

THE LONE BRIT

**by
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FADE IN:

INT. DIMLY LIT PRISON VAN. EVENING.

Chains rattle as the meat-wagon turns corners and CHANCE, a muscular, 35-ish Brit, slowly turns his bleeding face to glance at the brute he is chained to.

Gazing at each face in sinister silence, fresh blood oozes from his injured nose and drips onto his hand, mingling with the blood where his fingernails used to be.

His mind takes him back a couple of days.

SUPER: TWO DAYS EARLIER - OUTSKIRTS OF MADRID - SPAIN

EXT/INT. RANGE ROVER ON SPANISH MOTORWAY. FLASHBACK.

The sun glints in the windscreen of a cruising Range Rover as Chance pulls down the visor and checks the rear view.

A muscle car side-swipes the Rover into the steel median. SCREAMING metal FORCES the muscle car into the flow of horn-blaring traffic; the driver wrestling the steering.

The V8 Rover pulls away from the pursuers as the sun shines on the RINGING cell-phone on the console.

Chance swiftly opens the phone as he accelerates along the motorway.

EXT. STATIONARY JEEP ON HIGHWAY.

PACO, a 30 year old Spaniard is furtively speaking into his cell phone as he walks away from his jeep on the busy highway as police move in.

Horns blare as armed uniformed policemen rush in to surround his jeep and other cars caught in the ambush.

A policeman grabs Paco as he talks into the cell phone.

INTERCUT - INT. RANGE ROVER #1/EXT. PACO'S JEEP ON HIGHWAY #2.

CHANCER #1
(into phone)
Not now, Paco, I'm busy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACO #2

(into phone - panic
stricken voice)

Turn around now! We are in the
bag! The cops are waiting for
you in Madrid. You are the
evidence - don't get caught!

CHANCER #1

Shit, man! They're on my tail!
(beat) You useless bastard...
putting me in this shit!
(hangs up)

Angrily closing the phone he throws it onto the
passenger seat and SLAMS the pedal to the metal.

Grunting and cursing he weaves between traffic. His
pursuers collide with SWERVING cars. Blaring HORNS and
SCREECHING metal urge Chance towards a distant
signpost.

Three cars SKID into position, blocking the motorway
ahead making the SLIP ROAD his only way of escape. The
SIGNPOST is for junction number 13!

He slams on the brakes as two cars drive at him against
the flow of traffic boxing him in. A wild-eyed man RUNS
at Chance waving a pistol. He SLAMS the car door into
the man, knocking him over.

Chance runs to the rear, leaps on the car behind and
jumps over the median. Landing badly, he WINDS himself
and stumbles into a nearby hotel lobby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. FLASHBACK.

Chance frantically tries each door as five men enter
the lobby aiming their pistols at him.

Raising his hands above his head he backs to the wall.

CHANCE

Tranquilo, hombres.

His hands are pulled behind his back and cuffed as they
curse in Spanish and beat him with their pistols.

His face slams into the wall, breaking his nose as
another man pulls his legs from under him, breaking his
teeth on the tiled floor. They kick and pistol-whip
him. Much blood.

EXT. HOTEL. CAR WITH DOORS OPEN. FLASHBACK.

Blood clots his eye-lashes so he wipes them on the back of the driver's seat enabling him to see the incoming punch from an irate man leaning into the car.

IRATE MAN.
 (speaking in
 Spanish)
 Get him to Madrid HQ and book
 him.

Three men get into the car and drive away, sirens blaring.

EXT. POLICE COMPOUND IN MADRID. FLASHBACK.

Chance is dragged from the car and made to stand facing a single story building. A BIG MAN wearing a smart suit descends the steps to where Chance stands in the sunshine.

BIG MAN
 So, Mr English, you try your
 karate shit on my men. Not wise,
 Asshole.

Chance looked at him for a long moment, hate in his eyes.

CHANCE
 Get these cuffs off, Arsehole.

The big man jerks Chance around to see the handcuffs cutting into his wrists. He calls to his grinning men.

BIG MAN
Quitalelos

Two men stroll over to Chance and take off the handcuffs.

Chance rubs his hands vigorously then notices his missing finger and thumb nails. Bloody, raw flesh at the end of each thumb and his hands are black and blue.

BIG MAN (CONT'D)
 Get him inside and cleaned up
 ready for hospital.

INT. WASHROOM IN COMPOUND. FLASHBACK

Surrounded by Spanish officers, Chance cleans his face using a wash hand basin and mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the silence of the moment, he grabs his broken nose with both hands and noisily forces the gristle and flesh back into shape as he discharges blood clots with a copious rush of blood into the sink. An onlooker pukes into the sinks.

PUKING OFFICER

Hijo de puta.

Looking hatefully at Chance he runs water to wash the puke from his chin. Chance grins at him with his bloody mouth.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE IN MADRID. FLASHBACK.

Media personnel jostle with cameras and microphones to interview Chance, several JOURNALISTS descend.

JOURNALISTS

Is it true - 5 tonnes? Are you the British judo champion? Did you fire your weapon? Were the drugs to be sold here in Madrid?

Chance remained silent as National Police officers quickly escort him into the hospital reception area.

INT. HOSPITAL A&E TREATMENT ROOM. FLASHBACK

Chance sits in a room surrounded by national and secret policemen as his head is stitched by a large female doctor who noisily scrapes his skull with the needle. The officers are sickened and leave one by one. Chance is taken away.

INT. HOLDING CELLS IN DOWNTOWN MADRID. FLASHBACK

Chance is in a large cell with eight men. Food is brought around the cells by an internee and a belligerent prison officer. He cannot eat his food because of his broken teeth.

Chance acknowledges a wave from ZHONG, a Chinese man.

ZHONG

Hey Engrish, food shit, eh? Me called Zhong... who you?

Chance raises his hand in a half wave.

CHANCE

Hello, Zhong. I'm Chancer. Yeah, it's shit, man. Where're you from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHONG

Hong Kong, but talk later when
we get to prison.

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT. MADRID. FLASHBACK.

A Judge dressed in black robes speaks in English.

JUDGE

Now you go Carabanchel prison
and wait for trial. You smuggle
hashish... you pay big time...
fuera, get out! Go to hell!

END
FLASHBACK.

EXT. PRISON RECEPTION AREA. PRESENT DAY. EVENING.

Chance jolts back to the present as the prison van
enters the prison reception area and the Guardia Civil
VAN DRIVER and his companion get out to open the
sliding side door.

VAN DRIVER

Fuera, fuera!

Prison officers arrive and the inmates are dragged out,
chains rattling into the fading sunlight of the
evening.

PRISON OFFICERS

(shouting in
Spanish)

Get out, you bastards, get out.

The men are pushed into line by the prison officers as
the Guardia Civil officers take handcuffs from the
inmates.

An officer puts his pistol to Chance's head as his
colleague unlocks the manacles and bullying prison
officers frisk the inmates as the manacles are being
removed.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER

(in Spanish)

Everybody undress, quickly.

Everyone undresses. Chance is naked first, blood
stained clothes lying in a heap at his feet. A prison
officer brings a mirror and places it between Chance's
feet.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER (CONT'D)

Squat, quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chance squats over the mirror as the prison officer ogles his rectum. His face lights up as he discovers the injuries to Chance's rectum and testicles.

He picks up Chance's bloody clothes with the end of his truncheon and flicks them into a nearby holding cell and gestures for him to follow and get dressed.

INT. RECEPTION BUILDING. EVENING

The large prison officer manning the finger print table, grabs Chance's wrist and forces his fingers in turn on the ink slab and onto the record sheet. The word PELIGROSO (Dangerous) is stamped in red on the record sheet.

The prison officer repeats the process with the other hand, smearing blood from Chance's damaged fingers onto his own hands.

CHANCE

I have AIDS, *SIDA*, you fat bastard.

Chance smirks as the fear hits home in the bully's brain.

FAT PRISON OFFICER

(cursing in Spanish)

Rushes to the washroom as his colleague shoves Chance toward the mug-shot photographer. Two officers grab Chance and force him backwards into a white tiled wall, banging his head and smearing blood on the wall.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER

(shouting in Spanish)

You stupid English bastard, wipe that blood off the wall.

A toilet roll hits Chance. He wipes the ink and blood from his fingers. The officer pushes him into the wall indicating the paper is to wipe the wall, not his fingers.

The photo is quickly taken and Chance is pushed to the next table where he quickly signs the record sheet.

An officer beckons him to sign for his washing and shaving kit, bedding, towel and contraceptives. The officer nods towards a shower cubicle across the room.

Another officer screams at him to hurry and strip naked to take a shower. Chance steps into the shower and turns his back on the ogling officer.

INT. DIMLY LIT PRISON CORRIDOR. EVENING

A tall, slim officer escorts Chance along dimly lit corridors to Wing 5. Distant shouts and screams break the eerie silence.

The escort hands over Chance to DON IGNACIOUS, an ugly prison officer at entrance to Wing 5, who prods Chance with his truncheon ahead of him as the iron gate clangs shut.

INT. WING 5. TOP LANDING. EVENING

Chance walks in front of escort along a poorly lit landing whilst looking down through the safety net at the lower landings. The escort taps the handrail with his truncheon.

Cockroaches and rats scatter as they approach cell 98. The escort inserts key and slams back the big steel bolt and pulls open the cell door.

INT. CELL 98. EVENING

Two ARABS stand to attention as Chance and escort enter the dimly lit cell. The escort snarls and points his truncheon threateningly at the Arabs.

DON IGNACIOUS
(in Spanish)
Another foreigner!

TRIBAK AND HASSAN (ARABS)
Si, senor, muy bien, senor.

Escort officer backs out of the cell pointing his truncheon menacingly at Chance. He slams the door shut, slams the steel bolt, turns the key and can be heard tapping the handrail as he walks away. The Arabs grab each of Chance's hands, vigorously shaking them in welcome.

TRIBAK
You are English, yes?

CHANCE
Yes, mate, where are you from?

TRIBAK
We are from Algiers. Come, sit, we make your bed before lights out... then we talk.

The Arabs make up a third bed as Chance washes blood from his hands then sits on the bed. The Arabs gasp as they see the injuries to Chance's body as he undresses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

Police?

CHANCE

Yes, the secret police did this
when they arrested me. Bastards!

Hassan hands Chance a T-shirt and Tribak hands him a lumberjack style shirt. The cell light goes out and they each climb into their beds.

Moonlight shines in through the barred window as Chance buries his head in the pillow. The heartache and numbing sadness express itself in a dream as tears of frustration soak into the pillow.

EXT. CHANCE'S HOUSE IN REMOTE AREA OF ANDALUCIA. DREAM.

Chance's wife, Susan, feeds dogs; Roxy, the Rottweiler and Sammy and Max, the German Shepherds; the happy group unaware of Chance's imprisonment. The dream is shattered by a piercing scream.

END DREAM.

INT. CELL 98. NIGHT.

Tribak leaps out of bed as screams from the depths of the gallery reverberate around the wing.

In the moonlight, Tribak slides back the metal plate of the judas hole to squint out with one eye. He speaks in rapid Arabic. Hassan translates.

HASSAN

Four screws are beating an
inmate who was just caught
raping his cell mate.

INT. LOWER LANDING ON WING 5. NIGHT.

Four prison officers beat a Spanish inmate with truncheons. The inmate lies bleeding as the officers step back to admire their work.

Don Ignacious, the officer who escorted Chance to cell 98, smashes the inmate's ankle and knee to the sound of his weird laughter echoing around the wing.

INT. CELL 98. MORNING.

A wailing siren and shouts of 'Recuento' awaken Chance. The noise of crashing bolts add to the alarm of the moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chance and the Arabs dress and make their beds. The cell door bolt crashes noisily and the door opens outwards to reveal Don Ignacious.

DON IGNACIOUS
Recuento, recuento, Cabrones.

Standing in the open doorway, snarling, dressed in baggy blue serge trousers and light blue shirt with a metal badge pinned to the right breast pocket, glaring with glittering mad eyes, he then grunts and slams the door.

INT. TOP LANDING ON WING 5. MORNING.

Chance closes the cell door, slams the bolt and walks along the landing looking down on inmates below.

The noise of hundreds of shuffling feet and voices ease as heads crane upwards to watch Chance.

INT. GROUND FLOOR WING 5. MORNING.

Inmates milling around look up at Chance descending the stairs toward them. Tribak and Hassan wave vigorously to attract his attention. Chance nods recognition and snakes through the throng to join them.

HASSAN
We go eat now, look.

Hassan points as an iron gate opens and inmates flood through it into a corridor to form a queue at the entrance to the dining hall.

Several gypsies barge through to the front of the queue. The man behind Chance, TANK, mutters.

TANK
Gypsy scumbags, dude. The slimy creeps are everywhere.

CHANCE
Are you American?

TANK
Hi, I'm from Texas. My name is Sherman... call me Tank.

Tank extends his hand, Chance shakes it, ignoring the pain.

CHANCE
Chancer, nice to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TANK

Enjoy your breakfast, it's the best meal of the day. I'll talk to you later in the yard.

They release hands and shuffle into the dining hall.

INT. DINING HALL WING 5. MORNING.

Chance loads his metal tray with bread, jam, margarine and a plastic mug of milky coffee. Hassan points to a table in the dining hall.

HASSAN

That is the English table, you must eat there.

Tables and benches are bolted to the floor and can seat 10 men. A big man known as BORIS, looks up as Chance approaches.

CHANCE

Hello, mate. How're you doing, where are you from?

The big man looks surprised and gapes about him as though Chance was speaking to someone else. He shoves a piece of bread into his mouth and slurps his coffee and speaks through his food.

BORIS

BORIS, I'm an American. Don't worry, I'll find another table at chow-time. I didn't know tables were reserved.

The man averts his eyes as Chance withdraws his unshaken extended hand, provoking a frown.

CHANCE

Fuck the tables, mate. I'm only pleased to meet someone who speaks English... just so long as you're not a nonce.

These last words said meaningfully as Chance leans across, eyeballing Boris.

BORIS

What da fuck's a nonce when it's at home?

CHANCE

A child molester, a pervert, a fucking paedophile.

Boris puts down his coffee and for the first time, looks Chance in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORIS

Oh, man, this place is solid wid 'em. Every fuckin' wetback I know fucks kids.

CHANCE

I thought wetbacks were Mexicans.

BORIS

Mexicans, South Americans, spicks, Colombianos, they're all the fuckin' same, they carry the same sick gene. Chicken shaggers, sheep shaggers, incest is the norm with them. Look around you, look at the fuckin' screws. If they are not the result of incest then I'm the fuckin' man in the moon.

Amused, Chance grins at Boris and toasts him with his coffee.

CHANCE

OK, Buzz, nice to know you.

Boris scoops up his tray and heads for the swill bins, disturbing the buzzing flies, he calls over his shoulder.

BORIS

We'll have a game of chess later in the yard.

Chance nods and waves then surveys the dining hall. Many foreign eyes avert as he scans the tables, each table a jealously guarded territory.

He looks at the German (kraut) table to his right and scans left to the Italian (wop) table, then the Russian (rusks) table. Tank waves, grinning as Chance's gaze stops at the Dutch (clog) table. Tank shouts through the din.

TANK

Hello, Chancer, enjoy your bread and coffee... lunch and dinner will be shit.

Chance frowns then grins acknowledgment.

CHANCE

Yeah, OK, don't fucking rub it in.

Chance gazes to the left where the French gaze impassively back at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Several Arab tables noisily chatted, but many eyes meet Chance's gaze as he scans left to see Spanish and South American tables.

Beyond them he sees the ETA (Basque) tables and further back his gaze locks on to the Spanish gypsy tables.

The duty screw approaches, slapping his truncheon.

PRISON OFFICER

Finito, fuera!

Chance unhurriedly gathers his things, stacks his tray and leaves the dining hall.

EXT. PRISON YARD. WING 5. MORNING.

(approx) 150 men stroll clockwise around the yard. Some of them run/jog as Chance walks briskly alone through slower groups of strolling men; many eyes watch him.

A hand grabs his elbow. A GRIMY GYPSY grins at him.

GRIMY GYPSY

Hey, *guiiri*, get me a coffee,
just one for me.

Chance slaps the hand from his elbow irritably.

CHANCE

No, no money, no *dinero*.

The gypsy's face changes from simpering beggar to total hatred as he produces a 9" long shank.

Nearby Arabs shout a warning as gypsies make the ambush.

HASSAN

Watch out!

Hassan, Tribak and other Arabs rush forward as Chance is surrounded by several gypsies closing in on him.

Chance parries the lunge, grabs the wrist and slams his palm-heel into the gypsy's jaw, noisily breaking it.

Another gypsy stoops to grab the shank, Chance stamps on the hand and with a tremendous downward punch, knocks him out.

The Arabs squared off with the gypsies but shouting prison officers intervene and grab Chance's arms.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

(shouts in Spanish)

Look, you're all blind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN (CONT'D)

He has a shank, look, it's in his hand. English was defending himself.

Reluctantly, the screws let go of Chance's arms as Hassan points to the shank in the hand of the unconscious gypsy.

One of the screws turns and looks at the face of the chief officer, Don Raphael, looking through a window at the far end of the yard.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's get some coffee.

The Arabs lead Chance through the throng of onlookers and head toward the *economato* (coffee shop) across the yard.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Tribak hands Chance a coffee as he stands chatting with Hassan and other Arabs. A large, fat gypsy arrives and pokes Tribak in the chest as he speaks threateningly in Spanish.

TRIBAK

He is the brother of the man with the spike. You broke his jaw. He seeks revenge.

The fat gypsy points at Chance and draws his finger across his throat in a threatening gesture.

CHANCE

Fuck you, FATBOY.

Chance moves quickly and grabs Fatboy's Adam's apple and windpipe and slams him into the concrete floor with a leg sweep reaping throw (*Osoto Gari*).

Pulling him into a sitting position, Chance slips behind him applying a vicious choke hold (*Hadake Jimi*). Chance shouts at the Arabs.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Tell Fatboy I will kill him if he or any of his fucking tribe come near me again.

Fatboy understands and nodded his head. Chance releases him and kicks his backside as he stumbles away.

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance strolls alone in the yard to converge on Tank who was waiting for him at the far end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TANK

Hey, man, you're fucking deadly. We've been waiting to see who gets you first. I won two bets; the first one was that the gypsies would get you first and the second was that you would still be standing.

Tank picks up Chance's step as they stroll together across the yard, both men glance assertively at groups of gypsies.

CHANCE

Well, you can buy me a coffee and a Kit-Kat, you canny sod.

TANK

Where the fuck did you learn to move like that, man? I've seen some slick guys in my time but not like that. You must be a pro. What do you do?

Tank's remarks provoke a smile from Chance, which Tank shares as he fishes for his cigarettes.

CHANCE

Oh, I'm just a bit handy, Tank. Nothing to brag about.

TANK

Don't gimme that shit. What's those Jap tattoos on your arm?

CHANCE

They're Chinese, actually. They were done years ago in Hong Kong. I wish I'd never had them done now.

TANK

I don't fucking believe you. You can tell me any old shit but I know you are too much of a handful for these suckers in here.

Tank sucks hard on a Marlboro spliff.

CHANCE

How come you are with the clogs? You're not a Dutchman. You said you are from Texas.

TANK

I am a Texan but I hang with the clogs because we don't have enough yanks to claim a table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They stroll across the yard to the economato where they sit drinking coffee on the fixed metal tables surrounded by chess players and letter writers.

TANK (CONT'D)

I bet you are in here for weed.

CHANCE

It's a long story, my friend,
but yep, you're right, hashish.

Tank stares rudely at Chance's mouth then his fingers.

TANK

I see the cops gave you a hard
time dude. Psycho's, all of 'em.

CHANCE

Yeah, lousy bastards... My teeth
are bugging me worst, they're
all broken off at gum level and
there's some jagged bits cutting
my tongue.

TANK

Oh, shit, man. Don't go to the
dentist, he's a fucking freak.
He only pulls teeth so he'll
simply rip out your fucking gums
to get at the broken ones.

The Tannoy loudspeaker crackles and hisses into life.

DUTY SCREW (V.O.)

Kreestoffer Chancer - *medico*.

TANK

That's you, dude, for the
enfermeria. The bloodsuckers
wanna see ya.

INT. YARD MAIN GATE. MORNING.

Two screws await Chance at the big iron gate, one of them slapping his truncheon into the open palm of his hand as Chance approaches. They both scowl at him and brace up as though ready to fight him. Chance smirks.

SLAPPING SCREW

Kreestoffer? *Venga, rapido!*

The screws point their truncheons, indicating Chance should walk ahead of them along the corridors.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE. MORNING.

Chance sits with arm outstretched as a large needle penetrates a vein and extracts blood.

A female nurse dressed in starched whites leaves the room as a female doctor enters and examines Chance's naked body. Chance flinches as a cracked rib is discovered.

CHANCE

I need treatment for my kidneys;
rectum, bollocks, mouth, nose,
fingers and ribs.

The doctor harrumphs and walks out as a MALE NURSE in starched whites administers a large needle into Chance's buttock, straps his ribs and gives him medications in a paper bag. He speaks in accented English.

MALE NURSE

Clean your arse with salt water
before you use the cream. Now
fuck off back where you belong.

He nods at the guards to escort him back as he gets dressed.

INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO DINING HALL. LUNCHTIME.

Chance stands alone in the queue, men give him a wide berth and look at him as though he is a dangerous lunatic.

The queue moves forward but men behind Chance don't move until he moves. Chance looks at Tank ahead of him.

TANK

They think you're crazy, dude.

INT. DINING HALL FOOD SERVERY. LUNCHTIME.

Scruffy inmates dressed in dirty whites serve food to shuffling vociferous inmates.

Chance leaves the servery and picks his way to the English table where he sits alone. Tribak slinks over from the wog tables and joins him.

TRIBAK

When we leave our tables to go
upstairs, come with us. The
gypsies will attack you if you
are alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

Thanks, Tribak. I'll do that.

Tribak slinks back to the wog tables, taking abuse from the frogs as he passes. He doesn't look at them.

Chance finishes lunch and joins Tribak and Hassan as they stack their trays and head for the cells.

INT. GROUND FLOOR WING 5. AFTERNOON.

The trio pick their way through the shuffling throng of inmates to get near the locked gated stairs. Two screws open the gate and the flow of humanity ascends to the upper levels.

INT. TOP LANDING ON WING 5. AFTERNOON.

Cell doors open outwards creating bottlenecks along the landing. Several groups of men add to the obstacles as the trio cautiously but swiftly move toward their cell at the far end of the landing.

Chance hears a shout from below.

SHOUTING GYPSY

Hey, *inglese!*

He draws his finger across his throat (throat-cutting gesture). Chance replies with the finger.

INT. CELL 98. AFTERNOON.

Tribak and Hassan snore softly as Chance silently practices combat techniques.

The sound of crashing bolts on the lower floors awaken the Arabs and they rise and wash their faces.

HASSAN

We will watch your back, my friend. The gypsies will try to stab you.

CHANCE

Thanks, Hassan, but I will kill any fucker who tries it.

The bolt crashes and the door opens. A red-faced screw, DON FRANCISCO shouts obscenities as the trio grab their bags.

DON FRANCISCO

Out, niggers... and you, you English cunt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They move out of the cell and Chance looks into the glaring eyes of the screw.

CHANCE
Your English is good.

EXT. PRISON YARD. LATE AFTERNOON.

Strolling around the yard, Chance sees a disturbance at the gate; new inmates are escorted into the yard. Chance sees a familiar face and scowls as he recognises Paco.

Paco sees Chance and makes a bee-line for him. The big grin disappears as he sees the scowl on Chance's face.

PACO
Good to see you, Chancer, but why are you looking at me like that? You think I fucked up?

CHANCE
Somebody fucked up! You got me here with your sob story, you sad shit!

PACO
We will soon find out who fucked up. the police knew exactly where to catch us... Anyway, our lawyer will get us out on bail.

CHANCE
What lawyer? I haven't seen a soul yet. How come you have a lawyer?

PACO
Don't worry, our lawyer was called an hour after we were caught. He's already on our case.

CHANCE
How many were caught?

PACO
Six of us, no one got away.

CHANCE
Six of us! Christ almighty! Who are they? I only know you!

PACO
They don't matter, they are of no use. They are only buyers.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACO (CONT'D)

You will see, we are needed on the outside, we are of no use in here, the lawyer will get us out.

Paco fishes about in his pockets feeling for money.

PACO (CONT'D)

Here, take this money and get yourself coffee and biscuits.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. PRISON YARD. LATE AFTERNOON.

In the queue, Chance is accosted by begging gypsies.

CHANCE

No *dinero*, fuck off.

Chance walks away from the queue carrying coffee and biscuits and sits at a nearby metal table.

Zhong appears out of the crowd in the yard.

ZHONG

Hey, Engrish!

Zhong nimbly sits opposite Chance at the table.

CHANCE

Hello there, Zhong. How're you doing?

Zhong looks about him cautiously, ready to defend himself.

ZHONG

Not bad. You got money for coffee?

Digging in his pocket, Chance hands over some change.

CHANCE

Yeah, here, take this.

Zhong fends off beggars and returns with fresh coffee.

ZHONG

You got aggro with gypsies, Engrish - not good. Gypsies come behind with knife, but I watch your back.

CHANCE

Thanks, mate, stick around and I'll watch yours.

Sipping coffee and gazing across the yard, Chance sees the dining hall gate open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Fucking hell! look at this.

A beautiful girl wearing a mini-skirt and well filled white blouse and carrying a plastic bag walks across the yard and into the shower block followed by a crowd of Spaniards.

ZHONG

Come on, Boss, let's go see.

INT. SHOWER BLOCK. LATE AFTERNOON.

Several Spaniards ogle the beautiful face, breasts, legs and genitals of the transsexual in the shower who is coyly lathering his breasts.

A large gypsy strides naked from the opposite shower as the transsexual squats and take his penis in his mouth.

ZHONG

You see everything here,
Engrish. It better here than
Wanchai in Hong Kong.

CHANCE

Oh, I don't think so, Zhong. The
China Fleet Club and Mai Ling's
Piss Pot Shack was much better
than this fucking dump.

A queue quickly forms, led by Tupak, a Negro with an enormous penis, which he shoves into the transsexual's mouth as the big gypsy walks back to his shower cubicle.

Laughing, Chance and Zhong leave the shower block.

INT. DINING HALL. EVENING.

Chance sits alone at the English table pushing his food around the tray. Zhong stands before him with his food.

ZHONG

How 'bout me sitting on Engrish
table? No probrem, I fuck off
when udder Engrish peoples come.

Chance looks around to see dozens of hostile eyes on him, mostly gypsies. Many of them negatively shaking their heads.

CHANCE

Sit down. Welcome to England.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Widespread muttering with the words *guiiri* and *chino* cease as Chance stands and stares purposefully around him.

A very big man, known as JAKE, with masses of muscle, a pugilistic face and piercing blue eyes stands next to Chance, who stops eating.

JAKE

Do you mind if I join you? My name is Jake. I am from Belgium but I lived in England for a while.

Chance grins as he looks at the giant before him.

CHANCE

Sit down, Jake. Nice of you to ask.

Jake laughing heartily, sits next to Chance holding out his massive hand for a handshake.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Chancer. Nice to meet you. What're you in for?

Jake pauses, his big hands ready to stab his food, looks across into Chance's eyes. He then attacks his food and talks as he eats.

JAKE

I was a bouncer and bodyguard in a girlie club in Brussels, but I pissed off with the contents of the safe. These bastards caught me in Madrid.

CHANCE

How much did you nick?

JAKE

I don't know... a lot, but after they took my suitcase with the money, they said I must have hidden it somewhere.

Jake stops eating for a moment and looks about assertively.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You know, this is the first time I've felt safe since I've been here. I'm comfortable sitting here.

Zhong cheekily looks up into Jake's face and burps loudly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZHONG

Yeah, me too. Especially sitting next to such a big fucker like you.

Laughing, they leave the table, stack their trays and head for the gallery.

INT. CELL BLOCK. GROUND FLOOR. EVENING.

Chance, Zhong and Jake stroll around with the throng, chatting but aware of the danger around them.

JAKE

They'll open the gate in a minute and then we'll go up to your cell.

CHANCE

My cell mates might not like that.

JAKE

Your cell mates go to their friend's cell until lock down every night, so you'll be on your own for an hour and a half. Don't you want our company?

CHANCE

Yeah, but I'm not familiar with the routine around here yet.

A loud metallic buzz as the bolt is electronically opened and the throng surges toward the big gate.

INT. CELL 98. EVENING.

Chance. Zhong and Jake sit around a table playing cards.

JAKE

The gypsies will stab you in the back, you know that, don't you? They put rat shit in grooves near the point of their spikes, the spicks call them pinchous... and sometimes they use shit from an Aids carrier.

Zhong pulls his face in disgust - then fear.

ZHONG

Fuck dat! Rat shit bad, Aids shit deadly. Bad peoples these gypos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chance fondly slaps his shoulder and tousles his hair.

CHANCE

Don't worry, Zhong, we'll watch
each others backs from now on.

The sound of crashing bolts echo as cell doors are unlocked and inmates return to their cells for the night.

JAKE

That's us back to our cells now.
Your cell mates will be here in
a minute. I'll see you at
breakfast.

The bolt crashes and the door opens slightly as it is unlocked. The door opens wide as Tribak and Hassan enter smiling and happily shake the hands of Jake and Zhong on their way out.

JAKE (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow, Chancer.

ZHONG

Yeah, man, tomorrer.

Tribak sits with Chance and hands him a metal nail file.

TRIBAK

I must return that in the
morning.

INT. CELL 98. NIGHT.

In the moonlight, Chance, face sweating profusely, files down the jagged edges of his broken teeth as Tribak and Hassan snore softly as blood drips from his chin.

Chance, in bed, whispers The Lord's Prayer.

MONTAGE. EARLY DAYS IN PRISON.

Action 1. Chance performing press-ups in cell.

Action 2. Chance, Zhong and Jake, jogging in yard.

Action 3. Chance writing letters in his cell.

Action 4. Chance in kneeling meditating posture.

Action 5. Chance performing karate kata.

INT. SHOWER BLOCK. MORNING.

Men showering. Room thick with steam. Gypsies enter.

TANK

What the fuck are spick gypos
doing in here?

Naked men leave shower stalls to grab towels from benches.

JAKE

Watch out, they've got spikes!

Six gypsies lurk in the steam with shanks in their hands. They move from shower to shower.

Jake emerges from his steaming shower to slam his massive fist into the passing gypsy's face with a resounding crunch as nose and cheekbone crack.

ZHONG

Venga! Come here, you bastard.

Zhong wrestles the spike out of the hand of NITO, a senior gypsy, and glances at the rat shit in the grooves near the point. He slams it down into Nito's shoulder, snapping the collar bone and embedding it deep into the shoulder.

Tank punches a tall guy, noisily breaking his jaw.

Chance thrusts his rigid fingers into the eyes of the gypsy thug and slams his fist into his throat, dropping him. He parries another thrusting spike and again strikes the eyes of the second attacker.

Chance grabs the weapon and buries it in the gypsy's buttock who screams incoherently. He finishes him with a tremendous punch to the throat.

JAKE

Watch out, there's more of 'em!

Jake and Zhong batter MANOLO, a big thug as Chance parries a thrust from a tall skinny gypsy wielding a sharpened broom handle with Aids excrement smeared around the point.

Chance breaks the gypsy's jaw with a palm heel strike and stabs the gypsy's foot with the broom handle. He looks about and heads for the door.

CHANCE

C'mon! We're out of here!

Chance grabs his clothes and runs out of the shower block, punching incoming gypsies out of his way.

INT. PRISON YARD BARBER'S SHOP. MORNING.

Several inmates stare in amazement as Chance enters naked, and quickly dresses. Madly glaring about him, Chance throws his bag and wet towel at the transvestite barber, knocking his blonde wig skew-wiff.

CHANCE

Look after my kit, Alice. *Hasta luego.*

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance slinks out of the barber's shop and jogs around the yard. He spots Zhong and Jake sitting with the chess players and Tank's group in the coffee shop queue. He jostles in between Zhong and Jake on the bench.

ZHONG

Tank is getting the coffee, sit down. The screws are busy in the shower block, we're safe here.

Prison officers and orderlies take away the injured gypsies.

Don Rafael grins to himself as he looks on from an upper window.

EXT. CHANCE'S COUNTRY HOUSE, SOUTHERN SPAIN. AFTERNOON.

Susan, Chance's wife, dressed in a one-piece swimsuit, sunbathes next to the swimming pool surrounded by the dogs.

As one, the three dogs look to the north perimeter fence where bush movement attracts them - someone's there. A PEEPING TOM.

They RACE, grunting and growling to the spot where a man appears from behind a bush. The fence separates him from the dogs as they ferociously bark at him.

The man KICKS the chain link fence which further infuriates the dogs as Susan arrives and challenges the man.

SUSAN

(breathless, angry)
What are you doing sneaking about?

PEEPING TOM

(speaks with a
Dutch accent)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)

This side of the fence is my
land.

SUSAN

Make sure you stay on it; you
and your bloody binoculars.

The Peeping Tom stumbles away muttering threats as Susan ushers the dogs back down the hillside to the house.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Action 1: Susan dressed in shorts is hanging washing on the clothes line - dogs bark and rush to the fence. Peeping Tom slinks off, back into his house.

Action 2: Susan sunbathing next to pool - dogs bark and rush to the fence. Peeping Tom stumbles away.

Action 3: Susan undresses ready for bed. The dogs rush out of the bedroom and down the stairs to bark and scratch at the front door, trying to get out. Peeping Tom slinks away into the night.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE. MORNING.

Chance stands opposite DON RAFAEL, the chief officer who sits at his litter strewn desk. Pointing at an empty chair, the screw gestures for Chance to sit.

DON RAFAEL

Sit down... smoke?

CHANCE

No, I don't smoke.

With an angry sweep of his arm, the porn mags, newspapers, litter and overflowing ashtrays clatter to the floor, making the other screws jump and look nervously at each other. He shouts at them.

DON RAFAEL

Fuera! Trabaja!

Four lounging screws scurry out of the office as Chance eases himself into a chair.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

(speaks English in
Midlands accent)

Stinking fucking pigs! The
laziest fuckers on the planet...
got no respect for my desk...
bastards!

Looking unblinkingly into Chance's eyes, he continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

You're ex-military, aren't you?

CHANCE

Yes, I was a professional soldier.

DON RAFAEL

Good! So was I. Did you have anything to do with the French Foreign Legion?

CHANCE

I'm not that crazy, but I had a friend who served as a Paratrooper with them. He became a warrant officer class one in the British Army and we were good pals. He was killed.

DON RAFAEL

What was his name?

CHANCE

Ken Bradshaw.

DON RAFAEL

Fuckin' hell! I knew him! Isn't this a small world. I spent most of my legionnaire years in the same company. Fucking hell!

They look at each other across the table in a few seconds of silent respect for the man they both knew well.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Coffee?

CHANCE

Americano suits me.

The chief screw turned in his swivel chair and knocked on the window beckoning the INMATE of a nearby cell who quickly entered the office.

DON RAFAEL

(In rapid Spanish)

Get two coffees, one *Americano* and a *cortado*. And two Kit Kats.

The inmate about turns and disappears through the office door. The sound of his running feet diminish as he goes.

CHANCE

How come you speak English in a Midlands accent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON RAFAEL

I have relatives in Nottingham. My father took me to live with them when I was 13 years old, so I did a couple of years in school there and I made a lot of friends, especially girlfriends. I shagged myself to a frazzle in Nottingham, I wish I'd never left there: I had the time of my life in that city.

CHANCE

Why did you leave then?

DON RAFAEL

I was army barmy. I was in the Army Cadets and when I found out I couldn't go straight into the SAS, I fucked off to France and joined the Legion.

The inmate arrives with the tray of coffee and biscuits as two screws enter and quietly sit across the room. One of them gestures to the inmate to clean the floor of the scattered debris. Don Rafael reads from a file.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

I see on your file you are a martial arts instructor. What grade are you and which style do you teach?

CHANCE

Fourth dan, ju-jitsu and karate.

DON RAFAEL

C'mon, drink up, I'll take you to the gym and show you around... you'll like it.

INT. CARABANCHEL CORRIDORS AND STAIRWAYS. MORNING.

Don Rafael and Chance walk briskly along dark corridors and up stairways. The sound of their footfalls echo. The gym duty screw opens the big steel gate and lets them in.

INT. GYMNASIUM. MORNING.

Don Rafael stops punching the heavy bag as Chance speaks.

CHANCE

How often can I come here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL

Play your cards right and I'll see to it you get a job in here as the instructor.

CHANCE

What cards are they?

DON RAFAEL

You'll see soon enough... I'll bring you a track suit bottom and maybe a judo top. I think there's a black belt lying around somewhere.

CHANCE

I don't want that. Just an old sweatshirt will do. I'll be a target anyway without wearing a black belt. What have I done to deserve this?

Their eyes lock as Don Rafael stands, arms akimbo.

DON RAFAEL

You think we don't know how many gypsies you've battered? You are surrounded by *chivatos*, y'know, grasses, informers. If you do anything you don't want the screws to hear about, you must make sure there are no Spaniards about. I am often ashamed of my countrymen, but the gypsies disgust me. I hate the sight of the scum.

The two of them walk toward the exit gate, the gym orderlies' eyes, full of hatred, follow them.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

You can never trust a gypsy.

Chance gives him a sideways glance, Don Rafael smirks.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

There are two things in life I can't stand... and that is a prejudiced man... and a gypsy.

INT. CELL 98. EVENING.

The bolt slides back on the cell door and it opens to reveal Don Rafael. Hassan and Tribak jump off their beds.

Chance gets off his bed and walks toward him, a puzzled expression on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL

Grab your bedding, I'm putting
you in another cell... alone.

Nodding at the Arabs, he indicates their help is
needed.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

You get your kit, they can bring
your bedding. *Venga, ahora!*

Cautious, the Arabs grab each end of the mattress to
lift it from the metal bed. They are nervous being so
close to the chief screw. Chance stuffs his shaving kit
and belongings into a bag and they are ready to move.

CHANCE

Where to?

DON RAFAEL

Next floor down, I have an empty
cell for you. C'mon, quietly.

Don Rafael disappears and Chance follows. The Arabs
struggle through the doorway with the bedding.

INT. CELL 45. EVENING.

The Arabs throw Chance's bedding onto one of the two
empty beds and straighten the bed clothes as Chance
dumps his kit on the table. Don Rafael beckons the
Arabs to leave.

DON RAFAEL

Venga, ariba! C'mon, upstairs!
Fuckin' move yourselves!

The Arabs scurry out as Don Rafael sits on Chance's
bed. Chance is unpacking his bag.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Someone you know is being
transferred to this wing. Let
him share this cell with you, it
is to your advantage... trust
me. I'm off to lock the Arabs
up. See you tomorrow.

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Jogging around the yard, Chance sees a familiar face.

He recognizes KENNEDY, a short, muscular man from
Trinidad, about 40-ish and balding. His cheeky black
face breaks into a white toothy grin as he spots
Chance. They converge and meet in the centre of the
yard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They shake hands vigorously and hug each other in a manly embrace. Chance tries to speak but Kennedy preempts him.

KENNEDY

(Caribbean accent)

I heard you was 'ere? What da fuck 'appened? Important peoples lookin' fer you... jobs waitin' to be done. Dey can't believe you got mixed up wid fuckin' Paco an' his crew. Which cell are you in, Bro? I think there might be room for me, yeah?

CHANCE

It's your lucky day, Bro.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE. MORNING.

Don Rafael enters Kennedy's name in cell 45 on the wall chart. Turning his head to look over his shoulder, he jerks his head, indicating they should go away.

DON RAFAEL

That's it, Kennedy, cell 45.

Chance and Kennedy about turn and walk out of the smoke filled office; lounging screws giving them cold looks and sneers as they leave, especially at Kennedy.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance, Kennedy, Zhong and Jake sit around a metal table sipping coffee. Zhong and Jake look intently at Kennedy.

KENNEDY

The spick bastard called me Nigger, so I dropped him. That's why I'm here. He was the chief gypsy on cell block 7, so they moved me here so I wouldn't get stabbed.

ZHONG

The gypsies here already talk about you, so you are not safe.

JAKE

Yeah, they'll slide a spike into your fucking liver before the week is out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

No they fucking won't. Not if we stick together and watch each others' backs. No fucking way.

ZHONG

KIKO and his gang already brag 'bout how they're gonna stab him.

CHANCE

Right, where are they?

Zhong twists on his seat and nods in the direction of strolling groups of men.

ZHONG

See the tall fella with the long black hair? That's Kiko with his gang.

CHANCE

Okay, Kennedy, you put Kiko in the picture. We will take care of any backstabbers... move now.

They move as one from the table and head for the gypsies.

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

The four quickly move in amongst the gypsies. Kennedy confronts Kiko who is completely taken by surprise.

KENNEDY

Stab me now, Asshole!

Chance intercepts the biggest gypsy and grabs his testicles and wind-pipe simultaneously. He executes a take-down technique then chokes him near to death as the gypsy voids his bladder.

With the big gypsy's eyes popping, Chance releases and steps back glaring madly from gypsy to gypsy. The nervous gypsies help the big guy, gasping to his feet as a crowd gather.

CHANCE

Split up now, move quickly.

The four men break away from the group, and head to the four corners of the yard to stroll nonchalantly with the strolling inmates of the yard.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance and Kennedy chat as Zhong and Jake listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY

Why the fuck did you rough up
the big fella?

Chance half smiles as they huddle over the metal table.

JAKE

He thought he was gonna fuckin'
die, didn't he?

KENNEDY

I thought he would have stuck
his spike in you but he seemed
to forget he had it.

CHANCE

That's because I had a fistful
of of neck nerves in one hand
and his bollocks in the other.

KENNEDY

You're gonna have to teach me
some of dat karate shit.

CHANCE

I will, I'm getting a job in the
gym if Rafael the screw is as
good as his word.

KENNEDY

Er... I was gonna get you a
mornin' job in da *zapateria* nex'
week.

CHANCE

What the fuck's the *zapateria*?
And how the fuck can you get me
a job?

Kennedy rolls his eyes and looks like he wishes Jake
and Zhong weren't listening.

KENNEDY

It's da prison workshop where
shoes get made.

He looks about him furtively as though others are
eavesdropping.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I can fix it so you can do
mornin's in da workshops and
afternoons in da gym. You get
good money in da workshops and
it gets you out of this fuckin'
yard. Also, I'll introduce you
to some good people who will
smooth things for a nice ride
through your bird;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I'll tell you about it tonight
when we're in da cell.

Chance searches his gaze, interrupted by Jake's guffaw.

JAKE

How the fuck do you know people
in here like that? Get him a
fucking job! This I've got to
see.

Chance shrugs. nods at Zhong and gets up.

CHANCE

C'mon, Zhong, let's get a cup of
tea for a change.

INT. CELL 45. NIGHT.

In the dim light of the cell, Kennedy looks over at
Chance as they lie on their beds. He's nearing the end
of his tale.

KENNEDY

...an' dat's it, Bro. All these
people are involved in da drugs
racket. DON PABLO, the sub-
director of da prison is da main
man as far as you are concerned
and he already knows 'bout you.
I told him we go back a ways an'
we've worked together at sea.

CHANCE

Okay, that's fine. So he thinks
I am going to work for him when
I get out... together, me and
you?

KENNEDY

Yeah, man. We can work together.
We do nothing on da land; they
load the cargo, we sail it and
they unload it at the other end.
A piece of piss, Bro.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP. MORNING.

Men stoop over workbenches manufacturing shoes,
occasionally lifting their heads to peer at Chance and
Kennedy standing at the furthest bench away from the
entrance. All of the men are Colombians, all 15 of
them.

KENNEDY

Dis is your bench so don't allow
any fucker else to use it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Turning to a dimly lit doorway, Kennedy nods, indicating it is there.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

See this 'ere door... you will be able to make phone calls in there shortly. Pablo has given us a mobile an' it's hidden on da other side of that door. There's a duplicate key hidden in your workbench, so when coffee break happens, we'll nip in and ya can call ya missus.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP. MID-MORNING.

The workers down tools and make for the exit to join the queue for coffee. Kennedy quickly gets the key to the storeroom and unlocks it.

Chance and Kennedy slink inside and find the cellphone. Kennedy activates the phone and asks Chance for Susan's number, punching it in as he spoke, then hands it to him.

KENNEDY

There you go, it's ringing. I'll be outside, you've got five minutes.

Kennedy slinks out as Chance listens eagerly.

INTERCUT-INT. STOREROOM. #1. EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. #2.

CHANCER #1

(into phone)

Hello Sweetheart, how's this for a surprise?

SUSAN #2

(into phone)

Is that you, Babe? Oooh, it's so good to hear your voice. Look, the dogs are running in. They know I'm talking to you! Oooh, how excited we all are! How are you, Babe? Are you alright?

CHANCER #1

Yeah, Babe, I'm fine, I'm fine, but how are you? Are you coping? Is everything alright? Do you need anything?

SUSAN #2

No, I'm OK if you're OK... but, errrm...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCER #1

What is it? C'mon, Babe, I've only got seconds... what is it?

SUSAN #2

It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter... I'm alright.

CHANCER #1

Go on, tell me, I haven't got long, go on, tell me, Sweetheart, I can't be in here worrying about you!

SUSAN #2

It's the Dutch guy next door, he keeps creeping around the fence looking at me, and the dogs don't like him... he squirted his hose-pipe over the dogs and then squirted me when I told him off.

Chancer panics as Kennedy urgently knocks the door to end the call. Internally freaking out, he speaks calmly.

CHANCER #1

OK, Sweetheart, I've got to go now, but I'll call you again soon. Don't worry about the guy next door; he's harmless, he's frightened of the dogs so don't worry about him.

SUSAN #2

Alright, Babe, don't worry about me, I've got the dogs. You just keep yourself fit and healthy for me. I love you forever, Chris. Love ya, love ya, love yaaaaa.

(hangs up)

Chancer grimaces as he sadly closes the phone and lets Kennedy in.

KENNEDY

C'mon, Bro, dey'll be back from coffee break in a minute.

CHANCER

(animated, anxious)

My next-door neighbor's a fucking perv! He's disturbing my Susan!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KENNEDY

OK, Bro. Let Pablo take care of dis. You'll see how serious he is. I'll tell 'im now - today.

INT. CELL 45. EVENING.

Chance and Kennedy lie on their beds chatting.

KENNEDY

Don Pablo will be in da workshop tomorra and he will take you to his office so you can use da phone.

CHANCE

Why the fuck is he doing that?

KENNEDY

To make ya feel better 'bout being part of things and to prove this ain't bullshit.

EXT. PEEPING TOM'S HOUSE. MID MORNING.

A car pulls into the gravel drive of the house and four big men get out, their boots crunching on the gravel as they approach the house.

The door flies open with the impact of the boot and three men enter as one man stands guard by the broken door.

Sounds of thumping and cries of pain bring a smile to the man guarding the door. His grin broadens with the sound of breaking furniture and glass. The men exit the house pushing Peeping Tom through the broken door toward the fence.

The biggest HEAVY drags him to the fence and shoves his face into the wire as the dogs arrive, barking and snapping.

HEAVY

Take your last look at my pal's wife because one more peep out of you and you're fucking dead!

PEEPING TOM

(screaming and crying)

Don't let the dogs bite me, I won't look at her again, I promise, I promise! Pleeeeeease!

Susan arrives, shocked at what she sees. She shouts the dogs to silence and makes them sit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

(shouting, anxious)
Sit! Sit! Down! NOW! Roxy - SIT!
What are you doing? Who are you?

HEAVY

We're friends of your husband.
He sent us here to deal with the
Peeping Tom. OK, you perv',
apologise to the lady now.

PEEPING TOM

Please, please, I am very sorry.
You will never see me again.

Susan gathers the dogs and heads back to the house, a
concerned expression on her face. She calls out.

SUSAN

Thanks, but enough is enough.
Let him go.

EXT. DECK OF SMALL BOAT AT SEA. NIGHT.

Four big men heave the trussed and weighted Peeping Tom
overboard. His piercing scream drowns instantly.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP. MID-MORNING.

DON PABLO enters the workshop as coffee break begins
and indicates Chance to follow him. Chance catches up
with him as they exit the workshop.

INT. DON PABLO'S OFFICE. MID-MORNING.

Walking across his plush office, Don Pablo points at
his desk telephone.

DON PABLO - SUB DIRECTOR.

(in heavily
accented English)
Call your wife now... you have
ten minutes.

Don Pablo enters a side room as Chance dials the phone.

CHANCE

Hello Sweetheart, guess what?

SUSAN (V.O.)

You guess what, Babe? Your
friends have just left. The big
fellow assures me the man next
door will not disturb me again.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There was four of them so our neighbour got a shock and a few bruises. We won't be seeing him again.

INT. DINING HALL. LUNCHTIME.

Chance eats as Kennedy sits next to him with a worried expression on his face.

CHANCE

What the fuck's up with you?

KENNEDY

I need ta axe a massive favour of ya an' I don't blame ya if ya refuse, bro'.

CHANCE

Fucking hell! What is it?

KENNEDY

I wanna bring somebody else into our cell. Don't fret! He's a great bloke an' he'll make life much easier fer us. You'll like 'im and he'll be a great help in da future.

CHANCE

(curses under his
breath)

Who the fuck is it - the Director?

KENNEDY

No, ya funny fucker! But 'e's well connected in da prison an' we'll get all kinds of good things when 'e moves in. What d'ya say?

CHANCE

You haven't told me who he is yet, you prick!

KENNEDY

Oh yeah, 'is name's ENRICO an' 'e's da richest and most influential South American ya'll ever meet.

Chance eyeballs Kennedy, who shifts uncomfortably.

CHANCE

Why does he want to move in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kennedy is crestfallen at Chance's snapping back at him and emits a groaning sigh. Chance looks at him for a long moment then reluctantly smiles approval.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Okay, you twat! Where is he?

Kennedy's face breaks into an excited grin.

KENNEDY

'e's in ingreso, da reception block.

CHANCE

What's he doing in there?

KENNEDY

Oh, it's political; 'e's been in dere fer months. 'e was a government minister but somehow 'e syphoned off millions of dollars an' shot over to Spain to spend it.

CHANCE

How did this rich, clever git get caught?

KENNEDY

Well, nobody seemed ta bother 'bout 'im until they had a change of government; then somebody decided ta fuck 'im.

Kennedy holds Chance's gaze, then in a more cheerful tone and wearing a big grin, gets up to go.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

But I don't think 'e'll be 'ere much longer, coz dere's new elections dis year an' da outcome looks set ta be a highly desirable one fer 'im.

INT. CELL 45. AFTERNOON.

Chance and Kennedy fit a bed on top of Kennedy's bed, making it into a double bunk, one atop the other.

KENNEDY

I think I'll let him sleep below; he's older than me.

CHANCE

You suck-holing nob-licker. You'll be asking me to move so's he can have my bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY

That did cross my mind actually,
so...

CHANCE

Piss off!

EXT. PRISON YARD. EARLY EVENING.

The four men stroll around the yard going with the flow of the throng, chatting amiably when the prison tannoy crackles loudly, the duty prison officer puffs into the microphone.

DUTY SCREW (V.O.)

Kennedy - *oficina ahora.*

KENNEDY

Dat'll be Enrico. I'll call ya
if I needs a hand wid 'is kit.

CHANCE

What kit?

KENNEDY

Dis man's got everything: a
telly, cooking kit...

CHANCE

Cooking kit! What is he cooking?

KENNEDY

Listen, bro', ya won't be eating
in da comedor when Enrico gets
organised. You'll enjoy fresh
food brought in from da street.

As Kennedy trots away to the office, Jake steps closer to Chance, concerned.

JAKE

Who the fuck is Enrico?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. EARLY EVENING.

Chance, Zhong and Jake sit around the metal table sipping coffee as Kennedy arrives with an elegantly dressed middle-aged man who removes his Porche sunglasses with one hand as he extends the other for a handshake.

ENRICO

Thank you for allowing me to join you, Christopher. I will repay your kindness in due course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chance releases the handshake and gets up to leave the table as a group of South Americans surround Enrico intent on greeting him.

CHANCE
I'll catch you later, your
paisanos want to see you now.

Chance, Kennedy, Zhong and Jake walk away leaving Enrico with a crowd of excited *Colombianos* grabbing his hands.

ENRICO
Stop! Wait for me!

CHANCE (O.S.)
C'mon then.

Enrico, in a panic, breaks away from his countrymen and runs to Kennedy.

ENRICO
(gasping and
distressed)
Don't ever leave me alone again;
you said I would be safe with
your friends. My enemies are
everywhere! A moment alone is
sufficient for one of them to
stab me!

CHANCE
Okay, let's walk.

INT. DINING HALL. EVENING.

Chance and his group collect their food and head for the English table.

Several *Colombianos* call to Enrico to join them. He smiles and sits at the English table. Piqued, somebody throws a bread roll and hits Jake's head, causing much hilarity.

JAKE
You fucking spick twat!

Jake quickly crosses to the *Colombians* and pounds the head of the thrower. The *Colombians* watch him return with hate-filled eyes. Chance notices Kennedy's sparse tray.

CHANCE
You on a diet?

KENNEDY
No, dere's grub in da cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

What kind of grub?

KENNEDY

You'll see when we go up just now.

CHANCE

I can't wait. Let's go now.

Chance notices Zhong and Jake haven't yet finished their meals and relaxes again.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Hang on a minute, we'll all go up together, like normal. No sense in changing things just for a bit of grub.

JAKE

Thank fuck for that, there's a table full of hostile spicks over there. I just bashed one of them.

Enrico gazes across to the African table, concerned.

ENRICO

There's a dozen niggers on that table over there. Are they a problem?

KENNEDY

No, dem's African niggers; I'm a Caribbean nigger. De only problem wid dem is dey are racists.

CHANCE

They seem not to bother anybody. The clogs don't bother anybody either. The krauts and frogs get abusive with the blacks and the spicks, but nothing worth writing home about.

JAKE

The krauts and frogs are fully paid up members of SPONGE; that's why they don't like the coons and spicks.

KENNEDY

What da fuck's SPONGE?

JAKE

The Society for the Prevention of Niggers Getting Everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The table erupts with laughter. Kennedy splutters.

KENNEDY

Dat's a fuckin' new one on me.
Wait till I tells my ma. She'll
laugh 'er fuckin' 'ead off.

The table settles down to eating and chattering as Enrico talks to Chance.

CHANCE

But you don't know me.

ENRICO

No, but stories about the crazy Englishman are talked about every day in *ingresso* and because you are a skipper and a friend of Kennedy I decided that if I could join you in your cell I'd really get to know you because I have some lucrative cargoes to move and I need to know the men who work with me.

KENNEDY

(winks and
whispers)
We'll talk 'bout dis in da cell.

INT. GROUND FLOOR WING 5. EVENING.

Chance and his gang stroll amongst the shuffling horde of inmates waiting for the cells to open.

They are in the middle of a South American ambush.

JAKE

Watch out! The fuckers are all
around us!

Jake is the target and is surrounded by six men. Another twelve men move in fast. Furious, focused violence erupts as Chance, Zhong and Kennedy wade in.

Blood spurts as noses, throats and eyes are pounded by hard fists and boots.

Chance head-butts, eye-gouges and punches face after face until it is over and grabs Enrico.

CHANCE

C'mon, Enrico, we're out of
here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chance hustles the shocked Enrico away from the melee and into the crowds of onlookers and barges his way through to distance themselves from the fast approaching screws.

INT. CELL 45. EVENING.

A TV sits on a small bedside cabinet, two reading lamps are on the new table surrounded by three tubular chairs. Cardboard boxes are crammed under the beds and a bulging plastic bag sits on the toilet. A bright red carpet covers the floor.

CHANCE

We ain't gonna hear Herbie coming with that carpet, are we?

ENRICO

Who is Herbie, Christopher?

CHANCE

Our resident cockroach, he races around here like a VW camper van.

Kennedy excitedly produces tins of food from one of the boxes. He also produces a forbidden tin-opener and gives Enrico a chastising look.

KENNEDY

Hey, man, der's tinned fruit 'ere and packets of spaghetti. Fuck me! Look at dis: der's tins of salmon an' corn' fuckin' beef!

They set about organising the cell and stow Enrico's kit and lie on their beds watching TV. Kennedy is on the top bunk above Enrico, smirking down on Chance.

CHANCE

Your nose is brown.

Kennedy clambers down from his bunk.

KENNEDY

I'll fix supper. It looks like we's 'ere for de night. Dem screws'll keep us banged up till mornin' so fuck it, let's eat.

ENRICO

There's fresh bread and a tub of butter in that box there; we'll need to eat that first because I've ordered fresh for tomorrow.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ENRICO (CONT'D)

I've also arranged for new cooking equipment with Pablo, so that should also happen tomorrow.

CHANCE

Just what is going on with this Pablo? And what cooking gear are you talking about?

ENRICO

(puzzled, prods Kennedy)

Have you not explained the situation with Pablo?

KENNEDY

Only 'bout da telephone.

ENRICO

OK, Christopher. Pablo is my personal friend. We have been friends for a long time and we do business together outside. He knows all about yours and Kennedy's skills at sea and he is busy arranging Kennedy's release and then yours.

INT. DINING HALL. MORNING.

Chance and Kennedy sip coffee as Zhong and Jake breakfast.

ZHONG

Dey're all callin' us *Mezclado* now, Engrish. What d'ya think of dat?

CHANCE

They can call us what they like.

KENNEDY

'ere comes dat 'orrible fuckin' paedo' from the workshops.

CHANCE

Which nonce is that? They're all paedo's in here.

KENNEDY

'im, the fuckin' foreman of the workshops. 'e's a fuckin' necrophiliac. 'e killed kids an' fucked 'em till dey was rotten an' stinkin'... fuckin' big scumbag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The workshop foreman approaches the English table. He is over 6ft tall and rudely pushes inmates out of his way. He points his finger at Chance.

WORKSHOP FOREMAN

(in Spanish)

You, Chance, come with me now
for your work permit... Now!

The foreman turns briskly and marches away. Chance puts down his coffee.

KENNEDY

Fuck dat! Leave it. I'll clear
da fuckin' table. You get after
dat cunt coz ya don't know da
way.

Chance leaves the table and follows the foreman. He glares at his hated back.

MONTAGE. FLASHBACK OF FOREMAN'S PREVIOUS CRIMES.

Action 1: We see the foreman murdering a six years old boy in the child's own bedroom. He strangles the boy then undoes his trousers and lowers them.

Action 2: We see him leaving the boy's house with a large, bulky sack slung over his shoulder. A tiny arm protrudes.

Action 3: We see the foreman pull the dead body of a nine years old girl from the closet in a derelict house in a rural area. He looks about furtively and starts to undress.

INT. CARABANCHEL PRISON CORRIDORS. MORNING.

Chance follows the foreman, eyes fixed on the hated back. Their footsteps echo along the corridors and the iron gates clang noisily as screws close them after they pass. They climb the metal stairway to the Admin Office.

INT. CARABANCHEL PRISON ADMIN OFFICE. MORNING.

The Admin Office is full of cigarette smoke and old men sitting at various desks.

They welcome the foreman cheerfully as DON HUMBERTO, a burly screw beckons Chance to his desk.

The foreman shoves Chance violently towards the screw who is holding Chance's work permit. Frowning, the screw wags his finger at the foreman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON HUMBERTO

Tranquilo.

Don Humberto hands Chance a pen to sign for the work permit as he looks scornfully at the foreman.

Chance signs the register and the screw hands him the permit.

The foreman pulls Chance violently, making him drop the permit. As Chance stoops to pick up the permit, the foreman grins at his elderly audience.

CHANCE

Now it's my turn.

Stooping, Chance drives his fist into the foreman's testicles, making him double up and scream.

Chance applies an arm lock and rushes the foreman forward so his head collides with the steel stanchion of the handrail. Trapping the foreman's neck under the handrail with a choke hold, he crushes the foreman's neck with an upwards tug.

DON HUMBERTO

Stop! Stop! You're killing him!

The screw grabs Chance around the shoulders and tries to pull him off the foreman, increasing the pressure on the foreman's neck who noisily vacates his bowels.

Chance releases the choke and the screw shoves him down the stairs and waves him away. A passing screw at the foot of the stairs escorts Chance back to the cell block.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance, Zhong and Jake sit sipping coffee. Kennedy approaches, worried and concerned.

KENNEDY

What da fuck you bin up to? Dat big cunt is makin' a fuss 'bout you breakin' 'is fuckin' neck! Don Pablo 'ad to shut 'im up to stop you bein' sent down da block... what da fuck 'appened?

Zhong and Jake perk up to hear the story.

CHANCE

That big nonce tried to rough me up a bit in front of those old bastards in the admin block. The screw pulled me off him and fucked me off down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY

Dat was Don Humberto, who is a pal of Don Pablo. You're fuckin' lucky: 'e don't like nonces an' 'e's a karate freak an' he knows all 'bout you. C'mon, let's get over to da workshops, outa da way. You can call ya missus.

ZHONG

Tell us the story at chow time.

Chance and Kennedy leave the table.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP. MORNING.

Chance glues soles on slippers as Kennedy approaches, grinning and rubbing his hands together in excitement.

CHANCE

What are you so pleased about?
Are you getting out?

KENNEDY

Don Pablo jus' sent me round to tell you to start work in da gym disafternoon.

Chance punches the air and threw the slipper at Kennedy.

CHANCE

Fucking brilliant!

INT. DINING HALL. LUNCHTIME.

Don Rafael approaches the English table. Everybody stops eating and looks at him in silence.

DON RAFAEL

(speaks in German)
Come to my office when you finish eating that shit.

CHANCE

(answers in German)
I've finished. Shall I come now?

DON RAFAEL

Ja, jetzt.

Chance gets up from the table and follows the screw.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE. LUNCHTIME.

Chance sits facing Don Rafael across the office table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL

I hear you're Enrico's
bodyguard; I bet you think the
nigger engineered that.

CHANCE

As it happens, you guessed
right. Kennedy fixed it somehow.

DON RAFAEL

Somehow my arse! Pablo fixed it,
along with a job in the
zapateria, and he told me today
to put you in the gym, which I'd
already fixed up for you
anyway... Fancy a coffee?

Don Rafael beckons cell No.6 inmate to go for the
coffee.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

I'll come for you after siesta
and take you to the gym.

INT. GYMNASIUM. EVENING.

Chance, Don Rafael and three gym orderlies stand in a
group chatting. Chance shakes the hands of the
orderlies then breaks off to wander over to the martial
arts area.

He fetches a mop and bucket and starts mopping his
area. Don Rafael exits the gym, chuckling.

DON RAFAEL

I'll come back for you during
the last session. Don't fucking
kill anyone... not till I get
back.

Chance mops as inmates pass by. They watch him
curiously as they head for various bodybuilding
apparatus.

Many eyes watch as he unhitches the heavy punchbag,
letting it fall to the floor with a loud thud. He kicks
it over to the stack of judo mats.

ALI SAFAVE, a big athletic man, 6ft 3ins tall, joins
him as he soaps the punchbag. He speaks in a gruff,
Persian accent.

ALI SAFAVE

There are many stories about
you, Englishman, but to me you
look just like a family man with
children.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALI SAFAVE (CONT'D)

I believe you are more out of place here than if you was on the moon.

CHANCE

That's right my friend, but what's it to you?

The big man shifts to lean his elbows on the stack of judo mats, relaxing with his lower back against the pile, he answers superciliously.

ALI SAFAVE

I will be your first student, so I will soon see what kind of sensei you are.

CHANCE

Not if you are in here for child offenses, you won't.

ALI SAFAVE

Please, do not offend. I am not Spanish.

CHANCE

(smiling, but with hard eyes)
You can be my uke then.

ALI SAFAVE

Ukes are normally small men: not big like me.

CHANCE

So you don't want to be uke? You don't like to be the guinea pig who gets chucked around in front of everybody else, eh? You think blokes will laugh at you? Not in my class, they won't. I promise you.

Taking the bait, the big man stands arms akimbo, body braced, confidence oozing, he looks about aggressively.

ALI SAFAVE

Nobody laughs at me, Englishman. They all know me in here.

CHANCE

I don't know you.

Thrusting his big hand forward for Chance to shake, he growls as Chance vigorously shakes it.

ALI SAFAVE

My name is Ali Safave. I am Iranian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANCE

OK, Ali, why are you here?

ALI SAFAVE

Brown sugar. I move a lot of heroin but I got caught four years ago and I've been kept here in the Carabanchel since my capture.

CHANCE

So what's your sentence, about twelve years?

ALI SAFAVE

I haven't had a trial yet; my case is quite complicated.

CHANCE

Why's that?

ALI SAFAVE

Because the shit was found in a diplomatic bag and several senior officials are involved, so I'm taking the burn because I won't grass the others. Besides, I'm being well looked after. My wife and kids went to Germany, so these dirty bastards can't get at them.

Chance nods at the judo mats, indicating he is about to clean them. They each grab an end.

ALI SAFAVE (CONT'D)

I'd like to join your English table, if I can. I've had enough of the krauts. They make all the noises, but they won't watch your back. I can't trust any of them.

CHANCE

OK, join my table.

MONTAGE. GYMNASIUM. EVENING.

Action 1: Chance and Ali scrubbing judo mats, chatting.

Action 2: Chance and Ali laying the mats.

Action 3: Chance and Ali hanging the heavy punchbag.

Action 4: Bowing respectfully before stepping onto the mat.

Action 5: Warm up including kicks, blocks and punches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Action 6: Practicing hip and shoulder throws.

INT. GYMNASIUM. EVENING.

Chance teaches Ali a defense technique and Ali uses an empty plastic bottle as a practice weapon. Other inmates gather round, curious.

ALI SAFAVE

We have quite an audience.

CHANCE

Yes, I know. My first batch of students will be wanting to join when they see this next manoeuvre. Attack now, thrust the bottle into my guts as though it's a knife.

Ali lunges, thrusts the plastic bottle into Chance's midriff but is deflected before contact.

Chance delivers a palm-heel strike into Ali's ear then applies an armlock, kiais loudly and strikes empi to the throat, but pulls the punch before impact.

With another armlock and leg-sweep, he takes Ali down and holds him in a controlled position.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

OK, up you get... we'll do that again, but faster and slicker.

ALI SAFAVE

OK, but that's not teaching me, is it?

CHANCE

I'll start teaching when I get another student... soon.

Twenty or more inmates gather around the matted area. One of them, VITO, a tall, muscular man, kicks off his shoes and speaks heavy accented English.

VITO

Can I join in?

Chance bows respectfully and Vito stiffly returns the bow.

Chance beckons him onto the mat and gives Ali a meaningful glance. Chance moves to the centre of the mats and beckons Ali to approach with the plastic bottle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

In order to teach you, I will break the movement down and perform the technique slowly. You first, Ali, and then you... what's your name?

VITO

I am Vito, from Sicily... mafioso.

CHANCE

OK, big fella, you look like the real McCoy to me... we'll soon see.

SERIES OF SHOTS. GYMNASIUM. EVENING.

Action 1: Chance teaching Ali the first technique.

Action 2: Chance teaching Vito the first technique.

Action 3: Ali and Vito practising the technique.

Action 4: Chance demonstrates various vicious techniques with Ali and Vito as more inmates gather to watch.

Action 5: New men step on the mat to join the Combat Class. Chance slams them into the mat using various techniques and lots of kicks, blocks and punches.

Action 6: Men bow to each other, the training session over.

INT. GYMNASIUM. NEXT DAY. EVENING.

Chance is teaching a class as a group of gypsies intervene.

Their leader steps onto the mat as the remainder of the group urge him on.

The leader turns his head to leer at his gang.

Chance punches him once, knocking him out.

CHANCE

No fucker walks on my mat with shoes on.

Chance swiftly grabs the ankles and BORISS the gypsy off the mat as his gang posture threateningly.

Chance drops two of them, each with a tremendous throat punch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The remainder move away quickly. Chance continues his class.

INT. GYMNASIUM. EVENING.

Chance, with Ali, demonstrates a defense technique against a choke when JOMO, a big Arab, barges his way through the spectators and onto the mat.

His eyes bright with madness, he adopts a wobbling crane stance and squeals Bruce Lee noises as he beckons Chance.

ALI SAFAVE

Agh, *bi-nam-i khuda*, my brother!
This beast is another child
killer and he is quite mad and
dangerous.

Chance moves swiftly toward Jomo in a circular movement and *kiais* loudly as he slams his right foot into Jomo's kneecap.

CHANCE

You won't do that again.

Chance delivers a crunching stomp onto Jomo's pubic bone followed by a tremendous punch into the centre of his mandible, knocking him out.

He punches twice, very hard in to each eye, splitting each eyebrow. Chance growls at Ali and Jake.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Drag him off my fucking mat!

Ali and Jake grab an ankle each and heave the big man off the mat. Two of Jomo's Arab friends try to revive him but Chance attacks him again, snarling.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

This is for the kids you
slaughtered!

Chance punches the two Arabs out of the way and grabs Jomo with a wristlock to haul him viciously to his feet.

Jomo screams as Chance raises the wristlock higher and punches hard into Jomo's ribs, loudly cracking them.

He batters the humerus bone viciously and finishes with a powerful punch into the testicles.

DON RAFAEL

It looks like I've missed all
the fun.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

You couldn't have picked a more
evil bastard than this one; I
wish I'd got here earlier.

Don Rafael beckons the onlooking gym orderlies to get
Jomo to the *enfermeria*. He turns to Chance, smiling.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

C'mon, I need to speak in my
office.

Chance bows to his combat class and instructs Ali and
Jake.

CHANCE

Clear everything up, I'll see
you back on the wing later.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE. EVENING.

Don Rafael drops overflowing ashtrays into the waste
basket and flings the basket out into the corridor.

He wafts thick tobacco smoke out of the door with an
enormous Spanish fan then hangs it back on the wall.

The inmate from cell No:6 brings two cups of coffee,
sets them down and goes out to clean up the waste
basket.

DON RAFAEL

Pablo asked how you was getting
on in the gym.

CHANCE

Oh yeah, what did you tell him?

DON RAFAEL

Only that you are enjoying
yourself. But what intrigues me
is why he wants to know if you
are playing with brown sugar.
He's got a few of us looking out
for you in case you're dealing
or taking heroin. Why's that, do
you think?

CHANCE

How do I know?

DON RAFAEL

Don't gimme that shit. He'll
drop you like a turd the moment
he hears you're playing with
brown sugar or Charlie. Him and
Enrico has got you and that
black-arsed Kennedy lined up for
something on the out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

I don't know what he has in mind but if it means an easy ride through this pisshole, I'll go along with anything they want.

DON RAFAEL

Right, then I'm gonna give you a tip. Touch fuck all. Have nothing to do with dealers and junkies. If you need to earn some cash, I'll get you some booze to sell. How do you like that?

CHANCE

Fucking great! I wouldn't touch brown sugar anyway, so there's no need to waste energy in that direction. And Charlie is a closed shop anyway with the South Americans. But what do you want out of the deal?

Rafael leans forward across the desk, thrusts his face into Chance's, meaningfully eyeballing him.

DON RAFAEL

I want to come with you when you get out. I know your future is full of adventure at sea and there will be buckets full of *dinero* and I want some of that life and you can give it to me. Carabanchel closes this year and some of us are not welcome in other prisons, so I'm taking the handshake.

CHANCE

Good for you, but I don't know how long I'll be locked up for yet.

DON RAFAEL

No matter what happens, you will not do more than two years. You will be looked after by Don Pablo and some of my pals, so don't worry about your time. You'll get away with murder so long as you don't touch the drugs... What do you say to having me on board?

His eyes search Chance's for any hint of doubt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANCE

You'll do well. You'll get rich
and have more adventure than you
can shake a stick at. You'll
think you're back in the legion.

Rafael thrust his hand out. They vigorously shake
hands.

INT. GYMNASIUM. JUDO EQPT STOREROOM. EVENING.

In a small room, full of martial arts equipment, Chance
and Don Rafael stash gin and vodka in one-and-a-half-
litre plastic bottles in a large hole in the bottom
layers of a stack of judo mats.

Rafael hands the key to Chance.

DON RAFAEL

Prisoners don't have keys, so
don't let anyone see this on the
wing... it should be in my
office.

CHANCE

You haven't watered any of this
down, have you?

DON RAFAEL

No, but it's the cheapest I
could find.

Chance empties a large bottle into three small bottles.
He places the half-litre bottles into his sportsbag
with several bottles of water already in the bag.

INT. GYMNASIUM. PUNCHBAG AREA. EVENING.

Chance teaches a class but hands over to Ali Safave
when PETER DU KUYPER, a 6ft 4in. Dutchman enters the
area.

CHANCE

Take over for five minutes, Ali,
I need to speak with that big
clog.

Chance quickly bows to Ali and intercepts Peter du
Kuyper as he passes the spectators at the edge of the
mat area.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Hey, big fella, got a minute?

PETER DU KUYPER

What's up, man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

I hear you like a drop of gin.

Peter du Kuyper quickly glances about suspiciously.

PETER DU KUYPER

Yeah, man. What you got?

CHANCE

I've got nothing if you're going to share it with your cellmate or pals. But if you can keep it to yourself I can help you out.

PETER DU KUYPER

I don't have a cellmate and I can't afford friends. What you got?

CHANCE

I've got half litres of gin or vodka... in plastic water bottles.

PETER DU KUYPER

I'll take a gin but if it's diluted I'll make sure my pet screw closes you down.

CHANCE

I only take street money, I don't take the Micky Mouse shit... and if it's diluted I'll be killing my pet screw!

PETER DU KUYPER

OK, I only deal in street money, where's the booze?

CHANCE

I'll be in the shithouse in two minutes. Be there with your cash.

They separate, Peter goes to his bag and pulls out toilet paper and walks towards the toilets.

Chance delves into his bag, drinks a bottle of water, fishes about for another and heads for the toilets.

INT. GYMNASIUM SHOWER BLOCK. EVENING.

Surreptitiously, they exchange money and bottle as they stand at the urinal. Chance pockets the money and Peter pockets the bottle and walks out.

INT. GYMNASIUM SHOWER BLOCK. NEXT EVENING.

Chance exchanges bottles for cash with several inmates, Peter du Kuyper is one of them. Lurking nearby is Zhong, the lookout, ready to warn Chance of anybody approaching.

INT. GYMNASIUM. EVENING.

Don Rafael beckons Chance to leave the mat and join him for a walk around the gym. Chance instructs Ali to continue the class then strolls over to Rafael.

DON RAFAEL

I need to move you to an empty cell now. I don't want Kennedy, or that slippery fucking Enrico knowing about our booze deal... You haven't fucking told them, have you?

CHANCE

No way! Nobody knows where I get the booze from.

DON RAFAEL

Thank fuck for that. Anyway, look, I'm putting you in cell forty-six, next door to where you're at. Kennedy and Enrico can stay on their own next door to you... so you can still share the fancy grub.

CHANCE

Oh, that sounds great, but I'll miss the telly.

DON RAFAEL

I'll bring you a fuckin' telly tonight after lock-down. There's six or seven confiscated sets down below. I'll pick the best and bring it up later. Don't tell any fucker.

INT. CELL 45. EVENING.

Perplexed, Kennedy helps Chance to move his kit next door.

KENNEDY

Ya don't hav'ta go y'know. Don Pablo'll 'av' ya back in a jiffy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

You don't say a word to Pablo...
I'm only next fucking door so
I'll be eating with you and I'll
still be there for the two of
you.

INT. CELL 46. NIGHT.

Chance lies on his bed, relaxing in tracksuit and slippers. Somebody strums a guitar but is too far away to enjoy.

He hears the key turn in the lock and the bolt slides quietly back and the door opens silently as Rafael enters, hugging a TV. He whispers.

DON RAFAEL

Shh... wait till I close the door.

CHANCE

Why are we whispering?

Rafael pulls the door closed. He sits at the bottom of Chance's bed, grinning as Chance sets the TV on the table and plugs it in.

DON RAFAEL

Don't turn it on till I've gone.
Don't worry, it works perfectly.

Chance sits on his bed at the pillow end and kicks off his slippers. Rafael sits in a chair with his feet perched on the bottom of the bed. Both men are comfortable.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

I'll bring my cell-phone in later this week so you can talk to your missus... I'm fuckin' spoilin' you.

CHANCE

Oh great, but what about the cacheros? They're doing cell searches every week and they're experts at finding cell-phones.

DON RAFAEL

I'll pop the phone in at lock-down and come for it later... you can talk to your missus for five minutes then you can give me the phone when I return after doing my rounds...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

We have a lot to discuss, you
and I, so don't think you're
going to fuckin' sleep early.

Rafael stands, stretches, stamps his feet and goes to
the door. He turns to look meaningfully at Chance.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

You realise what I am risking
here, don't you? This is fuckin'
life-changing for me... and
tomorrow I will break more of my
rules... we're gonna celebrate
and drink to our future.

Don Rafael silently exits the cell. Chance looks at the
closed door as he listens to the bolt sliding back and
the key turning in the lock.

INT. MAIN GATE OF WING 5. EARLY EVENING.

DON PEPE, an effeminate prison officer, rummages
Chance's sports bag and then roughly pats him down as
Chance stands spread-eagled against the iron bars of
the gate.

He opens the gate and escorts Chance to the gymnasium.

INT. MAIN GATE OF GYMNASIUM. EARLY EVENING.

DON ISIDRIO, the gym prison officer, opens the gate and
beckons Chance to enter. Chance enters and stands
against the wall.

Don Pepe about turns and walks away. Don Isidrio
spreads Chance's legs, pats him down and rummages his
bag.

INT. GYMNASIUM. PUNCHBAG AREA. EVENING.

Chance performs a head-butting exercise on the punchbag
as his class gather around the mat to start the lesson.

INT. MAIN GATE OF GYMNASIUM. EVENING.

Chance is frisked by Don Isidrio, he then ransacks his
bag as Don Pepe waits to escort him back to the wing.

INT. CELL 46. NIGHT.

Chance lies on his bed watching TV. The door opens
quietly as Don Rafael enters carrying a bag. He places
the bag on the table and fishes out a cell phone and
activates it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL

Here, use this now while I do my rounds. I'll be back shortly.

CHANCE

Great! Thanks for that... see you in a few minutes then.

Don Rafael leaves the cell and silently locks the door as Chance punches the keys of the cell phone.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Hello, Babe, surprise, surprise!

INT. CELL 46. NIGHT.

The cell door opens and Don Rafael creeps in and pulls the door closed. Chance hands him the phone.

CHANCE

Thanks for that, she's over the moon now... so am I.

DON RAFAEL

No problem, you can use it every time I'm on duty.

Don Rafael digs into his bag and pulls out a large plastic bottle of Coca Cola and two plastic cups.

He fills each cup and hands one to Chance.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Cheers! This is to our future.

CHANCE

Cheers, this is nice.

Chance chokes and splutters as he swallows a big slug of rum, slightly diluted with Coca Cola.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Christ almighty! You should have told me!

Don Rafael laughs heartily. Tears in his eyes.

DON RAFAEL

I thought you sailors liked your rum. Anyway, c'mon, we gotta finish that bottle tonight.

Chance relaxes on his bed as Rafael sits in a chair and plonks his feet on the bottom of Chance's bed.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Did you have a good day in the gym today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

Yeah, but I had a couple of
shake-downs with both screws.

DON RAFAEL

That'll stop in a day or so...
and you'll go to work without an
escort soon. Others will notice
this and approach you to carry
shit for them. Don't do it! No
matter what they offer... or
threaten you with.

CHANCE

Actually, I've already been
asked.

DON RAFAEL

I know... but the big boys won't
ask until they see you coming
and going without an escort.
Don't forget, you are being
watched.

INT. DINING HALL. LUNCHTIME.

The men on the English table chat and laugh as Zhong
arrives with his food and cocks his leg over the bench
to squeeze between Vito and Jake.

JAKE

Hey, little fella, don't spill
that shit on me, it won't wash
out.

All the smiles fade as they see Zhong has something
important to say.

ZHONG

That big bastard, Manolo, is
planning something for you,
Engrish. I hear his men in the
shithouse talking 'bout how you
take smack in your bag next
week.

CHANCE

I've been expecting this, but
not so soon. OK, we'll wait for
the approach and then we'll deal
with it as it happens.

All eyes on the English table look across the dining
hall to see the burly Manolo shoveling food into his
big round face.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. PRISON YARD. LUNCHTIME.

Chance stands alone in the coffee queue as Manolo and four of his men surround him.

MANOLO

You'll take my smack tomorrow or
you're fucking dead.

Chance smiles, surprising them all.

CHANCE

Tomorrow it is, then.

MANOLO

You will not regret your
decision, English. I'll weigh
you off nicely each week; I'll
even send your money to England
if you wish, or maybe you have
family here?

Chance gives Manolo a meaningful scowl and turns his
back on him to pick up his tray of coffee.

Walking away from the queue, he shouts to his friends
across the yard.

CHANCE

Tea up!

Zhong approaches the table.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Get the others, Zhong, their
coffee will go cold.

Chance and his gang huddle around the table.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

The only time Manolo can pass me
the smack is at lunchtime in the
dining hall because I'm in the
zap all morning and in the gym
all afternoon, after siesta.

ALI SAFAVE

What do you want us to do?

CHANCE

This is our chance to show the
rest of the wing what happens
when they fuck with the
mezclado... us!

ZHONG

But dis is easy money, Engrish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

No it ain't! I am being watched... we're all being watched! If we touch that fucking smack we lose everything. Besides, I want this lot to be frightened of us because next week I am starting our banking business.

JAKE

What has that got to do with this?

CHANCE

When this lot see how we deal with Manolo's gang, they will repay any loans we hand out rather than go to hospital... get my drift?

ALI SAFAVE

So, what happens tomorrow?

CHANCE

When he realises it ain't going to happen, it will kick off. I will handle Manolo, you lot can handle his gang. Make sure you are not tooled-up.

JAKE

Why not? They always carry spikes.

CHANCE

My instincts tell me not to, because this whole thing stinks. If Manolo insists on tomorrow, that means the other wings are ready to receive, which means a lot of people know about this deal and if my sixth sense is right, the grasses have already yapped.

INT. DINING HALL WING 5. LUNCHTIME.

Chance arrives late at the English table. Ali and Jake shove up to make room for him.

JAKE

That ugly bastard has been shitting bricks. He must have thought you wasn't coming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALI SAFAVE

It must be a big bag of brown sugar. They're all nervous and checking the screws.

CHANCE

OK, any minute now... be ready.

JESUS PEREZ, a gypsy, surreptitiously leaves Manolo's table and approaches the English table. All eyes in the dining hall watch him. Bending low, he stage whispers to Chance.

JESUS PEREZ

You know Paco, he has a moustache and is very tall?

He points to the stairs leading up to the gallery.

JESUS PEREZ (CONT'D)

He give you the packet on the stairs... Si?

The noise around the English table cease and spoons hover between mouth and tray awaiting Chance's answer.

CHANCE

Forget it! Fuck off you idiot!

Chance waves his arm indicating the motionless spoons and the duty screw looking at them.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

You're fucking stupid! Look at them all looking at us. Look, even the *funcionario* is looking at us! He knows, every fucker knows. Adios, you idiot!

Jesus Perez sneers and spits obscenities. Chance makes a fast dummy move as though to attack him. Perez stumbles backwards and slinks back to his table and Manolo.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Look at LANKY PACO, over by the stairs. He's got the smack and he's far enough out of harm's way, so Manolo might start something now.

Chance and his gang look at Lanky Paco. The doors burst open as two teams of *cacheros* (search teams of 10 men) rush in to surround the English table and Manolo's table.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Take it easy, we have nothing to worry about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Keep your eye on Lanky Paco with the smack, see what he does. My instincts tell me he's the rat.

Each man on the English table is scanned with a metal detector and bags are rummaged, the screws find nothing.

A cry goes up from Manolo's table as his gang scuffle with the *cacheros* as they try to rid themselves of weapons.

ZHONG

Lanky Paco is sitting quietly, looking at the stairs. He looks ready to move.

ALI SAFAVE

That must be a big bag of brown sugar. I bet he's the grass.

The *cacheros* leave the English table to help their colleagues on Manolo's table as the scuffles increase.

Weaponless, Manolo is not detained. He glances suspiciously at Lanky Paco as his men are led away.

JAKE

Nah, that spick, Lanky Paco, wouldn't grass his pals for a shitload of heroin, would he?

ALI SAFAVE

Look at him. He was hoping Manolo was going down the block with his gang... leaving him alone with the smack. I can read him like a book.

Manolo stands alone watching his men being led away. He turns slowly to face Lanky Paco with a hateful sneer but Paco has disappeared. Whistles blow and sirens wail as extra screws arrive to hustle everyone upstairs to be locked in.

JAKE

Look at the krauts, they haven't finished eating. This'll be funny.

The protesting Germans throw potatoes as the screws attack them with truncheons, forcing them up the stairs.

CHANCE

C'mon, let's get to our cells and get ready for a shakedown.

INT. WING 5. LANDING. AFTERNOON.

Noisy cacheros drag inmates out of cells to stand holding the handrails whilst being frisked. Lanky Paco's pockets are turned out and a tiny packet of heroin is found. He is led away to solitary, protesting. Yelling in Spanish.

LANKY PACO

The Englishman has all the heroin. He gave me this fix... search him.

INT. CELL 46. AFTERNOON.

Chance lies on his bed listening to the screaming screws and crashing doors as cells are ransacked by cacheros. The noise abates as the searches finish.

Chance is dozing as Don Rafael quietly enters. Shocked, Chance leaps from his bed.

CHANCE

Fuck! I thought you was a cachero.

He lies on his bed again as Rafael sits on the chair and puts his feet at the bottom of the bed.

DON RAFAEL

It's a fuckin' good job you told Manolo's man to fuck off. You was bein' watched and if you'd taken the packet you'd have been fucked.

Rafael's eyes roll as Chance lies with his hands clasped behind his head.

CHANCE

How come we were only searched for weapons? They certainly weren't looking for smack.

DON RAFAEL

That was because the info received was specific about pinchous. Don Pablo was looking at you through the outer server hatch, alone and unseen. He knew different; he knew you had been lined up for a pass... so did I.

CHANCE

If that's the case, then I was being set up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL

Oh no, the word was out on the other wings about an imminent delivery during the early evening, which meant a different avenue for the incoming heroin. The usual method of moving drugs around the prison is in the breakfast trolleys in the mornings. The prison kitchen workers are from every wing in the prison so the shit normally comes into the kitchens then gets moved to the various wings.

CHANCE

If everybody knows that, why is it allowed to happen?

DON RAFAEL

Because there'd be fuckin' riots and the place would become unmanageable without drugs. Imagine how many fuckin' suicides there'd be. Besides, we know exactly what's going on and who's who, so everything's controlled and happy.

Chance turns to lean on his elbow and eyeballs Rafael.

CHANCE

How come the cacheros didn't give me a spin?

DON RAFAEL

Oh, that's because they know you've got fuck all, so they didn't waste time on you.

CHANCE

How do they know I've got fuck all?

DON RAFAEL

Because I fuckin'well told them, that's why.

Rafael folds his arms on his chest and eyeballs Chance.

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Right, tell me a story.

Wary, Chance sits up and meaningfully looks at Rafael.

CHANCE

What kind of story?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rafael relaxes, scratches his crotch, then looks at Chance with his best nonchalant facial expression.

DON RAFAEL

Tell me about Enrico's plan.
What're we getting involved with
when you get out?

Chance lies back down again, thinking rapidly as he eyeballs Rafael.

CHANCE

Let's get something straight,
Rafael. When I get out of here,
I work for me. Nothing is
written in stone around here. I
won't know the dates or
destinations until sometime
after my release. All I can tell
you about the job is that it is
long distance and we'll be
millionaires when it's done.

DON RAFAEL

So how long after your release
will I have to wait before I
join you?

CHANCE

(pausing in feigned
thought)

Immediately. You will join me
the very week I get out because
I'll need money straight away.
I'll work Morocco to Spain using
fast, rigid inflatable boats
which we call RIBs; you call
them *barcos de goma* or simply
gomas. We'll do three or four
trips then relax in North Africa
for a few weeks until something
crops up.

Rafael's eyes brighten with excitement.

DON RAFAEL

Will we be sailing near
Gibraltar? I've never been
there, you know. I'd like to see
that part of my country.

CHANCE

Bollocks to that dump. Apart
from the high street there's
fuck all there and everything is
run by wogs and Paki's, so
unless you speak gibberish,
Gibraltar's not for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rafael laughs heartily at the joke then is abruptly serious.

DON RAFAEL

Are you fuckin' serious?

CHANCE

We won't be sailing anywhere near Gibraltar. Besides, it's too risky. The short journey between the La Linea part of the Spanish coast and the Tetouan area of Morocco is well patrolled by both navies and there's too many loonies running the show down there... Anything west of Malaga is kamikaze work.

Rafael slouches in the chair, feet on the bed, twiddles his thumbs, cocks his arse and lets fly with a cracking fart.

DON RAFAEL

So, where will we be working?

CHANCE

There's a job operating out of Ras-el-Ma near the Algerian border with Morocco. If we do that a couple of times, we'll have plenty of money to relax in luxury for a while, waiting for the big one with Enrico.

DON RAFAEL

From Ras-el-Ma to where?

CHANCE

Sagunto, just north of Valencia.

DON RAFAEL

Fuck me! How fuckin' far is that? In a fuckin' goma?

CHANCE

You want adventure and money? Well, with me that's what you get.

The cell door opens and in walks a screw, shaking his truncheon; two others follow him in.

Rafael lunges out of the chair and hustles all three screws out of the cell.

Chance listens to the receding voices as they drift away from his cell. A moment later Rafael reappeared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DON RAFAEL

That parsimonious little shit gets right up my arse.

CHANCE

He would have tried to get right up mine if you hadn't been here... What did he come here for anyway?

DON RAFAEL

They came to give you a shakedown; said you had a big paquete of smack. A dipstick gypsy grassed you up; said you have Manolo's heroin. Don't worry, I've put those fuckers straight. They won't bother you again. They think I'm shagging you so you're my responsibility.

CHANCE

Oh fucking hell. What the fuck did you let them think that for? If that gets around the prison, I'll have problems galore.

DON RAFAEL

Don't kid your fuckin' self. That's the best fuckin' cover story you could wish for. No fucker dare come near you now so you fuckin' owe me. And what about my feelings? Me, shagging an ugly cunt like you when I have the pick of the juiciest transsexuals this side of fuckin' Singapore... You're taking the piss!

Both men laugh heartily as Rafael pulls the chair to him and slouches into it, hands folded on his chest.

CHANCE

You know, I'll always be looking for that certain look on your face from now on. Well, if I see it, you definitely ain't coming to sea with me.

DON RAFAEL

You was telling me about our future together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CHANCE

Oh yeah, well, when we become quietly wealthy, I will get a house in Essaouira on the Atlantic coast between Agadir and Casablanca... I like that place.

DON RAFAEL

What's so fuckin' special about that place?

CHANCE

You'll see when we go there. I like ports and beaches and the beach at Essaouira is the best. There's a seafood restaurant at the end of the harbour called Chez Sam; a hangout for a load of expat villains... nutters, all of them, but the fish and the ice-cold white wine - mmm... that's what I like.

Rafael presses his fingers together as though in prayer then twiddles his thumbs, eyeballing Chance.

DON RAFAEL

What do you do for kicks?

CHANCE

Kicks? There's loads of kicks. What do you want? Smack, Charlie or tbizla, the best hash on the planet? What else? Fanny, little boys, big boys? You can play 'hide the sausage' in so many different ways in Morocco, it'll make your bollocks spin.

DON RAFAEL

I can get that in this fuckin' place.

CHANCE

Fair comment, but I'd rather be in Morocco where I'll be free to do what I like. I'll have a jeep or a Land Rover and do the desert; real off-roading like I used to do in the Army. Funnily enough, I like the desert. There's a place I know out in the sticks where you can fire a 50-calibre Browning machine gun and several other old weapons.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CHANCE (CONT'D)

The rag-heads set up a shooting range in the arsehole of nowhere and stocked it with Camel Corps weapons from the last war; old Desert Rats stuff and Afrika Korps guns. Some of it came from Tobruk, or so they tell you.

Chance knowingly studies the faraway look on Rafael's face.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Last time I was there, I got to fire a Mauser MG42. Y'know? It was terrific. Some of those old guns have greater firepower than the most up-to-date ones. There's all kinds of shit you can bang away with on that old range.

DON RAFAEL

I've seen enough weapons to last me a lifetime.

CHANCE

So have I, but I like to keep my hand in.

Chance suddenly sits upright on his bed and angrily talks through gritted teeth.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Listen, Rafael, in this game you find your kicks where you can. Some blokes take Charlie or smack; others are permanently stoned or pissed between jobs. Well, I can't be doing with any of that old bollocks and I won't have anybody around me that does - you need to remember that... One day, I'll have my own yacht and maybe a decent RIB, because between jobs is all leisure time. I'll fill my days with what makes me happy. I'll be fishing, diving, off-roading, exploring, eating gourmet food and drinking the finest wines with my woman. At the end of the day I want to gaze up at the glittering universe to give thanks for another good day. What else is there?

Rafael jumps to his feet, smooths himself down, stamps his feet and strides for the door. Before pushing it open he turns to look at Chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

DON RAFAEL

When you put it like that,
there's fuck all else, is there.
Do what makes you happy: that's
it. I'm off. See you later.

Chance gets off his bed and does press-ups on the floor.

INT. CELL 46. NIGHT.

Chance lies on his bed as Don Rafael quietly enters carrying a sports bag, which he places on the floor. He slouches on the chair and plonks his feet on the bottom of the bed.

DON RAFAEL

It was Manolo's compadre who
grassed you. He said you have
all the heroin on the wing so
you're being looked at now by
the other funcionarios. I've
already told 'em you've got fuck
all.

CHANCE

Thank fuck for that. I don't
need bag and cell searches, do
I, especially with all this
booze business just getting
started.

DON RAFAEL

Yeah, don't worry, no fucker
will be searching you. I'll make
sure they all know you ain't
trading. Anyway, Manolo's man,
Paco is in solitary tonight,
he'll be back on the wing
tomorrow.

CHANCE

What happened to the shit?

DON RAFAEL

He must've passed it to some
fucker... it wasn't found.
Anyway, fuck that, let's talk
about the future... and have a
drink.

Rafael opens his bag and produces a large bottle of Coca Cola and two plastic cups. He fills them both up and hands one to Chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL (CONT'D)

A toast to our future, I am really looking forward to our adventures. Careful, that's nearly all rum in that cup.

The two of them raise their cups to touch, then silently drink, eyeballing each other over the rims of the cups.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance and his gang are lounging around. They look across the yard to see Lanky Paco coming back from solitary with lots of backslapping from his fellow gypsies. They head for the coffee shop and start screaming for free coffee.

JAKE

It's Saturday today and if those cunts carry on, the screws'll shut the fucking shop and we'll be stuck here all day with no fucking coffee or snacks!

The gypsies bang the serving hatch and scream threats at the inmate staff behind the hatch.

KENNEDY

The screws'll close it in a minute an' we'll be fucked for snacks for the rest of the day.

Ten gypsies crowd around the serving hatch, yelling.

CHANCE

OK, you lot wipe 'em out. Zhong, me and you will get the drinks.

Jake, Ali and Vito barge into the gypsies, clearing them away from the hatch as Chance and Zhong step up and order coffee. Men fall in behind them, extending the queue. Kennedy helps carry the coffee back to the table.

KENNEDY

They're 'avin' a fuckin' powwow now. Look at 'em, givin' us fuckin' daggers. We got fuckin' problems wid dat fuckin' lot.

JAKE

Nah, they got fuckin' problems with us. We just need to look out for each other... that's all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The large group of gypsies disperse in small groups to stroll around the yard. Lanky Paco slinks away to the lavatories.

Chance follows him as Vito and Ali guard the entrance. Jake, Kennedy and Zhong loiter nearby.

INT. COMMUNAL LAVATORY. MORNING.

CHANCE (O.S.)

Hey, *chivato*, you slimy prick!

Lanky Paco squats with his feet on the lavatory seat and his arms wrapped around his knees. His genitals hang in the void as he noisily jettisons gas and solids. Eyes wide with fear.

LANKY PACO

Que pasa, hombre?

CHANCE (O.S.)

(in faltering
Spanish)

*Eres chivato, yo sabes tu abla
con cacheros, mi amigo es
cachero. Yo sabes tambien usted
robo droga de Manolo, tambien
cacheros descubrieron droga en
tu celda...pero, no mucho.*

Lanky Paco froze in horror, perched helplessly on the rim of the pot he splutters in English and Spanish.

LANKY PACO

I give you half, *este tardes*,
si! Tu no abla con Manolo,
please?

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance and his gang stroll around the yard, talking.

JAKE

So, he passes the shit to me in
the chow line an' I give it to
Zhong in the cell, yeah?

CHANCE

That's right, nobody'll fuck
with you... Zhong, you find your
customers... no spicks!

ZHONG

OK, I know plenty guys on smack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

You are on your own with this,
but we will all be looking out
for you. And, all the cash goes
in the pot... our fucking pot.

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance jogs around the yard as Kennedy shouts and beckons him to join him in the coffee queue. They sit at a table.

KENNEDY

... and I'm leavin' in three
weeks time. You said me an' my
missus can stay at your place
when I get out, is that still
okay?

CHANCE

Yeah, course it is, you jammy
bastard. Now tell me what is
going to happen. What's the
plan?

KENNEDY

In August there will be a
meeting about the Charlie job.
Pablo and Enrico have asked me
to make it all happen at your
finca in Malaga.

CHANCE

Oh, fucking hell! You're
implicating my missus now!

KENNEDY

No, no, bro'. Listen to how it
will happen. No fear about
Susan; she'll know fuck all. I
guarantee that. Just listen
first; it's part of your ticket
out of here.

CHANCE

OK, spin the shit. I'm all ears.

KENNEDY

Pablo will book himself, his son
and his Colombian woman in for
two weeks holiday with Susan. He
will pay in advance. Also, he
will pay for two guys coming
over from Cali who will stay for
a week. Me an' my missus will be
there anyway, but, like Susan,
my missus knows fuck all about
it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

The girl is Pablo's bit on the side but she's part of the family in Cali. Get me? Need I say more?

CHANCE

If Susan is compromised in any way, I'll kill you first.

KENNEDY

Great! So that's it then. I'll go an' tell Pablo an' Enrico. You won't regret this, bro. I fuckin' love ya.

INT. WING EXIT GATE. MORNING.

Chance hugs Kennedy as the duty screw opens the gate. Kennedy grabs his bags and walks out.

CHANCE

Make sure you use those contacts I gave you and don't get caught.

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance and his gang drink coffee at the table and observe the arrival of a Japanese prisoner who looks fit and hard but his eyes are downcast as the gypsies start making fun of him by shuffling around him like geisha girls.

CHANCE

He looks like MR MYAGI out of the Karate Kid movie.

JAKE

He's seen you, Zhong. He's comin' our way. He thinks you're a fuckin' Jap.

The Japanese inmate walks up to Zhong and hisses incomprehensibly at Zhong.

ZHONG

Speak Engrish or die!

They all fall about laughing because that is the slogan on Chance's T-shirt. Cringing, Mr Myagi looks at Jake.

MR MYAGI

Are you all English here?

JAKE

No, but we all speak English when we're together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR MYAGI

Ah so, very good, because this is my second tongue.

ZHONG

Why you come to me?

MR MYAGI

When I saw your face amongst these Europeans I decided to join you.

JAKE

Which cell are you in?

MR MYAGI

No.49, though I don't know where it is. My bags are over there in the office. They told me I can't go up until after feeding time.

JAKE

That's DIDI'S cell. He won't be pleased. He was only bragging this morning about having a single cell.

CHANCE

Tough shit, the little Belgian is lucky to get Myagi here instead of some hairy-arsed Arab or a greasy gypo. At least Myagi's clean and speaks English. What are you in for, Mr Myagi?

An awkward silence as everyone peers through the harsh sunlight at him. Mr Myagi starts to stammer.

MR MYAGI

Er, er, I, er, don't know if that is any of your business.

CHANCE

It isn't, and neither are you, so fuck off back to the gypsies.

Everyone turns their backs to him and start chatting, but they all turn around again as they hear Didi shouting as he joins the group.

DIDI

Hey, Hirohito, you fuckin' slit-eyed bastard. Get over to the screws' office an' tell'em you want another fuckin' cell. You ain't comin' in my fucker, you Japanese twat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Aggressively, Didi grabs Myagi's elbow and yankss him into motion toward the office.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE. MORNING.

Didi, Myagi and a big, thick-necked transsexual, dressed in a mini-skirt and fishnet pantyhose and flimsy blouse; known as PU-RAMBO stand in front of Don Rafael's desk.

He eyes them all up and down and scowls at Didi.

DON RAFAEL

OK, Pu-Rambo is in with you, the
Jap goes in cell 50, now fuck
off!

Pu-Rambo's face, caked in make up, smiles lasciviously as he ogles Didi's backside on the way out of the office.

PU-RAMBO

(in Spanish)
Help me bring my things to our
cell, darling?

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance and Ali Safave drink their coffee, scanning the yard.

ALI SAFAVE

It is Saturday morning, my
brother. We are normally
training by now at the other end
of the yard.

CHANCE

OK, Ali, let's start jogging;
the others will join us as we
jog.

Running clockwise around the yard with the flow of the strolling inmates, other men join them.

Now there are twelve men all running in step with each other, looking vibrant and hard as walking inmates avoid and make way for them.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

OK, head for the shaded corner
for kicks, blocks and punches.

In the shaded corner of the yard the men quickly form up into three ranks of four with their backs facing the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They practise their kicks, blocks and punches routine and pair off and practice mae geri stomach kicks.

Chance kicks Ali, knocking him several feet backwards.

ALI SAFAVE

We have a big audience today, my brother. With all the drugs from last nights visiting session there will be many brave warriors watching us this morning.

Out of one of the groups of spectators strolls a grinning gypsy. Egged on by his compadres, he strolls over to Zhong who takes a kick from his training partner, SERGIE, a Russian hitman of equal stature to Zhong, who now recovers and prepares to kick Sergie.

SERGIE

What does this cunt want?

The gypsy puts his hand on Sergie's shoulder and pushes him as he aims a kick at Zhong's groin.

Sergie breaks the man's arm at the elbow as Zhong's right foot slams into his throat, choking off the scream that was trying to come out.

CHANCE

Look out, you lot! They'll have spikes!

A gang of gypsies, fifteen in all, charge from the surrounding spectators and attack the Mezclado.

Chance and his gang fight for their lives as each gypsy carries a spike; each spike has grooves at the pointed end with Aids excrement smeared into each groove.

ALI SAFAVE

You are mine, infidel!

Ali grabs one of the gypsies trying to stab Chance. He breaks the clavicle with a tremendous punch and slams the spike into the gypsy's backside.

He grabs another gypsy by the throat and leg sweeps him into the concrete floor, head first and then stabs the spike into his groin.

VITO

I have waited a long time to get my hands on you. Now you pay!

Vito parries the incoming spike with his left hand as his right fist bludgeons his nose and throat creating the glazed eyes of severe injury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Vito parries another lunging attacker and breaks the arm with a palm-heel strike through the elbow. He stabs both attackers with their own spikes.

CHANCE

Good Christ! Where are they all coming from?

Chance *nukites* the eyes of his first attacker with open fingers and then throat punches the screaming gypsy into unconsciousness.

He grabs the wrist of the next incoming spike and punches into the carotid artery and then breaks the forearm, exposing the ulnas and radial bones.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

OK, move back, the screws are here.

Each member of the Mezclado step back further into the shade as whistle blowing prison officers brandishing truncheons arrive.

Chance and his gang stand in silence, waiting... waiting... they about turn and quickly walk away leaving several injured gypsies lying at the feet of the screws.

INT. GYMNASIUM. PUNCHBAG AREA. EVENING.

Ali hugs the punchbag as Chance finishes with a final flurry of punches then they both walk to the centre of the mat and start grappling.

A lone man glares at Chance from the bench-press. His head bowed and a fringe of long black hair hangs over his face but Chance can see the madness in the eyes.

CHANCE

What's with that nutter on the bench-press? He looks quite mad.

ALI SAFAVE

Oh, the Shah's bedpan! That man is cursed with the evil eye, my brother. Remember what the Devil said: "If you bear malice to anybody, look on them with open eyes and pray evil for them in my name and you will get your heart's desires." They call him BRUJO, which means sorcerer. *La ilah illallah.*

Chance takes Ali down hard with a leg-sweep, but Ali is back on his feet in a flash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALI SAFAVE (CONT'D)

I see the evil eye caught you,
my brother, or you would never
have put me down so deceptively.

CHANCE

Yeah, you're right, as usual.
C'mon, let's finish and get a
drink. OK, you lot. Yame,
finish.

The inmates practising on the mat form up and perform a communal bow to end the lesson. Chance and Ali start stacking the mats as other men go to the shower room.

INT. GYMNASIUM SHOWER BLOCK.

Chance and Ali enter to see Brujo raping a young man under a cascading shower. Brujo is eating part of the boy's ear as he thrusts his misshapen penis into the kid's backside.

Blood from the chewed ear mixes with the water running down the boy's body. Gawping inmates look on in silence.

CHANCE

Hold it, Ali, he's got a spike
ready to stab the boy's heart.

Brujo gulps the piece of ear and takes another bite of the same ear. The scream jolts Chance and Ali into action.

Ali grabs the wrist with the spike as Chance drives a tremendous punch into Brujo's neck just beneath his ear. He drops unconscious to the floor as the boy loses control of his bowels.

ALI SAFAVE

Take your revenge now and kill
him.

The naked boy bends and scoops his droppings into Brujo's mouth, forcing it down his throat with his fingers.

ALI SAFAVE (CONT'D)

That will not kill him! Use his
spike! Here, take it.

Ali hands the spike over and the boy hacks at Brujo's penis. He then stabs the spike deep into the perinium and starts hacking at Brujo's face.

Chance hears the sound of approaching boots and pulls Ali away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

The screws are here. C'mon, step back... over here.

Four screws enter the room and two of them drag the boy from Brujo as he is biting off his nose. The other two start shoving and poking the inmates out with their truncheons.

EXT. PRISON YARD. EARLY EVENING.

TUPAK, a tall, muscular, black African, converges on Chance trying not to spill the hot coffee he is carrying.

TUPAK

Gorra minute?

Chance nods as Tupak hands him a coffee.

TUPAK (CONT'D)

Over there, in the shade.

Chance and Tupak break away from the strolling inmates and strut to the concrete bench and sit in the shade, backs to the wall and survey the yard.

TUPAK (CONT'D)

I hate the fuckin' sun, look what it did to me.

Tupak holds out his hands and shows the jet black skin on the back of his hands.

TUPAK (CONT'D)

I have yet to see the man with a deeper tan than mine.

CHANCE

It's not the blackness of your skin I think about, Tupak. How black is your soul?

TUPAK

Oh, please, man, don't say t'ings like dat. I hurt nobody.

CHANCE

Oh, so what is Ivan the Terrible doing in town? Whoa, don't tell me, I already know he caretakes your territory in downtown Madrid.

TUPAK

Who da fuck told you about him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

None of your business how I find things out.

TUPAK

It mus' be dat cunt Lewis on *galeria siete*. 'E's one of my runners on da street, 'an 'e's in your fuckin' judo class, ain't 'e.

CHANCE

Keep guessing, Tupak. You'll never know how I know everything in here.

They swig their coffee and eyeball each other over the rims of their cups.

TUPAK

You see fairness in me, Chancer. I pays a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. I know you 'as da contacts an' all I's got is da money to pay for everyt'ing.

CHANCE

You want hashish, big time, don't you? You want the best and you want it here in Madrid.

TUPAK

Yeah, man. I buy my gear 'ere in town. I's got several sources but I don't trust any of 'em. I reckon if dey gets rumbled dey'll give me up for an easy ride. Da same goes for da Charlie an' da smack. Dis place 'as opened my eyes, man. I did'n' realise 'ow fuckin' risky it all is till I met dis fuckin' lot. Everybody 'as been grassed by a fuckin' spick, an' 'ere I am dealin' wid da fuckers. All my suppliers are spicks. All right, dey's fuckin' frightened of me - da cunt what put me in 'ere will be dead by Christmas - but now dat I've seen dis, I mus' change t'ings. So now I 'ave a deal for you on de out.

Zhong arrives with a tray of coffee and biscuits.

ZHONG

The udders'll be across in a minute... We gorranudder pobleem wid dem fuckin' gypos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TUPAK

(harrumphs loudly)

Do I 'ave your ear for dis, coz
I'll talk to you later if I
'ave.

CHANCE

Yeah, we'll talk tonight. Come
to my cell for the hour's lock-
in, we'll go through it then.

TUPAK

Great, then I'll tell you 'ow I
keeps dem fuckin' gypos off my
back wid Ivan the Terrible...
See ya.

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance and his gang sit around a table in the morning
sunshine. Jake and Zhong arrive with the tray of coffee
and pass it around. Jake loudly breaks wind. Everybody
laughs.

JAKE

I'll have to change the reed in
my trombone. That one burnt my
arse!

ZHONG

More like change your fuckin'
pants... You fuckin' stink.

During the merriment and larking about, Ali slides next
to Chance on the bench seat.

ALI SAFAVE

I need a favour of you... I have
a friend in the Bronx who is to
be transferred to this wing
tomorrow. He is Afghani and is
having a hard time with the
spicks.

CHANCE

What's the favour?

ALI SAFAVE

I would like him to join our
table.

CHANCE

Oh c'mon,, Ali, you know any
friend of yours would be
welcome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALI SAFAVE

That's nice, but he may bring problems because he has upset the spick police; that's why they put him in the Bronx and you know what the Bronx is like.

CHANCE

Yeah, the shitpit of the prison; a cell with twelve men and one toilet. What the fuck has he done?

The chatter and banter cease as Ali tells the tale.

ALI SAFAVE

My friend is *mujahidin*, a top man, a commander in the Afghan Resistance against Russia. He came to Madrid to do some business with brown sugar, but was ripped off and grassed by his spick partners, who stole 80 kilos then had him arrested for possessing a few grams. He got six years.

A buzz of indignation ripples around the table and dies quickly as Ali continues.

ALI SAFAVE (CONT'D)

He passed the information to his family in Kandahar and vengeance was swift. The assassins arrived in Madrid to kill the spicks, then disappeared back to Afghanistan. The police knew it was a revenge killing by the *mujahidin*, but could do nothing. So my friend gets a hard time.

JAKE

Why are they letting him out of the Bronx?

ALI SAFAVE

His family put a message through diplomatic corridors that it would be a good idea to treat him well, seeing as there's a few senior Spanish diplomats outside of Spain, if you know what I mean.

VITO

He must be an important man to have diplomats on his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALI SAFAVE

He is.

JAKE

Then why was he trading heroin
in Madrid?

ALI SAFAVE

His family own the poppy fields. They process the heroin and ship it around the world. The money was used to pay the Pakistanis for guns the Americans had donated for free, but the Paki's made them pay. That was how it used to be. My friend speaks several languages so he'd take time off from the fighting in order to raise funds for the jihad. So though the Russians failed, the business continued.

EXT. PRISON YARD. EARLY EVENING.

Chance, Zhong, Jake and Vito sit on the concrete bench chatting as Ali arrives with ABDULLA, the mujahidin.

ALI SAFAVE

This is my friend, Abdulla Habibullah, a warlord of the mujahidin.

Chance stands and extends his hand to grasp Abdulla's.

ABDULLA

Assalamu alaikum, Christopher Khan. May you soon be free from this terrible place, inshallah. How do you do, Christopher, so nice to meet you at last.

CHANCE

Nice to meet you too... meet the Mezclado. Zhong, is Bruce Lee in disguise; Jake, is our heavyweight bouncer; Vito, is our mafioso hitman and Ali, you already know.

Zhong and Jake go for coffee as Ali and Abdulla sit on the bench and talk quietly to each other.

ABDULLA

(speaks in farsi)
Your friend, Christopher, is a good...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

Speak English or fuck off.

ABDULLA

We were saying only good things about you, Christopher, so we used our own language to prevent your embarrassment.

CHANCE

OK, nice, but when you're with me you speak only English, OK?

INT. GYMNASIUM. MORNING.

Abdulla watches Chance practicing nukite, finger poking techniques during Chance's combat class in the gym.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. EARLY EVENING.

A group of gypsies jostle Abdulla in the coffee queue. He quickly finger pokes the nearest gypsy in the eye and strikes another in the throat.

Zhong and Jake leap into the fray and batter the remaining gypsies. TANK appears with a tray of coffee.

TANK

C'mon, quick, the fuckin' screws'll be on our case in a minute.

EXT. PRISON YARD. EVENING.

Chance and Ali join the gang at the table. Zhong gets up to go for two more cups of coffee. He nods at Abdulla.

ZHONG

Shoulda' seen 'im today. Poked two fuckin' gypos in de eye. Fast as fuck 'e is.

CHANCE

Learnt that fresh today, mate, didn't you? I saw you watching as we trained... Good man.

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

Chance strolls from the shower block exit across the yard combing his hair back with his fingers. A PASSING ARAB tugs his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PASSING ARAB

Your Arab friend has a problem
with gypsies in the *servicios*.

CHANCE

Quickly, tell my friends in the
shower block... go on!

Chance runs across the yard to the communal toilets.
Two gypsies are standing guard at the entrance. They
brace up as Chance approaches.

Chance hits the first gypsy with a running kick into
the pubic bone. The second goes down with a back-fist
knocking out his front teeth. Chance rushes into the
toilets.

INT. COMMUNAL LAVATORY. MORNING.

ABDULLA

Over here!

Chance looks through the hazy interior and between
groups of men in huddles gawping at three gypsies
attacking Abdulla.

Abdulla's ear is cut off and hanging by a thread, blood
runs down his neck. A spike slashes into his forearm.

Chance *kiais* loudly and delivers a tremendous kidney
punch into the first gypsy. Grabbing another by the
hair, he pulls him down to waist level and batters his
nose and throat.

He grabs the spike and stabs it into the gypsy's
buttock. He quickly breaks all the fingers of both men.

ABDULLA (CONT'D)

(cursing in Farsi)

Shit-eating cave dwellers!

He stabs his attacker and hacks off both ears as Ali
Safave rushes in and axe-kicks a bystander and punches
his way around the onlookers.

Gypsy reinforcements arrive and Vito, Jake and Zhong
are right behind them. Tank and his friends block the
entrance behind them.

TANK

You've got two minutes before
the screws come!

The sound of pounding flesh fills the air as spectators
and gypsies are punched and kicked into the toilet
cubicles and beaten senseless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TANK and his friends clear the way as the Mezclado exit and disperse across the yard.

INT. VITO AND ABDULLA'S CELL. AFTERNOON.

Vito helps Abdulla sew his ear back in place.

EXT. PRISON YARD. MORNING.

A negro, known as LUCKY JOHNSTONE catches up with Chance as he strolls around the yard.

The CCTV camera whirred on its axis to follow them. The Mezclado are scattered around the yard, also looking on.

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

How're ya doin', Chancer?

CHANCE

Who wants to know?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

Lucky Johnstone, from Tenerife.

CHANCE

Well, you ain't from Tenerife and if you're in here, you ain't fucking lucky. What do you want?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

I'm a pal of Billy Rigby in Gib. You was suppos't' take a tonne of pollen out of Larache and take it to Tenerife but you got fucked into 'ere instead.

CHANCE

How the fuck do you know that?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

Bad news travels fast. Lenny, your shipmate, had to find another skipper *rapido* and he ended up wid dat big fat cunt, Peter Zantmayer, the Swiss fella.

CHANCE

So what has all this got to do with you?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

I was waitin' fer dat cargo in Tenerife coz part of it was mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

So what happened with the job?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

It was four days late an' da shit'ad to be stashed in Larache which cost extra, but da problem was dat grabbin' cunt Zantmayer. Da bastard 'ad us over a barrel an' wanted too much money. 'e wanted double what you was gerrin' an' 'e wanted a hotel in Tenerife to rest fer a week before 'e returned to Spain. Da shithead wouldn' take da fuckin' boat back to Morocco to get ready fer da nex' trip.

CHANCE

But Lenny got the job done?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

Yeah, but fuckin' hell man, it...

CHANCE

Stop dripping about a job that's been done. You're lucky Lenny found another skipper willing to do it. Anyway, what do you want?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

I wanna be wid your lot on de English table, an' I'm 'earin' ders room in your cell.

CHANCE

You can join the English table if the others don't object, but I'm fucked if I'm letting you share my cell. Don't even think about it because you ain't.

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

Warrif da screws put me in wid you?

CHANCE

Don't worry, they won't.

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

Dat's a big shame. I woz 'opin' we could make some decent plans fer da future. Der's loadsa scope on Tenerife. It's growin' an' growin', man. Fuckin' 'ell, we got some plannin' to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANCE

We can discuss all kinds of plans, but you're not living in my cell just to make plans. We can do that out here in the yard.

Zhong beckons Chance into the shade for coffee.

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

I'll go an' sort a cell out.

Lucky heads for the screws office as Chance joins Zhong.

ZHONG

Who's da coon?

CHANCE

Apparently he was a customer of mine who I hadn't yet met.

ZHONG

A coon customer, eh?

The gang chuckled as Chance looked at each face in turn.

CHANCE

He wants to join us.

JAKE

I don't know if I could rely on him.

ALI SAFAVE

You didn't have a problem with Kennedy, or did you?

JAKE

Nope, but he was different. He was here when we formed the Mezclado and he was reliable.

ALI SAFAVE

Maybe, but we won't know how reliable Lucky is if we don't let him in. I know him from *galeria siete* and he's a good man.

CHANCE

OK, that'll do. He's in, at least for now... Unless someone has an objection apart from the colour of his skin.

Everyone laughs loudly as Jake harrumphs and cocks his leg to let fly a trombone fart.

EXT. PRISON YARD. EARLY EVENING.

Lucky threads his way across the yard to join the Mezclado.

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

Dey put me in wid RICO. Is 'e 'ere?

CHANCE

No mate, he's over there, playing chess. He's the Italian bloke with all the muscles. Don't go over there yet. He enjoys his chess and he wouldn't thank you for disturbing him.

JAKE

Especially with the good news you're sharing his fuckin' cell.

Everyone laughs except Ali Safave who thumps the table.

ALI SAFAVE

If he kicks up a fuss, you can share my cell.

Stepping away from the table, Zhong looks at Lucky.

ZHONG

I'm goin' for de coffee. 'ow d'you like yours?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

Cortado. Thanks.

ZHONG

C'mon, Jake, gimme a hand.

Rico strolls across from the big metal table strewn with chess boards and pieces and stands arms akimbo looking down at Lucky.

RICO

I have just been informed that you are moving into my cell. Is that correct?

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

Yeah man. I hope dat's OK wid you.

RICO

You will shower daily and you will launder your clothes regularly. You will not smoke, spit, shit or wank, nor make any remarks about which programme is on my telly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICO (CONT'D)

You obviously know Chancer here, so I will permit you to live in my cell. Behave like a cunt and i'll push you right through the fucking bars to drop into the yard below.

LUCKY JOHNSTONE

OK, man, no fuckin' sweat.

Rico turns to face Chance and winks with the eye Lucky can't see. The big man smiles.

RICO

He'll only be with me for a month. I've been told I'm going to Lugo prison in Galicia next month. Where are you going?

CHANCE

Lucky you. I don't know yet, but the word is that all foreigners are going to La Moraleja prison.

INT. MAIN GATE OF WING 5. EARLY EVENING.

Enrico and Chance hug and shake hands as the screw opens the gate. Chance picks up a bag and drops it by the open gate.

CHANCE

Good luck, mate, and mind how you go. I'll see you when I get out.

ENRICO

I will make sure your wife is alright for money when I meet Kennedy at your place soon. Don't worry, all the arrangements will be dealt with and the job will happen when you get out. *Suerte, adios.*

INT. CELL 46. NIGHT.

Don Rafael quietly enters the cell and hands Chance a cellphone and drops a bag on the bed.

DON RAFAEL

Call your missus, I'll be about ten minutes, probably longer. We'll have a chat about the sea when I get back. Can't wait.

The cell door silently closes as Chance punches the numbers into the phone and waits to hear SUSAN speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

Hello, Sweetheart, everything OK?

SUSAN (O.S.)

Hello, Babe. Yeah, they seem to have finished their business deals and they're enjoying themselves now. Kennedy has taken the South Americans to the airport, they seem to be very happy. I've given Pablo a bag full of goodies for you, you should get them next week when they go back to Madrid.

CHANCE

Great, how are you for cash, Babe?

SUSAN (O.S.)

Oh, really well. Pablo paid over the top for their holiday and his girlfriend paid double for the South Americans. She's a bit strange though because besides the extra money, she gave me a slip of paper with telephone numbers on it and told me they are for you when you get out and not to tell a soul... not even Pablo.

CHANCE

OK, keep that somewhere safe and keep shtum. What about yourself, Babe, are you alright, do you feel safe, anything bothering you?

SUSAN (O.S.)

I'm fine. I'm just missing you. I've got plenty of money, Kennedy gave me five million pesetas last week from a job with one of your contacts. He bought Belen, his wife, a new BMW convertible last week, but she's not happy with all the time he spends at sea.

The cell door opens and Rafael creeps in and pulls it closed. He reaches for the bag and opens it. Chance covers the mouthpiece and looks at Rafael.

CHANCE

Can I have this tomorrow, same time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON RAFAEL

Yeah, no probs.

CHANCE

OK, Babe, I'll catch you tomorrow night, same time, so try to have Kennedy there, I need to talk. Love you, Sweetheart, see you tomorrow.

Chance ends the call and puts the phone down near Rafael, who is busy pouring drinks.

DON RAFAEL

How're things at home? OK, I hope.

CHANCE

She's great. Kennedy and his missus keep her company, but she's lonely for me. I'm glad they're there.

Rafael hands Chance a drink and makes himself comfortable with his feet on the bed as he stretches in the chair.

DON RAFAEL

Ah, that reminds me. You prefer to be alone at sea. Why's that?

CHANCE

It's not a case of preference; it depends on the vessel. I can't sail a big yacht around the Med with three tonnes of hashish on board. I need to sleep and eat, so I need a crew of two, especially if I'm going to sea for a couple of weeks.

DON RAFAEL

So what about Ribs... gomas?

CHANCE

They're different. Straight across and back in one night, shit off a shovel jobs they are. Unless you're going up to Alicante; then you wish you had somebody with you because after eight or nine hours of scanning the horizon looking for patrol boats and spotter planes, you're knackered and you're only half way there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DON RAFAEL

And you've done that on your own, with nobody to give you a break?

CHANCE

Oh yeah, the adrenalin and chocolate bars keep you going, but when you unload and get the boat out of the water, you fall asleep in the back of a car for the journey back to Malaga. Then you suffer jetlag for a week... But when you're with me it will be much better because I'll be able to sleep while you take the helm.

DON RAFAEL

What do I do if I see a patrol boat or an aircraft?

CHANCE

Shout me awake immediately and cut the engine down to idle speed so we stop making a wake. It's the wake that the helicopter or spotter plane sees. They don't see the boat. If a patrol boat comes anywhere near us, don't cut the revs. We may have to fuck off sharpish before they get into shooting range.

DON RAFAEL

Those patrol boats are faster than a fuckin' Rib.

CHANCE

Not when we throw the cargo over the side they ain't. And we don't throw the cargo out till they are on our tail. If we time it right, they'll crash into one or more of the bails of hashish, knocking a big hole in their hull. When we're empty, they'll never catch us.

DON RAFAEL

I can never be caught... you know that... Fuckin' hell...

CHANCE

Neither of us will be caught.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. EARLY EVENING.

Chance is queueing with BERNHARD, a big German ex-paratrooper, wearing a para smock and desert hat.

A wild-looking gypsy pokes a spike into Chance's ribs and opens his mouth to speak.

Chance reacts like lightning. He crushes the thyroid cartilage and trachea with a tremendous *empi* elbow strike.

The bones crack loudly as he folds the offending hand back over the wrist joint as he plunges the spike into the gypsy's buttock.

Hard, crunching punches disfigure the face.

BERNHARD

I will order six coffees for you?

An Arab grabs the gypsy's ankle and drags him to where a group of Arabs are sitting. They all stoop to spit into the face and start kicking it.

DON FRANCISCO

(in Spanish)

You fucking wog bastards!

Don Francisco, the screw, strode toward the Arabs but a gypsy whispers something into his ear as he passes. Changing direction he makes for Chance.

Bernhard steps in the way to protest and is beaten about the head with a truncheon. Stepping over him, he approaches Chance.

DON FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

You Eeengleesh cunt! You theenk you can fuck with my *paisanos* and walk away?

CHANCE

I fuck with nobody, especially your *paisanos*. But if one of your *paisano ratas* tries to stick his *pinchou* in me, then I show you how I fuck your *paisanos*.

DON FRANCISCO

Where is the pinchou?

CHANCE

I think one of the Arabs shoved it up his greasy arse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON FRANCISCO

Which wog cunt did it?

CHANCE

I'm fucked if I know. But I'm really pleased that someone gave it back to him.

DON FRANCISCO

Just because you are Don Rafael's *maricon* doesn't mean you are safe from me, you Eengleesh cunt!

CHANCE

Are you saying that Don Rafael is a homosexual? He will be pleased to hear you think he's a queer.

DON FRANCISCO

You will keep your fucking trap closed, Meester fucking Eengleeshman. You cause trouble here and you fucking die, you cunt!

CHANCE

OK, *jefe*, I'll say nothing to Don Rafael... Adios.

Chance crouches next to Bernhard and revives him. He glances at the Mezclado who are strategically placed around Don Francisco. A slight shake of his head and they disperse.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Zhong, get the coffee... and get one for Bernhard.

An old Arab wearing a fez and a *jellaba* wildly strums a guitar and breaks into song.

A jolly crowd of Arabs start clapping and drumming on the tabletops as others dance seductively and yell ancient war cries, totally ignoring Don Francisco as the orderlies load the gypsy onto the gurney.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP. MORNING.

Don Pablo makes his way through the workbenches towards Chance who is sitting sipping coffee alone at his bench. He speaks in heavily accented English.

DON PABLO - SUB DIRECTOR.

Creestoffur, I have things for you from Susan. Come with me to my office... you can call her.

INT. DON PABLO'S OFFICE. MORNING.

Chance talks to his wife as Don Pablo pours drinks from a ship's decanter.

CHANCE

OK, Sweetheart, I'll talk to you later. Thanks for the goodies.

Don Pablo sits opposite Chance and hands him a glass of port. He reaches across his desk and picks up a card. Looking meaningfully at Chance he hands him the card.

DON PABLO - SUB DIRECTOR.

Creestoffur, this card is the key to a safe journey through your next prison... La Moraleja. Guard it well. I have arranged with Don Marianno, my counterpart in La Moraleja, to look after you and place you in the job of *jefe del polideportivo*. You will be the boss of the prison gymnasium.

Chance notices the Masonic ring on Don Pablo's finger.

CHANCE

OK, that's great. I feel you are on the level with me, especially after staying at my house in Malaga... How did the meeting go with the men from Cali, and how is Enrico and Kennedy?

DON PABLO - SUB DIRECTOR.

Enrico and Kennedy are busy, especially Kennedy who is working well with your people in Morocco. He mustn't take risks because we cannot have anything happen that can delay the Cali job. The same goes for you; you must not trade any drugs or cause a hiccup in the process of getting you back to sea with Kennedy. I know you will not do more than another year and a half, and that is the worst case scenario... we are hoping to get you out before then.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDORS. MORNING.

Don Pablo escorts Chance with his bag of goodies through corridors and gates manned by prison officers. He has his arm on Chance's shoulder like he is an old friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

These screws would rip my bag to pieces if you wasn't with me.

DON PABLO - SUB DIRECTOR.

The reason I am with you is so they can all see us together. You will not have many problems with prison officers after today.

INT. CELL 46. NIGHT.

Don Rafael enters Chance's cell and silently closes the door. He hands Chance a cellphone and puts his bag at the bottom of the bed and turns to leave.

DON RAFAEL

Call your missus an' tell her you're going to La Moraleja in October... you're in the last batch to leave so we'll talk about that when I come back... See ya.

LATER:

Don Rafael and Chance drink rum and coke. Just a third of the bottle is left. Don Rafael laughs loudly as he sits with his feet on Chance's bed and his chair tilts precariously.

CHANCE

I'm fucked if I want to be remembered as the last Brit out of here.

DON RAFAEL

The Carabanchel's last Chance!

CHANCE

Was you in the pub before you come to work today? - You're pissed!

DON RAFAEL

No I'm fuckin' not, I'm just enjoying myself. Here, I've got some ham and pickled onions, 'an there's a loaf in my bag. Help yourself.

He picks up the bag and heaves it on the bed. Chance rummages it and produces the makings of a sandwich.

CHANCE

I'll make you one as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL

Yeah, OK. Lissen, you'll need to close down the booze racket in a minute an' you'll need to be careful with your bank 'coz people will be on the move to other prisons shortly.

CHANCE

Yeah, I've been thinking about that. We'll pack the booze in next week, but I'm hoping you can tell me who will not be going to La Moraleja so I know who not to lend money to.

DON RAFAEL

Oh, that's fuckin' easy... All you foreigners are going to La Moraleja and you are going to Wing 8. But be careful 'coz I just heard they are opening two new wings, so you may lose some of your friends and customers. If I was you, I would close the bank now and pull in what's owed.

CHANCE

Yeah, I'll do that on Thursday when the golden eagle shits... payday.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE. MORNING.

Inmates jostle as they queue in front of the office window collecting their wages.

Chance and his gang stand in the shadow of the iron staircase collecting debts. Chance ticks his paper list as the last inmate goes through to the yard.

ALI SAFAVE

All paid?

CHANCE

No, ALFREDO, JAVIER and PACO RABANE are not here. They will get their wages later today... I smell a rat.

Zhong strolls across from the wing office, frowning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHONG

I ask de money screw 'bout de three spicks an' 'e said dey's gerrin' paid later today an' dey's goin' to Valdemoro prison on Monday.

INT. COMMUNAL LAVATORY. EVENING.

Alfredo sits on the lavatory chasing the dragon. He looks up in surprise, the straw dropping from his mouth.

CHANCE (O.S.)

Where's my money?

ALFREDO

Mi madre needed the money for *mi abuela's* funeral. Please, I will pay you on *Martes, por favor*.

Chance leans in and rips the wristwatch off Alfredo.

CHANCE (O.S.)

Bring your telly to my cell tonight or you go to Valdemoro in a fucking wheelchair.

INT. DINING HALL. EVENING.

The Mezclado sit at the English table eating and chatting. Paco Rabane crouches next to Chance.

PACO RABANE

I do deal *Sabado*. *Yo quiero mas dinero*. I want extra *dinero para droga*. I make deal *con otro hombre*. So gimme more *dinero* I pay you back Toosday.

CHANCE

OK, I'll see you Saturday.

Paco Rabane slinks away and Zhong calls Chance.

ZHONG

Dat cunt 'as a vis-a-vis wid 'is wife tomorra night. She'll bring in a load of smack in 'er fanny.

JAKE

We all know that, Zhong. He'll be up all night making *papelitos* to sell on Saturday morning. Every junkie on the wing is waiting for a fix...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

He even sells the wrappings with the stink of his wife's fanny on it.

INT. DINING HALL. MORNING.

The Mezclado eat breakfast at the English table. Zhong watches Paco Rabane selling fixes from his table.

ZHONG

Dat's seventeen papelitos 'e's sold dis mornin'. 'e'll sell a lot more in da shithouse later.

INT. COMMUNAL LAVATORY. MORNING.

Paco Rabane pockets money from a fix and his eyes bulge with fear and pain as Chance grabs his throat and testicles and pushes him into a lavatory cubicle where he chokes as Zhong frisks him and takes all his money.

CHANCE (O.S.)

Take his shoes and socks off. Quickly, before the screws get on our case.

Zhong picks up all the fixes and pockets them.

ZHONG

OK, dat's it. Drop 'im!

They quickly sit the unconscious Paco on the lavatory and put silver foil in his hand with an open fix and cigarette lighter on his lap.

CHANCE

OK, let's go. They'll think he's overdosed. Fuck him, c'mon.

INT. CELL BLOCK. JAVIER'S CELL. EVENING.

The TV is loud as Javier sits alone on his bed. A shadow startles him. Chance is in the doorway.

CHANCE

Esta tele es mi gusto. La toma ahora. Pay up or you lose it now.

Javier scrabbles a porno mag from under his pillow and fishes out of the pages a 10,000 peseta note. Chance snatches it from him.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Six thousand more, asshole!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAVIER

Te pago el martes... Toosday, I pay you. I give you one thousand extra.

Zhong appears in the doorway.

ZHONG

I want dat one.

CHANCE

OK, take it.

Javier again fishes through the porno mag and produces another 10,000 peseta note.

JAVIER

Tomar, give me cambio.

Chance snatches the note and waves Zhong away.

CHANCE

I'll give you your *cambio* on *martes*. Tuesday, you prick.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA. EARLY EVENING.

Vito and Chance sit at the table talking as Zhong and the others approach with coffee.

VITO

... it's because the bank is closed. They'll do anything for a fix. We really need to stick together now... the knives are out.

ZHONG

Dey's all desperate now. De smack'eads are raving for a fix an' de dealers are windin' dem up sayin' we got all de money.

CHANCE

OK, these last weeks are going to be dangerous so we stay close to each other... especially down here in the yard, shithouse and shower block... Zhong, you don't go for coffee on your own any more, there must be at least three of you from now on. Stick together, OK?

Chance looks around the table at each hard face as they nod in agreement. His hard face softens to a puzzled expression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Where's Lucky?

ZHONG

In de *sala*, 'e was talkin' to
anudder nigger 'e knows.

They all look at the entrance to the recreation room and see men running to the wing office. Chance leaps up quickly.

CHANCE

I bet Lucky's in the shit!

INT. RECREATION ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

Lucky is being savagely kicked into unconsciousness by a group of gypsies. Chance and his gang hurtle through the door and wade into the gypsies.

The sounds of screams and battle heighten the blood lust on the faces of the Mezclado as they batter the gypsies.

CHANCE

C'mon, pick Lucky up, the screws
are here.

The men scoop up Lucky and barge through the doorway, knocking spectators and prison officers out of the way.

INT. SHOWER BLOCK. EARLY EVENING.

Lucky, naked on the floor, is being tended to by Jake and Vito as the others look on and stand guard.

ABDULLA

There is something in his
backside!

A bone pinchou protrudes between Lucky's buttocks. Ali Safave tries to pull it out, but it is slippery with blood. Vito tries but can't move it. Jake tries but it won't budge.

Jake, on his hands and knees, looks at each of the gang with a threatening expression and snarls.

JAKE

Tell anybody about this and
you're fuckin' dead!

Jake lunges his face in between Lucky's buttocks and clamps his teeth around the end of the slippery bone. The bone squeaks and a slurping sound emits as the bone comes out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bated breath gushes out in a triumphant cheer. The Mezclado immediately collapse into helpless laughter.

ABDULLA

Look! The grooves on the end are empty... the shit must be in there.

The merriment ceased. Vito's face darkened with bitter hatred, as did Jake's and Ali's.

VITO

They will pay for this.

They look down on the unconscious Lucky, all messed up with his teeth kicked out, broken nose and massively swollen eyes. They pick him up and move out.

EXT. PRISON YARD. EARLY EVENING.

Jake and Ali carry Lucky across the yard toward the screws office. Two gypsies approach laughing. Vito and Chance simultaneously knock them out.

Not satisfied, Vito lunges and grabs another gypsy from the spectators and batters him. Nearby inmates immediately clear the way for the Mezclado.

INT. DINING HALL. MORNING.

The Mezclado breakfast and Chance notices an empty space.

CHANCE

Where's Zhong?

They all look at each other and shrug and look puzzled.

ALI SAFAVE

I'll ask the duty screw.

Ali cocks his leg over the bench seat and walks across to the prison officer standing by the coffee urn. They talk and Ali returns wearing a concerned expression.

ALI SAFAVE (CONT'D)

They took him to Valdemoro prison early this morning.

Sadness and disappointment strike the hard faces.

INT. CELL 46. NIGHT.

Don Rafael and Chance relax drinking rum and coke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON RAFAEL

You need to tell your lot to quieten down. The gypos are gonna kill one of you before you leave.

CHANCE

They're always going to kill someone. Anyway, Zhong's gone so here's to his health!

Chance raises his cup and takes a swig of his rum.

DON RAFAEL

Oh yeah, Jackie fuckin' Chan. He went crazy 'coz he couldn't see you before he was taken away. They really had to lay into him and shackle him up tight. He'll have a rough time in transit 'coz he busted a Guardia Civil nose as he was being shoved into the bus... I'll tell you tomorrow how Jackie Chan is. I'll call my pal later in Valdemoro and check up on him.

CHANCE

Great, thanks, I appreciate that.

DON RAFAEL

Oh, talking about my pals. I had a chat with my pal Pepe. He's up in La Moraleja. Your reputation has beaten you to it. I called him yesterday and told him about you. He said he's looking forward to meeting you, seeing as how he's a big-time aikido man. He's always on TV up there whenever there's anything to do with martial arts. He said he's heard about you already. He'll help you with any martial arts kit you might need.

CHANCE

Oh, that's good. I can't wait to get there.

DON RAFAEL

Don Philipe, Don Isidrio and Don Roberto are the officers in control of the polideportivo. Don Philipe is an old pal of mine and he will look after you, he's a good man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Don Rafael gets up and makes ready to leave.

CHANCE

Where're you going?

DON RAFAEL

I'll be back in a minute. I'm just going to check if all's well with the Belgian police. They've come for your mate, Jake. He's going home in the morning.

CHANCE

Take me along to his cell now so I can say goodbye to him.

INT. LANDING. CELL BLOCK. NIGHT.

Don Rafael huddles to open Jake's cell. He turns the key and silently slides back the bolt and pulls open the door. Chance slinks by him into the cell.

DON RAFAEL

I'll lock you in... you've got ten minutes.

INT. JAKE'S CELL. NIGHT.

Jake leaps from his bed surprised. Chance grins.

JAKE

What the fuck're you doing here?

CHANCE

The jefe told me the Old Bill from Brussels are here to take you home in the morning.

Jake grabs Chance and starts dancing and tears start rolling down his cheeks.

JAKE

Fuckin' hell! Fuckin' hell!
Fuck, fuck, fuck! I can't fuckin' believe it... You wouldn't shit me, would you? Nah, you wouldn't shit me? Here, I've got a brand new car in Barcelona airport, you can have it.

CHANCE

No, mate. But I'll take your telly.

INT. DINING HALL. EVENING.

Chance, Ali, Vito and Abdulla finish eating in the nearly empty dining hall.

CHANCE

Tomorrow morning we'll be on the bus to La Moraleja. We might not be on the same bus, but I know we're all going to be together on the same wing. We've survived the mouth of the beast so the rest should be plain sailing. Good luck.

Chance slams his hand down on the table, palm up.

Four hard, proud faces look at it then slam their hands on top of Chance's.

Chance slams his other hand on top of the pile.

SUPER:

The next day, Chance and his gang were transported to La Moraleja prison in the north of Spain where he became the prison martial arts instructor.

He was released 18 months later and returned to a life of smuggling on the high seas.

He was again captured and served another prison sentence after which, he turned his life to writing and is now living in rural England.

The Carabanchel prison in Madrid has now been demolished.

But like Belsen and Alcatraz, it will never be forgotten.

FADE OUT:

THE END