?!
(to people in the room with him)
Hold him.

They hear a scuffle, ELLIOT crying out in pain.

DAVE (O.S.)

I'm carving hangman into your mates arm. You know what happens if I have to carve the whole thing. Thirty grand by noon or we finish with the noose.

WILL

No wait! I thought you said you wanted the bag?

DAVE (O.S.)

The bag IS the thirty grand, you idiot.

The two man stand staring at the phone in stunned shock as the line goes dead.

The stunned silence is shattered by a phone ringing, but it's not either of theirs. They look down at ROSS, who is prostrate on the ground, gnashing his teeth and clawing at his trousers... where the ringing is coming from.

ALEX

(gesturing towards ROSS)

Do you think we should help him answer it?

ROSS fishes out the contents of his pockets. His keys, some pills, and his phone lay sprawled across the floor, whilst he slaps at the phone, furiously trying to swat it like a fly. Somehow it gets answered on loudspeaker.

ROSS

(at the phone)

The shrill beast! SHRILL BEAST!!

RUTH (O.S.)

Ross? Are you there? Ross?

WILL puts a finger to his lips, trying to silence ROSS.

ROSS

BEAST!! SHRILL BEAST!!

RUTH (O.S.)

Ross?! I can't hear you. What's going on?

ROSS

I'VE SEEN THE DEVIL! THE DEVIL!!

WILL

(whispering to ALEX)

Grab him! Shut him up!!

WILL grabs the phone from ROSS, clears his throat and tries to relax. ALEX leans over ROSS, trying to quieten him, but the more he tries the more ROSS struggles and tries to shout.

WILL
(into the phone)
Hello?

RUTH (O.S.)
Who's this?

WILL
It's Will, I work with Ross.

RUTH (O.S.)
Well, put him on, I need to speak to him now.

ALEX has dropped to the floor, behind ROSS, and has him in a headlock, a hand over his mouth.

WILL
He's a bit tied up at the moment. Can I pass on a message?

RUTH (O.S.)
Yes. Tell him I need to speak to him immediately. The police are here and say there's been a break in at the office and they are looking for him. I'm really worried about him.

ROSS is trying to struggle free, biting at ALEX's hand. ALEX responds by hitting him in the stomach, winding him.

WILL
Wow, really? That's odd.

RUTH (O.S.)
Can I speak to him please?

WILL
He's in the toilet at the moment.

RUTH (O.S.)
I'll hold.

WILL
He might be a while. I think he ate something that didn't agree with him. He's spent half the evening in there. But as soon as he's back I'll give him the message. I'm sure there's nothing to worry about.

RUTH (O.S.)

It might be one of his panic attacks,
he's not used to being out! Make sure
he takes his Xanax pills then, they'll
help him calm down.

Just then WILL and ALEX see a police car rolling to a stop at
the curb.

WILL

Anyway, I've got to go, he'll call you
later.

He quickly hangs up the phone. POLICEMAN 3 and POLICEMAN 4
get out and approach them with stern suspicion. ALEX is still
on the floor, holding ROSS from behind, who is wheezing,
still trying to catch his breath. The house party is still
banging on behind them, filling the street with laughter and
dance music.

WILL

Evening officers.

POLICEMAN 3

What's happening here?

WILL looks down at ALEX and ROSS, then back to POLICEMAN 3.

WILL

Panic attack. Thankfully, only a mild
one. I think that party was a bit too
strong for his mild tastes.

(to ALEX)

He's feeling better then?

POLICEMAN 3

He doesn't look it. I think we should
take a look at him.

ALEX

No it's fine, he just needs his...

ALEX stares around the floor and sees the pills, which he
scoops up.

ALEX

Xanax!

ALEX fumbles a couple of pills into ROSS's mouth, who is
still wheezing and rolling on the floor, then gingerly rises
to his feet.

ALEX

Yeah, not one of his bad ones,
fortunately. The pills will sort him,

as usual. We'd best get him home. Give me a hand?

WILL and ALEX pull ROSS to his feet, hold him under the arms and start to move off.

POLICEMAN 3
And where is home?

They stop dead.

WILL
Oh, not far.

POLICEMAN 3
How not far?

WILL
Urm...

Suddenly, the door to the house swings open and MARK and TONY come flying out, arms wrapped around each other half-way through a fight. They land on the path and start rolling around trying to punch each other, whilst SARAH stands in the doorway trying to cover her half-naked body, with HUNTER next to her, a laser pen in one hand the spray bottle of sangria in the other, trying to direct the fight whilst a few other partygoers thron behind them chanting.

PARTYGOERS
CLEANSE THEM! CLEANSE THEM!

HUNTER
Ye shall repent! Repent and ye shall be saved!

SARAH
It was an honest mistake!

HUNTER sprays the two fighting men with the sangria.

HUNTER
Your sins need cleansing! Cleanse!

The two POLICEMEN stand momentarily stunned at the bizarre sight. Finally, they come to and head towards the door to break up the fight.

POLICEMAN 3
(to WILL)
You three stay here.

WILL nods. The police start pulling TONY and STEVE apart. WILL and ALEX look at each other, hoist ROSS up and start dragging him away as quickly as they can.

EXT. AN ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

WILL and ALEX hobble up a dark, narrow alleyway, dragging ROSS between them, who is now babbling almost deliriously. They drop him down and he shrinks to the floor.

ALEX

What are we going to do now?

WILL

That was close!

ALEX

Close?! We nearly got busted by the police.

WILL

Not to mention Ross's wife. How the hell did the police know to go to his house?

ALEX

I'm so screwed. I'm so fucked.

WILL

Relax, we got away. Though, maybe we should have told them everything, perhaps it'd would be best to confess.

ALEX

We are not going to the police.

WILL

Maybe they can help? Once we explain what really happened, they might...

ALEX

(shouting)

WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE POLICE!

WILL

I understand, but I don't see what other option...

ALEX

You don't get it! I can't get busted.

WILL

None of us want to get busted, but...

ALEX

It's not that. I CAN'T get busted. Not again.

WILL

Again?

ALEX
I'm on probation. Another strike and
I'm doing serious time.

WILL
What?

ALEX slides down a wall, his head in his hands, nodding.

ALEX
Six months ago I got busted. For
drugs. A lot of drugs.

WILL
I didn't know...

ALEX
Well, I didn't exactly broadcast it. I
pleaded guilty in exchange for a
suspended sentence and rehab.

WILL
Well that's not gone very well...

ALEX shoots him a look.

ALEX
If I get busted, especially for
breaking into an office and doing
coke, I'm royally screwed.

WILL
I see your problem. But we've got a
bigger one. If we don't get that money
back then Elliot is in worse trouble.

ALEX
I could go to jail!

WILL
He could go to the grave.

The men stare at each other in silence, at a stalemate.

WILL
Well look, whatever happens tomorrow
happens. We still need to get that
money tonight. Give Charlie another
call.

ALEX
It's no good, he doesn't answer.

WILL
Just try. We have to do something.

ALEX calls CHARLIE. It rings to voicemail.

ALEX
Any other ideas?

A long silence.

WILL
There's fifty grand in the safe in the
office.

ALEX stares at him incredulous.

WILL
Well? If you've got a better idea I'm
more than happy to hear it?

ALEX
And you happen to have the code to the
safe do you?

ROSS (O.S.)
(in a whisper)
I do.

WILL and ALEX almost jump in shock; they'd almost forgotten
ROSS was there, much less have him say something cohesive.

WILL
What?

ROSS
(still in a hoarse whisper)
I know the code.

ALEX
Welcome back! And how the hell are you
thinking straight now? Twenty minutes
ago you were a blabbering mess.

ROSS
How should I know? I don't really
remember much about it...

ROSS straightens up as a memory comes back. He looks daggers
at ALEX.

ROSS
Though I do remember...

ROSS punches ALEX in the stomach, dropping him winded to the
ground.

ROSS
I DO remember you slogging me in the
stomach, you asshole.

WILL

Go easy dude! He was just trying to shut you up when the police came, or it'd have be curtains for us all.

ROSS

(to ALEX)

Is that why you were shoving pills into my mouth?

ALEX struggles to his feet, still not able to breathe properly.

ROSS

What were they?

ALEX

Your Xanax.

ROSS

How many did you give me?

ALEX

(still wheezing)

Three.

ROSS

Wow, no wonder I feel calm.

The other two stare at him, ALEX gesturing at his own stomach.

ROSS

I'm am calm, now. They help me with my anxiety.

ALEX

And acid, it seems.

WILL

Speaking of anxious, you've got to call your Mrs.

ROSS

She called?

WILL

Yeah, said she was worried about you. And that the police came round looking for you.

ROSS

WHAT?!

ROSS straightens up as a memory comes back. He looks daggers at ALEX. ALEX seems to comprehend.

ROSS
(to ALEX)
Give me my card.

ALEX
What?

ROSS
My credit card. Give me my credit card, now.

ALEX
I don't have it. I may have dropped it. Remember, you're calm now...

ROSS punches ALEX in the jaw, knocking him to the floor again.

ROSS
You used my card?! You cut coke in the boss's office, with my fucking card? And you left it there?!

WILL
(to ALEX)
Really? You did that? Really?

ALEX
I'm sorry, it was an accident.

ROSS
You fucking clown!

ROSS goes to hit ALEX again, but WILL intervenes and stops him, pushing him back.

WILL
OK, stop. He fucked up. We all have. But we need to pull together and sort this thirty k out, or Elliot is in far deeper than any of us. Let's not lose sight of that. That's our goal.

ALEX
(rising gingerly to his feet)
And how are we going to achieve this goal?

WILL
We go back to the office. Break in. Again. And steal the money from the safe.

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL, ALEX and ROSS stand in the shadows on the street corner opposite their office in Soho. There is a police car out front, with a very bored POLICEMAN 5 standing by the open front door of the office. They can see lights on the ground floor reception, but not in the rest of the building, where the offices are.

ALEX
(to ROSS)
Want to try your door code again?

ROSS
Piss off.

ALEX
How are we meant to get in with the
five-oh blocking the door?

The men stand in silence a few moments.

WILL
Through the roof.

ALEX
I'm sorry Ethan Hunt, what did you
say?

WILL
The fire escape entrance on the roof
never shuts properly. We go up the
fire escape ladder out back, onto the
roof, then pop open the door, down
into the office, grab the money and
come out the way we came in.

ALEX
Won't the alarm go off when you open
the door?

ROSS
No, the front door is open so the
alarm is off.

ALEX
How do we know the police aren't in
the office?

WILL
The lights are off.

ALEX
And what if the lights go on?

WILL
Have you got a better idea? We go
through the roof.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL, ALEX and ROSS dart down the deserted alley behind the office. They come under the fire-escape ladder, which hangs about three metres off the floor, a big steel wheelie rubbish bin next to it.

ALEX
How do we get up there?

WILL
(pointing to the bin)
On that.

WILL starts rolling the bin under the ladder.

ROSS
(to ALEX)
Up you go, lad.

ALEX
Why me? I'm not going.

ROSS
Probably best, you'll likely get on
your knees and Hoover the carpet
instead.

WILL
Only one of us need go. I'll do it.

ALEX
Good idea, you do it. We'll keep an
eye out.

ROSS
For what?!

ALEX
I don't know! Danger?

ROSS
Are you going to hoot like an owl?!
(to WILL)
You'll need the code to the safe;
Seven, nine, five, eight, four, eight,
two, six, eight, one, nine, five.

WILL
I'm sorry, I didn't take memory class.
Write it down.

ROSS
Either of you got a pen and paper?

They both shake their heads.

WILL
Text it to me.

ROSS
What's your number?

WILL
Zero, seven, nine, five, one, zero,
five, eight, one, one, nine

ROSS pulls his phone out, enters the number and sends the text.

ROSS
Done. Get on my shoulders.

ROSS and ALEX hoist WILL up to the ladder. He claws at the lowest rung, catches it, swings his legs, kicks some dust of the wall and manages to get himself onto the next rung, then the next, until he is firmly on the ladder. He gives them a thumbs up and begins to climb.

EXT. OFFICE ROOF - NIGHT

WILL pops over the parapet and drops lightly onto the roof. All is silent and dark.

He heads over to the door and gingerly pushes at it. It bends a little. He pushes harder, it sticks shut. He gives it a heave and pops open, with banging sound.

He stays silent and still, peering into the dark stairwell and listening intently.

Satisfied there's no-one there, he enters the building.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

WILL slowly descends the stairs in the dark, constantly on alert for any sounds.

He gets down to the next floor and peers through the window in the door, satisfies himself that there's no-one there and enters the main office.

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

ALEX lurks in the shadows on the corner, watching the front of the office.

A car pulls up and he sees PAUL get out.

He talks briefly with POLICEMAN 5 then they enter the building.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL moves quickly across the main office towards PAUL's office.

He finds the door open but no light coming out. He peers in cautiously then enters.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE OFFICE - NIGHT

ROSS is standing under the ladder, looking up.

ALEX comes hurrying down the alley, half-running, half-sliding, trying to make a noise like an owl.

ROSS

What is wrong with you?

ALEX

It's a the code, I'm doing an owl sound.

ROSS

Have you ever been out of London? That is not an owl, mate.

ALEX

Whatever! Paul is here! He just arrived with two more coppers and they've all just gone into the building!

ROSS

Oh no!

ALEX
We've got to warn Will!

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Entering PAUL's office, WILL heads for the the safe, gingerly stepping over the coke-draped floor.

As he passes the desk he notices the glow of the security camera screens shining out into the room.

He sees the prompt to confirm the delete of the files still on-screen.

With a smile, he clicks "OK". The screen flashes and refreshes to a blank screen with "Delete Successful" written on it.

He turns his attention to the safe.

Kneeling down, he pulls out his phone and reads the code as he types it into safe.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE OFFICE - NIGHT

ALEX
We need to call him!

ROSS
I can't call him, they'll hear. I'll text him.

ROSS gets his phone out.

ALEX
But what if he doesn't see the text?

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL double-checks the code on the safe matches that on his phone. Satisfied it's right, he presses the "Enter" button.

Nothing.

He pulls the door.

Nothing.

Hurriedly, he re-types the code and hits "Enter" again.

Nothing.

He gets out his phone and starts to dial ROSS.

Then he hears the noise of people coming into the main office, and sees the lights turning on.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

PAUL and POLICEMEN 5 enter the main office.

WILL peeps out of PAUL's office, and seeing the two men, quickly shuts off his phone.

POLICEMAN 5 leads PAUL into the HR office section.

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
This is where we found the computer
turned on.

PAUL (O.S.)
What a mess! What were they after?

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
Unfortunately, that's not the worst of
it.

PAUL (O.S.)
What do you mean?

Seizing his chance, WILL stays low and dashes out PAUL's office, making a break for the stairwell door.

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
Well, your office seems to have
been...

Suddenly, PAUL comes out of the HR office.

Realising his exit is blocked, WILL banks sharply and dives behind some other desks, somehow without PAUL seeing.

POLICEMAN 5 follows PAUL out of the HR Office and into PAUL's office, as WILL peers out from under the table.

PAUL (O.S.)
WHAT THE FUCK?!

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE OFFICE - NIGHT

ALEX
Call him!

ROSS
I'm not sure... I think I should just
text him.

Suddenly, ROSS's phone rings with WILL's number on the
screen. They both look at it in surprise, then look at each
other. Just as abruptly, it stops.

ALEX
Call him back?!

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL looks at PAUL's office door, then at the stairwell door,
then back. He knows if he makes a dash for it, he'll be seen.

He's stuck.

PAUL (O.S.)
What is all that white stuff?

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
We think it's cocaine.

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
We'd like you to open the safe, see if
they stole anything.

PAUL (O.S.)
They won't have been able to open it.
When the door alarm is triggered the
codes to the safe change and it goes
into lock-down.

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
Ah, well that's something at least.

PAUL (O.S.)
What's that? My BAFTA!

WILL stays crouched behind the bank of desks, not daring to
move, trying to control his breathing.

Then his phone rings out through the office.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE OFFICE - NIGHT

ROSS stares at his phone whilst ALEX eagerly looks on.

ALEX
Anything?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL explodes up from behind the bank of desks, which topples over in a crash, sending computers and files everywhere.

He grabs a computer monitor, holding it at shoulder height, covering his face, then launches it at the door of Paul's office, just as PAUL and POLICEMAN 5 come running out.

As they automatically shield themselves from the inbound missile, WILL sprints for the stairwell door, whilst holding a file up to hide his face.

POLICEMAN 5 starts after him, but his throw was enough to delay him, giving WILL the upper hand.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

WILL flies down the stairwell, half running, half jumping. Behind him, a floor above, the main office door bangs open as POLICEMAN 5 and PUAL pursue.

WILL's phone is still ringing.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE OFFICE - NIGHT

ALEX and ROSS stand huddled in the alley, staring at ROSS's phone.

ROSS
Still nothing!

Suddenly, the fire escape door next to them fires open like an explosion and WILL comes careering out, half falling into ALEX and ROSS.

WILL
Run, you fools!

WILL is already off leaving ALEX and ROSS momentarily stunned. They're soon motivated by a voice echoing out of the stairwell.

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
In pursuit of a suspect at
WorldVision...

ALEX starts to bolt but ROSS stays, slams the fire escape door shut and then, moving quickly under the ladder, rolls the wheelie bin in front of it.

ALEX stops in his tracks, watching ROSS.

The door pops open and slams against the bin, moving it a few inches away, giving a bit of space.

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
Ow, my head!

An arm snakes out of the door and tries to push the bin.

PAUL (O.S.)
Hurry up!

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
There's something blocking the door.
But it moves. On three. One...

ROSS
(to ALEX)
Help!

ALEX looks back.

ALEX
The lock! Put the lock on the wheels!

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
Two...

ROSS
It's too far away!

ALEX sprints into the bin, putting his full weight against it. It butts flush against the door, slamming it shut with a crash.

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
Three!

ROSS hits the locks on the wheels.

A massive thud erupts behind the door, but the wheelie bin doesn't budge.

POLICEMAN 5 (O.S.)
Ow! My head!

ALEX and ROSS breathe a sigh of relief, leaning against the bin to catch their breath for a second before running off after WILL.

EXT. OXFORD STREET - NIGHT

WILL, ALEX and ROSS jog slowly down the street, out of breath, keenly checking behind them for pursuit. There is no one in sight. They slow to a stop.

ALEX
We lost them!

ROSS
Man, that was close. Did you get the
money?

WILL shakes his head. The three men stand dejected.

ALEX
At least we got away!

WILL
No thanks to you clowns.

ROSS
What do you mean? The bin move was
inspired.

WILL
We wouldn't have needed it if you
imbeciles hadn't rang me.

ROSS
We didn't.

ALEX
I wanted to, but Ross thought it best
to text.

WILL
Then who the hell just called me at
six in the morning?

The three men stare at each other in agitation, then the
penny drops.

ROSS
Charlie?

WILL scrambles to pull his phone out.

WILL
I've got a voicemail!

ALEX
What's it say? Listen to it!

WILL
Hang on, hang on...

WILL dials and listens intently.

ROSS
Speakerphone?

WILL presses the button, Hunter's voice fills the air.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Yeah, so, I found your message on the fridge. You guys missed a glorious end to the party. Cops came and started hauling asses out of here! There was a fight, shit got smashed. Took me tons of coke just to be able to see straight again. Anyways, Charlie called. Sounds like he had an even more awesome night because he doesn't remember anything but woke up in Cambridge station. He's now on the six-fourteen back to King's Cross. Thought you guys might want to know, since your note seemed pretty intense about finding him.

The three men almost jump for joy at the news.

ALEX

Is that the six-fourteen leaving Cambridge, or arriving?

WILL calls up train times on his phone.

WILL

We'd better hope departing, because it's already ten to seven. Bingo! The six-fourteen arrives at seven-oh-three.

ROSS

We'd better hurry.

ROSS runs to the curb and hails down a black cab.

WILL

(to ALEX)

Call him, tell him to wait for us.

ALEX starts dialling.

ROSS flags down a cab and the three men bundle in.

ALEX

Still ringing off to answerphone?

ROSS

He's probably just fallen asleep.

INT. KING'S CROSS STATION - DAY

Despite being early on a Saturday morning, the station is already busy, with people milling about everywhere.

WILL, ALEX and ROSS wait impatiently at the ticket barriers of one of the platforms, anxiously double-checking the arrivals board above it then looking back at the empty platform, awaiting the train.

Finally, a train snakes up the platform and comes to a halt. The doors hiss open and dozens of people step off, heading for the ticket barriers.

The three waiting men careen their necks, trying to peer through the crowd for a glimpse of CHARLIE. Nothing.

Eventually, all the passengers have disembarked, come through the barriers and entered the throng of people in the station.

The platform is empty, apart from a couple of cleaners stepping on and off the carriages.

Suddenly, waddling slowly and gingerly, the dishevelled mess of CHARLIE steps off the train and makes his way to the barriers, his eyes fixed on the floor, slowly dragging his feet like he can't walk properly.

As he passes the cleaners they give him a look of utter disgust.

WILL, ALEX and ROSS can hardly contain themselves waiting for him.

With a weary step CHARLIE gets to the barriers and puts in his ticket.

ALEX

Charlie! You beautiful bastard!

CHARLIE looks up in bewildered shock to see his three colleagues waiting at the gate for him.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you guys doing here?

ROSS

We thought you might like a nice back rub after your little sleep.

ALEX

What is that smell?

WILL

We need the bag.

CHARLIE

What bag?

ROSS

Ha-ha, good one joker. The bag, the one you stole last night.

CHARLIE

What bag?

WILL

The one with thirty grand in it.

ALEX

Seriously, what is that smell?

CHARLIE

I honestly have no idea what you're talking about. What bag? What thirty grand?

ROSS

The bag you stole from the dealer's house, last night. Like a total moron. The bag containing thirty grand that you did a runner with.

CHARLIE

Ah! I get it, this is a wind up? Right? You guys had me going.

WILL

No, it's not a wind up. Those dealers you took us to have Elliot prisoner. If we don't give them back the thirty grand in a couple of hours he's in deep shit. We need that bag.

CHARLIE

I have no idea what you're on about, I don't remember anything.

ROSS

Don't remember which part?

CHARLIE

Any of it. I have no memory of what happened last night.

WILL

What do you have memory of?

CHARLIE

We went to the George, Martha dumped a pint on me and I chatted up Ella Rivers...

ALEX

Tried to chat up Ella Rivers. Failed miserably. And what is that awful smell?

CHARLIE

...and that's it. Next thing I know, I woke up in Cambridge...

ROSS

(to ALEX)

You're right, there is a terrible smell. What is it?

CHARLIE

...with a thumping head, and got the next train back to London. And now I find myself talking to you.

WILL

What is that smell?

CHARLIE

(quietly)

I shit myself.

ALEX

(shouting)

YOU SHIT YOURSELF?!

CHARLIE

Shhh! Fucking hell mate, keep it under wraps.

ALEX

It's a bit hard, the whole station can smell it.

ROSS

How, the hell, did you shit yourself?

CHARLIE

I don't know, I just woke up in Cambridge with a pounding headache, this cold feeling sticking to my ass and this terrible stench. Then I realised, to my abject horror, that the smell was me and, somehow, I'd shit myself.

WILL

That's some weird shit.

ROSS

Literally.

ALEX

Why'd you shit yourself?

CHARLIE

I was making a dirty protest at the lack of train seats during the rush hour commute. I don't know! I don't know what the blazes happened to me, how I ended up in Cambridge, why I shat myself or anything about a damn bag. All I know is I've got a killer migraine and need to get home and have a long, hot shower.

WILL

You're not going anywhere until we figure out what you did with that bag.

CHARLIE

What fucking bag?!

ROSS

Last night, after the George, you decided to get drugs and took us all to some dealer's flat in Soho...

CHARLIE

I don't remember that.

ROSS

...Then you started acting all aggressive, which was a bit weird. Then, all of sudden, you went berserk, grabbed the dealer's money bag, bolted out the flat and disappeared into the night. That was the last we saw of you until just now. The dealer said there was thirty grand in there awaiting pick up today by some bigger fish. They took Elliot at knife point and said if we don't come back with the cash by midday those big fish will eat him.

CHARLIE

I, literally, have no memory of any of that. And you've no idea what I did with the bag?

ALEX

No, you dickhead. That's why we're here!

WILL

You don't remember having the bag, at all, not even a tiny bit?

CHARLIE

No. If I did have the bag I lost it. Along with my phone and my money. By some miracle I've still got my keys, but that's all.

ALEX

Aye, we've been trying to call you all night, you phone just keeps ringing off to voicemail.

ROSS

How'd you pay for the train back here then, if you had no money?

CHARLIE

I had to give my address and agree to pay a fine for the ticket. I think they just wanted my stink out of the ticket office.

ROSS

How did you get to the station?

CHARLIE

I was already there?

ROSS

No, I mean last night. How did you get to the station last night?

CHARLIE

Train?

ROSS

No, I mean how did you get to this train station last night?

CHARLIE

I told you, I don't remember. Probably an Uber.

ALEX

Well, that's it. We're totally screwed.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry I can't help, I just don't remember anything after the George. I think my drink must have got spiked. Perhaps those ones that some dude bought for Ella Rivers.

ROSS

Jeez. What are we going to do? Where are we going to get thirty grand from now?

WILL

(to CHARLIE)

Wait a minute. You said an Uber?

CHARLIE

What Uber?

WILL

To the station, last night?

CHARLIE

Probably, I don't remember, but that's my normal M.O. after a night on the razz.

WILL

Well then, we need to find that Uber.

ROSS

(to WILL)

We don't even know if he got an Uber, it could be a dead end?

WILL

Aye. Or it could be that he left his shit in the Uber...

ALEX

Literally.

WILL

...or that the driver picked him up from somewhere else and we can try there. It's our only lead. And if he did take an Uber, it might lead back to the bag.

CHARLIE

Great, but I told you, I don't even have my phone, so I can't check?

WILL

Use mine.

WILL gets out his phone, pulls up the Uber app, signs out and passes it to CHARLIE, who pauses over the log-in screen.

ROSS

(to CHARLIE)

What?

CHARLIE

I, urm, I don't remember my password.

ALEX

Isn't it, like, your date of birth or something? Something easy to remember?

CHARLIE

No, it's a randomly generated fifty-character string.

ALEX

Are you in the CIA?

ROSS

(to ALEX)

No, he just isn't stupid enough to use his birthday.

ALEX

I use my birthday?

ROSS

The prosecution rests.

WILL

(to CHARLIE)

Use the forgot password link?

CHARLIE works the phone, pressing a few buttons and tapping in some details.

CHARLIE

I have. But now I need to log into my email.

ROSS

So do it?

CHARLIE

I can't.

ALEX

Can't remember your password again?

CHARLIE

No, that I remember. I just can't access it without my phone, it's got two-step verification on it.

ROSS

For pity's sake.

ALEX

(to ROSS)

Not so tech-smart now, eh? I'll keep my birthday any day of the week.

WILL

There must be another way to access it.

CHARLIE

I can access it on my laptop at home.

ROSS

Yeah, but we'll run out of time, it will take us ages to get all the way back to your house.

CHARLIE

What do you mean "back" to my house??

ROSS

Long story.

WILL

Call Hunter, ask him to do it?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I guess he can. You only need a pin code for my laptop.

CHARLIE dials HUNTER's number on WILL's phone.

CHARLIE

(into the phone)

Hunter, you great mess of a human being. Yeah, I'm in London. Long story, Will tell you later. Listen, I'm on a bit of a deadline and I need you to do me a favour. I need you to log into my laptop and access my emails. Well man up, do a line, fix up and get it done, this is an emergency action. I'll tell you the pin, don't worry about that. Yes, now, you mess. Yes, I'll hold...

...you're there now? Good. Right, it's five-eight-six-two. No, five, eight, six two. No, two, you cretin. Yes I'm certain. You're in? Right, good. Go to my email. It's the Gmail icon at the bottom. Good. Do you see an email from Uber? Open it. Click the link to reset my password. It's opened up another window? Good. Enter this; StationCharlie. Without the spaces. No, with capitals. No, not all capitals, CamelCase. It means just the

first letters are capitalised. Look it up. Yes, StationCharlie, all one word, with capital letters for each word. What do you mean? Fine, put a one on the end. No, the number, not the word. Yes, StationCharliel. Done? Right, hold on...

CHARLIE logs in to Uber on WILL's phone.

CHARLIE

(to his colleagues)

I'm in!

(to Hunter)

Right, yes, bugger off and take some drugs! Thanks. Bye.

ROSS

Well? Did you get an Uber?

CHARLIE

I'm checking! Yes! Yes, last night! Straight from a street corner in Soho to here, just after midnight.

ALEX

That was shortly after you nicked the bag and did a runner!

WILL

Right, is there a report lost property link or something there?

CHARLIE

Hang on... Yes, here! I just need to enter a number - yours - and I'll be connected with the driver!

WILL

Zero, seven, nine, five, one, zero, five, eight, one, one, nine.

CHARLIE

It's ringing! Hang on...

(into the phone)

Hello! YES! Hi, my name's Charlie, you gave me a ride to King's Cross Station last night and...

The four men can hear the reply being shouted through the phone:

RAJ (O.S.)

YOU'RE THE BLOODY BASTARD WHO RUINED MY CAR! YOU SHIT IN THE BACK SEAT! MY

CAR STINK OF YOUR SHIT! I SPEND ALL MY MORNING CLEANING YOUR SHIT AND STILL MY CAR SMELLS OF YOUR SHIT!

CHARLIE

I can only apologise for that, I really wasn't myself...

RAJ (O.S.)

AND NOW MY BLOODY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS BREAKING MY BALLS BECAUSE I'M LATE TO PICK HER UP, BECAUSE I HAD TO FIND ANOTHER CAR, BECAUSE MINE CAN'T BE USED BECAUSE IT STILL STINKS OF YOUR SHIT!

CHARLIE

I'm really sorry about that, but I need to find out if I left my...

RAJ (O.S.)

How can I pick up my mother-in-law and take her to a wedding in a car that smells of shit? What will she think of her son-in-law?

CHARLIE

Well, I'm sure she would understand, if you just explai...

RAJ (O.S.)

SHE IS THE DEVIL! SHE UNDERSTAND NOTHING BUT THAT I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER DAUGHTER! Ever since the day I married my wife she's been telling me I'm no good. She hated me before but now, she would hate me more. The son-in-law who smells like shit! Is that what she should think of me?

CHARLIE

Well, no, of course not, but...

RAJ (O.S.)

That's why I get another car. But now I'm late. And she hates me for being late. She hates anyone for being late, but me above all others. And my daughter have to stay to clean your shit smell so she won't be coming. And my mother-in-law hates me for that too. She always hates the family not being together on days like this. And it's all your bloody fault! Now, what do you want?

CHARLIE

Well, I think I may have left some of my stuff in your car. Did you see my phone?

RAJ (O.S.)

No, I didn't see your bloody phone.

CHARLIE

What about a bag?

RAJ (O.S.)

Yes, I have your bloody bag.

CHARLIE

Amazing! Can we pick it up this morning?

RAJ (O.S.)

I told you, I'm out for a wedding, and I won't be back until tomorrow. You can get it on Monday when I'm working again. But you will bloody pay! You understand me? It will cost you...one hundred fifty pounds! One hundred fifty pounds for the stinking shit you left in my car!

CHARLIE

I can't wait until Monday, I need it this morning!

RAJ (O.S.)

I told you, I'm going out.

CHARLIE

What if I gave you two hundred pounds?

RAJ (O.S.)

I have to pick my mother-in-law up at eleven. You think her wrath is worth two hundred pounds? You crazy!

WILL

(whispering to CHARLIE)

Five hundred pounds.

CHARLIE

How about five hundred pounds?

RAJ (O.S.)

Five hundred... that might be worth a delay. But you better not be yanking my chain?

CHARLIE

No, I promise! Five hundred pounds if you'll wait for my friends to come and pick up the bag before you go.

RAJ (O.S.)

What friends?

ROSS

(whispering to CHARLIE)

What friends? You're going too!

CHARLIE

(whispering to ROSS and gesturing to his shit stained ass)

Like this?!

CHARLIE

(into the phone)

Oh, I'm just with some friends, the bag belongs to them and they really need it this morning, so they'll come to pick it up.

RAJ (O.S.)

No friends! YOU! You are the bloody bastard who shit in my car, you pick it up. OK?

CHARLIE

Ok.

RAJ (O.S.)

There's an Esso station on the Barking Road, close to the junction with the A112. I'll meet you there in forty-five minutes.

CHARLIE

Great, great! We'll see you in forty-five minutes at the Esso station on the Barking Road, near the A112. Thank you, and I'm sorry again about your car.

RAJ (O.S.)

Bloody right you are sorry! You'll be there in forty-five minutes. With five hundred pounds! You'd better not be lying! And I won't wait. Forty-five minutes. Goodbye.

RAJ hangs up the phone.

CHARLIE

Ok, it's on.

ROSS
We'd better get going, shitstain.

WILL
Where is the Barking Road and A112.
Check Uber?

CHARLIE types in the address.

CHARLIE
It's all the way in Barking.

ALEX
That's miles away. It'll take us at
least an hour to get there.

CHARLIE
Fifty minutes, according to Uber.

ROSS
Well, you'd best hurry up an and book
it.

CHARLIE
Well, can someone lend me some money
so I can at least get another pair of
trousers?

WILL
Sorry, no time.

EXT. KING'S CROSS SIDE STREET - DAY

The four men wait anxiously at the curb, CHARLIE staring at the phone.

The Uber pulls up and they all get in and close the doors.

The car stays parked, the passenger door opens, ROSS gets out, then the back door opens and CHARLIE gets out. ROSS gets in the back and shuts the door. CHARLIE gets in the front and shuts the door.

The car still doesn't move. The passenger door opens and CHARLIE gets out, gesticulating at the driver, apparently arguing over something.

Resigned, CHARLIE takes his trousers off and throws them in a nearby a bin, then returns to try to get in the car.

Evidently, it's not enough; there is more arguing, gesticulating and then, finally, CHARLIE takes off his underwear too, throws it in the bin and returns to try to get in the car.

It seems that's not the end; after a little more arguing, a folded newspaper is passed to him through the open back door. CHARLIE unfolds it, squats down and uses some sheets to clean his ass, then places a few sheets on the seat in the car, wraps the rest around his bum and groin and gets in.

The door closes and the Uber pulls off.

EXT. VARIOUS LONDON STREETS - DAY

A short montage of external shots of the car moving through London streets, first past a few famous London landmarks, then eventually just normal urban streets.

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The Uber is completely stuck in traffic.

INT. THE UBER CAR - DAY

The four men sit in the car, along with their driver, ABDUL.

ALEX
(to Abdul)
Can't you take another route?

ROSS
We're stuck in traffic, on a one way street, that you suggested as a short cut. So, no.

ALEX
Let's get out here then and walk?

ROSS
Apart from it being too far, I can't imagine this shit-stinking man, with his cock hanging out, and his three be-suited mug colleagues, asking those few thousand football "fans", blocking the road ahead, to politely move out of the way to let us pass, will go off without incident.

WILL
(holding his phone out to CHARLIE)
Call the driver again, tell him we're going to be a bit late.

CHARLIE dials.

CHARLIE

(into the phone)

Yes, hi. No, not yet but we're very close. We are just stuck in traffic by the stadium... We just need another twenty minutes, half hour maybe... No, please don't do that! We're not wasting your time, I promise, we..

(to his colleagues)

He just called me a bloody wasting bastard, told me I can collect the bag on Monday and hung up.

ROSS

Call him back?

CHARLIE dials again.

CHARLIE

(to phone)

But listen...

(to his colleagues)

He said he's leaving now and won't pick up if I try to waste any more of his time calling again. Then hung up.

ALEX

If we can get there in time, we might still be able to stop him before he leaves?

ROSS

Leaves from where? I don't think he lives in the Esso garage.

WILL

(talking to himself)

Find my phone.

CHARLIE

(to WILL)

What?

WILL

(suddenly, with a rush of energy)

Alex, call Charlie's phone again.

ALEX

Why? He doesn't have it?

WILL

Just see if it rings.

ALEX

OK, but...

WILL
(to ALEX)
Just do it!
(to CHARLIE)
Call Hunter again, he needs to get on
your computer.

CHARLIE
What for?

WILL
Just call him! Once he's in, if your
phone's still on, we can use Find My
Phone, it'll show where your phone is
on Google Maps!

CHARLIE
Genius!

ROSS
If it's still on...

ALEX
It's ringing!

WILL
(to CHARLIE)
Call Hunter!

CHARLIE
I'm doing it!
(into the phone)
No, I'm in East London. Long story. I
need you on my computer again. Yes,
it's an emergency so put the spliff
down and log in. Well it hasn't
changed, Five, eight, six, two. Yes,
I'm waiting. You're in? Good. Right...
(to WILL)
How do I do Find My Phone?

WILL
(to CHARLIE)
Pass me the phone

CHARLIE
(into the phone)
I'm just passing you over to my
colleague

WILL
(into phone)
Right, open a browser and type Find My
Phone. No, it's not a website, just
type the words. Right, at the top

should be a map with the name of Charlie's phone just below it. Click on it. The name, click on the name of his phone. Right, has it brought up a map, with his phone on it? Good! Firstly, I need you to tell me, roughly, where it is? No, I mean, like, what part of London? It's near Upton Park? Great! I need you to zoom right in, so you can see where the phone is, like which building it is in and what the street is called. Done it? Right, now, take a photo of the screen, so we can read the street name, and then send it to Zero, seven, nine, five, one, zero, five, eight, one, one, nine. Well, write it down, use Notepad or something. Ready? Zero, seven, nine, five, one, zero, five, eight, one, one, nine. OK, I'm waiting.

WILL eagerly watches the phone screen. Then it beeps. He taps the phone and they see a screenshot showing CHARLIE's phone's location.

WILL
 (into the phone)
 Bingo! Right, cheers.
 (to Abdul)
 Change of plan, we're going to Crown Mews.

ALEX
 I'm missing something, what's at Crown Mews?

WILL
 Charlie's phone.

ALEX
 But the driver said he didn't have it?

WILL
 No, but Charlie needed his phone to order the Uber in the first place, right? So, unless he dropped it getting into the car, he probably had it with him in the car. So if the driver has the bag, and he left the bag in the Uber, he probably left his phone there too, just the driver hasn't found it. And since the phone is on a street, near Upton Park, which is where we're headed, I'd say that's

where the driver lives. If we can find his car...

ROSS
The one that stinks of Charlie's shit?

WILL
...then we might find the bag with it.
It's our only hope.

ROSS
Once we get out of this traffic.

The four men stare ahead at the traffic, blocking their motionless taxi.

EXT. CROWN MEWS - DAY

The Uber deposits WILL, ALEX, ROSS and CHARLIE in a suburban street.

ALEX
Right, now what?

WILL
We need to find the car.

ALEX
How will we know which one it is?

WILL
(looking at his phone)
Uber, it'll have the details and number plate.

CHARLIE
Genius!

WILL
Right, guys, look for a white Toyota Prius, number plate SW11 SJN.

The four men start working their way down the street, two on each side, checking each car as they go.

An old lady walking a dog passes them with suspicion. CHARLIE gives her his best smile. She looks down at his semi-newspaper-wrapped groin, gasps, and hurries off.

ROSS
Found it!

The other men come running and crowd round the car.

ROSS
White Prius, SW11 SJN.

ALEX
That's our car! Is the bag inside?

ROSS
I can't see properly, the windows are
blacked out.

The four men lean over the windows, cupping their eyes,
trying to peer in.

A curtain twitches in the house opposite.

WILL
(to CHARLIE)
Is that definitely the car?

CHARLIE
I have no idea.

WILL
We need to get in and look.

ROSS
I'm not breaking into a car!

WILL
(to ALEX)
Call CHARLIE's phone, let's make sure
this is the car first.

ALEX dials.

ROSS
Wait a minute, I'm not breaking into a
car!

A phone can be heard ringing inside the car.

ALEX
You'll break into the office, but not
a car?

ROSS
I had keys, legally I was allowed. But
I told you, I'm not breaking into a...

Suddenly, WILL smashes the car window with a house brick,
shattering it into a thousand pieces. Immediately, a piercing
car alarm shrieks out.

ROSS
What have you done?

WILL reaches inside, unlocks the door, throws it open and dives into the back of the car.

ALEX
Urgh, that smell!

ALEX, ROSS and CHARLIE recoil in repugnance at the smell.

ROSS
(to CHARLIE)
That is incredible! What did you eat yesterday?

WILL emerges from the car.

WILL
I got your phone. No sign of the bag.

ROSS
Maybe it's in the boot.

WILL
I'll pop it, you check.

WILL dives back in to the car and the boot pops open. ALEX looks inside.

ALEX
Nothing.

WILL emerges from the car.

WILL
SHIT!

ROSS
Literally.

Now, a few more curtains start twitching in various houses. ALEX notices.

ALEX
Urm, guys, I think we should get out of here.

WILL
No, we're not leaving without the bag.

ALEX
I know, but we've lost. It could be anywhere.

WILL
It's in his house. Raj said he has the bag, and it's not his car, must be in his house.

ROSS

What if he took it with him to the wedding?

WILL

Why would he do that?

ROSS

If he took it to meet us, on his way to the wedding?

WILL

Then Elliot is royally screwed. I'm not giving up on him when we're so close. We find Raj's house, we find the bag, then we get out of here.

ALEX

We've lost mate, we need to go. Someone will probably call the police.

ROSS

If they haven't done so already.

CHARLIE

And I'm standing here with my cock in the wind. Literally. It's not a good look for us.

ROSS

We've done all we can. We need to go.

WILL

No! You go if you like, I'm finding the bag.

WILL heads off to the nearest house and rings the bell.

The other three men watch in stunned curiosity whilst the front door opens and WILL says something, whilst holding his phone for the house owner to see.

They watch the owner shake his head, but point to a different house. Then quickly close the door.

WILL comes back to the other men by the car.

WILL

It's that house over there, number twelve.

WILL continues past them, crossing the road and heading to number twelve.

ROSS

Sod it.

ROSS starts walking after WILL.

CHARLIE shrugs at ALEX and follows ROSS.

ALEX
Sod it.

ALEX follows the others.

EXT. RAJ'S HOUSE - DAY

WILL rings the bell, then rings it again almost immediately.
ALEX, ROSS and CHARLIE crowd round him.

There is no answer. WILL rings, holding the bell down without letting go whilst he peers through the glass.

ROSS
(to WILL)
WILL you stop that? There's no one in.

ALEX
Well, I guess it's time to go then...

Suddenly, the glass by the side of the door explodes as WILL smashes another house brick through it.

ROSS
Will you stop doing that?

Immediately, WILL reaches round and unlocks the door and steps in.

The other three men stand stunned on the doorstep.

ALEX
An office. A car. A house. Why not?

ALEX follows him inside.

CHARLIE
In for a penny...

CHARLIE follows them in.

ROSS
In for thirty thousand pounds.

ROSS follows inside.

INT. RAJ'S HALLWAY - DAY

WILL, ALEX, ROSS and CHARLIE step gingerly through the hallway, broken glass crunching under their feet.

Dull music can be heard, emanating from somewhere inside.

ROSS

(in a whisper)

You do hear that don't you guys?
Someone's in the house!

WILL

(in a whisper)

Find the bag.
(to ALEX and CHARLIE)
You two try that way, we'll look this way.

WILL and ROSS cautiously enter a room off to the side. ALEX and CHARLIE edge into a room at the end of the hallway.

INT. RAJ'S KITCHEN - DAY

ALEX and CHARLIE slowly enter the kitchen.

There's no one else in it.

They look on the sides, the table, worktop, but there's no bag.

Aside from the door they came in, there are three more doors. One leads to the back garden. The other two lead elsewhere.

ALEX

(whispering)

I'll take this door, you take that one.

Before CHARLIE can answer, ALEX opens one door and disappears out of the kitchen.

CHARLIE cautiously opens the other door.

As he does, the music gets louder.

INT. RAJ'S BASEMENT STAIRS - DAY

CHARLIE stands at the top of a flight of stairs, his body silhouetted by the light coming in the kitchen window.

Really loud music is pumping from the basement.

DEREK is coming up the stairs.

Derek looks up and sees a half naked CHARLIE standing frozen in place at the top of the stairs.

Reverting to instinct, he gives his best smile.

Derek looks him up and down, then, noticing his naked crotch, smiles.

DEREK

I guess you must be Troy! Glad to see you're nearly ready! Well, you're late sweetie, I was just coming up to call you. Hurry up, we're ready to start.

Derek turns to descend the stairs.

CHARLIE stands frozen at the top.

Derek turns.

DEREK

Come on darling, don't just stand there, time is money!

Before CHARLIE can move, Derek ascends the stairs and grabs him by the hands, pulling him down the stairs.

DEREK

Look, don't be shy. We're all professionals here! There's nothing we haven't seen before. You'll be fine.

Derek leads CHARLIE down the stairs, who's still too stunned to refuse.

INT. RAJ'S LOUNGE - DAY

ALEX enters the room at the far end, surprising WILL and ROSS who were just about to come out the same door.

In his surprise, WILL goes to punch ALEX in the head.

ALEX

(whispering)
Alright Chuck Norris, calm down!

WILL

(whispering)
Sorry! Martial arts reflexes.

ROSS holds up the bag.

ROSS
(whispering)
We got it!

ALEX
(whispering)
You sure it's the right one?

ROSS
(whispering)
Full of money!

ALEX
(whispering)
Then let's get the hell out of here.

WILL
(whispering)
Where's Charlie?

INT. RAJ'S BASEMENT - DAY

Derek leads CHARLIE down the final steps and into the basement.

The floor is concrete, the walls are exposed brick.

There are film lights set up on stands, highlighting an old metal framed bed in the centre of the room.

The bed is surrounded by candles and has four ropes tied to it, one in each corner, with an assortment of large, painful looking bondage toys spread on top it.

Next to the bed are RIMMER and ZIGGY, wearing bondage gear, oiled up and wearing gimp masks.

Next to them is Krish, holding a video camera.

DEREK
(to Krish)
I found him!

CHARLIE
Urm...

KRISH
(to CHARLIE)
At last! Thanks for coming, especially at such short notice! Glad you found the key to get in. My family's out at a wedding today, but we don't want to hang about until they come back, do we?!

CHARLIE

Urm, I think there's been...

DEREK

(to CHARLIE)

Sorry we won't have time to warm you up properly!

(to RIMMER and ZIGGY)

You guys get into position and we'll just go straight in from the top.

RIMMER and ZIGGY move to each end of the bed, each taking up a couple of the bondage toys.

KRISH turns the music off, gets the camera up to her eyes and starts zooming and focusing on the bed.

KRISH

(to DEREK)

OK, I'm ready. The light's good. Get Troy in place and grab the boom.

DEREK starts to push CHARLIE towards the bed.

DEREK

OK Troy, if you just lay down on the bed, we'll get you nice and tied up.

CHARLIE

Guys, there's definitely been some...

DEREK

Sure, don't worry, I know it can be a bit nerve-wracking the first time you work with new people, especially when you have to get going so quickly! But don't worry, these guys have a lot of dom experience, so you'll be up in no time, and they won't hurt you. Well, not too much!

As he says this, DEREK grabs CHARLIE's crotch with a wink.

Suddenly, they hear a noise as someone comes down the stairs.

ALEX (O.S.)

(in a loud whisper)

Charlie, we've found the bag, we've got to go.

All the people in the basement turn in surprise and look at the stairs, just as ALEX gets to the bottom and sees the scene before him.

ALEX

What the fuck is going on here?

KRISH
(to ALEX)
Who the fuck are you?

DEREK
(to CHARLIE)
Why'd he call you Charlie?

KRISH
(to CHARLIE and ALEX)
What the fuck are you doing in my house?

ALEX
(to CHARLIE)
Mate, let's get out of here.

CHARLIE bolts for the stairs as ALEX turns and starts running up them.

KRISH
Wait! RIMMER! ZIGGY! Get after them!

RIMMER and ZIGGY, grabbing a couple of large bondage toys each, run after CHARLIE, who's already half up the stairs.

INT. RAJ'S KITCHEN - DAY

CHARLIE flies out of the basement door and tears out into the hallway.

INT. RAJ'S HALLWAY - DAY

ALEX is nearly at the end of the hallway, running for the front door, as CHARLIE comes running out of the kitchen after him.

ALEX
Come on!

EXT. RAJ'S HOUSE - DAY

ALEX comes running out of the house and bumps into WILL and ROSS, who are standing still on the pathway just staring ahead.

ALEX
(shouting)
What are you waiting for? Leg it!

ALEX goes to run past then stops in his tracks as he looks up.

In the road at the end of the pathway is a police car with two policemen, POLICEMAN 6 and POLICEMAN 7, standing on the pavement, staring back at them.

POLICEMAN 6
Stop right there! What's in the bag?

CHARLIE, naked from the waist down, comes sprinting out of the house and pushes past his three colleagues, then comes to a dead stop when he sees the POLICEMEN.

The POLICEMEN instinctively pulls out and extend their batons.

POLICEMAN 6
(to POLICEMAN 7)
Call for back up.
(to the colleagues on the path)
Drop the bag!

POLICEMAN 6 radios for backup just as RIMMER and ZIGGY run out of the house, still clutching the sex toys, bundle into the back of the four colleagues, knocking the bag to the floor, and proceed to hit them with the sex toys.

POLICEMAN 7
Oi! Drop those... dildos!

WILL, ALEX, ROSS and CHARLIE try to defend themselves from RIMMER and ZIGGY whilst the police block the path.

POLICEMAN 6
Stop fighting!

Suddenly, KRISH comes running out of the house.

KRISH
They just broke into my house!

POLICEMAN 7
(to the men fighting on the floor)
You're all under arrest!

KRISH
Not the gimps, they're with me!

The two POLICEMEN rush in to melee, waving their batons.

In the melee, ROSS manages to bundle RIMMER to one side, whilst CHARLIE holds off ZIGGY, leaving ALEX and WILL briefly free, just as POLICEMAN 6 goes to pick up the bag.

ALEX sprints at POLICEMAN 6, knocking him off the bag.

POLICEMAN 7 immediately grabs ALEX from behind and starts wrestling him to the ground.

As they go down, ALEX kicks the bag towards WILL.

ALEX
(shouting to WILL)
Get that fucking bag back to Soho!

WILL grabs the bag and powers his way through everyone else and out onto the road.

EXT. CROWN MEWS - DAY

Another police car comes to a halt as WILL runs out in front of it, clutching the bag.

For a split second he stares at the POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2 in the car as they stare back at him. Then they throw open their doors.

WILL feints to one side then sprints the other way, banging the passenger door closed into POLICEMAN 1 as he passes.

Pushing the passenger door back out, the POLICEMAN 1 clambers out and joins POLICEMAN 2 in chasing WILL, who's already sprinting away into the distance.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

WILL sprints down the middle of the road like his life depends on it. Clutching the bag, he pumps his legs for all he's worth. Behind him POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2 struggle to catch up.

Suddenly WILL banks to the side, jumps a parked car bonnet, slides onto the pavement and fires up an alleyway. The POLICEMEN inelegantly bump into the car, bounce onto the pavement and grimace their way after him.

Shooting out the alleyway and onto a railway bridge, WILL bounds up the stairs like a gazelle on steroids.

The POLICEMEN eventually emerge too, pulling hard to get their breath, wincing at the stairs ahead of them. Reluctantly, they start clambering up.

WILL crosses the bridge, the urban sprawl of London suburbs behind him, then flies down the stairs, taking them two at a time, just as a tube train comes into the station at the foot of the bridge.

WILL gets to the bottom and runs into the station, with the two POLICEMEN only just emerging onto the bridge above.

As the POLICEMEN get to the middle of the bridge, clutching their sides and puffing hard, they see WILL darting across the platform and onto the train, just as it pulls out of the station.

The POLICEMEN have missed him. WILL, along with the bag, is gone.

EXT. SOHO STREET - DAY

WILL, bag tucked under his arm, walks up the street to DAVE's flat. He presses the buzzer, says a few words and enters the door.

INT. DAVE'S CORRIDOR - DAY

WILL knocks on DAVE's door. It opens. WILL holds up the bag. A hand waves him in. He enters the flat.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

WILL walks into DAVE's living room. STEVE is behind him, holding the bag.

IAN and NIGEL are sat on the couch playing a computer game.

In the kitchen, ELLIOT is still tied to a chair, with gaffer tape around his mouth. He has a bandage on his arm but otherwise seems alright.

DAVE sits at the kitchen table. STEVE tosses him the bag.

DAVE
Is it all there?

WILL
I don't know. Didn't really want to count it on the tube. But its full of money.

DAVE peers into the bag, then pushes it to STEVE.

DAVE
(to STEVE)
Count it.

STEVE starts counting it out on the table.

DAVE
(to WILL, motioning to the clock)
You cut it rather fine.

WILL glances at the clock.

WILL
It's been a long night, and an even
longer morning.

DAVE
Especially for your mate here. He
really is quite a dickhead, you know?

ELLIOT shouts something inaudible at him through the tape.

STEVE
Amazingly, it's all here.

DAVE
You lucky pricks.

WILL
Are we done?

DAVE
Why, got some place you need to be?

WILL
We're done.

DAVE motions to STEVE to untie Elliot.

DAVE
Yeah, we're done. And I don't want to
see you, that runner wanker, your
cock-end mates or, especially, this
dickhead ever again. You understand?

WILL just glares at him and turns to walk out. ELLIOT follows
behind, ripping the gaffer tape from his mouth with a low
scream.

ELLIOT
Thanks for the stay you total cunts.

DAVE
Fuck off.

ELLIOT turns to face DAVE. IAN and NIGEL stand up and advance
next to him. STEVE comes up on his other side.

ELLIOT
Yeah, I'll be seeing you, pussies.

Looking at the four men ELLIOT turns and follows WILL.

EXT. SOHO STREET - DAY

WILL and ELLIOT emerge into the street.

ELLIOT

Well, thanks for that stay at the Hanoi Hilton, you total prick. What took you so fucking long?

WILL stops walking, turns to face Elliot.

WILL

Seriously, shut up. You have no idea what shit we've just gone through to save your ungrateful ass.

ELLIOT

Oh? Am I meant to be grateful then? And yeah, my arm's fine, thanks for asking.

WILL glances down at his arm, scoffs and walks off.

WILL

Come on.

ELLIOT

What do you mean, "come on"? Where? I'm going home for a well deserved sleep, no thanks to you assholes.

WILL stops in his tracks, turns and grabs ELLIOT by the collar.

WILL

Listen you bell-end. Right now, Alex, Charlie and Ross, your colleagues are all in a police cell because of that fucking bag. So you're going to shut the fuck up and follow me to the police station, where we're going to tell them what happened and hope we can help your colleagues - your friends - in the same way they've been trying to help you since last night. And I don't want to hear another fucking word or any of your bullshit because I'm fucking tired and I've had enough. Understood? So shut the fuck up and start walking. Please.

WILL lets go and walks off.

ELLIOT

All right. No need to swear. All you had to do is say please.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

WILL and ELLIOT approach the police station. WILL opens the door. ELLIOT turns to walk the other way. WILL wheels round, grabs him, spins him and pushes him in through the door.

INT. POLICE STATION RECEPTION - DAY

WILL and ELLIOT stand at the reception desk whilst WILL speaks to POLICEMAN 8 on duty. He listens, then calls for some colleagues. POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2 arrive, give WILL a look, then leads him and ELLIOT through another door.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE

- WILL sits being interviewed by POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2.
- ELLIOT sits being interviewed by POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2.
- ROSS sits being interviewed by POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2.
- CHARLIE sits being interviewed by POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2.
- ALEX sits being interviewed by the POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2.

INT. OUTSIDE POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2 are talking to a third DETECTIVE in a suit. We don't hear what they are saying, but the two POLICEMEN are obviously annoyed at the DETECTIVE. They remonstrate with him, plead their case, but he seems unmoved and seems to be dictating down to them. Finally, they relent and nod their heads, exasperated.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

WILL, ROSS, CHARLIE (wearing grey tracksuit bottoms) and ELLIOT walk out of the police station.

ELLIOT

Well, that was a lot of fun. Thank you, you complete cunts.

CHARLIE

What the hell just happened?

WILL

Alex just took the rap, for all of us.

CHARLIE

Just like that?!

WILL

I think he cut some kind of deal.

ROSS

And we're free to go!

WILL

Not all of us.

ELLIOT

Well Alex should have fucking better known better than to get all sniffy sniffy when he's on parole for drugs. He had to expect some fallout.

ROSS

Well, it's not so bad, they said he'll probably only do a few months, if that.

ELLIOT

Well, I'm off home for a well deserved sleep. So fuck you all! Goodnight.

ELLIOT walks off.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I'm off too. Got a cracking headache and I really would like that shower now. Bye guys.

CHARLIE walks off.

ROSS

I guess I'd best go too. I've got a charming murderous wife I'm looking forward to seeing. If, by some miracle, I'm still alive, I'll see you on Monday.

ROSS walks off.

WILL stands alone outside the police station for a few moments, then he too walks off.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

WILL tentatively walks into the office. There is a different buzz to normal, little clusters of workers gossiping together. They all look at WILL as he crosses the office.

WILL sees PAUL in his office, along with a cleaner who is hoovering the floor. PAUL gives him a dirty look and closes the door.

WILL passes the HR office and sees MARTHA picking papers off the floor and rearranging them. She sees him and gives him the finger.

WILL arrives at his block of desks. ROSS, CHARLIE and ELLIOT are re-arranging the furniture.

Another colleague comes over.

ROGER

Did you guys hear what happened on Friday?

The other colleagues look at each other.

ROGER

There was a break in! The place got trashed. Apparently there were drugs all over Paul's office!

WILL

Really?

The door to Paul's office opens, and PAUL steps out.

BOSS

Will! In here, now.

WILL starts towards Paul's office.

ROGER

And, apparently, it was one of your lot who did it!

ROSS

One of our lot?

ROGER

Yeah, Alex!

WILL enters Paul's office and the door slams behind him.

CHARLIE

Really?

ROGER

Yeah! Apparently, he had a drug problem, broke into the office, tried to steal the production money from the safe, couldn't, so he trashed the office and did drugs off of Paul's desk!

ROSS

Really? What, on his own?

ROGER

Yeah! Paul nearly caught him too, but he got away. Turns out he got nicked later anyway, and confessed all. Crazy, huh?

ELLIOT

Fucking crazy. What a complete dick.

Paul's door opens and WILL walks out, heading towards his desk, a smile on his face. PAUL calls after him:

BOSS

And I expect one-hundred percent from you, and your team. No leakage.

Paul's door slams.

WILL sits down.

ROGER

What was that about?

WILL

Seems Alex has won't be returning to work, so it's all hands to the pumps.
(smiling at ROSS)
Including me.

ROGER

Ah, OK. Shame, Alex seemed like fun. Anyways chaps, how was your Friday night? What did you get up to?

WILL, ROSS, CHARLIE and ELLIOT stare at each other.

Fade Out.

The END.