

Savage Life

By

Marc Pye

(Third Draft)

Agent: Bill McLean Personal Management

23b Deodar Road

Putney

London

SW15 2NP

Tel: 020 87898191

Email: bill.mclean@fsmail.

1 EXT. SAVAGE LIFE BUILDING - DAY 1

Title: 'London 1990.' We open on the Savage Life sign outside the building. It reads 'Savage Life Financial Services Ltd.'

GAZ (V.O.)
We all wonder what life's about.

DORIAN Savage comes out of the building. He is 43, tanned, with blonde highlights. He wears a designer suit, a Rolex, and a gold identity bracelet.

GAZ (V.O.)
Some people think its all about making money.

DORIAN jumps in his Boxster and drives away.

CUT TO:

2 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / CHRISTIE'S BEDROOM - DAY. 2

DOG, overweight, 30, and CHRISTIE, 22, blonde and large breasted, are having sex. DOG has her bent over a chair and is shagging her from behind.

GAZ (V.O.)
Some people think its all about getting your end away.

DOG sweats profusely. He takes a drink from a cold can of 'Wobbler Brew.'

Cut to CHRISTIE's face. We can see that she's totally disinterested. She picks the split ends from her hair.

CHRISTIE
(faking her enjoyment)
Oh yeah. Give it to me. Aha, oh yeah, aha.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY 3

COLIN Nutter, 42, disorganised, comes out of his house carrying a briefcase, which he places on the roof of his BMW as he unlocks it.

GAZ (V.O.)
And some people... well some people just don't have a clue.

COLIN gets in and drives away with the briefcase still on the roof.

CUT TO:

4 INT. GAZ' BEDROOM - DAY

4

A C/U of a copy of Grunt magazine with a semi naked woman on the front cover. The magazine shakes.

GAZ (V.O.)

Me? What would I know? I'm no prophet.

The camera pulls back as the magazine lowers and we see 17yr old GAZ's face in C/U as he ejaculates.

GAZ

This was about as exciting as things got, until... well, why don't I start at the beginning.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ESTERHAZY ROAD - DAY.

5

Overhead shot of Esterhazy Road on a hot summer day. The camera moves along the length of the street. A car alarm and a fire engine compete with each other. A MAN from the Gas board operates a pneumatic drill. A black 'Opel Manta' car driven by a RASTAFARIAN cruises into shot. Music pumps out from the car's open windows before it pulls away again.

GAZ (V.O.)

I live at 29 Esterhazy Road. It's not what you would call a normal street...

A group of IRISHMEN stand on the corner drinking cans of Wobbler Brew. A LARGE BLACK WOMAN hops past them, down the street with a bag on her head.

GAZ (V.O.)

...which is just as well, 'cos my family aint what you'd call normal.

CUT TO:

6 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

6

CHRISTIE and her mother, ADDIE, 40, watch a porn DVD. CHRISTIE's picture on the front cover of the DVD box, which lies on the table. On the screen CHRISTIE is being shagged.

GAZ (V.O.)

That's my sister Christie, a low rent porn actress. And yeah, I know what you're thinking, those melons are real. She keeps complaining that they're too big. Wants smaller ones so she can do fashion. Silly cow.

Cut to ADDIE lighting up a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ (V.O.)
That's my mum, Addie. She don't get out much. Just sits in front of the telly all day. Don't matter what's on.

CHRISTIE winces and points to the screen.

CHRISTIE
Oh look at my arse mum, its enormous.

ADDIE
You look lovely. Its the camera - they say it puts ten pounds on you.

CHRISTIE
Yeah, five on each cheek.

CUT TO:

GAZ approaches the front door. Suddenly it opens and a figure carrying eight boxed DVD players barges through it, knocking GAZ on his backside.

GAZ (V.O.)
Him you already know...

DOG puts the DVD players in the downstairs toilet.

GAZ (V.O.)
...my sister's boyfriend, Dave.

DOG stacks the boxes in the toilet. GAZ picks himself up.

GAZ
All right Dave.

DOG
(hostile)
Its *Dog* to you, dirtbox.

GAZ (V.O.)
...or *Dog* as he likes people to call him. Don't know why, maybe its because he can lick his own arse. He's got no time for me - thinks I'm a wanker.

DOG comes out of the toilet and barges past GAZ.

DOG
Out my way wanker.

GAZ (V.O.)
Christie brought him home six months ago. He's been here ever since.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

GAZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Said he was something in the building trade. I didn't catch what - a cowboy I think.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. ESTERHAZY ROAD - DAY

8

GAZ walks down Esterhazy Road and observes a black DEALER leaning against his BMW. Two men approach, do a deal and admire the car.

GAZ (V.O.)
You see, my problem was no one ever gave me any respect. And I had none for myself either.

Cut to a fish eye shot of the DEALER with his face in the camera. He points at the camera like an angry rapper.

DEALER
How you gonna get any respect when you don't have any for yourself, son?

The DEALER sucks air over his teeth and backs off, counting his money.

GAZ (V.O.)
Who's he? I don't know. He's just in it to make my point. What I'm saying is, I knew if I wanted respect then I had to earn it.

Cut to a fish eye shot of DOG pointing at the camera.

DOG
If you want respect, *dirtbox*, then you've got to earn it. There's two ways you can do it: you've either got to be a master blagger...

On the screen the subtitle 'Expert Burglar' appears.

DOG (CONT'D)
...Or you gotta kill someone.

GAZ (V.O.)
And I'd done neither. There was no way I could kill someone, so there was only one thing for it...

CUT TO:

9 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / GAZ'S BEDROOM - DAY

9

GAZ, dressed in black, puts a large screwdriver in a gym bag in preparation to do a burglary.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

GAZ (V.O.)
 ...I had to go on the blag.

He looks in the mirror and folds his arms 'gangsta style.'

CUT TO:

10 EXT. SAVAGE LIFE BUILDING - DAY

10

DORIAN comes out of the Savage Life building as before.
 Freeze frame as he walks down the steps.

GAZ (V.O.)
 I know what you're asking, where does
this bloke come into it? All right,
 I'll show you.

The tape rewinds and DORIAN goes backwards into the
 building.

CUT TO:

11 INT. DORIAN'S OFFICE - DAY.

11

DORIAN sits at his desk. On the opposite side of the desk
 stands a young salesman, ANDREW.

DORIAN
 What do you mean you 'just couldn't do
 it?' You were in the house for God's
 sake.

ANDREW.
 The woman's Mother had just died. I
 wasn't going to sell her a policy she
 didn't need at a time like that.

DORIAN
 Why not? That's when they're at their
 most vulnerable. They only realise they
 need life insurance, when someone dies -
 stupid bastards. When's the funeral?

ANDREW
 Tomorrow, I think.

DORIAN
 Right, get back down there tomorrow...

ANDREW
 (exasperated)
 What? I can't just...

DORIAN
 Yes you can. I sold two policies at my
 Brother's - one to his widow, the other
 to the vicar. I made fifteen hundred
 commission out of that gig.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

There's a knock on the door and his assistant JULIE, pretty, 23 enters.

JULIE
Sorry to disturb you Dorian, but I've got a 'Tony Cotterill' here for an interview?

Dorian looks puzzled and flicks through his desk diary. He indicates for Andrew to leave. ANDREW sighs and exits.

JULIE (CONT'D)
He saw the advert. I remember you told me that if anyone ever walks in off the street it shows initiative...

DORIAN
Good girl - *initiative* - that's what Savage Life is all about.

JULIE
(cagey)
He seems a little nervous.

DORIAN
Show him in.

JULIE exits looking nervous.

CUT TO:

12 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE / SAVAGE LIFE RECEPTION - DAY

12

COLIN Nutter sits at his desk. He packs items into his briefcase while talking on the phone.

COLIN
Yes Kate, I understand it's important... no, I won't be late. No, I won't forget the wine. I have to go - someone's on the other line... yes, I'll be straight home. Bye.
(presses line button)
Savage Life - Colin Nutter speaking...
Julie?! What now?

Cut to reception. JULIE sits chewing at her desk. A nervous TONY Cotterill stands nearby.

JULIE
(on phone)
I've got Mrs. Butler on line four to speak to...
(imitates an old lady)
'that nice Mr Nutter' - Policy's about to lapse. Apparently no-one else can deal with it.

(CONTINUED)

Cut to COLIN in his office.

COLIN
Julie I'm about to leave! My wife is having one of her bloody dinner parties tonight. If I don't get home in time for this, when you next see me the chances are it will be without my testicles. Have you ever seen a man with no testicles, Julie?..

Cut to JULIE in reception.

JULIE
(reflecting)
Well I knew this bloke once that...

Cut to COLIN in his office.

COLIN
(butting in)
No more calls, okay?

Cut to JULIE in reception.

JULIE
(on the phone)
Sorry to have kept you Mrs. Butler, just putting you through to Mr. Nutter now.
(to Tony)
Follow me.

She stands and approaches DORIAN's office. TONY follows.

Cut to COLIN in his office, looking at his watch.

COLIN
(to himself)
Mrs Butler, you dithering old bastard. You certainly pick your times.

FEMALE VOICE (FROM PHONE)
Hello? Mr Nutter?

COLIN
(on phone/charming)
Mrs Butler, how are you? Really... mmmm. Yes, me too. Mmmm, I know. Julie tells me your policy is due to lapse...
(looks at watch)
No, lapse...
(exasperated)
lapse!.. Run out!

CUT TO:

13 INT. DORIAN'S OFFICE - DAY.

13

DORIAN at his desk. JULIE enters with TONY.

JULIE

(to TONY)

This is Mr. Savage, Managing Director
of Savage Life Financial Services.

(to DORIAN)

This is Tony...

They shake.

TONY

Cotterill - Tony Cotterill. Pleased to
meet you Mr. Savage.

JULIE looks concerned as she exits.

DORIAN

Well, well... Tony Cockerel. Have a
seat.

Tony sits.

TONY

Er, that's *Cotterill*, Mr Savage. You
said *cockerel*.

DORIAN

Did I? Apologies Terry - must have
picked you up wrong. So, tell me, what
do you know about Savage Life?

TONY

I'll be honest with you - not much. I
saw your advert and thought 'go for
it'. I'm in car sales at the moment,
(cockily)
but if I can sell clapped out motors
at twice their book price I can sell
insurance.

DORIAN

I'm sure you can Terry. I started out
as a dealer myself.

TONY

Er, that's Terry, Mr Savage... you
called me Tony.

(realises mistake)

No, sorry.

(confused)

I'm Tony,

(reassuring himself)

Tony Cotterill.

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN

Relax... *Tony*. Let me tell you about the way I run this ship. I like to sort out the men from the boys - let the dog see the rabbit. Follow me?

DORIAN stands up and paces the room. TONY wonders if he should follow him or not. He decides against it.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

You've heard of the Masons.

(TONY nods)

The Masons are renowned for having, let's say, a strange initiation.

TONY

Oh, right, the old er...

TONY waggles his hand about under his leg.

DORIAN

(points - 'exactly'.)

Now, to somebody who *isn't* a Mason, that would seem...

TONY

Weird?

DORIAN picks up a golf club and practices a putt.

DORIAN

Indeed. And in order to become a Mason you have to look a bit of a tit. Or at least show one of them, am I right?

TONY

(curious)

So I've heard.

DORIAN

It's all about being part of a family. The Italians have got it sussed. Initiation, family bonding... a sense of belonging to an outfit.

DORIAN puts the club down and returns to his desk.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

I like you Terry - you're hungry - I want to give you a chance. You want to be a part of the Savage Life team?

TONY smiles, thinking he's cracked it.

TONY

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN

Can you 'spank a client' Terry? Can you sell an Arab a bucket of sand?

TONY

(confident)

I'm your man.

DORIAN

Right then, if you'd like to take off your jacket and tie we can get this over and done with.

(beat)

Jacket and tie, Tommy - chop chop. Come on, we don't have all day

TONY looks confused as he takes his jacket and tie off.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

What's your favourite drink Tommy?

TONY

Vodka.

DORIAN

Then you and I will share a bottle of Smirnoff to commemorate your achievement... However long it takes... All right?

TONY

Yeah?

DORIAN

Right... In the cupboard.

Tony looks perplexed.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

You heard. In the fucking cupboard.

DORIAN opens the cupboard and shoves the bewildered TONY inside along with a phone and telephone directory and locks the door.

CUT TO:

COLIN on the phone as before.

COLIN

No, no it's not a problem Mrs. Butler. One second while I check my diary.

COLIN stands up and presses the mouthpiece of the phone against his groin and picks up his desk diary.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Gritting his teeth, he beats his backside with the diary five or six times, sending Mrs. Butler a 'subliminal message' down the phone. A beat, he relaxes, comes back on the phone.

COLIN (CONT'D)

It appears I've got a cancellation at three o' clock Monday if that's okay?.. No of course it's not putting me out. Good, three o'clock it is then. Goodbye.

He hangs up and shakes his head in disbelief

CUT TO:

15 INT. DORIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

15

DORIAN tidies away some items on his desk.

DORIAN

(to cupboard)

Get me three potential clients and you're part of the team. Start crying like a tart and you're out. Go to the press and I'll have your head on a spike. Do I make myself clear?!

No answer. DORIAN bangs on the door.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Can you hear me you tart?

TONY (O.C.)

(worried)

Yes!

DORIAN

You're playing with the big boys now. Three clients. If I don't get them you will *die* in that cupboard... All right?

TONY (O.C.)

(shakily)

Yes!..?

DORIAN

Good. I know it seems harsh, but I train all my salesmen the same way. I can just picture it now...'Tommy Cockerel - Savage Life, Salesman of the year, 2009'. How does that sound Tommy?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

TONY (O.C.)
 (bucking up)
 Great?

DORIAN picks up his mobile and exits

CUT TO:

16 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

16

COLIN is about to leave, as DORIAN enters.

DORIAN
 Look a bit tense Col. Fancy a drink?

A beat, COLIN looks at his watch, then -

COLIN
 Yeah, go on.

CUT TO:

17 INT. THE MERRY YEOMAN CARVERY - NIGHT.

17

Early evening. The patronage consists of businessmen and middle-class people with time on their hands. COLIN and DORIAN sit at the bar, drinking pints of lager. A WAITRESS appears carrying two menus. They pick up their drinks and follow her into the restaurant. COLIN pretends to grab her backside. She catches him in the act. He smiles at her but the smile isn't returned. COLIN and DORIAN sit as she hands them both a menu.

COLIN
 I don't need a menu, I'll order now - T-bone,
 (burps)
 Well done.

The WAITRESS ignores him and turns to Dorian, charming.

WAITRESS
 Something to start with sir?

COLIN
 Yeah, another T-bone, I'm starving. Ha ha.

DORIAN and the WAITRESS both ignore COLIN, who is by now clearly drunk. Dorian returns her smile.

DORIAN
 I'll have the mushroom soup, lightly grilled trout, green salad and... wine Col?

COLIN greedily finishes his pint. He nods his approval and waggles the empty glass at the WAITRESS.

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN (CONT'D)
Sancerre - Pouilly Fuisse, please.

COLIN
And another couple of pints.

The WAITRESS ignores COLIN and looks to DORIAN. DORIAN nods his approval and she smiles before departing.

DORIAN
We might have a new boy starting.
Contril, *Cantrel* - something French. He's
in solitary at the minute.

COLIN
(laughing)
I remember sitting in that cupboard with
a torch and phone, thinking, 'balls to
this, I'm leaving.'

DORIAN
(laughs, conceitedly)
But you didn't. You stayed till you got
me those clients. That decision made you
the salesman you are today Col.

COLIN
Yeah. A leaf from 'The Dorian Savage
school of life.'

DORIAN
A *chapter* from 'The Origin of the
species' - survival of the fittest.
Darwin's got it completely sussed.
Haven't you read it yet?

COLIN
I haven't had the time really.

DORIAN
Crap Colin! *Make* time. I did, look at me
now. That book changed my life. What's
the point us wondering why were all here
when some clever bastard's already worked
it all out for us. You get my drift?

COLIN nods, half drunk

The WAITRESS appears with the wine, uncorks it and pours a small amount into DORIAN's glass. DORIAN tastes it and raises his eyes in mock-ecstasy. The WAITRESS smiles and refills his glass. COLIN holds out his glass. The WAITRESS casts him a dismissive glance and leaves. COLIN watches her go.

COLIN
I could *have* her.

15.
17 CONTINUED: (2) 17

DORIAN rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

18 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / GAZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 18

MUSIC: Fade in - Black Panther theme - Harry Mancini orchestra.

GAZ, dressed in black, puts a torch and screwdriver into a gym bag, zips the bag shut and turns to look in the mirror. He scowls in the mirror at his reflection.

CUT TO:

19 INT. YEOMAN CARVERY - NIGHT. 19

DORIAN and COLIN eat. COLIN is by now quite drunk.

COLIN
See the Arsenal last night then?

DORIAN
Don't really care for football anymore. It's not a proper sport nowadays.

A beat, DORIAN points at COLIN's steak.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
You'll get mad cow disease Col'.

COLIN
That's all bollocks. Years go.

DORIAN
That's what they'd have you believe. Bull's brains Col'. Nerve tissue, offal - very nasty.

COLIN
But this is rump. Comes from it's arse - no-where near it's brain, is it?

DORIAN
Doesn't matter. I don't eat meat these days - you don't know what they've been doing to it - getting poor cows to eat their relatives. You wouldn't get mad cow anywhere else in the world do you? Let their animals graze you see - treat them right.

COLIN
Apart from Spain

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN

Bullfighting! Now *that's* a sport. I Always take in a bullfight when I'm in Spain, or a bit of middleweight boxing - two guys hungry for a title, knocking the shit out of each other.

COLIN

Yeah, a good clean fight.

DORIAN

Clean? *Nahh*. A nice *dirty* fight - plenty of blood.

COLIN

Dirty! Yeah, that's what I mean - dirty... There was this bloke on telly the other night who fights Rottweilers, for money like. It was really good.

DORIAN

Prat.

COLIN

Yeah - wanker.

DORIAN

Dog racing. I like greyhounds, whippets - very elegant creatures.

DORIAN continues to eat his trout then points to COLIN's meal with his knife.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

The thing about mad cow disease, Col', is, it happened once, it'll happen again. But it might not hit you until you're in your fifties.

COLIN eats his steak, chewing slowly.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

You could be in the pub one night, or worse still, a dinner party...

COLIN

(beat, realisation)
Shit!

COLIN tries to focus on his watch. He shrugs.

DORIAN

I saw it happen to a bloke. One minute he's standing at the bar with his mates, then his eyes start rolling in his head.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

DORIAN (CONT'D)

He loses control of his limbs and starts flailing about and pissing all over the place - craps his pants - right there at the bar! Poor bloke was a gibbering tit by the time the ambulance arrived. Mad cow disease Col - terrible thing.

COLIN chews his steak, clearly not enjoying it. He takes a swig of his lager, swilling it around his mouth as though it might disinfect his innards. He looks at Dorian's trout.

COLIN

Ah, yes, but you've got to be careful with fish too. Could be radioactive or covered with shit. I read this thing about the life-cycle of a turd: floats down a sewer, into the North Sea, gets eaten by a fish and ends up back on your plate before you know it.

DORIAN

(unaffected)

True.

He indicates his trout.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

But you're all right with trout 'cos they farm it. That bloke who used to be in The Who, remember?

COLIN

Keith Moon?

DORIAN

Daltrey.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. ESTERHAZY ROAD - NIGHT

20

GAZ, dressed in black and carrying his gym bag, checks out the houses and selects his target: A house with no lights on and no burglar alarm.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MERRY YEOMAN CARVERY.

21

DORIAN and COLIN sit drinking brandies. DORIAN lights up a cigar.

DORIAN

Mind if I ask you a personal question?
How much did you make last year?

(CONTINUED)

COLIN
(slightly taken aback)
About forty.

DORIAN
How many sprogs have you got now then?

COLIN
You *know* how many - two. Sylvester and Jessamy. You're Jessamy's godfather.

DORIAN
Of course. Do you think I'd forget?
But they were planned were they Col?

COLIN
Course they were. We had to try for a couple of years before we could have Sylvester.

DORIAN
What do you mean by *try*?

COLIN
Well, you know... I - we, I mean, had to go for fertility treatment... to make sure everything was OK.

A beat, DORIAN bursts out laughing. Colin looks puzzled.

DORIAN
I've just got this mental picture of you standing in front of a doc - wanking off into a test tube.

COLIN
(embarrassed)
It wasn't like that, it was scientific.

DORIAN
I bet it was. Get these sexy little nurses in their uniforms to give you a hand do they? Eh?

DORIAN gestures masturbating. COLIN looks about the restaurant aware that other people can hear. He squirms.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
I can just imagine you in a cubicle with a copy of 'Grunt', trying to point the end of your nob into a test tube...

COLIN can't take any more humiliation. He stands up and points a threatening finger at DORIAN.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

(loudly)

There is nothing wrong with my spunk!!

The volume in the restaurant drops so low you could hear a pin drop. Diners freeze. Everybody looks at COLIN. COLIN looks about for a moment or two, then clears his throat and slides back down in his seat, mortified. The volume in the restaurant resumes and diners continue as before.

DORIAN

Bit edgy tonight Col? Anyway, I'm digressing. What state are your finances in at the moment?

COLIN

(obviously lying)

Fine thanks Dorian. Very nice, no problems... why do you ask?

DORIAN

I'm upgrading my boat. Thought you might want to take 'The Dealer' off my hands? Only I don't like the thought of you getting into debt, what with you having the kids and big mortgage.

COLIN

(interested)

What sort of price?

DORIAN sucks air over his teeth.

DORIAN

Not cheap col, not cheap.

COLIN

Put a number on it.

DORIAN

To you? Eighteen.

COLIN is disappointed but tries not to show it.

COLIN

Sounds er, *fine*. Course, I'd have to get someone to give it the once over.

DORIAN

You'd be stupid not to.

(beat)

I'm taking Rebecca down to Bradwell tomorrow. Why not bring Kate and the kids? See the boat - make a day of it?

COLIN considers, nods.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. ESTERHAZY ROAD / AN EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

22

GAZ drops into the garden. A bunch of floodlights come on, almost blinding him. An alarm sounds. GAZ panics and quickly scrambles back over the fence. He runs away from the house and hides in the shadows, breathing deeply.

GAZ (V.O.)

It wasn't as easy as I thought. Maybe killing someone would be less hassle.

Gaz is just about to give up when COLIN's black BMW turns the corner. It swerves a number of times, mounts the kerb and comes to a halt outside no 51. COLIN falls out of the drivers side, stands up and tries to lock the door.

GAZ (V.O.)

And then I saw him. The yuppie from number 51. He had the car, the nice house, wife and kids...

Cut to happy smiling snapshots of Colin and his family.

GAZ (V.O.)

...what he *didn't* have was a burglar alarm.

Cut to the empty space on Colin's house where a burglar alarm should be.

GAZ (V.O.)

It was perfect. But the time wasn't right... I could wait.

COLIN gives up trying to lock the car. He presses his key fob to activate the alarm. He turns and looks at the house, takes a deep breath and staggers towards the front door.

CUT TO:

23 INT. COLIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

23

KATE clears up a dining table set for eight people. COLIN enters the room and walks over to give her a kiss.

COLIN

Hi, how are you?

KATE belts him across the face, sending him reeling.

KATE

You bastard!

COLIN

(dazed)

Good evening my love. Nice dinner party?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

I suppose you get a kick out of embarrassing me in front of our friends do you.

COLIN

How could I, I wasn't here?

KATE

You're never here. You're never where you say you are, unless it's the pub.

KATE looks at him expecting an answer. COLIN shrugs, he can't give her one, but he tries.

COLIN

I was in work, just about to leave, when all hell broke loose...

KATE

I've heard it all before.

He holds his hands up in surrender.

COLIN

Kate... I don't have an excuse. I got snowed under with work again. I apologise.

KATE continues to clear the table. COLIN attempts to help.

KATE

Then how did you get in that state?

COLIN

What state?

He drops a metal dish with a clang and picks it up

KATE

Drunk.

COLIN

Kate, I am not drunk. Yes, I had a couple of drinks with Dorian, to unwind, but I'm not drunk... I am merely groggy through lack of sleep. I'll be fine in the morning.

KATE

Of course you will, you'll be sober.

She takes the dishes off him and walks towards the closed kitchen door.

KATE (CONT'D)

Go to bed Colin, while you still can.

(CONTINUED)

KATE exits to the kitchen, letting a barking, snarling Yorkshire terrier out. It flies at COLIN. COLIN jumps onto a chair for safety. The dog stands barking at him.

COLIN

What is *that* doing in here?!

KATE (O.C.)

That is Patrick - Julia's dog. I said we'd watch him while she's at the health farm.

COLIN

(to himself)

Loony bin more like.

(to the dog)

Is your mummy mad? She is. Just like her big sister in there.

COLIN slowly steps down off the chair. The dog backs off. COLIN lifts the lid on a decanter and pours himself a drink. The dog wags it's tail and sits up, begging. COLIN looks at the dog, puzzled. KATE enters. COLIN sits in front of the TV with his drink, placing it on a low coffee table.

KATE

I thought you said you were tired?

COLIN

Thought I'd have a quick night-cap.

COLIN reaches for his drink but the glass is empty. He looks puzzled, gets up and pours himself another.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I forgot to tell you, I'm taking you and the kids to Bradwell Marina tomorrow to see Dorian's new boat. We'll go for something to eat, then a trip to the fairground - my way of saying sorry about tonight. A proper family day out. What do you think?

He places his drink down again and sits.

KATE

(suspicious)

I think you're up to something?

COLIN

(exasperated)

Why must I always be up to something? Maybe I just want to spend time with my family.

KATE
 (pointed)
 Suppose there's a first for
 everything.

KATE exits. COLIN picks up 'The Origin Of The Species' and starts flicking through it, but he can't focus. He puts it down. Unseen to COLIN the dog creeps up to the coffee table, puts its paws up on the rim of the table and quietly drinks from the glass before curling up behind the sofa. COLIN picks up his drink and sees that it is empty again. He looks shell-shocked: is he going mad? He gets up, pours himself yet another drink, places it down on the coffee table and pretends to read his book while glancing at the glass as though it may 'self empty'. The dog comes out from behind the sofa and looks up at COLIN. COLIN pretends to read the book to avoid catching the dog's eye. He slyly looks around at the dog to see it finish the drink and curl up again behind the sofa.

COLIN
 (slyly)
 So, you like a little drinkie do you
 Patrick?

CUT TO:

24 EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY.

24

Early morning. KATE puts a holdall in the boot of the car.

CUT TO:

25 INT. COLIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY.

25

Early morning. COLIN squats in the middle of the living room floor with a full bottle of whisky and an empty glass. He clinks the glass off the bottle a couple of times.

COLIN
 Patrick... Paaa-trick.

The dog appears from under the sofa and growls at him.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Ah, there you are...
 (through gritted teeth)
 Drinkie time.

COLIN fills the glass with whisky and places it in front of the dog. The dog wags its tail and hovers suspiciously.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Plenty more where that came from.

The dog drinks the whisky. COLIN grins and looks over his shoulder, making sure he isn't being observed.

26 INT. GAZ'S ROOM - DAY. 26

GAZ's POV: Through the window. KATE straps (5yr old) JESSAMY into a car-seat.

CUT TO:

27 INT. COLIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY. 27

COLIN smiles and holds the glass while the dog drinks from it. The dog finishes its drink, wanders off and collapses behind the sofa. COLIN looks at the empty half bottle.

COLIN
Patrick, I'm impressed.

He places the bottle next to the decanter. KATE enters, holding SYLVESTER by the hand.

KATE
Can you put Patrick's bed in the car?

COLIN
(looking down at the dog)
He's asleep. Maybe we should leave him.

KATE
He can't be left alone. Julia said he'll howl the place down.

COLIN
Well I can't wake him up.

KATE
Give him a shake.

COLIN
I've tried. He's in a deep sleep.

KATE
Shake him harder.

COLIN disappears behind the sofa.

COLIN
Look, I'm practically pulling his tail off - he won't budge. We'll have to leave him.

KATE
Strange? Wonder why he's so tired?

COLIN looks at her and shrugs innocently.

CUT TO:

28 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / GAZ'S ROOM - DAY. 28

GAZ's POV: through the bedroom window. COLIN's car slowly manoeuvres out of the driveway.

CUT TO:

29 INT. COLIN'S CAR - DAY. 29

KATE shakes her head at COLIN as he drives.

KATE

A boat is an unaffordable luxury.

COLIN

It's a wise investment. These boating people are loaded. We are talking big policies here. Mucho commission.

KATE

(warning)

If you start drinking when we get there I'm taking the kids straight home.

COLIN

I promise I won't touch a drop. Anyway, I don't just drink for the sake of it. It's all this hot weather, makes me thirsty.

KATE gives him a knowing look.

JESSAMY

Daddy, I need a poo.

COLIN rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

30 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM 30

ADDIE sits watching a daytime programme. GAZ enters eating a packet of crisps. He skulks in the corner, half watching the TV, half watching her. GAZ looks at the clock. Its 7pm.

Cut to the TV. A female presenter has her arm around an old man.

TV PRESENTER

You haven't seen him for thirty years. You thought you'd never see him again, but he's here tonight with his family - all the way from Michigan U S of A, its your son Brian!

(CONTINUED)

The old man can hardly believe his eyes as he's reunited with his son, daughter in law and grandchildren. Hugs and tears all round. GAZ looks between the screen and ADDIE.

GAZ (V.O.)

That made me think about something I'd never thought of before: who my dad was. I mean, everyone had one... didn't they?

GAZ

Mum?.. Do you know who *my* Dad is?

ADDIE turns and looks at him as though he were mad.

ADDIE

Why do you wanna know that then?

GAZ

(nonchalant)
I just do, don't I?

She turns her gaze back to the TV.

ADDIE

He wouldn't wanna know *you*.

GAZ

I didn't say he would. I just wanna know who he is

ADDIE

He was better than your sort... he had some brains. Some manners.

GAZ

Who is he then?

ADDIE

(dismissing)
You don't wanna know.

GAZ

I do!

ADDIE

Just forget about it... it don't make no difference.

GAZ

You don't even know who it is.

ADDIE

Yes I do!

GAZ

Tell me then... I got a right to know.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

ADDIE briefly tears her attention from the TV.

ADDIE

You don't have a right to *nuffin* in this house. Now piss off you nosey little bleeder.

ADDIE returns her gaze to the TV. GAZ, realising his defeat, exits the room.

CUT TO:

31 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / ADDIE'S ROOM - DAY

31

The room is empty.

GAZ (V.O.)

Now some people would just leave it at that. But she's right, I *am* a nosey bleeder.

GAZ enters and opens ADDIE's wardrobe. He takes out a shoebox full of photos and starts looking through them.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. THE HUSTLER. BRADWELL MARINA - DAY

32

DORIAN is on the gangplank dressed in a loud T.-shirt, shorts and a 'Savage Life' baseball cap, carrying a case of Budweiser. COLIN's car turns into the marina and pulls up alongside the boat. KATE and the kids jump out and DORIAN waves them aboard

DORIAN

Sly! And Jessie! What do you say to your favourite uncle then eh?

He lifts them on board the boat.

JESSAMY

Hello uncle Dorian.

DORIAN

How about a couple of cokes then?
(to REBECCA, down below)
Rebecca! Wine for you Kate?

KATE

Thanks.

DORIAN pours KATE's wine with one hand while taking an ice cold Budweiser out of an ice bucket and opening it with the other. He hands the Bud to COLIN and the wine to KATE.

DORIAN

Bud Col.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

Cheers.

COLIN drinks it in one go. KATE cast a worried look at him. REBECCA (28) appears, smiling, and gives the kids their cokes. COLIN places the empty Bud bottle down on a table.

DORIAN

Don't be shy Col', help yourself.

COLIN opens another beer and drinks it while looking about the boat. KATE watches him.

JESSAMY

(to COLIN)

Is this your boat daddy?

DORIAN

(laughing)

Ha! Not yet. This is uncle Dorian's boat.

JESSAMY

Where's Daddy's boat?

DORIAN

Over there.

COLIN picks up JESSAMY and points to his boat.

COLIN

See that one? *That's* Daddy's boat.

CUT TO: the wreck of a boat that is soon to belong to COLIN.

JESSAMY

I like Uncle Dorian's boat better.

COLIN looks gutted.

CUT TO:

GAZ studies some photos. He looks on the back of each one for a date.

GAZ (V.O.)

I was born in '92, so the shag must have been in '91. Easy detective work.

Cut to GAZ's POV of the photos: A succession of men with ugly grinning features, each wearing nasty fashion items. One is of a dark haired guy with two missing front teeth. Another features a man hugging a younger woman.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

GAZ

Nice tits.

He turns the photo. It reads - 'Addie and Frank - 1989'

GAZ (CONT'D)

(realisation hits)

Urghh! ...I just said my mum had nice tits!

GAZ holds a photo up close. A 'young DORIAN' smiles at the camera and poses with a young ADDIE. GAZ turns the photo round to see the names and the date. 'Addie and Dorian 1991'.

He puts the photo down and holds up another of DORIAN wearing a sharp suit, standing outside a car allotment with his arms outstretched as if to say 'My empire'. GAZ turns the photo; it reads 'Dorian 1991'. A realisation dawns on GAZ' face.

GAZ (CONT'D)

Dorian.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. THE HUSTLER / BRADWELL MARINA - DAY.

34

Dorian has his arms outstretched like in the photo. He looks across the marina.

DORIAN

I am in the habit of going to sea whenever I begin to grow hazy about the eyes, and begin to be over conscious of my lungs.

REBECCA looks puzzled.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

It's the opening of Moby Dick. I always think of that when I'm down here.

Cut to KATE watching COLIN knocking back another beer. COLIN turns and catches her.

KATE

You said you wouldn't drink.

COLIN

It's only beer. I'll be alright to drive.

KATE

Not my kids you won't. I'll get a taxi home.

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN

(to KATE and COLIN)

Children children, don't fight. What's wrong?

COLIN

Kate thinks I won't be able to drive home.

DORIAN

But I thought we were making a day of it, you know - take the boat out for a bit, come back and have a spot of lunch. I know a cracking little seafood place in the town... Rebecca?

REBECCA

It's lovely Kate, you must try it. And there's the beach and the fairground...

SYLVESTER

Fairground! Fairground!

DORIAN

Later on you can put the kids to bed - there's loads of room. We'll drop anchor about half a mile out and have cocktails and music while we look at the harbour all lit up.

REBECCA

Stay Kate. The harbour's beautiful at night. The kids'll be no trouble.

JESSAMY

Fairground! Fairground!

All eyes are upon KATE. It's five against one.

COLIN

Sounds good to me.

COLIN swigs his beer.

KATE

(relenting slightly)

We don't want to impose.

DORIAN

Impose? Nonsense, you're my best friends.

DORIAN pecks KATE on the cheek.

REBECCA

Come and have a look Kate. There's two bedrooms, bunk-beds for the kids...

(CONTINUED)

31.

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

REBECCA takes KATE downstairs to have a look around. COLIN grins at DORIAN. They clink their bottles together.

CUT TO:

35 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / GAZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 35

GAZ hides the photos of Dorian under the carpet.

GAZ (V.O.)
 So now I knew who he was. Question was: how did I go about finding him? Dorian who? Where did he live? He could be dead for all I knew. I'd have to give this some thought...

Gaz looks at the clock on the wall. Its 10pm. He looks out the window at COLIN's house and sees that the lights are off and there is no car in the drive.

GAZ (V.O.)
 ...but first things first.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. THE HUSTLER. BRADWELL MARINA - NIGHT 36

Back on board the boat, the night-time view of the harbour lights from the boat is indeed beautiful, but there is no one on deck.

CUT TO:

37 INT. THE HUSTLER - NIGHT 37

Down below the children are asleep in the bunk beds. In the Living quarters COLIN and DORIAN are sprawled out, fast asleep. REBECCA and KATE watch TV. KATE glances momentarily at COLIN, sighs, then continues to watch TV.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. ESTERHAZY ROAD - NIGHT. 38

GAZ comes out the front door, closes it and looks about the street. He crosses the road and walks towards number 51. He makes a run through the gate, over the flower bed and dives behind a bush next to the bathroom window. He takes the screwdriver out of his bag, jams it between the window and the frame and wrenches hard. The window gives and the wood cracks. GAZ throws the bag through the open window and slides in head first, almost landing in the toilet.

CUT TO:

39 INT. COLIN'S BATHROOM/HALL/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

39

GAZ pushes the window back into place. He takes the torch out of his bag, switches it on and moves towards the hall. GAZ locate's COLIN's briefcase, opens it up and takes out a Dictaphone. He turns it on and COLIN's voice comes from it.

COLIN'S VOICE (DICTAPHONE)
Endowment mortgage for a property of
Two hundred and forty five grand, no
surrender value within the first three
years...

Cut to the kitchen. The dog wakes from a deep sleep and pricks up its ears, as it hears COLIN's voice. It growls and goes to its bowl to drink water.

Cut to GAZ creeping up the stairs. A stair creaks. The dog stops drinking and listens. The dog walks to the hall entrance and peers around the door.

CUT TO:

40 INT. COLIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

40

GAZ peers around the door and enters the room. He shines the torch about. Finding nothing of interest he looks in the drawers. He pulls out a pair of KATE's knickers, sniffs them and pockets them. He finds a digital camera, which he puts in his bag then quickly scans the room and exits.

CUT TO:

41 INT. COLIN'S UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

41

GAZ enters the utility room. He looks at a basket of folded washing near the tumble dryer. He picks up a fluffy towel and smells it as though this were totally alien to him.

CUT TO:

42 INT. LIVING ROOM/ BATHROOM - NIGHT.

42

GAZ enters the living room. The torch flashes across the family portraits on the wall. GAZ stares at them, transfixed for a beat, before remembering why he's here. He locates the DVD player and lies flat on his stomach to get a better angle to unplug them.

Cut to a ground level dolly shot, as though from the dog's POV: The camera races into GAZ's face. GAZ leaps to his feet complete with the snarling dog attached to his face. He screams in terror, tears the dog off and throws it away.

GAZ struggles to get the front door open, but it won't open. He runs for the safety of the bathroom, slamming the door shut.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

He shines the torch in the mirror and looks horrified at his reflection: Blood runs from a bite on his cheek. He leaps up onto the toilet and throws the bag out through the window.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. ESTERHAZY ROAD - NIGHT.

43

GAZ comes falling out of the bathroom window and lands head-first in the shrubbery. He leaps up, scans the street and runs off in the direction of his house. A moment later DOG appears from around the corner, half drunk and eating a kebab. He spots the broken window and goes over to investigate. He looks about, tosses the kebab aside and climbs in the window. A brief moment passes before the dog begins barking in the house, accompanied by a thud, a yelp, then silence. The front door opens and DOG comes out with the DVD and TV.

CUT TO:

44 INT. COLIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

44

Early morning. A POLICEMAN takes an inventory from KATE and COLIN. He reads from a list.

POLICEMAN

TV, DVD, camera, that's the lot. Could you try to look out proof of purchase for these items sir - serial numbers, that sort of thing?

COLIN nods. The POLICEMAN wanders off to talk to a colleague. A beat and KATE turns to COLIN in horror.

KATE

Colin, the camera!

COLIN

Don't worry, we'll get another.

KATE

It's not the camera I'm worried about, it's the photos on it!

COLIN looks puzzled.

KATE (CONT'D)

The photo's you took of me... after Jessamy's party.

Still nothing from COLIN.

KATE (CONT'D)

At Dorian's? When I got hopelessly drunk!?

(CONTINUED)

Cut to COLIN and KATE in their bedroom. She strips off and lies provocatively on the bed. COLIN snaps away with the camera. Suddenly he dives out of frame and into bed with her. We see the camera flash going off under the covers and hear KATE and COLIN giggling.

Cut back to COLIN as he realises.

The POLICEMAN returns.

POLICEMAN

All things considered, you've been very lucky. You might want to fit a burglar alarm though. The type of scum who did this usually gives you enough time to get new stuff, then they come back and nick that as well.

COLIN

I'll get someone round as soon as.

POLICEMAN

(beat, heartfelt)
Sorry about your poor dog.

In the corner of the room the dog lies stiff with rigor mortis. A Police PHOTOGRAPHER takes a photo of it.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

(almost in tears)
How anyone could do that to a defenceless animal I'll never know.

A C.I.D. OFFICER calls the POLICEMAN over. KATE looks worried. COLIN puts a comforting arm around her.

COLIN

Don't worry love, no-one's going to bother about getting photos developed.

CUT TO:

A photo lab with the name 'Blitzprint'. GAZ comes out of the lab with a packet of photos, which he puts in his pocket. GAZ sees the DEALER walking back to his car and he impersonates him, doing his best 'black walk.'

CUT TO:

DORIAN sits drinking a cup of coffee, with his feet resting on his desk. COLIN sits at the other side doing the same.

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN

Bastards. I've never understood why you live there Col'. Bang in the middle of the urban jungle. Every time I drive round the Shepherds bush roundabout I see at least ten loonies. You want to be out near where I am. At least you know the kids'll be safe.

COLIN

I'd be lying if I said I didn't worry about them.

DORIAN

I admire you Col'. I couldn't do it - bring up kids, give them the time they need - the attention. Too set in my ways for all that now.

COLIN

Wouldn't be without my two - changed my life.

DORIAN

That's my point. I don't want to change mine. That programme that was on the other night - what's it called - with that awful northern woman? She brings this poor bloke out of the audience...

Cut to the same programme that ADDIE was watching. The NORTHERN WOMAN stands with a male GUEST as before.

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

Says they've found his 'long lost sweetheart' from Australia. The blokes going "What?" "What?" So they bring on this old Aboriginal bird...

The NORTHERN WOMAN introduces an old ABORIGINAL WOMAN in full traditional dress. The GUEST looks shocked. He tries to run off stage but the NORTHERN WOMAN laughs and keeps a tight hold of his arm.

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

And here's the big surprise: she only tells him that he's got two sons doesn't she? Straight up.

The NORTHERN WOMAN introduces two male ABORIGINALS, covered in warpaint, carrying spears. They get emotional and hug and kiss the male GUEST.

Cut to DORIAN at home, sitting with a drink. He looks horrified. He turns the TV off and shudders.

Cut to DORIAN and COLIN in DORIAN's office.

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Sent a shiver down my spine. If that had been me I'd have topped myself.

They both drink their coffee. We hear a muffled knocking sound. DORIAN and COLIN look at each other, then up at the ceiling and around the room. Suddenly DORIAN locates where the knocking is coming from. DORIAN takes a key out of his pocket, stands up and unlocks the cupboard. An arm comes out and hands DORIAN a piece of crumpled paper. DORIAN reads it, nods his approval and helps the arm out of the cupboard. The stooped, scruffy, unshaven figure of TONY Cotterill emerges, blinking in the light.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Tony Cotterill meet Colin Nutter, one of my top salesmen. Colin, Tony, our newest recruit.

TONY smiles, relieved. He blinks as he tries to get his bearings to shake COLIN's hand.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY.

47

DOG walks up the path and pulls a crumpled leaflet out of his pocket. He straightens it out and puts it through COLIN's letterbox.

CUT TO:

48 INT. COLIN'S HALLWAY - DAY.

48

The leaflet drops to the floor. It reads: Burglar alarms fully installed - £100. Contact Castle Security.' (telephone number).

CUT TO:

49 INT. GAZ' HALLWAY - DAY.

49

ADDIE shuffles along the hallway with a cup of tea. The front door opens and GAZ enters, still walking like a black guy.

GAZ

Yo, Mum!

He clenches his fist into a Black Power salute. ADDIE looks him up and down.

ADDIE

You're on drugs.

She shuffles off to her room. GAZ shrugs and walks up the stairs.

CUT TO:

50 INT. GAZ' ROOM - DAY. 50

GAZ enters and takes the packet of photos out of his pocket. He sits on the bed and opens it. He looks through various photos of COLIN sitting with a party hat on, acting stupid for the camera, a photo of KATE, naked and lying on a bed, laughing. Another shows her posing, taking her clothes off. As GAZ quickly looks through them we see another, then another, all of KATE, each more revealing than the last. GAZ's eyes widen.

51 SOUND FX - A CAMERA ON FAST MOTORWIND. 51

Cut between the photos on the bed until they eventually become a blur.

GAZ falls back amongst the photos, exhausted. A beat, he glances at them again as he pulls up his trousers.

Cut to GAZ's POV: a photo of COLIN and DORIAN. GAZ stares at the photo, as the realisation hits him. He rummages under the carpet, pulls out the old photos and compares the two faces of DORIAN.

GAZ (V.O.)

It was him... my dad. The yuppie knew my dad.

CUT TO:

52 INT. GAZ' HALLWAY / CHRISTIE'S ROOM - DAY. 52

GAZ stands outside CHRISTIE's door. He's about to knock when he hears her voice coming from the room.

CHRISTIE (O.C.)

But Mr. Taylor, I've never done it before, I don't know how to do it properly... okay then, if you promise to give me a pass in maths...

GAZ knocks on the door and opens it. CHRISTIE sits on the bed dressed as a schoolgirl. She holds a script in one hand and in the other is a cucumber, which she is just about to put in her mouth. She looks up at GAZ, as he enters the room.

GAZ

All right?

CHRISTIE

What do you want? I'm trying to rehearse.

GAZ

Nothing. Just being sociable.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIE stares at him and puts the script and cucumber down. She reaches for her nail polish and proceeds to paint her nails, over -

CHRISTIE
Don't think you're getting any money out of me, dirt-box.

GAZ
You used to be nice to me when I was little.

CHRISTIE
You wasn't such an obnoxious little git then was you?

GAZ
Do you know who my dad is?

CHRISTIE
How would I know? I don't even know who *mine* is.

GAZ
Do you know a bloke called Dorian?

CHRISTIE
What? Look, what is this? What are you after? I *am* busy you know.

She puts down her nail polish and picks up the cucumber, as though to make her point. GAZ sighs and exits. CHRISTIE picks up her script.

CUT TO:

ADDIE sits watching TV. GAZ enters and hovers about.

GAZ
Mum. Didn't your hair used to blonde...

ADDIE
What's it to you?

GAZ
...when you was young?

ADDIE
Are you trying to be funny?

GAZ
Do you want me to get you some ciggies?

ADDIE
What do you want? Get out - I don't want to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ

Did you have a lot of boyfriends when you was young like?

ADDIE

I said fuck off!

GAZ

Didn't you used to go with this bloke who had missing teeth?

ADDIE

Go away. Piss off!

GAZ

Didn't you used to go out with a bloke who had his own car business?

ADDIE puts her hands over her ears and screams.

ADDIE

Aaaaarrrgghhhh!!

GAZ

I just wanna know about...

ADDIE

(screaming)

Aaaaarrrgghhhh!!

GAZ

All right, all right!

GAZ exits. ADDIE sees that he has gone, takes her hands off her ears and quite happily goes back to watching TV.

CUT TO:

54 INT. GAZ' ROOM - DAY.

54

GAZ sits on his bed looking through the photos of KATE. He drops his trousers again, just as DOG barges into the room.

DOG

What you got there then? Pictures of your sister? You dirty little wanker, that's incest that is.

DOG pushes GAZ off the bed and grabs hold of the photos.

DOG (CONT'D)

Oh very nice... very nice indeed.

(beat)

Hold on, I know her. Where d'you get these?

GAZ tries to pull up his trousers and snatch the photos off DOG. DOG effortlessly pushes GAZ back on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ
I nicked them.

DOG
(disbelievingly)
Yeah, right?

DOG looks through the rest of the photos.

DOG (CONT'D)
This bird lives up the top of the road.
Fancy her then do you?

GAZ
She's all right.

DOG
All right? I wouldn't mind giving her
one myself.
(beat)
I'm gonna have to confiscate these for
your own benefit... to save you from
going blind.

GAZ
You can't, I need them!

DOG
(laughing)
You *do* fancy her don't you?

GAZ
No, I don't want the one's of her. I need
the other ones.

DOG
(looks at the other photos)
These? What for?

GAZ
I just do... please?

DOG
(mocking)
Please. You're not a very good thief
are you? How come you got in there and
only managed to get these?

GAZ
(defensively)
I got loads of gear.

DOG
No you didn't, cos their little rat bit
you and you shat yourself and you ran.

He points at GAZ's bitten face

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

GAZ

I got a good camera.

DOG takes the photo's of KATE and throws the rest on the bed.

DOG

Where is it?

GAZ

Aint got it. Sold it.

DOG looks about, delves into a pile of clothing, locates the camera and exits. GAZ curls up on the bed, depressed.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY.

55

C/U on a cheap cheroot being lit. It sparks and crackles. The frame opens up to show a tall middle aged man, dressed like a spiv, (RICHARDSON). With him, carrying a toolbox is DOG. RICHARDSON rings the doorbell.

CUT TO:

56 INT. COLIN'S HALL / EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY.

56

COLIN is on the phone. The doorbell rings.

COLIN

Fifty quid to bury a dog? I could hire a skip for *forty* - chuck the dog in that. So what do you get for this fifty quid then eh? Full requiem mass? Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber? I don't think so, goodbye.

He hangs up. A beat, inspiration strikes -

COLIN (CONT'D)

I'll bury it in the park.

COLIN exits out the back. KATE appears and opens the door

RICHARDSON

Mrs. Nutter? David Richardson - Castle Security.

KATE

Of course. Hello. Do come in.

RICHARDSON enters. KATE smiles at DOG. DOG tries to conceal his smirk. As KATE turns and walks into the house DOG looks at her backside and sucks in air approvingly.

RICHARDSON

Bring the stuff in Dave.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

RICHARDSON follows KATE into the house. DOG puts the toolbox in the hall and walks off to the van. COLIN comes out of the house carrying a spade, the dog wrapped up in a bin liner under his arm and walks off up the street.

CUT TO:

57 INT. COLIN'S KITCHEN - DAY.

57

KATE takes out 2 cups. RICHARDSON enters.

RICHARDSON

We live in barbarous times Mrs. Nutter. They've got no respect for property or other people. You'd be shocked by what I see in my line of work.

KATE

Would you like a coffee?

RICHARDSON

Thank you, most kind... Yeah, kid's these days, no patriotism, no religion. It's just a free for all. Grab what you can and sod everyone else. Excuse my language.

KATE smiles and spoons coffee into a filter, which she places onto the percolator.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

It's very sad Mrs. Nutter, very sad.
(realises he's smoking)
Do you mind if I smoke?

KATE

No, not at all. I'll get you an ashtray.

KATE passes him an ashtray.

RICHARDSON

Filthy habit. Picked it up in Malaysia. Never been able to shake it off since.

KATE

Do you take sugar?

RICHARDSON

Not for me. Just nice and black please... bit like my women.

KATE

(wary)
And Dave?

RICHARDSON

Oh don't you worry about him.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

She hands him a coffee.

KATE

Well, I'll leave you to it.

KATE goes to exit but RICHARDSON is on a reverie.

RICHARDSON

Yes, people are different today than what they were years ago. I think it's the bomb. Hiroshima, Nagasaki. Ever since then I reckon we've all had a little bit of it in our bones... *Radioactivity*. It gets worse every time there's a leak like Chernobyl. Sort of *poisons* everybody. The young are more susceptible to it though, where as the older you get the more immunity you've got, haven't you?

KATE

(warily)

Yes.

RICHARDSON

Just a theory. Might not be that at all. Could be the ozone layer couldn't it?

He taps his head, manically.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

More rays getting to the brain.

KATE manages a scared smile and exits.

CUT TO:

58 INT. GAZ' KITCHEN - DAY.

58

CHRISTIE and DOG sit at the kitchen table. CHRISTIE wears a dressing gown and files her nails. DOG sits drinking from a can of 'Wobbler Brew'. The photos of KATE are laid out on the kitchen table, amongst the margarine and peanut butter.

CHRISTIE

You just *can't*. They're private. It'd be like exploitation.

DOG

Bollocks. Are you turning into a feminist?

CHRISTIE

I just don't think It's right.

DOG

It wasn't right me doing over their house but you didn't say nothing about that.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOG (CONT'D)

So how much do you think from the readers wives section of one of the jazz mags you work for?

CHRISTIE

They're not 'jazz mags', they're 'artistic publications'.

DOG

Yeah, yeah. How much?

CHRISTIE casts a derisory glance at them.

CHRISTIE

Not much. They're amateur. No proper lighting, bad camera angles.

DOG

What's wrong with the angles? You can see her bush can't you?

CHRISTIE

A lot of technique goes into taking good pictures.

DOG

Don't talk crap! I could do that - get a camera and some bird with her legs open.

GAZ enters and puts the kettle on.

CHRISTIE

(sarky)

Course you could Dog. And I can just see them queuing up for you.

CHRISTIE exits. Beat. GAZ and DOG eye each other.

DOG

Why you so interested in the photos of the yuppies sitting in that garden?

GAZ

Just am. What's it to you?

DOG

You tell me what you want with the photos and I might tell you what *I* know.

(beat)

Guess what I did today?

GAZ

Mugged an old lady.

DOG

Funny. No, I was working wasn't I? At the yuppies place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOG (CONT'D)

And I know things, don't I? Cos I had a good shuftu about. Now you tell me why you want them photos.

GAZ thinks about it.

DOG (CONT'D)

Tell you what, I'll make it easy. You tell me or I break your arm... fair?

GAZ

(reluctantly)

All right. But you got to promise me something. You won't tell mum?

DOG shrugs 'fair enough'

GAZ (CONT'D)

My dad's in them.

DOG

Which one?

GAZ

Bloke in the pink shirt.

DOG

Pink shirt? Woofteh is he, your dad? Queer beast?

GAZ

(outraged)

Don't you dare say that!

GAZ takes a swing at DOG. DOG dodges, laughing and effortlessly throws GAZ across the room.

DOG

How do you know this old Queen is your daddy then eh?

GAZ

Just do. Now tell me, what's his name - the bloke in 51?

DOG

Why, so you can go and ask him who the sausage jockey is?

GAZ

Go on, you must know his name.

DOG

(amused)

All right. He's called Colin *Nutter*.

GAZ

Nutter? You're having a laugh?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

DOG
(shrugs)
Suit yourself.

DOG gets up and exits. On GAZ, wondering if he's bluffing.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. A GARDEN - NIGHT.

59

We hear the sound of a motorbike being revved frantically.

GAZ (V.O.)
Surveillance was called for. And if
there's one thing I *did* know, it was
how to nick a bike.

GAZ, astride a moped, comes tearing out of the garden.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. SAVAGE LIFE BUILDING/CAR PARK - DAY.

60

COLIN's car drives into the Savage Life car park. GAZ pulls the bike into the side of the road, switches off the engine and observes COLIN, as he gets out of his car and walks inside the building. GAZ climbs into the bushes opposite the building and sinks down to conceal himself. He looks at his watch and pulls out COLIN's Dictaphone.

GAZ
(into Dictaphone)
9.15 am. Colin Nutter enters Savage
Life Insurance.

61 INT. GAZ' KITCHEN.

61

DOG sits at the kitchen table with the photos of KATE, a manila envelope and a writing pad, which he reads from.

DOG
Dear Selina, I would like to offer
these photos of a model I know for
publication in 'Grunt'. I understand
two hundred pounds...

He scribbles out £200 and writes £250.

DOG (CONT'D)
...two hundred and *fifty* pounds is the
normal rate for material of this calibre.
Yours sincerely, Dave Barber.

DOG leans back smiling and admires his handiwork.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. SAVAGE LIFE BUILDING/CAR PARK - DAY.

62

GAZ sits in the bushes wearing his headphones and bobbing his head in time with the music. He eats a Snickers bar and casually looks through the leaves. DORIAN comes out of the building and walks towards his car with a beautiful blonde (TASH, 26). GAZ can't believe his luck. He pulls the headphones off and parts the leaves to get a better look.

DORIAN

Tash darling, I've been thinking. Maybe you and I could go down to the boat - have a dirty weekend by the sea.

TASH

Dorian, you say the sweetest things. You're a born romantic.
(beat, coy)
What would Rebecca say?

DORIAN

Rebecca would not know my dear.
Rebecca is away for the weekend.

TASH

(mischevious)
In that case, 'Mr. Savage', I'm all yours.

Cut to GAZ as he overhears DORIAN's name. He looks at the nameplate on the building and puts two and two together.

GAZ

(realising)
Savage?

TASH giggles. DORIAN presses the key fob, unlocks his Boxter and they get in. GAZ tries to get to the bike, but gets entangled in the bushes. DORIAN's car roars out of the car park. GAZ breaks free of the bushes and runs to the bike, but the car is a blur in the distance. He considers his next move and looks towards a phone box.

CUT TO:

63 INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

63

GAZ finds Dorian's home number listed in the phone book. He circles the address, tears the page out and exits.

CUT TO:

64 INT. DORIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

64

DORIAN, at his desk, opens a letter from GAZ.

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN
 (reading the letter)
 Dear Mr. Savage. I have found out you
 are my dad...

GAZ (V.O.)
 I found a photo of you that my mum had
 from when you and her were bonking.
 You looks just like me, and the dates
 is right. 1991 in fact. If you don't
 believe me there's a test you can do,
 that I saw on TV. You test the jeans
 in your sperm.

DORIAN laughs, continues to read.

DORIAN
 I have always wanted to know my dad
 and I am really pleased to have found
 out who you are. Honest, I don't want
 nothing from you - just to know my
 dad.

GAZ (V.O.)
 I will phone you at your office today so
 we can arrange a meeting. Your's Gary
 Hoskins. P.S. I would like to change my
 name by 'deep hole' so that its Savage.

DORIAN puts the letter down, smirking, amused.

DORIAN
 'Deep hole?' Colin, that *is* funny.

CUT TO:

65 INT. SAVAGE LIFE RECEPTION - DAY

65

JULIE sits at her desk, eating grapes. COLIN sits on the
 edge of her desk, telling JULIE and TONY a joke.

COLIN
 So I said to him "If you think *that's*
 big you want to see the size of the
 one in my sock drawer."

JULIE and TONY laugh. DORIAN enters.

DORIAN
 All right Col'.

COLIN
 Fine thanks Dorian, you?

DORIAN nods. JULIE offers him a grape.

JULIE
 Grape Dorian?

(CONTINUED)

DORIAN

Rape? I'm far too busy for your domination games Julie.

(sees the grapes)

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you wanted me to tie you to the desk again.

TONY laughs. DORIAN winks at him. JULIE tries to look amused, but by the look on her face it's quite possible that DORIAN *has* tied her to the desk in the past. The phone rings and she answers it. DORIAN takes a grape.

JULIE

Good afternoon, Savage Life?

DORIAN

(re; the grape)

Hmm Seedless.

(beat)

Sorry Col', no offence.

TONY laughs again. COLIN tries to feign amusement and walks off to his office. JULIE puts her hand over the receiver.

JULIE

Dorian I've got a 'Gaz Hoskins' asking to speak to you. He says you know what it's about.

DORIAN glances to COLIN for a reaction, but there is none. DORIAN smirks.

DORIAN

Gaz Hoskins? Yeah, put him through.

DORIAN heads off to his office.

CUT TO:

DORIAN puts the phone on speakerphone, picks up a golf club and practices a swing.

DORIAN

(sarky)

Gaz, how nice to hear your voice at last.

GAZ (FROM PHONE)

...Er yeah, you too. You got my letter then?

DORIAN

(dry)

Indeed I did.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

DORIAN (CONT'D)

And let me say, what a surprise it was to find out I had 'a long lost son', especially by letter... I mean, aren't you supposed to 'turn up on my doorstep' or something?'

Silence.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

That's how its traditionally done isn't it?

Dorian's mobile goes.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Oh dear, I'm sorry, have to dash Gaz, been lovely talking. Bye.

DORIAN hangs up and laughs to himself.

Cut to GAZ in a phone box. He looks at the receiver in surprise.

GAZ (V.O.)

Well, its not every day you get an invite like that is it?

CUT TO:

67 INT. DORIAN'S BATHROOM - DAY.

67

DORIAN and REBECCA are having sex in the Jacuzzi. O.C. the doorbell rings. REBECCA tuts in annoyance.

DORIAN

Ignore it, it'll be the bloody God squad again.

REBECCA giggles. They continue having sex. O.C. The bell rings again. DORIAN loses his cool.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Oh... *Jehovah!*

He wraps a towel around himself, walks over to a monitor screen and flicks a switch. The screen flickers into life. We see an unflattering wide-angle shot of GAZ looking into the camera. DORIAN speaks into the microphone.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

I don't want my car cleaned, I don't want my lawn mowed, I don't want to buy anything. It's Sunday morning. I admire your enterprise, but not now. Goodbye!

GAZ

No, wait! You don't understand. I'm Gaz. The letter...

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

DORIAN pauses, then looks closer at the monitor. GAZ stares into the camera with a gormless imploring expression.

DORIAN

Very funny! Colin put you up to this, didn't he?

GAZ

I don't know what you're talking about. We spoke on the phone yesterday.

DORIAN

(sarky)

Ah yes, *Gaz*, 'my long lost son'. Well tell Colin the joke's over - I was on to him straightaway. Now piss off!

GAZ

But you don't understand. You're my dad. I found out, you see my mum...

DORIAN

Look you! You've been warned. You tell Colin what you like if he's paying you. I don't give a shit. In fact, yeah, you do that. You tell him that I totally believed you and I committed suicide on the spot. Now, go on, piss off. If you ring that bell again I'm calling the police.

DORIAN switches the monitor off and turns to face camera, angry.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Colin, you *bastard*.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - DAY.

68

GAZ kicks the gate in anger and walks off.

CUT TO:

69 INT. EXT. A SERIES OF SHOTS.

69

MUSIC: I SPY - PULP. Plays throughout the following scene.

GAZ walks down a path. He jumps a fence and takes a chisel out of his pocket. He puts it in the lock of a set of French windows and turns it. The windows open.

CUT TO: a montage of shots of GAZ inside various houses. He pours himself a drink and switches on the TV. Looks through a photo album and takes out a graduation photo and puts it in his bag. Reading through peoples mail;

(CONTINUED)

Lying masturbating under the covers in a young woman's bed with a pair of her briefs on his head. Smearing jam into the pages of books. Throwing talcum powder about a room. Putting an unopened carton of milk in a microwave and watching it explode. Throwing food in a pile on the floor. Pouring a tin of cat food into the back of a TV. Taking a hamster out of a cage and carefully putting it into his holdall. Finally, exiting a house with a full holdall, through the back garden and over the fence. A large dog goes for him. He escapes, breathless and glares at the dog, which barks at him through a fence. In his bedroom he makes a weapon out of a cut-down brush pole with lead wrapped around it. He smacks it into the palm of his hand.

GAZ

The mutt mangler.

CUT TO:

70 INT. GAZ' BEDROOM - NIGHT

70

GAZ lies asleep on his bed with his headphones on. Suddenly the headphones are pulled off him and he awakes with a fright. ADDIE stands over him.

ADDIE

I need you to get me fags.

GAZ

Get Christie to go.

ADDIE

I want *you* to go.

He closes his eyes again.

GAZ

Go yourself, the walk will do you good.

ADDIE

I can't. Not with my agoraphobia.

GAZ

Then leave your agoraphobia behind.

ADDIE grabs the cover and pulls it off him. She's amazed to see a hoard of photos in his bed. She picks some up and looks at them.

ADDIE

Who are these people?

GAZ

(scared/shrugs)

Dunno.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

ADDIE
 (enraged/sickened)
 You're sick in the head you are.
 (beat, with disgust)
 I wish I'd never had you, you strange
 little bastard - should have got rid
 of you when I had the chance.

ADDIE throws the photos at him and storms out. GAZ fights
 back tears, as he gathers the photos.

CUT TO:

71 INT. SAVAGE LIFE. DORIAN'S OFFICE - DAY.

71

Early morning. DORIAN opens another scruffy hand-delivered
 letter. He unfolds the letter and the photo of DORIAN and
 ADDIE falls onto his desk. He picks it up, furious.

CUT TO:

72 INT. SAVAGE LIFE RECEPTION/STREET - DAY.

72

COLIN enters through the front door and walks past the
 reception. JULIE sits reading a women's magazine.

COLIN
 Morning Julie.

JULIE waves, barely registering him. COLIN approaches
 DORIAN's office. As he is about to knock on the door the
 door opens and DORIAN comes out.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Morning.

DORIAN
 (pleasantly)
 Ah, Colin.

DORIAN smiles at COLIN and then head-butts him.

CUT TO: a shocked JULIE's face, as COLIN goes flying past
 her desk and lands against the wall. DORIAN walks briskly
 over to COLIN, holds him up against the wall with one hand
 and puts a threatening finger up to COLIN's face.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
 (angrily)
 A joke's a joke Colin, but you've
 taken it too far this time.

He pushes COLIN towards the front door

DORIAN (CONT'D)
 Get out, you useless bastard. You're
 sacked!

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

DORIAN pushes the bewildered, bloody-nosed COLIN through the front door, out into the street. DORIAN calmly picks a speck of fluff off his jacket. JULIE looks between DORIAN and the front door in amazement.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
Run the Salesman ad again will you
Julie, there's a good girl.

He walks off to his office, then turns

DORIAN (CONT'D)
Oh, and er, a coffee would be nice.
When you've got a minute.

JULIE
(still shocked)
Coffee, right, sure.

DORIAN exits into his office and closes the door.

Cut to outside. COLIN picks himself up and looks up at the building, totally bewildered.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY.

73

GAZ approaches a burial vault and notices that one of the large stones has come loose. He walks over to it, picks up a stick and scrapes away at the mortar. It comes away like putty.

CUT TO:

74 INT. COLIN'S CAR - DAY.

74

COLIN drives his car whilst nursing a bloodied nose.

COLIN
(ranting)
Sacked?! For *what*, you bastard?! You
can't do this. I've got a mortgage to
pay. A wife and 2 kids to feed. How
can I be sacked? *Bastard!*

He bangs the steering wheel.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Bastard!

CUT TO:

75 INT. BURIAL VAULT.

75

GAZ crawls through the hole he has made and stands up inside the darkened vault.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

He lights a match and looks at a raised coffin in the centre of the vault. He grins to himself as though he's just been given the keys to his own luxury flat.

CUT TO:

76 INT. COLIN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

76

Early morning. COLIN sits dressed for work as usual, drinking a cup of coffee. KATE clears the table.

KATE

Don't forget to get the cash for the decorators. Take out a grand.

A beat, while this computes with COLIN. He'd forgotten.

COLIN

We don't need the place decorated, its fine the way it is?

KATE

Oh no, you're not going back on your word now. You *promised* me Colin.

COLIN nods, knowing he can't get out of it.

CUT TO:

77 INT. BURIAL VAULT - DAY.

77

GAZ has transformed the vault into his own pad. A mattress sits on top of the coffin, surrounded by the stolen possessions: underwear, clocks, photos on the walls.

CUT TO:

78 INT. COLIN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM / HALLWAY - DAY.

78

KATE in the living room, tries new wallpaper against a wall. The front doorbell rings. She goes into the hall and puts her eye up against a new security peep-hole in the door.

CUT TO: KATE'S POV: A wide angle shot of 2 women standing on the front door-step. A large black woman (GLORIA) grins back at the peep-hole. A smaller white woman (SUSAN), smirks to herself with her eyes darting about. KATE disarms the burglar alarm and unlocks the door, keeping the security chain on. GLORIA peers through the gap.

GLORIA

Hello dear. My name is Gloria and this is my colleague Susan.

SUSAN appears from under GLORIA's arm. She nods and smirks at KATE before disappearing again.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA (CONT'D)

We're in this area today asking people if they see any hope for the future. Many people have lost all hope. They've made no provision.

SUSAN re-appears from under GLORIA's arm.

SUSAN

Provision, yes.

KATE

Ah, thanks, but we're completely covered. My husband works in assurance himself. Thanks for calling.

KATE tries to shut the front door but GLORIA insistently puts her foot in the way to stop it being closed.

GLORIA

I'm not talkin' about money or the material world. Have you ever thought about the future of the earth?

KATE

(catching on)

Are you... Jehovah's Witnesses?

SUSAN

Witnesses, Yes.

SUSAN nods and grins broadly.

GLORIA

Yes dear, we are. God has told us that everything's going to be all right in the end and the earth will be a beautiful place again.

SUSAN

(looking vacant)

Beautiful, y...

GLORIA looks down at her as if to say 'pack it in' and pulls out some literature.

GLORIA

Can I leave you some literature to read? What's your name, dear?

She hands KATE the leaflets.

KATE

Kate... *Catherine*.

GLORIA

Nice to meet you Catherine. Bye for now.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

SUSAN

(nods)

For now, yes.

KATE closes the front door. She looks at the literature. The booklet titles read 'Awake' and 'Now is time for a new world'. She opens one and exits into the living room.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. BUILDING SOCIETY - DAY.

79

COLIN comes out of the building society, counting a wad of notes, he puts them in his wallet, gets in his car.

CUT TO:

80 INT COLIN'S KITCHEN - DAY.

80

KATE sits with a cup of coffee, reading the leaflets.

CUT TO:

81 INT. STUMBLING BLOCK PUB - DAY.

81

A dejected looking COLIN sits at a table with a whisky and a pint of lager, reading the job vacancies.

RICHARDSON (O.C.)

Mr. Nutter?

COLIN looks up. RICHARDSON stands holding a pint of Guinness.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

David Richardson - Castle Security. Job was satisfactory I hope?

COLIN

Oh, yeah, fine. Thanks.

RICHARDSON pulls up a chair and sits down.

RICHARDSON

Can't be too careful these days.

COLIN

I know. Shakes you up, getting burgled.

RICHARDSON

Course it does, course it does.

COLIN and RICHARDSON sip at their beers.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Don't normally see you round here. Didn't you say you worked out near the airport?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

COLIN
I do... *did*. Just lost my job.

RICHARDSON looks shocked.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Fired yesterday. No reason - just chucked out after five years. Can't believe it.

RICHARDSON
You want to go to the European court about that. Bosses can't just go round firing people for no reason.

COLIN
Mine can. *Could*
(beat)
I thought he was a friend.

RICHARDSON
(with authority)
Never hob-nob with the bosses. Like when I was in the Army. Officers and men never mix. That way you know where you stand.
(beat)
Get you a drink?

RICHARDSON beams a crazy smile at him.

CUT TO:

82 INT. COLIN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY.

82

KATE, on the phone, holds one of the leaflets in her hand.

KATE
I wonder if I could speak to someone.
(beat)
My name?... *Catherine*.

CUT TO:

83 INT. STUMBLING BLOCK PUB - DAY

83

COLIN and RICHARDSON sit as before. Ten empty pint glasses sit on the table.

RICHARDSON
...we were coming through a clearing in the jungle when this bunch of rebels ambushed us. I broke free into some cover and grenade their dugout, but I was too late to save my mates. When the smoke cleared there was only me and Major Muller. 'Mad Max' to us men.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

And some other poor bloke who was shot up so bad the Major had to put a revolver to the side of his head, finish him off properly.

COLIN

(astounded)

Bloody hell.

RICHARDSON

It was either that or let the giant ants strip his body clean while he was still alive.

On COLIN'S horrified face: he's totally buying it.

CUT TO:

84 INT. COLIN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY.

84

KATE puts down the phone and looks at the leaflets as though she's suddenly found an answer to all her problems.

KATE

Jehovah.

CUT TO:

85 INT. STUMBLING BLOCK PUB - DAY

85

RICHARDSON and COLIN as before.

RICHARDSON

There we were, 120° in the shade with one can of water left between us. We walked for a week with nothing to eat but berries and snakes. I got bitten by one trying to catch it.

RICHARDSON whips his leg up onto a stool, pulls down his sock and points to a scar on his ankle.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Would have been a gonner if it hadn't been for the Major. He threw me to the ground, pulled out his knife and slashed my leg open right up to the calf and sucked the venom out. Would have died otherwise. He carried me to a village and the head witch doctor put me in this hut made out of dung. I was there for a week with the village girls in and out every hour seeing to my needs.

(a nod and a wink)

If you know what I mean

COLIN winks back, knowingly. Not really...

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

A few days later we were on a plane out of Luanda... or was it Managua? I never can remember. Before you could say 'berry-berry' I was sitting in a pub in Shepherds Bush with a cold one of these in my hand.

He picks up his Guinness and takes a sip.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Best pint I ever tasted.

COLIN

That's incredible.

RICHARDSON

And I'll tell you, I was totally loyal to that man. I would have died for him - no second thoughts.

RICHARDSON lights up a cheap cheroot and flinches as it threatens to set him on fire

COLIN

What happened to the Major then?

RICHARDSON

Oh, it was tragic... they got him in the end. It was in erm..?

COLIN

Angola?

RICHARDSON

No, it was er..?

COLIN

Nicaragua?

RICHARDSON

Peckham.

CUT TO:

GAZ packs clothes into a holdall. DOG enters.

DOG

Found out who that bloke in the photos is yet? Queer beast in the pink shirt?

GAZ

Piss off!

DOG

All right. Your dad.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ
 Maybe I'm not interested anymore.
 (suspicious)
 Anyway, what's it to you?

DOG
 Just takin an interest. It's only
 natural innit - finding out who your
 dad is? D'you find out his name then?

GAZ
 (nonchalant)
 Might have done.

DOG
 What is it - 'Gaylord?'

CUT TO:

87 INT. THE ATHENAEUM SNOOKER CLUB.

87

Top shot of a pack of snooker balls being broken.
 RICHARDSON at the table. COLIN knocks back a large whisky.

RICHARDSON
Savage?

COLIN
 Yeah. I was loyal to him. And he
 thinks he can treat me like this. I
 could *do* that bastard.

RICHARDSON's eyes narrow. He looks around then leans across
 the table to COLIN.

RICHARDSON
 But that's the whole point isn't it?
 You couldn't *do* him could you? Cos if
 you did, it would be pretty obvious
 who it was who had *done* him. You've
 got the motive you see.
 (beat)
 How about a quid a frame?

COLIN nods. They both place a pound coin on the table ledge.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Course, er,
 (furtive)
 I do know people. In my line of work.

RICHARDSON moves closer to COLIN in an attempt to make
 himself understood. COLIN is none the wiser.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Pros - no screw ups.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN
 (burps)
 Pros, Right.

COLIN takes a shot at a red. The blue ball rolls into a middle pocket.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Haven't played for a while.

RICHARDSON takes his shot. COLIN is just about to take his shot when he stops and threateningly holds up his cue as though he might swing it.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 I could wrap this around that bastard's head. I'd be quite happy if I never set eyes on him again.

RICHARDSON
 (quietly)
 You might not have to Mr. Nutter.

COLIN
 I curse the day I met him. I wish he didn't exist.

RICHARDSON
 I get you. Like vanish, disappear?

COLIN
 Yeah, that's it. I wish he'd just vanish into thin air - disappear.

RICHARDSON
 (intrigued)
 Tell me about him. Where does he live?

CUT TO:

DOG noses around GAZ's room. GAZ proceeds to pack.

GAZ
 I'm not telling you *that*.

DOG
 Why not? I could take you to see him - and say, 'Hello Daddy. Give me load's of dosh.'

(beat, thinks)
 I heard Nutter talking to Richardson. He was telling him about how he's bought this boat down in Essex, off a mate who's bought himself an even *bigger* boat. Maybe that's your dad he was talking about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOG (CONT'D)

(beat)

Sounded a bit pricey, which would suggest your daddy's loaded, don't it? See, I've been thinking, if I lived in a nice big house, with a nice big yacht, had a nice sexy little wife and a couple of nice little kids, and you turned up on my door-step and said you was my kid I'd cut my bleedin' throat!

GAZ

Well you're *not* him are you?

DOG

Doesn't matter. Blokes don't want kids like women do. Specially like you.

GAZ

Piss off.

DOG

So here's the plan. First we find your old man, then we say, "Hello Daddy, this is your kid. You give us money or we tell your wife and all your posh friends about how you deserted that *poor pregnant woman* who loved you *so much*. And we tell your boss about how you like being spanked an having a dildo shoved up your..."

GAZ

I'm not doing it!

DOG

(menacing)

Oh yes you are toe rag. Now tell me... where does he live?

CUT TO:

RICHARDSON proceeds to play like Jimmy White, cleaning up the table. COLIN slumps down in his chair with his drink.

COLIN

Barret Meadows.

(with disdain)

House is called bloody 'Southfork'.

COLIN waves a £20 at the Barman and shakes his empty glass

RICHARDSON pots a red, positions himself for a perfect black and pots that too, winning the game. He picks up the £2 winnings off the table and starts setting the balls up again.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDSON

You realise you're talking about a job?

COLIN

A job? Yes please.

RICHARDSON

You know... a *hit*.

COLIN

Hit him?

(shouting)

I'll *kill* him!

RICHARDSON nervously looks around. a SNOOKER PLAYER on another table casts COLIN an inquisitive glance.

RICHARDSON

(through clenched teeth)

Keep your voice down. Look, if you want this doing it'll cost you money. Two grand - half up front - no questions. You got it?

COLIN

(now clearly drunk)

Got what?

RICHARDSON

(hissing again)

Money!

COLIN

I've got money. I've got a grand here.

He pulls out his wallet. RICHARDSON panics.

RICHARDSON

Not in here - outside.

The BARMAN arrives with two more large scotches and places them down on the table. COLIN gives him the money. The BARMAN walks back to the bar.

COLIN

(waving his wallet)

Outside. I've got the cash. One grand.

RICHARDSON looks nervously over at the other SNOOKER PLAYERS, then at COLIN.

RICHARDSON

Look, cool it. Any screw-ups and the job's off. Understand?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

COLIN
 (salutes)
 Yesh sir.

CUT TO:

90 INT. COLIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY.

90

Early morning. COLIN lies asleep on the sofa, fully clothed. KATE shakes him, trying to wake him up.

KATE
 Colin... Colin, wake up. The car's gone.

COLIN
 (groggy)
 What?
 (realising)
 Its in the garage. Exhaust fell off.

KATE
 You'll be late for work.

COLIN tries to focus on her.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Did you get the money like I asked?

COLIN tries to remember. KATE sighs, frustrated.

KATE (CONT'D)
 For the decorators.

COLIN
 It's in my wallet.

He points to his jacket. KATE takes his wallet out of his jacket and looks inside. It's empty.

KATE
 It's not.

COLIN
 Check my pockets.

COLIN turns out his empty trouser pockets. KATE rifles through his jacket pockets: apart from a building society book they are also empty.

KATE
 It's not here. Colin, where is it?

She opens the building society book and shows it to him.

KATE (CONT'D)
 You took it out yesterday, it says so here! Where is it?!

(CONTINUED)

COLIN massages his head.

COLIN
It's... too early for this kind of
interrogation.

KATE
You got pissed, didn't you?

COLIN
No.

KATE
You got pissed and lost it.

COLIN
No.

KATE
You got pissed out of your tiny little
mind and lost one thousand pounds of our
money, didn't you?

COLIN
(beat)
Yes.

KATE despairs.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I was having a really crap day so I went
for a couple of drinks and met this
bloke... and bet him at snooker...

KATE
Colin, you don't *play* snooker!

COLIN
Well I think that's fairly obvious now?!

KATE
Don't you shout at me! What bloke?

COLIN
The one who fitted our alarm -
Richardson.

KATE
Then get it back!

COLIN
And how do you propose I do that?

KATE
Ask him for it.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

Ask him? Kate, I lost it fair and square, I can't just go round to his house and say "my wife says you've to give me back my money." He'd laugh his head off!

KATE

Right, I'll get it back then. What's his number?

She picks up the phone.

COLIN

No, leave it - I'll call him.

KATE hands him the phone. She looks at him and shakes her head defeated.

KATE

I can't live like this anymore Colin.

CUT TO:

91 INT. RICHARDSON'S CAR - MORNING.

91

RICHARDSON'S POV of a map. He circles Barrett Meadows with a red pen, puts the map on the passenger seat and drives off.

CUT TO:

92 INT. COLIN'S BATHROOM/CASTLE SECURITY - DAY.

92

A very hung over COLIN sits on the toilet with his mobile to his ear and a business card in his hand. Inter cut between COLIN and REG CASTLE in an office as he picks up the phone.

REG CASTLE

Hello.

COLIN

Dave Richardson?

REG CASTLE

Negatori.

COLIN

(puzzled)

Is that Castle Security?

REG CASTLE

Correctamundo.

COLIN

Is Dave there?

REG CASTLE

Negatori.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

Can you tell me when he'll be in?

REG CASTLE

He's not been in for a couple of days.
It's not like him, very reliable
employee.

COLIN

Can you tell me his address and I'll go
and knock him up?

REG CASTLE

Negatori. Company policy. Can't give out
employees addresses.

COLIN looks at the phone.

COLIN

Arsehole!

REG CASTLE

Charming.

COLIN hangs up. There's a knock on the door. COLIN opens it.
KATE hands him the house phone.

KATE

(not pleased)

The Stumbling Block pub want to know
when you're picking up your car.

COLIN smiles meekly as he takes the phone off her.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. BARRETT MEADOWS HOUSING ESTATE - DAY.

93

A row of bushes. RICHARDSON's head pops out of them and looks
about.

Cut to RICHARDSON crawling along the side of a tennis court.

Cut to RICHARDSON throwing a rope around a branch of a tall
oak tree and pulling himself up into the foliage.

Cut to RICHARDSON'S POV of DORIAN's house, as though from the
tree. DORIAN is in his living room reading a book. RICHARDSON
sits in the tree with his binoculars trained on him.

CUT TO:

94 INT. DORIAN'S LIVING ROOM/EXT GARDEN - NIGHT.

94

A C/ U of an answering machine. REBECCA's hand presses the
message button. A beep and we hear GAZ's voice.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ (ANSWERING MACHINE)
 It's me, Gaz - Gary Hoskins, your son.
 I've got to talk to you - it's important.
 This bloke found out, like about you
 being my dad.

The frame opens up to reveal REBECCA with her arms folded, looking at a nonchalant DORIAN with a gin and tonic and his book.

GAZ (ANSWERING MACHINE) (CONT'D)
 I didn't wanna tell him, but he made
 me. He's gonna try an blackmail you
 like - honest. He's a total head-
 case...

(beat)
 I'll come to your house tonight. This
 isn't a wind up. He's fuc... he's
 crazy - beats people up for a laugh.
 I'm not joking.

REBECCA turns the answering machine off.

REBECCA
 Your *son*?

DORIAN waves his hand dismissively.

DORIAN
 Colin's sad attempt at revenge for me
 sacking him.

REBECCA
 Why *did* you sack him?

DORIAN
 'Cos he's a twat. He found some bird I
 used to go out with years ago and he's
 playing a little game with me - paying
 some young *dickhead* to say he's my son.

REBECCA
 Why would Colin do that?

DORIAN
 His way of getting me back for taking the
 piss about his 'fertility treatment.'
 Fucking amateur, doesn't know who he's
 dealing with.

CUT TO:

COLIN stands at the bar. A LARGE BARMAN hands him his car keys and serves him a pint of lager.

COLIN

...Tall bloke - comes in here quite a lot. Brylcreemed hair, smokes those cheroot things.

LARGE BARMAN

Don't know him. Two fifty.

COLIN pays him.

IRISHMAN #1 (O.C.)

I know the man.

COLIN turns round to two IRISHMEN sitting at the bar.

IRISHMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Always talkin about guns an tings.

IRISHMAN #2

'Fantasy Island' He's a feckin loony. Talks out of his feckin arse.

COLIN

Has he been in?

IRISHMAN #1

I've not seen him. He's a very generous man though. Always buy's ya a drink if you're a little short.

IRISHMAN #2

That's just so he can bullshit at ya.

IRISHMAN #1

Oh come on, there's worse crimes than being a fanciful. Sure, those army boys always like to exaggerate

IRISHMAN #2

Army? He was a security guard in Boots. The closest he's come to unarmed combat is with a friggin shoplifter. The feckin eedjit.

IRISHMAN #1

Plays a great game of snooker though.

COLIN

I know. I lost a grand to him last night.

IRISHMAN #2

(disbelievingly)
Yer hole.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

COLIN

Straight up. That's why I need to find him - see if I can win it back at darts or something.

IRISHMAN #2

I wouldn't get involved with him if I were you. Steer well clear of that one. The mad fecker.

CUT TO:

96 EXT DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

96

Early evening. RICHARDSON in the tree looking through binoculars, observes GAZ approaching the house, pressing the gate buzzer.

CUT TO:

97 INT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

97

DORIAN speaks into the microphone.

DORIAN

Yes?

CUT TO: the TV monitor: GAZ peers into the camera

GAZ

Dorian - Mr. Savage? You've gotta talk to me... please.

A beat. DORIAN presses the button for the gates.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

98

The electric gates slowly slide open. GAZ walks up the path admiring DORIAN's Boxter and REBECCA's new Volkswagen. Another camera tracks him. The front door opens and DORIAN stands, unsmiling in the doorway. He turns and walks into the house. GAZ follows, looking around admiringly at the decor.

CUT TO:

99 INT. DORIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

99

DORIAN enters, followed by GAZ.

DORIAN

Rebecca, this is...
(with obvious disdain)
Gaz.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
(smiling)
Hello Gaz.

GAZ
(shy)
Right. Hi.

DORIAN
Sit.

REBECCA
Can I get you a drink, Gaz? A Coke? Or
are you old enough to drink beer?

GAZ
(sits down)
Yeah, er, beer please.

REBECCA exits into the kitchen. DORIAN pours himself a drink.

GAZ (CONT'D)
It's great to see you. I've been
looking forward to it.

DORIAN
(snorts arrogantly)
Who put you up to this?

GAZ
No one. I saw this photo of you and my
mum...

DORIAN
Just because there's a photo of me and
your mum doesn't mean I am your father.

GAZ
But it was nine months before I was born.

DORIAN
Let's get a couple of things straight.

REBECCA enters with a Budweiser and a glass, which she
hands to GAZ, then sits down smiling.

GAZ
Thanks.

DORIAN circles the room.

DORIAN
Firstly, yes, I *did* know your mother and
I *did* sleep with her, as she has no doubt
told you in graphic detail...

GAZ

No, I never talk to her. She's totally spaced out all the time. She just veg's out in front of the telly all day.

DORIAN

Be that as it may, but, *secondly*, I always take precautions against impregnation.

GAZ doesn't understand

DORIAN (CONT'D)

(explaining)

I always wear a rubber.. A *condom*. You do know what a condom is don't you?

GAZ

Course I do.

REBECCA

He's not a little boy Dorian.

GAZ hides a smirk, as REBECCA defends him. DORIAN narrows his eyes at her.

DORIAN

Thirdly, your mother slept with a great deal of men besides me.

GAZ

I know, but I seen these pictures she's got and your dates match. And there's this test they can do with your chromothings...

REBECCA

Chromosomes - genetic finger-printing. Good point Gaz. Did you learn that at school?

DORIAN casts her a scathing look.

GAZ

No, I saw it on telly, like, about how these scientists were looking at this bloke's spunk - I mean er, his er...

REBECCA

Sperm.

(to DORIAN)

They can tell with absolute certainty if someone is the father or not.

DORIAN

Finished with the science lesson have we?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Well it would settle the matter once and for all.

DORIAN

I'm not sticking my dick in the end of a test tube on the say so of this...

(indicates GAZ)

this... half-wit!

(to GAZ)

There is absolutely *no way* you could be mine - get that in to your thick head once and for all. What I want to know is, did Colin Nutter put you up to this?

GAZ

Nutter? I know him.

DORIAN smiles triumphantly at REBECCA.

GAZ (CONT'D)

I've never talked to him. I saw this photo of you and him together when I was in his house.

DORIAN

You were in Colin's house?

GAZ

(covering his gaffe)

He was getting a burglar alarm fitted and I helped Dog move the gear in.

DORIAN

Dog?

GAZ

The headcase I was telling you about. I was moving gear for him in Colin's house and I sees this photo of you and Colin together and I recognised you from the photo with my mum.

DORIAN

You asked Colin who I was?

GAZ

No, I followed him to work, then I sees your name on the sign outside and I sees you getting into your car with this girl.

REBECCA raises her eyebrows in interest. DORIAN momentarily glances at her.

DORIAN

Are you telling me that Colin Nutter doesn't know you're here?

(CONTINUED)

GAZ

Yeah, like I said...

REBECCA

Gaz, when you saw Dorian getting into a car with this girl...

DORIAN

Shut up Rebecca! I'm trying to tell this brat that I'm not his fucking father!

REBECCA

I don't think that you're setting him a very good example with your language.

(to GAZ)

Don't mind *him* Gaz. He's got a filthy temper.

DORIAN sits on the sofa opposite GAZ. He leans forward with his hands clasped and tries a different approach.

DORIAN

Gaz, it's not that I'm unsympathetic to your situation. You've had a very unfortunate upbringing. It can't be nice not having a father, not ever knowing who he is. But I want you to know that I am *not* your father, I couldn't possibly be.

GAZ

But if you did the test...

DORIAN

Will you listen to me? I'm sorry for you, I am, so what I'm going to do is give you £200, then you're going to go, and we're going to say Sayonara, Ciao, Adios, Goodbye. You got that?

GAZ

But like I said, I don't want money.

DORIAN

Good, well that's saved me then. We'll say good bye now then shall we? Finish your beer and skedaddle.

DORIAN gets up to pour himself another drink. GAZ looks to REBECCA for support. She smiles empathetically back at him.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. A TREE - NIGHT. 100

RICHARDSON in the tree, looking through his binoculars. It starts to rain. He switches on a small torch, scribbles in his notebook.

CUT TO:

101 INT. DORIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 101

Tears are now forming in GAZ' eyes. He sit's forward in his chair, clasping his beer in both hands.

GAZ

But what if I *am* your son?
 (beat, starts to cry)
 If I'm not I'll go away and you'll never see me again, I promise.
 (beat)
 You won't do the test because you don't want to know for sure, do you?

DORIAN, about to explode, storms angrily over to GAZ.

DORIAN

Out! Out *now*!

GAZ

I'm going, but I'm not giving up.

GAZ gets up and walks towards the door. REBECCA gets up.

REBECCA

Shouldn't I give him a lift or something?
 (to GAZ)
 Do you need a lift anywhere?

DORIAN

(firmly)
 You're not giving him a lift. You've had too much to drink - you'll get done.

REBECCA

I've only had two.
 (looks to the window)
 It's raining. Come on Gaz, I'll give you a lift.

DORIAN barges past them and out of the room.

DORIAN

Do what you like, just get him out the house.

DORIAN storms out the room and slams the door. GAZ starts to heave. REBECCA ushers GAZ into the toilet.

CUT TO:

102 INT. DORIAN'S BATHROOM. 102

GAZ enters the toilet and vomits into the sink. He composes himself and looks upwards. On the wall is a large framed photograph of DORIAN and REBECCA and a group of people aboard DORIAN's boat 'The Hustler'.

CUT TO:

103 INT. REBECCA'S CAR - NIGHT. 103

REBECCA drives. GAZ stares straight ahead.

GAZ
I didn't want his money.

REBECCA
Dorian thinks money is the only thing
that people are ever interested in.

GAZ snatches admiring glances at her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
If I were you Gaz, I'd forget all about
Dorian. He isn't a nice man - you
wouldn't want him for a father.
(beat)
Gaz... who was the girl he was getting
into the car with when you saw him?

GAZ
Don't know. But I reckon they was...
y'know.

REBECCA
Was she tall, with blonde hair?

GAZ
Yeah. Do you know her?

REBECCA
(suppressing anger)
My sister Natasha. The bitch.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. A ROAD - NIGHT. 104

REBECCA's car drives round a roundabout closely followed by RICHARDSON's car.

CUT TO:

105 INT. REBECCA'S CAR - NIGHT. 105

REBECCA driving. GAZ in the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ

(trying to be casual)
I saw this photo in the bog, er,
toilet like, of his boat. Where was
that taken?

REBECCA

Bradwell, in Essex. It's a horrible
place.

REBECCA pulls the car up near a bus stop.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Will you be all right here?

He nods.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Do you need some money for the bus?

Before he can answer REBECCA reaches round to the back seat
for her handbag and pulls out a handful of notes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Here take this.

GAZ shakes his head. She looks at his strange dress sense.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Buy yourself clothes or something.
Please.

GAZ

I didn't come here for money.

REBECCA

I know, but take it. For me. I want
you to have it. As a present.

GAZ

(beat, shakes head)
You're a lovely lady Rebecca. I can't.

GAZ gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

RICHARDSON'S POV through the binoculars of GAZ getting out
of the car and leaning back in. RICHARDSON lights a
particularly nasty cheroot, which cracks loudly and
deposits a large burning ember into his lap. He tries to
brush it away, burning himself in the process.

CUT TO:

107 INT. REBECCA'S CAR - NIGHT.

107

REBECCA looks fondly at GAZ. In the background RICHARDSON gets out of his car and tries to put out the small fire on his trousers.

REBECCA

Bye Gaz, I'm sorry it's been disappointing. Believe me, it's for the best. You'll understand one day.

In the B/G RICHARDSON puts out his trouser fire and quickly gets back in his car.

Tears well up in REBECCA's eyes. She leans over and kisses GAZ on the cheek. GAZ closes the door and the car drives off. RICHARDSON follows unnoticed. GAZ looks crushed.

CUT TO:

108 INT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

108

DORIAN and REBECCA are arguing.

DORIAN

(spelling it out)
He's a confidence trickster, a con man only after money. Are you stupid?

REBECCA

(not buying it)
He can't be - he refused the money I tried to give him. He has to be your son. You didn't see how upset he was.

DORIAN

Its part of his act. He's out to ruin me. Well he can fucking well try.

REBECCA

(disbelievingly)
What are you talking about?

DORIAN

Dog eat dog - survival of the fittest. Because I'm not short of a bob or two I'm a target for all kinds.

REBECCA

(pointed)
Like my Gold-digging sister you mean?

DORIAN realises she's on to him. He looks back defiantly.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT. 109

RICHARDSON'S POV through the binoculars. REBECCA and DORIAN argue in the living room. The argument becomes heated and DORIAN slaps her. REBECCA looks at DORIAN disbelievingly, bursts into tears and storms out of the room. DORIAN continues to shout after her. The binoculars shakily scan the windows for signs of REBECCA. She appears in the upstairs bedroom, pulling clothes out of a wardrobe. RICHARDSON scribbles spidery words in his notebook. The front door slams and REBECCA leaves the house carrying a suitcase and some clothes. She puts them in her car, gets in and drives off.

RICHARDSON
A crime of passion.

CUT TO:

110 INT. DORIAN'S STUDY - NIGHT. 110

DORIAN sits at a desk on the phone.

DORIAN
Tash, *darling*. How long would it take you to get your sexy little arse over here?
(beat)
Well how about if I said Rebecca was history? I thought so. See you in a bit.
(beat)
I'll unlock the gates, so don't go sounding your horn... all right?

CUT TO:

111 EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT. 111

RICHARDSON holds the torch in his mouth and unscrews the panel off the security entrance. He pulls out two wires and sparks them together.

CUT TO:

112 INT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT. 112

DORIAN switches the alarm system off and presses the gate switch to 'open'.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT. 113

The front gates open. RICHARDSON smiles triumphantly, thinking he's disengaged the alarm system. He runs to the back wall of the house and edges along to the door of the kitchen. He tries the door. It opens.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

The sound of running water comes down the drainpipe from upstairs. RICHARDSON briefly looks up, then enters the kitchen.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

114

GAZ passes by McDonalds and considers going in. He looks through the window at two children with their parents. The father points to the ceiling. The child looks up and the father takes one of the kids fries. They laugh. GAZ can't help but be touched by the scene.

CUT TO:

115 INT. DORIAN'S KITCHEN / HALL - NIGHT.

115

Classical music comes from the living room. RICHARDSON'S POV: His gloved hand reaches out and takes a carving knife from a rack. He moves to the kitchen door and looks into the living room. He sees car headlights on the video monitor and hears a car horn. He moves into the hall and looks up, catching DORIAN coming down the stairs tucking in a clean shirt. RICHARDSON quickly moves back into the kitchen and observes DORIAN from behind the kitchen door. DORIAN walks into the hall and opens the front door to the sound of tyres on wet gravel and a car door being slammed.

DORIAN (O.S.)

I said not to honk your fucking horn at this time of the night. This is a *respectable* neighbourhood. You're not in Knightsbridge now you know.

DORIAN enters the hall followed by TASH.

TASH

If you're going to be like that I'm going straight home.

DORIAN

(beat)

Sorry sweetheart. Kiss?

They kiss.

Cut to RICHARDSON hiding behind the kitchen door. His eyes dart about and he sweats profusely. He holds the knife up as though he may strike at any minute.

TASH (O.C.)

Get me a drink?

DORIAN (O.C.)

Sure. Vodka?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

RICHARDSON's eyes nervously dart across to the kitchen table. On it sits a bottle of vodka.

TASH (O.C.)

Lovely.

RICHARDSON takes a deep breath and holds the knife aloft in anticipation.

TASH (CONT'D)

Oh no, tell you what, a brandy'd be nice.

RICHARDSON breathes a sigh of relief and wipes his brow with a shaky hand. Suddenly, O/C a cat cries out, accompanied by the sound of milk bottles being knocked over. RICHARDSON almost jumps out of his skin, quickly places the knife back in the rack and exits.

CUT TO:

116 INT. RICHARDSON'S CAR - NIGHT.

116

RICHARDSON breathes heavily as he enters his car. He pulls out a bottle of whisky and takes a large mouthful. He takes out a bottle of Prozac from his jacket pocket, and takes a couple with the whisky.

CUT TO:

117 INT. DORIAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

117

Early morning. DORIAN lies looking at the ceiling. TASH lies next to him, asleep.

GAZ (V.O.)

I was moving gear for him in Colin's house and I sees this photo of you and Colin together and I recognised you from the photo with my mum.

DORIAN (V.O.)

So you asked Colin who I was?

GAZ (V.O.)

No, I followed him to work.

DORIAN gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

118 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / DOG AND CHRISTIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

118

CHRISTIE lies in bed snoring. DOG lies next to her, staring at the ceiling. The front door slams. DOG gets up and peers out of the window. CHRISTIE awakes.

Cut to DOG's POV of GAZ leaving the house with a holdall.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIE

What is it?

DOG

(slightly concerned)

Dirtbox. He's been back here to pick up more stuff.

CHRISTIE

So what?

DOG

Where do you think he's living?

CHRISTIE

Who cares?

(beat, turns over)

He'll be down the cemetery in a tent. I always found him there when we were kids. Probably got his eye on a plot. Weird little bastard.

DOG comes away from the widow looking intrigued. He starts to pull on his clothes.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE/PATIO - DAY.

119

Early morning. DORIAN sits at the table with a cup of coffee, writing a letter. TASH appears and sits down.

TASH

Who you writing to?

DORIAN

Bloke I sacked. I'm offering him his job back. I made a mistake.

TASH

(drinks her coffee)

Dorian Savage admitting he's wrong?

DORIAN

I made a decision in anger. Always a bad move that.

TASH

(beat)

Dorian... have you really finished it with Rebecca?

DORIAN

Totally. Last night just brought the whole thing to a head.

(beat, looks at her)

Tell me something, Tash. How can two sisters hate each other so much?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Is it because she killed your pony when you were little?

TASH

I'll never forgive her for killing Brutus. The bitch.

DORIAN

It was an awfully long time ago darling.

TASH

She rode him into a barbed wire fence.

In the B/G RICHARDSON, asleep, falls out of the tree. He quickly gets up and looks about, bewildered, re-adjusts his jacket and climbs back up the tree.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. A ROAD - DAY.

120

GAZ kicks the lock off a scooter and rips the wires out.

Cut to DOG in his van, watching from a distance.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - DAY.

121

DORIAN and TASH get into DORIAN's car. As they drive off RICHARDSON makes a quick dash for his car.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. A ROAD - DAY.

122

GAZ on the scooter passing a sign for Bradwell. DOG's van follows some distance behind. A few seconds pass and DORIAN's car comes into shot and takes the cut off for Bradwell, closely followed by RICHARDSON's car.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. A ROAD APPROACHING THE MARINA - DAY.

123

DORIAN's car winds down the road towards the marina, followed by RICHARDSON's car. A BMW X5 comes out of a side street, towing a boat. DORIAN steers round it, and takes off down another side street.

CUT TO:

124 INT. RICHARDSON'S CAR - DAY.

124

RICHARDSON takes his eyes off the road to light a cheroot. When he looks back up at the road DORIAN's car has gone.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

The road is now blocked by the BMW X5 manoeuvring the boat. RICHARDSON panics and looks about.

CUT TO

125 INT / EXT RICHARDSON'S CAR. MARINA - DAY.

125

RICHARDSON pulls up at the marina, turns off the engine, gets out the car and walks along the road. He pulls out his binoculars and looks through them, searching. His stomach growls.

Cut to RICHARDSON's POV of a seafood stall. He walks off in its direction. Unseen to RICHARDSON, GAZ walks across his path, doing his best black walk towards the marina.

CUT TO:

126 INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - DAY.

126

DORIAN tries to tempt TASH with an oyster off his plate.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. SEAFOOD STALL. MARINA - DAY.

127

RICHARDSON finishes off a paper plate of mussels. He places the empty plate on the counter, picks up a large second plate and starts shovelling them into his mouth.

RICHARDSON
(to SEAFOOD SELLER)
Just what the doctor ordered.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. MARINA. DORIAN'S BOAT - DAY.

128

GAZ reaches DORIAN's boat. He clocks the name 'The Hustler' emblazoned on its side, quickly looks about to make sure he isn't being observed and jumps up onto the rear deck. He pulls out a chisel from his trouser pocket, puts it between the window and frame and forces it open.

Cut to DOG's POV watching GAZ breaking into the boat.

CUT TO:

129 INT. THE HUSTLER - DAY.

129

GAZ opens the window and squeezes through on his stomach. The 'mutt-mangler' falls from his trouser pocket and onto the floor. He picks it up and walks off to inspect the boat.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. A HILL. MARINA - DAY. 130

DOG approaches the marina and is surprised to see RICHARDSON conspicuously following DORIAN and TASH, who walk along the pontoon towards the boats.

CUT TO:

131 INT. THE HUSTLER - DAY. 131

GAZ enters the luxury lounge. He eyes the lavish interior: Two cream coloured leather sofas, a TV and DVD / video, HI-FI, mini-bar. He smiles approvingly, walks into the kitchen and helps himself to a beer from the fridge. He walks into the bedroom, picks up one of DORIAN's baseball caps with the motif 'SL' (Savage Life) and swaps it for his own.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. THE HUSTLER - DAY 132

RICHARDSON's POV of DORIAN and TASH from behind them. He reaches out a hand and taps DORIAN on the shoulder. DORIAN turns round and RICHARDSON slashes his throat. TASH screams in terror. RICHARDSON turns the knife on her.

Cut to RICHARDSON standing in a daze, dreaming. DORIAN and TASH walk along, happily chatting as before.

RICHARDSON's stomach growls louder. He squints and takes a deep breath, looking decidedly green. He heaves as though taken by surprise and looks about with his cheeks full for a place to be sick.

Cut to DORIAN and TASH carrying their bags, walking in the direction of the boat. DOG comes into shot behind them, walking in the same direction.

DORIAN
(indicates the boat)
Well, this is her. What do you think?

TASH
It's very big.

DOG sits on the edge of the pontoon, takes his trainers off and nonchalantly dangles his feet over the edge in the water, as he observes DORIAN and TASH boarding the boat.

DORIAN
It's not the only thing that's big. I always get a hard-on when I've eaten oysters. It was quite embarrassing in that restaurant - having to walk back to the car in these shorts.

CUT TO:

133 INT. THE HUSTLER - DAY.

133

GAZ leaps to his feet at the sound of their voices.

DORIAN (O.C.)
Just going down to have a dekko at the engines.

GAZ hides behind the bedroom door as DORIAN climbs down the ladder, followed by TASH.

TASH
Can I get in the Jacuzzi now?

DORIAN
(slightly irritated)
Can't you wait till we're out on the water? You can spend all afternoon in the thing if you want.

He walks into the engine room and flicks a couple of switches.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
Pour us some drinks and come and take a look at this view.

DORIAN climbs back up the ladder. TASH walks to the lounge.

A beat and the engines start up. GAZ looks through the portholes at the pontoon, as the boat slowly moves out to sea with white surf spraying up from the hull.

134 EXT. MARINA - DAY.

134

RICHARDSON pulls himself up from the side of the pontoon, wipes his face and looks up towards DORIAN's boat.

RICHARDSON
No!

RICHARDSON gets up and runs down the pontoon towards DORIAN's boat, as it weaves out into the estuary. He slips on an ice cream cone, bounces along the pontoon and skids straight into the water. He emerges seconds later, soaking wet, covered in seaweed and with a bloody nose.

CUT TO:

135 INT. THE HUSTLER - DAY.

135

The sound of running water. TASH comes out of the lounge carrying an IPOD, wearing just a towel and headphones. She walks into the bathroom and takes her towel off. GAZ grins to himself as he catches a glimpse of her naked body.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. MARINA - DAY.

136

DOG walks back up the pontoon and along the marina. He sees RICHARDSON's car with smoke billowing from a partly-opened window. RICHARDSON sits in the car, covered in seaweed, smoking a cheroot, swigging back the whisky and muttering to himself. He dabs at his bloody nose with a handkerchief. DOG shields his face and continues to walk up the marina.

CUT TO:

137 INT. THE HUSTLER - DAY.

137

TASH lies in the Jacuzzi with her arms over the sides and two slices of cucumber over her eyes. Her IPOD can be heard above the bubbling water. GAZ peers around the door and slowly enters the bathroom to get a closer look. He stands at the edge of the Jacuzzi, staring at her, captivated.

DORIAN (O.C.)

Tash.

GAZ quickly exits the bathroom and hides behind the bedroom door again. DORIAN comes down the ladder with two flight bags, opens the bedroom door and comes face to face with GAZ.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

(amazed)

What the f...

(drops the bags)

What are you doing here?

GAZ

I - I come down like...

DORIAN drags GAZ, by the hair, out of the room and slams his face into the ladder.

DORIAN

Up! Up the ladder, now!

GAZ climbs up the ladder. DORIAN follows. Above deck, DORIAN grabs GAZ and throws him face down onto the deck.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

(angrily)

How did you get on the boat?

GAZ

(sitting up)

The window. I - I...

DORIAN

You broke my fucking window?!

DORIAN kicks GAZ full in the chest, knocking the wind out of him, then follows through with a selection of kicks to GAZ's legs and body.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

DORIAN (CONT'D)

I've fucking *had* it with you, you little turd.

DORIAN kicks GAZ in the stomach. GAZ gets back on his feet. As quick as lightning he pulls the 'mutt-mangler' out of his pocket and swings it in defence, whacking DORIAN's head. DORIAN, stunned, stumbles to the rail, tries to grab it but loses his grip and falls over the side.

CUT TO:

138 INT. THE HUSTLER - DAY.

138

DORIAN's motionless body floats face-down. GAZ looks shocked at the mutt-mangler in his hand, then throws it overboard. He runs to an inflatable dinghy, swinging from the davit and starts pulling at the ropes to release it. The dinghy releases and drops into the water. GAZ jumps overboard after it.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. SEA SHOT - DAY.

139

GAZ lands in the water, swims after the dinghy and hauls himself into it. He looks about. Apart from 'The Hustler' there is nothing but sea in every direction. He starts the engine. The dinghy circles a couple of times before GAZ masters the rudder and sails off into the sunset.

CUT TO:

140 INT. COLIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY.

140

COLIN paces the room. KATE sits looking very serene.

COLIN

A Jehovahs Witness?! I don't believe you - you're winding me up.

KATE

I don't want to talk about it if you're going to be aggressive.

COLIN

You don't mind talking to complete strangers though do you? Knocking on their doors, behaving like a loony.

KATE

I've only been door-to-door once. I don't feel fully comfortable with it yet. Rose said...

COLIN

Rose? *Fuck* what Rose said! I hope you're not telling my kids all this crap?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Your kids Colin?

COLIN

Oh, so they're *not* my kids now then?
They're somebody *else's* are they?
Jehovah's maybe? Immaculate conceptions
were they?

KATE

You know perfectly well what I mean.
They're *our* children.

COLIN

All right then - I'm not having *our*
children indoctrinated by your loony
friends. Have you got that?

KATE

(very calm)

Why do you think they're loonies Colin?

COLIN

(exasperated)

Why? Oh, right, well, for a start off -
the world was made in six days?

KATE

Not six *literal* days. The word *day* in the
original Hebrew can mean a much longer
period of time...

COLIN

Shut up! Listen, a few weeks ago...

KATE smiles sadly and shakes her head.

COLIN (CONT'D)

No, please, just listen. Say a month ago,
imagine I told you in one month's time
you would be knocking on people's
doors...

KATE

I was different then.

COLIN

...Telling them the world's about to end
'cos it says so in the bible? Can you
imagine what your reaction would have
been if I'd come home from work one day
and told you I was a Jehovah's Witness?

KATE

I would have been happy you'd found your
spiritual awakening.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

COLIN
Oh for fuck sake.

CUT TO:

141 INT / EXT RICHARDSON'S CAR. MARINA - DAY.

141

A seagull lands with a thump on the car bonnet, wakes RICHARDSON up. He looks at the commotion as people run past the car towards the marina, reaches for his binoculars, gets out of the car, and trains the binoculars on the marina.

Cut to RICHARDSON'S POV through the binoculars: DORIAN'S boat being driven back in by a COASTGUARD. 2 POLICE FROGMEN lay DORIAN'S body on the pontoon. POLICEMAN disperse the growing crowd. RICHARDSON lowers the binoculars, rubs his head and looks confused at the seaweed on his wet jacket. He glances in the car and sees the bloody hanky on the passenger seat. He looks at his hands: they're covered with blood. A manic grin appears on his face. He jumps in the car and starts the engine.

CUT TO:

142 INT. COLIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY.

142

COLIN wearily rubs his forehead. KATE sits serene as before.

COLIN
Is it because I lost the money? Because of my drinking? *What?*

KATE
Colin, two days ago I thought I was heading for a nervous breakdown, but look at me now - I'm calm - I have peace inside. I've accepted I can't change you Colin. I can only change myself.

She gets up and moves slowly over to him. COLIN looks unnerved as though he was about to be bitten by the bride of Dracula.

KATE (CONT'D)
(calmly)
But you can change Colin. I want to be able to help you, but you won't let me in, you won't let love in...

COLIN backs off, scared. KATE continues to follow him.

COLIN
Stay away. You heard me Kate. I mean it.

KATE
(calmly; spookily)
I hear you Colin. I hear everything you say. It's you who can't hear.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

KATE (CONT'D)

You're putting up a wall around yourself because you're afraid. I understand that fear.

COLIN backs up against the living room door. KATE slowly follows and almost pins him up against it.

COLIN

Keep away you mad bitch!

COLIN opens the living room door and runs up the stairs.

CUT TO:

143 INT. COLIN'S SPARE ROOM - DAY.

143

A desk with an old laptop. An overflowing ashtray and used coffee mugs. A half-empty bottle of whisky and a telephone. COLIN enters, locks the door and sits, panicking. Suddenly the phone rings. COLIN snatches the receiver up.

COLIN

Yes!

RICHARDSON (FROM PHONE)

(quietly)

Nutter?

COLIN

Who is this?

RICHARDSON (FROM PHONE)

Your dog may be sick.

COLIN

What?

RICHARDSON (FROM PHONE)

I repeat, the *dog* may be *sick*. We must talk. The business is concluded as per our arrangements.

COLIN

What business?

RICHARDSON (FROM PHONE)

Snooker. Remember?

COLIN

(realisation)

I've been trying to get hold of you.

RICHARDSON

Meet me at 'The World Turned Upside Down' - Chiswick, by the river. Three o' clock.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

COLIN

I'll see you there... bring your darts.

COLIN puts the phone down. He screws up a piece of paper and throws it as though it were a dart.

COLIN (CONT'D)

The dog may be sick? Mad as a cuckoo's arsehole.

CUT TO:

144 INT. GAZ' HOUSE. STAIRWAY - NIGHT.

144

DOG walks down the stairs as GAZ enters through the front door and walks past him.

DOG

Where've you been?

GAZ

France.

DOG

Thought you'd left home. What you doing back here then?

GAZ

I need a bath.

DOG

Too right - you honk like a cesspit.

GAZ continues up the stairs and into his room. He slams the door. DOG looks up the stairs, puzzled.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. THE WORLD PUB - DAY.

145

COLIN sits at a table outside the pub, looking across the river. He has a pint of lager in his hand.

RICHARDSON (O.C.)

Mr. Nutter?

COLIN turns round, startled. RICHARDSON stands in front of him, holding a pint of Guinness. RICHARDSON proffers a hand. COLIN shakes it. RICHARDSON sits.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Job's been done. Yesterday. Went according to plan. Did you see it in the papers?

COLIN shakes his head. RICHARDSON looks disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Wasn't much in the nationals. Couple of small paragraphs in the Telegraph. Plenty in the local papers though. Don't worry, we're in the clear.

COLIN nods, humouring him. They drink their beer. COLIN looks out onto the river while RICHARDSON eyes him.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

(beat, eyes him)

You don't seem curious to know the details Mr. Nutter. I like that.

COLIN

(puzzled but playing along)

I always reckon someone'll tell you if they want you to know.

RICHARDSON

A wise sentiment. People who ask questions get hurt.

COLIN

Er, about that snooker. I can't remember - how many games did we play in the end?

RICHARDSON

Two.

COLIN

Is that all? And I lost both?

RICHARDSON

I think you were a bit worse for wear. Still, no harm done was there?

COLIN

Except to my wallet.

RICHARDSON

(dismissive)

What's a couple of quid?

COLIN

A couple of quid?! You're not a darts man are you? Thought we could have a game - give me a chance to win my money back.

RICHARDSON

Nah, I don't think we should see each other again. Neither of us wants to take unnecessary risks. It's unlikely they'll ever put us together, but it doesn't pay to be careless.

RICHARDSON stands, pulls out some newspaper clippings and throws them down on the table in front of COLIN.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (2)

145

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Thought you might be interested in
having a look at these.

He points to COLIN's half-empty glass.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Lager, right?

COLIN nods dumbly. RICHARDSON walks off to the bar.

CUT TO: COLIN's POV of the cuttings: a picture of DORIAN and the headline: 'Savage body found'. 'Reggie Perrin man maybe in Spain'. 'Savage girlfriend helps police'. 'Savage dinghy recovered'.

Cut to COLIN's face to see the horror register.

CUT TO:

146 INT. GAZ' KITCHEN - DAY.

146

DOG fries sausages. On the radio a news report comes on.

RADIO
...Police have confirmed that the body
found at Bradwell Marina is that of
forty three year old businessman
Dorian Savage. Mr. Savage was last
seen yesterday on his boat 'The
Hustler'...

DOG's ears prick up.

RADIO (CONT'D)
...His body was spotted shortly after
by coast guards. Police are treating
it as...

GAZ enters. DOG switches off the radio. GAZ opens the fridge and packs frozen meals into a rucksack.

DOG
Nice bath?

GAZ
Very funny. No hot water.

DOG
I'm just making something to eat. You
want some?

GAZ shakes his head.

DOG (CONT'D)
You gotta eat. You feeling alright?
You don't look too clever. You in
trouble with the police? That it?

(CONTINUED)

GAZ

Why d'you wanna know? What's it to you? You don't give a shit about me.

DOG

(beat, realises)

All right, so I'm a bastard. I'm trying to be *less* of a bastard. Look, come and have some sausages.

GAZ

Shove your sausages up your arse.

A beat, GAZ cowers as he realises what he's just said. To his surprise DOG doesn't react. A beat, then -

DOG

Tell you what, d'you wanna make some cash? I got a job clearing out some rubbish into a skip. There's twenty quid in it?

GAZ

I don't want nothing from you.

GAZ barges past DOG and exits. DOG considers his next move.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. THE WORLD PUB - DAY

147

RICHARDSON returns with the drinks and puts a pint of lager down in front of COLIN, who sits still in shock.

148 FLASH CUT TO: INT. SNOOKER CLUB.

148

COLIN drunk in the snooker club.

COLIN

I curse the day I met that Bastard. I wish he'd just vanish into thin air - disappear.

CUT TO: EXT. THE WORLD PUB - DAY. We are back with COLIN as the realisation sinks in. He looks up at RICHARDSON who calmly lights a cheroot and indicates the cuttings.

RICHARDSON

I'm sorry about the girl. Sounds like she'll be all right though.

COLIN

Why..?

RICHARDSON

(nonchalant)

I figured the boat was the easiest place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

A lot of nasty accidents happen on boats. I looked up the figures in the library.

RICHARDSON sips his beer and looks out across the river.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Yeah, I er, weighted the body, but I don't know what happened there. A fish must have chewed through the ropes or something

(beat)

Drink up. You're slowing down a bit aren't you?

COLIN drinks his beer as though on autopilot. We stay on COLIN.

RICHARDSON (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Weather's turning out all right eh?

Cut to COLIN'S POV of RICHARDSON, who has now turned into the Devil. He crosses his legs, casually brushes some ash off a hoof and looks up at the sky.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

What do you reckon to all this global warming business then? A couple of hot summers and everyone thinks the world's coming to an end. I like the heat - can't get enough of it.

COLIN giggles nervously, as he takes a drink of his beer.

CUT TO:

ADDIE sits watching a soap. DOG enters, grabs the remote off her and switches it to the news. We see footage of 'The Hustler' being brought back by the coast guards and a shocked TASH being led away, wrapped in a blanket.

ADDIE

Ere, I was watching that.

DOG

Shut up.

TV PRESENTER

...Police are appealing for any witnesses to come forward.

The front door slams shut. DOG goes to the window and watches suspiciously, as GAZ heads off down the street.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

ADDIE grabs the remote and changes the channel back over.
DOG grabs his jacket and exits.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. THE WORLD PUB - DAY.

150

RICHARDSON is now back as himself. COLIN is still in shock.

RICHARDSON

I don't mean to be pushy, but there is
the small matter of the other grand.

COLIN

Oh... yeah. Er, I haven't got it
today. I er...

RICHARDSON

Too short notice? I understand. No
hurry. If you could let me have it in
the next week or so - clear things up,
you know. Not nice to have debts
hanging over your head.

COLIN

No. No, I'll have it for you.

RICHARDSON

How about here? Same time next week?

COLIN

Yeah, I'll do that.

RICHARDSON

(standing up)
I've got to shoot.

COLIN

(panicking)
Shoot?... Shoot who?

RICHARDSON

(laughing)
Very good Mr. Nutter. I like that...
shoot. Ha, ha.

RICHARDSON gathers up his press cuttings and proffers a
hand. COLIN shakes it.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Next week then.

COLIN smiles meekly, still in shock. RICHARDSON walks off
down the path, looks about then quickly darts off into some
bushes.

CUT TO:

151 INT. MAUSOLEUM - DAY 151

GAZ climbs into his sleeping bag on the mattress on top of the coffin and stares into space.

CUT TO:

152 INT / EXT. A SHOP - DAY. 152

COLIN buys a newspaper. He looks to the top shelf at a copy of Grunt magazine with KATE on the front cover. He snatches the magazine off the shelf and stares at it in disbelief.

CUT TO:

153 INT. MONDAUGEN MANSIONS. HALLWAY/STAIRS/RICHARSON'S FLAT - DAY. 153

DOG leaps up the stairs two at a time, turns at the top, walks to the end of a passageway and knocks on a door.

DOG

Oi - Dave! It's me - Dave.

No answer. Down the stairs a worried ASIAN WOMAN talks to the landlord, a small man in his fifties, MR. POND.

DOG (CONT'D)

Dave! Come on, open up. I've just been speaking to a bloke who wants an alarm fitted. I've got us a job.

MR. POND peers up the stairs, looking concerned. The ASIAN WOMAN goes back into her room. DOG looks about the passageway and then puts his boot through a panel in the door. He reaches inside and turns the handle. The door opens and he enters the flat and turns on the light. The light bulb immediately pops. DOG squints in the dark. The flat is littered with takeaway curry containers piled up in the sink, a tin teapot, packet of tea and a tin of black shoe polish sitting on the Formica worktop. DOG walks through into the bedroom and looks about at a stark single bed with a tartan rug folded neatly at its base, a small poker-table stacked with military magazines, a radio and a quarter-full bottle of whisky. Rectangles of newspaper cuttings are pinned to one of the walls. We see the headlines in close up as DOG reads them. They read; 'Savage body found'. 'Hunt for Savage killer'. And 'Life assurance man had no life assurance'. One picture shows Sylvester Stallone's body as Rambo with RICHARDSON's head pasted on.

DOG (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Fucking...

CUT TO:

154 INT. COLIN'S LIVING ROOM / HALL - DAY.

154

COLIN bursts in through the living room door, waving the copy of Grunt magazine.

COLIN
...look at this!

CUT TO: COLIN'S POV: The room is full of JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES, drinking coffee. They turn to look at COLIN in complete silence. COLIN is frozen to the spot, holding aloft the copy of Grunt.

JEHOVAHS WITNESSES
(all together; cheerily)
Hello Colin!

COLIN
Ah. Hello everybody... I've just got to pop upstairs - some things to do.

He hides the magazine behind his back.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I'll let you get on.

KATE
(smiling)
There's some letters for you. I put them in your office.

COLIN smiles meekly as he exits and bounds up the stairs.

CUT TO:

155 INT. MONDAUGEN MANSIONS. HALLWAY/STAIRS - DAY.

155

DOG comes bounding back down the stairs and out of the front door. MR. POND comes out of his room, looks to the front door and then walks upstairs. He surveys the damage to RICHARDSON'S door.

CUT TO:

156 INT. COLIN'S SPARE ROOM - DAY.

156

COLIN on the phone.

COLIN
Tony? Hi, it's me, Colin.. I've just read about Dorian in the paper. What happened?

INTERCUT: between COLIN and the smartly dressed TONY Cotterill, sitting with his feet up on DORIAN'S desk.

TONY
I was gonna ask you the same thing mate. Everyone round here reckons you done it.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

What are you talking about?

TONY

Motive. Dorian sacks you one day - next thing he's swimming with the fishes - know what I mean? Did you do it?

COLIN

Course I fucking didn't! How can you think that?! What are the police saying? Have they been asking questions?

TONY

Routine stuff. Something about some guy stuck up a tree near Dorian's gaff - like he was watching him. Expect they'll get round to seeing *you* next. Course, you've got nothing to worry about have you? Suppose you've got an alibi an all that.

COLIN starts to look scared. He's heard enough: he lowers the phone. Tony's voice tails off. COLIN replaces the handset. He picks up one of his letters and opens it. As he reads the letter a look of shock comes over his face.

Cut to COLIN's POV of the letter; it reads: "Col', I made a mistake. I'm sorry about it - just a bit of a misunderstanding, mate. If you're interested your old jobs still available. Apologies. Give me a ring and we'll meet up for a beer or something. Dorian."

CUT TO:

157 INT. GOOSE GREEN PUB - NIGHT.

157

DOG stands at the bar reading one of the press cuttings.

RICHARDSON (O.C.)

Not buying *me* one?

DOG turns round and lets out a little screech when he sees him and puts away the press cutting.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

What's the matter - seen a ghost?

DOG

(nervously)

Just wasn't expecting to see you in ere.

RICHARDSON

(slightly sinister)

Were *hoping* you wouldn't see me in here perhaps? I'm very angry with you Dave.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

DOG
 (gulps)
 Are you? Why's that?

RICHARDSON
 I lent you my spirit level two weeks ago.
 You were supposed to give me it back the
 next day.

DOG
 (relieved)
 Oh... yeah. Sorry. Tell you what, I'll
 get you a pint and fetch it straightaway.
 It's in the back of my van.
 (to BARMAN)
 Guinness please mate.

CUT TO:

158 INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

158

GAZ examines a frozen meal with disdain. He grabs his
 screwdriver and exits.

CUT TO:

159 INT. GOOSE GREEN PUB - NIGHT.

159

DOG and RICHARDSON at the bar

RICHARDSON
 Can I ask you something Dave? Do you
 think I'm a bullshitter?

DOG
 (obviously lying)
 You? Course not.

RICHARDSON
 A lot of people think I'm a bullshitter.
 I've heard them. I'm not stupid you know.

DOG
 Who said you were?
 (looks about the bar)
 I'll nut the bastard.

RICHARDSON
 A lot of people. There's things about me
 that they don't know, Dave. Bad things.
 Terrible *dark* things.

DOG
 Is this from when you were a mercenary
 like?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDSON
 (turning nasty)
 Don't you ever say that!
 (through clenched teeth)
 Don't ever say that again!

DOG looks slightly taken aback.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 (ranting)
 What's the point? You wouldn't
 understand, you and your lot.
 Everything's *mercenary* these days.
 Everyone's after the next quick buck.
 "How can I get loads of money for doing
 sod all?"

He takes a mouthful of Guinness. As he lowers the glass we see he now has a white 'Zapatta' type moustache from the Guinness foam. He continues to rant.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 "Can I get a prescription for Marijuana
 out of the doctor? Whose spirit level can
 I nick?"

DOG looks about the bar, aware that people are watching.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 (calmer)
 You know, this mate of mine. Honest
 family man, charming wife, two little
 kids, pays his taxes, works his arse
 off...
 (tears starting to well up)
 ...goes and loses his job. No reason.
 Employer just decides to boot him out and
 there's nothing he can do about it. And
 that man's got commitments, a mortgage.
 Now *that's* someone I can feel sorry for.
That's someone who's got a right to feel
 entitled to something.

DOG
 (curious)
 Who's that then?

RICHARDSON
 That job you helped me with, up your way.

DOG
 (fishing)
 Oh, yeah. *Nutter*. You was talking to him
 about boats, wasn't you?

RICHARDSON
 (eyes darting about)
 Yeah, might have done. I don't remember.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDSON takes out a cheroot and lights it. His hands shake violently. DOG notices.

DOG

About these dark things then? Was this from when you was a mer... a freedom fighter?

RICHARDSON

You wouldn't want to know.

(beat, loudly)

Disposable nappies! Disposable bloody nappies!

People in the bar eyeball Richardson. DOG grins nervously.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

That's what's wrong with this country. Snugglers, pampers. Little babba wants his free orange juice and his dole money and his free dentures.

DOG looks puzzled. RICHARDSON takes a mouthful of his pint and another white moustache appears on his top lip.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Free milk. Free drugs. Free teeth. Gimme, gimme, gimme - I've got a right to it. I demand my rights. Gimme my lesbian self-defence classes on the rates. Gimme my free tickets to Wimbledon and my test tube babies and my leisure centres.

He turns as if speaking to someone next to him

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Have a couple of fights in a pub and you think you're a hard man - you know *piss all*. You've never *seen* a dead man...

DOG

(edging away)

I'll get you that spirit level.

RICHARDSON

(to imaginary friend)

...when he looks up at you with terror in his eyes, pleading, like a stuck pig. Squeal boy! *Squeeeal* like a pig! Wheee! *Wheee!*

DOG

Fuck this!

DOG finishes his pint in one go, spilling half of it down his front. He exits.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (3)

159

RICHARDSON drinks his pint. There is silence in the bar. Suddenly it's broken by sniggering from a bunch of STUDENTS.

RICHARDSON stares right at the STUDENTS as though he may attack at any moment. One of them hides behind a copy of the Guardian. Another giggles like a schoolgirl. RICHARDSON marches out of the pub.

CUT TO:

160 INT. MONDAUGEN MANSIONS. STAIRS/RICHARDSONS ROOM - NIGHT. 160

RICHARDSON enters and slowly climbs the stairs. MR. POND is working by torchlight as RICHARDSON's room is still dark. He measures the missing door panel and walks over to the table with a piece of plywood and a saw. RICHARDSON gets to the top of the stairs and walks along the passageway. He notices his door is open. A hammer lies at the side of the door where the panel was kicked in. RICHARDSON's hand reaches out and picks up the hammer. He scans the room and sees the empty space where the press cuttings were. MR POND is hunched over, marking out the piece of plywood in the dim torchlight. As he stands upright RICHARDSON steps into shot and whacks him over the head with the hammer. MR. POND drops to the floor, disappearing out of the frame, followed by RICHARDSON. A series of blows are heard over the empty frame. Suddenly RICHARDSON appears back in the frame as he stands up and wipes some blood from his face. He picks up the torch and shines it on MR. POND's face.

RICHARDSON

Mr. Pond? What you doing in here? I'm not late with the rent?

CUT TO:

161 INT. A HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT.

161

GAZ breaks into the house and looks about for food.

CUT TO:

162 INT. RICHARDSON'S FLAT - NIGHT.

162

A series of shots. A mid C/U of RICHARDSON dressed in his vest and underpants, holding MR. POND over the sink and chopping him up with a cleaver. The blood splatters over RICHARDSON. RICHARDSON pouring a bucket of blood down the sink. Tying up bin-bags. Some more chopping. Sitting at the table taking a tea break. Sitting covered in blood in his vest and underpants, calmly reading the paper and smoking a cheroot. As his psychotic nature takes over he talks more to himself.....

RICHARDSON

(reading)

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 Vicar in 'sex shame scandal'. Dreadful.

He looks to the sink and waves the paper as though asking MR. POND's opinion. MR. POND's arm sticks out of the sink.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Keep doing that, don't I?

CUT TO:

163 INT. A HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

163

GAZ has the fridge door open, as he hunts for food, but there's hardly anything in it. He closes the fridge door and sees a little girl standing behind it watching him.

FATHER (O.C.)
 Sophie, come and help mummy with the bags?

The FATHER enters the kitchen with shopping bags and is shocked to see GAZ standing there. GAZ picks up the screwdriver. The FATHER pulls SOPHIE to him.

FATHER (CONT'D)
 What are you doing in here?

The MOTHER enters with shopping bags. She's also shocked.

GAZ
 I don't want no trouble - I need food.

They eye him for a beat. GAZ, as if to prove his point, proffers the screwdriver. The FATHER and MOTHER consider him for a beat before looking at each other.

CUT TO:

164 EXT. MONDAUGEN MANSIONS - NIGHT.

164

RICHARDSON loads two suitcases and the bin-bags into his car and drives off.

165 INT. A HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

165

GAZ lies soaking in the bath.

DISSOLVE TO:

166 INT. GAZ'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

166

CHRISTIE (8) sits on the sparse carpet, playing with GAZ (3). A young ADDIE enters the room with a MAN dressed like a pimp and puts her lipstick on in a broken mirror.

(CONTINUED)

ADDIE

I'm going out. There's money for chips on the table.

ADDIE and the MAN exit.

Cut to the clock: it is 6pm. CHRISTIE feeds GAZ chips.

Cut to the clock again: it is now 11:40pm. CHRISTIE looks out the window for ADDIE while GAZ sleeps.

Cut to the following morning. CHRISTIE enters ADDIE's room but ADDIE isn't home. CHRISTIE searches the cupboards for food but there isn't any. GAZ sits and cries with hunger.

CHRISTIE puts GAZ's coat on him and takes him by the hand. They leave the house.

On a bus: A Conductor looks at CHRISTIE, with his hand outstretched, awaiting the fare, but she can't pay. The Conductor throws them off the bus.

They walk along in the pouring rain. People give CHRISTIE directions.

CHRISTIE and GAZ stand looking up at a huge block of flats. They climb the stairs and knock on a door. The door opens and AUNT FRANKIE looks shocked to see them.

AUNT FRANKIE

Oh my God, you poor little mites!

CHRISTIE and GAZ sit by the fireside eating bread and soup while AUNT FRANKIE towel-dries GAZ's hair.

CHRISTIE and GAZ play with AUNT FRANKIE's CHILDREN.

They all sit down to a family dinner, laughing and joking.

AUNT FRANKIE tucks CHRISTIE and GAZ up in bed and kisses them goodnight. She turns off the light and exits.

CHRISTIE and GAZ lie sleeping. Suddenly there is a hammering at the front door.

ADDIE (O.C.)

You cow! Where are they?!

We hear the front door opening. The bedroom door opens and the light gets switched on. ADDIE pulls GAZ of bed.

AUNT FRANKIE

They were half-starved and soaked to the skin!

ADDIE

Don't tell me how to bring up my kids!

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (2)

166

ADDIE hauls CHRISTIE out of bed.

AUNT FRANKIE

What was I supposed to do, turn them away? I sent Charlie round but you still weren't in!

ADDIE

Mind your own business!

(to CHRISTIE)

How did you get the money to get all the way out here? You're only eight you little tart! Don't you ever do that to me again - d'you hear me?!

ADDIE slaps CHRISTIE and then picks up GAZ and barges past AUNT FRANKIE to the front door. CHRISTIE stands with tears welling up in her eyes but refusing to cry. ADDIE comes back in and grabs CHRISTIE by the hand.

They exit, slamming the door behind them.

CUT TO:

167 INT. A HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

167

GAZ wakes with a start as there is a knock on the door.

CUT TO:

168 INT. COLIN'S CAR - DAY.

168

COLIN (wearing a black leather jacket) stops at the end of Esterhazy road and waits for the traffic to pass. The rear door opens and a dishevelled RICHARDSON jumps in the back.

RICHARDSON

(hoarsely)

Drive!

COLIN

Oh, shit! What do you..?

RICHARDSON

Just drive. Don't talk.

COLIN drives, glancing uneasily in the rear view mirror.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

I didn't come to your house, for obvious reasons.

COLIN

You said next Thursday?

RICHARDSON

There's been complications. I'm going to need the money ahead of schedule.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN
What complications?

RICHARDSON
A body. A man was on to us. I had to take care of him.

COLIN
You've killed someone else? I don't want anything to do with this. It's got nothing to do with me. It's *your* body - your business.

RICHARDSON
It's *our* business, Colin. Don't go wet on me now. I thought you were tougher than that.

COLIN looks at RICHARDSON in the rear view mirror. O.C. A car horn sounds: COLIN swerves to avoid being hit.

COLIN
(starting to lose it)
I never wanted to kill Savage, you fucking madman! I was pissed. It was the drink talking.

RICHARDSON
You gave me the money Colin. You paid up front. And I've got it in a little plastic bag with your fingerprints all over it. That's a common precaution in my profession, you know. Now don't start bottling out on me.
(beat)
I've got something you might be interested to see... here.

RICHARDSON hands COLIN an object. COLIN reaches back to take it, while still watching the road. COLIN opens his hand to reveal one of MR. POND's severed fingers in it. He gasps, drops the finger and looks in the rear view mirror: RICHARDSON has changed into the devil again. He grins and winks at COLIN.

CUT TO:

GAZ sits at the table with the family and finishes off his dinner. SOPHIE eyes him. GAZ pulls funny faces and entertains her. She laughs. The FATHER looks at the MOTHER. She's not as nervous as she was earlier. SOPHIE yawns. The MOTHER notices.

MOTHER
Come on princess. Time we got you off to bed. Say good night to daddy.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIE walks over to her FATHER and kisses him good night.

SOPHIE
Night Daddy. Love you.

FATHER
Love you too.

GAZ watches, touched. SOPHIE goes to walk past GAZ. She stops, leans over, gives him a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

SOPHIE
Night night. Love you.

GAZ doesn't know what to say. He's overwhelmed.

Cut to the FATHER's POV of SOPHIE as the MOTHER takes her up the stairs. He looks across to GAZ and sees that he's silently crying.

CUT TO:

COLIN sits and cries. RICHARDSON as himself again, counts the £1000.

COLIN
(crying)
He was my best friend. I loved that man.

RICHARDSON
(coldly; counting)
That's why you had him killed was it?

COLIN
He taught me everything I know. I was nothing until I met him. He was my mate.

RICHARDSON
(still counting)
You should have thought of that before you put a contract out on him then. I don't know, some people just can't make up their minds.

COLIN wraps his hands around the steering wheel and bangs his head off it while sobbing uncontrollably. RICHARDSON puts the money away and climbs into the front passenger seat.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

COLIN
You fucking lunatic! Why did you ever get me involved in this?

(CONTINUED)

COLIN continues to bang his head off the wheel. The horn sounds. RICHARDSON grabs COLIN by his collar and pulls him off the wheel.

RICHARDSON
Stop it! Get a grip of yourself man.

COLIN flops back in the seat, blubbing like a baby with tears streaming down his face.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
(trying to calm him)
Nothing wrong with crying Colin - nothing to be ashamed of. There's no need to worry, everything's going to plan. We go back to my car, get Pond out and carry him to the cemetery - no one will think of looking for a body there.
(a quick nervous laugh)
It'll take us twenty minutes tops, then we're clean away. After that, you're free to go.
(beat)
Just a few loose ends Colin

COLIN starts blubbing again. RICHARDSON looks at COLIN.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
(veiled sinister)
You know how I can't stand loose ends.

CUT TO:

DOG sits at the lights and sees GAZ in the distance, walking in to the cemetery wearing a black leather jacket and DORIAN's Savage Life baseball cap.

CHRISTIE (V.O.)
I always found him there when we were kids. Probably got his eye on a plot. Weird little bastard.

The lights change. DOG slowly drives through the cemetery gates and watches from a distance as GAZ walks off to the mausoleum. DOG is just about to get out when he sees two cars coming. He ducks down to avoid being seen, as COLIN and RICHARDSON's cars drive past and in to the cemetery.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT.

172

COLIN and RICHARDSON stand at the boot of RICHARDSON's car. COLIN takes a Savage Life baseball cap out of his car and puts it on, pulling the rim down and the collar of his leather jacket up to avoid being recognised. RICHARDSON takes out a bag and hands it to him.

RICHARDSON

This one's got the head in it.

RICHARDSON takes out a spade, which he also hands over, then another three bin-bags and closes the boot.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Just look as though you're going about your ordinary business...

He starts to whistle a happy tune, as they walk off.

CUT TO:

173 INT. DOG'S VAN - NIGHT

173

Dog gets out of the van and walks the same way GAZ went.

CUT TO:

174 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT.

174

RICHARDSON walks along with his bags. COLIN catches him up.

COLIN

I meant to ask... did you take his clothes off before you cut him up?

RICHARDSON

Of course I did. I left his smalls on of course - for the sake of decency. He wasn't wearing much anyway. He'd just popped up from downstairs.

COLIN

Just popped up?! What do you mean? 'Just popped up'? I thought you said he was on to us. Now you make it sound like he was just coming round to borrow a cup of sugar! Who was he anyway?

RICHARDSON

Questions, Colin, question. Don't ask so many questions.

COLIN

I'll ask whatever questions I want! Who was he?... come on.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

181 RICHARDSON
 Keep your voice down. He was just
 someone who went sticking his nose in
 where he shouldn't.
 (stops walking)
 Here we are.

181

COLIN stops dumbfounded. RICHARDSON drops the bags next to a freshly filled grave. Wilted wreaths are littered about the ground. RICHARDSON bends down to read a temporary plastic headstone: it details: 'Maria Paquette' aged 34.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Poor old Maria Packet. Only thirty-four when she pegged out. Ever noticed, they make a big do out of it, these left footers. Big send off for their dead.

COLIN looks about, unable to believe what he's doing.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 We'll take it in turns - five-minute rota. I'll dig first - you keep watch, then vice versa. Happy?

COLIN
 (numb)
 Ecstatic.

RICHARDSON grabs the spade and starts digging fast.

RICHARDSON
 I'm used to digging... *Trenches*. Trick is to dig fast. You don't have time to hang about when you're under fire.

Cut to DOG hiding behind a gravestone some distance away. He squints as he makes out a figure in a black jacket and Savage Life baseball cap. He thinks that COLIN is GAZ.

Cut to RICHARDSON standing in the grave.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Right, come on, look smart man.

COLIN walks over with the bag.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Bring it down this end.

COLIN dangles the bag into the grave.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Drop it carefully.

COLIN
 How can I drop it carefully?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDSON

Just do it.

COLIN drops the bag into the grave.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Oh, great. It's split... Oh, no.

COLIN

What?

RICHARDSON

His arse. It's just rolled out of the bag.

COLIN

Well put it back in.

RICHARDSON

I'm not touching it.

COLIN

You put it in there in the first place.

RICHARDSON

So what? Doesn't mean I have to keep touching it every five minutes, does it? Pass me the others.

COLIN throws the bags into the grave. RICHARDSON climbs out, eyes COLIN for a beat, then looks up at a tree.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Oh, look... an owl.

COLIN looks up. RICHARDSON picks up the spade, then swings it at COLIN's head.

Cut to DOG as he sees the spade aimed at COLIN's (GAZ's) head. He leaps up from behind the gravestone and runs at RICHARDSON.

DOG

Gaz!

Cut to COLIN as the spade hits him across the face, knocking him into the grave.

Cut to DOG charging at RICHARDSON like a bull. He body-slams RICHARDSON in the chest, knocking him against a headstone. There's a sickening sound of bone against stone as RICHARDSON's head makes contact with the headstone. DOG rains punches down on him but RICHARDSON's already dead with a broken neck. DOG jumps into the dark grave, astride COLIN who lies face down. DOG attempts to pull him up.

DOG (CONT'D)

Gaz! Gaz!

(CONTINUED)

GAZ (O.C.)

What?

DOG looks up to see GAZ standing at the foot of the grave, as he pulls the dazed COLIN to his feet.

DOG

(stunned)

Who's this then?

GAZ

Nutter. You alright Colin?

GAZ shines a torch on him. COLIN screams as the light hits him. He falls over and flails about as he tries to stand up on the blood-covered bags.

GAZ (CONT'D)

It's Gaz Hoskins. I live down the road from you.

DOG

Give him your fucking phone number why don't you? You're in enough trouble.

GAZ

(re: RICHARDSON)

You can talk.

GAZ grabs the spade and dangles it into the grave. COLIN takes hold of it and pulls himself up. We see that COLIN's two front teeth are missing.

COLIN

Where's Richardson?

(feels mouth)

Ow that fucking hurts.

GAZ shines the torch on RICHARDSON's mangled face.

GAZ

That him?

COLIN lets out another shriek.

COLIN

Shit! The money. They'll trace it.

COLIN reaches into RICHARDSON's inside pocket and pulls out the money. DOG picks up COLIN's two false front teeth and hands them to him.

COLIN stands up and looks down at RICHARDSON. Suddenly he starts kicking him.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Mad fucking bastard! Murdering loony!

(beat, stops, to GAZ)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (4)

174

COLIN (CONT'D)

Did you kill him? They ought to give you a medal.

GAZ looks at DOG, knowing he killed RICHARDSON

DOG

It don't matter. We gotta move. Where's your motor?

COLIN

(indicates the distance)

Up there.

GAZ picks up two bin bags of belongings and walks off. COLIN follows. Suddenly COLIN stops and looks at GAZ's bags.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Hold on. What's in the bags?

GAZ

My gear. I was living up ere, but I've got to piss off now.

They start to walk fast.

COLIN

Yeah, I suppose you would.

FADE TO:

175 EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

175

DOG pours petrol into the grave, sets it alight and hurriedly walks away.

Cut to COLIN unlocking his car. GAZ looks about.

COLIN

If we were seen...

GAZ

I don't reckon we were.

COLIN looks at the blood on his shirt.

COLIN

I can't go home. Not like this. Oh God.

GAZ

Mrs. Nutter would wanna know what you'd been up to, eh? I could go round an tell her that you're not coming home yet. Bit late or something.

COLIN

No. I... I've got to get away. My life's shit.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

DOG appears. He looks at COLIN, wondering if he can trust him or not.

DOG
Nothing happened here, right?

They look amongst each other and nod.

CUT TO:

176 INT. DOG'S VAN - NIGHT

176

DOG drives. GAZ looks out the passenger window.

DOG
(friendly)
...Toe-rag, mate. Your dad wasn't married was he?

GAZ
What's it to you?

DOG
Just interested, mate. No need to get uptight. I ask you a question and you act like I've just nudded you. Calm down a bit. Be a bit sociable for a change.

GAZ
Nah, he wasn't married.

DOG
Did he have any other kids - like apart from you, obviously?

GAZ
Not as far as I know.

DOG
So, all his dosh..?
(looks to GAZ with a grin)
Toe rag, mate... what d'you know about inheritance?

GAZ turns and looks at him, realising what he's up to.

CUT TO:

177 EXT. A ROAD - NIGHT

177

GAZ looks out the window as the van drives along.

GAZ (V.O.)
So, what have I learned from all this?

Cut to CHRISTIE sitting smoking. She looks at her watch and waits for DOG.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ (V.O.)
You can't depend on anyone else for
your happiness...

Cut to ADDIE as she takes out the box of photos. She reaches in and takes out a photo of a smiling dark haired guy with two missing front teeth and smiles at it fondly.

GAZ (V.O.)
...Its dog eat dog out there -
survival of the fittest...

Cut to COLIN as he drives along the motorway. He looks in the rear view mirror and examines his two missing front teeth.

GAZ (V.O.)
...You know what life is?.. Its
Savage.

Cut to a ground level shot of COLIN's car as it drives into the distance. The Savage Life baseball cap gets thrown out of the window and lands with the emblem facing the camera.

MUSIC: Neighborhood - Space.

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