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# Remainder

By Tom K. McCarthy

Shit! Did you see that?

- Don't touch him.

- Call an ambulance. An ambulance!

- What was it?

- They're on their way.

Don't touch him.

Oh, my God. What happened to him?

'Look, we appreciate the sentiment  
but, frankly, our client is not dead.'

Yes, clinically speaking, but still...

Mark...

No, no, my dear Charlie,  
we'd rather not litigate either.

I'm so fucking bored of beating you.

There's the court of public opinion.

If your clients want to play games,

I'll reach out to "The Sun",

"The Star" and "The Mirror".

Well, you know our terms.

No, he won't go on talk shows.

No book tour. No media.

Come on, Charlie, my client's a vegetable.

Sorry, Charlie.

Could I ring you back in five minutes?

- All right?

- Yeah.

- So what's his story?

- He got hit by something big.

- He's awake, but not answering.

- Sounds like my wife.

Ready? One, two, three, go.

'About the accident I can say very little.

'Something fell down from the sky.

'Technology, parts, bits

squashing me on to the pavement

'and then nothing, a blank.

'The hospital, the coma,

vague images of corridors and lifts

'wires and catheters,

trip feeds and tubes.

'Ghostly figures drifting in and out,

'fighting to keep my damaged brain

from swelling like a balloon.

'Surgery. Drugs. Pain, of course. Lots.

'But also tedium.  
'Endless stretches of time.  
'Bedridden, then upright, then rehab.  
'Learning to grasp  
at colourful things like a baby.  
'Over and over.  
'Spearing food with a fork.  
'Swallowing. Tying shoe laces, buttons.  
'Walking.  
'A never-ending dream  
of repetitive jerky movements.  
'Until one day they let me out  
and it stopped.'  
'Your call cannot be taken at the moment,  
'so please leave your message  
after the tone.'  
Hello?  
'Finally! You're very hard to reach.  
How are you feeling?'  
Who is this?  
'Mark Daubenay, your lawyer.  
Your friend, Greg, works for me.'  
We met at the hospital. How are you doing?  
'Look, I've got wonderful news.  
They've capitulated.'  
Can... can I please call you back?  
Listen, they've approached us with a deal  
whose terms are unprecedented,  
financially speaking.  
'First, their conditions.  
'You must drop all legal action  
'and you can't discuss the accident  
in public or in any recordable format.  
'Essentially, you've got to forget  
it ever happened,  
'legally speaking.'  
There's nothing to forget.  
I don't remember any of it.  
Even better!  
You want to know how much you get?  
8.5 million.  
'8.5 million.'  
- Why the half?  
- Sorry?

Why not just eight or nine?  
In actual fact, the total payment  
will come out to quite  
a bit more than that over time.  
Look, why don't you drop by and...?  
Hello?  
Nah, mate.  
Listen, I'm at the phone box, innit?  
- Yo! Hurry up, snowflake.  
- Sorry.  
Yo, come on, man. Time is money, bruv.  
One minute.  
'How may I direct your call?'  
- Mark Daubenay. I was just cut off.  
- 'Could you hold the line, please?'  
'Hello? What happened there?  
I called you back, but...'  
My phone died.  
Open up.  
'Hello? Are you still there?'  
- Open the door.  
- 'Hello?'  
Put the phone down and come on out.  
- 'Still there?'  
- I've got to go.  
- Hey, yo!  
- Open the door!  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Filming, yeah?  
Fuck you!  
Back off, dickheads.  
Let's leave it.  
Forget it. We'll do it later.  
Yeah, put the fucking gun down  
before I put you on YouTube, bumbaclot!  
Yeah, I'll see you later.  
Fuck you!  
You done yet, chi-chi man?  
Like that.  
- Christopher.  
- What?  
Hey, how do you know my name, bruv?  
Yo, only my mum calls me that shit, bruv.  
Do you know what? Come out, come out.

Come out, bruv.  
The door is open.  
And your phone doesn't work.  
My lawyer called and...  
I-I tore out the telephone.  
So, are you in trouble?  
Why do you ask?  
For a start, your lawyer. Didn't know  
you had one. Is everything all right?  
Well, that's compensation for my accident.  
Yeah, but so there's no legal action?  
The police aren't involved?  
No, no, that all has to stop.  
It's, it's part of the settlement.  
Yeah, but before the accident,  
the suitcase?  
I don't remember any of it. I was just  
in the wrong place at the wrong time.  
That's all I know.  
I'm not even allowed to talk about it.  
So they're... they're giving you money?  
- Yeah.  
- Well, how much?  
Tsst... Not that much.  
Several... After fees and taxes,  
a few hundred thousand.  
Great.  
Enough for a cleaning lady.  
Enough for several, yes.  
Come on, caveman.  
Let me give you a haircut.  
'What's wrong?  
'I keep thinking  
you don't even remember me.'  
I have big gaps, but some things  
are starting to come back.  
Like what?  
I remember seeing you  
right before my accident.  
Oh, yeah? Whereabouts?  
I don't know. Somewhere outside.  
Well, what else?  
- I remember your smell.  
- Thank you. Chanel.

And I remember kissing you.

Here.

No.

Someone who looked a lot like...

So, we've had a great resolution  
to the case, don't you think?

No stressful litigation.

No long appeals process.

Hm.

You're looking well.

Have a seat.

Right, by signing this document,  
you're agreeing  
not to discuss the accident in public  
or in any recordable format.

- Essentially...

- I have to forget it ever happened.

Even though I can barely walk.

Or eat. Or sleep.

Legally speaking.

We don't have to accept their offer.

We can drag them to court  
and expose them in public.

You'll get some press clippings that you  
can frame, maybe a few fans on Facebook,  
but once this blow's over,  
no one will give a shit about you.

And make no mistake,

no judge will ever award this amount.

Not even close. Never in this country.

It's your choice.

Be a little famous for 15 minutes.

Or put it behind you and start a new life  
on your terms, with incredible resources.

I've set up an account in your name  
at Sweets Bank in Holborn.

- Do you know it?

- No.

Well, they specialise  
in high net-worth clients.

It's been a family business  
for eight generations.

Hey, man! Nice moves!

It's all right. Take it, take it.

This is my spot, you cunt!  
I told you not to come back here anymore!  
When? When did you see me?  
Hey, I don't remember.  
When did you see me?  
Follow the money.  
Happy Halloween!  
Nice haircut. I love the costume.  
Dick Cheney.  
Remember him?  
Whoa, whoa. You all right?  
I heard you finally signed the documents.  
Thank you, Greg. For everything.  
It's a lot of money, though,  
so I want you to be careful with it.  
- Don't.  
- Sorry.  
Is someone staying with you?  
- No.  
- I saw someone. Who is she?  
No, she was just visiting.  
Erm, she's in Oxford now.  
Does she have a name? Who is she?  
- Whoa, whoa.  
- Stop it, please.  
Wait, wait. Fucking hell,  
you don't remember, do you?  
- Stop it.  
- Fuck!  
Her name's Catherine, you gimp!  
Catherine Sullivan.  
Name doesn't ring a bell? No?  
She's American. She works in a posh bank.  
We all used to study together.  
- Stop it.  
- Whoa, whoa. No, no, no.  
- Let go.  
- Listen. Wait.  
She's a real cunt, OK?  
You might not remember,  
but, trust me... you hate her guts.  
And you know something else?  
OK, you're going to love this.  
She's my wife. That's something, innit?

But we haven't spoken in ages,  
so... feel free to shag her.  
But it's a bit weird her suddenly  
turning up after all this time.  
Where's she been this past year?  
I don't think she's in Oxford.  
She's a fucking liar, mate.  
- Why don't we call her?  
- Leave me alone!  
Hey! There's a queue here!  
Hey, man... Hey man, what are you doing?  
Open the door.  
What the fuck are you doing in there?  
What?  
'Hello? Hello?  
'Come on now!'  
Come on! Hurry up!  
For fuck's sake!  
For fuck's sake!  
Why are you always being like this?  
You were nearly an hour in there. What...?  
Just take it easy.  
- Hey! Watch it, you twat!  
- Oi, dickhead.  
Hey, look! Dick Cheney!  
'Hello, your call  
cannot be taken at the moment,  
'so please leave your message  
after the tone.'  
'Hey, man. It's Greg.  
'Are you all right?  
'What happened last night?  
Have you become, like, rich and eccentric?  
'Anyway, it's... it's Sunday afternoon  
and I'm a bit worried about you.  
'Give us a call, all right?  
OK, ciao, amigo.'  
Hey. I thought you'd be sleeping.  
What happened to your head?  
I banged into something.  
What is this?  
How was Oxford?  
Oh, you know, pretty touristy.  
But you went?



Sure I did.  
I even took stupid pictures.  
You want to see?  
Look.  
This is me on the quadrangle.  
Uh, this is me at Christchurch Cathedral.  
Me at Blackwell's bookshop.  
And, voil, me again  
at the Headington Shark.  
- Who took the pictures?  
- Oh, just someone I know.  
Was it Greg?  
No. No, just someone from the conference.  
Look, there he is.  
He's just an old friend.  
Not really my type, you know.  
University guy. A bit too predictable.  
He asked you to marry him.  
Yes!  
How did you know? God, can you imagine?  
We'd live in some country cottage  
and eat shepherd's pie every Sunday.  
I'd paint landscapes  
and develop a drinking habit  
and act all American and gauche  
in front of his friends.  
You know?  
Stuck together, but barely communicating,  
like characters in a...  
- Uh...  
- A Harold Pinter play.  
Yes! Oh, shit! Let me clean that up.  
We've had this conversation before.  
Do you remember?  
No, I don't.  
Please, you're hurting me.  
Come on. Do you remember?  
No... I don't.  
Don't stop.  
Wait. I know who's calling.  
We've been through this already.  
Uh, no, it's not what you...  
Give...  
Get the fuck out of here.

Yes, I-I-I'm looking to buy a property.  
No, t-t-the borough's not important,  
but the building is very particular.  
Old on the outside,  
but 1980s on the inside,  
and there's a sculpture of a woman...  
Sorry? No.

It's not historical features I'm after,  
it's very particular ones.

A red-brick facade. Cats on the roof  
of the neighbouring building.

Of course you're not a pet shop,  
but I-I-I'm just...

I'm trying to explain what I've seen.

Hello?

'I don't remember.'

Look, what's important is that  
I can describe it and I have to find it.

Find it or make it.

Well, if, if you can't help me,  
then who can?

Nazrul what?

Can you spell that?

Tell me, what sort of building  
did you have in mind?

It's old.

It's a five-storey tenement house.

Red brick and white windows.

The tops of the windows have curves.

Inside it's like it's stuck in the '80s.

There's a bust...

hanging over the entrance,

and underneath there's a carving

that says, it says something like,

"Madison Gardens" or "Marilyn Mansion".

I have drawings at home, but... most  
of the details haven't come to me yet.

Good. But tell me about the people  
you're proposing to fill the building with.

Well, there's an old lady.

And she wears a head wrap.

- What, like a hijab?

- No, like a handkerchief.

Wisps of white hair, socks, slippers,

but she cooks liver constantly.  
So, the smell of fried liver has to...  
...waft up to my flat.  
And she's also required  
to deposit her rubbish  
outside her flat whenever I leave mine.  
And we exchange words.  
I haven't worked them out yet.  
Understood. Who's next?  
Are you Muslim?  
No. Are you?  
No, I just... Erm... the hijab.  
I'm not particularly fond of religion.  
Neither am I.  
Good. Who else lives in this house?  
There's a pianist two floors below me.  
And in the afternoons he teaches children,  
but the rest of the time he composes.  
And the sound of the piano  
has to waft up to my flat,  
just like the smell of fried liver.  
There's also a boy I keep seeing.  
When everything's right, he'll appear.  
But I... I can't describe him now.  
It seems like my colleagues have found  
a match for your building already.  
The interior may need gutting.  
- But essentially...  
- This is it.  
Madlyn Mansions.  
How did...? Where is this?  
Where...? What's the address?  
Is this a childhood home or...?  
- What is it?  
- How much do you charge?  
- Well, there are several options.  
- I want you full-time, all the time.  
I'm not cheap.  
I'll pay you in advance.  
Waste of time. The little twat's not in.  
- But maybe the suitcase is here.  
- It's not.  
I spent the whole of yesterday  
looking for the bloody thing.

Stop fucking doing that.

The last of the holdouts have left.

- Have the window people arrived?
- They're upstairs measuring.
- I thought the windows were done.
- They were.

The ones on the third floor have had to come out to squeeze in the piano.

- We're two weeks behind schedule.
- Sir, you are a bit of a perfectionist.

If it wasn't for Nazrul, it'd be two years behind schedule.

Is there anything else you're not happy with?

- The cracks on the walls look contrived.
- What's that supposed to mean?
- The opposite of natural.
- I know what the word means, Naz!

But how can the bloody cracks not looked contrived?

- For fuck's sake, we made them!
- I'd like to get the windows blocked.
- Yeah, I know. We'll use paper for that.
- And we need cameras.

And I want to get a security guard.

I'll make some calls, but first there's something I'd like to show you upstairs.

That guy by the phone box, I didn't realise he was so close.

- They loiter there every day. A problem?
- No.

No. It's good that they're there.

They look out for me.

- Why are the cats tied?
- They sometimes fight and fall.

We've lost five just this week.

Well, that's not how it should be.

Have them untied.

Hi, Sam. Could you untie the cats?

These are the last cats we have.

- And?
- Well, if they fall, we'll be catless.

What? Then we'll get more cats.

Why are we even talking about this?

Sam... untie the cats.  
Our cat handler's just quit.  
- Fuck him.  
- Fuck her. Sam is a woman.  
Are we having a problem, Naz?  
Er, no.  
Get a new handler.  
And get rid of those cats.  
We'll start from scratch  
with unspoilt ones.  
And if they fight, have them sedated  
or castrated or whatever.  
- You have to make mistakes.  
- Sorry?  
Go over the parts you got wrong  
and play it again and again slowly  
until you get it right.  
In the day you teach children,  
in the night you compose.  
And when we're on,  
you never leave the flat.  
What should I compose?  
- Chopin.  
- Chopin's already composed.  
Then compose him again.  
Start with the first thing he wrote  
and continue through everything else  
and when you're done just start over.  
I can do that, sure.  
Do you know what to do?  
Yes, sir.  
I-I just stand here without moving.  
There's a small cupboard with a broom.  
I don't want you to use it ever,  
but you have to think about it.  
Visualise, don't actualise.  
Very good, sir.  
Some of you have  
specific tasks to perform.  
Others just have to be somewhere  
without moving.  
'You may have noticed that in the building  
there are certain areas left blank.  
'That's like the masks

some of you are wearing.  
'You're not less important,  
you're just less specific.'  
Spare some change, bro?  
Look, what's going on? You haven't  
called me back in, like, six weeks.  
I've been busy.  
Oh, yeah? Doing what?  
Moving to a new place.  
Look, we need to talk.  
It's important.  
Come on, let's go for a walk.  
- I'm tired, Greg.  
- Gentrification's tough work.  
What's happened to you?  
Why are you being like this?  
It's me. I love you.  
Leave me alone.  
OK.  
But who visited you every day  
when you were in that hospital?  
Who fought to have you transferred  
from that vegetable ward?  
And who chased down the bastards who  
did this to you and got you your money?  
Whatever Catherine's been telling you,  
it's all lies.  
- Goodbye, Greg.  
- Well, fuck you too!  
Well, take care. Have a nice day.  
Prick.  
Same time tomorrow?  
That's an arrival on TG.  
'Everything's in place. Are you ready?'  
Yes.  
You can turn them all on now.  
Three, two, one, go.  
Very good.  
Stop.  
- It should be more quiet.  
- OK. Everyone, a touch quieter.  
Resume.  
Stop.  
Very good. Now the liver lady.

Freeze.

Reverse.

Stop.

OK, now forward.

That's it. Freeze.

Yes.

- OK, stop everything, Naz.

- 'OK.'

So sorry, sir.

I'm not a 20-year-old ballerina.

Stop the car.

- Christopher!

- One second, yeah?

Do you remember me?

Nah, sorry. Should I?

The phone box. I had a beard.

Oh, shit!

What happened? I thought you was homeless.

- You still have that film on your phone?

- Nah.

When he knocked the phone out of my hand,  
it broke, so I had to go get a new phone.

What if I asked you to be  
at that phone box every day?

And every night?

Whoa.

Listen, yeah, I'm not a hustler.

I don't want no trouble.

It's nothing illegal.

Just the more time you spend there,  
the more money you make.

- All right.

- But the phone will ring.

Randomly. And if you're there  
and you answer it, you'll get paid.

But only if you answer it.

All right. Cool.

Try again next week?

30. 5ft 8".

Medium-build, not fat.

Erm, brown eyes. Dark skin.

D-d-don't forget she has to be American.

Yeah, bla...

Whatever you call it.

Black, African-American.

Right.

I don't... I don't care how much it costs.

Just don't send me any more Moldovans, OK?

OK.

Christopher.

Hi. You know what, call me later.

Christopher.

You take care of the camera. Hurry up.

- Christopher's dead.

- I know he was important to you.

I can have someone stand in for him,  
if you like.

Do you have any contacts in the police?

- I do. Why do you ask?

- I don't think they're telling the truth.

I want their report.

I want to know what it says.

I'll see what I can do.

Thank you.

Stand him down.

But he's playing the victim.

Send him home, Naz.

- Do you two know what to do?

- Yes, sir.

Your producer talked us through scene.

You won't be shooting at the other guy,  
you will be shooting at me.

But you're the wrong colour, boss.

I open the door, I pull out the gun  
and then you zap me here.

Do you know how to use this?

- This thing ain't real, is it?

- Yeah, it is.

I'm sorry. That wasn't part of the plan.

Is the gun real too, brother Naz?

No, of course it isn't, but I can't  
allow them to use a real Taser.

Then go home. I don't need you.

**'1:**

enters the phone box

'near the Southwell Road railway bridge.

'A short time thereafter Williams leaves



the phone box and approaches his bicycle.  
'He's accosted by an unknown assailant.  
'Pulls out his silver semi-automatic  
pistol, but is shot twice at close range.  
'No eye witnesses have been identified.  
'A nearby surveillance camera  
was disabled by heavy rainfall. Go.'

Whoa! OK, some space, please.

Someone get me a medic now.

No. That was not how it was. It can't be.

Let's do it again.

I don't see why it's necessary  
that you hurt yourself.

How much time do we have?

OK.

How was Oxford?

You know... very touristy.

- But you went?

- Sure I did.

I've got some pictures.

Do you want to see?

This is me on campus.

This is me in the cathedral.

Here I am at the bookshop.

And, ta-da, me again in front of the...

Shit!

Headington Shark.

Oh, shite, it's "shark"! Sorry!

Who took the pictures?

- You know... someone I met.

- What is it, Greg?

No. Just some guy from the concert...

Sorry, conference.

Don't get jealous.

We didn't do anything naughty.

Mind you, he didn't put  
his little hand on my arse.

Don't improvise!

Don't add anything! Don't be slutty!

Well, fuck off already!

Why don't I just suck you off  
and be done with it, eh?

Two fucking weeks of this stupid shite!

"Was it Greg?" "Oh, the Paddington Shark."

Do you know what? Fuck it! I've had it!

Don't move. Don't move.

Look at me.

Whatever your agency are paying you,  
I'll double it.

Please. I won't hurt you.

Who took the pictures?

Who took them?

You know, someone I met.

- Was it Greg?

- No.

Just someone from the conference.

An old friend. We didn't do anything.

He wasn't really my type, you know.

A university man. A bit unpredictable.

He asked me to marry him.

No, that's my line.

Yes. How did you know?

Can you imagine?

We'd live in the country and we'd cook...

- We'd cook...

- Shepherd's pie.

Shepherd's pie!

And I'd drink every Sunday and paint...

No, I mean, I'd develop a drinking habit

in front of his friends

and... I'd act American

in front of his friends.

Together, no, stuck together,

but barely communicating

like some characters in a...

Like some characters in a...

A Harold Pinter play.

The table.

Sorry. Let me wipe that up.

No, not now.

We've had this conversation before.

Don't you remember?

- No, I don't.

- Come on.

Don't... you... remember?

I don't know.

Erm... OK, we're going to...

I'm going to make some tea, then

we're going to do this going from the top.  
And can you please clean yourself up?  
Because you... you smell horrible.  
OK, we both know you've got  
the suitcase with the bank money.  
I don't know what  
you're talking about, please.  
I fucking saw you run out with it.  
Come on. Will you stop fucking around?  
He's hurting my knee!  
Where is the suitcase?  
It's a black suitcase.  
On wheels.  
Where is the suitcase?  
Where is the suitcase?  
Where did you fucking put it?  
Just so you know, they've been  
frozen for over an hour now,  
so you'll have to let me know  
when you want to release them.  
Look.  
'...year-long investigation,  
police believe they have found the suspect  
'behind the Sleets robbery  
and multiple killings.  
'Christopher Williams  
was murdered last week  
'in what police suspect was retribution.  
'Although police matched his silver pistol  
and mask to the ones used in the robbery,  
'Mrs Williams continues  
to protest her son's innocence.  
'Katie Razzal in Brixton.'  
I want you to get  
plans of the bank for me.  
Oh, Sleets, eh? Wasn't that the bank  
that got robbed last year?  
Yeah.  
Crazy Yardie topped his mates  
and ran off with the dosh.  
Did the coppers ever nab him?  
- They killed him.  
- Did they?  
Let me get this straight.

You want to give me shitload of money  
to re-enact the robbery,  
but you're not going to film it?  
No. It's just research.  
We'd like to know how it happened.  
Oh, well, the principle's the same.  
It's like I say in my book,  
a bank robbery is like a theatre play.  
There's a script, there's a stage  
and there are actors.  
Shall we get started?  
Lights!  
Nice.  
So, you want to see a quick demonstration?  
OK, boys, masks down, tools up.  
Oh, no, no, no. Get a wriggle on.  
You're robbing a bank,  
not shopping for condoms! Back you go.  
Make no mistake, when you enter the bank,  
you're setting off a chain,  
which will lead  
to someone calling the cops.  
Your goal is to execute the script quickly  
and to leave the stage healthy.  
And wealthy. OK!  
Fuck!  
- I hope they're not real!  
- They're blanks.  
Now, well done, but look.  
This is your Sistine Chapel.  
Express yourself!  
Write your name on the architecture!  
Yes! Beautiful!  
OK, Number 2,  
get them to lay down on the carpet.  
OK, we need your full cooperation.  
You're Tony Montana! You're a psycho!  
Put the fear of God into 'em!  
- Get on the fucking floor!  
- Lovely!  
Now, Three and Four, they do the tellers.  
Come on! Chop, chop!  
That's it! Put a gun to their face!  
Any more robbing

and your set will disintegrate.  
It needs to be more real.  
More like the real bank.  
You're hired.  
OK, boys.  
Back to the beginning.  
Got a lot of work to do.  
Who's got the fucking keys?  
Give me the keys now or I'll shoot you!  
- OK, stop!  
- 58 seconds.  
Gather.  
What's the matter, Miss? Why won't you  
let this gentleman have your key?  
We don't have keys, sir.  
The doors open with cards.  
Fucking right!  
Remember, if you want something,  
you grab it!  
Always avoid a standoff.  
Always keep moving. You got it?  
- Yeah.  
- Yes, boss.  
Right, from the top.  
'Three, two, one, go.'  
Get down! Get on the fucking floor!  
Give your phones now!  
Get your phones out!  
You put the wrong number in  
and I'll fucking shoot your dick off!  
Put it in! Quickly!  
Choose the right one, man!  
- Quickly!  
- Move, move, move!  
Turn the lock! Quickly!  
Any tricks, you're dead!  
- Move! Come on!  
- Come on! Move it! Come on!  
- We used to do this too, you know.  
- Do what?  
Rehearse. We didn't just plan it on paper.  
Oh, it's beautiful.  
We were so well drilled,  
when the big day came, the whole thing,

it went like clockwork.

- Fucking quickly!

- Come on! Quicker than that!

Get the fucking door! Hands on your head!

- Come on!

- Hands on your head!

- Don't move! Don't move!

- Oi!

Get off, you fat prick! Fuck!

You're acting like a bunch of dickheads!

Oi, shut up!

- Fuck you, dwarf!

- Can I have a set dresser?

Wait... Wait, don't touch it.

That was good.

That was real. That was perfect.

I want you to stumble on that kink every time you run through.

- Every time?

- Yeah.

But don't fall. Just... reach out with your foot and stumble a bit. Then keep running.

Well, you heard the boss, ladies. Back to your places.

There's something wrong with that kid's brain!

Put your fucking hands on your head!

No! No, no.

- Are you trying to fuck me?

- Fuck you, you dwarf!

All right, listen to the boss, will you? It's simple, OK?

Number 3, don't overdo it.

Number 4, don't stop.

You, stumble, recover.

Continue.

And you just...  
...flank him.

- Sorry, sir, did you say, "Flank him"?

- Yeah, yeah, flank me, bitch.

Like a steak, chop-chop.

Come on. Back in your box.

- Come on, lads.

- When you're done, come on his face.  
I'm defriending you on Facebook  
when I get home.

- That's it!

- Five minutes, five seconds.  
That's good enough for Hollywood,  
but too slow for life.  
Well, how long should it take?  
Well, it depends on location,  
traffic conditions,  
but generally speaking  
anything over five minutes, mate,  
and you're cattled.  
I'll go sort the boys out.  
I want it more detailed. Everything.  
Look at the walls. They're not right.  
That lift should be metallic and...  
and the lights around the perimeter.  
You know, if, if the details aren't right,  
then it doesn't work, especially outside.  
The sounds are flat  
and the sky, it's too clear.  
I want... clouds.  
How long will it take?  
'Thank you for calling Sleets.  
How may I direct your call?'  
Hi. This is Greg Simpson  
from Olander & Daubenay.  
I'm trying to reach Catherine Sullivan.  
'Oh, I'm afraid Ms Sullivan's  
called in sick today.'  
May I ask what this is in reference to?  
I have two gentlemen from the police.  
They're trying to find a client of ours  
who seems to have disappeared.  
Ms Sullivan may have been  
the last person that's seen him.  
I can't give out her number,  
but would you like me to try it?  
No. No, that's fine. Thanks a lot.  
Mr Simpson, did you client  
ever mention a suitcase?  
No. What sort of suitcase?  
A black trolley. It's about this...

Mr Simpson, thanks very much indeed  
for your help,  
and we'll be in touch  
if we need anything else.  
Can I just ask?  
This is a really nice paperclip.  
Is it real gold?  
Erm... it's 18 carat.  
- May I keep it?  
- Yeah, knock yourself out, mate.  
Thank you. Bye-bye.  
'What sort of suitcase?  
It's probably just a mistake.'  
Listen, I'm going back to work next week.  
If they come, I'll talk to them.  
Greg...  
What did you tell them about me?  
Stop it!  
Why did you come back, Cath?  
Did you come back for love?  
Or was it for the moolah?  
Nice place, Greg.  
I hope you like living alone.  
Don't go! Wait, Catherine!  
I'll always love you.  
- Hello?  
- I was just about to call you, actually.  
The new sky's arrived.  
I think you're going to be happy with it.  
And also we've finally got them  
down to five minutes...  
Naz, listen to me. I have an idea.  
I want you to transfer our robbery  
to the actual bank.  
Well, that'd be brilliant, yes,  
but they'd never allow it.  
I mean, even if we offer them a large fee,  
banks are usually very...  
Without a fee. We don't need to tell them.  
But you're talking about Sleets of Holborn?  
The actual bank. Am I wrong?  
Yes, you're absolutely right,  
but I don't want them to know about it.  
They're not going to let us perform there.



'We don't ask them. We give our bankers a day off and we use their staff instead.'

But if we use their staff, they won't know they're taking part... It doesn't make any difference. Their staff and our staff have been trained. Apart from you and me, no one's going to know what the difference is. Our team will know. You can't fool them into thinking that Holborn's a replica. They're in a van! They've been doing this a thousand times!

They're going to think they're doing a rehearsal. Our set is identical.

- And what if they do look out?

- 'Tell them we've changed locations. 'Park a catering truck in front of the bank. Show them a film permit. 'I want to go with them, Naz. I need a suit just like theirs and a mask. 'And a pistol. Just like the one Christopher had. Silver with real bullets. 'This is real, Naz, so everything has to be real.'

Hello?

'Can you hear me?

'I need you for this, Naz.

'It won't work without you.'

'How was Oxford?'

'I've worked it out.

'The robbery itself has 12 scenarios.

'And each one of those scenarios has a subset of 104 permutations.

'But they all have one thing in common.

'They're all threatened by the same chief contingency.'

- 'Was it Greg?'

- 'No.

'The only way to stop any information from leaking would be to eliminate all channels through which it could possibly leak.'

Wait. I remember this.

'You understand what this means?

'We need to make arrangements.  
'I know someone who could do it.  
Discreetly.'  
Now?  
Well, no. Of course not now.  
After the robbery.  
It could be an accident  
in the getaway vehicle.  
It's just an example.  
We've had this conversation before.  
Don't you remember?  
Do you even understand what I'm saying?  
I'm talking about  
getting rid of our people.  
Come on. Don't you remember?  
I-I don't... I don't remember.  
So, how many times have you done this?  
At least 400 times, sir.  
And has it changed?  
No, no. It's always the same, sir.  
We're professionals.  
But have you noticed the details in it?  
You know, the way they repeat.  
The rhythm. The poetry.  
Aye, the poetry, eh?  
Who the fuck is this poofter?  
You won't get much out of him, sir.  
He's a method actor.  
- He's a tit-head.  
- Fuck off.  
We drive around in your van for hours  
while people fuss around with your set,  
and when it's ready we jump out  
and do the same thing a million times.  
I've robbed this bank at least  
20 times a day now for six weeks.  
I haven't got rich,  
but I haven't been caught neither.  
- See?  
- That sounds like...  
- A tit-head.  
- Fuck off, Nigel!  
- Why are you always taking the piss?  
- I'm not, dickhead, my character is.

- Then change your character.  
- Why don't I change your nappy first?  
- I'll make you my bitch, you prick.  
- I'll shoot you in the head.  
'Two minutes.'  
Excuse, lads.  
Oh, my God.  
- God, look at that!  
- Fucking hell! Is that the new sky?  
- Whoa, whoa! What's going on out there?  
- Wow!  
- How much was that?  
- Shut the fuck up!  
- That is incredible.  
- How much? How much was it?  
Oh, Cath?  
Sorry, I didn't realise you were here.  
A Mr Simpson keeps calling for you.  
Thanks, Charlie, but I'm not here.  
Just forgot something downstairs.  
Hi. I'm Detective Inspector Morrell.  
This is DI Aires.  
- We'd like to speak to the manager.  
- One moment, please.  
'30 seconds.'  
Same old, same old.  
Yeah.  
Whoo!  
Let's be out in four minutes.  
We have a special guest with us today.  
- 'Ten seconds.'  
- Come on!  
'Five seconds.'  
'Three, two, one.'  
Go!  
Go! Go!  
Come on!  
Put your hands on your head!  
- Get down!  
- Put your hands on your head!  
Thank you, Naz.  
It's beautiful.  
Go! Don't you move!  
- I've got three phones here!

- If I see you twitch...  
- Any tricks and my mate'll shoot you!  
- All right, all right!  
- Quicker!  
- OK!  
- Freeze.  
- Just a second.  
- New guy!  
- Freeze, like the boss said!  
Oh, nice!  
- 'Two minutes.'  
- Go on! Go!  
Hands on your head!  
Don't move!  
It's not there!  
Ha-ha! Brilliant, you two tossers!  
- I'd say that's a cut, Naz. Naz?  
- 'Four minutes.'  
- What the fuck is going on?  
- What the hell happened, Derek?  
I'll be fucked if I know.  
Nigel stopped, my gun went off  
and he just fell on top of me.  
That wasn't supposed to happen!  
Did you change the script or something?  
- 'Five minutes.'  
- Stop this fucking nonsense, Naz.  
Nigel's had a bad fall.  
He might need an ambulance.  
Who the fuck's this tart?  
Shut your fucking phone off already!  
Fucking... what the fuck?  
What the fuck's wrong with him?  
Oh, come on, stop it, for fuck's sake!  
Oh, fucking...!  
'Six minutes.'  
Tony, what the fuck's wrong with him?  
Come on, man!  
- Nigel!  
- It's fucking real.  
- What?  
- It's fucking real!  
Stop. Number 1, stop.  
Oh, fucking... fuck this.

Naz, I'm done! I quit!  
- Don't move.  
- Fuck off!  
'Seven minutes.'  
'What's going on in there?'  
Tommy! Tommy, no!  
Shut up!  
- Oh, my God! Tommy!  
- Shut up!  
'Ten minutes. The police are coming.  
I can't wait any longer.'  
Get up.  
This is mine, isn't it?  
I'm out. Where are you?  
Right, anyone hurt? We're police officers.  
Don't touch anything. It's all evidence.  
Come on, Naz.  
Where are you, Naz? Is that you?  
- Yeah. Yeah, they're on it.  
- OK.  
- Where's the cameras?  
- One, two...  
Go, go! Stay there! Be calm! We'll be back!  
- Seen this?  
- Stall them! Go, go, go!  
Armed robbery. Shots fired.  
Have you got back-up?  
Naz, where are you?  
'About the past I can say very little.  
'Something fell down from the sky.  
'Technology, parts, bits  
squashing me on to the pavement  
'and then nothing, a blank.  
'Eventually the sun will set  
'and the universe will run down  
like a toy whose spring is unwound.  
'Then there'll be no more music.  
No more loops.  
'Nothing to recreate.  
No buildings to renovate.  
'No people to rehearse  
how to freeze, how to move.  
'For now, though, the clouds will part  
and something will fall down,

'turning, returning,  
heading back, getting nearer.  
'Here I am,  
'reborn and waiting.  
'Again.'