

R.A.G.E

Written by

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WGA-E: I359201

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER THE QUOTE:

"Many a good face beneath a ragged
hat. ~ Chinese proverb"

FADE IN:

INT. IVECO 7 TON TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

At the wheel is CURLY, mid-20s, scuffed trainers, dishevelled hair, rolled sleeves; a big grin and a practiced scowl, quite bright, quite prejudiced.

In the cab a sign reads: "ZERO HOURS DRIVERS - CHECK OIL & WATER"

As the truck nears a junction, a tiny Fiat noses out ahead, hops and stalls. Curly halts the truck as the little Fiat coughs itself back into life. Its wrinkled driver waves thanks as the car pulls away.

Behind it a family saloon inches forward. The harassed housewife at the wheel looks at Curly hopefully, her kids faces pressed against the window.

CURLY

Okay, c'mon dearie.

As the family car pulls out an Aston Martin tries to sneak in behind. Curly guns his engine to cut off its exit, forcing it to brake sharply.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Asshole!

EXT. CITY STREET - LOADING ONLY AREA - DAY

Curly slams the truck's rear doors and presses a button so the tail lift tucks away. Straining he hauls a dolly away stacked with cartons and enters a business premises.

SUPER: "THE NORTH OF ENGLAND"

A Mercedes pulls up. Its driver all perm and costume jewellery eyes the remaining space, too small to manoeuvre into.

In a light-bulb moment she reverses the Merc, then lurches across pavement and drops it into the tight space. Phone to ear, she locks up and minces away.

Curly comes out of the premises and hauls his empty dolly to the truck. With the Merc parked behind he can't open the rear doors. He stands looking up and down the street.

Angrily he opens the truck's passenger door and with much difficulty heaves the dolly up into the cab.

The truck rocks as it's forced to mount the pavement, reverse, then drive away.

CLOSE ON MERCEDES

Its wiper arms are pulled from the windscreen, twisted like corkscrews, the wiper blades lie on the ground.

INT. HARRY'S EATERY - DAY

Curly carries a burger to a window seat in a down-at-heel eatery. TRAFFIC noise, horns HONK.

Outside the eatery traffic is stalled. An executive in a sky blue suit and gold SUV pounds out self-important BLASTS on the horn.

The horn BLARES. Curly winces and bites into his burger. Outside the SUV driver thumps his steering wheel in frustration, then holds down the horn in one long imperious BLAST.

The BLARING continues. Eatery customers eye each other in disbelief.

Curly, incredulous, puts down his burger.

Out in gridlocked traffic the SUV horn halts. Then it BLARES again, and again and again.

Curly slides off his stool and sidles to the door. The SUV horn still BLARES long and imperious. Curly snatches up a tomato-shaped ketchup container from a table.

INT/EXT. HARRY'S EATERY -DAY

Grimacing against the noise, he strides to the SUV and raps its window with the plastic tomato.

The SUV driver glances at him with distaste, turns away and holds down the HORN again.

Curly slowly squirts ketchup all over the SUVs windscreen. The HORN halts. Curly hops back as windscreen wipers struggle against the red sludge.

The driver jumps out, fuming.

Curly skips forward and squirts him with ketchup, liberally striping his suit and face, then dodges away across the street between traffic.

He imitates pulling a pin and throws the plastic tomato like a grenade. It bounces off the SUV, splattering its glistening bodywork.

From inside Harry's Eatery come cheers and wolf-whistles. Several customers films the executive on smartphones as he dabs at his ruined suit.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Curly strolls along, munching potato crisps from a packet. As he passes a high end jewellers he stops to eye its impressive display.

Nose pressed against the window, Curly eyes up the well-heeled clientele inside.

A uniformed security guard steps from the doorway, glares at him and jerks his head. Curly moves on.

INT/EXT. FISH & CHIP SHOP - DUSK

In a working class suburb Curly leaves holding two newspaper wrapped packets. He stuffs one in a pocket and eats from the other as he walks.

EXT. RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET - DUSK

A graffiti artist is at work on a wall. Curly watches as the artist touches up large stylized letters: "RAGE"

CURLY

Wanna chip, mate?

GRAFFITI ARTIST

Ta.

CURLY

Go on, take another.

The graffiti artist rattles a spray can as he chews, then returns to his wall. Curly walks on, deep in thought.

Among parked grubby economy cars an immaculate Rolls Royce Phantom stands out like a sore thumb. Curly walks around it, taking it in.

GRUNGY PASSER-BY

Money can buy anything, huh?

CURLY

Yer too damn right it can!

GRUNGY PASSER-BY

S'alright for some.

The passer-by walks on, but Curly remains, considering the Rolls. Abruptly he sprints back the way he came.

CURLY

Can I borrow a can to do a quick tag? I'll bring it back.

GRAFFITI ARTIST

Take the white one there, mate.
Keep it. S'nearly empty.

Curly strides back to the Rolls. Tongue in cheek he sprays along one side: "HOW'D U PAY FOR IT? EXPLOITATION?"

Along the other: "*BUY CHEAP - SELL DEAR?*"

Across the bonnet he scrawls: "*INHERITANCE?*"

And on the boot: "*TAX DODGER?*"

He sprays gunsight-like cross-hairs on the windshield then stands back to admire his handiwork.

On a nearby lamppost a CCTV camera WHIRS and swivels.

Curly bins the spray can, humming he strolls away.

Distant police SIREN.

Curly halts, looks around, then dodges down a side alley.

EXT/INT. GRIM ROW OF TERRACED HOUSES - DUSK

Curly opens a front door with a key.

CURLY

Don't worry Gran, it's only me...

GRAN (O.S.)

C'mon in duck. I'm busy...

KITCHEN

In the poky cluttered kitchen, Curly pulls the crumpled packet from his pocket.

CURLY

Got you fish & chips, Gran. I'll put 'em on a plate.

FRONT ROOM

GRAN sits in a high back chair, dumpy and shapeless, hair in a grey bun. A walking stick leans against the chair and false teeth grin in a glass of water on the table.

The table is littered with scratch cards, lottery tickets and a thumbled copy of *Poker For Dummies*. She swipes the screen of a tablet mobile and a glitzy one-armed bandit display spins.

Curly carries in the plate of fish and chips.

CURLY (CONT'D)

You don't want to be playing that stuff, Gran. You'll end up losing your pension money.

GRAN

Don't you worry about me, lad. I weren't born yesterday. Anyway, what've I got, eh? Since me Alfred passed away.

(brightening)

Hey, yer know what? Mrs. Barret at number 14 won 200 quid the other day...

She puts in her teeth and attacks the fish supper.

Curly idly fingers old photos in a battered shoe box. He pulls one out.

CURLY

Remember this Gran?

A photo of a pre-adolescent Curly and a younger Gran, her arm around his shoulder.

She glances at it and nods. Curly gives her a hug and pecks her on the cheek.

GRAN

Get off! Me supper's getting cold!

Curly browses other old photos.

GRAN (CONT'D)

Have yer thought any more about moving back in, lad?

CURLY

I dunno really, Gran.

GRAN

You and me, we's the only family we got now...

Curly nods.

GRAN (CONT'D)

There's plenty of room here. We could do the place up a bit...

CURLY

I'll think about it, Gran. Okay?

The doorbell BUZZES.

GRAN

Be a dear and get that, would you love? It'll be Vera Harrison. We're going to Bingo tonight.

Curly saunters to the door and with a flourish opens it.

POLICE OFFICER_1

Would you mind coming with me, sir?

POLICE OFFICER_2

You're under arrest.

INT. PRISON VAN - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Curly sits handcuffed among other men, staring wistfully at what can be seen of the outside world.

EXT. GRIM ROW OF TERRACED HOUSES - DAY

Gran comes out her front door, leaning on her stick. She hobbles down the street carrying a shopping bag.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The raspy BEEP! BEEP! of a mobility scooter startles her, she flattens herself against the wall as an octogenarian zips past.

OCTOGENARIAN

Thank you!

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Gran eyes a blue-rinse woman on a mobility scooter dropping tins from a shelf into a handlebar basket. At a checkout an elderly man waits in-line on a mobility scooter.

EXT. MOBILITY STORE - DAY

Weighed down by her bulging shopping bag, Gran eyes a line of mobility scooters and hobbles from one to another fingering price tags.

A salesman spots her. Beaming he steps from the store.

INT. PRISON CANTEEN - DAY

Curly sits at a table with inmates. Some seats away a prisoner nods at Curly.

OLDER PRISONER

What's he in for?

OLD LAG

Graffiti.

OLDER PRISONER
You're joking ?!

OLD LAG
The silly bugger tagged a Rolls
Royce! Says he wanted social
justice.

OLDER PRISONER
Huh, and all he got was criminal
justice!

Inmates guffaw.

OLDER PRISONER (CONT'D)
So what's his name?

OLD LAG
Calls hisself Curly. But 'is real
moniker is Lee Randal Kerr.

OLDER PRISONER
Randal the vandal!

Inmates crack up.

OLDER PRISONER (CONT'D)
Who he think he is? A bloody knight
in armour on a white 'orse?!

EXT. GRAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Debt collectors hammer on the front door.

INT. GRAN'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Gran cowers beneath the table clutching her walking stick as
the debt collectors peer in through the windows.

HALL

The letter box CLATTERS, letters stamped "FINAL DEMAND" spill
onto the mat.

INT/EXT. GRAN'S HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Gran opens the door a crack and cautiously peeks out. She
steps out clutching shopping bag and walking stick. She tugs
the plastic rain cover from a new mobility scooter.

Then she realises that scooter's front wheel is clamped with
a bright yellow triangular metal plate. Taped to the
handlebar is a "WARNING NOTICE"

GRAN
Oh bugger!

STILL LATER

A group of working class women in head scarves stand gossiping. Gran hobbles past in her scuffed shoes.

WOMAN_1

Pay your bills Florrie Braithwaite!

WOMAN_2

We're respectable round here, we are!

WOMAN_1

We don't want you giving the street a bad name!

The women nod self-righteously as Gran hobbles on, head bowed.

INT. GRAN'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Gran's tablet mobile vibrates and a string of text messages scroll by: "MISSED LOAN REPAYMENT - RING IMMEDIATELY."; "MRS. BRAITHWAITE, YOU ARE INCURRING PENALTIES."; "INFORMING BAILIFFS OF FAILURE TO REPAY."; "PAYMENT NOW OR IMMEDIATE PROSECUTION!"

Gran stands at the mantelpiece clutching a framed photograph of an austere man with a white moustache.

GRAN

I can't take it no more, Ernest. I wish I was with you...

Tears splash the photo in her shaking hands.

HALLWAY

A stool stands on the linoleum. On it are Gran's scuffed bunion shoes, her thin ankles with wrinkled black stockings.

CRASH! The stool falls! TWANG! A rope tautens!

Bunion shoes and stockinged ankles swing slowly backwards and forwards. Liquid PATTERS onto the linoleum.

INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

PRISON CHAPLAIN

So what do we know about him?

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER

Lee Kerr, known as Curly.

She flips pages.

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

The usual. Unsatisfactory home life. Single parent alcoholic mother who died. At fifteen he spent a month in a young offenders institution. His grandmother was his only surviving relative.

(beat)

Seems to have started when she took out a payday loan to buy a mobility scooter. Then another for an asthma inhaler.

PRISON CHAPLAIN

Those payday loan companies lure people in.

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER

Anyway, she got behind on repayments, started gambling. Probably hoping for a win to pay off her debts. Horses, lottery, scratch cards, on-line poker.

PRISON CHAPLAIN

The sunk investment fallacy. They believe if they go on long enough something's bound to turn up.

The social worker nods.

FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER

I've a tape of a local newscast.

The social worker opens a laptop, the chaplain watches over her shoulder.

COMPUTER SCREEN

TV REPORTER

Payday loan firms are accused of driving a lonely old-age pensioner, Florence Braithwaite (71), to suicide. Florence had racked up debts of more than £12,000. And one loan company was actually charging her 500 per cent interest!

(beat)

Her next door neighbour, Penny Frimpton, believes Florrie felt so ashamed by her outstanding debts, that she ended up thinking that she'd no choice but to take her own life...

SAME - MINUTES LATER

Curly sits at the table, staring at a newspaper headline:
"PAYDAY LOANS DRIVE OLD-AGE PENSIONER TO SUICIDE"

PRISON CHAPLAIN

Don't beat yourself up, lad. It
 might have happened, even if you'd
 been there.

SOCIAL WORKER

We can arrange for you to attend
 her funeral...

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Among poorly dressed mourners Curly stands handcuffed to a
 prison officer. As the coffin is lowered a down-at-heel
 priest holds a smartphone that plays "Abide With Me" through
 its speaker.

INT/EXT. PRISON GATES - DAY

A wire mesh window opens.

WARDER

Prisoner 94518. One backpack, 14
 pounds 51 pence in cash. Sign here.

The prison gates open. Curly crosses the road and waits at a
 bus stop.

EXT. WORKING CLASS BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Curly rings the door bell. When the front door opens a stout
 woman in curlers peeks out.

LANDLADY

Sorry luv. Your room's been let.
 S'been over three months, you
 know... But I kept all your things.
 Just a minute.

She disappears, then reappears and hands Curly a cheap
 suitcase and a bulging plastic bag.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

There you go, luv...

Curly takes them, nods and walks away.

EXT. RUNDOWN STREETS - DAY

Carrying his worldly possessions, Curly walks past rundown
 red brick Victorian facades where "For Sale or Let" signs
 sprout between pawnbrokers, kebab shops and payday lenders.

EXT. ST ANDREWS GOLF LINKS - DAY

Spectacular coastline, golf links. A baronial mansion in secluded grounds. A sleek helicopter on a landing pad.

INT. GOLF CLUB DINING ROOM - DAY

DOHERTY, thick set with well fed jowls and an old-school tie exudes the affable arrogance of the wealthy as he dines with fellow golfers.

COMMISSIONER GRADY

I'm afraid I have to pull out of the game tomorrow.

GOLFER 1

Duty calls, huh? Well, that's what you get for being police commissioner.

COMMISSIONER GRADY

It's not that. My daughter has a stop over in Manchester airport. It's my last chance to see her before she goes abroad.

His fellow golfers nod understandingly.

GOLFER 1

Manchester?! My God! I did that by car once, took seven hours. I was exhausted!

DOHERTY

(magnanimous)

Take my chopper. It's chartered for the week. It's just sitting out there. Might as well put it to good use.

COMMISSIONER GRADY

(flattered)

Are you sure?

DOHERTY

Man at the top of his game like you deserves a little appreciation.

Commissioner Grady nods, slightly dazed by the offer.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

I'll have the pilot wait and bring you back. When is good for you?

EXT. GRAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Fragments of Crime Scene tape still flutter on the front door. As Curly fumbles with his key a neighbour's front door opens and a harried looking woman peers out.

PENNY FRIMPTON

Oh, hello Curly. Nice to see you.
So you're out then?

Curly nods.

PENNY FRIMPTON (CONT'D)

Honest to god, I don't understand why they lent her that money. She was an old age pensioner for God's sake. Don't they check to see people can pay?!

Helpless, Curly shrugs.

CURLY

What'll happen to the house?

PENNY FRIMPTON

The Council's been round. They're repossessing it. They'll empty it out, give it a lick of paint and let it again. There's hundreds on the waiting list.

Curly nods, he turns his key in the lock.

EXT/INT. GRAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Curly pushes the door open against an accumulation of junk mail, bills and out of date newspapers.

HALLWAY

A frayed rope hangs from an upstairs banister. Curly turns away, pressing his forehead against the wall.

LIVING ROOM

A walking stick leans against an empty high back chair. The table a litter of bingo cards, lottery tickets, betting slips, payday loan flyers and Final Demand letters.

Curly lifts a photo of Gran from a dresser. He slips it from its frame and tucks it in his pocket.

Curly plugs Gran's mobile tablet into a charger. An on-line roulette app displays on screen.

The phone VIBRATES and a barrage of text messages scroll by:
"MISSED YOUR LOAN REPAYMENT - CONTACT US IMMEDIATELY.";
"FLORENCE, WE AUTOMATICALLY ROLLED OVER YOUR LOAN."; "MRS.

BRAITHWAITE, YOUR LOAN HAS BEEN EXTENDED."; "WARNING! PAY NOW OR PROSECUTION!"; "BAILIFFS INFORMED OF YOUR ARREARS."

The phone vibrates again and again as more demands scroll by.

Curly slumps on the couch and zaps on the TV. A commercial break starts:

1ST TEN YEAR OLD
Hey! You got a new bike for your birthday?!

2ND TEN YEAR OLD
Yeah, new trainers too!

1ST TEN YEAR OLD
Wow! Your mom win the lottery?!

2ND TEN YEAR OLD
Nah, told her, just get a payday loan.

TV JINGLE
If your kids need new shoes
Not birthday blues
If you're strapped for cash
And fancy a bash
Think - FreeKash!

Curly zaps the TV off. The tablet phone RINGS, he answers it wearily.

CURLY
Hello.

DEBT COLLECTOR
Mrs. Braithwaite?

CURLY
I'm her grandson.

DEBT COLLECTOR
FreeKash payday loan company here.
We want to know when she's gonna pay.

CURLY
My grandmother's dead. She killed herself.

DEBT COLLECTOR
Oh yeah, right... Um, er, tell me.
Did she have a life insurance policy by any chance?

CURLY
What you say the name of your company was?

DEBT COLLECTOR

FreeKash.

Curly hurls the phone against the wall. It FLIES APART and he angrily STAMPS on the pieces.

EXT. GRAN'S HOUSE - REAR - DAY

A half collapsed lean-to in an overgrown garden. Inside it a decrepit old Bedford van that has seen better days. Its windscreen cracked and covered in grime, its tyres flat.

Curly mooches around, peering at old tins of creosote and tar, rusty buckets and hunks of timber. He picks up a can, its label reads: "STYROFOAM - CAUTION DO NOT MIX UNTIL READY TO USE."

EXT. GRAN'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

PENNY FRIMPTON watches from next-door as her HUSBAND opens the boot of their small car and hands Curly a battery charger and foot pump.

EXT. GRAN'S HOUSE - REAR - DAY

Curly heaves the battery out of the old van. Laboriously he pumps up its flat tyres and sleeves rolled, washes years of grime from the van. Faded lettering reads: "BRAITHWAITE'S ROOFING SERVICES - MASTIC - ASPHALT - CAVITY WALL INSULATION."

EXT. TADHAMPTON - TOWN CENTRE - DAY

The ancient Bedford van is parked, engine running, blue smoke dribbling from its exhaust.

Two men exit a FreeKash outlet: Doherty with an air of divine right, wearing a tweed jacket. He is joined by HENCH, all the pin-striped indifference of a corporate climber, a steel claw in a velvet glove. They get into Doherty's Bentley convertible.

The Bentley's top folds down as it drives away.

Curly CRUNCHES his van into gear, as it moves off it BACKFIRES!

EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - DAY

JAZZER (24), a have-not with a scraggy face, cockatoo hair and scuffed leather jacket mooches between rows of parked motorcycles, intent on cancelling disadvantage with illegal.

Furtively, tongue in cheek he tries to kick start a machine. No such luck...

He slips bolt cutters from his backpack and severs a chain on the front wheel of a powerful Yamaha TMAX scooter. He sits astride and begins tampering with the ignition.

A woman on a Vespa arrives and tugs her scooter onto its stand. Then she spots Jazzer astride the TMAX and does a double-take. She takes out her phone.

POLICE CALL HANDLER (O.S.)
Go ahead caller you're through to
the police. What's the nature of
your emergency?

YOUNG WOMAN
(whispers)
Someone's stealing my boyfriend's
scooter...

ON JAZZER

He grins as the powerful TMX ENGINE BURSTS INTO LIFE.

WIDER ON THE STREET

As the open top Bentley nears a red light, there's a SQUEAL OF TYRES and the battered old van cuts in front of it. It BACKFIRES and its front fender falls off with a CLANG.

Passers-by turn to look and JAZZER whips out his smartphone and starts filming.

Almost unseen, across the street, a police car noses into the frame.

Curly hops out of the cab of the van, yanks open its rear doors and with a bucket in each hand walks back, alongside the Bentley. Doherty eyes him mystified.

Almost past the Bentley Curly spins and upends both buckets onto its rear seat.

DOHERTY
Oi! What the..!

Styrofoam FIZZES and FROTHS, expanding rapidly, in seconds it fills the car. Doherty and Hench leap for safety, clumps of Styrofoam sticking to clothes and hair.

Doherty and Hench gape as the white mass continues to overflow onto the tarmac.

The van abandoned, Curly dashes past stores and parked cars, dodging passers-by.

A police SIREN WAILS as Curly hurtles around a corner, after some yards he falters, hands on knees, gasping for breath.

Jazzer pulls up on the scooter and calls between parked cars:

JAZZER
Over here! Hop on!

Curly ignores him.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
Hey, what ya gotta lose?!

SIREN. A police car overtakes Jazzer and swerves to block the scooter's path. Jazzer deftly wriggles it between the parked cars and bumps it up onto the pavement.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
(over shoulder)
C'mon! Hop on!

Curly hesitates.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
You wanna drown? So fuckin' well
drown!

Seeing a police officer dart between parked cars, Curly hops onto the scooter. The officer snatches at Curly and narrowly misses him as the scooter SPEEDS away.

The scooter races along the pavement, past street traders, its HORN blaring as alarmed pedestrians leap out of the way.

The police car follows separated from them by parked cars.

Jazzer yanks the scooter in a tight turn into a narrow alley. The police car skids to a halt, the alley too narrow for it.

EXT/INT. FAST FOOD EMPORIUM - DAY

Jazzer pushes open the door.

JAZZER
Running from the cops gives me an
appetite.

Curly grins. At a side counter they perch on stools and wolf down burgers.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
That old rust bucket of yours
oughta been scrapped years ago. I
thought it was a publicity stunt!

Jazzer shows Curly his smartphone footage. INSERT PHONE
SCREEN: Doherty and Hench leaping from the Bentley
overflowing with foam.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
You should've seen their faces!

CURLY
Why d'ya help me?

JAZZER
If the broke don't help each other
out who's gonna, huh? It ain't
gonna be them fat cats! Who'd they
think they are, lording it over
us?! What kinda chance we got, huh?
We're as good as they are.

Jazzer pushes his tray aside and calmly starts putting
together a new registration plate for the scooter using self-
adhesive letters.

CURLY
You nick the scooter?

JAZZER
I ain't no Robin Hood. More a
robbin' thief. You gotta take what
ya can get in this life. 'Cos
nobody's gonna give ya sweet fuck
all.

INT/EXT. FAST FOOD EMPORIUM - DAY

Jazzer squats, fixing the new registration on the scooter,
Curly watches him muddy it up a little.

JAZZER
I know some people what'd like to
meet ya...

EXT. AFFLUENT SUBURBS - NIGHT

Curly and Jazzer arrive on the scooter at a large house. Cars
in its driveway, others in the street.

KAY, a young thing with a green pixie cut, pops her head
around a garage door.

KAY
Don't worry. I told the parents to
stay away.

JAZZER
This is Curly.

KAY
Hi. Let's go in.

In the garage fifteen or so young adults mill about or lounge
on plastic chairs. There's a projection screen and a homemade
banner reads: "NO TO EXPLOITATION!"

FERNE (31), is a feisty female photographer, a telephoto lens
swinging from her shoulder.

She infuses value into what most people prefer to ignore. Right now she's deriding someone at the front.

FERNE

It's always the bloody same! You do none of the work, then turn up once a week to criticize!

Her target lolls self-importantly on a plastic chair.

TARGET

Who says you're in charge anyway?

FERNE

No-one. But leastways I do something!

Curly turns to Jazzer.

CURLY

Thought you said this'd interest me?

Jazzer shrugs and the lights dim. A girl called BARBIE fiddles with a laptop. Abruptly the Bentley Styrofoam stunt projects on the screen.

CURLY (CONT'D)

What the hell's this?!

JAZZER

Didn't I tell you? I put it on YouTube.

CURLY

No! You bloody well didn't!

BARBIE

I'm going to use this to drum up support for our campaign.

Curly strides angrily to her.

CURLY

Over my dead body, sweetheart!

BARBIE

You can't stop me!

CURLY

Oh no?! Watch!

He yanks the laptop above his head, detached cables swinging wildly.

CURLY (CONT'D)

How about I smash this for a start?!

BARBIE
Hey! That's mine!

CURLY
And that bloody video is mine! So
get rid of it, right now!

He thrusts the laptop at her and stands defiant facing the meeting.

CURLY (CONT'D)
Anybody else think about using that
clip, they answer to me!

Ferne tears down a black and white poster showing pavement dwellers, and rolls it up.

FERNE
They're just a bunch of wankers.
I'm leaving!

GEEK
Yeah, all gas and no guts. I'll
come with you.

DON
Me too...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Curly eyes a photo of Gran on the home screen of his smartphone. Jazzer, Ferne, Don, and Geek stand around.

DON
Someone said the owner of that car
has a payday loan company.

CURLY
Yeah, one that drove my Gran to
kill herself.

DON
Jesus! I'm sorry.

GEEK
(to Curly)
You starting a group?

Geek is in his mid twenties, a digital dabbler happiest with his fingers on a keyboard.

CURLY
Not if it's anything like that one.

GEEK
Radical action's the only way to
make people sit up and think.

CURLY

I lost my gran, my bedsit and now the cops are after me. I've nothing left to lose. Anybody who wants to join me have to pull their weight.

FERNE

I'm a free-lancer and have a living to make. But any photo coverage or press relations I'd do for free.

DON

I might go along too. I'm good at organizing and planning. But I'd need to know more.

Don is older, a supply teacher with frayed cuffs, cautious and reserved.

CURLY

Okay, but I'm gonna sort the wheat from the chaff.

JAZZER

Okay bro', sort away...

They all look at each other.

CURLY

Somebody got a car?

FERNE

We can use mine.

She walks to a tiny old Fiat.

GEEK

We'll never all fit in that!

DON

We can take mine.

They follow him to an antiquated Ford Zephyr.

INT. FORD ZEPHYR - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

The old car heads out of town.

CURLY

Turn off just beyond the woods.

The car turns into a dark country road. In the distance a neon flashes: "Orlando's Hideaway."

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. ORLANDO'S HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

In a well-heeled restaurant a Maître d'hôtel in cummerbund and bow tie, ushers them to a table near the window and hands them menus.

The group talks in low voices, guardedly.

DON

So you wanna concentrate on criminal capitalists, okay. But how exactly?

Curly's answer is lost in the busy RESTAURANT BUSTLE.

MONTAGE - THE MEAL PROGRESSES

-- A waiter removes starter course plates.

-- The main course is served.

-- Dessert arrives.

INT. ORLANDO'S HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

Ferne scribbles on the back of an envelope.

FERNE

How about this? R dot, A dot, G dot, E dot. RAGE. Radical Action Against Greed and Exploitation.

GEEK

That sounds more like it!

CURLY

Yeah. Has the right ring.

GEEK

We don't want another discussion group anyway...

DON

That Styrofoam stunt could generate a lot of interest on the net. It'd bring donations pouring in...

LATER

Curly whispers in Don's ear, Don seems reticent but Curly persists. Don hands over his car keys.

A waiter clears the dessert dishes away.

MAÎTRE D'HOTEL

Coffee perhaps? Cognac?

CURLY

Yes, we'll all have coffee and cognac.

The Maître d'hôtel nods and moves away.

FERNE

Er, I'd much prefer tea or a decaff.

CURLY

Don't worry, you're not gonna have time to drink it.

He leans forward conspiratorially.

CURLY (CONT'D)

All good things come to an end. It's time to leave, before the waiter comes back, unless you want to be the one who drops out and pays the bill...

They look at Curly, anxious and excited.

Curly takes Ferne's cigarettes and stands. He goes to the door, ostentatiously lights a cigarette then steps outside.

Members of the group nervously eye each other.

MOMENTS LATER

Outside a car horn BEEPS TWICE.

JAZZER

So this is where we sort the men from the boys...

He eyes the waiters at the a far end of the restaurant, gets up and moves quietly to the door, eases it open and slips out.

Geek jerks into action and quickly follows him.

With a nervous giggle, Ferne checks that waiters still have their backs turned, eases herself up and tiptoes to the door.

Mesmerized by the restaurant bustle Don sits on his own, panicked, face reddening, his chest rising and falling. He reaches into a pocket and takes out a cheque book.

But staring at the cheque book fires his resolve. He snatches it up and skitters over to the door.

EXT. ORLANDO'S HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

Yards away, without lights the old Zephyr sits, exhaust burbling, a crumpled newspaper over its registration plate.

A rear door is open, Don dives in. With a SQUEAL the car surges away.

SECONDS LATER

A waiter opens the door and pokes his head out. The Maître d'hôtel elbows him aside and steps out into the road, irate.

In the distance an unlit car is disappearing into the night.

SUPER: "5 DAYS LATER"

INT. FERNE'S FLAT - NIGHT

The walls of her small flat display black and white framed photos. Books, lenses and camera equipment litter shelves.

Ferne sits typing on a laptop, opposite her Don edits printed pages. Geek and Jazzer enter carrying pizza boxes.

GEEK

So what's new?

FERNE

Curly and me did an all-nighter on the Manifesto. And the website will soon be up and running.

JAZZER

Where's Curly?

FERNE

He flaked out in the other room.

GEEK

Show us the manifesto.

FERNE

Okay. That's my department.

Eating slices of pizza they sit around the laptop. From its speaker "Land of Hope and Glory" rings out.

Professional images display on screen, split diagonally, horizontally and vertically. All contrasting poverty with luxury.

A homeless man in a cardboard box opposite a regal home. Down at heel youths set against dinner-suited diners on a luxury cruise.

Crowded public transport contrasts with a liveried porter holding open the door of a limousine.

Boarded up inner city shops stark against brightly lit Oxford Street stores.

Then the title: "R.A.G.E. Radicals Against Greed and Exploitation"

Manifesto text scrolls accompanied by a voice-over:

V.O

We are tired of your lay-offs, your down-sizing, your shipping of entire industries abroad to profit from cheaper labour. You have bled your countrymen dry, pushed the economy to recession, while you've grown fat and arrogant. Now it's time to put something back - or else! We're tired of tax avoidance, off-shore investments, fat cat shareholders filling their pockets while claiming they can't afford to pay a living wage. We're tired of hearing how if it wasn't for you there'd be no investment, no employment. You've sucked the economy dry with your self-enrichment schemes, playing the market for profit without any care for the consequences. Now we say enough is enough. We know who you are. And we're coming for you... You've made us pay. Now it's payback time.

(beat)

Let's be straight. This IS about revenge. This IS about scaring you shitless. And it IS about subverting your underpaid employees, your minions, maids and chauffeurs. Is this an attack on capitalism? No! It is an attack on CRIMINAL CAPITALISM! It's an attack on the 1% that owns more than the other 99% It's war on the handful of toffs that divide our country up between them.

We say men and women have enough intelligence to engineer a fairer system. But no one wants change, least of all the government. We need a carrot and a stick. Incentive and punishment. Let the government act so that those with massive fortunes are seen to shoulder more of the national debt. And for those too arrogant to listen, we'll provide the stick. Watch this space CRIMINAL CAPITALISTS - RAGE is on your case.

A second's silence.

JAZZER (O.S.)

Holy shit!

EXT. GRIM TERRACED HOUSES - DAY

An empty skip sits in the road outside Gran's house. A Council Repossession Notice is nailed to the front door.

Bailiffs hammer on the front door. They step aside and a locksmith begins drilling through the lock.

Curly exits through the back door carrying only his backpack.

INT. FERNE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Don and the Geek sit in front of a laptop. The Styrofoam stunt runs in one tile, in another a donation ticker scrolls: "Barking Mad: £15.00 Luvya_of_Luton: £4.00 GoForIt: £125.00"

DON

Wow, public support's definitely growing.

GEEK

The stunt's raking them in. The clip's gone viral.

DON

Wikipedia says the "baron of the poverty industry" was the car owner. He has a payday loan company and others that rent household appliances to those that can't afford them.

GEEK

You see the photo of Curly's first stunt?

Don shakes his head. The Geek displays images of the Rolls Royce covered in graffiti.

DON

Jesus! That bloke's something else!

Somewhere a TOILET FLUSHES. Curly enters.

DON (CONT'D)

Well, you certainly kicked us off to a good start.

Curly nods offhandedly.

DON (CONT'D)

Maybe we should aim at other offenders now.

GEEK

Trouble is, we spread out our efforts and it'll water down the impact.

Curly eyes the photo of Gran on his phone.

CURLY

I want that FreeKash owner brought down. Show we really mean business.

GEEK

Exactly! Then others like him will see they're in line for the same.

Jazzer enters while Ferne makes tea. He eyes the on-screen ticker.

JAZZER

How much we talking about?

DON

About twelve thou. But grab public imagination with another stunt and it could start an avalanche.

Jazzer licks his lips and fingers his chin. He half raises a hand.

JAZZER

What's all the money to be used for?

GEEK

We should use it to finance more direct action.

FERNE

I'll second that.

CURLY

Yeah. For the next action I need a volunteer...

Everyone glances surreptitiously at everyone else. Curly catches Jazzer's eye.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Come over here.

Jazzer reluctantly follows Curly into the corridor.

CURLY (CONT'D)

It'll be a laugh. The old team. Give 'em the old one-two...

Jazzer looks at his feet but Curly gives him a playful nudge.

CURLY (CONT'D)
 Think of all those donations
 pouring in. That's partly because
 of you.

Jazzer gives a faint grin.

Curly and Jazzer re-enter the living room, Curly holding up Jazzer's arm like a boxer who's won a bout. Jazzer unsure.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY (TRAVELING)

Curly handles the scooter, Jazzer on the pillion. They have saddlebags and helmets with tinted visors.

A road sign reads: "Welcome to Wales."

EXT. WELSH HILLS - DAY

Curly and Jazzer lie on a hillock sharing binoculars, below them a winding country road.

BINOCULAR POV

A car appears in the distance.

CURLY
 Quick, it's him!

INT. BENTLEY HARDTOP COUPE - DAY (TRAVELING)

The large car sweeps around a bend onto an empty road, it sweeps around another..

..a scooter lies on its side in the centre of the road. Near it a prostrate figure in a crash helmet.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Doherty gets out and walks hesitantly towards the fallen scooter. Abruptly the figure springs up with a paintball gun. He FIRES! A bright yellow paintball SPLATS Doherty's crotch.

Another helmeted figure runs up. Doherty cowers, hands over his face, as both attackers pepper him with paintballs.

One attacker upends a bag of feathers over him, the other slaps a R.A.G.E manifesto onto his paint splattered back.

Manifestos and feathers drift in the breeze.

INT. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

A priggish uniformed SUPERINTENDENT sits immaculate behind the desk. DETECTIVE SERGEANT BLOOM, older with greying hair, stubble and an open neck shirt sits opposite him.

SUPERINTENDENT

Have you seen this?

He passes over a paint blotched RAGE manifesto.

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM

(grins)

Yeah. Strikes me a lot of what they say makes sense.

SUPERINTENDENT

We're not here to pass judgement, sergeant. We're here to arrest suspects. The commissioner's asked me to give this full priority. He doesn't want it setting a pattern.

INT. DETECTIVE ROOM - DAY

Desks and computer screens in a work room. With shirt sleeves rolled Det. Sergeant Bloom sits at a table. Opposite him sit four motley dressed detectives.

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM

The same old story. The Super's being leaned on. So how's it going?

DET. CONSTABLE RADER

Well, on their website RAGE claims responsibility. But since the attackers wore visors there's no reliable description.

DET. CONSTABLE POSTER

In the first online video, the attacker's face is pixelated, so it's impossible to identify him.

DET. CONSTABLE RICHIE

What's more, the old van's hard to trace. It dates back to before computer records. What exists is all handwritten and we have to assume that the registration plates were once valid.

DET. CONSTABLE LAMBERT

They ask for on-line donations, it should only be a matter of time before our IT bods discover where they're hosted. And where they're banking.

INT. DON'S FLAT - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Ferne, Don and the Geek crowd around a laptop, Doherty splattered and feathered is displayed on screen.

The doorbell RINGS. Don gets up and goes to the door. Curly and Jazzer enter.

GEEK
Look who's here!

Jazzer swaggers in with a grin. Curly enters thoughtful.

Geek man-hugs Curly and Jazzer. Don pops a cork and hands around glasses of champagne.

DON
Brilliant!

GEEK
The video quality's great.

FERNE
Loads of publicity! A Mansfield plumber who had a big lottery win has donated £15,000 !
(beat)
And this..

..she holds up a red top tabloid. Its headline reads:
"POVERTY MAGNATE SHAMED AGAIN!"

DON
Fantastic coverage. You've a gift for it!

FERNE
So what's next? Where'd we go from here?

DON
I think they should lie low for a while.

GEEK
Yeah, they deserve a rest.

FERNE
But it's a pity to stop right now, when we're making such an impact...

DON
Sure. But we need to plan the future.

KITCHEN

Ferne has left. Don stands, Curly, Jazzer and the Geek sit at the table.

CURLY

Lie low? You mean leave town?

JAZZER

Yeah. Let's get out for a while,
while the going's good.

GEEK

We'll get money to you.

JAZZER

How?

GEEK

Well there's four thousand, right
now.

He pushes bundles of notes across to Curly and Jazzer.

GEEK (CONT'D)

I'm setting up a fake website.
It'll be running by the end of the
week.

He opens a laptop, the screen displays a fleet of used cars:
"FleetCarCom"

GEEK (CONT'D)

The auctions will be fake. If
someone clicks on a fleet of cars a
"Fleet Sold" flag will pop up.
This'll happen until they lose
interest. It'll be like a million
other poorly run websites.

DON

We'll funnel money through it. The
bank believes you'll be withdrawing
cash to buy used cars at auction.
I've already got you credit cards.

He hands a credit cards to Curly and Jazzer.

JAZZER

Wow! A platinum card!

DON

We got prepaid phones too. Only use
them for keeping in touch with us.

Don opens more champagne as Jazzer grins at his credit card,
liking the idea of money to come.

DON (CONT'D)

I've even found a lawyer willing to
work with us.

JAZZER

Huh! He won't do it for nothing.

DON

Course not. It'll be a No Win No Fee deal. You'll need to meet him so he can brief you...

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Curly and Jazzer descend from a train with suitcases. Curly in an anonymous grey puffer jacket, Jazzer in a flashy orange leather jacket.

JAZZER

Let's split up, get ourselves a place to stay and some transport.

Curly watches Jazzer get into a cab, then takes one himself.

EXT. BED & BREAKFAST - DAY

Curly's cab halts at a low rent suburban red brick semi-detached with a "B&B" sign in the window.

Curly rings the bell.

The door is opened by LISA, 15, lanky, flat-chested, a wide lopsided adolescent grin.

CURLY

Do you have a room?

LISA

Me mum's in hospital an' I'm run off me feet. I don't think I can handle another lodger.

CURLY

Don't worry about me, luv. I'll make my own bed and get breakfast elsewhere. I can pay a month in advance...

LISA

Oh? Okay then. Take the back bedroom, top of the stairs, left. You can make breakfast in the kitchen, long as you leave everything neat and tidy.

Curly nods. Lisa opens the door and Curly enters.

LISA (CONT'D)

Er, what's yer name? I need it for the book.

CURLY

Oh! Er, Curly. Curly, um, Hood.
Curly Hood.

LISA

Like Robin Hood?

CURLY

That's right, only without the bow
and arrow.

EXT. RUNDOWN STREET - DAY

Curly kicks the tyres and peers under the bonnet of a beat-up white Ford Escort van. He hands cash to its down at heel owner.

EXT. THREE STAR HOTEL - CARPARK - DAY

Curly drives the beat-up van into the car park.

Jazzzer stands near a Mini Cooper GT. He has a purple velvet jacket, show handkerchief and designer jeans and he's lifting boutique bags from the Mini.

CURLY

Bloody hell! You're looking after
yourself well, aren't ya?

JAZZER

When in Rome do as the Romans.

CURLY

We're ain't in Rome, mate. We're in
Birmingham!

Jazzzer looks scornfully at Curly's van.

JAZZER

They pay you to take that away,
bro? Bad taste, very bad taste.

He half lifts a bottle of Jack Daniels from a plastic bag.

JAZZER (CONT'D)

C'mon in. Chill out.

INT. THREE STAR HOTEL - JAZZER'S ROOM - DAY

The bed is littered with half unwrapped purchases, wrapping paper litters the floor. Curly stares at the purchases.

CURLY

You trying to save the economy, or
opening a boutique?

JAZZER

Hey, get off my back! You do your thing, I'll do mine! Get it?!

CURLY

Got it.

JAZZER

Good!

INT. THREE STAR HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Curly sits at a table with a half empty glass, staring at Gran's photo on his phone screen. Jazzer, at the bar, is eavesdropping on two young men with two young things.

FREDDY

So what you been up to, Gary?

GARY

Went to see this and took it for a spin. I'm thinking of getting a '62 hardtop.

INSERT - SMARTPHONE SCREEN

Image of an old red MGB sports car.

BACK TO SCENE

FIONA

What's that?

FREDDY

(knowingly)

It's an MGB. They're collectors cars now. But when they came out they were the most advanced sports car on the market...

JAZZER

Bullshit!

Freddy wheels, startled by the intrusion.

FREDDY

What's that?!

JAZZER

Bullshit. The MGB had a one-piece rear axle and leaf springs.

FREDDY

That was very advanced in their day!

JAZZER

Bullshit. The E-type came out a year earlier. Had front and rear independent suspension.

FANNY

Ooh! I love a Jaguar E-type! Why don't you get a Jag, Gary?

GARY

Er, a bit out of my league I'm afraid.

Jazzer leans in roguishly towards Fanny.

JAZZER

A sexy body, a really great ride!

FANNY

Ooh! Hear that Fiona?!

FIONA ignores their banter and takes Gary's phone.

FIONA

So where's this axle thing then?

Gary irritated, displays an MGB rear axle with old-fashioned leaf springs.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Huh! I've seen those on a horse and cart!

Gary looks crestfallen, Freddy sucks up to Jazzer, Fanny simpers while Fiona stands aloof. Jazzer flamboyantly calls for a round of drinks.

EXT. NEWLY OPENED FREEKASH BRANCH - DAY

The plate-glass window dribbles red paint, foot high letters daubed across it read: "BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS!" Det.Sergeant Bloom examines newspaper cuttings pasted on the glass.

Det.Constable Poster eyes a black cut-out of a hanged man suspended from a lamppost. Its head at an unnatural angle, feet hanging slack, stencilled across it: "PAYDAY LOANS KILL!"

Nearby a TV ANCHOR MAN is being filmed.

TV ANCHOR MAN

..one article tells how a man behind on his mortgage, lost his job, killed his two children and his wife before shooting himself.

(MORE)

TV ANCHOR MAN (CONT'D)

Another recounts the case of a woman who killed herself, thinking that her insurance would cover her husband's debts. But in fact the suicide only invalidated her insurance policy.

EXT/INT. THREE STAR HOTEL - JAZZER'S ROOM - DAY

A "Please Do Not Disturb" sign hangs on the door knob. Curly knocks.

JAZZER (O.S.)

Come in!

Curly enters but at first does not see him. Then he spots Jazzer lying on the floor, head on his outstretched arm, gazing fondly at his growing shoe collection..

..two-tone wingtips, brogues, wrinkle pickers, roach stompers, trainers, Cuban heels, lace-up Oxfords, Chelsea boots and loafers.

The bed is strewn with boutique bags and shoe boxes.

CURLY

Jesus! More shoes?! More clothes?!

JAZZER

So what you gonna do? Tell the group? And what they gonna do? Call the cops? I don't think so!

CURLY

We're not in this for the money.

JAZZER

More bloody fool you! I've spent my whole life scraping by with nothing. And it's crap! Why should others have all the stuff, huh? I'm pulling the blanket over to my side.

Curly searches for an answer but flummoxed finds none.

JAZZER (CONT'D)

I risk my neck with your capers. You think it's for fun?! Try finding another mug to do it for nothing! Anyway, you were happy enough when I saved your ass.

CURLY

True. But how long will I have to keep paying for it?

JAZZER

I'll let you know. I ain't tryin'
to change you. So stop tryin' to
change me!

Stymied, Curly folds his arms.

CURLY

The lawyer wants to see us.

JAZZER

Well I don't want to see him! I
don't trust lawyers as far as I can
spit. Anyway, I've a belly ache.
You go.

Curly's shoulders fall. He exits the room quietly.

JAZZER (CONT'D)

Hey diddle dee dee, an actor's life
for me...

He dances over to the mini-bar, pops a can of beer and
propped up on bed, gleefully munches a packet of crisps.

CORRIDOR

Curly puts away a felt-tip pen and hangs the sign back on the
door knob. Now it reads: "PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB - WANKING!"

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Curly follows a tall figure down a corridor lined with
leather bound volumes.

They enter a bright white office, a minimalist abstract
canvass on one wall.

The lawyer, LUKE SCALER, is fortyish, debonair with an
expensive tan and a seasoned grin, he has the effortless ease
of the well-connected.

He lolls in his leather chair behind a walnut topped desk.
Gold glints at his open neck as he waives Curly to a seat.

LUKE SCALER

So where's, er. What's his name?

CURLY

Jazzzer.

LUKE SCALER

Yes. Where is he?

JAZZER

Wouldn't come. Says he doesn't
trust lawyers.

The lawyer grins boyishly.

LUKE SCALER
 He might be right. Justice isn't
 always squeaky clean.
 (beat)
 So you're the activist?

Curly nods.

The lawyer opens a desk drawer and lifts out a cut glass tumbler with an inch of amber liquid in it. He sips it gingerly and sets it down on the desk top.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)
 Just having a snifter. Fancy one?

Curly nods.

The lawyer crosses to a cocktail cabinet.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)
 Scotch do?

Curly nods.

The lawyer zaps a remote, Hi-Fi diodes jiggle to a soft funky background.

Scaler hands Curly a whisky and settles back behind his desk.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)
 Well, here's to martyrs. Everybody
 loves 'em. Nobody wants to be one.

Curly sips, his eyes drifting to the abstract painting, white background, red slash across a small black square. Expensive.

A TAP on the door. DEE, a capable looking twenty year old in a waistcoat and business stripe miniskirt enters.

DEE
 You wanted me?

Scaler waves a small Dictaphone. She goes behind the desk to collect it and the way she leans in hints at more than a secretarial relationship.

LUKE SCALER
 3A and 3C by registered mail. Okay?

Dee nods, smiles at Curly and exits.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)
 You know the difference between you
 and me?

Curly shakes his head.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

When I was sixteen I took a big Yamaha for a joyride and got caught. My old man was Attorney General, he had someone offer the owner three times the value of his bike if he suddenly remembered that he'd agreed I could take it for a trial spin. And since the bike became mine legally there was no theft, so the case was dropped. It was a good introduction as to how sometimes the law works.

CURLY

Don't seem fair.

LUKE SCALER

Course not. But then what is? Life isn't fair. It's all a roll of the dice and if you don't throw a six - you're screwed...

CURLY

(bitterly)

Tell me about it!

LUKE SCALER

Inheritance, education, profession, income. Nothing beats four aces.

Curly swallows his drink and glances around the room.

CURLY

So what's in it for you?

LUKE SCALER

Put a nail in the coffin of payday loans could be a feather in my cap. High moral ground and all that. Virtue signalling pays off big in my profession.

Curly nods, dejected.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

From what I hear, your man Doherty's built an empire out of payday loans. He's also a finger in pawnshops, appliance rentals and bingo halls. Now he's donating to political parties, he wants an O.B.E. "For Services to Industry". If he gets that there'll be no stopping him...

Scaler hands Curly a business card.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)
 If something goes wrong, call me.
 Just give your name and repeat "No
 comment" until I arrive. Okay?

INT. FREEKASH CALL CENTRE - DAY

Fluorescent lights, partitions and workstations, a HUBBUB as
 mature female operatives talk into headsets.

CUBICLE

On a partition wall the FreeKash logo.

FEMALE OPERATIVE
 Freekash Accounts. How can I help
 you?

NERVOUS WOMAN (O.S.)
 I've sent you at least 4 or 5
 payments. And I'm trying to figure
 out why my balance is still at 455?

The operative taps her screen.

FEMALE OPERATIVE
 One moment madam.. ..I see that
 you haven't repaid your loan in
 full, so you've incurred several
 service charges...

NERVOUS WOMAN (O.S.)
 That wasn't explained to me.

FEMALE OPERATIVE
 I see that you had a due date on
 the ninth, and the minimum of that
 was one fifty five to four fifty
 five...

NERVOUS WOMAN (O.S.)
 But what about all the payments
 I've made?!

FEMALE OPERATIVE
 Those weren't payments, madam.
 Those were loan renewal fees. The
 principal, the amount you borrowed,
 still remains unpaid...

CENTRAL AISLE

Doherty and Hench swan down the central aisle, smiling
 benevolently, nodding at overweight and underpaid operatives.

WOOD paneled BOARDROOM

Doherty closes the door and leans his back against it.

DOHERTY

Phew! Thank god for that! A call centre full of women, and not one of 'em fuckable.

Hench grins.

As they move away from the door it opens. A tall pale ACCOUNTANT enters hesitantly.

Doherty nods at him, sits and pulls a computer from his briefcase. Hench hands Doherty a beer. He offers one to the accountant but he shakes his head.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

So tell me again, why would I want to contract all my debt collection to a third party?

ACCOUNTANT

Could be cheaper.

DOHERTY

How's that? Last I heard they want 30% of everything they collect!

HENCH

Sure. But we could ditch all our own debt collectors and have no wages or commission to pay.

ACCOUNTANT

Plus you could get reduce some other staff. As third party debt collectors are only paid on what they recover, we could expect an aggressive service.

HENCH

Plus, if something goes wrong, they're the ones that get the blame.

DOHERTY

True, there is that to it. I'll take a look at the figures again.

He gazes into his beer.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

What'd really interest me is something to get rid of all those squawking hens out there. Now that'd really save a bomb!

INT. CHEVROLET IMPALA COUPE - DAY

Hench waits for lights to change as he sits at the wheel of a restored 1960s Chevrolet Impala. His suited arm trails languidly from the window, a cigarette between his fingers.

A dilapidated BMW pulls alongside, Hench glances at it and does a double take. He taps his HORN. The other driver looks at Hench, a look of recognition dawning on his face.

Hench indicates they should pull over. The other driver nods as the lights change.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Hench leans against the Impala as the other man, CRONER, a crumpled down market imitation of him walks up.

HENCH

So when did you get out?

CRONER

Couple of weeks ago.

Hench offers him a cigarette.

HENCH

How you holding up?

CRONER

Okay. I had a bit stashed away. But it disappears fast with nothing coming in.

HENCH

Pyramid schemes are all the same. Work like crazy to build 'em up, but there's no way to know exactly when they're gonna blow up.

CRONER

Too damn right.

He takes in the lines of the Impala.

CRONER (CONT'D)

Nice job!

HENCH

Yeah, '60s Chevy. Before seat belts, air bags an' all that wimpy stuff.

CRONER

You must be doing well.

HENCH

Oh, you know. Sexier car, sexier house, sexier woman.

CRONER

Ouch! Stop it, you're hurting!

HENCH

(thoughtful)

My people might use you.

CRONER

With my record?

HENCH

White collar crime can be a plus with us.

(beat)

Listen, I've got a training session to run. But what say we grab a bite some time?

CRONER

I'm good for that.

HENCH

Say, um, fifteen percent of whatever you make?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hench in pinstripe suit and gold bracelet sits with Croner, the down market imitation of him. They eat.

HENCH

The call centre girls have to stick to a script, it stops them getting put off by whatever the debtors say. It always gives them exactly the right answer.

A waiter changes their plates and tops up their glasses.

HENCH (CONT'D)

I do simulations, trying to get them to stray off script. They're evaluated on how well they stick to it.

Croner nods.

HENCH (CONT'D)

See, the less punters understand about their loans, the more we can make. Catch a fish today and you can feed off it for months.

CRONER

So what would I do?

HENCH

After training, you'd be in Sales, signing up new punters. All the interviews last 12 minutes. Just long enough to check they've got all the right paperwork, that they've ticked all the consent boxes and given you their bank details and signature. Then you get 'em out the door, fast as you can and authorize the loan.

CRONER

Do I hand 'em the cash?

HENCH

There is no cash. Everything's done over the Internet. Money's wired to and from their bank. If they don't have a bank account and an Internet connection, they can't apply.

Crony considers this, fingering his lip.

HENCH (CONT'D)

Basically, we trap 'em into a cycle of never actually paying off the original loan. It's all set up so they find themselves paying off service charges.

Croner listens, chin in hand.

HENCH (CONT'D)

The legalese is in small print. And if punters try and study the contract online, the website pops up unrelated stuff to put them off.

(beat)

Anyway, once you've signed up a punter, it's not your problem. 'Cos after that the call centre handles everything.

CRONER

Well, if it's predator and prey, I ain't gonna be the one to get eat...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A worried looking middle-aged WORKING CLASS WOMAN eyes a FreeKash branch. Curly steps from a nearby doorway.

CURLY

Don't go in there, luv. They'll rip you off. My Gran ended up topping herself 'cos of them.

WORRIED WOMAN

Ooh! I am sorry, lad!

CURLY

How much you need?

WORRIED WOMAN

Eight hundred. Me fridge's on the blink and they say they can't get the parts. And me son's motorbike needs a new clutch so he can get to work. I tell ya, I'm at the end of me tether...

CURLY

Here.

He counts out notes and hands them to her. The woman stares at the money - her lifeline.

WORRIED WOMAN

But how'll I pay you back?!

CURLY

Send ten quid a month to the Save the Children fund 'til it's paid off. Can you do that?

The woman nods, impulsively she hugs Curly.

WORRIED WOMAN

You count on me, lad!

MONTAGE - CURLY'S COMBAT TRAINING

-- Wild street advertising posters grab Curly's attention. One reads: "Self-defence, Scuba, Archery. Not sure? Come try a FREE initiation class..."

-- Curly is floored by a ju-jitsu instructor.

-- In archery, Curly's arrow barely touches the edge of the target. Alongside him an archer fires a crossbow. THUD! A bullseye!

EXT. 4-STAR HOTEL - CAR PARK - DAY

Curly watches Jazzer open the rear hatch of an SUV and point out cases to a hotel porter.

CURLY

What you move for?

JAZZER

There's more advantages here.

CURLY

Like what?

JAZZER

Come around about eight, you'll see...

CURLY

And you changed the car as well?
What was wrong with the other one?

JAZZER

Oh, you know... Needed something
with more oomph!

INT. 4-STAR HOTEL - JAZZER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Curly knocks on the door. It's opened by LILLY, a girl with pink hair and killer boobs. She grabs him and pulls him in.

Through an archway two girls in suspender belts are wriggling on the bed with Jazzer.

CURLY

Shit! This isn't what I expected!

JAZZER

(shouts)

Take care of him, Lilly!

Lilly wiggles her rack.

LILLY

Come talk to me, sugar.

She slips an arm around Curly but he squirms away.

CURLY

Listen, this isn't gonna work!

LILLY

Sure it is. What's ya name, honey?
C'mon! A girl's gotta make a
living. An' this beats stacking
shelves...

She pushes her boobs at him.

Curly opens the door and scarpers. Lilly shouts to Jazzer:

LILLY (CONT'D)

You never said he was gay!

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Curly disconsolately walks empty streets.

In a square a ragged queue stands near an old van. Someone's handing out hot drinks.

JENNY

Tea or soup?

JENNY wears designer jeans and jeans shirt. She has an open confident face, a small Rolex on her tanned wrist.

CURLY

Tea please. How much?

JENNY

It's free, but put something in the Red Cross tin if you want. Charity's always paid for by someone.

Curly slips coins into the Red Cross tin and watches as Jenny serves more homeless. He sips his tea, eyeing posters on the side of the van:

"FOOD BANK - PLEASE DONATE. Detergent, Towels, Tin foil (rolls), Storage bags, Multi-purpose cleaner, New socks & Underwear, Washing up liquid, Storage containers, Canned goods, Oil, Sugar, Rice, Biscuits. MONETARY DONATIONS ALWAYS NEEDED..."

Other notices give Drop off points for the food bank and Social Justice contacts for the poor.

As the queue dwindles, a few of the destitute stand around talking in low voices.

Curly approaches Jenny still holding his paper cup.

CURLY

Ever hear of a group called RAGE?

JENNY

That the one that keeps attacking the payday loan guy?

CURLY

Yeah.

JENNY

What about them?

CURLY

Just wondering, you know, what you think.

JENNY
Seems a bit simplistic to me.

CURLY
Simplistic?!

JENNY
Yes. They miss the point.

A wizened bag lady arrives.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Hi Matilda. Saved a sandwich for
you.

RYAN, a well-proportioned co-worker, hands Jenny a sandwich.
She gives it to the bag lady and pours tea in a paper cup.

JENNY (CONT'D)
There you go!

The bag lady moves away.

CURLY
But they only want what's fair!

JENNY
Sure. But what's fair?

CURLY
Watcha mean?

JENNY
Lions eat antelopes, is that fair?
Some people are homeless, is that
fair? Fair means whatever you want
it to. And most of the time we mean
what's fair for us.

CURLY
So what's the answer?!

JENNY
Me, I don't have any answer.

Ryan stops loading the van.

RYAN
Only for kids in school is there
always an answer.

CURLY
But what about equality?!

RYAN
Unworkable, mate. All cards in the
pack can't be aces.

Curly fiddles with his empty cup.

JENNY

Why try to solve things by
attacking the rich? Why not help
the poor?

Disconcerted, Curly moves away.

EXT. LONDON TOWNHOUSE - DAY

A waist-coated butler opens the front door. Across the road passers-by and press photographers stare up at the sky. Curious the butler descends the steps and cranes his neck to see.

Above the town-house float two small weather balloons. Beneath one a fluorescent arrow points down. Beneath the other a placard sways, "PAYDAY LOAN SHARK LIVES HERE!"

The butler's eye follows the cables down to where they're tethered to the house's iron railings.

Doherty appears in the doorway gesticulating. The butler begins tugging at the knots of the mooring ropes.

Doherty, in silk dressing gown and cravat, rushes down and pushes the butler aside, scrabbling at the knots himself.

DOHERTY

Don't just stand there, get a
knife!

Down the street Curly's van is parked. Its rear doors crack open and a crossbow with telescopic sight peeps out.

TWANG! a crossbow bolt flies. THUD! it hits a balloon. The deflating balloon spirals down, hits the pavement and a bag of flour bursts.

As white dust settles, Doherty dusts himself off. Press cameras flash, among them Ferne grins broadly.

INT. SNUG OF A PUB - NIGHT

A small room with two tables. At one nurses and interns wisecrack. At the other among a litter of peanut packets the four plainclothes men drink.

Det. Sergeant Bloom enters.

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM

Ah, so there you are lads,
spreading dissent in the ranks
again?

DET. CONSTABLE POSTER
Save the banter and dip into your
petty cash. Get us another round!

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM
Nice to know I'm still wanted.

Bloom orders at a hatch and sits.

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM (CONT'D)
I tell you boys, the Super's ears
are spouting steam...

DET. CONSTABLE POSTER
Well, that last RAGE stunt was on
someone else's patch. Let them sort
it out for a change.

DET. CONSTABLE RADER
Should we really be defending loan
sharks? S'far as I'm concerned they
deserve what they get.

The BARMAID enters with the drinks.

BARMAID
There you go boys, this'll put
hairs on your chest...

DET. CONSTABLE RADER
Or something!

The barmaid grins and moves away.

DET. CONSTABLE POSTER
I drink with the uniformed lads.
They all reckon nobody wants to be
the ones bashing a popular
movement.

DET. CONSTABLE LAMBERT
'Course not, who'd want to take it
on?

INT. 4-STAR HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Jenny enters with SHEILA, an Australian sheep farmer's
daughter, crumpled shirt and unruly hair. They sit at an
unoccupied table.

JENNY
I'll get the drinks.

SHEILA
Make it snappy, kiddo. Me throat's
drier than a nun's nasty.

Shaking her head in disbelief, Jenny heads for the bar.

Jazzer is farther down the bar, flashily dressed, wheedling himself into a new clique.

Returning with drinks, Jenny spots Curly sitting alone and goes over.

JENNY

Hi! What you doing here?

CURLY

Er, just having a quiet drink. You?

JENNY

I'm with an Aussie friend who helps out on the van. Come'n meet her if you want.

Curly hesitates, then picks up his drink and follows Jenny. He sits with the two women.

JENNY (CONT'D)

So what is it you do, Curly?

CURLY

I'm in used cars.

SHEILA

Jesus! My old man used to say, "Least with used car salesmen you know they're crooks. It's all the others you have to worry about."

JENNY

Don't mind her. Provoking people is how she shows she likes them.

SHEILA

Fuck you! Why pretend to be nice when everybody's so full of crap?

JENNY

Curly's a "RAGE" supporter.

SHEILA

What's that when it's at home?

JENNY

Radical Action Against Greed and Exploitation. Am I right?

Curly nods.

SHEILA

Blimey, what a mouthful. Their bite as bad as their bark?

JENNY

They want to cut off all the roses
to the same height.

CURLY

I never said that!

SHEILA

You a commie?

CURLY

No! But there was nothing wrong
with the idea until it got
hijacked.

JENNY

It's always the romantic myths that
are the most dangerous.

SHEILA

Anyway, they forgot one important
thing.

CURLY

What's that?

SHEILA

A hawk can kill a hundred doves.
But a hundred doves can't kill a
hawk...

CURLY

But why should some have everything
when others have nothing at all?

JENNY

He's a socialist at heart.

SHEILA

Socialists believe in money like
everyone else. It's just that they
think they should have it all.

JENNY

Everyone has the same religion when
it's comes to money.

SHEILA

(to Curly)

You wanna change people, first try
getting tigers to eat lettuce.

JENNY

Churchill said, "Democracy's the
worst form of Government, except
for everything else that's already
been tried!"

Sheila raises her glass in a toast.

SHEILA

What I say is, if life gives you
lemons - make Whiskey Sours!

As Curly argues with Jenny and Sheila, Jazzer still
pirouettes at the bar.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

POV STUDIO MONITOR

TV INTERVIEWER

This week, in "Movers and Shakers,"
our guests will discuss The Role of
Business in Society.

(beat)

Let me turn first to Max Doherty,
head of the FreeKash payday loan
empire. Someone who has lately
found himself the direct target of
activists.

STUDIO LIVE

Doherty appears affable and composed.

DOHERTY

(pontificates)

I shall not be bowed. This so-
called activist group are fools and
vandals. Do they really think they
can change the face of capitalism?!

TV INTERVIEWER

They do seem to have bitten off
rather a lot to chew.

DOHERTY

Let me tell you - I thank them!

TV INTERVIEWER

You thank them?! Really?

DOHERTY

Yes. There's always an upside.
They've made other companies
nervous. And I intend to take
advantage and acquire other
businesses at knock-down prices.

TV INTERVIEWER

So they've done you a favour?

DOHERTY

Absolutely. Business is the bedrock
of society.

(MORE)

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

It's the only alternative to rape, pillage and war.

TV INTERVIEWER

Business may have replaced war, Mr. Doherty, but doesn't it sometimes employ the same sort of aggression. The same sort of indifference.

DOHERTY

Businesses simply supply a service. They fulfil a public need.

TV INTERVIEWER

Certainly. But is it fulfilling a need, for example, when payday loan companies fleece the poorest members of society?

DOHERTY

We loan money to people. Sure the rates are high, but we're talking about people who can't get loans anywhere else.

TV INTERVIEWER

But don't companies, like yours, prey on the vulnerable members of society?

Doherty is dumbfounded.

TV INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Are you a predator, Mr. Doherty?

DOHERTY

A predator? Certainly not! It's a business. There's a demand and we supply the need. Business is built around that.

TV INTERVIEWER

Do you consider yourself a moral person?

Doherty fumes with pursed lips.

DOHERTY

I'm a business person. All this fuss over short term loans on the Internet? Really?! What are you? A do-gooder?!

The interviewer holds his fire, the camera remains on Doherty, he squirms.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

I came here in good faith, invited
to talk about the role of business.
I'll not be insulted by some touchy-
feely, tree-hugging journalist!

Doherty rises in anger, bumping the table his glass of water
slops and dribbles onto his trousers. Tearing off his lapel
mike he storms out.

POV STUDIO MONITOR

TV INTERVIEWER

Well! Um, Mr. Doherty seems to have
left us. Perhaps with spirits a
little dampened... Could someone
mop the table, please?

INT. CURLY'S VAN - DAY

Curly has his phone to his ear.

DON (O.S.)

Doherty reckons we've been helping
him. So maybe we should start un-
helping him.

CURLY

Whaddya mean?

DON(O.S.)

We were saying it'd be great if we
could kidnap him.

CURLY

Whoa! That sounds way too risky to
me!

DON(O.S.)

But say the price of his release
was that he had to cancel all
interest and penalty charges on his
loans?

CURLY

Look, I don't know...

DON (O.S.)

Maybe we should at least take a
look...?

EXT. THRIVING URBAN AREA - DAY

Security men monitor security cameras in an expensive
apartment building.

Curly covertly snaps a "GOURMET BIO FOODS" van entering its ramp to an underground parking garage. A license plate recognition system raises the barrier and the van enters.

MONTAGE - ENTERING THE BUILDING

-- On waste ground Jazzer concocts a license plate while Curly pastes enlarged photocopies of the "Gourmet Bio" logo on the side of his van.

-- At a distance the van vaguely resembles a Gourmet Bio Foods van.

-- Curly and Jazzer don blue and white striped aprons, red baseball caps and disposable gloves.

-- Curly's van enters the building. The automated system raises the barrier and the van disappears down the ramp.

-- Carrying cartons of leeks, lettuces and baguettes, Curly and Jazzer wait for a lift. When they enter Curly presses the "Penthouse" button.

EXT/INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

The elevator halts in a foyer. Next to an ornate door a notice reads: "TRADESMEN" and an arrow points down the corridor.

Curly and Jazzer carry their cartons to the tradesmen's entrance. Curly nudges the door. It opens onto a large well equipped kitchen.

BATHROOM

A toilet FLUSHES. A burly black BODYGUARD exits a cubicle holding his jacket. As he washes his hands a snub nose .38 holster is visible.

KITCHEN

The bodyguard spots Jazzer taking photos with his phone.

BODYGUARD

What the hell you doing!

Jazzer spins then backs away.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

Who let you in?!

Jazzer nervously inches away. The bodyguard draws his .38

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

Stay right where you are!

Agitated, Jazzer backs through a door, the bodyguard follows: THWHACK! The gun is SMACKED from his hand and CLATTERS on the floor. Jazzer snatches it.

Curly puts down the tall floor lamp that he was wielding.

JAZZER
(brandishes gun)
Stay back, big fella!

INT/EXT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Curly and Jazzer rush from the kitchen. The lift is floors below so they CLATTER NOISILY down the stairs. Some floors lower, out of breath, Curly presses a lift button..

..the lift doors open, revealing the bodyguard!

JAZZER
(waves gun)
Out! I see you again - you're dead!

The bodyguard sidles out, Curly and Jazzer slide in.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

They leap into the van. Curly turns the ignition key, the ENGINE CRANKS but doesn't start. Desperately he tries again.

JAZZER
Piece of crap!

The bodyguard exits a stairwell speaking into a talkie-walkie, seeing them he sprints towards the van.

The ENGINE RATTLES into life.

TYRES SQUEAK as the van pulls away.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
(points to exit sign)
Over there! Go! Go!

The van reaches an up-ramp barrier, but the pole doesn't raise. Behind them the bodyguard is gaining.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
He's warned security!

Jazzer leans out the door and fires: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

CURLY
(yanks him in)
What the fuck ya doin' ?!

The van surges forward, the pole SMACKS the windscreen and SNAPS OFF. Windscreen split the van SCREECHES up the ramp.

TOP OF RAMP

A metal entrance blind CLANKS as it unrolls. It SMACKS the van and with a METALLIC SHRIEK scrapes along the van.

The van shoots out into the street. A passing car clips it with a CRUNCH! Rear light smashed and false registration plate flapping, the van speeds away.

UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

The bodyguard lies face down in a pool of blood.

INT. VAN - DAY (TRAVELING)

CURLY

Whaddya do that for?!

JAZZER

You crazy?! You think I wanna get caught?!

Curly pushes a crumpled paper bag across to Jazzer.

CURLY

Put it in that. We gotta get rid of it!

Jazzer slips the pistol in the crumpled bag.

EXT. WASTE LAND - DAY

The van rockets over a canal bridge. On waste land it SKIDS TO A HALT near the Zephyr.

CURLY

Chuck it in the canal!

Knuckles white on the steering wheel Curly stares through the cracked windscreen as Jazzer disappears behind the van.

A paper bag arcs and SPLASHES into the canal.

In the Ford Zephyr Curly and Jazzer drive back over the canal bridge. Behind them on the waste ground the van BURNS!

INT. GEEK'S FLAT - DAY

In a cluttered working class council flat, Geek anxiously massages his brow.

GEEK

But the shooting was an accident!

DON

Accident or not, if that guy dies we'll be accessories to murder.

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)
 You keep the bloody car, it's a
 liability to me now!

FERNE
 I never signed up for this.
 Intimidate people, sure. Kill them?
 No way!

Don struggles into a coat.

DON
 I quit! I must've been crazy to
 ever get involved with you lot!

The door SLAMS as he exits.

Ferne slumps in a chair.

FERNE
 Oh shit!

INT. BED & BREAKFAST - DAY

BREAKFAST ROOM

Tables are littered with used plates. A last lodger is
 standing up to leave when a heavy set man in a crumpled
 sweater enters.

UNPLEASANT LODGER
 My fuckin' alarm never went off!

LODGER ONE
 Sure it did, I heard it.

UNPLEASANT LODGER
 Screw you!

Lisa leaves the kitchen in a street coat carrying a basket.

UNPLEASANT LODGER (CONT'D)
 Any chance of a breakfast?

Lisa groans and flounces back into the kitchen. Curly hands
 her a tray with a freshly made breakfast.

CURLY
 Here, give him this. I'll make
 myself another.

LISA
 You sure?

CURLY
 Sure. Go ahead.

LISA
 Great. Otherwise I'll miss me bus.

She hurries out carrying the tray.

EXT. FOOD BANK - DAY

Jenny presses the starter of the soup kitchen van. The engine BARELY CRANKS, the battery almost dead.

Curly pulls up alongside in an old Nissan double cab pick-up.

CURLY
Got trouble?

JENNY
This damn thing won't start. And I don't know what to do, Ryan isn't here any more.

She tries again. The starter motor GRINDS TO A HALT.

CURLY
Sounds like you need a new battery.

JENNY
Dammit! I'm supposed to pick up supermarket donations.

CURLY
I'll run you there if you want. Plenty of space back here for your stuff.

MONTAGE - FOOD BANK COLLECTION

-- At the rear of a supermarket Curly and Jenny load cartons into the pick-up.

-- Somewhere else they pick up dented tins.

-- From a clothing bank bin they lift out used clothes.

INT. FREEKASH CALL CENTRE BOARDROOM - DAY

Doherty, Hench and the accountant sit at the table, laptops before them.

ACCOUNTANT
Profits are up, as you'll have noticed.

DOHERTY
Yes. But so are outstanding repayments. I'm not running a charity here.

ACCOUNTANT
What do you suggest?

DOHERTY

I don't know! Send 'em lawyers letters or something. Scare the shit out of 'em! Threaten "Pay now or immediate criminal proceedings!"

ACCOUNTANT

That'd cost a packet in lawyer's fees and registered mail. Lawyers charge for each letter sent. And keeping track of all the replies would be a nightmare.

DOHERTY

(resigned)

Okay, duly noted. Any more business?

The accountant shakes his head.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll leave it there.

The accountant nods at them stands and leaves.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

So why's it have to be real lawyers? The punters are never going to know...

He pulls a blue much thumbed manual bearing a ZeTOP logo from his attaché case. He pushes it across to Hench.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

Take a look in our magic book of words. I think I saw something about it in there..

Hench perfunctorily flicks the pages, then places the manual in his briefcase.

Doherty closes laptop and attaché case and stands. Hench rises too.

HENCH

I've been keeping an eye on that RAGE website.

DOHERTY

Those bastards?

HENCH

Yeah. I see they've posted photos of a Rolls Royce they attacked months before us. Maybe we should see where it leads?

DOHERTY

How do you propose we do that?

HENCH

Croner says he knows someone who can access the Police database. If we're willing to pay.

DOHERTY

How much we talking?

HENCH

A grand should do it.

DOHERTY

But I have the Commissioner's ear. Why not just put him onto it?

HENCH

That's one possibility. But then we won't have the satisfaction of dishing out justice ourselves...

Doherty rubs his chin and considers this.

DOHERTY

Okay. Ask the accountant for a thousand. Tell him to put it under Other Entertainment expenses, I'll okay it.

EXT. FOOD BANK - DAY

Curly tightens the terminals of a new battery on the soup kitchen van.

He gives a thumbs up sign to Jenny sitting in the cab. She turns the key and the ENGINE BURSTS INTO LIFE. Curly SLAMS the bonnet.

Jenny blows him an exaggerated kiss and drives away.

Curly shrugs and heaves the old battery onto the bed of his pick-up, then drops the spanner into a toolbox in the footwell on the passenger side of the cab.

INT. CURLY'S PICK-UP - DAY

As Curly clambers into the cab his phone RINGS.

CURLY

Yep?

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

LUKE SCALER

Got something that might interest you.

CURLY

Yeah?

LUKE SCALER

Those copies of FreeKash threatening letters, the ones supporters sent in to your website?

CURLY

Yes. What you reckon? Loads more have turned up since then.

LUKE SCALER

Well I contacted The Law Society. The letters appear to be fakes. They refer to outstanding loans, but no such firms of lawyers exist.

CURLY

That's interesting. What you want me to do?

LUKE SCALER

Send me all of them. I may leak the story to the press...

EXT. BACKDROP OF HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY

An anchor man speaks to camera.

BBC ANCHOR MAN

Right now, behind me in the Houses of Parliament, members are debating the revelation that a major payday lender is accused of carrying out a massive fraudulent threatening letter campaign.

The letters, all addressed to payday loan customers, allegedly use non-existent lawyers and threaten customers with immediate legal action unless they make outstanding repayments. This practice is deemed dishonest and may amount to blackmail, deception or other breaches of the law. The Speaker of the House has been requested to have the City of London Police investigate.

INT. FREEKASH CALL CENTRE - BOARD ROOM - DAY

DOHERTY

I don't care what you think! Just do as I say. Blame it on an 'unauthorized employee initiative.'

HENCH

Is that a good idea?

DOHERTY

Of course it is. There's no such thing as bad publicity. We'll turn this to our advantage by offering to cancel all the interest on repayments. That'll give us massive press coverage and we'll have customers lining up to borrow from us...

EXT. FOOD BANK - DAY

Jenny closes the rear door of the soup kitchen van. She wrinkles her nose at a nasty stain on the front of her jeans shirt.

JENNY

Damn!

Curly is at the food bank door, behind him Sheila is stacking shelves.

JENNY (CONT'D)

C'mon.

CURLY

Where we going?

JENNY

Magical Mystery Tour. I need to change my shirt.

Curly follows her to a VW Beetle convertible.

EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

The Beetle, top down, halts at the driveway of a large house set back from the road. In a glass veranda a black domestic is Hoovering. In the driveway men load a tractor mower onto a gardening services truck.

JENNY

Come and meet the parents.

CURLY

Er, I'd rather not.

She gets out the car.

JENNY

Come on, don't be silly.

CURLY

Eagles fly with eagles, Jenny.
Crows with crows.

JENNY

You're not a crow, Curly!

CURLY

You're not an eagle, either, but you know what I mean.

JENNY

Oh for God's sake! It's all "them and us" with you. But there is no class war these days.

CURLY

Sure there is - and the well-off are always winning!

JENNY

What are you so scared of?
Collaborating with the enemy?

Curly looks away as Jenny walks to the passenger side.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I never asked my parents to be well off! I'm just limping along, like everyone else, just doing the best I can.

CURLY

I know...

JENNY

Well I'm going in!

She turns and walks towards the house. Curly sits looking uncomfortable. Abruptly he throws open the car door.

CURLY

Hang on! I'll come with you...

INT. PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Curly stands awkwardly in a lavish room. French windows give onto an immaculate garden.

JENNY

Curly helps out at the food bank. He scrounges supplies for us from the supermarkets.

JENNY'S MOTHER

(patronizing)

Oh really? That's so good of you. Donating your time and effort like that. Isn't that so Henry?

JENNY'S FATHER

Hm..? What's that? Oh yes, of course, dear. We all have to do our bit.

He looks at Jenny.

JENNY'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Your mother and I are thinking of going to town next week, opera and a little dinner.

JENNY'S MOTHER

We thought you might like to come too. You could bring that nice manager fellow along.

JENNY

Ryan? Oh really, Mommy. You're incorrigible! Anyway, he's gone back to head office.

(beat)

So, what's on?

JENNY'S FATHER

Well there's "Der Rosenkavalier" at the Grand.

Jenny goes to a door.

JENNY

I'll think about it. I have to change, okay?

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

PETER PLUM is stocky with expensive ill-suited clothes that don't hide his unease, rough hands and worn face.

Curly gestures for him to sit at his table.

CURLY

We really appreciate your donation. It came at just the right time. All that Lottery money! You must be over the moon?

PETER PLUM

Everybody thinks so. But it ain't so. At first the missus and me were bouncing off the walls with joy. An' I soon told me boss where to stick his job. But after a few shopping sprees it gets tiring.

(beat)

(MORE)

PETER PLUM (CONT'D)

We thought we were buying happiness, but we just ended up with a lotta stuff. I tell ya, I miss the old days.

CURLY

Difficult to believe. What did you do before?

PETER PLUM

Sanitation technician. A nice way of saying I unblocked people's drains and emptied their cesspits. Romantic, huh?

CURLY

It's an honest job.
So why'd you support us?

PETER PLUM

Back in the day our heating packed up. I needed 600 and I'd seen FreeKash ads on the telly. I filled out a form, expecting to pay back about 750. It seemed a bit steep. But it was a relief just to know the missus'd be warm. Anyway, they started taking 75 pounds every payday. That seemed fair enough. But after a while I got a letter from the bank saying I was overdrawn.

He raises his shoulders then lets them drop.

PETER PLUM (CONT'D)

Turns out FreeKash had tried to take 980 quid out of my account! When I asked them what the hell they were playing at, they started saying "But you weren't paying off the principal, what you paid were loan renewal fees."

I was gob-smacked. They'd an authorization to debit the account and the sons of bitches were screwing me every which way!

(beat)

I envy you. You do things others only dream of.

CURLY

Huh, it ain't all fun and games, believe me.

PETER PLUM

Anyway, I asked to meet ya, 'cos I wanna play a more active role.

Curly thinks for a few moments.

CURLY

I've an idea how you could help us.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Curly and Peter Plum skulk in a down at heel street.

PETER PLUM

I know he parks it somewhere round here. Ah, there it is!

A grubby tanker truck with thick hoses and reflective chevrons sits under a street lamp.

On its side: "MAWKER SANITATION. PORTABLE TOILET HIRE, SEPTIC TANK & CESSPIT MAINTENANCE."

Peter Plum raps the tank, a DULL HOLLOW SOUND.

PETER PLUM (CONT'D)

S'half full. Keep an eye out, will ya?

Peter Plum forces a bent wire coat hanger through a window seal and flips a door lock button up.

They clamber in. The DIESEL ENGINE RATTLES into life and as the truck moves away its lights come on.

EXT. FREEKASH CALL CENTRE - CAR PARK - NIGHT

Peter Plum in hard hat, overall and fluo vest, drags aside a cast iron cover with a manhole puller. The tanker truck stands nearby, orange beacon light flashing. Cones and a Danger sign.

INT. CRONER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In an untidy room Croner sits in underpants on the sofa, watching TV, sipping beer.

His phone rings.

CRONER

Yeah?

HENCH (O.S.)

Call centre security just rang. There's something we need to check out. I'll be at yours in five. Be ready.

EXT. FREEKASH CALL CENTRE - CAR PARK - NIGHT

Peter Plum finishes stashing a large diameter hose on the side of the truck. Hench's Impala enters the car park.

PETER PLUM

Oh, shit!

Hench and Croner get out and walk towards the truck.

HENCH

Hey, the Council's supposed to give us 24 hours notice of any maintenance work.

PETER PLUM

Oh, right. I've got all the paperwork in the cab. I'll get it...

Peter Plum jerks his head at Curly. He whispers something to him and Curly swings in behind the wheel. The truck ENGINE STARTS.

As Curly floors the accelerator Peter Plum hangs onto the outside of the cab.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - NIGHT

The truck hurtles through deserted streets and shoots a red light with the Impala close behind them. The truck zigzags stopping it from overtaking.

Clinging to the outside Peter Plum edges along a handrail to the rear. He spins a valve. A torrent of sewage spews out.

The Impala is engulfed, wipers unable to cope it skids to a halt.

EXT/INT. CURLY'S PICK-UP - NIGHT

Gasping for breath Curly and Peter Plum tumble into the cab..

PETER PLUM

..Oh boy! That's the best fun I've had in years...

CURLY

An' all free!

INT. FREEKASH - BRANCH OFFICE - DAY

Geek sits across from Croner.

GEEK

But I ain't got no Internet connection, I ain't got no bank account neither...

CRONER

Didn't you read? The notice on the door tells you what you need.

(MORE)

CRONER (CONT'D)

Come back and see me when you've sorted it out.

Hidden by the desk, Geek takes several small glass phials from his pocket and scatters them on the carpet. As he gets up to leave he deliberately treads on one. CRUNCH!

Alone, Croner winces and holds his nose. He goes around the desk to investigate, inadvertently he CRUNCHES a glass phial. Jumpy he CRUNCHES another.

INT. FERNE'S FIAT 500 - DAY

INSERT - FERNE'S SMARTPHONE SCREEN

A Tweet reads: "R.A.G.E. @RageAction"

"The payday loan industry is again causing a bad smell. Several FreeKash branches were closed today because of unacceptable odours. And its call centre was closed down by Health and Safety officials after sewage backflows flooded the work space."

Photo of a banner: "PAYDAY LOANS STINK"

Ferne grins.

SUPER: "TWO DAYS LATER"

INT. BED & BREAKFAST - KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa stares into the fridge.

LISA

Damn! We're nearly out of eggs!

CURLY

I'll bring some back. What else you need?

She shows him a list and hands over money.

LISA

2 dozen eggs, 5 packs of streaky bacon, 6 sliced loaves. Fifty quid should cover it, can you get me a receipt?

Curly nods.

EXT. BED & BREAKFAST - DAY (LATER)

Curly parks the Nissan double cab pick-up. He takes a carton of groceries from the rear and carries it towards the B&B.

Ahead of him a white clad forensic investigator gets out of a van and walks toward a uniformed policeman at the B&B door.

Tongue in cheek Curly walks on past carrying the carton. Yards away he furtively sets the carton against a wall.

INT. NISSAN PICKUP - DAY

INSERT - CURLY'S SMARTPHONE

He types an instant message: "LISA, LEFT GROCERIES NEAR TOP OF DRIVE."

Seconds later his smartphone CHIMES as an instant message arrives, LISA: "GREAT! NOT TO WORRY ANYWAY. SHOWED 'EM THE WRONG ROOM..." (SMILEY FACE).

EXT/INT. YMCA - DAY

Curly eyes a YMCA sign. Carrying his backpack he enters a run down building.

In a cubicle he splashes water on his face and dabs himself dry. A plaque on the wall reads: "I cried because I had no shoes. Then I met a man who had no feet."

INT. CURLY'S PICKUP - DAY (MOVING)

Curly's pick-up is loaded with food bank donations.

JENNY

So how come you've got so much time to help out?

CURLY

I'm waiting for money to come through. In the meantime I've nothing better to do.

JENNY

I could murder a burger right now. How about you?

EXT. FAST FOOD DRIVE-THRU - DAY

The pick-up halts at a serving hatch. Curly digs into his pocket and counts loose change.

DRIVE THRU SERVER

Hi, I'm your server today. What's it to be?

CURLY

Er, just a small fries for me.

JENNY

That's all? Hey, c'mon, it's my treat.

She leans across him to speak to the server, steadying herself with a hand on his leg.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Two double burgers, large fries and
two milkshakes.

CURLY
(embarrassed)
Thanks, Jenny.

INT. FOOD BANK - DAY

Curly twirls, showing off a new Levi's trucker jacket.

JENNY
Your money came through?

CURLY
Yeah! Buy you a pizza tonight, if
you're free..?

Jenny hesitates.

JENNY
Er, okaaaay.

INT. CURLY'S PICK-UP - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Jenny sits in the passenger seat, her foot resting on the
toolbox in the footwell. As they pass a pizza emporium she
raises a hand, surprised they haven't stopped.

CURLY
I know a better place.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They sit in a small restaurant, chequered table cloths, wine
glasses and candles.

JENNY
This is, um, more upmarket than I
was expecting.

An old waiter pours Chianti. Jenny tastes it.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Mmm, this is nice.

She lifts her glass in a toast:

JENNY (CONT'D)
Here's to charity.

CURLY
To charity. But tonight charity
begins at home!

LATER

Main course finished, they sit back.

JENNY

You asked me what I thought about
"RAGE". But how about you? You seem
to have more than a passing
interest...

CURLY

Well, I, um, I, er...

Jenny's smartphone rings.

JENNY

'Scuse me. I need to take this.
(excited)
Ryan! You're back already?!

She stands and turns away as she talks on the phone.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I'm just grabbing a bite to eat. I
could stop by, if you like?
(beat)
Great! See you at your place in,
say, fifteen minutes?
See you. Bye!

She picks up her wineglass, elated.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I have to rush. You don't
mind, do you?

Too quickly, Curly shakes his head.

JENNY (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow maybe?

Curly nods and Jenny leaves without looking back. The old
waiter walks to the table, shaking his head sadly as he tops
up Curly's wine glass.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Curly lolls on a park bench, swigging from a bottle in a
brown paper bag.

Jenny spots him.

JENNY

Hey, there you are. Thought you
might be at the food bank. Just
want to say goodbye.

Curly hunches, he offers her the bottle but she shakes her
head.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 Ryan's asked me to give him a hand
 in Somalia. We're leaving tomorrow.

CURLY
 Whatcha wanna go there for?

JENNY
 To help those in need.

CURLY
 Huh! There's plenty of them here...

JENNY
 It's not the same.

CURLY
 Oh no? Whadda you know?! You ever
 gone hungry? Or worn second hand
 clothes? You ever had the police
 sort out your family squabbles?!

JENNY
 No, but I can sympathize.

CURLY
 Oh, bloody marvellous! Well let me
 tell you there's a big difference
 between real life and bloody
 sympathy!

JENNY
 Yes. Well, um.. ..I'd better be
 going. I have to pack. Bye, Curly.

As she walks away he calls after her:

CURLY
 Have a nice life!

Bottle empty, he aims it at a waste bin. It bounces off and
 SHATTERS.

Sheila spots him as he morosely leaves the park, she crosses
 the road to speak to him.

SHEILA
 Hiya Curly! Good to see ya.

CURLY
 Hi, Sheila. How's things?

SHEILA
 Okay. But I'm in a bit of a mess at
 the food bank what with Jenny and
 Ryan leaving. D'ya think you could
 you give us a hand for a bit?

EXT. REAR OF SUPERMARKET - DAY

Curly loads cartons marked: "PAST SELL BY"; "FOR FOOD BANK".
From another box he salvages a Frisbee in a torn carton.

SUPERMARKET STOCKROOM

Curly peeks in and sidles over to the manager.

CURLY

I'm collecting for the local food
bank. But there's not much out
there, all this stuff in here.
Don't seem right.

He gazes at the well stocked racks.

STOCKROOM MANAGER

It's more than my job's worth to
give stuff away. Everything's on
computer nowadays.

Curly holds the man's gaze.

STOCKROOM MANAGER (CONT'D)

Oh, alright!

He takes down a carton of large baby milk tins, puts several
on the floor. Checking to see he's not observed, he dents
them. Then takes snapshots with his phone.

STOCKROOM MANAGER (CONT'D)

Take those. Sorry, I just can't do
any more.

INT. CASH & CARRY - DAY

Curly places several large jars of sweets on the checkout
counter and takes money from his pocket to pay.

CHECKOUT WOMAN

Someone's got a sweet tooth!

CURLY

Yeah, I gotta lotta kids...

In the carpark he closes the pick-up tailgate. Sweet jars
nestle among recovered paper products, baby milk tins and
boxes marked "PAST SELL-BY."

His phone rings.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

LUKE SCALER

I was chatting to some barristers
today.

(MORE)

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

They pointed out that any more humiliation of Doherty risks pushing public sympathy over to his side.

(beat)

I think they're right. You need to come up with something concrete against FreeKash. Something completely different.

CURLY

Oh shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEKASH CALL CENTRE - CAR PARK - NIGHT

Curly's pick-up is parked without lights. He opens the bonnet, lifts out the oil dipstick and wipes it clean.

He walks over to double emergency exit doors, inserts the springy dipstick into the slit between them and wiggles it. A latch CLICKS. The doors part.

Curly throws the dipstick back towards the pick-up and slips inside.

INT. FREEKASH CALL CENTRE STOREROOM - NIGHT

His flash-light illuminates three steel cupboards, a dishwasher, brooms, mops and buckets.

Curly opens a metal cupboard full of office stationery, he closes it again. Another holds screens, headsets and cables. He closes it.

The last one contains printed leaflets and boxes of manuals. Curly rips cellophane from a red covered manual, closes the cupboard door and by flash-light flicks through it.

The emergency exit doors suddenly CREAK and two police officers enter with flash-lights. Curly lets drop the manual and kicks it beneath the steel cupboard.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A police officer unlocks a holding cell door. Luke Scaler looks in and beckons to Curly.

LUKE SCALER

C'mon. Let's get you out of here.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Across the roof of the lawyer's Porsche they talk.

LUKE SCALER

You did well to give your name as Lee Kerr and then say nothing.

CURLY

What'll happen now?

LUKE SCALER

Well, you're out on bail and they're looking for someone named Curly Hood not Lee Kerr. You had no housebreaking tools, so the Crown Prosecution Service will probably accept my proposal that the door was simply left unlocked.

Curly grins and they get into the car.

EXT. REAR OF SUPERMARKET - DAY

Metal frames are filled with used plastic wrap and flattened cartons. Curly's pick-up is parked near an overflowing bottle bank.

Curly bends over to lift up a carton marked "FOOD BANK."

CRONER IN DISGUISE

Hey, mate!

CURLY

Yep?

Curly straightens and turns. A fist SMASHES into his face!

Two men wearing Texas Chainsaw Massacre masks pummel him. Curly falls back against a wire frame, a baseball bat swings, Curly raises a forearm to save himself - THWACK!

He punches an attacker in the mouth and bursts past them.

He snatches a bottle from the bottle bank and holding it by the neck CRACKS it on the ground. Brandishing jagged shards he wards off his attackers.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! A forklift truck is trundling towards them. The stockroom manager clinging to its side.

STOCKROOM MANAGER

What the hell's going on here?!

The masked men hesitate, then break and run.

INT. ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY - DAY

Curly reclines, forearm in a plaster cast, a splint on his nose.

DOCTOR

We'll keep you in for an hour for observation. If you're okay then, you can go home.

The DOCTOR scribbles a prescription.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Take the nose splint off yourself in a week. But you'll have to come back here in three weeks to the cast removed.

INT. CURLY'S PICK-UP - DAY

Sporting a black-eye, nose splint and plaster cast, Curly is spying on the FreeKash call centre via a monocular scope.

SCOPE POV

Female call centre employees stand at the entrance, smoking. Hench and Croner stand apart from them and light up.

Hench has bandaged knuckles, Croner a split lip.

EXT/INT. CALL CENTRE STOREROOM - NIGHT

Struggling with his arm in the sling, Curly inserts the metal dipstick into the crack between the emergency exit doors. They CLICK open.

By flash-light he goes to the third cupboard. The printed leaflets are still there. But the cartons of manuals have disappeared.

Steadying himself on the dishwasher, Curly lowers himself to his knees. With a mop he fishes beneath the steel cupboard. Fluff, detritus, then a red covered manual appears.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Luke Scaler holds up the red FreeKash manual for Doherty and his personal lawyer to see. He flicks the pages, then drops it into his desk drawer and turns the key.

LUKE SCALER

So, the manual bears the name of your company, has the FreeKash logo and date of its printing.

Scaler slides photocopies across the desk, Doherty's lawyer picks them up.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

I've been doing a little research with friends across the Atlantic.

(MORE)

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

The content and illustrations in your manual are a clone of a now defunct American payday loan company, once known as ZeTOP.

(beat)

In 2011, the American Consumer Financial Protection Bureau ruled that the ZeTOP manual demonstrated blatant use of unfair, deceptive and abusive practices. These include..

Scaler CLICKS on his Dictaphone and kicks back, hands behind his head.

DICTAPHONE

..threatening to sue or criminally prosecute consumers. Leading them to believe that they would be subject to criminal prosecution if they did not make payments. Using legal jargon in calls, threatening clients they'd be subject to "immediate criminal proceedings" although in fact ZeTOP never actually sued anyone. Threatening to report consumers to credit agencies. Harassing consumers with excessive numbers of debt collection calls. Informing consumers employers, relatives and neighbours of their debt. And luring consumers into a Cycle of Debt by creating a false sense of urgency and pressurizing them into paying off overdue loans by immediate re-borrowing.

Luke Scaler turns off the Dictaphone.

LUKE SCALER

Your manual, as well as containing identical text, has the same cartoon, showing the Blind leading the Blind into a Cycle of Debt.

Scaler takes a cigarette, clicks a gold lighter and blows a thin stream of smoke at Doherty.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

Under the Wall Street Reform and Consumer Protection Act, the CFPB took action. ZeTOP was required to repay \$115 million in consumer refunds. To end illegal debt collection threats and harassment. And to stop pressuring consumers into cycles of debt.

Doherty covers his face with his hands. His lawyer whispers something, then getting no reply whispers it again. Doherty slowly nods.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

The group I represent is neither the police nor the Crown Prosecution Service. We're prepared to hand back the manual, providing FreeKash makes a substantial donation to a charity of our choice.

DOHERTY

Let's hear it.

LUKE SCALER

A certified check, for 1.5 million pounds to be paid into an escrow account. The sum to be used by the group I represent for donations to the YMCA and Salvation Army.

DOHERTY

What a waste!

DOHERTY'S LAWYER

And if Mr. Doherty declines?

LUKE SCALER

Well, I'm sure other types of remuneration could be found. For example, making this manual available to the national press...

EXT/INT. FOODBANK - DAY

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

Curly looks under the weather with a nose splint, black eye and plaster cast. He is stacking shelves. Jenny enters, looking tanned. She does a double-take.

JENNY

Curly?! My God! What happened to you?!

CURLY

Oh, er, hi Jenny. You're back?

JENNY

Uh-huh, what on earth happened to you?!

CURLY

Could we talk outside?

INT. CURLY'S PICK-UP - DAY

Sitting behind the wheel, Curly swallows a pill and washes it down with bottled water.

CURLY
Long story short, I got beat up.

JENNY
Why?

CURLY
Why? Well because I'm, um, because I'm a RAGE activist.

JENNY
I thought you were up to something.

CURLY
I pinched a payday loan manual so someone figured it was payback time. Anyway, we at least we made them donate to charity.
(beat)
Then we leaked to the press where they could find the originals, at the printer's.

JENNY
I saw something about that. Seems to be causing quite a stir.

She squeezes Curly's leg.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, huh?

Curly stares through the windscreen, he clears his throat.

CURLY
Sorry I was lousy to you before you left. I was upset.

JENNY
That's okay. I figured something was up.

EXT. SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

SUPER: "TEN DAYS LATER"

Curly's nose splint has gone, his black-eye too, but he still has a grubby plaster cast. He's serving a line of the homeless, doling out soup and tea.

JENNY

Three nights on, three nights off.
It's a hard old life, huh?

CURLY

Yeah. But worse for them than for
us.

Jenny hands a sandwich to a bag lady, Curly pours her tea.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Is Ryan coming back?

JENNY

Ryan?

CURLY

Uh-huh.

JENNY

No, he's staying on out there with
his fiancée. She's a doctor.
They're setting up a post-natal
clinic.

Curly is lost in thought, gazing into middle distance.

A thin youth RAPS the soup urn, snapping Curly from his
reverie. Curly ladles soup into a plastic cup and hands him a
bread roll with a grin.

INT. ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY - DAY

Curly's plaster cast rests on a table. From his smartphone
speaker issues the BBC News.

BBC ANNOUNCER

Members of Parliament are demanding
that a commission be set up to
investigate alleged abuses by
certain nationwide payday loan
companies. This follows an outcry
in the national press about their
practices and the suicides of
several harassed payday loan
debtors.

A nurse enters carrying a small circular saw.

BBC ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

In addition the Office of Fair
Trading has declared that it will
fine FreeKash, eleven point two
million pounds for..

..the WHINE of the circular saw drowns out the radio as it
BITES into the plaster cast.

EXT/INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A brass nameplate reads: "FORTITUDE LIMITED".

Curly, looking surprisingly good in suit and tie, enters the building with Luke Scaler. They wait at reception.

INSERT - A-BOARD: an ad, a savvy young female lawyer advising a middle-aged couple. "GIVEN MISLEADING FINANCIAL ADVICE? FORTITUDE the LEADING CLAIMS MANAGEMENT COMPANY specializes in compensation claims."

LUKE SCALER

(murmurs)

Don't say a thing. But if you think of something I should know, whisper it right away...

Curly nods.

An executive walks towards them smiling. They shake hands.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - AUDIOVISUAL DEPARTMENT- DAY

Across thirty or so TV screens a commercial break starts. A male and female in barristers gowns, wigs and collarettes talk directly to viewers.

FEMALE ADVOCATE

If you've been mis-sold a payday loan, if you've been charged exorbitant interest, or unfair penalties..

MALE ADVOCATE

..if you've been hounded, harassed or received threatening letters, then contact FORTITUDE CLAIMS MANAGEMENT..

FEMALE ADVOCATE

..we at FORTITUDE will be happy to claim generous compensation on your behalf.

INT. FREEKASH CALL CENTRE - MAIL ROOM - DAY

The accountant sits surrounded by piles of compensation claims. A table is piled high with folders and envelopes. As Hench carries in an overflowing carton several envelopes slide off..

HENCH

(picking them up)

..this continues we'll end up bankrupt...

ACCOUNTANT

Tell me about it! Profits are down by half and now even more claims companies are jumping on the bandwagon. Every complaint costs five hundred in expenses, even before any compensation.

Hench begins opening envelopes, date stamping their contents and placing them in flimsy folders.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)

It's cost us 17 million so far. And the Financial Conduct Authority is now talking about limiting the number of loan roll-overs.

HENCH

(playing innocent)
What's Doherty say?

ACCOUNTANT

Oh, he's keeping quiet about it. But he's blaming everyone else, even though he was the one that authorized sending out the fake letters...

INT. FOOD BANK - DAY

Curly is arranging tins of beans and packets of pasta. Signs on the metal shelves read: "Choose any 2"; "Take one only"; "One per family".

A black single mother, a five-year-old clinging to her side, is putting sparse goods in a wire basket. The child looks up at Curly.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD

S'my birtday tomorra.

CURLY

Really?

He reaches down a sweet jar.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Here, have some sweeties.

The kid plunges her hand into the jar.

CURLY (CONT'D)

We've a present for you. I'll get it.

He fetches the Frisbee in its torn carton and gives it to the girl.

CURLY (CONT'D)

There you go. Didn't have time to wrap it.

The girl looks at it, then at her mom:

FIVE-YEAR-OLD

What is it?

CURLY

It's a Frisbee.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD

Fwizbee?

CURLY

Yeah, it flies, take it to the park. Your mom'll show you.

EXT. PARK - DAY

As Curly and Jenny walk through the park they see the black mother trying to show the five-year-old how to throw a Frisbee. Curly and Jenny go over to them.

Curly demonstrates the wrist action to the girl. For a few minutes the four of them play.

The kid waves goodbye. Curly and Jenny walk side by side.

Jenny's fingers seeks Curly's little finger and toy with it.

JENNY

Good people are hard to find.

Curly nods, noncommittal.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You know, you can focus on our differences or consider what we've got in common. It's up to you.

Curly nods. After a moment he takes her hand.

EXT/INT. CURLY'S BEDSITTER - DAY

Curly open the door to a Spartan bedsitter. Jenny enters. He pulls her to him. She lets herself be pulled.

They lie on the bed, naked, curled around each other.

SAME LATER

Curly stands, torso bare at the window, eyeing the street below. Outside a betting shop youths drink from cans. A bag lady passes under a billboard touting face cream.

Wrapped in a sheet, Jenny joins him at the window.

JENNY

Penny for your thoughts.

CURLY

Same old fucking world. Same old
free market casualties...

JENNY

(grins)

Same old miracle face creams!

She pinches him and they wrestle into love.

EXT. LONDON TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Doherty descends the front steps of his London house and avoids the eye of a workman attaching a "FOR SALE" sign to the front railings.

INT. NISSAN PICK-UP - DAY

SUPER:

"ONE WEEK LATER"

Geek clambers into the cab to join Curly.

GEEK

We're in a mess! A sympathizer says
the law knows where we bank the
funds. They're getting a court
order to seize them!

CURLY

Jesus! Let's get the money out of
there - fast!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK - DAY

Geek leaves a bank entrance gripping a carryall. Two plainclothes men stop him and pin him against the wall.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN 1

I'll take that, sir!

As Geek proffers the carryall they handcuff his wrists.

A black BMW draws up. The Superintendent gets out, with a smug smile he takes the carryall, opens the car boot, drops the bag in and closes the lid.

INT. BMW - DAY

The Superintendent speaks into a radio mike.

SUPERINTENDENT

Commissioner? Thought you'd like to know, sir. We've just confiscated the RAGE movement's funds.

COMMISSIONER (O.S.) (OVER RADIO)

Excellent! That'll stop them in their tracks...

SUPERINTENDENT

Leave it to me, sir. The rest is just mopping up now.

The Superintendent STARTS THE ENGINE.

As the BMW moves off a scooter with two helmeted riders flashes past. It swerves dangerously in front of the superintendent's car. TYRES SQUEAL in an emergency stop!

Curly darts to the BMW boot and yanks it open as Jazzer throws his scooter into a U-turn. Clutching the carryall Curly dashes across between traffic to join him.

One plainclothes man dashes between traffic to cut off the scooter's escape. But already it's SPEEDING away.

The other plainclothes man runs to the BMW and hops in. With pursuit lights flashing and siren wailing the BMW makes a clumsy U-turn, its boot lid flapping.

Ferne's tiny Fiat 500 halts outside the bank, the passenger door is flung open and the Geek leaps in.

From across the road the plainclothes man stares helplessly as the little Fiat SURGES away.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Dejected, Curly and Geek sit apart on a park bench.

GEEK

Let's face it, he's been gone four days... He's missing from his hotel. He doesn't answer his phone and there's no sign that the police recovered the money or arrested him.

Curly leans forward, head in hands.

CURLY

I told him to give the bloody bag to you...

GEEK

But he didn't. You know as well as I do...

Curly stands disheartened and savagely kicks at garbage overflowing from a bin.

GEEK (CONT'D)
The bastard has taken our money and
run!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Geek leaves the counter with coffee and goes to Curly.

GEEK
I've been in touch with the bank...

CURLY
You can do that?

GEEK
The police never gave them a court
order, they just acted on a tipoff.
So as far as the Bank's concerned
we did nothing illegal.
(beat)
Anyway, they said some time ago
that Jazzer asked for a banker's
reference to rent an apartment.

CURLY
Oh yeah?!

GEEK
Yeah. In an apartment block named
Harborne, but they don't have the
address. I've looked on the
Internet and there's a load of
places with that name.

Curly bites his lip and thinks.

CURLY
Ask Ferne to ring all the numbers,
to say she's from a flower shop.
Jazzer's family want to send
flowers but they aren't sure of the
address.

INT. HARBORNE APARTMENTS - DAY

LOBBY

In an upmarket multi-tenant building, Jazzer strolls towards the exit.

CONCIERGE
Happy birthday, sir.

JAZZER
Birthday?

CONCIERGE

Yes, sir. A florist rang, they're sending flowers, needed your address.

JAZZER

Oh, er, right. Thank you...

He fingers his lip, turns and hastens back to the lift.

APARTMENT

Jazzer rushes in and hastily dumps clothes into cases.

LOBBY

He wheels the cases towards the exit.

CONCIERGE

Going away for a few days, sir?

JAZZER

Er, yes.. ..want to surprise the family.

APARTMENT (MINUTES LATER)

Jazzer dumps his shoe collection on the bed, bundling them up in a sheet to form a rough sack.

UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

Jazzer trots to an open top sports car. He leans over the driver's seat to drop the sack onto the passenger side. But a corner of the sheet escapes him and shoes spill everywhere.

JAZZER (CONT'D)

Oh fuck!

Snatching scattered shoes he tosses them into the passenger footwell.

APARTMENT

Leaving the door ajar he rushes in, grabs sunglasses and an embossed leather man bag then glances around to see what he's forgotten.

Someone COUGHS. Jazzer spins. Curly stands in the doorway.

JAZZER (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck! I suppose you want your cut?

CURLY

No.

JAZZER

More bloody fool you.

CURLY

You got me out of a jam once,
Jazzer. So I'll get you out of one
now. Give back the money and you
can go free.

JAZZER

You're joking! And then have the
others wanting their bread back
too?!

CURLY

What others?

JAZZER

FreeKash, they offered to triple
anything I took.

CURLY

You went over to the enemy?!

JAZZER

They ain't the enemy. Being *poor* is
the enemy. You think I was gonna
keep risking my neck for sweet F.A?
Might be your thing, but it sure as
hell ain't mine!

(beat)

I gotta quarter of a million now.
So if you don't mind...

CURLY

You let us down...

JAZZER

Well I ain't let myself down. I'm
lookin' after Number One. 'An if I
don't, who will?!

From his waistband Curly takes a wheel lug wrench.

JAZZER (CONT'D)

You gonna do some car maintenance?

CURLY

Give us back the money and I'll let
you go.

JAZZER

It'll take a bit more than that.

His hand slides to the man bag and comes out holding the snub-nosed revolver. He cocks the hammer.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
Thought I was stupid enough to
throw it away, did you?

Curly drops the wrench.

JAZZER (CONT'D)
Over by the window. Don't try
anything. I may as well be hung for
a sheep as for a lamb...

As Curly goes to the window, Jazzer slides out the door.
CLACK it's locked. Curly yanks at the door futilely, then
dashes back to the window.

Tyres SQUEAL as the open top sports car accelerates away.

EXT. HARBORNE APARTMENTS - DAY

Curly GRUNTS. He drops to the ground in a crouch, behind him
knotted sheets hang from a second floor balcony.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY (TRAVELING)

Jazzer slips the gun into the glove compartment as he races
past traffic.

The road narrows, lanes coned off. In the distance road work
lights flash, ahead brake lights flare. Jazzer guns his car
past a semi-trailer and swerves back just as the road becomes
single lane.

Ahead a workman in a Hi-Viz jacket is holding up a red STOP
SIGN. Jazzer brakes, wrenches the wheel and scattering cones
skirts him, the man leaping aside.

With the lane clear ahead he ACCELERATES HARD, going through
the gears. But as he changes into fifth a 30 ton Euclid truck
unexpectedly trundles across his path! Jazzer stamps on the
brake..

..but a two-tone brogue has rolled under the pedal!

Jazzer swerves avoiding the Euclid, swerves again to avoid
the central reservation. The car slams into a bulldozer with
a SICKENING CRUNCH!

Jazzer lies half in half out of the wreck like a disjointed
doll, blood spurting from his neck. Abruptly the flow stops.

Curly runs up, kneels, wipes Jazzer's blood covered face with
a hanky.

A patrol car arrives SIREN wailing.

PATROL MAN
He dead?

Curly nods dully. He picks up the man bag and slings its strap over his shoulder.

PATROL MAN (CONT'D)

What happened?

Curly shakes his head dumbly, a site worker comes running up.

SITE WORKER

He was driving like a maniac,
ignored our stop sign, he nearly
hit a dump truck then slammed into
the 'dozer!

PATROL MAN

Where's your vehicle, sir?

Curly nods towards backed up traffic, staring at the blood on his hands.

PATROL MAN (CONT'D)

Okay, sir. Please return to your
vehicle. We'll need to take your
name and address later.

Curly trudges back to his pick-up. As he sits in the cab another patrol car and ambulance arrives.

A patrol man begins waving traffic on. Ashen faced Curly noses out into the traffic. He drives past police and paramedics huddled around the wreck.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A headstone reads: "Florence Braithwaite 1944 - 2020" On the grave a marble memorial rose bowl bears a photo of Gran:

"Loved beyond words
Missed beyond measure..."

Curly takes out withered roses and arranges new ones in the bowl then straightens and wipes his hands.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Scaler and Curly sit at the desk.

LUKE SCALER

Luckily the bodyguard is recovering
now. The police found the gun in
Jazzer's car with his prints on it.

CURLY

I told him to throw it away.

LUKE SCALER

Seems to me it's the old old story.
Believing that money can buy
happiness.

CURLY

Yeah, well. Poverty don't buy it either! People who talk about the politics of envy usually have plenty to envy...

He folds his arms.

LUKE SCALER

Yes? Well. Let's see what we can salvage, shall we? Did you bring it?

Curly tugs the embossed man bag from his backpack and hands it across to Scaler.

The lawyer tips out letters, credit cards and wads of banknotes onto the desktop. He holds up the bag.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

You want this?

Curly shakes his head, Scaler drops the bag into his waste basket.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

There's about seven thousand here.

He pushes banknotes across to Curly.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

That'll keep you going for a while.

He glances at the credit cards and skims through the letters.

LUKE SCALER (CONT'D)

Account password, bank correspondence. I should be able to recover the money with these.

Curly goes to the window and stares out without seeing.

INT. FOODBANK - DAY

Jenny is talking on the landline. Curly enters, she beckons to him.

JENNY

Just one moment, sir.

She covers the mouthpiece with her hand.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Someone's calling about a spilled load. It's a bit late now though, I need to close up.

CURLY

I could get the stuff and bring it
in tomorrow.

She nods and hands him the phone.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Yes sir, how can I help you?

He scribbles an address.

INT. CURLY'S PICKUP - DUSK

The road cuts through woods, some vehicles already with lights on. His smartphone BEEPS as a GPS app indicates a turn.

He turns off into a lane, then onto a track, in woods he bumps along until the headlights illuminate an old BMW barring the track.

EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

Curly gets out and walks to the BMW. A figure in boiler suit, glasses and hardhat steps from the shadows.

CURLY

Hi! I'm from the food bank...

The man sticks out his hand and Curly sticks out his to shake it - a BRIGHT BLUE SPARK and ELECTRIC ZING, Curly convulses and collapses. He lies on the ground, limbs twitching!

Hench runs up, yanks Curly's wrists behind his back and cinches a plastic cable strap around them. Then he fastens Curly's ankles.

Curly MOANS. The two men manhandle him onto the rear seat of the pick-up's double cab.

Hench squats and attaches a vacuum cleaner hose to the exhaust. Croner opens the cab window an inch and thrusts the nozzle through.

Hench leans in the driver's door and starts the engine. They both stand eyeing the idling pick-up.

CRONER

How long it'll take, you reckon?

HENCH

Give it an hour. Then we'll come back and get rid of the straps.

CRONER

The perfect crime, huh?

INT. CURLY'S PICKUP - NIGHT

The vacuum cleaner HOSE BURBLES and exhaust fumes swirl in the cab. Curly comes round on the rear seat, coughing and choking. Desperately he kicks at a window but soft-soled trainers have little effect.

Gasping, knees to his chest, Curly gets his legs between the front seats, he pushes the gear lever with his feet, GEARS GRIND horribly.

Summoning all his strength Curly rams the gear lever home with a CRY. BANG! the pick-up lurches violently, its ENGINE STALLED.

On the rear seat, Curly kicks off a trainer and worms his toes behind the door latch. CLICK! the door opens an inch. He pushes it wide and wriggles out.

EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

Curly lies on the ground, red faced, wheezing.

Leaning on the pick-up he manoeuvres himself upright, wrists behind his back. He struggles awkwardly with the passenger door.

Squatting on the door sill he scrabbles at the toolbox behind him in the footwell. He fumbles until he finds a cutter. A blade CLICKS OUT. Turning the cutter round Curly saws at the plastic cable cinch binding his wrists...

INT. CURLY'S BEDSITTER - NIGHT

Curly retches, face grey in the bathroom mirror.

Coughing, he sits on the edge of the bed and fumbles to place Band-Aids on nicks to his wrists. His smartphone rings. Jenny's caller ID displays on screen.

INTERCUT

JENNY (O.S.) (SPEAKERPHONE)
(cheerily)
Hi! Sheila said she'd takeover
tonight, so thought I'd find out
what you're up to...

Curly suppresses a coughing fit.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Curly?

When he speaks his voice is raucous.

CURLY
Yeah?

JENNY
You sound terrible. You okay?

CURLY
I need a rest.

JENNY
You don't sound so good.

Fingers on temples, Curly searches for something to say.

CURLY
Some bastards tried to kill me!

JENNY
What?! Oh my God! Where are you?!
Did you call the police?!

CURLY
I'm at my place...

JENNY
I'm coming over!

CURLY
No, please, I just need to rest...

JENNY
I'm on my way!

Her ID disappears and the call ends.

SAME LATER

Jenny enters. Curly lies curled up in his clothes.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Here, let me look.

She eyes the bruise under an eye, a gash on his forehead, the Band-Aids on his wrists.

JENNY (CONT'D)
You should call the police.

CURLY
(dully)
I'll handle it.

JENNY
But...

CURLY
I said I'll handle it.

He sits on the edge of the bed, fingering his throat.

CURLY (CONT'D)
I need a drink...

INT. LATE-NIGHT PUB - NIGHT

A crowd of regulars drink in the early hours. Curly and Jenny sit opposite each other at a small table.

Jenny's orange juice stays untouched as Curly downs a chaser and thirstily quaffs a Guinness. He massages his throat.

CURLY
Phew! That's better...

JENNY
This is no way to live, Curly!

Curly nods vaguely, too exhausted to reply.

JENNY (CONT'D)
I can't live never knowing where
you are, or what's happening to
you...

Curly keeps his eyes down.

JENNY (CONT'D)
I need to look ahead. I need to
know where we go from here.

Curly nods absently and drinks again.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Are we just ships that pass in the
night? What is it you want, Curly?

CURLY
I want equality.
But I don't suppose I'm ever gonna
get it.

He drains his pint and stands wearily. He points at her orange juice but Jenny shakes her head. He walks to the bar.

As Curly sits with a fresh pint, Jenny leans forward.

JENNY
I'm sure Daddy could get you a job.

CURLY
I'm not looking for a job.

JENNY
Oh, come on Curly. Don't let
working class pride sell you short.

Curly coughs, turns away, spits into a hanky.

CURLY

Your parents'd never accept *me*.

JENNY

Oh I don't know... Given absolutely no choice in the matter. And enough time.

CURLY

If they helped me it'd only be to please you.

JENNY

What does it matter?! Life's a one way street. Everyone wants to go up, no one wants to go down...

CURLY

Why not just leave things as they are? We were fine up to now.

He kneads his throat and drinks deeply.

CURLY (CONT'D)

I need to rest, Jenny.

JENNY

You've done what *you* set out to do. But what about *me*, Curly?

Curly stands, looking haggard.

CURLY

(gently)

Look, I need sleep... I'll call you tomorrow...

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A young working class woman and Curly talk softly at a table.

ANGELA

Me uncle killed himself because of payday loans.

Curly records on his smartphone.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Even then they didn't stop. His phone got 400 SMS after he died. Some demanding repayment, some offering new loans!

Curly nods.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

If I'd known he was in trouble, I'd have tried to help.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 He must've felt so ashamed.
 (raises voice)
 If I was a man, I'd..!

LIBRARIAN
 ..Shush! Quiet please!

INT. CURLY'S PICKUP - DAY (TRAVELING)

Traffic is stalled in a high street, students flit between cars handing out leaflets. One offers Curly a FreeKash flyer. He shakes his head. As the traffic moves on, he stabs his finger at a FreeKash branch.

CURLY
 I'll get you, you bastard!

EXT. DOHERTY COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Carrying the crossbow with telescopic sight Curly creeps through trees outside a brightly lit house.

SCOPE POV

Through an open window the scope crosshairs track Doherty.

Curly's phone vibrates, startling him. Back to a tree, sheltered from the house, he answers it.

JENNY (O.S.)
 Could we meet up?

Curly peers cautiously at the house.

CURLY
 (whispers)
 Not right now, Jenny.

JENNY (O.S.)
 You avoiding me, Curly?

CURLY
 No. But I'm up to my ears.

JENNY (O.S.)
 Going to bed is easy, Curly. It's what comes after that matters. I want to settle down.. ..have a family... I'm not getting any younger.

CURLY
 I can't talk now... Listen, I'll ring you. Okay?

He turns off his phone.

INT. DOHERTY COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

STUDY

Doherty sits at a monitor watching porn. A CLICK CLACK of heels in the adjacent room alerts him. He hits a key, a spreadsheet fills the screen.

MADELEINE, his haute couture wife enters, an ambitious cougar with a coat on her arm.

MADELEINE
Chris is coming for me.

DOHERTY
Chris?! I thought you were taking
the night train?

MADELEINE
Oh didn't I tell you? He got us
places on a charter flight. We'll
be there in an hour.

Doherty is miffed.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
He *is* my lawyer, you know.

DOHERTY
(acidly)
Oh yeah, and for so long...

MADELEINE
I asked him to travel up with me. I
need him to cast an eye over the
AGM.

DOHERTY
Oh yes, he's good at casting his
eye over things...

Outside in the driveway a SPORTS CAR GROWLS.

MADELEINE
Don't be silly. It's just business.
That'll be him. Make sure Charlotte
brushes her teeth. Mrs. Rose will
collect her in the morning.

A doorbell CHIMES.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
I'll let myself out. And don't
drink too much...

Doherty sighs, resigned.

HALL

Madeleine opens the door. CHRIS enters tongue in cheek, debonair, younger and wary.

Madeleine looks around, checking they're alone, then kisses him hard on the mouth.

Chris takes her case and exits, Madeleine follows. Over her shoulder she calls:

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

By-ee!

The door SLAMS.

EXT. DOHERTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Curly CLICKS the crossbow safety catch from green to red.

SCOPE POV

The sight follows Doherty as he tops up his drink then walks back to his desk. The cross hairs hover between his shoulder blades. Curly's trigger finger tightens..

INT. DOHERTY HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

..the door swings open and CHARLOTTE, a four-year-old in pyjamas pads in barefoot, trailing her teddy bear.

DOHERTY

Oh fuck!

His drink slops.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

I thought you were in bed?!

CHARLOTTE

Can we sing, Daddy?

DOHERTY

It's way past bedtime!

CHARLOTTE

Please...

DOHERTY

Oh well, just once. Then straight back to bed. Promise?

CHARLOTTE

I promise...

The four-year-old scrambles onto the couch. Doherty takes a needed slug from his drink and sits next to her. He clears his throat. Off-key he sings:

DOHERTY

You've got a friend in me
 You've got a friend in me
 When the road looks rough ahead
 And you're miles and miles
 From your nice warm bed
 Just remember what your old dad
 said

The four-year-old wiggles her toes with pleasure.

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

You've got a friend in me...

CHARLOTTE

(belts out)

You've got a friend in me
 You've got a friend in me
 You've got troubles, I got 'em too
 There isn't anything I wouldn't do
 for you

They touch foreheads gazing at each other:

DOHERTY & CHARLOTTE

'Cause you've got a friend in me...

EXT. DOHERTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Curly sinks down, his back to a tree, the crossbow forgotten now in his hand. As the SINGING TAILS OFF Curly angrily brushes something from his cheek.

INT. DOHERTY HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

The study is dark and empty. A FreeKash logo rotates on the computer screen. THWACK! in a SHOWER OF SPARKS, the screen blanks the feathered flights of a crossbow bolt protruding from it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NEAR CURLY'S BEDSIT - DAY

At the wheel of an unmarked car Det. Constable Rader observes a building. Det. Sergeant Bloom arrives and gets in.

DET. CONSTABLE RADER

You hear about the Super's fiasco?!

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM

Yeah, had me giggling all day...

DET. CONSTABLE RADER

I'd give a week's pay to have seen
 it!

(beat)

(MORE)

DET. CONSTABLE RADER (CONT'D)
Hey, someone told me you're taking
early retirement?

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM
Yeah, decided to jump before I was
pushed. Roll on the end of the
month!

DET. CONSTABLE RADER
(suddenly alert)
Look, that's him, isn't it?

EXT. NEAR CURLY'S BEDSIT - DAY

Det.Sergeant Bloom crosses to Curly inspecting the tyres of
his pick-up.

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM
Lee Kerr, AKA Curly?

Bloom flashes his ID. The second detective joins him.

Curly blanches, waiting for the axe to fall.

CURLY
Yeah?

Bloom takes a brown envelope from his pocket, hefts it, and
hands it to Curly.

CURLY (CONT'D)
What's this?

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM
Let's just say, a donation.

Dumbfounded, Curly eyes the envelope.

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM (CONT'D)
See, there's villains and villains.
And you're way down the bottom of
our list.

DET. CONSTABLE RADER
What he means is, you help keep the
slime's hands off hard up people's
money.

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM
So the rank and file decided to
have an unofficial whip round.

The detectives start to move away.

DET. SERGEANT BLOOM (CONT'D)
Just forget it ever happened. Okay?

Curly nods, mystified. He tears open the envelope. It's full of banknotes.

EXT. DOHERTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Bailiffs with police-like body-armour and lapel mikes stand around outside Doherty's breath-taking house. Madeleine, watches irritably as a Lamborghini is winched onto a low loader.

The Bentley has a notice on the driver's window: "WARNING THIS VEHICLE HAS BEEN WHEEL CLAMPED. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO DRIVE."

Removal men carry bubble-wrapped paintings and objects from the house to a van.

On the road beyond the house Doherty waits infuriated. A taxi appears and Doherty waves it down. As he gets in a reporter runs up.

REPORTER

Are you pissed off, Mr. Doherty?

DOHERTY

(snaps)

What do you think, asshole?!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Hench's classic restored Impala sits glinting outside a restaurant.

ACROSS THE STREET

Curly is at the wheel of the old Zephyr, wearing suit and tie. Alongside him the casually dressed Geek. They observe the Impala.

GEEK

So the government's finally cracking down on payday loan companies, huh? Our lawyer rang yesterday, says he's willing to continue.

CURLY

With his win fees? You don't surprise me...

Ferne and Peter Plum step from a shop doorway, crush out cigarettes and slide into the rear of the Zephyr.

CURLY (CONT'D)

All set?

Ferne nods, checks her camera and winds down a window.

FERNE

Well, you've got everything you wanted Curly.

PETER PLUM

They say revenge is sweet. Non-fattening too!

Curly eyes the photo of Gran on his smartphone screen.

CURLY

It's more bittersweet. The reason you needed it is always there.

FERNE

Well, anyway... Maybe it's time to leave things as they are now, huh?

PETER PLUM

Your job's over...

Curly glances across at the Impala.

PETER PLUM (CONT'D)

We were saying, how the country's still full of fat cats, screwin' money outta the poor.

FERNE

The gig economy, zero hours, fire and rehire. All those shit jobs with shit pay.

GEEK

That's not his fight.

FERNE

Maybe not, but we're thinking of that direction, anyway...

Curly's MOBILE RINGS. Jenny's caller ID displays.

INTERCUT

CURLY

Jenny?

JENNY (O.S.)

(brightly)

So what's it to be?

CURLY

How d'ya mean?

JENNY

What we were talking about, you know...

CURLY

Oh, I, er, haven't had a minute to think. And I'm in the middle of something right now.

JENNY (O.S.)

I'm sure mommy would help us get a house.

GEEK

(alarmed)

Look out! They're coming!

CURLY

Gotta go, Jenny! Call you back, okay?!

ACROSS THE STREET

Croner leaves the restaurant and lights a cigarette.

ZEPHYR

FERNE

We need to know, Curly. You still in? I thought you might be settling down. Maybe it's time to slip away now while the going's good?

ACROSS THE STREET

Hench joins Croner and they slide into the Impala. Its MOTOR STARTS. TYRES SQUEAL as it surges away..

..AN EAR-SPLITTING CRASH! A LONG SCREECH OF TORTURED METAL!

The hood of the Impala slants, Hench's head on the steering wheel, Croner's forehead rammed against the dash.

Torn rear bodywork of the Impala rests on gouged tarmac. Rear wheels, axle and differential lie yards behind it and a heavy chain stretches to where it's padlocked around a lamppost.

Hench and Croner raise their heads groggily. They stare at each other. Both have gashed faces and broken noses.

CUT TO:

INT. ZEPHYR (TRAVELLING) - DAY

Ferne stops filming and Curly puts the Zephyr into gear. The car pulls out.

FERNE

So Curly, you still in?

Curly irritably yanks off his tie and tosses it out of the window.

CURLY
 (seethes)
 Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck it!
 Everybody's after answers!

After several moments he calms. Resignedly he changes gear.

CURLY (CONT'D)
 Okay... Better count me in.

Ferne leans forward, hand on his shoulder.

FERNE
 You sure? I thought you might be
 going in another direction...

CURLY
 Yeah, me too for a while. But in
 for a penny, in for a pound.
 (sighs)
 Like they say: a leopard can't
 change its spots...

The Zephyr disappears, lost in traffic.

EXT. SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES - NIGHT

Opposite Parliament on the South Bank, lenses glint. A huddle of press photographers and TV cameras prepare to shoot. On the river a launch passes slowly by.

Suddenly four powerful laser projectors beam images all the way across the Thames, lighting a vast 250-metre by 80-metre section on the Parliament building.

To the left on this giant screen: a homeless man in a cardboard box. On the right: an elegant St. John's Wood apartment block. 20 feet high words ask: "CARING SOCIETY?"

The image dissolves: a ragged queue at a soup kitchen, contrasts with dinner suited diners. And the question: "EQUALITY?"

The image wipes to an overcrowded London Underground train. Opposite it a liveried porter holds open the door of a limousine. "FAIRNESS?"

Then: "R.A.G.E. RADICALS AGAINST GREED AND EXPLOITATION."

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END