Attack the Block

By Joe Cornish
1 EXT. STARSCAPE - NIGHT 1
The NIGHT SKY, speckled with STARS. But look closely and -- one of the stars is SHOOTING.

2 EXT. SOUTH LONDON SKYLINE - EVENING 2
Miles beneath, the South London SKYLINE. TOWER BLOCKS line the horizon like broken teeth.
FIREWORKS crackle and bloom in the distance. Must be early November. Fireworks Night.
Lower still, a teeming scrum of COMMUTERS and VEHICLES around an UNDERGROUND STATION.

3 EXT. UNDERGROUND STATION - EVENING 3
SAM, mid 20s, emerges from the crowd. Pretty, brightly dressed amongst the grey commuters. She takes out her mobile, lifts it to her ear and begins to walk.

SAM:
Hey mum...

EXT. BUSY HIGH STREET - MOMENTS LATER
We follow SAM’S face amongst a crowd of pedestrians.

SAM:
...sorry I couldn’t call sooner, I haven’t had a chance, it’s been crazy...
Little kids run past waving SPARKLERS.
Now SAM walks through a bustling market street.

SAM:
...no, I’m just walking back to the flat, my shift ran over...

5 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER 5
Now she walks down a street of stuccoed Georgian houses. KIDS run past with sparklers, families in tow.

SAM:
...oh you know, loads of kids with firework burns... nothing exciting. How’s dad..?

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5 CONTINUED:
SAM crosses the road. We cut to a HIGH WIDE. SAM’S a lonely figure, walking in a different direction to everyone else.
SAM cuts down an alley.

...what about next weekend? I could take the train up and stay the night...
As SAM walks on, we TRACK IN towards five names graffitied on the wall. A FIREWORK BOOMS and FLASHES, throwing two HOODED SHADOWS onto the wall.
SAM JUMPS. She turns and just GLIMPSES two HOODED FIGURES on BIKES dart into the shadows.

CLOSE ON SAM’S FEET as she strides, her pace has quickened.

...I’ll call you on Sunday, we can make a plan...
She turns into MOSTYN ROAD.
SAM (CONT’D) ...I’d better ring off now, speak soon, bye...
She looks ahead, sees a GANG of KIDS watching her from some distance.
SAM (CONT’D) ...okay, bye...

There are no other pedestrians anymore. The street lights are weak orange. The air is moist, misty.

...I’ve been up for fifteen hours mum, I’m too tired to have this conversation...

The two HOODED KIDS speed past her on BIKES, one of...
them (YOUTH 2’s) a ridiculously tiny child’s size.
A BANGER EXPLODES in their wake. SAM JUMPS!
8 EXT. SIDE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER 8
This road is deserted too. GARAGES on one side. Blank
wall on the other. A shaggy-haired young man bops past,
(BREWIS) listening to music, heading the other way.

SAM:
...and millions of people live
here their whole lives and
nothing bad ever happens to
them. Jesus, stop worrying...
Booming BASS vibrates the air. A BMW Coupé with blacked-
out windows carries us around a corner.
EXT. ROAD BESIDE PARK - MOMENTS LATER
PARKED CARS line one side of this street, patchily lit
open PARKLAND the other.

SAM:
(hurrying)
...gotta go now mum...
About thirty meters ahead, silhouetted by street light,
we see FIVE HOODED YOUTHS, including the BIKE BOYS.

SAM:
(distracted)
...alright, I’ll call you as
soon as I get in the door...
SAM’S pace SLOWS. She eyes them warily. She walks into
the road, making for the other pavement.

SAM:
...bye...
She tucks her PHONE in her HANDBAG. Ahead, the GANG
watch, exchanging unheard comments, conferring.
SAM hugs her HANDBAG close. She walks forward, playing
it cool. Then:
The two BIKE BOYS split from the group and pedal lazily
towards her. SAM steels herself, slows.
They pass VERY CLOSE. Their HOODS are up, their faces
masked, they loom at her like spectres -
-- but pass right by. SAM walks on, relieved. Too soon.
Because now the remaining YOUTHS ahead stroll out into
the street in front of her.

SAM :
(under her breath)
Fuck.
They form a ramshackle line across her path. Anonymous,
nonchalant, menacing.
SAM stops. Afraid. It’s a stand-off. Nobody says
anything. The silhouetted YOUTHS exchange whispers.

YOUTHS :
(whispered)
...set the pace, set the pace...
The dominant youth (YOUTH 1) walks towards her. She
turns around. Behind her, the two BIKE BOYS straddle
their rides lazily, blocking her exit.
When she turns back; SHOCK! YOUTH 1 is RIGHT THERE.
YOUTH 1
(fast, aggressive)
Gimme the phone, gimme the
phone, gimme the phone...
Only his EYES are visible between hood and bandana,
like some ghoulish highway robber. SAM fumbles in her
bag, face pale with fear. Gives him her PHONE.
YOUTH 1
The money, the purse, gimme the
purse, give it me...
SAM delves into her bag again with trembling hands.
Impatient, the youth GRABS the whole bag.

SAM :
Hey!!!
YOUTH 1
Don’t fuck with me, get me?
He throws the bag behind him. Another YOUTH catches it,
forages inside. SAM lifts her hands defensively -

SAM :
Please...
-- inadvertently revealing an ANTIQUE RING on her
finger. The lead youth SEES IT.
YOUTH 1
Gimme da t ring...

9 CONTINUED:

SAM:
It’s not worth anything...
YOUTH 1
Don’t fuck about!
He pulls something from his pocket. It CLICKS and
FLASHES into view.
A KNIFE.
SAM starts to pull the ring off. It’s tight. She
struggles. The YOUTH steps closer.
YOUTH 1
Wanna get murked innit?
Impatient, he grabs her hand. There’s a small STRUGGLE
between them. SAM shoves him away.

SAM:
Fuck off me!
YOUTH 1 pushes back, throwing her HARD to the ground.
YOUTH 1
(to Sam)
Boy, you’re too brave...
The GANG close around her.
YOUTH 2
Dat ring is heavy, get dat!
YOUTH 4
Quick fam, before the feds come
innit...
YOUTH 1
Fuck the feds man...
SAM pulls off the ring, holds it out.

SAM:
Just take it!
YOUTH 2 snatches it, but the GANG make no move to
leave. SAM begins to panic. She SCREAMS OUT:

SAM:
Help! Somebody help me!!!
At that moment, high above, she sees something that
9 CONTINUED:
The GANG are BACKLIT by a powerful, ethereal LIGHT. As one, they turn and look upwards, then start to RUN. As they RUN -- BOOM! Whatever it is, it IMPACTS the roof of the nearest parked car, a silver Volvo S60. The roof CAVES instantly. The windows EXPLODE OUT! The GANG are thrown to the tarmac by the SHOCK WAVE. Silence. SHATTERED GLASS settles. SMOKE billows and clears from the WRECKED CAR. SAM sits up, stunned. Looks at the CAR. Looks at the recovering GANG. Then she stands up and STUMBLE-RUNS AWAY. We stay with the gang.

YOUTH 3
Oi! She’s duckin’!

YOUTH 5
Fam, she’s ghostin’!
The closest YOUTHS watch her go, but the LEAD YOUTH’S eyes are on the WRECK.

He pulls off his MASK. Looks like he’s in his mid to late teens. His expression is steady and serious. Authoritative. His name is MOSES.

YOUTH 3
Somebody’s bombin’ us blood!

YOUTH 4
Trust, it’s a firework.

YOUTH 2
Some big firework...

MOSES:
Nice whip. Could be bare valuables in there.

With that, he approaches the WRECK. The others watch nervously, keeping their distance as -- MOSES peers in the SHATTERED WINDOW. Sees only smoky, murky darkness.

He reaches his hand in, finds the HANDLE to open the door. It’s buckled. Broken.
He reaches DEEPER in, fiddles for the GLOVE COMPARTMENT. Opens it.

9 CONTINUED:
A little LIGHT comes on, immediately illuminating something in the foot-well.
A small, pale, monstrous FACE.
Whatever it is, it HISSES in terror! MOSES snaps away his hand.
MOSES (CONT’D)
Shiiit! There’s something in...
He’s interrupted by a startling SHRIEK from behind. He turns just as -- something JUMPS OUT AT HIM!
The following happens too FAST to see much detail:
A CREATURE, the size of a small child, skinny and pale.
Razor sharp jet-black TEETH flash!
A furious STRUGGLE. Claws SWIPE! Three bloody stripes are SLASHED across MOSES’ cheek. Everyone YELLS.
MOSES’ KNIFE FLASHES in the air as he STABS at the CREATURE’S flank! It emits an ear-piercing SHRIEK!
It wraps itself around MOSES, who falls backwards to the ground.
MOSES grabs it and FLINGS it away!
It rolls, scuttles across the pavement, then LOLLOPS into the gloom. MOSES climbs to his feet. Fury boils in his eyes as the others fuss around him.
YOUTH 5
What the fuck was that?
YOUTH 4
Some orangutan type thing, I’m not even lyin’ bruv!
YOUTH 2
Looked like Dobby the house elf.
YOUTH 3
Ha! Moses got shanked by Dobby!
The others laugh as MOSES wipes the blood from his steely serious face.

MOSES :
I’m chasin’ that down. I’m killin’ that. Watch.
The GANG races across patchily floodlit GRASS. MOSES and YOUTH 4 are on BIKES, the rest on FOOT.

YOUTH 2
Payback fam!

YOUTH 3
I’m proper stampin’ that!

YOUTH 5
It’s gone in adventure!

YOUTH 4
Round two bruv! Round two!

Ahead, the CREATURE, just visible, scuttling towards the ragged structures of an ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND.

EXT. ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND - MOMENTS LATER
Just visible through the slats of a small WOODEN HUT, the CREATURE, scuttling around inside.

The GANG arrive, on bike and foot, grabbing STICKS and BRICKS from the grass. MOSES leads them forward.

MOSES :
Pest, got them bangers?

PEST lights a clump of bangers. The flame affords us a look at his face; pale, gaunt and grinning crazily.

PEST :
Yeah! Bang that thing out!

He throws the BANGERS inside the SHELTER. BANG! BANG! BANG! FLASHES illuminate the CREATURE. It SHRIEKS, terrorised, barely glimpsed.

MOSES :
It’s mine.

MOSES heads inside. The GANG follow. But we don’t. All we see is the lonely SHELTER.

From inside, we hear the sound of the GANG KICKING the CREATURE to death. Then, SILENCE.

The GANG emerge into the open, silhouetted. MOSES holds a stick. Dangling from it, by the mouth, a freakish CARCASS.

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11 CONTINUED:
They gather round, pulling out their MOBILE PHONES to illuminate its body weakly in the gloom.

YOUTH 3
Raaah! What is that cuz?

PEST:
That ain’t no is. That’s a was blood.
YOUTH 4
I told you, some exotic creature, like a monkey thing...

PEST:
That fell out of the sky bruv!
You tellin’ me it’s rainin’ monkeys?
YOUTH 5
That ain’t no monkey, monkeys ain’t bald is it?
YOUTH 4
Somebody shaved it then.
YOUTH 5
Who would shave a monkey?
YOUTH 4
Astronauts get bored innit.
YOUTH 3
Dat’s some weird fing fam. I don’t even know what dat is. I’m not even gonna say.

PEST:
You know what that is? I’ll tell you what that is. That’s a alien bruv. Believe it. It came from outer space, tryin’ to take over the earth, but it went and landed in the wrong place, you get me? The wrong place!
They LAUGH and start to riff on the idea.
YOUTH 3
Straight! Moses, bredren, you killed a alien!
YOUTH 5
You saved the planet earth from a alien invasion! You’re a legend man!

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11 CONTINUED:

YOUTH 4
You’re Will Smith man!

YOUTH 3
Welcome to London motherfucker!

YOUTH 5
Welcome to the ends!

PEST :
This is the block man. Nobody
fucks with the block!

YOUTH 5
The B-L-O-C-K!

ALL :
BRAPP! BRAPP! BRAPP!
Silhouetted against the glow of the night SKY, holding
the carcass aloft, the gang HYPE and HOLLER.
Above them, beyond the low-lying cloud, visible amongst
a thousand stars -- SIX MORE BLAZING FIREBALLS RACE
ACROSS THE SKY.

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EXT. ESTATE – NIGHT

Beneath the stars, the ESTATE. A wide twenty storey
TOWER BLOCK surrounded by a ring of LOW RISES. All
connected by intersecting elevated WALKWAYS.
A public SIGNPOST with a big MAP of the estate shows a
bird’s eye view of the layout.
It’s like a plan of a MEDIEVAL FORTRESS. We push in
towards a red arrow labelled ‘YOU ARE HERE’.

13 EXT. ENTRANCE WALKWAY – NIGHT 13

SAM stumbles past low rises along an elevated walkway.
An angry looking WOMAN in a thick coat approaches
carrying shopping. This is MARGARET.

MARGARET :
You alright love?

SAM :
Not really...
Suddenly SAM bursts into TEARS.

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14 INT. SAM’S FLAT – MOMENTS LATER 14
SAM’S trembling hands hold a glass of WATER. Her tears are receding. MARGARET perches tentatively on a sofa opposite her with a cup of tea.

MARGARET :
Thanks for the tea dear, sure you don’t want one?

SAM :
No thanks. Water’s fine.
SAM’S in shock, a ghost. FIREWORKS BANG outside.

MARGARET :
Bloody fireworks. I think they should ban them. Could be the third world war out there and say?
They said tonight’s one of the busiest nights of the year. Bet they don’t even turn up...

MARGARET :
Only it’s not like the kids are even scared of the police no more. Walking around with knives, great big dogs, like they own the block. Excuse my French, but they’re fucking monsters, aren’t they?

SAM:
you wouldn’t know the difference. What did the police

SAM:
Yeah. Fucking monsters.
15 EXT. ESTATE STREET - EVENING 15
The GANG walk along the street in a ragged row, MOSES in the lead, dragging the strange CARCASS behind him, determined and deep in thought.
Behind Moses is PEST, wiry and manic, wearing a woollen ear-flap hat with dangling braids that makes him look like a medieval fool. As usual, he’s CHATTERING:
PEST:
...take it to Ron’s, he watches that National Geographic shit. All man ever does is blaze, water them big buds and watch that nature channel.

(MORE)

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15 CONTINUED:
PEST (CONT'D)
He’ll identify that for real.
Let me bell him up...

Behind PEST is JEROME, a little heavier, a little geekier, a little softer spoken than the others. He’s still wearing parts of his school uniform.

JEROME:
(into phone)
...it was madness fam! The Beast of Brixton! We were crazy kickin’ that! Some kind of non-found-out-about creature, like some Gears of War thing, trust!

Behind JEROME is BIGGZ, younger and shorter, bright-eyed and snappily dressed. His mum’s interrogating him down the phone.

BIGGZ:
(into phone)
...No mum! Playin’ football!
(listens)
I had pepperoni pizza...
(listens)
You gave me the money!
(listens)
Back by ten, I swear mum, back by ten...

Behind BIGGZ is DENNIS. Tall, lean, boasting an Afro and an easy swagger. Three pairs of trousers hang absurdly low beneath his waist. He’s rifling through SAM’S WALLET, inspecting credit and membership cards, chucking them away as he goes.
DENNIS:
She’s a nurse innit. They don’t
get paid nothin’. Fam, why you
always pick the poor people?

16 EXT. ESTATE STREET - EVENING 16
A group of GIRLS hang out by the door to a YOUTH CLUB.
BEATS resonate from inside. The boys approach.
TIA is pretty, DIMPLES wears her school uniform. Two
younger girls, DIONNE and GLORIA, suck on lollipops.

DIMPLES:
Woy!

TIA:
Moses, what happened to your
face?

16 CONTINUED:

PEST:
He battled a alien that fell
from the sky, trust!

DIONNE:
Ha-ha, you’re funny.
PEST presents the CARCASS.

GLORIA:
Ergh! No! What is that?

DIONNE:
Ah! No, I’m sorry, I don’t even
wanna look at it...

TIA:
Halloween was last week you
know...
creation.

PEST:
Touch it then if it ain’t real!
PEST offers the CARCASS to the girls.
DIMPLES:
You shove that in my face and them fangs are goin’ up in your tits...

GLORIA:
I will box you in your face...

DIONNE:

DIMPLES:
That ain’t real... that’s a I will slap you...

DIMPLES:
Move it from me bruv. Grow up.

GLORIA:
Could be diseased, you get me?

DIMPLES:
I don’t want no chlamydia...
MOSES and TIA’S eyes meet.

TIA:
You’re tellin’ me that fell out of the sky?

MOSES:
Yeah.
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16 CONTINUED:

TIA:
And did that to your face?

MOSES:
Yeah.

TIA:
So you killed it?

MOSES:
Yeah.
TIA shakes her head, tuts.

TIA :
You’re such a bad breed Moses.
There’s something between them. Before we can tell

what:

PEST :
Fuck! It’s alive!
PEST jangles the carcass violently then fake-throws it towards the GIRLS! The group EXPLODES OUT in SCREAMS!

INT. SAM’S FLAT – THAT MOMENT
We see SAM between the shoulders of two POLICEMEN.
Throughout the scene they remain black shapes.
OFFICER 1
Do you remember what they were wearing?

SAM :
One of them had one of those woolly hats with those long tassles. The one who pushed me over, the main one, he had a red baseball cap. That’s all I can remember...
OFFICER 1
Did you see their faces? Have you seen them around before?

SAM :
No. They had hoods and scarves.
I wasn’t really thinking straight.
OFFICER 1
Of course. Don’t worry.

17 CONTINUED:
OFFICER 2
Best thing might be if you came with us for a quick drive round the area, see if we can spot
SAM:
You really think they’re stupid enough to stay hanging around?

OFFICER 2
It’s not the brightest of kids do this kind of thing. And we can drop you with a friend or a relative after if you don’t want to come back to an empty flat?

SAM:
No thanks. I’m not being scared out of my own home by a bunch of bloody teenagers.

EXT. WALKWAY – NIGHT
The GANG make their way across the elevated WALKWAYS.

DENNIS:
Tia’s movin’ to you Moses.

PEST:
She’s on your balls cuz!

BIGGZ:
Oi, that’s my cousin you’re chattin’ about...
They approach a section where another walkway runs parallel.

BIGGZ:
Watch this jump!
BIGGZ hops up onto the wall, balances on the edge perilously, sizes up the distance to the parallel walkway.

MOSES:
Get down man.

BIGGZ:
Trust, I can do it!

JEROME:
We ain’t cleanin’ your guts off
the floor Biggz, come...

18 CONTINUED:
Jerome yanks Biggz down and they walk on.

19 EXT. WALKWAY - NIGHT 19
Two young boys, Probs and Mayhem, have set fire to the
contents of one of three MUNICIPAL RECYCLING BINS.

DENNIS:
Oi, Gavin you pyro!
As the gang walk by, the kids spot the carcass. They
run up and trail along behind it.

MAYHEM:
It ain’t Gavin, it’s Mayhem and
he’s Probs!
The gang laugh in their faces.
That’s sick man! What is that?

PEST:
That’s none of your business.

MAYHEM:
Where you goin’? Let us come
with you!

PROBS:
Yeah Moses, let us roll with
you! We’re bad boys!
Moses ignores them.

DENNIS:
Mayhem and Probs? Seriously?

PROBS:

JEROME:
Go away Reginald. This is big
man business. You’re too tiny.

PEST:
Yeah, get in touch when you’ve
got your first pube.

**PROBS:**
Go suck your mum!

**MAYHEM:**
Ha! You got boy’d!
Then, MAYHEM recognises PEST’S tiny bike.

**MAYHEM:**
Oi! That’s my bike!

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**EXT. ENTRANCE WALKWAY - NIGHT 20**
The GANG arrive at the block’s FRONT ENTRANCE and file inside, letting the heavy door SLAM SHUT with a BOOM.
Above, the BLOCK reaches into the sky. SATELLITE DISHES stud the surface. NETTING hangs over balconies, scrappy plastic BIRD SCARERS flap.
Higher still, a UNION JACK flutters.

**INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 21**
LOUD HIP-HOP. Waiting by two LIFT DOORS, that shaggy YOUNG MAN, now holding two plastic news-agent bags of fizzy drinks and snacks. He mouths and nods along to the MUSIC playing in his ear-buds.

**BREWIS:**
(under his breath)
...whoop-whoop, that’s the sound of the po-lice, whoop-whoop,
that’s the sound of the beast...
This is BREWIS. Early twenties. His PHONE rings. He

**BREWIS:**
(well spoken)
Hey dad... yup, just on my way to the cinema...
He looks around nervously. Sees the GANG assemble around him. Tugs his ear-bud cable so they vanish down his shirt.
pulls his buds out and the music becomes a tinny whisper.

**BREWIS:**
...yes, I promise, it’ll be...
parked right outside the house in the morning. The GANG are right behind him now. He lowers his voice and swallows his words:

**BREWIS:**
OK... gotta go dad, I’m driving...
He hangs up. Pockets the PHONE. His voice is suddenly a bit less posh.

**BREWIS:**
I pressed it already. Taking time...

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21 CONTINUED:
The GANG stare at him. PING! The lift arrives and, as the GANG shove past, BREWIS gets a fleeting glimpse of the carcass on PEST’S back.

**BREWIS:**
I’ll get the next one.

22 INT. LIFT - MOMENTS LATER 22
Pest DOUBLE-TAPS each lit button, cancelling them. Hits NINETEEN. Folds his arms. Grins.

**PEST:**
Express elevator to the penthouse suite.

23 INT. NINETEENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 23
The LIFT DOOR OPENS and the GANG come swaggering out. DENNIS HITS a TIMER SWITCH on the wall. Lights FLICKER ON along the corridor as it starts to TICK DOWN. JEROME casually pushes DOORBELLS as he walks.

**DENNIS:**
...it’s a massive universe, there’s gotta be more than one planet with life on it, innit...

**JEROME:**
That’s two GCSEs talkin’ right there...
DENNIS:
I saw a documentary! They reckon
a meteorite hit the earth to
make us...

JEROME:
Maybe a meteorite hit your head,
made you chat rubbish...
An ITALIAN WOMAN opens her door to see who rang, but
the GANG are already disappearing.
The timer light CLICKS OFF, plunging the corridor into
DARKNESS. The ITALIAN WOMAN SHOUTS angrily after them:

ITALIAN WOMAN:
Fuck you! I will call police!!

24 INT. RON’S STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER 24
Seen in FISH-EYE, through a spy-hole, the GANG ascend a
flight of steps and approach. PEST buzzes the BUZZER.
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24 CONTINUED:

PEST:
Yo Ron?
Heaving breathing and shuffling slippers as he shuffles
to the door and fiddles with the catch. The door opens
as far as the chain will allow and a big middle aged
man peers out.
Long lank hair. Dirty glasses. A gormless, absent look
on his face. This is RON.

RON:
Wotcha...

25 INT. RON’S FLAT. BATHROOM/FRONT ROOM - LATER 25
Close on the evil CARCASS, a belt strapped beneath its
arms, hanging from the SHOWER FITTING.
RON (O.S.)
No idea. Not a bloody clue.
Maybe there was a party at the
zoo and a monkey fucked a fish.
RON crouches opposite the CARCASS. BREWIS crouches
beside RON. In the deep background, the GANG are
visible slouched around on tatty sofas.
RON:
Tell you what it does look like
though - Indonesian Sapajou, or
one of them Humanzee things.
It’s like a furry mega-chimp
with human eyes. Chilling.

BREWIS:
I saw them with it on the way
up. I thought it was something
they’d won at a fun fair.

RON:
Smells real though, doesn’t it?
Stinks like a dead shit.
They both stare at it a moment longer. Then:

RON:
Wanna buy some weed then?

BREWIS:
Yes please.
RON stands and shuffles through the living room, BREWIS
in tow. The flat’s furnished with a random selection of
found furniture. This isn’t a home, it’s a DEN.

25 CONTINUED:
The GANG lounge and chat. BIGGZ, PEST and DENNIS pass a
joint between them. JEROME and MOSES abstain.

RON:
You discovered a species
hitherto unknown to science,
very possibly of non-
terrestrial origin, and kicked
it’s fucking head in.
RON laughs at his own wit, then turns to BREWIS.

RON:
Make yourself at home. Back in a
tick...
RON turns and heads away, deeper into the flat, leaving
BREWIS hovering awkwardly as the GANG chatter.

PEST:
eBay fam.

BIGGZ:
Alert the media. Exclusive rights to the highest bidder!

MOSES:
The Sun fam. The Sun believes anything.

PEST:

DENNIS:
We’re gettin’ rich off that, cos we discovered it. The Sun’ll just dress it up like one of them page three girls...

DENNIS:
You wanna call The Guardian. If it’s a proper paper then people will believe it.

JEROME:
Tabloids pay more money bruv.

BIGGZ:
You can’t call the paper. The FBI will confiscate it off us.

DENNIS:
FBI? This is England fam, there ain’t no FBI. It’s Section Six or somethin’ innit...

MOSES:
We need an expert to verify that thing...
BIGGZ:
Look in the Yellow Pages and
look for them, like those
scientist people who know about
all them meteor things...

DENNIS:
Yellow Pages? What, under ‘A’
for Alien?!?

JEROME:
We need a lawyer boy. A manager
or something.

PEST:
They all collapse in GIGGLES.
BREWIS’ voice reveals his presence. The gang go SILENT.
Bell Simon Cowell. Alien’s got
talent.

BREWIS:
Jokes man, jokes!

BREWIS:
Actually, I’m doing a zoology
module at uni. Mammology,
primatology, all of that shit.
That thing ain’t down with any
taxon I’ve ever studied.
RON emerges again, stands beside BREWIS.

RON:
You met Brewis then? Very
reliable customer.

BREWIS:
Wagwan.
BREWIS outs his fist for the nearest YOUTH to bump. The
GANG collapse in GIGGLES again. MOSES turns to RON.

MOSES:
Yo Ron. Let me keep that thing
in your weed room. Just for
tonight.

RON:
Dunno about that Moses.

25 CONTINUED:

MOSES:
Could be worth bare money, that room’s the safest place in the block...

RON:
Not really my decision mate. I only work here. Maybe you should come ask the boss.
A beat. MOSES is impressed.

MOSES:
Hi-Hatz is here?

RON:
Yeah. He’s in the weed room. He wanted to have a word...

INT. RON’S FLAT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER
MOSES follows RON towards a BIG METAL DOOR. MOSES drags the CARCASS behind him. Powerful SUB-BASS and a strange PURPLE LIGHT emanate from inside. RON leads MOSES inside, letting the door BOOM shut behind them.

INT. RON’S FLAT. WEED ROOM - NIGHT
RON leads MOSES into a room where the windows are BOARDED UP with METAL GRATES and the walls are lined with FOIL.
There are scores of CANNABIS PLANTS on folding tables. A jerry-rigged SPRINKLER SYSTEM. HEATERS. The only light is PURPLE UV. Loud HIP HOP BOOMS.
Two men, TONKS and HI-HATZ stand with their backs to us, busying themselves at a table across the room. Momentarily, we see that the back of MOSES’ hoodie is splattered with a substance that GLOWS in the UV light. Then, RON turns on the main lights. The glow vanishes.

RON:
(seeing Moses)
Hi-Hatz...
RON nods towards MOSES.
HI-HATZ turns around. He’s short but wears a baseball cap on top of an elevated afro to compensate.
HI-HATZ
Yo Moses, hear my beats?

27 CONTINUED:

MOSES:
Yeah.
HI-HATZ
That’s my new joint.
TONKS is HI-HATZ' henchman, a jolly ball of muscle. He turns the music UP. HI-HATZ starts to rap along.
HI-HATZ
Get that snitch, get that strap,
don’t give a fuck, blat, blat, blat!
TONKS enthusiastically joins in with the ‘blat blat blat’.
RON, behind the weed bush, raises his hand to join the gun salute ‘blat’.

MOSES:
(deadpan)
That’s serious.
TONKS spots the CARCASS and crosses to investigate.

TONKS:
Check it out, he’s got a puppet!
You make that in college or something? You got mad skills for puppets! Looks proper rotten and everything!

RON:
He found it in the park, didn’t you Moses? Wants to know if he can keep it in here overnight. Thinks it’s worth money.

TONKS:
True say?
HI-HATZ is marginally interested.

HI-HATZ

Bring it.
TONKS takes the CARCASS from MOSES, crosses the room and sits it on the table beside HI-HATZ.
HI-HATZ considers the carcass. Then he takes off his sunglasses and puts them on its nose. He LAUGHS, lifting its chin so everyone can see his handiwork. TONKS and RON force laughter. MOSES doesn’t.
HI-HATZ releases the carcass and wipes his hand on his jacket. His smile suddenly drops.

27 CONTINUED:

HI-HATZ

Do what you like man. I don’t care about that bullshit.
HI-HATZ turns his back on the CARCASS and turns his gaze to MOSES, looking him up and down.
HI-HATZ (CONT’D)
You shot my weed from Ron still?

MOSES :
Sometimes.
HI-HATZ
There’s better ways to make P’ss in the ends you know. Man of your age should step his game up. Move some white.
HI-HATZ turns. He’s tucking several newspaper WRAPS of COCAINE into a tatty, empty CIGARETTE BOX.
HI-HATZ (CONT’D)
Gonna put you on bail. Get me three hundred back from this.
HI-HATZ holds out the box. RON watches warily. MOSES looks at the box. Hesitates.
HI-HATZ (CONT’D)
You’re my boy now, yeah?
MOSES steps forward, takes the BOX. Suddenly, HI-HATZ’ hand snaps tightly around his. Their eyes meet.
HI-HATZ
One thing though...
MOSES holds his eye.
HI-HATZ
This is my block, get me?
28 INT. RON’S FLAT. FRONT ROOM – MOMENTS LATER 28
The TV’s tuned to the DISCOVERY CHANNEL. A documentary about insects. A SILK MOTH, antennae twitching.

TV NARRATOR:
(background)
...the female lands, and if this new territory is hospitable, she releases a pheromone, that the males can detect from a distance of over a mile. Within days, a new colony has begun...

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28 CONTINUED:
BREWIS watches with narcotic intensity. RON taps him on the shoulder, waking him from his trance.

RON:
Care to join me in my office..?
BREWIS stands and follows RON into another room. As they exit, MOSES returns. PEST and DENNIS rise to greet him. They see a tiny smile play on his face.

PEST:
What fam?

DENNIS:
He got a job!

BIGGZ:
Is it?

PEST:
Hi-Hatz is gonna step you up!
PEST grabs MOSES, pulls him down and rubs his head. JEROME, DENNIS and BIGGZ join in, cheer and cajole.

MOSES:
Off man! Off me!
Then; a BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT washes down the room.
Just like the light that preceded the meteor earlier. MOSES looks up. Room-wide windows give a PANORAMIC VIEW of South London.

JEROME :
He got recruited innit!

MOSES :
Check it...
He pushes his friends off and moves towards the window. Another FIREBALL drops silently and vanishes behind the buildings around the block.

PEST :
What bruv?

MOSES :
More.
Another. A few streets away.

DENNIS :
More what?

28 CONTINUED:

MOSES :
Them things.
PEST and the rest of the GANG gather at the window, their faces lit by the white glare of the METEORS.

JEROME :
It’s just rockets innit.

PEST :
Nah. Rockets go up before they come down. Them things are pure comin’ down.
Another falls behind nearby buildings.

MOSES :
They’re the same!

DENNIS :
Same as what?

MOSES :
As what hit that car before.

PEST :
Trust!

BIGGZ :
Naaah! More of them nasty little gremlins!

DENNIS :
It’s rainin’ Dobbies man!

MOSES :
Bare creatures.

PEST :
That one landed in the park fam, close!
RON and BREWIS emerge again, BREWIS tucking a large, cling-film wrapped bundle of WEED into his jacket.

RON :
Oh lovely, fireworks.

DENNIS :
Nah mate, it’s a alien invasion.

RON :
Right, course it is.

BIGGZ :
War of the Worlds blood.

28 CONTINUED:

PEST:
War of the Worlds if the aliens was a lot smaller and a lot more easier to kill.
JEROME:
Let’s get down there cuz!

BIGGZ:
Boy yeah!

DENNIS:
Let’s go fuck them up!

BIGGZ:
I’m killin’ them. I’m killin’ them straight!

PEST:
Let’s get tooled up blood!

MOSES:
The GANG make for the door. RON turns to BREWIS and Come...

RON:
Quite sweet really, aren’t they?
INT. STAIRS/CORRIDORS - NIGHT

FAST CUTS:
splitting off one by one and heading down various corridors, a whirlwind of energy.
smiles.
30 INT. JEROME’S FLAT - CONTINUOUS 30
JEROME’S sister ROXANNE is opening the front door to her friend BUBBLES just as JEROME arrives at speed.

JEROME:
Emergency situation, move, move!

ROXANNE:
Don’t shove me!!!

BUBBLES:
Some of us got exams tomorrow
Jerome!
He speeds towards his bedroom, lifts his mattress and pulls out a rusty MACHETE.
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INT. BIGGZ’S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

BIGGZ races into his kitchen, where his mother’s making
dinner. He heads to a low cupboard and yanks it open.

BIGGZ:
...got to get the puncture
repair kit mum...

MUM:
Where’ve you been? You’re not
going out again.

BIGGZ:
Just to mend my tyre! Ten
minutes! I swear!

MUM:
You’d better not be hanging
around with Moses and those boys

BIGGZ:
Course not Mum!
The microwave PINGS. BIGGZ’ MUM turns. BIGGZ grabs a
BICYCLE CHAIN, tucks it under his jacket. She turns
again...
back to see him racing away.

MUM:
Ten minutes.
INT. PEST’S FLAT - CONTINUOUS
PEST throws open his WARDROBE and grabs a BASEBALL BAT.
He’s LIMPING through his FRONT ROOM, past his elderly
NAN watching TV. He kisses her on the forehead.

NAN:
What happened to your leg?

PEST:
Pulled a muscle. Football.

NAN:
Don’t you go getting into
trouble...
**PEST :**

Course not nan!

Out of sight, he tugs a BASEBALL BAT out from down his trousers. As he heads out the door we see FIREWORKS bristling from his backpack like a quiver of arrows.

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33 INT. DENNIS’ FLAT - CONTINUOUS 33

Three ornamental SAMURAI SWORDS mounted on a wall. DENNIS grabs the biggest. As he exits, his DAD’S VOICE booms from another room:

DAD (O.S.)

Dennis! Where are you going?

**DENNIS :**

Out!

DAD (O.S.)

Then walk your dog!

**DENNIS :**

I’m busy!

DAD (O.S.)

I’m not asking, I’m telling.

INT. MOSES’ FLAT - CONTINUOUS

MOSES arrives at his front door. He pauses a moment before turning the key and entering. SLAMS it shut.

We don’t follow.

**EXT. ESTATE PERIMETER - NIGHT**

**DENNIS :**

Pogo, come!

DENNIS whistles for his dog. A small, excited STAFF TERRIER bounds up to him. DENNIS grabs a lead.

A WAR PARTY races out of the LOW-RISES. MOSES and JEROME ride Mountain bikes. BIGGZ rides JEROME’S stunt pegs. PEST rides his TINY BIKE. DENNIS rides a PIZZA DELIVERY MOPED, POGO sitting in the box on the back. They pull triumphant WHEELIES. PROBS and MAYHEM come dashing after them trying their best to keep up, but failing.

36 EXT. ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND - MOMENTS LATER 36

There’s something on the grass ahead. Fragments of a BOULDER about a meter high. Smouldering, glowing. The GANG approach. POGO immediately hops off DENNIS’ bike and runs towards the METEOR.
CONTINUED:

MOSES:
I told you fam...

PEST:
A meteor, for real.

DENNIS:
 Loads came down innit!

BIGGZ:
We gotta take ‘em all out! Gotta catch ‘em all!

PEST:
Calm down Biggz, this ain’t Pokémon.

MOSES approaches the METEOR. It has split in two, revealing a large hollow IMPRINT on the inside.

MOSES:
Yo. Shine the light...

DENNIS wheels his ped closer. The head-light shines across the IMPRINT, which describes what was once in the meteor. A MUCH LARGER CREATURE, in a foetal coil.

DENNIS:
Like a fossil innit...

JEROME:
That’s different. That ain’t even the same thing.

BIGGZ:
That looks triple the size.
The roving light picks out particular DETAILS. CLAWS like scimitar blades. TEETH like kitchen knives.

JEROME:
I’d like to see the brother that’s gonna fight that.
DENNIS:
Call my cousin. Tell him to bring the strap.
The GANG stand up. Start to back away, fear creeping up on them. MOSES holds his ground.

BIGGZ:
I’m not even gonna lie fam.
Right now I feel like ghostin’.
Go home, lock my door and play Fifa.

36 CONTINUED:
Suddenly, an other-worldly WAIL from nearby. POGO BARKS CRAZILY and RACES towards it, into darkness.

DENNIS:
Oi, Pogo! Stay!

JEROME:
What was that?
MOSES scans the gloom for the source of the noise, and sees a SILHOUETTE on top of the tallest wooden tower.

MOSES:
There.
He points to the shape of a large CREATURE. Hard to make out exactly what. But it’s BIG and ALIVE.

DENNIS:
Holy fuck.

BIGGZ:
On top of the tower.

JEROME:
Which tower?

DENNIS:
Ain’t you got your contacts in bruv? Look!
PEST :
I am too high for this shit.

JEROME :
Where fam? Where?
JEROME puts on his GLASSES. Looks. POGO can be heard barking in the distance.
In response, the shape LEAPS out of sight.
Now the horrible sound of POGO being wrestled and RIPPED TO PIECES.

PEST :
I think it ate your dog, dog.

DENNIS :
Pogo! Pogo!!!
In reply comes a baleful alien HOWL. A pair of glowing GREEN EYES approach in the darkness.

MOSES :
It’s coming.

36 CONTINUED:

DENNIS :
I can see its eyes!
The EYES slowly lengthen, taking the shape of INCISORS, which separate to reveal PHOSPHORESCENT JAWS.

MOSES :
Not sure them things is eyes.
The CREATURE is exactly as dark as the darkness around it. Its form is indiscernible. It’s closing FAST.

DENNIS :
Let’s bounce bruv...

BIGGZ :
I’m gone fam...
The GANG grab their RIDES.
EXT. PARK LAND - CONTINUOUS PROBS and MAYHEM run across the PARK, little lights in MAYHEM’S SHOES flashing as his feet hit the ground.
Here comes the GANG, straight towards them. They race between them, shouting out warnings:

**BIGGZ**:
Aliens! Run!

**PEST**:
Leave! Leave! Leave!

PROBS and MAYHEM STARE as the GANG recedes into the gloom. A moment later, they’re ALONE again.

**PROBS**:
He say ‘aliens?’

**MAYHEM**:
That’s what I heard man.
They CRACK UP, high pitched and innocent. Then -- a ROAR. Ahead in the gloom, something CHARGES at them!

38 EXT. ESTATE STREET - THAT MOMENT 38
The GANG comes SPEEDING out of the PARK, bumping across the pavement and skidding out onto the ROAD.
They don’t notice a VAN crawling along some way behind them -- until its BLUE LIGHTS begin to FLASH.

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38 CONTINUED:

**MOSES**:
Bully van!
Coming hard on their tail -- the POLICE VAN!
As one, the GANG TUG THE STRINGS ON THEIR HOODS, instantly CLOSING them up to conceal their faces.
MOSES pumps his pedals, but BIGGZ’ weight is too much. JEROME, DENNIS and PEST overtake him easily.
The POLICE VAN bears down, dangerously close to the back wheel of MOSES’ bike.
BIGGZ LEAPS off, sprints away. MOSES wobbles, loses his balance, CRASHES to the ground.
The POLICE VAN BREAKS HARD, doors are thrown open, TWO OFFICERS LEAP out --
**OFFICER 1**
Get down!!!
**OFFICER 2**
-- and THROW themselves on top of MOSES, pinning him to
Hands behind your back!
the ground, throwing on CUFFS.
EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAY - THAT MOMENT
The remaining GANG converge on a nearby walkway
overlooking the street below.

PEST :
Fuck the five-o!
DENNIS has to physically yank PEST out of sight.

DENNIS :
Stay down, stay down...

JEROME :
Calm, calm, calm...
They peek over the walkway wall and watch.
40 EXT. ESTATE STREET - THAT MOMENT 40
MOSES is back on his feet. The OFFICERS search him,
removing SAM’S PHONE, then his KNIFE and the WRAPS.
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40 CONTINUED:
OFFICER 1
You’re under arrest on suspicion
of robbery and assault,
possession of an offensive
weapon and class A drugs...
OFFICER 2
(into radio)
...Ballard Street, require
assistance, over...
OFFICER 1
...You do not have to say
anything, but it may harm your
defence if you do not mention
when questioned anything which
you later rely on in court...
But MOSES isn’t listening. He’s staring over their
shoulders, some way down the road.
understand?
We see what MOSES sees. The CREATURE.
street. A hunched, heavy, jagged silhouette.
An unholy cross between a gorilla, a wolf and something
completely alien. The OFFICERS see nothing.
OFFICER 2
He said do you understand?

MOSES :
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
OFFICER 1
...anything you do say may be
given in evidence. Do you
Some way up the
Only now does he look the OFFICERS in the eye.

MOSES :
Better hurry up and get me in
that van.

41 INT. POLICE VAN - MOMENTS LATER 41
OFFICER 1 slides open the side door to reveal a very
nervous SAM sitting in the passenger seat.
OFFICER 1
You’re sure that’s him?

SAM :
Positive. And the rest of them
are up on that walkway. You know
that, don’t you?

41 CONTINUED:
OFFICER 1
Don’t worry Samantha,
everything’s under control.

42 EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAY - THAT MOMENT 42
The GANG watch as OFFICER 2 opens the back doors of the
van and bundles MOSES into the small CELL.
SAM is simultaneously moved into the front passenger
seat. Then DENNIS spots something:

DENNIS :
Behind the cars, check it!
Over the street, glimpsed between parked cars, the
CREATURE prowls closer sniffing the air.

BIGGZ :
The roof fam, clock that roof!
Another CREATURE scuttles along a rooftop, also heading
towards MOSES’ location.
INT/EXT. POLICE VAN. FRONT - THAT MOMENT
SAM is seen through the window. She notices something in the WING MIRROR. A large DARK SHAPE crosses the reflection. She frowns, peers behind, sees NOTHING.
INT/EXT. POLICE VAN. REAR - THAT MOMENT
MOSES sits in the CELL. OFFICER 2 is closing the rear doors.
OFFICER 2
Not so tough now, are we?
The door SLAMS shut. OFFICER 2 turns around to face:
JAWS! Lunging at him!
45 INT/EXT. POLICE VAN. FRONT - THAT MOMENT 45
OFFICER 1 moves to respond. As he does, something RISES behind him.
SAM watches in the WING MIRROR as a second CREATURE dives onto OFFICER 1.
They drop out of sight. A hideous BOOM. The VAN rocks as something strikes it repeatedly. Then:
BLOOD SPLATTERS across SAM’S window!
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46 INT. POLICE VAN - THAT MOMENT 46
SAM desperately LOCKS the DOORS, then throws herselfonto the floor behind the rear seats.
SAM turns and comes face to face with MOSES, only aninch of reinforced perspex between them.
She GASPS in shock!
47 EXT. ESTATE STREET - THAT MOMENT 47
Seen from the gang’s POV, the lonely police van, the bodies of the two OFFICERS strewn horribly beside it.
BIGGZ (O.S.)
Po-po got savaged!
nowhere near none of that!
One CREATURE CLAMBERS onto the van roof. The other JUMPS onto the hood. They SNIFF and SNARL, trying to find a way inside.
EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAY - THAT MOMENT
The GANG watch, elated and terrified.

PEST :
Think fam. Think what scared the little one.
PEST (O.S.)
Shit man! We gotta back Moses!
JEROME (O.S.)
Fuck that bruv! I ain’t goin’

DENNIS :
Bangers ain’t gonna do nothing!

PEST :
I ain’t talking about bangers.
PEST pulls off his BACKPACK and tugs it open to reveal
his impressive arsenal of FIREWORKS.
49 INT. POLICE VAN - THAT MOMENT 49
MOSES yells at SAM through the perspex.

MOSES :
Open the door!
He KICKS at the internal door with all his might.
50 EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAY - THAT MOMENT 50
A trembling hand sparks a ZIPPO to the fuse of a ten
shot ROMAN CANDLE.

DENNIS :
Hold it, hold it steady!

PEST :
I ain’t the one with the shakes,
you hold it steady!
The fuse LIGHTS. Pest HURLS IT towards the POLICE VAN.
It BOUNCES across the tarmac and rolls right UNDERNEATH
the VAN. Then:
A multi-coloured MUSHROOM CLOUD erupts!
INT. POLICE VAN - THAT MOMENT
Inside, a barrage of deafening EXPLOSIONS! THICK SMOKE
blanks out the windows.
RED, GREEN and BLUE FLASHERS illuminate SAM and MOSES’
faces. SAM is terrified. MOSES is smiling.
EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAY - THAT MOMENT
DENNIS STARTS his moped. Unsheaths his SAMURAI SWORD.
 Raises it like a knight about to charge.

DENNIS :
This is for Pogo. Rest in
peace...
He ROARS away down the walkway, towards the huge cloud of carnival-coloured SMOKE.
The rest of the GANG shoot little SCREAMER ROCKETS towards the VAN to stoke the SMOKE.
DENNIS comes speeding below rocket trails, into the conflagration!

53 INT. POLICE VAN - THAT MOMENT 53
DENNIS pulls the side door open, leaps inside, starts to pull it shut when:
A creature LUNGEs down from the roof!
BASH! DENNIS slides the door into its head, sending it HOWLING backwards! He SLAMS the door shut.

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53 CONTINUED:

DENNIS :
(to Sam)
S’cuse us...
SAM clammers out of the way. DENNIS pulls open the internal door, revealing MOSES.

MOSES :
Took your time, man.
MOSES steps out. SAM immediately darts inside the cell and SLAMS the door.
DENNIS rescues EVIDENCE bags from a BOX behind the passenger seat. MOSES climbs into the front passenger seat and sees the KEYS still in the ignition.

DENNIS :
Dumb feds left the keys!
BLUE LIGHTS flashing, sirens BLARING.
It THRUSTS out of the smoke, the force of acceleration sending the CREATURES TUMBBLING onto the tarmac behind!
Falling into place behind the VAN, the rest of the GANG follow on their bikes; BIGGZ grabs the ped and MOSES’ CAP, then ACCELERATES AWAY.
INT. POLICE VAN. FRONT - THAT MOMENT
DENNIS is at the wheel, MOSES beside him.
EXT. ESTATE STREET - THAT MOMENT
The VAN’S headlights blaze into life within the cloud,

MOSES :
Get off the road. Hit the underground garages...

56 INT. POLICE VAN. CAGE - THAT MOMENT 56
SAM’S being thrown around in the cell, trying in vain to find a way to get out. But there isn’t one.

57 EXT. ROAD BESIDE PARK - NIGHT 57
LOUD REGGAE. BREWIS is bopping along the pavement, the BLOCK towering behind him, ear-buds in, singing along.

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57 CONTINUED:

BREWIS:
(sings)
...in the streets it’s getting hot, and the youth dem-a-get so co-oh-old...
He takes out his KEY FOB, points and PRESSES. He tugs out his ear-buds.
HORROR breaks on his face.
BREWIS (CONT’D)
Oh shit.
A few yards ahead; the WRECK of his dad’s Volvo S60.

BREWIS:
...fuck fuck fuck fuck...
He pulls out his phone. Dials quickly. He hears a SIREN. BLUE LIGHT FLASHERS across his face. He looks up.
It’s the POLICE VAN! He throws himself behind a nearby BUSH.

BREWIS:
(into phone)
Yo Ron, it’s Brewis. Someone’s totally fucked up my dad’s car and there’s po-po everywhere. Is it OK if I come back up?

EXT:
The POLICE VAN comes hurtling down a RAMP. It skids wildly into the UNDERGROUND GARAGES.
The entrance is a little too low. As the VAN shoots
inside, its lights are RIPPED OFF.

58
INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGES - THAT MOMENT 58
The VAN speeds into the UNDERGROUND GARAGES. It leans into a wild SKID as it negotiates an immediate corner. Suddenly, coming right at it, a sleek BMW! BLAM! The two vehicles collide!
The engines of both VEHICLES are crushed, collapsed and belching smoke.

59
INT. POLICE VAN. FRONT - THAT MOMENT 59
DENNIS and MOSES gather themselves.

59 CONTINUED:

MOSES:
This is a bad dream. Tell me I’m dreamin’...

THUMPING from behind them. SAM, hammering on the inside of her cell.

SAM (O.S.)
Let me out! Open the door!

MOSES and DENNIS exchange a look.

60 INT. HI-HATZ' CAR - THAT MOMENT 60
HI-HATZ starts to REVERSE away, but his beloved BMW can only crawl, grind and belch SMOKE.

HI-HATZ
Shit, shit, shit...

TONKS looks closely at the cab of the POLICE VAN.

TONKS:
HI-HATZ slams on the brakes. Looks ahead too. Can’t Wait blood, that ain’t even police at the wheel, that’s youths in there!

HI-HATZ
Gimme me the strap...

INT. POLICE VAN - THAT MOMENT
believe his eyes. Once again, his entire demeanor switches.

DENNIS opens the cell door to reveal SAM.

DENNIS :
Sorry about the drivin’, I’m gettin’ lessons for Christmas. For a moment SAM’S too scared to move.

SAM:
What were those things?

MOSES:
Not sure, but we’re thinkin’ probably aliens.

DENNIS:
You should leave. Before the situation gets even more nuts.

CONTINUED:

MOSES:
Ain’t you gonna thank us for savin’ your life?
She fixes his eye. Rash courage.

SAM:
My fucking hero.
SAM moves quickly past them and jumps out of the VAN.

62 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGES - THAT MOMENT 62
As SAM runs away from the scene, a still cuffed MOSES, and DENNIS climb out of the van. The rest of the GANG SKID to a halt around them.
Slowly climbing out of the ruined BMW comes HI-HATZ, his GUN in hand. MOSES starts to explain.
But PEST steps up and takes over.

PEST:
(fast)
Nah nah nah, trust bruv! There’s bare creatures chasin’ us! Big alien gorilla wolf mother fuckers! I swear! Some creature fell from out of space then jumped Moses and he bored it and now its brethren have come down in force blood! Then Moses got
shiffed by the feds and them

MOSES:
It was an accident bruv...
things attacked the bully van
and savaged the bluefoot so we
jacked the van and... we’s
running for our lives right now
cuz, believe!
A long silence. TONKS and HI-HATZ do not believe.

HI-HATZ
Jack a bully van, crash it into
my whip, then chat shit about
aliens to me?

TONKS:
This is makin’ me nervous blood,
that boy’s still cuffed you
know, police is gonna be all
over this...

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62 CONTINUED:
HI-HATZ ignores TONKS, his attention locked onto MOSES
and DENNIS.

HI-HATZ
You tryin’ to snake me?
HI-HATZ raises his PISTOL. The GANG lift their WEAPONS
in response. HI-HATZ laughs, astonished, outraged.

HI-HATZ
You bringin’ arms to me now? You
tryin’ to murk me? You want war
with me?

PEST:
Listen to me cuz! I’m not even
lyin’! If we was makin’ it up,
don’t you think we’d make up
something better than aliens?
HI-HATZ swings the gun onto PEST, about to lose it
completely.

HI-HATZ
Say that word one more time...
Suddenly, an alien HOWL. HI-HATZ doesn’t flinch. The
GANG take a step back and re-direct their attention.

PEST:
(Pointing)
I told you man! There! On the roof if you don’t believe me!
TONKS looks. HI-HATZ doesn’t.
HI-HATZ
(goading)
What? What’s on the roof?

PEST:
One of them a...
HI-HATZ
Say it!

PEST:
One of them big gorilla wolf mother fuckers!
Another HOWL. TONKS retreats, afraid.

TONKS:
Yo Hi-Hatz, there’s something there bruv...

62 CONTINUED:
HI-HATZ turns and looks. Seen from his POV, too far off to make out much detail:
A SHAPE hangs upside down from a ventilation pipe across the ceiling. Perfectly still.
Next moment, it drops onto the ground, its landing obscured by the wrecked BMW.
Everyone simultaneously JUMPS in shock. Everyone except MOSES and HI-HATZ.
HI-HATZ
(to Tonks)
Go see what that is.

TONKS:
No way bruv!
HI-HATZ swings his pistol onto TONKS.
HI-HATZ
TONKS approaches the rear of the BMW. There’s NOTHING
THERE. Behind him, an open garage door. In the Move!

TONKS:
Shiiiiit...
blackness, two points of GREEN LIGHT appear.

TONKS:
It’s gone bruv...

SUDDENLY:
high speed into a GARAGE DOOR. BOOM!
HI-HATZ and the GANG watch in horror as the huge SHADOWY CREATURE rips TONKS’ NECK OUT.
HI-HATZ raises his pistol, steps towards the scene, pumping round after round towards the SHAPE!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Behind, MOSES surveys their options. He turns to DENNIS.

MOSES:
Got the key to your lock-up?
DENNIS NODS. At once, MOSES dashes away. The others follow. The GANG round the far corner and disappear.
HI-HATZ stops firing. GUN-SMOKE clears. The second CREATURE is dead. As is TONKS. HI-HATZ looks towards the gang. Sees them GONE.

62 CONTINUED:
He strides towards where they were, firing. CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK! If only he had the ammo...
HI-HATZ
Moses! Puss ya! I’m gonna get you killed blood? You get me?
Watch! Watch!
Another HOWL. Further off. Now HI-HATZ is afraid. He retreats. SPRINTS towards what’s left of his CAR.

63 INT. GARAGE - THAT MOMENT 63
A pair of metal cutters BITE into MOSES’ CUFFS. DENNIS operates them. The others bustle around him.

PEST:
I told you man! What did I say?
Alien invasion! London wide! For
police are gonna be here any minute.

**JEROME**:  
We’re fucked. When the feds find them bodies, that van, we are fucked!

**PEST**:  
If it’s happenin’ all over then the feds is gonna be too busy, know what I’m sayin’?

**JEROME**:  
real! I knew it from the start!

**BIGGZ**:  
Them vans got tracker beacons,  
Yeah. National emergency, army  
on the street, helicopters, all  
of that 28 Days Later shit.  
SNAP! The CUFFS break. Now MOSES has two big, steel bracelets. He rubs his wrists.

**MOSES**:  
We gotta get off the street.  
Back in the block. Like none of this happened.

**PEST**:  
Yes boss. Back in the block!

**DENNIS**:  
How we gonna do it with all them things out there though?

63 CONTINUED:  
BIGGZ tosses MOSES his CAP. MOSES puts it on.

**MOSES**:  
Fast.  
Revealed all around them, crammed into the garage, DENNIS’ complete collection of PEDS.
CLOSE ON:
by a single bulb, the GANG straddle various RIDES.
MOTORS rev and growl. Clouds of EXHAUST rise.

PEST:
You know what man?

MOSES:

MOSES:
What?

PEST:
This is sick.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGES - THAT MOMENT
BIGGZ hoists open the garage door. A convoy of vehicles
charge out. DENNIS on his PIZZA PED wearing a bright
CRASH HELMET. MOSES on a DIRT BIKE. PEST on a tiny MINIMOTO.
JEROME on a BMX. BIGGZ hops onto his stunt pegs.

PEST:
I’m shitting myself innit. But
at the same time...

What?

66 EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAYS - THAT MOMENT 66
The GANG speed up a ramp, onto the network of elevated
WALKWAYS. Ahead, on a higher walkway, a CREATURE.
As the GANG race beneath, the CREATURE LEAPS! It FLIES
down towards them, CLAWS outstretched! It lands behind
them, LEAPING forward in their wake.

DENNIS:
They’re on us!

MOSES:
Split! Meet at the block!!
Ahead, a JUNCTION. The GANG DIVIDE: MOSES with DENNIS,
JEROME and BIGGZ with PEST.

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67 EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAYS. VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS 67
PEST races his MINI-MOTO towards a metal BARRIER. He
hugs his body to his bike. Speeds right beneath it.
JEROME and BIGGZ approach. BIGGZ jumps off the stunt pegs and HURDLES it cleanly.
JEROME skids the bike to a halt, picks it up, and hastily weaves through on foot.
MOSES and DENNIS approach a steep downward concrete steps. The dirt bike bumps down at speed.
But DENNIS’ ped can’t take it. It topples and DENNIS is thrown off, hitting the ground rolling.
MOSES skids to a halt, turns. Sees DENNIS scurrying to right his ped as:
A CREATURE prowls from the shadows towards him! DENNIS scrambles to his feet, jumps on the ped.
The creature LEAPS! As the ped pulls away it JUST FALLS
JEROME and BIGGZ ride towards upward concrete STEPS.
BIGGZ jumps off, RUNS up, quick as a flash.
SHORT!
BIGGZ turns back to see JEROME, struggling to carry the BMX up the steps. Just then:
A CREATURE emerges right BETWEEN THEM. It turns towards JEROME. JEROME falls backwards down the steps.
BIGGZ RUNS in the opposite direction. The CREATURE pursues BIGGZ. BIGGZ sprints!
Up ahead, that perilous JUMP between walkways that he considered trying earlier. No choice now.
He JUMPS! Flies towards the next walkway, landing fair and firm. He flashes a brief SMILE. One look behind him and it vanishes. He LEAPS away, just as:
A CREATURE lands in the exact same spot. It slams into the walkway wall, rights itself, springs into pursuit.
BIGGZ leaps a wall. Slides down the roof of a parked VAN. Sees those three MUNICIPAL RECYCLING BINS ahead.
GLASS. PAPER. CANS. He throws open PAPER. VAULTS inside.
MOSES zooms towards a downward staircase. He revs HARD, JUMPS the steps, landing HEAVY but steady.

67 CONTINUED:
PEST GUNS his MINI-MOTO towards the same steps. He JUMPS! And lands horribly HARD, crushing his ride beneath him.

PEST :
My nuuuuuts!
He scurries to right the little bike, revs it, but it’s BUSTED. Looks up to see -- a CREATURE coming at him! He picks up the bike, lifts it over his head and HURLS it at the CREATURE.

PEST (CONT’D)
Raaasclaaat!
DIRECT HIT! The CREATURE tumbles backwards. PEST RUNS for his life.

EXT. ENTRANCE WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER
MOSES speeds along the final stretch of walkway leading to the BLOCK. He dismounts and YANKS OPEN THE DOOR, just in time for DENNIS to speed inside.

LOBBY - THAT MOMENT
DENNIS jumps off his ped, letting it crash into the wall, and races towards the LIFTS.
HE hammers on the call button. Both readouts are displaying an UP ARROW.

MOSES :
Stairs blood!
69 INT.
MOSES pulls the FRONT DOOR open to let JEROME come skidding in on his BMX.

DENNIS:
Where’s Biggz at, where’s Pest?!?
MOSES peers through the FRONT-DOOR WINDOWS. DENNIS and JEROME join him. They peer out to see:
70 EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAYS - THAT MOMENT 70
PEST, sprinting with his bat in hand, a CREATURE galloping behind him, catching up by the second!

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71 INT. LOBBY - THAT MOMENT 71
PEST hurtles inside. The GANG throw themselves against the door, closing it just before:
BOOM! The CREATURE impacts with SHOCKING FORCE! It punches the lower corner of the door CLEAN AWAY!
The GANG are THROWN BACK! PEST falls! The CREATURE’S SNOUT DARTS through the gap. JAWS clamp around his LEG!
He SCREAMS in AGONY.
PEST SCREAMS. He swings his BASEBALL BAT. THWACKS the CREATURE’S HEAD. It releases him, HOWLS and RETREATS.
JEROME and DENNIS drag PEST towards the STAIRWELL,
MOSES following. His leg draws a bloody trail. As the GANG run up the stairs the front door SHATTERS INWARDS and the CREATURE TUMBLES inside.

INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT

her front door. Her hands

SAM’S putting her key into

are still TREMBLING. She hears a COMMOTION. Looks up. Sees the GANG, rushing towards her! She pulls open her front door, terrified.

INT. SAM’S FLAT - THAT MOMENT

Before SAM can close the door MOSES’ foot JAMS it! The force of the GANG throws her back and they push inside. SAM darts into the FRONT ROOM. Looks around desperately for something to defend herself with. The GANG spill inside, setting PEST down on the sofa then simultaneously pulling out their MOBILES.

MOSES:

Somebody bell Biggz.

JEROME:

I got one text left!

DENNIS:

I got no credit. Nuttin’.

PEST:

Drop call everybody fam, pray someone calls back...

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73 CONTINUED:

JEROME:

This is too much madness to explain in one text!
Then, SAM’S VOICE SHOUTS:

SAM (O.S.)

GET OUT OF MY FUCKING FLAT!!!
The GANG turn to see she’s brandishing a guitar like an axe.

SAM:

I SAID GET OUT!!!
MOSES talks to her without eye contact.

**MOSES**:
Yo snitch, calm yourself. This ain’t about you no more, get me? block down!

**JEROME**:
There’s worse things out there to be scared of than us tonight, trust.

**DENNIS**:
Bruv! I saw her ID card thingy! She’s a nurse innit!

**PEST**:
Help me then! I need this leg, I need it to be able to run from

**SAM**:
If you come anywhere near me I swear I’ll scream this fucking those things!
SAM is aghast.

**SAM**:
You think I’m going to help you?
After you attacked me, robbed me, set those dogs on the police?

**DENNIS**:
Yes to the first two, no to the last one.

**PEST**:
Dogs? Dogs with glow in the dark jaws? Dogs with no eyes? Dogs the size of gorillas?

(MORE)
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73 CONTINUED:
PEST (CONT'D)
You think them things is dogs,
going out there and try feedin’
them some Pedigree Chum. They’s
aliens love, where’s your common
sense?

SAM :
Whatever the fuck they are,
they’re not fucking aliens.

DENNIS :
You swear too much man.

PEST :
Yeah, you got a potty mouth man.

JEROME :
Whatever they are, they’re
inside the block now. They’re
after everyone.

DENNIS :
Yeah. We’re on the same side
now, know what I’m sayin’?
SAM looks towards her LAND-LINE HANDSET. MOSES follows
her gaze. She makes a lunge for the handset. MOSES gets
there first. Still no eye contact.

MOSES :
No feds.

PEST :
You’d be better off calling
Ghostbusters love.

MOSES :
This is the block. We take care
of things our own way, get me?

SAM :
You’re joking.

DENNIS :
Does it look like he’s jokin’?

SAM:
I was gonna to call for help.
Your friend needs to go to hospital. So do you. If those wounds get infected, they could kill you.

DENNIS:
Nah, he likes his scars innit.
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73 CONTINUED:

JEROME:
He looks cool, like Tony Montana!

PEST:
Tony Montana! Scarface innit?
Ha! That’s jokes!
(a jolt of pain)
Fuuuuuck!

DENNIS:
He’s bleedin’ to death fam! Help him man!

MOSES:
(To Sam)
We ain’t gonna do nothing.
For the first time since the mugging, MOSES looks her in the eye.

MOSES:
(firm)
Fix him.
She holds his eye a moment, then she SIGHS in frustration.

SAM:
Jesus...
MOMENTS LATER:
reveal several DEEP GASHES across PEST’S lower leg. The couch beneath is blood-sodden.

PEST :
Sorry I messed up your couch.

SAM :
Don’t worry about it.

PEST :
Want me to take ‘em off?

SAM :
That won’t be necessary.

PEST :
SAM ignores him. She lifts his leg and starts to manipulate it.

SAM :
Tell me if this hurts.

73 CONTINUED:

PEST :
Try me.
She bends his foot one way.

PEST :
Owwwwww! Hurts!

SAM :
How about this?
She bends it the other, enjoying herself.

PEST :
(agony)
Hurts hurts hurts hurts hurts!
She sets his leg down, applies sterile pads and begins
to bandage.
treated before you lose too much
blood.

MOSES :
Do it then.

SAM:
(annoyed)
I can’t do it. I don’t have the
equipment or the skill. I only
just graduated, and I missed the
class on alien bite wounds.
She tugs the bandage extra tight.

SAM :
You’ve torn a couple of minor
arteries. You might have a
fracture. You need to get it

PEST :
(smarting)
Oi! Don’t take it out on me!

SAM :
(to Moses)
Pass me that cushion.
MOSES waits a beat. Then passes her the cushion. She
wraps it around PEST’S leg and continues to bandage.

JEROME :
Yo nurse? I fell backwards down
two flights of steps. Can you
check me after?

SAM :
Sure. Take a number.

73 CONTINUED:

JEROME :
I ain’t seen you around before.
You live here long?
SAM:
Couple of months.

JEROME:
Nice place.

SAM:
Thanks. I’m thinking of moving.
SAM ties off the bandage. PEST’S leg is now tightly bound. SAM starts to pack up her first aid kit.

PEST:
Shame. Why?

SAM:
I don’t like the area.

DENNIS:
(insulted)
What’s wrong with the area?
BANG! Something impacts the front door, shaking the hinges. Everyone stares. MOSES goes to investigate.
He approaches the FRONT DOOR. Looks through the spy hole. Sees the gloomy corridor. Nothing there. Then -- something comes FLYING forward! A SHADOWY SHAPE with GLOWING JAWS! BOOM!
MOSES walks back into the FRONT ROOM, closing the internal door behind him. The GANG draw their WEAPONS.

MOSES:
They found us.

SAM:
Listen, whatever kind of gang war bullshit you’re involved in, just leave me out of it, please.
SMASH! The sound of the FRONT DOOR breaking through.

DENNIS:
This ain’t got nothing to do with gangs.

JEROME:

BOOM! Now the INTERNAL DOOR violently SPLINTERS.

SAM:
This is the worst night of my life.

MOSES:
Feeling’s mutual.

BOOM! The DOOR COLLAPSES! The CREATURE TUMBLERS inside! It SKIDS beneath a coffee table and rights itself, throwing the table into the air.

The GANG leap behind furniture. MOSES grabs the SAMURAI SWORD from DENNIS, stands up, faces it. The CREATURE REARS UP to KILL MOSES!

Without a pause, MOSES swings the SWORD, and -- THUKKK!!! Sinks the blade halfway through its NECK. The CREATURE FREEZES. JET BLACK BLOOD oozes down the hilt of MOSES’ SWORD. Then it DIES.

MOSES lets the sword drop to the carpet. SAM and the GANG emerge. MOSES is frozen, panting.

JEROME:
Tango neutralised!

DENNIS:
Moses! Ninja!

PEST:
(to Sam)
See? Is that a dog?

SAM:
No.
PEST:

No, that is not a dog!
They approach the CARCASS. The CREATURE’S coat is so dark it seems to absorb light.

JEROME:

That’s black. Too black to see...
DENNIS nervously touches its fur with his hand.

73 CONTINUED:

DENNIS:

That’s the blackest black ever fam. That’s blacker than my cousin Femi.

PEST:

Had to be black, innit. Even aliens are racist.

JEROME:

Oi, where’s miss?
Only now do they notice that SAM has GONE.

74 INT. CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT 74
SAM turns and walks back towards the GANG.

SAM:

Wherever you’re going, I’m coming with you.
She stops face to face with MOSES.
SAM (CONT’D)
After what you’ve put me through tonight, it’s the least you can do.
MOSES considers her.

DENNIS:

No way man, she’s bare annoying.
Make her leave. Let that snitch get murked.
PEST:
Dennis man, why are you being such a prick, I need the nurse, do you want me to die?
ALIEN ROARS echo louder around them.

JEROME:
Can nobody hear what I hear? We can’t stand around arguing. We need to roll. Now.
SAM looks at MOSES.

SAM:
My name’s Sam.

JEROME:
Jerome.

74 CONTINUED:

PEST:
Pest.
DENNIS recoils in disgust.

DENNIS:
No!

JEROME:
(nods towards)
Dennis.
SAM looks at MOSES.

SAM:
And you’re Moses, right?
MOSES meets her eye.
A BLACKED-OUT 4X4 drives slowly by, then accelerates steadily past. We follow it -
EXT. NEARBY ROAD - NIGHT

MOSES:
You’re gonna need a weapon.
EXT. ESTATE STREET - NIGHT
Police tape is looped around a lamp-post and stretched
across the site where the two officers were attacked. There are PATROL CARS and VANS. A MEDICAL TEAM. A small crowd of COPS and ONLOOKERS. SIRENS echo all around. -- as it pulls up beside HI-HATZ' BMW, which sits smoking in a narrow side road. Out of the 4x4 steps PATRICK, a big blonde thug, tucking a gun in the back of his jeans. With him is BEATS, sweet faced and nervous, also with a pistol. HI-HATZ climbs out nervously to greet them. HI-HATZ Bring it, bring it, bring it...

PATRICK passes him a gun.

**PATRICK :**
What’s happenin’ man?
HI-HATZ
Somethin’ fucked up...

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76 CONTINUED:

**BEATS :**
Hi-Hatz bruv, there’s bare feds in the area, road blocks and everything.

**PATRICK :**
Yeah bruv. Maybe we should like, chill out ‘til things die down?

HI-HATZ turns on him angrily.
HI-HATZ
You tellin’ me to chill out?

**PATRICK :**
Nah bruv. I’m just sayin’ maybe we should wait ‘til things cool down.
Nah, forget it bruv.
HI-HATZ
Get in the car. Now.

INT. 4X4 - MOMENTS LATER
HI-HATZ guns the 4x4 furiously down the back streets towards the block, ranting:
HI-HATZ
(angrier)
You tellin’ me to cool down?

PATRICK:
HI-HATZ climbs into the 4x4’s driving seat and SLAMS the door.
HI-HATZ
They mash up my whip with a bully van they stole, then bare more youngers come on peds with swords and bats, start threatenin’ me about aliens or some shit, facin’ me down, tellin’ me they lost my stash, tellin’ me I’m gonna get shiffed!
HI-HATZ is not paying attention to the road. He drifts into the path of an oncoming vehicle, swerving away at the very last second.

77 CONTINUED:
HI-HATZ
Then some like big like dog, some big gorilla wolf mother fucker comes down from the roof, rolls Tonks, tears his neck all the way out, believe!
PATRICK and BEATS do not believe. They sit timidly in the back, either side of an empty baby seat.

PATRICK :
So... was it a dog then?
HI-HATZ
Don’t give a fuck what it was. Shot that thing. Died easy. We gotta learn them youngers tonight, get me? That block’s mine.
HI-HATZ accelerates aggressively. Turns on the STEREO. Starts to RAP angrily.
HI-HATZ (CONT’D)
Get that snitch, get that strap, Don’t give a fuck, blat, blat,
blat!

PATRICK and BEATS exchange a nervous look. BEATS plugs in his safety belt.

Looming ahead - the BLOCK.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE on a HAND holding a KNIFE. WIDER: It’s SAM’S HAND. She’s with the GANG, jogging up a STAIRWELL.

PEST:

Get four years for carryin’ an offensive weapon you know.

SAM:

I think this situation’s kind of exceptional.

PEST:

Is it? Walkin’ around expectin’ to get jumped any moment? Feels like just another day in the ends to me.

SAM:

Where’s he taking us?

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78 CONTINUED:

JEROME:

Tia’s.

SAM:

What makes you think we’ll be safer in her place than we were in mine?

JEROME:

Security gate.

MOSES addresses SAM without looking at her.

MOSES:

You wouldn’t be askin’ that question if you’d seen them girls fight.
DENNIS’ PHONE FLASHES in his pocket. He plucks it out and cracks a smile.

DENNIS:
(into phone)
Biggz bruv! We thought you was dead bruv! Where you at?
INT. MUNICIPAL BIN – THAT MOMENT
BIGGZ sits in TOTAL DARKNESS, his furious face illuminated only by his mobile phone.

BIGGZ:
I called you fifty times blood!
Why’s your phone on silent at a time like this!?! I’m in the bin! Same bin I was in that time them boys from Aylesbury was after me.
BOOM! The bin’s rocked by something impacting the outside heavily.

BIGGZ:
One of them things is tryin’ to head-bang me out. Come rescue me, yeah?
80 INT. STAIRWELL – THAT MOMENT 80
Back to DENNIS and the GANG:

DENNIS:
(into phone)
Ain’t that simple bruv.
(MORE)
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80 CONTINUED:
DENNIS (CONT'D)
Them things are in the block, bustin’ through doors. You got the only credit. Call everybody bruv, spread the word, tell them to stay inside, get me? I’ll bell you back when we get to Tia’s.
81 INT. MUNICIPAL BIN – THAT MOMENT 81
BOOM! Another massive impact. BIGGZ drops his phone. It’s now PITCH DARK.

BIGGZ:
Shit! There’s nappies in here man! This is pissing me off!

INT. CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT
A pair of FLASHING TRAINERS and a foldaway SCOOTER speed along a corridor and skid to a halt. PROBS and MAYHEM find themselves face to face with the GANG.

PEST :
Check it! Reginald and Gavin survived!

PROBS:
Don’t answer to them names no more. It’s Probs and Mayhem.

MAYHEM:
Fam, we saw the aliens! They ran straight past us! We got tools!
PROBS lifts a big SUPER SOAKER. Mayhem a PISTOL.

PROBS:
Let us roll with you man!

SAM:
That’s not real is it? Jesus, they look about six years old...

MAYHEM:
I’m nine and a half!

DENNIS:
That ain’t no toy, Reginald. Give me that...
DENNIS tries to grab the pistol but MAYHEM won’t let go. A dangerous STRUGGLE ensues. The gun swings around wildly. Everyone ducks. DENNIS pulls it free.

82 CONTINUED:
PROBS and MAYHEM YELL in protest, only stopping when
they hear:

MOSES :
Yo. Probs and Mayhem.
They look to MOSES, awed.

MOSES :
Go home and lock the door.
Do your homework. Watch Naruto.
Play Fifa. Just stay inside
tonight, get me?
MOSES pushes past. The GANG follow, shouting back over
their shoulders.

MAYHEM :
That’s my cousin’s! I gotta give
it back!

PEST:
You think they’re gonna die if
you shoot water at them?

PROBS :
(quietly)
Ain’t water in it, innt?

EXT. TIA’S FLAT. DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER
DIMPLES stands behind a closed steel SECURITY GATE.

DENNIS :
Stop bitchin’, you got a Super
Soaker still.
Gathered in the corridor beyond, awaiting permission to
enter, the GANG and SAM. DIMPLES surveys them.

DIMPLES:
You ain’t bringin’ all them
people in here! No! They’re
involved in somethin’! Someone’s
chasin’ them! They got weapons
and look, that one’s bleedin’,
and that woman, I don’t even
know that woman! I’m not gettin’
myself involved in a situation I
TIA : It’s my house Dimples. 
She pulls open the GATE.

83 CONTINUED:

TIA : (to the gang)
Come...

84 INT. TIA’S FLAT – NIGHT
There’s a good view of the surrounding streets from
here on the tenth floor. A HELICOPTER hovers nearby.
The LIGHTS of multiple EMERGENCY VEHICLES FLASH.

PEST (O.S.)
There’s one helicopter out
there. Copper chopper. Ain’t
even military. And it’s just
around this ends man.
The other KIDS are slouched around the room. GLORIA
styles DENNIS’ hair. TIA cleans MOSES’ wound. PEST
slumps down beside them and starts skinning up.

GLORIA : Yeah, localised in your head.

DIONNE :
Localised in your dreams.

GLORIA :
You are so stupid with your
stupid stories of stupidness.

DIMPLES :
Drapped by the feds? Yes. Big

PEST :
This ain’t London-wide. This is
gorilla alien wolf monsters
killin’ everyone? Uh-uh.
SAM sits in the corner, taking it all in.

JEROME:
Maybe they only fell on these ends.

DIMPLES:
Please? What kind of alien, out of all the places in the whole wide world, would invade some shitty council estate in South London?

DENNIS:
One that’s lookin’ for a fight.

PEST:
They’re out there for real, they’re comin’ for us.

DIMPLES:
(sings)
I can feel it, comin’ in the air tonight...
The girls collapse in LAUGHTER.

SAM:
Excuse me. They don’t hear. She STANDS.

SAM:
Listen to me! The LAUGHTER stops. They all turn and stare at SAM as if they’ve only just noticed she’s there.

SAM:
There’s a dead one in my living room. I live on the first floor. You can walk right in, there’s no front door anymore. Go and look if you don’t believe me.
DIMPLES:
Moses? When did you start going
out with your maths teacher?
The other girls LAUGH. TIA doesn’t.

TIA:
(to Moses)
How do you know that woman?

SAM:
We met earlier. He mugged me.

DIONNE:
Woy! For real?

DIMPLES:
That part I believe.
TIA ignores her. Turns to MOSES.

TIA:
That true? You rob that woman?
MOSES hides his eyes beneath his hat brim in shame.

MOSES:
Wasn’t just me.

84 CONTINUED:

PEST:
And afterwards she fixed my leg
up and we saved her from the
monsters so we’re mates now and
it’s all sweet. We’re heroes
innit?
PEST musters his sincerest face. Offers his hand for
SAM to shake. SAM stares daggers.

SAM:
Heroes? Five of you and a knife
against one woman? Fuck off.
PEST retracts his hand, scalded.
PEST:
Rah! Cold.

DENNIS:
Don’t build it up love, it wasn’t all that. We never touched you.

JEROME:
That blade was to get it over fast. We was as scared as you.

TIA:
Blade? You’re such a waste. Why’s it always trouble with you? Why’s it always someone gettin’ robbed or beaten up or someone gettin’ arrested?
TIA walks away from MOSES, joins the other girls, arms folded. MOSES’ eyes flick up. We register hurt.

SAM:
Listen, we can’t deal with this on our own. We have to call the police. You can trust me. I’ll tell them what really happened.
TIA turns on her angrily.

TIA:
You think the police is gonna help them? They might not arrest you but they’ll arrest them.

DENNIS:
Yeah. For murder of two police officers, vehicle theft, resisting arrest, everything that happened everywhere in the ends tonight.

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84 CONTINUED:

PEST:
They arrest us for nothing already.
MOSES speaks, Everyone listens.

**MOSES:**
You know what I reckon yeah? I reckon the feds probably sent them anyway. Government probably bred them creatures to kill black boys. First they sent drugs to the ends. Then they sent guns. Now they sent monsters to get us. They don’t care man. We’re not killin’ each other fast enough so they decided to speed up the process.

PEST lights his spliff. On the inhale:

**PEST:**
The GIRLS burst out LAUGHING. TIA reacts to PEST, stands up angrily.
Believe.

**TIA:**
Pest! I told you not to do that!
Do it out the window!

**PEST:**
It’s pain relief! Ask the nurse!
TIA goes to the window, pulls back the net curtain, revealing a SHAPE outside.

**TIA:**
Excuse me, but what is that?
MOSES stands. TIA backs away. A FIREWORK flashes and a clear candy coloured silhouette is momentarily visible: TWO CREATURES clinging to the balcony outside. One sideways, the other upside-down. GLORIA and DIONNE SCREAM. The GANG raise their weapons.

**DIMPLES:**
Oh my days.
Everyone takes cover. Everyone except DENNIS and MOSES.
DENNIS pulls on his crash helmet and aims the pistol.
MOSES:
You can’t take two fam.

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84 CONTINUED:

DENNIS:
Watch me.
DENNIS pulls the trigger. SNAP! SNAP! The noise is feeble. The glass hasn’t broken.

DENNIS:
Shit. It is a toy.
Next moment, the CREATURES violently SMASH HEADFIRST THROUGH the WINDOWS. The following happens FAST:
The FIRST CREATURE LEAPS onto DENNIS! It overshoots his body, whips around then - Tries to BITE into his moped helmet. Its teeth SLIDE OFF, like a dog biting at a bowling ball. The second CREATURE tries to climb in across the CEILING, but twists and DROPS onto DENNIS’ torso. The FIRST CREATURE traps its upper teeth in the window of DENNIS’ helmet, an INCH AWAY from his eyes. Both CREATURES writhe and pull in OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. Next moment, a sickening SNAP and: DENNIS’ HEAD, complete with helmet, hurtles across the room like a cannonball, towards TIA. She DUCKS! It RICOCHETS off her bedroom door and SLAMS into the room beyond!

INT. TIA’S FLAT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT DIMPLES and TIA turn, see the BIKE HELMET settling on the bedspread, DENNIS’ face present and correct inside. In unison they SCREAM!

86

EXT. WALKWAYS - NIGHT 86
FIREWORKS SCREAM through the sky above the ESTATE. PROBS and MAYHEM stare up at the commotion, bathed in coloured flashes. A VOICE sounds behind them. HI-HATZ Yo, youngers, wagwan? They turn to face BEATS, PATRICK and HI-HATZ. HI-HATZ Nice weapons. Who you fightin’?
86 CONTINUED:

MAYHEM :
Aliens.
HI-HATZ
Is it?
HI-HATZ kneels.
HI-HATZ
You seen that youth Moses lately?

PROBS :
Who wants to know?
HI-HATZ
He called us for back up. Help him fight the aliens off.
(mimes shooting)
Brap, brap, brap!
(beat)
So, where’s he at?
The GUN points lazily at PROBS. MAYHEM points up at the block, towards the billowing curtains and broken windows of TIA’S FLAT.

INT. TIA’S FLAT. FRONT ROOM - THAT MOMENT
Wind SURGES inside, blowing the ceiling light crazily. Beneath, the CREATURES survey the room, heads sweeping left and right, tasting the air, then settling on: An ARMCHAIR. Behind it, MOSES. He slowly stands up to face the creature, back to the wall behind. TIA watches. She grabs a nearby standard lamp. THROWS off the shade, SMASHES the bulb against the wall.

TIA :
Oi! Fuckface!
She steps out and JAMS the live end into the nearest CREATURE! It SHRIEKS, turns and SPRINGS at her!

88 INT. TIA’S FLAT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT 88
TIA and DIMPLES leap onto furniture. TIA flips the LAMP around and starts BASHING the CREATURE with the base. DIMPLES throws a colorful DUVET over the CREATURE. It FLAILS, inadvertently wrapping the duvet around itself.
88 CONTINUED:
DIMPLES grabs an UMBRELLA and STABS while TIA rains down lamp-stand blows.

89 INT. TIA’S FLAT. FRONT ROOM - THAT MOMENT 89
MOSES is TRAPPED. The CREATURE clambers over the ARMCHAIR, going in for the kill.
MOSES swings back his scimitar sword. THUNK! It STABS deep into the plasterboard wall behind him.
MOSES tugs. It’s STUCK. Oh shit.
The CREATURE opens its JAWS right in MOSES’ FACE! Not roaring but INHALING with a horrible suction sound.
SHHHUNK!!! A KITCHEN KNIFE sweeps up and IMPALES its JAW from beneath. Right up through its BRAIN.
The CREATURE FREEZES. MOSES looks across to see SAM, now bearing the dead CREATURES weight on her knife.
MOSES tugs his sword free from the wall. SAM lets the creature DROP, the knife still embedded in its jaw.
The exchange a look.
Then MOSES moves solemnly towards the spot where DENNIS fell. The others gather around him. Wind BUFFETS them.

TIA:
You know that little one you killed before? That was a mistake.

DIMPLES:
They weren’t going for us. They were going for you.

TIA:
Actions have consequences you know Moses.

DIMPLES:
Everywhere you go bad things happen.

TIA:
Stay away from us Moses.
At that moment, FIREWORK FLASHES throw a huge MONSTROUS SHADOW over them. Another CREATURE, clambering in through the shattered window.
The GANG spill into the corridor. MOSES SLAMS the SECURITY GATE closed behind them. The GIRLS RUN down the corridor towards the STAIRS. SAM hesitates, unsure who to stay with.

MOSES :
She’s right. You should stay away from me. Go if you like. But I ain’t gonna let anybody else die.

PEST :
Fuck that man! I got your back.

JEROME :
I ain’t goin’ nowhere. They took Dennis man. We gotta kill all them things bruv. They all turn and look at SAM. BANG!

SAM :
Don’t look at me. We’re on the same side now, right? BANG! Bullets explode on the wall, showering SAM and the GANG with plaster. They FLEE. HI-HATZ, PATRICK and BEATS stride out of the LIFT, opening fire, fast approaching TIA’S OPEN DOORWAY. Just as they get close; BOOM! The SECURITY GATE BURSTS from the wall, a CREATURE riding on top of it. BANG! PATRICK and BEATS FREEZE. Eyes go wide. HI-HATZ is unphased. He raises his PISTOL. HI-HATZ Easy kill. The CREATURE CHARGES! HI-HATZ FIRES. Misses. Turns to see BEATS and PATRICK already back inside the lift.

91 INT. LIFT - THAT MOMENT 91
BEATS HAMMERS the CLOSE button. PATRICK SHOOTS. HI-HATZ bundles inside too, the CREATURE BOUNDING after him. It DIVES, sails towards the closing doors and: MAKES IT!
The door closes. Muffled SCREAMS and SHOTS are heard from inside, diminishing as it continues its journey.

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92 OMITTED 92
93 INT. STAIRWELL - THAT MOMENT 93

The GANG BURST through DOORS and race up the stairwell.

SAM :
Who was that?

JEROME :
That’s Hi-Hatz. His best friend got ate and he’s a bit stressed about it.

PEST :
Man’s a sausage.

SAM:
Is there anyone in this block that doesn’t want to kill you?

MOSES peers up the staircase ahead. DISTORTED MONSTROUS SHADOWS approach, ADVANCING out of the blackness.

Their path ahead blocked, MOSES turns and makes towards

MOSES:
Not really.

the doors to the nearest CORRIDOR.

INT. NINETEENTH FLOOR - THAT MOMENT

BREWIS stands waiting for the LIFT. PING! It arrives.
The DOORS open. Revealed inside; HI-HATZ. Alone. Crazed. His face and the walls behind him awash with GORE.

BREWIS :
I’ll get the next one.

95 EXT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

 Seen through the spine of WINDOWS which runs up the side of the block: The GIRLS, stampeding DOWN.

95

96 INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The GIRLS thunder through the lobby, a hurricane of PANIC.

96

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The GIRLS BURST from the block and sprint towards the ESTATE EXIT. Awaiting them a MASS of silhouetted POLICE VEHICLES and OFFICERS & FLASHING LIGHTS.

\[97A\] INT: CLOSE ON BIGGZ’ PHONE. A PHOTO of DENNIS on the screen.

An automated voice SOUNDS:

**PHONE VOICE:**
You have thirty seconds remaining.

BIGGZ takes a deep breath.

**BIGGZ:**
(phone warning beep)
Big man ting, I got no more credit. I can’t be in this bin no more. I’m gonna make a break for it.
(phone warning beep)
If I die, tell my mum I love her. And tell Jerome I did that jump. I ain’t even lying. That was some next superhero shit.
(phone warning beep)
Dennis fam, I made bare calls, everybody’s come down to back us blood, but no one can get inside. Feds have got the block on lock down.

See you on the other side, yeah?

He pockets his phone. DARKNESS.

EXTERIOR (already shot): The bin lid slowly opens.

BIGGZ peers out. Almost immediately:

BOOM! The CREATURE lunges up and SNAPS at his FACE! The bin TIPS violently, throwing BIGGZ backwards.

BOOM! BOOM! The creature head-butts the bin again and again, almost tipping it over! Finally, it backs off.

Nestled in the trash, BIGGZ’S PHONE RINGS. On the screen, a sweet photo of him hugging his MUM.
Not now!!!

PROBS commando-runs into view, taking up position at a junction. MAYHEM sidles up behind, not playing along.

MAYHEM:
This is looong man. They’ve all gone!
Something catches PROBS’ eye on the BLOCK ahead.

PROBS:
Nah they ain’t. Check it!
A DOZEN CREATURES scuttle up the outside of the block, darting between satellite dishes and drainpipes like APES scaling an AZTEC TEMPLE - All heading towards RON’S PENTHOUSE FLAT.

INT. LIFT - THAT MOMENT
BREWIS paces up and down in the tiny lift, mumbling to himself in a stoned panic.
The lift suddenly SHUDDERS to a HALT. The doors OPEN and MOSES dives inside, followed by SAM, JEROME and

BREWIS:
Yo...
BREWIS sees something MONSTROUS bounding down the corridor towards them.

BREWIS:
...woah!
PES.T.
The doors close. BREWIS is gradually losing it.

BREWIS:
Will someone please tell me what the fuck is going on in this block? What was that chasing you? Why’s the other lift full of bits of dead people???

PEST:
Hear that Moses? They got Hi-Hatz! They ate that sausage!
BOOM! The CREATURE impacts. The LIFT starts to descend.
PEST reaches out and double taps the GROUND button, cancelling it. The lift shudders to a halt.

99 CONTINUED:

BREWIS:
Hey, what are you doing? I was going down...
(off their looks)
...but don’t worry about it.

MOSES:
I ain’t goin’ down. Too many things down there’s out to get me, get me?

PEST:
True say. Bare police, crazy gangsters and fucked-up monsters down there.

BREWIS:
OK. Good. Let’s not go down.
Yeah, if we’re not going down, where is there left to go?

MOSES:
Up. Ron’s weed room.

SAM:
What’s Ron’s Weed Room?

BREWIS:
It’s a big room full of weed. And it’s Ron’s.

MOSES:

SAM:
They can get through doors. And windows. And security gates.
JEROME:
That room’s like Fort Knox.

PEST:
Ron’s weed room! Plan!
MOSES hits the button marked NINETEEN.

100 INT. CORRIDOR/LIFT. NINETEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT
The LIFT DOORS open to reveal: NO ONE. Then; SAM, PEST, MOSES, JEROME and BREWIS peering nervously out.

MOSES:
Down the end.

PEST:
Raaaah..!

100 CONTINUED:
Right at the end of the corridor, TWO CREATURES, TUSSLING and SNARLING.

BREWIS:
Man, I am too high for this shit...

PEST:
Trust.

MOSES:
We gotta clear that corridor.

SAM:
How?

MOSES:
Indoor fireworks.

INT. NINETEENTH FLOOR LIFT/ CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER
2-SHOT INSERT of BREWIS and SAM pressed against wall while GANG prepare firework weapons.

BREWIS:
Hey, I’m Brewis.

SAM:
BREWIS:
I’m supposed to be at a house party in Fulham. Now it’s like I’m trapped in this bloody block. How about you?

SAM:
I live here.

BREWIS:
Really? Cool...

BREWIS:
I’m supposed to be at a house party in Fulham. I only came here to pick up. I’ve got customers waiting...

JEROME:
People like you encourage drugs in the ends man. Makes me sick.

PEST:
Unless you want a better deal. What’s Ron charging?

VOOOM! The rockets SCREAM down the corridor! The CREATURES cower and scramble as incendiaries BOUNCE and RICOCHET around them! Within seconds, the CORRIDOR is filled with DENSE WHITE SMOKE. MOSES grabs a ROMAN CANDLE and lights the FUSE.
MOSES:

Come.

MOSES steps out and is SWALLOWED by the SMOKE. Then; the CORRIDOR LIGHTS come on. MOSES is just visible.

MOSES:

JEROME, SAM and PEST step into the smoke. BREWIS hovers quickly.
with his plastic bags, unsure.

BREWIS:

Wait for me!

INT. CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT

The CORRIDOR is a limitless, SMOKY WHITE SPACE, like THICK FOG in a 50s horror movie.
We glimpse MOSES, his ROMAN CANDLE like a bazooka, spitting out coloured FIREBALLS to clear their path.
SAM follows close behind him, forging forward blindly.
PEST, lights bangers, chucking them before and behind.
BANG! CRACK! BANG!
Here’s JEROME, swiping his MACHETE at nothing, BREWIS holding the back of his shirt like a frightened child.

JEROME:

Get the fuck off me man!
BREWIS looks behind. Fleetingly glimpsed: a shadowy FORM darting through the mist.

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102 CONTINUED:

BREWIS:

Oh Jesus! There’s one here!
Behind me!
BREWIS accelerates past JEROME, who turns to face the threat, MACHETE at the ready.
GROWLING sounds around JEROME. He spins. Quickly loses his bearings. Nothing but whiteness all around.
A DARK SHAPE darts. Very CLOSE. JEROME PANICS. He turns and RUNS -- SMACK! Hard into a WALL.
He FALLS. His GLASSES fly off. His MACHETE spins away into the SMOKE.
On hands and knees JEROME searches for them.
But all his hands find is a DOORMAT which reads ‘WELCOME’.
Above it, a SECURITY GATE.
JEROME hauls himself up on the BARS. Starts buzzing the DOORBELL desperately.
FURTHER ALONG the CORRIDOR: PEST, still dropping

JEROME:
Help! Pest! Moses! Back me!
BANGERS. He hears JEROME’S cries & turns.

PEST:
Jerome? Where you at?!?
He pulls out his BASEBALL BAT and heads back the way he came. BACK TO JEROME:
The FRONT DOOR behind the SECURITY GATE OPENS. The ITALIAN WOMAN appears. Shouts right into JEROME’S face.

ITALIAN WOMAN:
Now I’m calling the police!
She SLAMS the DOOR. JEROME turns to look for help, sees only a DARK SHAPE lunging at him!

BACK TO PEST:
the ready. Suddenly -- someone GRABS HIS injured ANKLE. PEST SCREAMS like a girl. Looks down. Sees JEROME, on his stomach, face peering up pleadingly. BLOOD spurts suddenly out of his open mouth. Then he’s yanked backwards, his hand still gripping PEST’S ankle. PEST falls BACKWARDS. JEROME is swallowed by the smoke. Something HITS PEST’S SHOULDER. PEST SCREAMS again!
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102 CONTINUED:
A HAND. Hauling him to his feet. It’s SAM.

SAM:
Follow me.
They thrust FORWARD into the SMOKE. PEST is frantic, terrified and furious. HOWLS echo around them.

PEST:
Not Jerome man! This has gone too far! How can they see us
when they ain’t got no eyes?!?
He SWINGS his BASEBALL BAT crazily as he backwards runs. THWACK! He hits something! It SHRIEKS!
BREWIS (O.S.)
ARRRRGHH!
BREWIS emerges out of the smoke, claspimg his EYE.

BREWIS :
What the fuck was that for?
INT. RON’S FLAT. HALL/FRONT ROOM - THAT MOMENT
103 OMITTED
RON’S POV through his spy-hole. MOSES is hammering on the door as PEST, SAM and BREWIS emerge from the smoke behind him. RON opens the door to the limit of its chain, fear in his face.

RON :
Wotcha...

MOSES :
Ron! Let us in man!
RON hesitates, as if he wants to speak but can’t.

PEST :
Open the door! Open the door!

MOSES :
You wanna get us killed? Open it! Now!
Still RON hesitates. Now, we see why:
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104A INT. RON'S FLAT. CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT 104A
RON looks anxiously towards the weed room door. A figure stands there, barely seen.
We see only a trembling GUN, pointed towards RON. We recognize the menacing, whispering voice behind it:
HI-HATZ
Open it.
RON looks back to the GANG. No choice. He opens the door. The GANG pile inside.

MOSES :
We need to hide in your weed room...
PES:

RON:
Dunno about that...
The GANG move towards the weed room. As the front door
closes behind them, the figure steps out and blocks
their path. It’s HI-HATZ. His GUN pointed at MOSES.
It’s the only safe place in the
block...
HI-HATZ
Wagwan Moses?
HI-HATZ advances. The GANG back into the front room.
MOSES throws a glance at RON.

RON:
Don’t look at me. I’m on
everyone’s side aren’t I?
HI-HATZ ignores him, his attention locked on MOSES.
HI-HATZ
You killed that thing?

MOSES:
Hi-Hatz bruv...
HI-HATZ
You brought that thing to my
ends?

MOSES:
I don’t want no trouble...

HI-HATZ circles so that his back’s towards the WINDOWS.
HI-HATZ
You brought feds to my ends?

MOSES:
Listen to me bruv...
HI-HATZ
You brought an alien invasion to
my ends?
HI-HATZ' attention remains locked onto MOSES. Outside
the WINDOWS behind him, the shadowy shapes of three
CREATURES clamber into view.
Behind you bruv.
HI-HATZ
Don’t chat me.

MOSES:
I ain’t lyin’.
HI-HATZ
Shut up!

Behind him, more CREATURES appear. Now there are five. Six. Jostling for space, sniffing silently, hungrily.

HI-HATZ
I was gonna make you.
His grin drops.

HI-HATZ
Now I’m gonna dead you.
HI-HATZ COCKS the GUN. In response, RON steps into the closet and shuts the door behind him.
HI-HATZ
This is my block, get me?

MOSES:
Not really.

At that moment:
CREATURES WAILING a terrifying chorus.
HI-HATZ turns. Sees the CREATURES. He freezes, astonished.

SAM, PEST, MOSES and BREWIS race towards the weed room.

104B CONTINUED:
HI-HATZ' terrified face is illuminated by the green glow of multiple jaws. Next moment:
He’s showered with shattering glass!

105 INT. RON’S FLAT. WEED ROOM – NIGHT 105
CLOSE on the CARCASS. The overhead lights have failed, leaving only the U.V. lights, which make the creature GLOW like a skeleton in a ghost train.
MOSES (O.S.)
Wish I’d never chased after that thing. Wish we never murked you.
Wish I never took that white
from Hi-Hatz. Wish I’d just gone home and played Fifa like Biggz said.

MOSES, SAM, PEST and BREWIS sit slumped against the wall opposite the carcass. BOOMS and HOWLS puncture the silence. SAM has found a towel and is changing PEST’S blood sodden dressing.

PEST:
Anyone got skins?

MOSES:
Nah fam.

PEST:
Bare weed and no skins? This is a nightmare!
MOSES turns to SAM.

MOSES:
Listen, yeah? We didn’t even know you lived in the block, is it? If we knew you, we wouldn’t have stepped to you.

SAM:
What, it would have been okay to mug me if I didn’t live here? Is that how it works?

PEST:
Boy, you’s tetchy! He’s tryin’ to apologise to you!
MOSES stands, walks over to inspect the carcass. PEST is pale and week. He looks up at SAM.

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105 CONTINUED:

PEST:
You’re quite fit you know. You got a boyfriend?

SAM:
Yeah.

PEST:
You sure about him? Cos he’s not exactly looking after you tonight, is he?

SAM:
He volunteers for the Red Cross.
He’s helping children in Ghana.

PEST:
Is it? Why can’t he help children in Britain? Not exotic enough is it? Don’t get no nice BREWIS is staring at MOSES and PEST. There’s a GLOWING LIQUID spattered across their clothes like BLOOD.
suntan...

BREWIS:
Hey, look at that stuff on your clothes...

PEST:
Rah! My hoodie’s gone rave!
BREWIS looks over at the CREATURE. It too GLOWS, as does the floor around it, a smeared trail.

BREWIS:
Maybe it’s a pheromone?

PEST:
Maybe it’s a who?

SAM:
It’s like a scent. Insects use them to send messages.

BREWIS:
Maybe that one’s a female and the other ones are male. Maybe that’s how they find each other?
You mean you think that’s what they can smell?

BREWIS:
Moses, you said it fell out of the sky, right?

(MORE)

105 CONTINUED:
BREWIS (CONT’D)
Well maybe they like, drift through space on solar winds or something, like spores. And whatever planet they hit first, the female leaves a pheromone trail, then the males follow it to breed. Like moths.

PEST:
Fucking funny looking moths.
MOSES keeps his back turned. But he’s LISTENING. BREWIS indicates their glow-spattered clothing.

BREWIS:
You’re both covered in it. I bet if you took off your clothes they wouldn’t even know you were there.

BREWIS:
No, I’m trying to save your life! And in answer to your question earlier, yes I do have skins. PEST’S face lights up.

PEST:
Oh thank fuck!
Now he spots the contents of BREWIS’ PLASTIC BAGS.

PEST:

PEST:
You fancy us or something? You tryin’ to get us naked?
Is that sweets in there too?!? I swear I’ll never cuss you again!
PEST takes the skins, throws his arms around BREWIS and HUGS him. BREWIS looks shocked.

PEST:
Sorry I messed up your eye man.
PEST takes out a bar of chocolate and rips into it with his teeth.

BREWIS:
That’s okay. It’s good actually.
I’m gonna tell my Dad I got beaten up and carjacked, so...
it actually helps my story.

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105 CONTINUED:

PEST:
Yeah?

BREWIS:
Yeah.

PEST:
I’ll do the other one if you like?

BREWIS:
Nah, I’m fine thanks.

PEST:
Up to you.
PEST moves away and starts plucking BUDS. For the first time, MOSES makes eye contact with BREWIS.
who had that scent on them. So, if they follow the smell on that, then... I can lead them.

BREWIS:
Where?
MOSES:
Somewhere I can blow them up.

PEST:
Yes fam! Deffo! Blow them up!
PEST sparks his joint, lets out a cloud of smoke.

MOSES:
Yo Brewis? Everyone who touched that thing got murked you know.
Dennis. Jerome. Tonks. Them Feds after they touched me. Everyone

MOSES:
I killed that thing. I brought it in the block. If I hadn’t, no one would be dead.
MOSES hides his eyes under the brim of his cap.

MOSES:
I’ve gotta finish what I started.

106 INT. MUNICIPAL BIN - THAT MOMENT 106
BIGGZ’S BIN sits where we left it in the shadows. The CREATURE’S there too, motionless, ready to STRIKE.
PROBS and MAYHEM watch from an overlooking walkway.
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106 CONTINUED:

MAYHEM:
What if it jumps at us?

PROBS:
Then throw the banger.

MAYHEM:
What if I miss?

PROBS:
Then we run.

MAYHEM:
What if it kills us?

PROBS:
No one’s ever gonna call you
Mayhem if you keep on acting
like such a pussy!

INT/EXT. MUNICIPAL BIN - MOMENTS LATER
Face lit by the glow of his phone, BIGGZ is on his
phone to his mum.

BIGGZ:
(into phone)
No mum! I’m tellin’ the truth! I
know I’ve lied to you before,
but it’s for real this time, I
swear!

CRAZED ALIEN HOWLS are heard outside.

BIGGZ:
I gotta go mum, just do what I
say and stay indoors. I love you
mum. I won’t ever do anything
bad again. I promise. I love
you, yeah?

BIGGZ hangs up. He opens the lid of the bin a crack.
Peers out and sees the CREATURE SCREAMING with rage as
it’s SPRAYED from above with a jet of fluid.

108 EXT. WALKWAY JUNCTION - THAT MOMENT 108
PROBS is SHOOTING the creature with his SUPER SOAKER.
MAYHEM furiously lights a string of BANGERS. He THROWS
them!
The bangers land beside the creature and EXPLODE,
ignite the ground beneath. The CREATURE ROARS!

CLOSE ON THE BIN:
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108 CONTINUED:
BIGGZ’ eyes peer out, a fireball reflected in them as
he watches the creature burn. It flails, a ball of
fire, and scrambles out of sight.
Astonished, he drops the lid closed.

109 EXT. HIGHER WALKWAY - THAT MOMENT 109
PROBS and MAYHEM BOLT away from the CREATURE. They jump
and punch the air!
PROBS:
Boom shakalaka!!!!

MAYHEM:
Burn motherfucker burn!!!
Any time blood! Any time!

PROBS:
We don’t give a fuck man!
They round a corner and see: SIX ARMED OFFICERS in
PROTECTIVE CLOTHING, GUNS trained RIGHT AT THEM.
PROBS/MAYHEM
Fuck!!!

INT. MUNICIPAL BIN - THAT MOMENT
The lid is THROWN OPEN. BIGGZ is startled to see PROBS
and MAYHEM LEAP INSIDE with him and SLAM the lid shut.

MAYHEM:
Wagwan Biggz!

BIGGZ:
What are you doin’???

PROBS:
Armed police fam...

BIGGZ:
Swear down.

111 INT. RON’S FLAT. WEED ROOM - THAT MOMENT 111
SAM has CHANGED. She wears BREWIS’ HOODIE. Her body’s
bathed in vivid purple UV light. MOSES, PEST and BREWIS
are checking her for traces of pheromone.

BREWIS:
You look clean.

111 CONTINUED:

PEST:
You look niiiice.

SAM:
I’m betting my life we’re right about this.

BREWIS:
Believe me, I’d go out there myself if I wasn’t so profoundly stoned.

PEST:
Likewise.

MOMENTS LATER:
holds SAM’S phone in one hand and BREWIS’ in the other.

SAM:
He hands SAM’S phone to her.

MOSES:
You got bare missed calls.
SAM takes it. Looks at the screen.

SAM:
Jesus. My mum. She worries a lot.

MOSES:
Why?
One floor down. First on the right. One-nine-one.

MOSES:
Bell me when you get there.

SAM:
She thinks I can’t look after myself.

MOSES:
Next time she calls, let me speak to her.
He turns to PEST.

MOSES:
Gimme that ring.
PEST:
What ring man?
MOSES shoots him a look.

111 CONTINUED:

PEST:
Aw man, that’s ours! Worth bare P’s! Rasclat...

PEST gives the ring to MOSES. MOSES looks at it.

MOSES:
It ain’t worth nothing, right?

SAM:
Not money. It was my grandma’s.

MOSES makes like he’s lost interest.

MOSES hands SAM the ring.

SAM:
Thanks.

if you make it, how are you going to get out?

MOSES lowers his eyes. He has no answer.

SAM (CONT’D)
You don’t have to do this Moses.

MOSES:
Yeah I do.

EXT. RON’S FLAT. FRONT ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

MOSES:
You’re too brave you know.

SAM:
Even if you out-run them, even

The door opens a crack and out comes SAM. She steps away from the door, her back to the wall.
The closest CREATURES catch a whiff of scent from the weed room. They LUNGE! The door’s yanked SHUT.

They SLAM against steel, right BESIDE SAM! The remaining CREATURES stalk and tussle, agitated.
SAM surveys the room. It is TEEMING with creatures. Like horrible rats, scratching and tussling. Slowly, she begins to creep across the room towards the FRONT DOOR. She looks through the SPY-HOLE. The distorted view shows FOUR MORE CREATURES prowling the corridor outside, sniffing and nosing at the door.

112 CONTINUED:
SAM swings the door open, hiding herself behind it. The CREATURES jostle inside like cattle. SAM creeps around the door and exits.

113 INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 113
SAM jogs nervously towards a familiar FRONT DOOR. Number one-nine-one. She puts the key in the lock. She pushes the door open, steps inside and SLAMS the door shut behind her, just as MOSES did before.

114 INT. WEED ROOM/MOSES’ FLAT - THAT MOMENT 114
CLOSE on MOSES as he answers his MOBILE. We see only the side of his face as he talks to SAM.
SAM (O.S.)
You’re sure there’s no-one else

MOSES:
INT. MOSES’ FLAT. FRONT ROOM - THAT MOMENT
SAM wanders into the FRONT ROOM. Someone seems to be here?
Yeah.
using it as a bedroom. There’s CLOTHES and FAST FOOD PACKAGING everywhere.
On a shelf, a dusty FRAMED PHOTO of MOSES, aged about six, in his school uniform, smiling innocently.

SAM :
Who do you live with?
MOSES (O.S.)
Just my uncle.

SAM :
Where’s he?
MOSES (O.S.)
Comes and goes...

116 INT. WEED ROOM - THAT MOMENT 116
Back to MOSES. Eyes hidden beneath the brim of his
baseball cap. PEST tips his remaining fireworks onto
the floor:
Three little ROCKETS and a handful of BANGERS.
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116 CONTINUED:

MOSES :
...goes mostly.
117 INT. MOSES’ FLAT. CORRIDOR – THAT MOMENT 117
SAM opens a door. Behind; a CHILD’S BEDROOM. There are
WRESTLING POSTERS on the wall. A TV and GAMES CONSOLE.
A BOX of ACTION FIGURES and a SUPER-HERO BEDSPREAD.
Everything looks dusty and long unused.

SAM :
How old are you?
MOSES (O.S.)
Fourteen.
SAM takes this in.
SAM (O.S.)
You look older.
INT. WEED ROOM – THAT MOMENT
Back to MOSES. BREWIS has strapped the CARCASS onto the
BACKPACK, and now lifts it onto MOSES’ shoulders.

MOSES :
Thanks.
INT. MOSES’S FLAT. KITCHEN – THAT MOMENT
SAM enters the KITCHEN. It’s clean but unused and bare.
More FAST FOOD cartons are strewn around.
MOSES (O.S.)
Pull the hatch shut. Lock the
window. Leave the door on the
latch.
SAM twists all the GAS KNOBS on. Opens the STOVE. Pulls
the window shut. SLAMS the kitchen door behind her.
120 INT. CORRIDOR – MOMENTS LATER 120
SAM exits MOSES’ FLAT, leaving the door very slightly
open and runs down the corridor.

SAM :
(into phone)
CLOSE on MOSES:

MOSES :
(into phone)
Later.
He rings off. We PULL OUT to reveal MOSES’ HERO SHOT:
In vest and jeans. The CARCASS strapped to his back.
Broken CUFFS on his wrists. ROCKET in one hand. SAMURAI
SWORD in the other. SCARS across one cheek. PEST grins
wildly.

PEST :
Moses versus the monsters!
You’re Will Smith man!

MOSES :
(dissmissive)
Yeah, yeah, yeah... allow it.
INT. RON’S FLAT. FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
The following is in SLOW MOTION.
ROCKETS come shooting out from the WEED ROOM.
They RICOCHET and EXPLODE around the room, sending the
CREATURES scurrying wildly.
Now, leaping out of the door, MOSES!
He bounds over the CREATURES, onto the couch, onto the
coffee table, then towards the open door.
On his back, the CARCASS, flailing above the CREATURES
as they twist and lunge at it!
123
INT. CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT 123
A cloud of smoke billows from RON’S open front door.
Out of it comes MOSES. Then, right behind him, a
writhing mass of leaping CREATURES!
124
INT. STAIRWELL - THAT MOMENT 124
MOSES leaps down the stairs. Turns a corner. Right on
his tail, the aliens SURGE.
INT. CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT 125
MOSES SPRINTS. The tide of creatures GALLOPS behind him. Giant monster greyhounds chasing an alien hare. Claws SWIPE at MOSES' feet! Jaws SNAP at his heels! A CLAW snags his sneaker, TUGS it off!
The door to his flat is ahead. MOSES pulls off the CARCASS, tucks it under his arm.

126
INT. MOSES’ FLAT - THAT MOMENT 126
The SLOW MOTION ends.
MOSES skids inside. KICKS open the kitchen door. THROWS the CARCASS inside. LEAPS towards the FRONT ROOM. The CREATURES surge inside, skid towards the kitchen, pile inside mindlessly. MOSES bursts into the FRONT ROOM, throws open the SERVING HATCH. DIVES behind the BALCONY DOOR. He lights a rocket. Aims at the HATCH. VOOOOM! The rocket launches.

EXT. ESTATE PERIMETER - THAT MOMENT
Seen from the ground. A corner flat, two floors down from the top, EXPLODES. On the walkway below, SAM backs towards the POLICE CORDON, head turned upwards. On the BLOCK above, MOSES’ small figure, dangling from the balcony beneath his own, clinging to a UNION JACK.

SAM :
(to herself)
Go Moses...
TIA, DIONNE, DIMPLES and GLORIA watch too. They GASP and YELL as they watch MOSES trying to survive.

DIONNE :
Moses!
CLOSE on TIA as she stares up, awed. High above, like a distant mountaineer, MOSES swings himself onto the closest balcony. Attack The Block - FINAL SCRIPT (Inc. Reshoots) 10.11.10 92
128 INT. CORRIDOR. NINETEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT 128
PEST and BREWIS stumble down a smoke filled corridor. Ahead, looming towards them, dark SHAPES. MACHINE GUNS and HELMETS loom out of the smoke, along with AGGRESSIVE SHOUTS.
POLICE:
On the floor! Get down! Down!
POLICE SWAMP them, pinning them down and cuffing them.

PEST:
What the fuck are you doin’? We
didn’t do nothing man!
PEST’S face is PUSHED into the floor.
129 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT
The lift doors PING open. Revealed; MOSES holding his
SAMURAI SWORD. Around his ankles; the combined remains
of BEATS, PATRICK and the CREATURE. Facing MOSES:
The POLICE. Six helmeted, masked officers with machine
guns trained at the lift.

POLICE:
Put down the weapon! Raise your
hands! Kneel down!
MOSES SIGHS. He lets his SWORD clatter to the floor.
EXT. ESTATE PERIMETER - MOMENTS LATER
POLICE and RESIDENTS are spilling out of the BLOCK,
most still in their pyjamas. Amongst them, manhandled
by ARMED OFFICERS, come BREWIS, PEST & RON.
OFFICER 1
Don’t resist! Do not resist!

PEST:
I ain’t resistin’ you prick!
You’re pushin’ me over!
RON is black with soot, coughing and stumbling along on
the arm of HELMETED POLICEMAN.

RON:
Watch it mate, I’m registered
disabled you know! I’ll take
your bloody shoulder number.

130 CONTINUED:
BREWIS is shocked at how firm the police are being.

BREWIS:
 Fucking hell! What are you
doing?!? That really hurts!
My dad’s a journalist!
Just as they exit the tunnel which leads out of the low-rises, MOSES is lead past them. PEST shouts for joy.

PEST:
Moses blew them all up! He
saved the planet from a alien
invasion! He’s a hero! He’s a
legend!
PEST’S shouts are heard by the CROWD that has gathered,
marshalled by POLICE, surrounded by EMERGENCY VEHICLES.
TIA tries to run to MOSES but OFFICERS grab her and
haul her back. She struggles, SHOUTS out to MOSES.

TIA:
Moses! We’ll get you help! Call
MOSES looks at her and smiles as he’s lead past. BIGGZ
me, you hear me? Call me!
is in the crowd with PROBS and MAYHEM.

BIGGZ:
This is the block! The B-L-O-C-K
block! No one fucks with the
block, get me?
PROBS, MAYHEM, BIGGZ, DIONNE, GLORIA, TIA, DIMPLES,
ROXANNE and BUBBLES as well as other kids THROUGHOUT
the CROWD join in the proud, riotous chorus:

ALL:
Brrrap! Brrap! Brraap!
SAM is lead through the crowd by a CONSTABLE. They
arrive at a SUPERINTENDENT.

CONSTABLE:
Sir? This is Samantha Adams, the
lady that called in the mugging.

SUPERINTENDENT:
Miss Adams, I believe you were
with two of my officers earlier
tonight. You know they lost
their lives?
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SAM:
Yeah. I was there. We were attacked. Those boys over there, the ones you’re arresting...
She points over towards PEST and MOSES being locked in the back of the van. She hesitates a moment.

CONSTABLE:
Can you confirm it was them?

SUPERINTENDENT:
Don’t let them intimidate you miss...

SAM:
No. I know them. They’re my neighbours. They protected me.

CONSTABLE:

SUPERINTENDENT:
Protected you from what? You sure?

SAM:
I’ll show you.

EXT:
BIGGZ watches PEST and MOSES being bundled into the police van.

BIGGZ:
(to nearby policeman)
Why are do you always arrest the wrong people man!
(to crowd around him)
Yo, Moses saved the block! He took them all out! He saved the B-L-O-C-K!
(starts to chant)
Moses! Moses! Moses!
The crowd around begin to JOIN IN. MOSES! MOSES! MOSES!
Some, including PROBS and MAYHEM, start to BRAP BRAP too.

131 INT:
Pest and Moses in the back of the police van
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131 CONTINUED:

PEST :
Moses, bruv, can you hear that?
Moses looks up and hears his name being chanted by the
crowd.
PEST (CONT’D)
That’s for you man.
Moses smiles as the cheers get louder - MOSES! MOSES!
MOSES!

CUT TO BLACK: