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Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels

By Guy Ritchie

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT

This whole scene is shot using only extreme close-ups of eyes, cards, tapping fingers and mouths. We open on a bright pair of eyes. One is bruised and slightly swollen, but this does not detract from their clarity.

EDDY:

Three card brag is a simple form of poker; you are dealt only three cards and these you can't change. If you don't look at your cards you're a 'blind man' and you only put in half the stake. Three of any kind is the highest you can get: the odds are four hundred and twenty-five to one. Then it's a running flush - you know, all the same suit running in order; then a straight, then a flush, then a pair, and finally whatever the highest card you are holding. There are some tell-tale signs that are valuable; I am not going to tell you them because it took me long enough to learn them, but these can only help a player, not make one. So you want to play?

DISSOLVE TO BLACK. THE FIRST OF THE CREDITS APPEAR ON THE SCREEN.

FADE IN:

What have you got?

We cut to a beady pair of eyes and then to his cards as they are turned

over:

good

hand. A flush beats my pair. What about you?

* Cut from completed film.

Another pair of excited eyes widen to the question. We see more cards: a run is revealed.

And here's me trying to explain the game to you. Hustlers, you're all hustlers!

We cut to a shot of a small amount of money being scooped up. OK! You got some real money?

DISSOLVE TO BLACK: MORE CREDITS APPEAR ON THE SCREEN.

FADE IN:

Ed scoops up a large pile of money.

Odds chaps, you gotta remember the odds.

There ? a loud slam of a door. We cut to a wide shot of a policeman who has just entered. It is then revealed that two of the three players are also policemen. They stand to attention, red faced with embarrassment.

SERG:

I hope I am not interrupting. Comfortable, Edward?

EDDY:

I haven't slept for forty-eight hours, got a dozen broken ribs, can feel a case of the flu coming on and . . .

SERG:

(interrupts)

All right, all right, don't think I wouldn't like to get rid of you; but before I do, I need to know what's going on, son.

EDDY:

If you think you're in the dark, I am in a black hole, blindfolded.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK. THE MUSIC STARTS.

We pull back out of the black to reveal that we have been sitting in the inside of a shotgun. The barrels recede further, then 'boom.' LOCK STOCK are shot out of the top of the screen in peppered letters. We wait for a while, as the barrels reappear through the smoke. We then see one smoking barrel; 'boom!' the other is let off: AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS joins the sentence.]

EXT. STREET (FLASHBACK] - DAY

We open on a smart, casually dressed man selling perfume and jewellery on a street corner. A crowd has gathered, attracted by the alarming volume at which he is advertising his wares.

BACON:

See these goods, they never seen daylight, moonlight, Israelite, Fanny-by-the-gas-light. If you can't see value here today you're not up here shopping, you're up here shoplifting. Take a bag, take a bag. I took a bag, I took a bag home last night and she cost a lot more than ten pounds I can tell ya. Tell me if I am going too cheap. Not ninety, not eighty, not forty, half that and half that again, that's right, ten pounds. Don't think 'cos it's sealed up it's an empty box. The only man who sells empty boxes is the undertaker, and by the look of some of you here today I would make more money with me measuring tape.

A well-dressed, zealous character (Eddy) appears from behind the crowd waving money. It seems he can't wait to get rid of it.

EDDY:

Bargain, that's a bloody bargain if I ever heard one. Ten pounds you say? I'll have five.

Certainly sir. I'll just wrap.

Changing his attention.

BACON:

Excuse me misses, sorry sir, ladies first and all that.

A tourist spectator, rather than a buyer, has been put on the spot. She fumbles through her bag hastily all too aware of the attention of the crowd, of which she is now the focus. She passes her money like it's contaminated. Others follow suit.

Buy 'em, you better buy 'em; they're not stolen, they just never been paid for.

This really stokes the fire. The money can't come fast enough. Just as business reaches its peak there is a call of alarm from the first enthusiastic punter, who seems to be rather more familiar than he first pretended.

EDDY:

Bacon!

Bacon's expression changes dramatically. A series of crash zooms between Ed's, Bacon's and a third party's eyes (the police) reveal there is a problem. They're off: EDDY and BACON run like they have done this before. They go down an ally; Ed jumps some stairs, we freeze.

BACON:

(voice-over)

Ed can run fast, talk fast, eat fast, and play cards fast, but he's fucking slow when it comes to spotting the roz.

EDDY:

(voice-over)

The reason he is called BACON is he spent so much of his youth in the police station that people thought he was one of them. But he is a big boy now and it is time to move on.

We cut to a shot of Ed as he lands. He has made good distance.

INT. GROCER'S SHOP - MORNING

EDDY arrives at a grocer's shop. We meet Tom. Tom is talking to Nick the Greek.

TOM:

What are you talking about? I am bloody skinny, pal.

NICK:

Of course you are. All right, Ed.

EDDY:

Nick the Greek, always a pleasure. All right Tom, what you been eating? Tom examines his midriff and adopts a confused expression.

TOM:

Please, both join me in my orifice.

INT. GROCER'S SHOP STORE ROOM - DAY

They work their way past a maze of boxes.

NICK:

(fingering and admiring one of the boxes)

How much did you say it was, Tom?

TOM:

You know how much it is, Nick.

NICK:

And that does include the amp?

TOM:

You know it doesn't include the amp.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN -AFTERNOON

Tom and Ed make their way through a busy, well-equipped kitchen. This is obviously a smart and serious establishment. They stop in front of the man whose uniform is covered in blood; he appears to be the head chef. Meet Soap.

TOM:

What have you come as?

SOAP:

Cupid stupid! That's the last time I am getting any more fruit off you Tom. Call that fresh? There was more small hairy armoured things in your fruit than there was fruit. You should open a butcher's, not a grocer's.

TOM:

If you will order stuff that comes from Kat-Man-Fucking-Du don't be surprised if your fruit picks up a few tourists en route. ~ Never mind that, what about the money?

SOAP:

Get your fingers out of my soup!

SLOW MOTION:

Soap pulls out a bag from under where he is sitting.

TOM:

(voice-over)

Soap is called Soap because he likes to keep his hands clean of any unlawful behaviour. He is proud of his job, and even more proud that it's legal.

BACON:

(voice-over)

He's a stropopy sod but he's got more balls than a golfer, only he doesn't know it. ' * Cut from completed film.

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RELEASE SLOW MOTION]

Ed looks in bag.

EDDY:

Are you sure you can afford twenty-five?

SOAP:

Well that depends on how you look at it. I can afford it as long as I see it again, if that's what you mean. You got the rest from the fat man and Bacon?

Tom looks on with suspicion.

TOM:

Who's this fat man, then?

EDDY:

Bacon, the fat man and myself, and it's time to make a call to Harry.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

A hard-looking man of about fifty is sat behind a large antique desk. On this desk is a hatchet resting in a block of wood, poised like a judge's hammer. Harry is obviously in the sex game. Cluttered up in a hazardous way are a selection of dildos, spanking paddles, etc. A cabinet of fine-looking shotguns is placed behind. We have a split screen involving EDDY and his friends (listening in) and Hatchet with one hand on the phone and the other on a shotgun.

HATCHET:

You got it all?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

EDDY:

A hundred grand.

FREEZE SHOT OF HATCHET

TOM:

(voice-over)

You see it's not easy to take a seat at this table; the money involved has to be a hundred grand upwards and there is no shortage of punters.

EDDY:

(voice-over)

The man who decides if you can play is this man Harry, or Hatchet Harry as some including himself like to call him.

RELEASE FREEZE SHOT OF HATCHET

HATCHET:

Well if you got it, you got it. Now, if you don't mind . . .

The phone is slammed down.

SHOT OF HATCHET:

SOAP:

(voice-over)

When the old bastard is not playing cards he's chasing a thousand debts that ill-fated individuals owe for an array of reasons.

BACON:

(voice-over)

Sex and sleaze and antique shotguns are all deep and dear in Harry's stone cold heart.

Cut from completed film.

RELEASE FREEZE SHOT OF HATCHET

HATCHET:

What's this EDDY like, then?

The camera spins round to reveal a massive monster of a man sitting opposite Hatchet. Meet Barry the Baptist.

FREEZE SHOT OF BARRY

EDDY:

(voice-over)

Hatchet has a colleague, a monster of a man: Barry the Baptist.

BACON:

(voice-over)

The Baptist got his name from drowning people for Hatchet.

TOM:

(voice-over)

But he needs him, because he is good at making sure debts get settled and jobs get done.

RELEASE FREEZE SHOT OF BARRY

BARRY:

EDDY been shaking the knees of a lot of good players. The boy has a rare ability, he seems to make cards transparent, got bluffing dow . . .

HATCHET:

(interrupts)

All right, all right, so we can say he is good.

BARRY:

Better than good, he is a fucking liability.

HATCHET:

Where did he get a hundred grand?

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BARRY:

He has got some adhesive mates, they have tossed up between them.

HATCHET:

And JD is his dad, and owns the whole property?

BARRY:

No mortgage, no debts; lock, stock, the sodding lot . . . don't worry, I got it under control.

HATCHET:

Good, you can get this under control now.

A glossy Christie's brochure displaying a pair of impressive antique hammer-lock shotguns is shoved in Barry's face.

It seems Lord Appleton Smythe has run out of money, and these little beauties are up for auction, but I am not paying quarter of a million quid for 'em, if you know what I mean Barry. One of my associates has given me an address and the location of these lovelies. Make sure we get everything from inside the gun cabinet. I don't want to know who you use, as long as they are not complete muppets; and don't tell them what they're worth.

Changing the subject.

'Ere! Hold on, what do you think of these? We are selling hundreds.
Holds up one of the spanking paddles.

BARRY:

Er, very nice Harry. What's it for?

HATCHET:

Don't play innocent with me Bazza; spanking!
The paddle is brought down hard on the desk: slap.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Meet the Dog. Dog is horrible. He is large and intimidating.
Administering pain is Dog's forte. He is also the Guy we cut from the
last scene `slap' to the teeing of a golf ball. Wallop. Dog pulls a
sadistic and alarmingly pleasurable face.

DOG:

It's a dog eat dog world, lads, and I got bigger teeth than you.
We see an individual hanging upside down tied up with gaffer tape but
otherwise naked. An orange is stuck in the man's mouth. Dog is standing
on another man's chest who has a tee stuck between his teeth from where
Dog fires golf balls at the other unfortunate figure. The tied-up man
is Gordon. The other is Slick. Gordon nods his head erratically
implying that he has reached a decision.

(to Plank)

I think your man is trying to say something.

Pause.

Perhaps not; maybe I should have another swing just to make sure.
Agonised muffled screaming from Gordon. Slick (who has a tee in his
mouth) shuts his eyes in horror as the golf ball thumps into Gordon.
Yes, Gordon, is there something you would like to tell us?
The orange is removed from Gordon's mouth.

GORDON:

(rushing to get the words out)

In the kitchen, under the floor . . .

SLICK:

(interrupts)

Shut it, you idiot . . .

Dog swings the golf club round Slick's jaw, knocking him unconscious.

DOG:

You were saying?

GORDON:

It's in the karzi, pull the fishing wire under the seat. Jesus, for god's sake let me down.

PLANK:

Oh, Dog! . . . I think you want to have a look at this!

Plank returns holding an assortment of drugs and cash. Gordon starts to scream. Dog picks up a steel for sharpening knives and throws it across the room. Thunk. Silence follows. Plank grimaces.

Oh, Dog!

EXT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Ed, Bacon, Soap and Tom park outside their house. As they get out they pass Plank and John who have also just parked. They ignore each other, and go to their separate doors.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BACON places a pile of money on a table. The rest are eating, Tom keeps looking at his plate distastefully.

BACON:

Twenty-five from me, Tom, Soap and yourself; a hundred grand to the pound. You don't need to count it.

EDDY:

I still will, if you don't mind.

TOM:

(eating)

So, a reasonable return should be in the region of one hundred and twenty, for twenty-five grand invested. That's going on previous experiences.

SOAP:

That's going on optimism.

TOM:

Whatever it's going on, it's still enough to send you on a cooking course.

SOAP:

You're not funny Tom; you're fat and look as though you should be funny, but you're not.

Tom is definitely not overweight, quite the opposite in fact. He examines himself to see if something has developed.

TOM:

Fat? Who are you calling fat? What are all these fat jokes about?
The light switch above Tom's head lets out a few sparks causing him to cower in a sharp defensive action.
Jesus! It's good in here, ain't it! Trains overhead, walls exploding . . . Why the hell did you move in?

EDDY:

Because it's cheap like a budgie.

BACON:

And nobody wants to live next door to the people that we live next to; a bit anti-social, you know.
BACON beckons Tom to a cupboard built into the wall.

TOM:

What do you mean?

EDDY:

He means they're thieving dogs.

BACON:

I mean when they are not picking peanuts out of poop, they're ripping off unfortunate souls of their hard-earned drugs.
BACON opens the cupboard doors and puts his finger to his lips. The noise from next door immediately gets louder.
Not exactly thick, these walls.

DOG:

(off)

No you prat, that's for me.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dog has a small pile of money and pills that he is distributing to his lads.

DOG:

How many times do I have to explain this to you, Plank? You find a job worth doing and you will find your share improving . . . Now do you have a problem with that?
He obviously doesn't.

INT. ED AIVD BACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom raises his eyebrows and frowns to Bacon.

EXT. BIG BOY'S GYM/SOLARIUM - NIGHT

Meet Big Chris and Little Chris (twelve years old).

BIG CHRIS:

How long has he been in there, son?

LITTLE CHRIS:

About twenty minutes.

BIG CHRIS:

Is he on his own?

LITTLE CHRIS:

Just carrying a bag.

BIG CHRIS:

Let's have a look, shall we?

INT. GYM/SOLARIUM - NIGHT

BIG CHRIS:

Son, have a look under that one.

Little Chris looks under one of the sunbeds.

LITTLE CHRIS:

It's not him, Dad.

BIG CHRIS:

Try that one.

Little Chris returns from a peek and nods in confirmation.

LITTLE CHRIS:

Sleeping like a baby.

Big Chris then approaches and raises the sunbed.

BIG CHRIS:

This is one of those high-powered numbers, isn't it?

John O'Driscoll's eyes widen; Chris slams down the sunbed on top of him as hard as he can.

Got some bad news for you, John.

JOHN O'DRISCOLL

What the fu-!

Big Chris slams down the sunbed on top of John.

BIG CHRIS:

Mind your language in front of my boy.

JOHN O'DRISCOLL

Jesus Christ!

Big Chris repeats the earlier treatment twice more.

BIG CHRIS:

That includes blasphemy as well. Now tell me, John . . .

JOHN O'DRISCOLL

Tell you what, Chris?

A man opens the sunbed mom door.

SUNBED MAN:

I say, hold on.

LITTLE CHRIS:

I say shut it!

SUNBED MAN:

You what?

BIG CHRIS:

He said shut it!

Chris pulls a mean face; the door is closed.]

Tell me John, how you can concentrate on improving a lovely tan, and it is a lovely tan by the way, when you have more pressing priorities at hand?

JOHN O'DRISCOLL

Tell Harry . . .

Bang as sunbed comes down again.

BIG CHRIS:

Did I say speak? And it's Mr Harry to you . . . Now don't disappoint me and chose your words carefully. You may speak.

JOHN O'DRISCOLL

I'll have it for Mr Harry in a few days. I have been busy, and I am nearly there.

BIG CHRIS:

Son, have a look in his locker.

JOHN O'DRISCOLL

No chance of you lifting this sunbed up is there?

* Cut from completed film.

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BIG CHRIS:

Yeah, all right.

Big Chris lifts it, then smashes it down again. Now, you want me to lift it up again?

Little Chris pipes up. Obviously familiar with counting money he has flown through it.

LITTLE CHRIS:

He's not poor. Five hundred and sixty pounds and that's just in his wallet . . . Fuckin' 'ell John, you always walk around with that in your pocket?

The expression on Big Chris's face changes.

BIG CHRIS:

Oi! Next time you use language like that, boy, you'll wish you hadn't!

LITTLE CHRIS:

Sorry, Dad.

BIG CHRIS:

Right, well, put the rest of the stuff in that, son. You can go home in a plastic bag tonight, John. You owe what you owe and before this tan has faded, you want to have paid.

Chris punches John unconscious and turns the time dial up.

INT. JD'S BAR - NIGHT

JD's bar is an impressive sort of uptown-downtown establishment with pretty girls serving a laddish clientele. The boys are propped up at the bar, looking straight ahead in silence. They look nervous. The silence is broken by Ed.

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EDDY:

I am going to the john.

He walks off.

TOM:

What you telling us for? The only thing I care about is whether you get your rest in.

SOAP:

Tom, you're all heart.

TOM:

Listen cooky, you want to make sure that man rests before he plays; it's in all our interests.

JD:

(the bar owner and Ed's father)

All right lads? How's things? How's it going, Soap? Cooking all right? Where's that son of mine?

Each time a question is asked the lads try to answer but are just left with their mouths open, which remain open as a gorgeous girl walks through the bar (Daisy).

INT. SLOANES' HOUSE LABORATORY - NIGHT

We cut to a small, humid, artificially lit, illegal forest being cultivated for profit. Someone is smoking a joint and raising his eyebrows at his friend. These two characters are J and Charles; they have got hair down to their shoulders, small try-hard goatees and science-lab coats, with nothing much underneath.

J:

(coughing)

This gear is getting heavier you know, Charles. I got a suspicion we should have been rocket scientists, or Noble Peace Prize winners or something.

A horn blows (the door bell).

CHARLES:

Who the hell is that?

INT. SLOANES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens to reveal Willy. Under each arm is a large bag of fertilizer.

WILLY:

Give me a hand Charlie, I could break sweat at any second.

A voice comes from behind them. At the top of the stairs stands Winston. He slowly starts to walk down.

WINSTON:

Charles, why have we got this cage?

Pause. Charlie shrugs.

CHARLIE:

Er, for security.

WINSTON:

That's right, for security. So tell me, Charles, what's the point in having it if we don't fucking use it?

CHARLIE:

Well, because it's Willy and Willy lives here.

WINSTON:

Yes Charlie, but you didn't know it was Willy, did you?

WILLY:

Chill, Winston, it's me and Charlie can see it's me, so what's the problem?

WINSTON:

The problem is, Willy, that Charlie and yourself are not the quickest of cats in the alley at the best of times, so just do as I say and keep the fucking cage locked.

Pause as the two in the door look slightly pissed off at being shouted at. Winston sighs and looks at what Willy is carrying.

WINSTON:

What are you carrying, Willy?

WILLY:

Er, fertilizer.

WINSTON:

You went out six hours ago to buy a money counter and you come back carrying two bags of fertilizer. Alarm bells are ringing, Willy.

WILLY:

We need fertilizer, Winston.

WINSTON:

We also need a fucking money counter, William! We have to get the money out by Thursday and I'll be buggered if I am counting it . . . and if you have to get your sodding fertilizer, couldn't you be a little more subtle?

WILLY:

What do you mean?

WINSTON:

I mean we grow copious amounts of ganja, and you don't look like your average hort-er-fucking-culturalist, that's what I mean, Willy.

Winston turns on his heels and walks off. 35

INT. JD'S BAR - NIGHT

Ed returns to the bar to find Tom, Soap and BACON

looking in disbelief.

TOM:

(pointing to watch)

What the hell are you doing here?

EDDY:

Why, what's up?

TOM:

Er, let me guess, my foot in your arse? A game of cards and Hatchet Harry. You're supposed to be getting some rest, boy!

Ed grimaces as his father approaches. He has overheard this last statement.

JD You playing cards tonight with Harry?

EDDY:

(pauses)

Don't be silly Dad, I wouldn't have anything to do with that.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We calm down for a while. A cool track is playing. Ed is now smartly dressed, sitting in an armchair. We have a close-up of his face. He is motionless, eyes closed; he looks asleep. The camera slowly tracks down his body We reach a single hand; he is cutting the pack skilfully and faultlessly; he is very much awake. There is a knock on his door. His eyes open.

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

Near-naked girls are gyrating against blue poles, which keep distracting these men's attention. Meet the two Scousers - Gary and Dean. The Scousers are in their late twenties, one big, one small. Gary (the smaller) sports a large demi-perm. They bear strong Liverpudlian accents. They are meeting Barry (Hatchet's man).

GARY:

Shotguns? What, like guns that fire shot?

BARRY:

Oh, you must be the brains then. That's right, guns that fire shot . . . Make sure you bring everything from inside the gun cabinet. There will be a load of guns, that's all I want. I'll pay you when you deliver. Everything outside the cabinet you can keep; it's yours.

GARY:

(sarcastically)

Oh, thanks very much. And there had better be something there for us.

BARRY:

It's a fucking stately home, of course there'll be something there.

DEAN:

Like what?

BARRY:

Like antiques.

DEAN:

Antiques? What the fuck do we know about antiques? We rob post offices and steal cars, what the fuck do we know about antiques?

BARRY:

If it looks old, it's worth money, simple. So stop fucking moaning and rob the place.

GARY:

So who's the Guv? Who we doing this for?

BARRY:

You're doing it for me is all you need to know. You only know that because you need to know.

GARY:

I see, one of those 'on a need to know' basis things, like a James Bond film, is it?

BARRY:

Careful, remember who's giving you this job.

A bit of confused eye-rolling goes on. Barry eventually looks at his watch.

I am off, it's all yours now. Call me when you're done.

As he leaves, the two Scousers eye him distastefully.

GARY:

(to Dean)

I hate these Southern shites.

BARRY:

(on his way out, whispering to himself)

Fucking Northern monkeys.

EXT. BOXING CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

EDDY and the lads have all made an obvious effort with their appearance. They are met by a doorman.

DOORMAN:

Invitations.

EDDY:

Invitations?

DOORMAN:

Yeah invitations, you know a pretty white piece of paper with your name on it.

EDDY:

Well we have got about a hundred thousand pretty pieces of paper with the Queen on it. Will that do?

DOORMAN:

All right, just you; the others can wait in Samoan Jo's next door.

EDDY:

Samoan Jo's? You mean the pub? Hold on . . .

DOORMAN:

Hold on bollocks, no one but card players in here tonight sonny, and I do mean no one.

INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

EDDY enters the boxing gym on his own, and raises his eyebrows at the thought of climbing into the ring. Everybody else is sitting down counting their money and converting it to chips. Ed takes the only empty chair and has a quick look around, particularly behind.

EDDY:

Evening Frazer, Phil, Don. This is a bit dramatic, isn't it? Is it supposed to be symbolic?

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PHIL/DON

All right Ed. Apparently it's for security.

EDDY:

I would have brought my gloves if I had known.

HATCHET:

You must be Eddy. JD's son.

EDDY:

Yup, you must be Harry? Sorry, I didn't know your father.

HATCHET:

Never mind son, you just might meet him if you carry on like that. There is an attractive blonde croupier shuffling the cards. EDDY Evening Tanya, it has been a while.

EXT. SAMOAN JO'S - NIGHT

As the boys walk in to Samoan Jo's, a man comes tearing out of the door covered in flames followed by his friends trying to put the flames out. The lads look on in mild shock.

TOM:

I heard this place was rough.

EXT. STATELY HOME - NIGHT

The Scousers make their way to the front door and unravel their lock-picking kit. '

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SAMOAN Jo's - NIGHT

SOAP:

What sort of a pub is this then?

SAMOAN JO:

A Samoan one. Anything else?

BACON:

(receiving a monstrous, leafy cocktail)

What's that?

SAMOAN JO:

A cocktail, you asked for a cocktail.

BACON:

No, I asked you to give me a refreshing drink. I wasn't expecting a fucking rainforest; you could fall in love with an orang-utan in that.

SAMOAN JO:

You want a pint, go to the pub.

BACON:

I thought this was a pub.

SAMOAN JO:

It's a Samoan pub.

BACON:

Well whatever it is, could you get your man to turn the TV down?

SAMOAN JO:

You ask him if you like, but I would leave him to it if I was you.
BACON looks at Rory Breaker, the man watching the TV.

BACON:

Excuse me, could you turn the TV down?

RORY BREAKER:

No.
He takes a swig of whatever he is drinking and frowns at Bacon. BACON frowns back, then Soap interrupts.

SOAP:

This is the English-Brazil game, isn't it?
INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

CROUPIER:

This is three card brag, gentlemen. That means that three threes is the highest, then three aces and then running down accordingly; then it's a running flush, a run, a flush, then a pair: An open man can't see a blind man, and it will cost you twice the anti to see your opponent. Don't fuck around, fellas; you all know the rules and you know I won't stand for it.

FRAZER:

What sort of shirt is that then, Ed? 'Three hundred open.

EDDY:

The type of shirt that has buttons on the front and collars at the top, Frazer. One hundred and fifty blind.

DON:

Three hundred and fifty open.

PHIL:

Fold.
* Cut from completed film.

HATCHET:

Three hundred and fifty open.

FRAZER:

You're the only fella in London who wears shirts like that. Three hundred and fifty open.

EDDY:

No Frazer, it's just I'm the only classy fella you have had the pleasure of seeing in London. One hundred and seventy-five blind.

DON:

Four hundred open.

HATCHET:

Four hundred open.

FRAZER:

Eight hundred. Like that, do ya, son?

EDDY:

When my knees stop knocking I'll live with it. Four hundred blind.

INT. BOXING GYM CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry, who is sitting among sweaty towels, takes out a four-inch monitor and switches it on, and hey presto we can see the card table. The camera is placed behind Ed in one of the four posts. Barry zooms in, pauses on the back of Ed's head, gets his focus and jibs down to view his cards, pauses and re focuses, because Ed is playing blind. He hasn't raised them: there is nothing Barry can do. We cut to Barry's other hand. He is pressing a button on a remote control. We cut straight to Harry's leg which is receiving the pulse.

46

BOXING GYM - NIGHT

HATCHET:

Listen ladies, this is cards. Men play cards, you want to talk soft you should be at the fucking hairdressers, so shut up and play.

(dramatic pause)

I fold.

FRAZER:

Two thousand open.

EDDY:

One thousand blind.

DON:

Two thousand open.

FRAZER:

Deep end, eh? Fold.

EDDY:

Two thousand blind.

DON:

You what?

There is a pause as Don examines Ed's brow looking for a trace of nerves.

Two grand? You're still blind. You have been eating too much English beef, mate; honkers, mad.

HATCHET:

Well, you going to play?

Cut from completed film.

DON:

Fucking right I am going to play. Three thousand, there.

CROUPIER:

Four thousand to an open man, you know that.

We can feel the confidence emanating from Eddy. Don continues to search Ed's forehead waiting for a break of nervous moisture, but it's as dry as a desert disco.

EDDY:

Donald, do you know how to play this game? The reason I put in half the anti is because I don't know what I have got. Now play, or fold.

Silence.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Don is thrown out on to the street, screaming and cursing.

EXT. STATELY HOME - NIGHT

The Scousers, having now entered, make their way through the large house.

DEAN:

OK Gary, we call each other Kenny, all right?

GARY:

All right, Kenny.

Dean looks at Gary's disguise with some distaste. He has a stocking pulled over only half his face. A sexy thigh grip is replicating an artificial, frilly moustache, not giving the desired menacing look. A big bouffant head of hair is neatly being controlled up on top.

DEAN:

Can't you pull that stocking down further, Kenny?

GARY:

It just cost me fifty quid to have this done.

(Lovingly rearranging his hair)

If you think I am going to ruin it for a couple of old bastards you're mistaken, Kenny.

INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

Music starts. We cut to a montage of Ed, Hatchet and Barry at work. Ed must be about 250,000 up but the game is getting out hand and pieces of paper are being signed; IOUs.

INT. STATELY HOME BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dean returns down a corridor carrying an armful of rifles and enters a large bedroom. There are a couple of toffs (English aristocrats) tied up in bed. The old man has bits of tissue between his toes which Gary has seen fit to light, in order to extract information. Briefly meet Lord and Lady Appleton Smythe Winston and Daisy's parents).

DEAN:

What are you doing, Kenny?

Gary is on the point of lighting another piece of tissue.

GARY:

Finding out where he keeps the money.

48 49

DEAN:

Kenny, you twat, does it look like these people have got any money? They can't even afford new furniture. We've got the guns; now if you don't mind . . .

At that moment they are interrupted by the sound of a shotgun cartridge. The ancient butler has made an unexpected entrance. He is holding an equally ancient pair of hammer-lock guns (the ones from the catalogue) which he has obviously got little control of. The recoil knocks the butler clear off his feet. The second shot hits the ceiling

covering the old boy in plaster.

We cut to a POV of the butler on his back. We see Dean looking down. You want to be more careful, old fella. You very nearly took my man's head clean off with that. You all right, Kenny?

We cut to a shaking shell-shocked Gary, mouth agape. The gun shot has torn through the centre of Gary's bouffant hairdo leaving him with a pair of smoking Mickey Mouse ears. Shock prevents him from answering. Kenny?

INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

EDDY:

Ten grand blind.

We see Hatchet feeling his leg; he looks shifty

INT. BOXING GYM CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry zooms in again; he can see nothing.

HATCHET:

Twenty thousand open.

EDDY looks at his cards: he has a running flush.

EDDY:

Twenty thousand open.

INT. BOXING GYM CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry sighs with relief and types in the relevant information.

INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

Having received this information Hatchet pauses, then . . .

HATCHET:

I'll fold.

We hear lots of oohs and aahs. EDDY frowns slightly This is odd play. Rather than looking happy he has a discrete glance over his shoulder; satisfied that nothing can be amiss, he collects his money.

Don't go spending, that all at once, boy.

INT. BOXING GYM CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry's phone rings. He jumps in shock and fishes around to find it.

BARRY:

What?

50 ~ 51

INT. RED PHONE BOX - NIGHT

The Scousers reply; Gary is still unable to speak due to his shotgun experience.

DEAN:

I thought you said no staff, Bazza!

BARRY:

You get the guns?

DEAN:

You should see what they did to poor Gary.

Gary wanders past the phone box in a gormless state. He obviously doesn't know what day of the week it is.

DEAN:

Gary, get back into the van!

Barry frowns down the telephone. Yeah, yeah, we got 'em.

BARRY:

Good. I'll speak to you later.

Barry clicks the phone off. Dean looks at Gary and raises his voice as if speaking to a deaf person.

DEAN:

Gary, Gary, if you can hear me, I think we better get you back in the van now, OK?

Dean takes his arm and guides him back into the van.

BOXING GYM - NIGHT

Stakes have increased dramatically. There is a pause as Frazer looks at his cards.

EDDY:

Twenty thousand open.

PHIL:

OK. My Doctor would beat me to a heart attack if he knew what was going on here. I fold.

HATCHET:

Got some cards there, boy? Thirty thousand. Back to you already Eddy? Hatchet looks impatiently at the door.

EDDY:

Fifty grand.

Hatchet scours Ed's forehead. It is still dry.

HATCHET:

Eighty grand.

BOXING GYM CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry, who is trying as hard as he can to see Ed's cards, frustratedly zooms in and out; eventually Ed raises them just enough; Barry jibs, hey bingo he sees Ed's cards! Ed's got nothing but a pair of sixes. Barry excitedly starts tapping away.

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INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

EDDY:

One hundred grand.

FRAZER:

Hold on fellas, I know . . .

HATCHER (interrupts)

I know you're not in, which means nobody cares what you know. Two hundred and fifty.

Hatchet and EDDY minutely study each other's hairlines, waiting for a nervous droplet to appear. Sweat breaks; a drop on Ed's forehead, fills frame. Slowly we follow a droplet's journey coursing down Eddy's brow. Eventually this is met by a large unblinking eye, at this point the pause is broken.

EDDY:

That is quite a raise, one hundred and fifty on my hundred.

HATCHET:

Yes . . . and is there something else you want to say? EDDY

As you know, this puts us in an awkward position. I don't have enough to continue.

Pause.

CROUPIER:

We will have to see both your cards if no one loans EDDY the money to continue. It's a loan or we see both your cards.

Silence follows. A lot of nose scratching and examining of imaginary dirty fingernails spreads contagiously throughout the remaining company.

It doesn't look . . .

HATCHET:

(interrupts)

I will.

EDDY:

You will what?

HATCHET:

I will loan you the money.

Silence. The sweat bead reaches the bottom of Ed's chin, trembles for a second, then unattaches itself. Very slowly it falls. We follow its long silent journey. Eventually it is greeted by the back of Ed's cards. It explodes dramatically in sound and vision, symbolizing this worrying news.

EDDY:

I think I would rather just turn them over.

HATCHET:

I am not interested in what you would rather; I want to keep going. I am also offering you the money, so we don't have to turn them over because you can borrow.

EDDY:

I need two hundred and fifty grand.

HATCHET:

No, you need five hundred grand to see me.
Ed's face is now awash, busily blistering with sweat.

EDDY:

That's if I want to see you.

HATCHET:

Well, you're going to have a problem carrying on, aintcha.
The pause is painful.
55

CRUOPIER:

You can still fold.
EDDY doesn't like the sound of this. There is sympathy in her voice. Harry looks sharply through narrowed eyes at the croupier; the croupier pleads with Eddy.

EDDY:

I'll see ya.

HATCHET:

For half a million?

EDDY:

Unless you are going to accept twenty quid.

HATCHET:

And still got a sense of humour. That's not monkey nuts son; you can still fold.

(Pause)

OK, before I loan you this, I expect, if you lose of course, my money back within a week, Crystal? That's Sunday, OK?

These last few words echo in the distance of Ed's mind (and ours). He is committed, but has now left the world of the conscious. Hatchet turns over the first card; it's a seven. EDDY ushers him on; another seven, it looks as though he will have three;

then the third:

After a
loud pause . . .

CROUPIER:

Is that it?

* Cut from completed film.

56

FRAZER:

He was bluffing!

Hatchet looks content and rather nonchalant.

HATCHET:

Let's see your fucking cards.

Nobody is impressed by Hatchet's cards; all eyes fall on EDDY expectantly We crash in to Ed's pupils with a loud swoosh. They contract to the size of pinheads. His world has changed for ever.
FREEZE SHOT OF EDDY

EDDY:

(voice-over)

I knew he was bluffing, but somehow the worst card player round the table had fucked me like a frozen virgin with a pair of sevens. A series of blows to my head with a baseball bat would have been greeted with a grin compared to this. Ten minutes earlier, I was two hundred thousand pounds richer; now I owed half a million.
RELEASE FREEZE SHOT OF EDDY

Harry approaches Ed and whispers in his ear.

HATCHET:

I know your friends are responsible for most of that cash, so I'll give you all a week to find it. After that, I'll take a finger off each of you and your friend's hands for each day that passes without payment; and when you have all run out of digits, then who knows what?

Ed gets up. We stumble with him in slow motion. He is hardly able to stand. He wobbles over to the door. Harry continues to talk over the top.

Business is business, and I am good at making mine work. I like your dad's bar, JD's, so don't get clever or lethargic. If you can't pay in a week, a few fingers and a bar for starters.

Ed stumbles out of the door, doubles up and vomits all over the f door.

INT. SAMOAN JO'S - NIGHT

Ed has made his way into the bar. All his friends have fallen asleep. One of Bacon's eyes opens to see Ed cleaning himself up.

BACON:

This doesn't look good.

The others wake on this statement. We cut between the lads and their frozen reaction.

FREEZE SHOT OF LADS IN SHOCK

EDDY:

(voice-over)

I then explained the unfortunate position we were in. Harry was going to start sizing up all our fingers in a week, 'cause he knew there was no way I could raise that kind of money on my own. Harry saw it as their money on the table so it was also their debt off the table. I hate to admit it but I could have kissed the old bastard for that. If I said I wanted to settle this debt on my own it would have been a lie.

RELEASE FREEZE SHOT OF LADS

EDDY:

Listen, I wish he would let me settle it on my own.

Tom drops his drink and rushes Eddy.

58

TOM:

I'll kill him!

BACON:

(intercepts Tom)

Stop fucking around, Tom, and think. What are we going to do?

SOAP:

What's all the fuss about Harry? Why don't we just boycott the payment? They all look at Soap like he is mad.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S' OFFICE - NIGHT

BACON:

(voice-over)

Let me tell you about Hatchet Harry. Once there was this geezer called Smithy Robinson who worked for Harry. It was rumoured that he was on the take. Harry invited Smithy round for an explanation. Smithy didn't do a very good job. Within a minute Harry lost his temper and reached for the nearest thing at hand, which happened to be a fifteen-inch black rubber cock. He then proceeded to batter poor Smithy to death with this; that was seen as a pleasant way to go . . . Hence, Hatchet Harry is a man you pay if you owe.

EDDY:

I'll think of something, don't worry.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ed, who looks like he is close to suicide, has developed a two-day stubble and his eyes have disappeared into black sockets. He stumbles along the street with a bottle of scotch poking out of a pocket. He stops outside JD's, looks at the entrance and decides not to go in.
60

INT. SLOANES' SITTING ROOM - DAY The ridiculous door-bell horn blows.

J:

Who the hell's that. It's only twelve.

WINSTON:

Use that cage, that's what it's there for.

WILLIAM:

(off)

Who is it?

PLANK:

(off)

Plank, open up.

This is done without the use of the steel-caged security door.

This weed is getting quite a reputation, you know, fellas. Gloria remains motionless in her chair. Plank waves his hand about in a sort

of 'how you doing' way to everyone and goes to take a seat. At the last minute, poised like he is sitting on a potty he realizes he is about to sit on this girl.

Jesus! Never saw you there. Hello, love. Enjoying yourself?

Gloria doesn't respond. Plank waves his hand over her face. Still no response. Plank looks around for some acknowledgement.

Is she, er, compus?

WINSTON:

(doesn't look up)

What do you think?

Plank takes a close look at the girl.

61

GIRL:

BOO!

Plank jumps back, completely taken by surprise, knocking over a pedestal of shoe boxes stacked up against a wall, full of fifty-pound notes.

PLANK:

Fuck me!

Charles, pissed off, looks at William like it's his fault.

CHARLES:

Fod God's sake.

WILLIAM:

Clean that up, Charles.

CHARLES:

Sod you, you clean it up.

PLANK:

Sorry fellas, but that stupid cow!

WILLIAM:

Never mind, could you please just sit down and stay out of the way.

WINSTON:

Anyway, how much do you want?

PLANK:

(trying to look like the money hasn't had an impact on him)

I am after a half weight.

WINSTON:

That's one and a half thousand. Pass those scales, Willie, and sort out the gear, Charlie. Any chance of seeing your money?

INT. JD' S BAR - DAY

Cut to Bacon, Soap and Tom sitting and talking in the back of JD's bar. They don't look a lot better than Ed.

BACON:

The odds are one hundred to one so all we need is five grand.

SOAP:

I would rather put my money on a three-legged rocking horse. The odds are a hundred to one for a good reason, BACON

. . . it won't win. So where is Ed with all the bright ideas?

BACON:

At the bottom of a bottle and has been for two days; it's hit him hard.

SOAP:

It's hit us all hard!

BACON:

Yeah, but he has got to tell his Dad he is about to lose his bar. Tom, who has not really been listening, suddenly interrupts.

TOM:

Listen to this one then; you open a company called the Arse Tickler's Faggot Fan Club. You take an advert in the back page of some gay mag, advertising the latest in arse-intruding dildos, sell it a bit with, er . . . I dunno, `does what no other dildo can do until now', latest and greatest in sexual technology. Guaranteed results or money back, all that bollocks. These dills cost twenty-five each; a snip for all the pleasure they are going to give the recipients. They send a cheque to the company name, nothing offensive, er, Bobbie's Bits or something, for twenty-five. You put these in the bank for two weeks and let them clear. Now this is the clever bit. Then you send back the cheques for twenty-five pounds from the real company name, Arse Tickler's Faggot Fan Club, saying sorry, we couldn't get the supply from America, they have sold out. Now you see how many of the people cash those cheques; not a single soul, because who wants his bank manager to know he tickles arses when he is not paying in cheques! There is a long pause while BACON considers this.

BACON:

So how long do you have to wait 'till you see a return?

TOM:

Probably no longer than four weeks.

BACON:

A month? So, my friend, what fucking good is that, if we need it in six . . . no, five days?

TOM:

Well, it's still a good idea.

SOAP:

Listen to this one . . .

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY

We see the back of a head.

DOG:

So do you know these geezers well?

PLANK:

Well enough. I have been buying gear off one of them for a couple of years.

DOG:

What they like then?

PLANK:

Poofs. Nothing heavy, four public school guys. Soft as shite.

INT. JD'S BAR - DAY

Soap is finishing off his suggestion for raising money.

SOAP:

And you keep all the money'

Pause. BACON and Tom frown at Soap.

TOM:

I have heard some fucking stupid ideas in my time but yours makes Bacon's sound inspired.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

Ed fumbles with his keys at his front door. He enters his house in a sort of zombie state, takes off his jacket and opens the cupboard

doors. He hangs his coat up (it promptly falls off" the hanger) and he collapses in a pile on the floor. The cupboard doors now being open, he can clearly hear next door's discussion. We track in very slowly on Ed.

PLANK:

They ponce around in funny hippie clothes all day, talking bollocks. They're just good at growing weed, that's all, and business has got bigger than what they can keep up with.

INT. JD'S BAR - DAY

SOAP:

If you're so fucking clever why don't you come up with a suggestion?

BACON:

I am thinking, I am thinking.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

DOG:

(off)

Listen, they can't be all stupid if they got a container load of cash sitting in shoe boxes, a skip-load of Class A gear and you don't think there is anybody sensible involved.

We reach the end of our track. Ed's head is on a pitiful angle in full close-up. It straightens and his dark eyes widen immediately on this news.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY

DOG:

What about security?

PLANK:

There's one steel gate as you go in but they never lock it.

DOG:

What do you mean, never? Well what have they got it for, then?

PLANK:

I must have been there fifty times, it's never been locked; they're not suspicious. Everybody who goes there are toffs. They're all into that

karma crap:

DOG:

Is there no way they can get back to you?

PLANK:

Even if they could they'd be too shit scared. They have got no muscle; they're gutless faggots.

66 ~ 67

IN'T. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry and Harry are talking. Harry is polishing a shotgun. It is very different in appearance to the hammer-locks.

HATCHET:

Is Big Chris on his way?

BARRY:

Should be here any minute. I think you're making a mistake, Harry. That's a lot of money for Chris to be running after. I wouldn't trust him to bring it back here.

Hatchet's speech is laced with cut-aways of Big Chris in action, and on the ascent (with Little Chris) of Hatchet's stairs.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S STAIRCASE - DAY

HATCHET:

(voice-over)

What do you know about Chris, eh? You put Big Chris on a job and he will make sure it gets done, no matter what's in his way. His dad used to collect debts and his dad before that, and that monster of a boy will after he has gone. It seems that the Almighty himself requested them to collect debts for eternity and not to fear knocking on old Nick's door himself, if he was behind on his payment. But he has never nicked a picker in his life. Straight as an arrow and as strong as the bow that fired it. If you dropped your tenner he would search till he found ya . . . the only problem is he isn't stable, has a temper like a runaway train, and he hits twice as hard. Heaven protect anyone who touches that boy, not that the boy needs protecting.

We see Big Chris walking up the stairs. He reaches the top and knocks on the door.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Big Chris is sitting in front of Hatchet, Barry behind Chris.

HATCHET:

Want a drink?

BARRY:

Hello son, would you like a lolly?

LITTLE CHRIS:

Piss off you nonce!

BIG CHRIS:

Oi, watch it! No thanks Harry, we are both all right. Nice shooter.

HATCHET:

Like it? One of a pair, Holland and Holland. Here, you want to hold it?

BIG CHRIS:

Nah, not my thing, thank you, Harry. Business good? I imagine that's what I am here for.

Harry leans the gun against the side of the desk and takes a seat, does a breast-stroke movement to clear his desk of all the sexual debris, takes a big breath of air and begins.

HATCHET:

I want you to forget about any other debts at the moment; there are fresher fish to fry!

BIG CHRIS:

Go on.

HATCHET:

It's a bit of a priority. Four young fellas who got in deeper than they could handle; they owe me half a million pounds.

68 ~ 69

LITTLE CHRIS:

How much?

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom, BACON

and Soap are sitting in front of Ed who looks as though he is about to launch in to a speech.

TOM:

What's the flapping about? You told the old man yet? EDDY
I hope I won't need to. I got a plan. So listen carefully.

INT. SLOANES' SITTING ROOM - NIGHT WINSTON

Look, he set us up. That means he put money into us, which means he expects money out of us. You don't need to be an economist to work that out.

J:

He might think we smoke a lot and burn a bit of profit, but he can't have any idea about the hard currency we've accumulated. We can just slice it off the top.

WINSTON:

You guys, you've got to realise who this chap is. He's a fucking lunatic. If he gets the slightest inkling that we are not throwing straight dice, you - and fuck it, me - are going to know what the sharp side of a kebab knife feels like.

*CHARLES Come on, we are in this for the cash however it comes.

The phone rings. Winston picks it up.

* Cut from completed film.

70

WINSTON:

Hello.

DAISY :

(she is upset)

Winston?

WINSTON:

Yeah.

DAISY :

It's Daisy.

WINSTON:

I know who it is. What's the problem?

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The situation has been explained. There are thoughtful frowns on all foreheads. There is a pause.

SOAP:

Well, what do you want us to do about it?

EDDY:

Hit the fuckers.

Pause while this is digested.

I know it sounds a bit heavy, but it's not like you are doing anything illegal.

BACON:

I don't know how you've reached that conclusion.

EDDY:

They can't report they have had all their drugs and money nicked, can they?

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TOM:

How heavy are the fellas anyway?

EDDY:

They don't look all that.

SOAP:

Hitler didn't look all that.

EDDY:

All right, but for Christ's sake we're in the soup and this is the silver spoon. If you can think of another way to get out, let me know. It's not like we've got all the time in the world either . . . Dig? Silence falls over them.]

BACON:

I am game.

TOM:

Me too.

SOAP

Oh, god!

EDDY:

Well, we hit them as soon as they come back. We'll be waiting and prepared for them.

Pause as Ed's voice drops a little. And they are armed.

SOAP:

What was that, armed? What do you mean, armed? Armed with what?

EDDY:

Er, bad breath, colourful language and a feather duster! . . . What do you think they will be armed with? Guns, you tit!

SOAP:

Guns! You never said anything about guns. A minute ago this was the safest job in the world, now it's turning in to a bad day in Bosnia . . .

EDDY:

Jesus, Soap, stop being such a mincer. I thought about that and...

SOAP:

And what exactly?

EDDY:

And we will just have to find out who's going to be carrying them.

SOAP:

Carrying them. They could all be carrying them for what we know.

EDDY:

No, just one of them is in charge of them going to the job. So I assume he will still be carrying when he comes back from the job.

SOAP:

Oh, you assume, do ya? What do they say about assumption being the brother of all fuck-ups?

TOM:

It's the mother of fuck-ups, stupid!

SOAP:

Well, excuse me, brother, mother or any other sucker, doesn't make any difference, they are still fucking guns, and they still fire fucking bullets!

72 ~ 73

EDDY:

Soap, if you got a better idea to get five hundred grand in the next few days you let us know . . . In the meantime, Tom, speak to Nick the Bubble about moving the weed.

INT. JD'S BAR - NIGHT

Tom and Nick are stuck away in a corner playing on a fruit machine.

NICK:

Weed?

TOM:

Not normal weed. This is some fucked-up skunk class A. I can't think

let alone move shit.

NICK:

Doesn't sound very good to me.

TOM:

Neither me, but it depends on what flicks your switch, and the light's on and burning bright for the masses.

NICK:

You'll need samples, Tom.

TOM:

No can do.

NICK:

Where's that? A place near Katmandu? Meet me half way, mate.

TOM:

Listen, it's all completely chicken soup.

NICK:

It's what?

.

TOM:

Kosher as Christmas

NICK:

(rolls his eyes)

Jews don't celebrate Christmas, Tom.

TOM:

Never mind that now. I also need some artillery, you know, a couple of sawn-off shotguns.

NICK:

Bloody hell, Tom! This is a bit heavy. This is London, not the Lebanon! Who do you think I am?

TOM:

I think you're Nick the Greek.

INT. RORY BREAKER'S OFFICE - DAY

There's a cacophony of seventies funk and football filling the room. We

meet Rory Breaker. Rory is a very well-dressed cool-looking black dude. He is in his own way sophisticated, considering what he does for a living. His help, however, are less well-informed. Rory has Nick the Greek in front of him.

RORY:

Nick, I don't have anything to do with weed, normally, but if it is what he says it is, I'll give him three and a half thousand a key, that's if it is what he says it is. I don't want to see it after a sample, I don't want to touch it after a sample. I'll leave you in the capable hands of Nathan here. He will work out the details, but let me get this straight. If the milk turns out to be sour, I ain't the kind of pussy who will drink it. Know what I mean?

74 ~ 75

INT. GARAGE UNDER THE ARCHES - DAY

The Scousers are handing over all the shotguns from their previous job to Barry and assistant. Dean has got a complicated hair arrangement to disguise his accident with the butler. Barry raises his eyebrows at this new look.

BARRY:

Is your hair supposed to look like that, then?
Gary ignores this question.

DEAN:

Next time we do a job like this we gonna want more money, or we are going back to post offices and cars.

BARRY:

Where're the others?
Barry is looking with same concern for the hammer-lock Purdeys.

DEAN:

There are no others.

BARRY:

Now, stop fucking around. The others, the old ones?

DEAN:

I don't know what you mean.

BARRY:

(dead serious)

There were two old guns there; where are they?

DEAN:

Not in the cabinet there wasn't. There was a couple of old hammer-lock muskets the butler was carrying; they were ours, and we sold 'em!

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BARRY:

Well you just better un-sell 'em, sharpish.

DEAN:

They were . . .

BARRY:

(interrupts)

I am not fucking interested.

Shouting. If you don't want to end up counting the fingers that you haven't got, or sharing a bed with the anti-Christ, I suggest you get those guns, quick.

INT. BACK OF VAN - DAY

We are facing Nick's large behind, builder's cleavage poking out of the top of his trousers. Nick is unwrapping two long implements from a

sheet:

TOM:

Jesus, if I pick them up, will they stay in one piece? Where did you get them from?

NICK:

I got contacts. Listen Tom, if you pointed them at me I'd shit myself or do whatever you said to do. Either way you still get the desired effect.

TOM:

They look nice, I agree . . . but lacking in criminal credibility, aren't they? I might get laughed at. How much do you want for these muskets?

NICK:

Seven hundred each.

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TOM:

What's that, a pound for every year they have been around? I know

they're antiques, but I ain't paying antique prices. Pause.
And they're a bit long, aren't they?

NICK:

Sawn-offs are out, Tom; people like to have a bit more range nowadays.

TOM:

Range? I don't want to blow the arse out of this country, granted, but I don't want anybody blowing a raspberry at me either. I want to look fucking mean.

NICK:

Of course you will look mean, Tom, you will look really scary.

TOM:

All right, let's forget about them for the time being. What about your weed man?

NICK:

Rory Breaker is standing by. You stand to make a lot of money, Tommy boy.

INT. JD'S BAR - NIGHT

We are looking directly at JD's shell-shocked face. He gently lays down an empty glass on the bar.

HATCHET:

I understand if this has come as a bit of a shock, but I'll tell you how this can be resolved by the good father.

* Big Chris in completed film.

Pause. The camera spins round to reveal Hatchet and Barry the Baptist.

JD:

Go on.

HATCHET:

I like your bar.

JD:

Yes?

HATCHET:

I want your bar.

JD:

And?

HATCHET:

Do you want me to draw a picture?

JD:

Harry, that boy doesn't know his asshole from his ear-hole, or you from a hoodwink. This bar is mine, and he has nothing to do with it.

HATCHET:

What, and I care? Remember, you do have the luxurious advantage of being able to sustain your son's life.

JD:

And you do have a reputation, so I'll choose my words carefully. But not to put too fine a point on it, fuck yourself, Harry!

Barry pulls a kind of mock-scared face and clutches his heart.

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HATCHET:

Oh, careful JD, you'll give Barry a heart-attack.

We crash-zoom again into Harry's eyes to see the pupils contract. It's time to look mean.

I'll put that down to shock, but only once, only once can or will I let you get away with that. Your son's still got three days to find half a million, but make up your mind which one you prefer: your son, or your bar.

We have a slow-motion close-up of the drink being slammed down, proving a point.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

BACON has rigged up an amplifier to the hole in the cupboard along with a ridiculous amount of recording equipment. The house lights still flicker on and off. We start the first part of the conversation looking at Bacon, who has his headphones on. We cut to Dog halfway through the second sentence.

INT. DOG'S HDUSE - DAY

PLANK:

There's nothing to worry about, it's going to be easy.

DOG:

There is no such thing as easy in my experience and, if you think this is going to be easy, you're a dick. It may be easier than most but it's not going to be easy.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

BACON has a kettle next to where he is sitting. It steams away quite happily but a worrying noise starts to come from the plug socket. BACON prepares himself.- BOOM! He disappears into black.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY

They react to the BOOM! Dog looks at the wall with suspicion, misses a beat, then continues.

DOG:

What's that idiot doing next door?

(Points at Paul)

We use your van. It's up some stairs this place, so we'll stick out like balls on a bulldog. Plank is going up first. There is a cage but it is never locked, is it Plank?

PLANK:

No.

DOG:

And it better bloody not be. Once he is firmly in place, he gets the rest of us in. We'll get nasty with a couple of them, shit 'em up, scare and gag 'em. I can't see these wankers giving us a problem, but they might have a couple of tools hanging around like any cowboy. When the job is done we'll come straight back here. It's dark by then, unload and Robert's your father's brother. Everybody savvy?

ALL TOGETHER:

Yup.

DOG:

Right, tomorrow, eight o'clock we'll do it. Apparently these stags don't get out of bed till midday, lowest ebb and all that, and that's how I like it.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

BACON is now lit by candle.

BACON:

Jesus.

DOG:

(off)

So no messing around tonight. We leave eight a.m., OK?

EDDY:

Yes?

BACON:

It's happening tomorrow morning. Get back here now.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SOAP:

(staggering)

Where did you get those from, a museum?

TOM:

Nick the Greek.

BACON:

How much did you part with?

TOM:

Seven hundred for the pair.

SOAP:

Drachmas, I hope. I would feel safer with a chicken drumstick. They could do more harm than good.

BACON:

Jesus, Tom, do they work?

TOM:

I dunno, but they look nice. I rather like 'em.

EDDY:

Top of the list of priorities, how nice they look.

SOAP:

Ladies, if you don't mind, back to a more important issue. We've only got two real guns . . . apparently that's what they are. We find a good place to hide next door. When it sounds like the right time, we jack in the box, look nasty and stuff, cocoon them in gaffer tape, then we nick their van and swap the gear into a new van and then bring it back here. As long as we are all out of our hiding places quickly, it's the last thing they'll expect. If Tom and anyone else feels like kicking them around a bit I am sure it won't do any harm. A bit of pain never hurt any one (thinking about it) if you know what I mean . . . Also, I think knives are a good idea, you know, big fuck-off shiny knives, the ones that look like they could skin a crocodile. Knives are good because

they don't make any noise, and the less noise the more we're likely to use them. That'll shit 'em up and make us look like pros.
There is a pause as they look at Soap with suspicion.

TOM:

Is there something we should know about you, Soap?

BACON:

I am not sure what's more worrying, the job or your past.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ed and Bacon, etc, are all mounted up on top of one another looking out a crack in the curtain. They are observing Dog's party en route to work. They are dressed as kebab shop assistants.

SOAP:

Where the fuck are they going? To butcher a sheep? I thought this was a robbery.

EDDY:

Where did they get those outfits from? Haven't we got some like that, Tom?

TOM:

Well, not exactly like that.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE (VAN) - MORNING

Dog and troop load up.

INT. SLDANES' SITTING ROOM - MORNING

Cut to Sloanes. They are up and unusually awake. Today is the day to move the money so they are comparatively alert. There is lots of activity.

WINSTON:

You fucking jelly-heads, move it. You have been up for two hours, you should have got somewhere by now. The gear and the money has got to be out of here before twelve.

The horn blasts.

Who's that? J, don't you dare open the door until you use that cage. I am serious, and find out who it is first.

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INT. SLOANES' FRONT DOOR - DAY

J:

(raising his voice for the door)

Hello, can I help you?

PLANK:

All right, it's Plank. Is Willie there?

J:

No, I'm afraid he's not. He's out at the moment.

PLANK:

Well, perhaps you can help?

J:

Well, perhaps I can't, Plank, if you know what I mean.

PLANK:

Look, could you just open the door so I could talk without shouting?

J:

I can't help you, Plank.

PLANK:

I think you'll find it is in your interest.

INT SLOANES' SITTING ROOM - DAY

J:

Hold on. OK.

(Whispering inside.)

Look Willie, it's Plank outside asking for you, he says it's in our interest.

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WINSTON:

I don't care if it's King fucking Kong, he is not coming in here, not today.

WILLIAM:

Hold on:

is

business?

J:

Corrected; that's a walking accident that we can do without.

WILLIAM Jesus, he's OK; he knows only to buy weights now, so we are looking at least a couple of thou; just one last time.

J:

What do you think, Winston?

Pause.

WINSTON:

Willy, this is the last time, and don't let him know that you're here, otherwise he will be here all day, and get rid of him quick. We have work to do.

EXT. SLOANES' STAIRS - DAY

DOG:

(frustrated)

What the fuck is going on?

MICK:

Do you want me to have a look, Dog?

DOG:

No, you silly fucker, stay still.

(Whispering)

What's going on?

PLANK:

Come on, I can't wait out here all day.

Starting to get anxious that the whole deal could be off Plank looks down the stairs and waves at Dog as some kind of reassurance.

J:

(off)

All right, just coming.

J unlocks the door after getting the cage ready. There's an external door, and then a small corridor before the cage. J is inside the cage. Two, or at a push, three people could fit in this space before they would be poking out on the outside world.

INT. SLOANES' CAGE - DAY

PLANK:

I thought you were going to leave me out there all day.

J:

I didn't know you were a kebab man, Plank.

PLANK:

(taking the piss)

Lives and learns doesn't one.

Then devastation slaps him hard.

Keep the gates locked now, do you?

J:

Sorry, got to do business like this now; can't be too careful these days.

PLANK:

I know.

(Suddenly turning very nasty whispering.)

Now shut it. You say a fucking word the right knee goes, another word then your left.

J:

(confused and believing it's a joke, until he sees the gun.)

What are you doing, Plank?

PLANK:

What do you think I am doing? Hold on. What are you doing? Unlock that gate. Oi! I said unlock that fucking gate.

J has found it all too much and has passed out with fear, collapsing on the floor in an awkward contorted position. Plank is desperately trying to find the right key. Things are not going as well as planned. Dog, in the meantime, has decided it's time to start the show

EXT. SLOANES' STAIRS - DAY

DOG:

Go! Go! Go! Fucking run, you two.

They all go charging into the open door only to slam straight into Plank. The keys go flying out of Plank's hands and through the cage. Plank cries with frustration, reaching out with his hand to retrieve them. Dog, finding the gate locked, is none too happy They are also still exposed to the eyes of the world due to the lack of space between the outside door and the inside cage.

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INT. SLOANES' CAGE - DAY

DOG:

{mesmerized}

The fucking gate's shut, you prick.

PLANK:

Just hold on, I got the keys.
Having clawed them back with the end of his shotgun.

DOG:

(seeing an unconscious man at his feet)
What the fuck did you do to Fauntleroy?

PLANK:

(fumbling and panicking)
I didn't touch him, he just passed out.
INT. SLOANES' SITTING ROOM - DAY

WINSTON:

J, what's going on out there?
(Realising)
Get the rifle out, Charles. We're being fucked.
INT. SLOANES' FRONT DOOR - DAY

DOG:

Get the sodding gate open now, Plank.
Plank is busy fumbling about, not really getting anywhere because of
the pressure being applied.

PLANK:

(trying to convince himself, as much as Dog)
It must be this one.

DOG:

Just give me the keys.
The gun with which Plank has been entrusted is pointing straight at
Dog's groin.
Point your gun in there, dick, not at me.
Mick has unwrapped his gun from his case. Dog turns and looks amazed at
the size of the weapon.
What the fuck is that?

MICK:

It's a bren gun.

DOG:

You could have brought something a bit more fucking practical, couldn't
ya?
Pop! We hear the sound of an air gun pellet hitting the bars.

PLANK:

(trying to salvage some credibility)

Don't you stags move or I'll kill the lot of ya.

DOG:

(amazed by this stupidity)

Who are you going to kill Plank? There's no one there.

We hear another pop and Plank gets shot in the neck. This understarulably sends him into a real panic, thinking this is curtains.

PLANK:

(gurgle)

They shot me!

Panic unashamedly exposing itself. Trickle of blood start flowing from in-between Plank's fingers.

DOG:

(unimpressed)

Well shoot them.

Plank shoots at everything and nothing. Smoke fills the corridor, leaving them in a cloud. A bit of coughing goes on, then silence.

JOHN:

Jesus Plank, you could have got smokeless cartridges, I can't see a bloody thing.

Pop! Another pellet is fired hitting John in the chest.

Ah, Jesus, shit, I've been shot!

DOG:

I don't fucking believe this. Could everybody stop getting shot. Sit down John, you cock, patch yourself up; it's only a fucking air rifle. Dog is interrupted by an enormously loud blast of machine-gun fire. Dog and the boys panic, cover their ears and hit the floor. After this outburst Dog looks up at Mick and sees he is the culprit. Mick looks down at Dog expecting a congratulatory nod from Dog; he doesn't get it. What the fuck was that?

MICK:

That was the bren gun!

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DOG:

If you use that again, you're a dead man, do you understand?

He speaks softly but he is quite shaken. He then raises his voice; he

has had enough of all this mincing.

Right fellas!

He shouts to the Sloanes while dragging the semi-conscious body of J up to use as a shield.

Before I go any further I am going to shoot your mate's toes off!

No sooner said than done; his toes go. The smoke problem repeats itself and J faints again, but an unfazed Dog continues.

Now if you want us to be gone in two minutes, open the fucking gate, now!

INT. SLOANES' SITTING ROOM - DAY

CHARLES:

He'll probably kill us if we do.

WINSTON:

Well, J will certainly get it if we don't; he's serious. Look what he did to his toes.

DOG:

(off)

Right, his leg's going now.

WINSTON:

All right, all fucking right, I am coming.

(Turning and whispering)

Willie, he doesn't know you are here, just sort something out, OK.

Willie slinks off with a `like what?' look on his face.

INT. SLOANES' CAGE - DAY

DOG:

And all your friends, there's a good lad.

WINSTON:

There is only three of us here.

DOG:

Do you want me to take his leg off? Where's the fourth?

WINSTON:

I mean it, there is only three of us here.

DOG:

Plank?

PLANK:

(gurgle, gurgle)

Yeah, one of them's out.

DOG:

OK, open the gate.

No sooner said than done. Dog hits one straight on Winston's forehead with the butt of his gun and drags him to the stairs. 97

INT. SLOANES' SITTING ROOM - DAY DOG

Up boy, up, up.

They reach the top of the stairs.

Tie 'em up John and, Plank, you come with me. Where's the money?

PLANK:

There, in those shoe boxes.

Dog opens them. There is nothing in them. If looks could kill Plank would be pushing up daisies.

DOG:

(gun to the head of Winston)

Where?

WINSTON:

Out the back.

DOG:

And the weed?

WINSTON:

Out the back.

MICK:

Point.

WINSTON:

With what?

MICK:

Your hands, now!

WINSTON:

I can't, I am tied up.

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MICK:

Well, well, shake your head or something.

DOG:

All right Plank, get Paul out of the van.

This is done on a walky talky.

INT. SLOANES' BACK ROOM - DAY

The door opens. Willie is waiting behind it armed with a machete. He turns to his opponent and, eyes shut for Dutch courage, hacks straight into Mick's arm. Mick's machine gun goes off and William loses a finger as he tries to push the barrel to the side. He starts screaming uncontrollably

DOG:

(to Plank)

Give us your knife.

Dog is going to put an end to this screaming and is making his way to its source. William is silenced through fear of the approaching Dog and slumps on the floor in a silenced wreck, holding a bleeding hand.

(the point of the blade resting on William's throat)

Enough! Mick, how you doing?

MICK:

How do you think I am doing? He has fucking nearly chopped my arm off. Dog's attention is diverted as he sees a table full of cash, neatly packed and stacked.

PAUL (in doorway visibly shocked

Gordon Bennett! What's been going on in here?

DOG:

Shut up, you idiot. You got the bags? Can you get it in?

PAUL:

There's a lot here, all right. I don't think we will be able to get this all in the van.

DOG:

Bollocks, you'll get it in even if you have to do two trips.

EXT. SLOANES' HOUSE - DAY

A traffic warden appears as Paul goes outside to load up.

TRAFFIC WARDEN:

You got a ticket already and, if you don't move it now, sir, we will move it for you.

PAUL:

I'll only be a minute.

TRAFFIC WARDEN:

You've already been fifteen.

Paul, realising that persuasion is futile, decides other means are necessary to despatch this nuisance. He looks down both sides of the

street:

PAUL:

Look. Go on, look.

TRAFFIC WARDEN:

At what, exactly?

PAUL:

My van is half full.

TRAFFIC WARDEN:

So?

PAUL:

So I've just got to put you in, and I am off.

Having made their way to the rear of the van, Paul opens the back doors. Paul smacks the traffic warden on the side of the head. The momentum carries the warden into the van, unconscious. Paul has another quick look round and Lifts the warden's legs up and pushes him deeper into the vehicle.

INT. SLOANES' SITTING ROOM - DAY

PLANK:

My neck, Dog.

(Dog shows no sign of pity)

That's the last bag?

DOG:

(Turning to Mick.)

How about you? All right?

MICK:

I'll be fine when; have dealt with this little shit. Mick grabs the machete that was used to disable him and puts down the machine gun.

DOG:

Do it quietly.

Gloria, who has been forgotten by the Sloanes and unnoticed by Dog and troop, has sat through the whole episode without apparently realising the gravity of the situation. She is kick-started into action by the sure demise of Willie. The machine gun has been placed not too far away from her. She picks it up, and fires it into the already wounded body of Mick, who is almost instantaneously transformed into dog meat.

Gloria, who has found a gear that nobody probably not even herself, knew existed, destroys everything she points at. Bodies jump for cover and Winston and the rest close their eyes and hope for the best.

Eventually the gun, which seems to have a limitless supply of lead, goes quiet. We cut to close-ups of everybody opening their eyes cautiously. Looks of relief come from everyone, not least the Sloanes. Dog, who is closest, stands, walks straight up to her and punches her on the jaw Gloria is knocked out.

What was that? Where did she come from? That's fucking it. Tie her up. We are getting out of here.

EXT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY

BACON:

Eh, bunk us up over the wall.

BACON forces one of the windows open. He looks pleased and beckons the others over. They keep in contact with Soap by cellular phones.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY

EDDY:

Everything all right out there, Tom?

TOM:

(on phone)

Right as rain.

EDDY:

Where the hell are we supposed to hide?

Ed looks into an almost empty room in which they are to find cover. He shrugs, and goes to sort himself out a cup of tea.

SOAP:

What are you doing, Ed?

EDDY:

Do you want one?

SOAP:

No I fucking don't! You can't make a cup of tea, Edward.

EDDY:

Why not? The whole of the British Empire was built on cups of tea.

SOAP:

And look what happened to that.

EDDY:

If you think I am going to war without one, you're mistaken, mate.

INT. DOG'S VAN - DAY

Dog turns to admire a full van.

TRAFFIC WARDEN:

You won't get away with it.

Dog turns around and sees the tragic warden.

DOG:

Paul, what's that?

PAUL:

That's a traffic warden.

DOG:

(looking straight at Paul)

What's he doing in the van?

Dog and the others look at the tragic warden mercilessly

PAUL:

He was about to call the cozzers.

Paul hits him again, sending him back into unconsciousness.

DOG:

We will deal with him later.

EXT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY Tom is on the mobile phone.

TOM:

They're here.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY

Dog opens his door, enters the front room, dumps his two bags down and is met by a bleeding Plank (who is grunted at) and John, who is rubbing his chest. Dog sighs and turns to get more bags. The action starts.

It's hard to tell who is who because of the balaclavas. The lads jump out of their positions.

BACON:

Down, down, get fucking down now'

This is like d??vu. There is no response as the three of them seem not to believe what's going on. BACON hits Dog with the butt of his gun, establishing who's boss. Dog does down with a thud. Plank hits the floor immediately.

EXT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY

Paul enters, sees trouble, drops his bags and prepares to run. He is met by Tom who greets him with a smash round the kneecaps with a lead pipe. This has more than the desired effect and Paul has to be dragged in screaming by Tom. It all went rather smoothly

EDDY:

Tie 'em up, tape 'em up, face and mouth. Keys, I want the keys.

DOG:

I'll find you.

BACON:

Of course you will, sweetheart. This one, search this one. Ed finds the keys without any trouble.

EDDY:

I'll meet you in the van when you have finished with handsome there.

INT. DOG'S VAN - DAY

There is silence. For a few seconds all we can hear is the noise of their breathing.

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TOM:

Well Jesus, that wasn't so bad, was it?

SOAP:

When the bottle in my arse has contracted I'll let you know.

EDDY:

Bacon, see what we got.

BACON:

Let's have a butcher's. Jesus, there's lots of everything. We've got god knows how much of this stinking weed; we've got a shit load of

cash; and we've got a . . . traffic warden.

TOM:

A what?

BACON:

A traffic warden. Look, what's this?

He holds up the hat.

TOM:

Shit Ed, we've got a traffic warden.

Pause.

BACON:

I think he's still alive. He's got claret coming out of him somewhere.

What did they want with a traffic warden?

EDDY:

I dunno, but I don't think we need him. Dump him at the lights.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

HATCHET:

It's about time you give my young friends a visit, Chris. Tomorrow is the day and mum seems to be the word, and I can't have that now, can I, Chris?

BIG CHRIS:

No Harry, you can't.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - DAY

Dog struggles free and unravels the tape from his head and gets the other three out.

DOG:

Dead. Dead. I don't know who they think they could be, for me not to find 'em. Of course I'll find 'em. I don't give a flying fucking fish who they think they are. I'll kill - fur and feathers, burning wheel South African style, kebab 'em, peel 'em, slice 'em and dice 'em, hang draw and fucking quarter 'em.

INT. OTHER VAN - NIGHT

Two vans are parked back to back. We see Ed and the boys putting one last trunk into the back of the new van.

EDDY:

That's it all done, we are off.

SOAP:

You think it's a good idea taking it back to yours?

EDDY:

There is nowhere else to keep it, and it's the last place they are going to look. Anyway the battle's over and the war is won.

Ed passes a handful of grass to Tom.

Tom, take this to Nick, and let's get rid of it, quick.

INT. RORY BREAKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nick has given the weed to Rory for inspection. Lenny has stepped in.

LENNY:

It is skunk . . . and it's as good as it gets.

RORY:

OK, I'll take it off you; half price.

NICK:

I don't think he'll like that. You said three-five a key, that's what he wants and you know that's a good price.

RORY BREAKER:

It was yesterday I said three and a half grand and today is today, if I am not mistaken.

Turns back to the TV.

I'll take it tomorrow for half price. If he wants to move it quick he'll take it. Now, I've got another game coming up in a minute so if you would be kind enough.

Pointing at the door. Nick exits.

Lenny, take this to Snow White and the three little chemists; they should have a gander at this. I want a proper opinion. 110

EXT. SLOANES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Lenny and Nathan, Rory's minders, pull up outside the Sloanes' house to have the weed analysed. For the first time it is revealed that Rory Breaker owns the Sloanes.

LENNY:

Hold on!

NATHAN:

What?

LENNY:

something's not quite right here. Go in slowly, Nathan.

NATHAN:

Fuck you funny man, you go first.

INT. SLOANES' SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

NATHAN:

Shit!

Winston is tied up and squirming.

WINSTON:

For Christ's sake, get us out.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

EDDY:

Well, not a bad day's work. That takes care of Harry.

Pushing a massive pile of notes to one side.

SOAP:

What's left over?'

TOM:

Hold on, give us half a chance to count it.

SOAP:

What about all the gear?

BACON:

'Ere, have a pull of this.

Passes Ed the joint.

EDDY:

I don't want that horrible shit. Give it to Soap. Can we just lock up and get drunk now, please?

INT. RORY BREAKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We see Winston, Nathan and the torso of Lenny, standing in front of Rory Like naughty schoolchildren.

WINSTON:

We had the gates up but they stuck a shotgun through. Poor bloody J got shot; it was a right mess.

The gravity and reality dawns on Rory.

RORY:

It will cost you more than your life's worth if you jest with me.

LENNY:

Some girl took one of 'em out, but he's a bit of a mess.

WINSTON:

(proudly j

We shot one of them in the throat.

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RORY:

What do you want, a fucking medal? I'll shoot you in the fucking throat if I don't get the gear back.

He pauses, rubs his forehead and continues, slightly calmer. You shot the one that's in there now?

WINSTON:

No, another one.

RORY:

This is more like it. So where's he?

WINSTON:

They took him with them; he was still alive.

RORY:

Well, what did you shoot him with, an air gun?

There is an embarrassed pause and a look of 'how did you know?' Rory doesn't need an answer and slaps his forehead.

WINSTON:

We grow weed, we're not mercenaries.

RORY:

You don't say.

There is a pause while Rory searches for the right words. The silence is deafening.

LENNY:

(stupidly)

Who could it be? Where do we start, Rory?

Rory looks up amazed.

RORY:

Mr Breaker! Today my name is Mr Breaker. You think_this is a coincidence? Not many, Benny! This white shite steals my goods and then thinks it is a good idea to sell it back to me. They got less brains than you, Lenny . . . Get Nick cum-bubble round here now if he is stupid enough to still be on this planet.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dog has all his boys round.

DOG:

I want you to search the house for bugs. I mean I want you to strip it.

JOHN:

What is the point in that? Even if it was a bug they would have taken it with 'em.

DOG:

It is too late for you to start thinking John. It is a possibility and that is good enough for me. And after you strip the house, I want you to get every thieving slag this side of Ceylon and torture them, badly. I want to know who is responsible, otherwise I will hold you responsible.

INT. JD'S BAR - NIGHT

All kinds of characters have made an appearance. A game of cards is in motion, the forfeit now being alcohol. Barfly Jack the barman is sitting at the table. They are already on the road to being comfortably comatose.

TOM:

Rory Breaker?

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BARFLY JACK:

Yeah, I know Rory.

This next section is subtitled. This is to keep everyone, even those familiar with cockney rhyming slang up to speed with the narration, of which even Tom is unsure. As with the police scene earlier this is a voice-over and we cut to the relevant scenes.

BARFLYJACK:

(voice-over)

Rory's got few interests in life; darky music, football, bees and honey and kicking the shit out of anyone that interferes with that shortlist. A few nights ago Rory's Roger iron rusted, so he has gone to the battle-cruiser to watch the end of a football game. Nobody is watching

the custard so he has turned the channel over. A fat man's north opens and he wanders up and turns the Liza over. `Now fuck off and watch it somewhere else.' Rory knows claret is imminent, but he doesn't want to miss the end of the game; so, calm as a coma, he stands and picks up a fire extinguisher and he walks straight past the jam rolls who are ready for action, then he plonks it outside the entrance. He then orders an Aristotle of the most ping pong oddly in the nuclear sub and switches back to his footer. `That's fucking it,' says the man. Rory gobs out a mouthful of booze covering fatty; he flicks a flaming match into his bird's nest and the man lit up like a leaking gas pipe. Rory, unfazed, turned back to watch his game. The flaming man and his chinos ran outside to extinguish the flames, and Rory cheered on. His team won too, four-nil.

EXT.JD'S BAR - NIGHT

After a while Ed sees Daisy making a sneaky sharp exit and tries to pursue her, running out on to the street. Daisy is nowhere to be seen.

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INT. RORY BREAKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick is blissfully ignorant of the situation. He is sitting in front of Rory.

RORY:

Your one saving grace might be your stupidity.

NICK:

(looking quite petrified)

Er.

RORY:

Don't fucking er me, Greek boy! How is it that your so-fucking-stupid, soon-to-be-dead friends thought they might be able to steal my gear? And then sell it back to me? Is this a declaration of war? Is this some sort of white cunts' joke that black cunts don't get? 'Cos I am not fucking laughing, Nik-ol-as.

NICK:

Er.

RORY:

There are four interests I have, Nick. Football, music, money, and the annihilation of anybody who interferes with that shortlist . . . I know you couldn't have known my position because you're not so fucking stupid that if you did know, you would turn up here scratching your arse, with that `what's going on here' look slapped on your Chevy

Chase. But what you do know is where these people live.

We look at the white faced Nick. He doesn't open his mouth. The penny has dropped.

If you hold anything back, I'll kill you. If you bend the truth, or if I think you're bending the truth, I'll kill you. If you forget anything, I'll kill you. In fact, you're going to have to work very hard to stay alive, Nick. I hope you understand everything I have said. Because if you don't, I'll kill you. Now, Mr Bubble and Squeak. You may now enlighten me.

INT. DOG'S HOUSE - MORNING

Paul, John, and Plank are lined up like naughty schoolchildren in front of Dog, who is black-eyed and pissed off:

DOG:

So we have a bit of a problem, don't we?

JOHN:

Er well, yes we do.

DOG:

In fact it is a little more than a bit of a problem, isn't it? You could say that in the scale of these things this is the Mount fucking Everest of problems, couldn't you? . . . And the reason it is such a mon fucking-strosity of a problem is because you don't have the first fucking idea who did this to us, do you?

PLANK:

Dog, we have been up all night. It's no one round here! We have had them all against the wall.

JOHN:

If it was a toe rag from the area we would know.
Dog starts slapping his troops round their heads.

DOG:

You wouldn't know if it was the next-door fucking neighbours, you prick! You find 'em, you hear? And find 'em quick! Now get out and start looking! Out! Out!

Dog Loses his temper and throws Plank across the room. Plank's head breaks effortlessly through the wall.

INT. ED AND BACON'S CUPBOARD - MORNING

A dust-covered Plank blinks in confusion as he looks on to a heap of recording equipment.

INT. JD'S BAR - DAY

Recovering from the night before.

BACON:

Scarface, I have watched Scarface. You want to know how to do a drug deal, you watch Scarface!

EDDY:

That inspires confidence, that does.

TOM:

This guy Rory Breaker can afford to do the deal at the price we are selling. It's not worth him giving us trouble; he knows we would be a pain in the arse, and who wants a pain in the arse?

SOAP:

I would take a pain in the arse for half a million.

TOM:

You would take a pain ? the arse full stop.

SOAP:

Tom, the fatter you get, the sadder you get.

EDDY:

Jesus, would you two stop flirting for one minute . . . After we pay Hatchet, this deal puts us up near enough two hundred grand each. Not bad for a day's work, I think you will agree.

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INT. SPLTT SCREEN. NICK'S HOUSE - DAY

A seventies-style split screen. A very shaky Nick answers his cartoon telephone.

NICK:

Yeah?

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - DAY

DEAN:

That's no way to answer the phone.

NICK:

Is that you, Dean?

DEAN:

Sure is.

NICK:

What can I do for you?

DEAN:

You know those shotguns I sold ya, well I need 'em back.

NICK:

Not likely I am afraid; I don't think I'll be seeing them again.

DEAN:

I got the money to pay for 'em.

NICK:

I am sure you do, but I don't think you understand; I am not going to see them or the guns again.

Gary looks at Dean.

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DEAN:

If we can't get 'em, we can't get 'em.

INT. SPLIT SCREEN. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY. Barry is on his mobile, moments later.

BARRY:

You fucking well have to get 'em!

INT. DEAN'S - DAY

DEAN:

We made a deal for everything inside the cabinet.

BARRY:

Inside, out-fuckin'-side. I don't give a shit, you get those guns because if you don't . . .

DEAN:

Yeah, Bazza, what?

BARRY:

You heard of Harry Lonsdale? Otherwise known as Back-you-up with-a-Hatchet Harry, infamous for his removal of digits?

Dean pauses for a while, a look of concern coming over his face.

Well this is `James Bond need to know' time. They're his! When you dance with the devil you wait for the song to stop, know what I mean?

Hatchet has had enough. He grabs the phone from Barry's hand, waving the infamous fifteen-inch big black cock in the other hand. Hatchet goes on to put the shits up the Scousers.

HATCHET:

Do you know who I am? I am split in two; there is me, and there is my patience, and patience has gone to the hospital; you are not far behind, know what I mean? I mean, find 'em, torture 'em, kill 'em, and bring back what belongs to me, because if you don't . . . you are . . . bang . . . in trouble.

Hatchet slams the phone down. Dean looks at Gary in horror.

GARY:

Who was that?

DEAN:

That was Hatchet Horrible Harry.

GARY:

Jesus, I have heard about him.

DEAN:

We're in the spite. They were his fucking guns that we sold; we gotta find 'em.

Dean dials Nick immediately.

No fucking about, Nick; where can I find those guns?

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

Dog and boys have made a Large hole in the connecting cupboard wall which they have crawled through. Dog is holding a large bag which he has found.

JOHN:

Dog, I have found the cash!

DOG:

The stupid bastards! Count it!

JOHN:

Shit, Dog, there's a lot. Don't you want to do this next door?

DOG:

We're not going next door until we've flayed these dead men walking. Count it out the back. I don't want them seeing you fingering that money as soon as they walk in.

JOHN:

But...

(interrupts)

Give it us here, you dozy sod. You hide and get the guns ready. Wait until they are well in, then give it to 'em.

INT RORY BREAKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Rory Breaker is amassing his troops and preparing to go round to Ed's.

RORY BREAKER:

We are going to do a proper decoration job. I want the grey skies of London illuminated; I want that house painted red. Winston here is coming along, see if he can recognize any of 'em, then we bring what's mine back here. Watch out for these fellas; they've got a bit of arsenal and they don't mind using it. Now you know what you're doing, yes?

EXT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

Big Chris and Little Chris are waiting outside. Dog's gang are waiting for Ed's gang inside. Rory's gang are going to Ed's.

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INT. RORY BREAKER'S VAN - DAY

Six heavy-looking black guys are loading their weapons.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

Dog's gang are also loading their weapons and concealing themselves among the furniture. Dog is counting out the money in the side room and has the two antique hammer-lock shotguns resting on the table in front of him, which were found with the rest of the bounty.

EXT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

Rory's boys stop the van outside Ed's and back up to Ed's front door. The rear van door is opened when it is completely flush and Lenny (with gun) prepares to do his worst.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

There is a loud bang and the front door disappears. In its place is a large black man pointing an even larger machine gun. Nobody seems to be at home; it appears to be quite an anti-climax. A long pause follows as both gangs don't quite know what to do. Rory's guys jump over the machine gun to explore further.

PLANK:

(under his breath)

What the fuck is going on here?

Dog's lot are confused as to why these guys appear to have broken into their own home, carrying weapons of mass-destruction and looking to use them. We cut to a close-up of Plank's pov under the sofa. He can see

numerous pairs of boots and they are multiplying. At last Plank can't take any more; his finger's shaking too much on the trigger. BANG.'

EXT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

We see the windows shattering from the outside as bullets hail through.

INT. ED AND BACON'S BACK ROOM - DAY

Dog, who was counting the spoils in the adjoining room, is more than aware of the seriousness of the situation. He quickly closes his suitcase of money and grabs the two old guns, opens the adjoining door, gets splattered in blood and smoke and quickly closes it. He then checks his escape route out of the front window and exits. Dog looks quite pleased with himself as he still has the money and his life, and is holding the infamous guns in each hand like a Mexican bandit.

EXT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

Big Chris, watching the house, intrigued and interested by all the activity, has made his way closer, and low and behold: looks what walks straight into him.

BIG CHRIS:

Got something here for me, have ya?

(Dog is stunned by this)

Come on, chop chop.

Before Dog has a chance to use the shotguns Chris grabs one in each hand and knocks Dog down with a swift headbutt. Dog moans, not knowing what day of the week it is. Chris opens the case, sees it's full of money, takes the two shotguns, then leaves. Thank you very much.

On reaching the car he gives the case to his son, putting the guns on the back seat.

Count that son, and put your seatbelt on.

INT. SCOUSERS' CAR - DAY

DEAN:

Follow that car, Gary; he's got the fucking guns.

INT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

Ed's place has been shot to pieces. Only Rory and Winston (in shock) seem to be left. Rory is throwing the bags of weed into the back of his van, then he kicks over one of the bodies. It's a blood-covered Plank.

RORY BREAKER:

This is one of them.

Winston nods in confirmation.

Lucky, that.

Bang! Bang! Plank (to Rory's surprise) still had a loaded gun. Rory and Plank despatch each other simultaneously.

INT. ED'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Tom, Bacon, Ed and Soap look hung-over Ed is driving. 126

TOM:

There's six black cocks sitting on the side of the road. How many beaks have they got between them?

SOAP:

Six.

TOM:

How many wings have they got between them?

SOAP:

Twelve.

TOM:

How many feet?

SOAP:

Er, well, twelve.

TOM:

That's right. So how many whiskers has the little white kitten got?

SOAP:

How the fuck should I know?

TOM:

How come you know so much about black cocks and so little about white pussy?]

The end of this joke is interrupted by a van swerving past them, dangerously close. The lads lodge a complaint and then they stop outside Ed and Bacon's so that they can pick up the money.

* Cut from completed film.

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EXT. ED AND BACON'S HOUSE - DAY

BACON:

What has been going on here?

They look into a smoking, blood-covered house.

SOAP:

The money, the gear!

TOM:

That's fucked it. What do we do now? No money, no weed; it's all been swapped for a pile of corpses.

SOAP:

OK, don't panic; let's think about this.

EDDY:

Bollocks! You can think about it for as long as you like. I am panicking and I am off mate.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Big Chris is about to walk in to Hatchet's office. The door opens and out walks John O'Driscoll with a serious sunburn.

BIG CHRIS:

Hello, John. Nice holiday?

JOHN O'DRISCOLL

I won't be seeing you again Chris; I have paid him every last penny.

BIG CHRIS:

I am sure you have, no one was accusing you of being dishonest, John.
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HATCHET:

(off)

That you, Chris?

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

HATCHET:

How did you get your hands on these?

He drops a vagina-shaped penis massager, realising that these are the guns he has been after. He then tries desperately to conceal his excitement.

BIG CHRIS:

The boys had 'em. I know you like these things; wondered if you wanted them?

HATCHET:

Er, yeah, sure, I'll have 'em.

BARRY:

Was it any trouble getting the money?

BIG CHRIS:

Well, not especially, but they seem to of upset a few characters.

HATCHET:

Have you counted the money?

BIG CHRIS:

Yeah, it's all there, to the pound.

HATCHET:

They were going to pay, then?

BIG CHRIS:

It looks like ?, but who knows? The opportunity was there. In my experience it is best to take the opportunity if it is there.

HATCHET:

Good job, Chris.

Chris exits, pushing his wages into his inside packet. Harry is ecstatic about the guns and starts chuckling to himself.

EXT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

The Scousers watch Big Chris walk out of Hatchet's empty-handed

DEAN:

We gotta get those guns.

GARY:

This is dangerous shit, Dean; we don't even know who lives in there.

DEAN:

Listen, I don't care who lives in there; all as I know it's got to be preferable to death by Hatchet.

GARY:

Furry muff, let's go.

EXT. ED'S CAR (STATIC) - DAY

SOAP:

I hope this is the right move.

EDDY:

It's either that, my old boy's place, and we lose a digit daily. I am going to call him.

BACON:

As if he'll care.

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EDDY:

He'll care all right. That was going to be his money. Whether he cares about us is different. Pass your phone.

BACON:

Think about what you're going to say, Ed; we are on thin ice.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S STAIRCASE - DAY

The two Scousers with guns in hand creep their way up the stairs. There's only one door in front of them. Dean gets ready to kick it open. Gary leans against the wall and delivers a Professionals-style kick.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry is in his offtce playing with his guns. The phone rings.

HATCHET:

That you, boy?

EDDY:

(on phone)

It's Ed, if that's what you mean.

HATCHET:

It's pay day, ain't it?

EDDY:

(on phone)

I wanted to talk to you about that.

HATCHET:

I bet you did. I have got half a million nicker sitting in front of me, which means that some poor sod doesn't. You must have upset a few people, boy . . . but that isn't really my concern, is it? But what does concern me is the guns you had. I want to talk to you about that. Get your arse over here now, and I do mean now!

INT. ED'S CAR - DAY

Ed puts the phone down after a pause. His state of shock is obvious to the rest of the lads.

BACON:

Well?

EDDY:

Well what?

TOM:

(impatiently)

Well, what did he say?

EDDY:

He said he thinks we have paid him, and he wants to talk about those guns . . . now.

SOAP:

You what? What are you on about?

EDDY:

Listen, if he has the guns he might have the money . . . I think we should go and see him.

BACON:

I think you're a sandwich short of a picnic, mate; you want to start making sense.

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INT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

We cut to a time Lapse. Hatchet puts down the phone while resting his bum on the front of his desk. He is ecstatic with the guns. He loads and plays with them, aiming at imaginary moving birds.

The door is suddenly kicked wide open and, lo and behold, there is a Scouser standing in the door. Dean has a thousand ugly thoughts flying through his troubled mind, most of which are based on regretting the decision to kick this door in: 'shit, what the hell is that, and why is he holding a shotgun'. Hatchet realizes that the man standing in the doorway (who is posed like De Niro in the poster of Taxi Driver, holding a gun in each hand) has not come to deliver the mail. The pair are blissfully unaware that employee has met employer. Hatchet Harry has effectively contracted his own demise. The pause is eventually shattered by reality. There is a rush to pull their individual triggers. There is a race between the two bullets to reach their prospective targets. Both barrels are emptied into Dean's chest. The Scourer is airborne by the sheer power of the cartridges. One of Dean's bullets, finds its way into Harry's shoulder. Gary can do nothing to stop this atrocity. He watches helplessly as his pal flies clean past him.

Overtaken by emotion or fear, Gary charges in, gun blazing, and

proceeds to perforate Hatchet who is now unarmed. Hatchet flies over his desk. Gary comes into the room to finish the job and fires one last bullet into Hatchet, who is lying on the chair side of his desk. It is then revealed that Barry is sitting in his chair behind the door. The Scourer can't see Barry and Barry can't see Gary's face. Barry throws the hatchet that is sitting next to him in a butcher's block. It hits Gary in the back. Gary spins round firing wildly and lodges a bullet in Barry's stomach. It is then clear to them both that this has all been a terrible mistake.

BARRY/GARY

What are you doing here?

Then both collapse into dead lumps on the floor.

EXT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE ED'S CAR - DAY

EDDY:

You and me, Tom.

TOM:

What do you mean, me?

They stand outside Hatchet's door and are just about to ring it when Tom notices it's open.

INT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY EDDY

Oh Jesus, not again.

The two pause while they build their confidence. They enter Hatchet Harry's room. It's still smoky. There on the table is the money.

TOM:

That's it, I am off.

Ed tiptoes over to the bag containing the money.

EDDY:

Tom, this is our case.

TOM:

. . . What?

EDDY:

This is our money, Tom! . . . Now I think we should go.

Tom sees his guns. His eyes widen in surprise.

TOM:

I'll meet you in the car. I am taking these guns.

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EDDY:

Tom, don't mess around, let's go.

TOM:

I'll meet you in the car.

EDDY:

Tom?

TOM:

I'll only be a minute.

EXT. HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE/CHRIS'S CAR - DAY

BIG CHRIS:

A job well done son; we made a few quid out of that one.

As he puts the key in the ignition, there is no reply from his little boy

BIG CHRIS:

Son?

DOG:

Made a few quid, did ya? Now where is it?

We can't see Dog but we can see the sharp side of a knife resting along the front of Little Chris's throat. The Dog is Lying down in the back. Big Chris assesses the situation.

BIG CHRIS:

You all right back there, mate?

DOG:

Very fucking funny. Where's what I want?

BIG CHRIS:

It's in an office; I have just left it in the office. 137

DOG:

Well, you had better go and get it from the office. That's if you want to see your son reach his next birthday. Now chop-fuckin'-chop.

BIG CHRIS:

All right, furry muff.

Big Chris doesn't seem too bothered by this problem. He shrugs and starts the car.

DOG:

What are you doing?

BIG CHRIS:

Well, it's a five minute walk or a thirty second drive.

DOG:

You had better be careful.

Big Chris starts his car up, looks across to make sure that Little Chris has got his seatbelt on and pulls out on to the road. He gets faster and faster until Dog pokes him in the shoulder with his knife. Chris pulls hard to the left and rams into the nearest parked vehicle. BANG' Dog goes flying forward, hitting the windscreen.

INT. ED'S CAR (STATIC) OUTSIDE HATCHET HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Another time lapse.

SOAP:

Well, what's going on?

EDDY:

I don't know, but what I do know is that there's no more Harry, which means there's no more debt, and if there's no more debt there's no more problem, and there's no more problem with our neighbours because they are all dead. I think, if I get this right, we haven't done anything wrong anyway, which means we are in the clear.

Bang! Big Chris's car hits them straight in the rear. The bag of cash goes flying through the car, landing on the dash. The lads are knocked unconscious.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR (NOW STATIC) - DAY

Big Chris, having removed the knife from a stunned Dog, proceeds to smash his head against the dash and has the most amount of fun in doing so.

BIG CHRIS:

Never, never, not as long as I can remember has anybody been as rude to me as you have.

Dog is being thrown around like a rag doll.

INT. SIDE ROOM TO INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT, OPENING SCENE

We are looking through a two-way mirror.

SERG:

Don't think I wouldn't like to get rid of you; but before I do, I need to know what's going on, Edward.

EDDY:

If you think you're in the dark, I am in a black hole, blindfolded. The camera spins round to see the traffic warden standing with a policeman. There is a long pause for consideration. Eventually he shakes his head.

TRAFFIC WARDEN:

No, that's not one of them.

The policeman then knocks on the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The SERG looks round to see the policeman. They exit and Ed is left on his own. After a short pause the door bursts open.

SERG:

All right son, you're outta here! And you want to stay outta here.

FADE IN TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

INT. JD'S BAR - NIGHT

All the lads are sitting in the bar. Ed is talking to Tom who is interested in whatever he has to say.

EDDY:

The traffic warden went to the morgue and recognized Dog and his lot so that put us sort of in the clear. They got no case against us because there is no evidence against us.

BACON:

Apart from those shotguns.

EDDY:

And Tom took care of them.

Pause while Tom looks embarrassed about something.

SOAP:

You did take care of the guns, didn't you, Tom?

Ed looks at Tom, who looks even more embarrassed.

TOM:

I wanted to talk to you about that.

BACON:

Well, talk.

TOM:

Well not exactly, no; I got 'em sitting in the car, actually; I thought we might sell them back to the Greek, but I am having a bit of a problem getting hold of him.

BACON:

You dippy bastard.

EDDY:

The only item that connects us with the crime is sitting in your car which is sitting outside?

TOM:

We paid seven hundred quid for those guns. They could hardly trace them to you, could they?

SOAP:

I don't think we will take the risk for seven hundred quid.

EDDY:

Tom, go and throw those guns off a bridge.

BACON:

And, throw yourself off while you're at it. SOAP
Now, Tom! There is a pause.

ALTOGETHER:

Now, Tom!

Tom leaves, looking a little sulky.

EDDY:

The silly sod.

Big Chris walks in. He approaches the bar.

BIG CHRIS:

JD.

JD:

Chris.

(Pause)

You come to collect something, Chris? Should I have something for you?

BIG CHRIS:

Nope.

JD:

Can I help?

BIG CHRIS:

I think I can help you, as it happens.

JD:

Yes?

BIG CHRIS:

I have got something for ya. Well, for your boy, actually.

JD:

Well, I suggest you speak to him, then.

They all look rather shocked. He is carrying their bag and he places it on the table, which increases the shock factor.

BIG CHRIS:

It seems that Hatchet under-estimated your lot and that seems to have cost him . . . I am not going to make the same mistake, am I? I have decided to bring your bag back.

Pause. The words you are looking for start with thank you.

EDDY:

Thank you.

BIG CHRIS:

Now you have presented me with a problem. I don't have an employer any more. So I have taken care of myself and my son, and if you think that is unfair you just come and pay me a little visit; but you better be waving the white flag high and clear, otherwise it will be the last little visit you lot ever make . . . That's all I had to say. It's been emotional.

Big Chris turns to walk out. The lads stare at the bag and then at each other.

EXT. JD'S BAR - NIGHT

Big Chris walks out into the street. We see a shiny new sports car. Little Chris is sitting in the passenger seat.

BIG CHRIS:

That should take care of that lot. We are now officially in the money-lending business, all right, son?

LITTLE CHRIS:

All right, Dad.

BIG CHRIS:

Well, put your seatbelt on then.

INT. JD'S BAR - NIGHT

Ed goes forward to open the case. The rest are still in shock. Ed opens the bag.

EDDY:

There's nothing in it!

SOAP:

What do you mean?

EDDY:

I mean it's fucking empty.

BACON lunges forward and stares in. He sticks his hand in and extracts an A4 envelope. They look puzzled. Ed feels the package and starts to tear the top off. As this is done it creates a split screen.

On the other side of the picture, Tom is on a London bridge with the car boot open. He looks at the guns with regret and give them one last polish. Then he folds the guns up and places them on top of a handrail. Simultaneously Ed extracts a Sotherby's brochure on shotguns. They still look confused. They turn the brochure upside down and recognize the shotguns. Slowly they start to turn the pages.

Torn pushes the shotguns over the top rail: they fall. He starts walking but stops for some reason. He retreads his steps and peers over; the guns had just fallen on to a shelf.

Ed sees the price of the guns: a series of alarming zooms cut between eyes and prices. They panic and reach for their mobile phones.

Tom is climbing over the bridge now and has to hold on to the rail with one arm.

Ed starts screaming at the other two that the number is engaged and asks them to put their phones down.

Tom now had one hand on the guns and one on the rail. His mobile phone starts to ring in his top pocket; he has either to drop the guns or let go of the rail to answer the phone.

The shot freezes.