

TOFF GUYS

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Draft: 28.9.18

POSH PETE (40s) shuffles through to the kitchen in darkness, switches the light on, gets the bin bag out the bin, ties it up, and puts it outside the back door.

He steps into the Dining Room and almost jumps out his skin: the light from the kitchen reveals the silhouette of FLETCHER * (50s) a Private Investigator, sitting at the Dining table with a bottle of Scotch and two glasses poured.

FLETCHER
Evening Posh Pete.

Pete's fear turns to anger, but he keeps his voice down.

POSH PETE
I should stab you with that rolling pin. How dare you break into my home Fletcher, this is my sanctuary.

FLETCHER
I was rather hoping you'd share a drink with me.

POSH PETE
I'd rather have a drink with my ex wife.

FLETCHER
I've got a meeting tomorrow at your favorite newspaper. As the best Private Investigator in this smokey little town, they're ready to put a hundred and fifty grand in my pocket to give 'em some filth. Good for me that, but bad for you.

Pete sits down.

POSH PETE
What's that smell?

FLETCHER
Big Dave, Editor extraordinaire, has got it in for your boss and his liquorish assortment of tasty mates. He's out to ruin him and all those that cosy up to him. Front cover: 'BOSCH'! There will be blood and feathers everywhere.

POSH PETE

Get to it Fletcher, I'm starting to
itch.

FLETCHER

But I'd rather not do that,
'specially as I know you. History
means something to me. We both know
your boss has got deep pockets and
I am going to give him the
motivation to dig in to 'em.

POSH PETE

What are you talking about?

Fletcher leans forward into the light and for the first time
his face is revealed. *

*
*

FLETCHER

Give me twenty million British
pounds and I'll give you everything
I've got: Memory cards, contact
sheets, recordings, the lot, and
you can just carry on as before.

POSH PETE

Hold on, we just went from a
hundred and fifty thousand pounds
to twenty million, that's a steep
rise in thirty seconds.

FLETCHER

You're lucky, that's nothing
compared to what I should be
asking.

POSH PETE

Thank God you're not greedy
Fletcher, you deluded shit-eating
cunt.

FLETCHER

I love it when you talk dirty Petey
sweetie, I can feel myself
engorging. This scotch is good. I
looked it up, 'App-ed' it, fifteen
hundred quid, didn't even know you
could spend that on a bottle of
scotch. I could get used to this.

POSH PETE

And I said get on with it.

FLETCHER

Alright, alright. I'm gonna tell you a story and demonstrate why my quote is my quote. I want you to play a game with me Pete.

POSH PETE

I don't want to play a game.

BANG! Fletcher slams his hand down hard on the table and his mood changes.

FLETCHER

I said I want you to play a game with me Pete.

Pete can see he's gonna have to play.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

I want you to imagine a character, a dramatic character. Like in a book, a play, or a film. But not digital, not on a memory stick, analogue, chemical process, keep the grain in the picture I say, old-school, 35 mill. Seeing this through a lens I am, and I want you to join me on this theatrical journey, coz it is theatre Pete. Beautiful, beautiful theatre. Now, roll camera and enter stage left, our protagonist, good-looking, gorgeous, golden age, proper handsome cunt: Mickey Adam. Unique background has our Mickey, American born 'Rhodes Scholar', born clever but poor, never finished his studies, never went home, because he found his vocation, a naughty vocation, bad boy. He started dealing the dirty wonder weed to his rich, privileged, upperclass Uni pals... Realised he was good at it, wasn't tethered to the rules of convention, the rules of English class, each man in his own little box. Oh no, not our American friend, he was clear and objective about ambition. He could surf the echelons of our complicated culture, and he was good at it, fuckin' good at it. And who doesn't like a film star at the table?

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Cracking jokes and tickling your missus. The glamour of the new world with the class of the old, what a fuckin' combo. Lethal. Devastating, no one knew what hit them. He knew how to take advantage of his advantage. And he was a hungry animal, powerful and ruthless, cunning and quick, charismatic and smart, where he went others followed... A magnificent beast. But he had to do some nasty things to get where he got, to establish his authority, to show he wasn't just teeth, tits, and tan. He wasn't fuckin' hollow, turns out he's got an engine under his hood and a gun in his holster. So he's not exactly clean our Mickey, coming up the hard way, he earned his position. Needless to say this has worked well for him, in all things desirable to his mind, body, and wallet.

POSH PETE

Good lord Fletcher, you're in the wrong job mate. If you've got a story to tell, go to fuckin' Hollywood pal, me, I'm going to bed.

FLETCHER

No, you're not Pete, you're coming on this ride with me mate. Back to Mickey as the plot begins to thicken. He's reached a crossroads in his life, the middle class and middle age has got to him, corrupted his appetite for the horrors. He's got soft, and it's hard to survive in the jungle if you're soft.

These last two lines of dialogue cross fade through to:

2

INT. PUB. LONDON. DAY.

2

MICHAEL ADAM (40s), our protagonist, sits at a table having a pint of beer and a pickled egg, he is lost in thought. The pub is otherwise empty. The camera gradually tracks in as Michael thinks.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

There are certain things you can't be ambiguous about in life: You can't half pull out in traffic, you can't half jump off a cliff, and in this game you can't be half in. When it's time to go, it's time to go, because doubt causes chaos.

3

INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. LATER.

3

Fletcher pours himself a refill of whisky, but so far Posh Pete hasn't touched his.

FLETCHER

Now we've established the dilemma of our protagonist, let's turn to our antagonist. Many miles away, across the open plains, another feral beast makes his way to a watering hole.

POSH PETE

Who you talking about now?

FLETCHER

Dry Eye: Chinese, Japanese, Pekingese, get on your fuckin' knees... Dirty Dragon, filth "Yellow is the colour, Gambling is the Game"... I know he's a friend of yours Pete, you must have smelt his participation like a lost takeaway stuck behind the sofa. A bit of Kung-Fu-Manchu in the UK. Exploded on the scene like a millennial firework.

INT. SOMEWHERE.

Dry Eye bursts in holding a hand cannon at his waist, shouting and spitting, looking fresh from a field battle.

DRY EYE

SUCK ON THIS YOU CHEE-BYE MOTHER
FUCKERS!

He unloads the gun, spraying everywhere.

INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. LATER.

POSH PETE

Stop right there Fletcher, that doesn't sound like the Dry Eye I know.

FLETCHER

Just making sure you're paying attention Pete. Cut to an anticlimactic shot, of a calm-looking Dry Eye.

4

EXT. DOCKS. SOMEWHERE. EVENING.

4

DRY EYE (40s), a Chinese gangster, is with his CREW in an empty flatbed truck. One of the crew is PHUC (30s). They're all dressed as dock workers.

NGOC (30s), a Chinese Security Guard ushers them in. Dry Eye gets out and the truck drives through.

Dry Eye hands Ngoc an envelope, which he quickly pockets.

Dry Eye is led to a container, inside are scores of very scared looking PEOPLE: Refugees that have been trafficked. Dry Eye is unmoved by what he sees.

DRY EYE

We'll deal with this later. Sam's bringing the truck separately.

NGOC

Oh, I thought you were here to...

SLAM! Dry Eye closes the container again to gasps and pleas inside.

Dry Eye grabs Ngoc's clipboard and scours his lists.

DRY EYE

Show me inside these two.

NGOC

I can, but they're on the manifest, so you can't take them.

DRY EYE

Show me anyway Ngoc, there's a good lad.

Dry Eye is shown inside a container full of engines and gear boxes, he shakes his head.

Dry Eye is shown inside another container: it is floor to ceiling with rims, flash exhausts, and other tuning parts.

DRY EYE (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

NGOC

Yeah, but as I said you can't take it.

DRY EYE

Well here's a thing, I'm taking it, but don't make me, make you give it to me - just let me take it.

NGOC

You don't understand, it's not that, it's on the manifest, it can't just disappear. It's accounted for.

DRY EYE

Oh, so I've got to steal it and steal your money?

NGOC

No, but this is my job man, I can't...

Phuc steps forward and produces a spring loaded baton.

DRY EYE

Give me the container.

Dry Eye's crew load the container onto a truck. Dry Eye hops in the cab of the truck and it drives away with the container on the back. Ngoc closes the gates behind them, a broken man.

5

INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. LATER.

5

FLETCHER

Put a pin in that for a moment, and lets get back to Mickey. He's been cultivating a special relationship with the erudite, broad, and learned Matthew Berger.

Pete reacts.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

That's right, I know about the Jewish Billionaire Cowboy n'all, another slice of Americana creating more drama in Angleterre, jealous of his predecessor's success, a peripheral ex-colleague. Spiked by all that glitters.

6

EXT. LORD PRESSFIELD'S HOUSE. DAY.

6

A shooting party. Michael is with his wife, ROSALIND (30s), the other side of Michael is the Jewish/American billionaire, MATTHEW (40s). He is accompanied by his wife JACKIE (30s).

On the shoot are a collection of wealthy looking GUESTS.

MICHAEL

Your boy's Bar Mitzvah go well?

MATTHEW

Fabulous.

ROSALIND

Who did you get to sing?

MATTHEW

You'll never guess. I told him, you can have whoever you want as long as it's Sting.

ROSALIND

Oh wonderful, I love Sting.

MATTHEW

Not as much as my Jackie, that's all she ever talks about, and as soon as she saw him she froze to the spot, shit herself.

JACKIE

Don't believe a word of it, he was the one that couldn't sleep for two nights.

MATTHEW

What can you do, he's an icon. I got a nice picture, here have a look.

He pulls his phone out.

MICHAEL

Ooo hasn't he got a good head of hair?

ROSALIND

Nice skin too.

MATTHEW

All that tantric yoga.

MICHAEL

What numbers did you get?

MATTHEW

'Roxanne'...

ROSALIND

That was the Police.

MATTHEW

'Fields of Gold', 'Englishman in New York', all the hits... Wasted on the kids of course, they didn't know who the fuck he was. Ooo I like an Englishman, you know I like this country. I like the culture, I can see why you stayed. I feel it's wasted on the Brits. Do you know forty percent of the world's significant inventions came from this small, damp island?

MICHAEL

Well I'm not sure if that's true, but I do know they invented class.

MATTHEW

The only thing missing is New World drive, as my old friend Ralph Lauren would say, 'Think Yiddish dress British'. On that note, I'm sorry to be a bore ladies...

JACKIE

Yes, why don't you two fuck off and let us talk about something important.

Matthew and Michael walk off.

MATTHEW

I'm impressed with what you've done with your enterprise. I want to buy it.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

You see, try as I might, I can't work out how you do it, and weed is my game. How does anyone grow fifty tons of super skunk without letting anyone else know how they do it?

MICHAEL

I'm flattered to hear that from you Matthew, I imagine that big brain of yours has been sweating a stream of tears trying to work it out.

7 EXT. LORD'S LAND. DAY.

7

Michael and Matthew are walking towards a prefab dairy farm shed with a porta cabin inside.

*

MATTHEW

Run the numbers by me again.

MICHAEL

\$100M gross PA, \$50M net - but your man Mark knows this, he's rinsed the figures for months. The bottom line is I'll sell it to you for \$250M.

8 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. LATER.

8

FLETCHER

I can't be specific about the heroes and the zeroes, but there's a lot of money hanging in the balance. What would it be worth to have the power to pull the plug on an operation like that, huh? A greedy man would want half the sale price, but a smart man recognises \$20M is just about uncomfortable enough to make everyone feel comfortable.

POSH PETE

You're a cunning little toad Fletcher, coming up with an idea like this.

FLETCHER

Oh it wasn't me that came up with the idea. It was Big Dave.

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

He commissioned me to do a job on Mickey, to sniff about, keep an eye on him, go through his bins and find his sins. Dave wants to ruin your Boss. But I'm here to do you a favour. I've learnt off you lot, got to look after number one, so now's my time. The sun's not going up for me Pete, it's going down.

8B INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE. DAY.

DAVE, THE EDITOR (50s), paces the room. His captive audience are: RICHARD JENKINS (40s) a senior journalist, and Fletcher.

BIG DAVE

Mickey Adam.

FLETCHER

Who's Mickey Adam?

BIG DAVE

I'll tell you who he is Fletcher. He's an odious Yankee gangster who... No, actually, you're gonna tell me who he is, and then we're gonna bury him. But he's got a new friend. Lord Pressfield.

FLETCHER

'The' Lord Pressfield?

BIG DAVE

Once fourth in line for the throne. Anyway, Mickey Adam has squeaked his way into the crack of his posh, fat arse. And Pressfield's daughter, the famous and talented 'Lie-Low', full of self hate and harm, has fallen in with that Power Noel's smacked out dark charm. And I want the lot of them. Especially that slippery little jam rag Adam - in bed with a skint, discredited Toff! Supplying gear to young and reckless rock star royals. Royals unbridled by distracted parents too busy skiing in the Swiss Alps, and too fucking stupid to care!

RICHARD

I like it boss, you're good at this.

BIG DAVE

Shut up Jenkins! I know what I'm good at. Aristocratic, bulimic, junkie, auto-tune-singing daughter, shackled up with some smack-head once-upon-a-time pop star! All looked after by Mickey Adam! I like it, I like it a lot... Drugs, American greed, mockneys and cockneys, celebs and fashion...

RICHARD

Brilliant!

Big Dave looks out across the office with mad eyes.

BIG DAVE

I wait to hear from you Fletcher.

Richard leaves but Fletcher lingers.

BIG DAVE (CONT'D)

What is it?

FLETCHER

Just remember who you're talking to Dave.

BIG DAVE

I remember Fletcher, don't worry about that.

FLETCHER

So make sure the cheque's not disappointing.

Fletcher leaves.

INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. LATER.

POSH PETE

Why has Big Dave got it in for my Boss?

FLETCHER

People are funny, sensitive creatures Shosh Pete, and it seems Big Dave is no exception. Two months ago your man Mickey made my man Dave look like a right fucking idiot.

POSH PETE

How?

FLETCHER

Didn't accept his hand.

POSH PETE

In marriage?

FLETCHER

Snubbed him in front of a crowd that Big Dave could only wish he belonged to. Lords, Ladies, the type your Mickey feels very comfortable in front of. Well, Mickey might as well have put a gun in Dave's mouth, his world just fell in on itself.

INT. STATELY HOME. NIGHT.

Black tie dinner. Flashback scene of Michael meeting Big Dave for the first time. Big Dave is flanked by LORDS & LADIES.

LORD SNOWBALL

David, have you met the talented Mr Adam?

Big Dave is ready to meet Michael. He clears his throat and leans in with his hand out stretched.

BIG DAVE

Allow me to introduce myself: David Roberts, Editor of the News.

Michael isn't impressed with this introduction.

MICHAEL

(Sarcastically) Keep up the good work David.

Michael turns his back and Dave is left hanging, with his hand still out stretched.

LORD SNOWBALL

I do believe that was a fuck off David. Never mind.

INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. LATER.

POSH PETE

That's no reason to go for a fella.

FLETCHER

I don't know what to tell you Pete,
Dave's ego has it's own post code.
He wants his blood, and he'd have
it, if it wasn't for me.

9 EXT. LORD'S LAND. NIGHT.

9

MATTHEW

If it's as discreet and as
inconspicuous as you claim it is,
I'll buy the whole business, but I
don't do time wasting Michael.

MICHAEL

I've gone to great lengths to make
my operation as invisible as
possible Matthew. If you were
standing on my gear you wouldn't
know it. (He lights his cigar). In
fact, you are standing on my gear.

Matthew looks down, Michael checks his watch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Follow me.

10 INT. SKUNK FARM. MOMENTS LATER.

10

Off darkness: one by one, rows and rows of overhead lamps
switch on via a timer to reveal an endless, elaborate,
underground Skunk Farm, full of the greenest, stickiest super-
skunk.

Matthew walks along then takes a plant and smells it.

MATTHEW

England's green and pleasant land -
fuck the dog Michael, this'll do.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

And that night Mickey sealed the
deal... Or did he?

11 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

11

POSH PETE

Fletcher, you can practice your pitch to the newspaper all you want, but it won't help you any, you're a filthy fantasist and it's time to leave.

FLETCHER

Uh, uh, uh, I've just been lubing you up sugar tits, now comes the tip.

Fletcher clears his throat and stands. His monologue that follows will partly be illustrated via montage.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

There's a reason why Matthew - or anyone else for that matter - couldn't work out how Mickey does what he does, how he grows fifty tons of white widow super cheese every year. Everyone knows that takes a lot of space. So where is the space? And how come he's kept it under wraps? You can't just dig a hole in the ground and drop 200 shipping containers in. No mate, that's not going to work.

EXT. LORD'S LAND. NIGHT.

Michael is with Matthew.

MICHAEL

The problem with land in this country is there isn't a lot of it, there's public access, even when it's supposed to be private. And the public have rights: dog walkers, foot paths, right to roam, twitchers, badger lovers, bimbles, rambles and any other busy fucker who's got nothing better to do than sniff around the green tweed of England. They've all got groups, forums, meetings, social media, and they love a chat and a hiss about anybody that decides to mow his lawn without a license. You've got helicopters, drones, and Google Earth, Parish Councils, Heritage sites, the beat goes on.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And that's before you even start
looking at getting power there.

11A	EXT. COUNTRYSIDE MONTAGE. - DAY Ramblers and right of way signs	11A
11B	EXT. COUNTRYSIDE MONTAGE. - DAY Bird Watchers watch birds	11B
11C	INT. PARISH COUNCIL MONTAGE. - DAY Council meeting	11C
11D	EXT. COUNTRYSIDE PROTEST MEETING POINT MONTAGE. - DAY Protest Meeting	11D
11E	EXT. COUNTRYSIDE DRONE FOOTAGE MONTAGE. - DAY	11E
11F	EXT. COUNTRYSIDE HELICOPTER FOOTAGE MONTAGE. - DAY	11F
12	INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT. Fletcher is still on his feet as Pete listens.	12

FLETCHER

No, you have to be creative - need
an angle if you want to work in
bulk. So what's Mickey's unique
method? Oh it's genius. I tip my
cap at the cheek, the elegance, the
class.

POSH PETE

And what would that method be
exactly?

FLETCHER

You don't think I know, do you?

13	INT. SKUNK FARM. NIGHT. The speech continues but Michael picks up where Fletcher left off, explaining how it all works to Matthew.	13
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MICHAEL

You've got to understand a culture to understand a man. My poison of choice, are the landed gentry, you've got to work these things to your advantage. One man's mousetrap is another man's free cheese and a challenge. The culture you love so much Matthew is where I've laid my eggs. Yes, that's right: Toffs, aristocrats, Lords, Ladies, Dukes, and Duchesses. Lottsa land and fuck all dough. Big houses to keep, damp to keep out, and silver to polish. Cash is very persuasive to the class that got spanked by death duties and angry lefties, and they're not too bothered about what I do, unlike the wandering public who own nothing but a big nose that sniffs where it shouldn't. Twelve sites... Do you know how long it takes to secure one of these country piles? Protect it, develop it, feed it, and its owner? Years. Many years. Nice to get a Lord, not easy, takes work, wine, women and disco, and you can't over do it, they scare easily this lot. Twelve farms and one thousand of these estates in the UK, good luck anyone trying to find them all. But that's it. My infrastructure, with my blessing, that is what you're paying for Matthew.

NOTE: THE MONTAGE WILL MAKE CLEAR THAT THE WEED IS GROWN UNDERGROUND ON THE ESTATES OF THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

13A	EXT. COUNTRY HOUSES MONTAGE - DAY Posh House Montage	13A
13B	INT. POLISHING SILVER MONTAGE- DAY Polishing the silver Montage	13B
13C	EXT. DIGGING SKUNK FARM AND CONTAINERS MONTAGE - DAY Digging Skunk Farm Montage	13C

13D INT. POSH CLUB. WINING AND DINING MONTAGE - DAY 13D
 Wining and Dining a Toff Montage

13E INT. SKUNK FARM. NIGHT. 13E

MATTHEW

That all sounds great, but as we know, growing is only fifty percent of the business - how do you distribute it all? What about your European connections? And your legal infrastructure?

MICHAEL

That comes later Matthew - when we close the deal.

14 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. LATER. 14
 Fletcher's rolling a cigarette.

FLETCHER

See why I'm asking for twenty big ones now? I've only gone and bleeding well cracked it.

Posh Pete points to the cigarette.

POSH PETE

If you're thinking of smoking that in here, then don't.

FLETCHER

Don't what? Think? Or smoke?

Fletcher lights the cigarette. Beat. Then Posh Pete jumps up and chases Fletcher out the back door.

15 INT. ROSALIND'S GARAGE. DAY. 15

There are numerous good looking WOMEN working on the floor of this garage, in fact there are very few men in the gaff. This is Rosalind's business: a facility for pimping cars.

ROSALIND (30s) is busy managing her team and charming customers. She approaches one of her mechanics and leans in for a word.

ROSALIND

Where's Roger, he's meant to have finished that Range? I've got little Miss perma-tan shaking her silicones over there.

Rosalind nods to a particularly orange looking WOMAN (20s) pouting in reception, she's taking a selfie on her phone.

FEMALE MECHANIC

Dunno Boss, said he had a personal matter to take care of.

16

INT. GARAGE BACK OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

16

Michael is with ROGER THE DODGER (40s), the cockney mechanic Rosalind is looking for. Roger takes a lug on a huge reefer.

MICHAEL

I know you like lower THC and higher CBD levels Dodge, but all we keep getting asked is to increase the THC. Kids these days wanna trip not fly. Stuff gives me a headache just being in the same room.

ROGER

Gear's getting stronger, you can't stand still Mickey.

MICHAEL

We're not about strength Dodge, we're about the quality. So what do you think?

Roger takes another lug.

ROGER

Nice. Very nice, don't like seeing things that aren't there when I puff anyway. This psychosis issue with the youth is real. Me nephew's had a problem with the para-troops, keeps seeing things, scary things, hallucinations. He's having conversations with himself.

MICHAEL

We're all having conversations with ourselves Roger.

ROGER

But not out loud Mickey.

MICHAEL

Well if he's got a predisposition to mental health problems Rodge, I suggest he puts the wicked weed of the west down and leave the paras behind.

ROGER

Can't leave the paras behind once they're airborne. Vicious bastards, trained to kill, shrinks have been trying to put 'em back on the plane of madness for years.

MICHAEL

Well it begs the question who's mad and who's sane? We all know some people can drink, some people can't. Some people should drink more, some people should drink less. Same with the puff game. And some people can earn money, some people can spend it. In fact, money's killed more people than puff, but I can't see them making that illegal anytime soon. Hello Ros.

Rosalind bursts in wafting the smoke cloud away as she enters.

ROSALIND

I should have known it was you behind this. Rodge is supposed to be working on the floor, and you're blowin' his brains out in here.

Roger stands to attention.

ROGER

I'm on it boss.

ROSALIND

You wanna be.

MICHAEL

Sorry love, my fault, don't blame the Dodge, you know he's got a special nose, and he's doing this old dog a favour.

ROSALIND

Dodge, get out there and earn your money.

ROGER

Gone.

He exits.

ROSALIND

Put the kettle on.

He does and she opens a window to waft the smoke out.

ROSALIND (CONT'D)

What you doing here anyway?

MICHAEL

I wanted a chat, with my wife.

ROSALIND

Well go on then, chat.

MICHAEL

I've had enough.

ROSALIND

What of: Me? Life?

MICHAEL

The Game. Got used to the safe life, to middle age, and I like it. I like luxury coffee and fine wine, private schools and gentrification.

ROSALIND

So you wanna call it a day?

MICHAEL

I think I do.

ROSALIND

I don't want you knocking around here feeling all unemployed and lost with yourself.

MICHAEL

Most wives would beg their other halves to get out of this game, but not you.

ROSALIND

That's coz I know you darling. Idle hands make for a miserable cunt.

MICHAEL

Is that a Biblical saying? We can buy that Farm you've always wanted, have our own cows and chickens.

ROSALIND

Have you got a buyer?

MICHAEL

My new American friend.

ROSALIND

Has he got the money?

MICHAEL

I think so.

ROSALIND

You'll have to do this elegantly love. If anyone sniffs weakness it'll be expensive, and if you smell smoke it's 'coz there's a fire, so you're gonna have to stamp that out quickly, without any gentrification...

MICHAEL

I can smell them sniffing.

ROSALIND

...But not you love, don't you do anything messy, that's why you've got people.

MICHAEL

I love you babe, any chance?

He raises his eyebrows.

ROSALIND

You can wait. I've got bubble tits to deal with now.

MICHAEL

I don't mind the pair of you.

ROSALIND

Go on, piss off.

Michael finishes his tea and puts the mug down.

17

EXT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, PATIO. NIGHT.

17

Posh Pete picks up his whisky as they stand by a 'Hot Sausage' outdoor heater/barbecue.

POSH PETE

Why you wasting my time? I know what happens in my world and what doesn't. I still fail to recognise why Michael should be motivated to write you a cheque for £20M.

FLETCHER

Cor' you are impatient Pete, I'm a story teller, as they say in the film game "I'm laying pipe".

POSH PETE

Well you better put something through it soon.

Fletcher stares at the hot sausage.

FLETCHER

Does that barbecue as well?

POSH PETE

Yes it does Fletcher.

FLETCHER

Ooo I love a barbie. That's a clever bit of plant, heats and cooks. You've gotta tell me where to get one of those.

POSH PETE

You can take it with you if you leave now.

FLETCHER

Ooo, any chance of a steak?

A beat.

POSH PETE

Yeah, alright. I've gotta bit of Wagyu in the freezer as it happens.

FLETCHER

I've never had Wagyu.

POSH PETE

It'll be wasted on you but it's all I've got.

FLETCHER
I'll get them.

POSH PETE
No, it's alright, I will.

Posh Pete shuffles off into the garage and we go with him. He talks to himself as he goes to open the upright chest freezer, and pulls out the steaks.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)
How does he know all this?

Just before he shuts the lid again, we see the human remains of a man we will come to know as ASLAN.

18 INT. ROSALIND'S GARAGE. EVENING.

18

Rosalind is on the shop floor with Dry Eye, but the place is empty now. He's showing her a picture on his phone of the container full of car parts he stole.

DRY EYE
So I thought of you, obviously,
it's right up your alleyway.
Haven't even looked through it all
yet, just want a quick sale, send
it down the greasy pipe, you get
me?

ROSALIND
Not really Dry Eye, no. How much
you want for it?

DRY EYE
Whole lot? Hmmm. It's probably one
hundred grand RRP total load.

ROSALIND
So, how much?

DRY EYE
Ten gees and a small favour.

ROSALIND
Talk to me.

DRY EYE
I want a meeting with your husband.

ROSALIND
That's not gonna happen.

DRY EYE

I tell you it's in his interest,
just a quickie.

ROSALIND

I can't promise anything.

19

INT. LORD PRESSFIELD'S PILE. DAY.

19

Michael sits with a cup of tea, across the room from him are LORD and LADY PRESSFIELD (both 50s), who have an ornate tea set by their side.

Family photos on the mantle piece show happier times, including some of their daughter RACHEL (20s).

Lady Pressfield is holding it together as Lord Pressfield looks red eyed.

LADY PRESSFIELD

Perhaps that's part of the problem:
we wrapped her in cotton wool.

LORD PRESSFIELD

But she was our little Lychee.

LADY PRESSFIELD

Charlie called her that because she
couldn't say Wachel at first.

LORD PRESSFIELD

I miss her terribly Mickey. I've
failed as a father, especially
given what happened to her
grandfather.

MICHAEL

What did happen to her grandfather?

LADY PRESSFIELD

He died of an overdose. (To
Charlie) You mustn't keep beating
yourself up dear.

MICHAEL

I can only imagine how you're both
feeling, but Anne's right, you
mustn't blame yourselves. Sounds
like Rachel fell in with the wrong
crowd at an age when she was
particularly vulnerable. All we can
try and do is bring her back safely
to you.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Teach them about the periodic table
at school they do, but not the
challenge of temptation from class
As.

LORD PRESSFIELD
So you'll help us?

MICHAEL
Let me see what I can do.

LADY PRESSFIELD
Oh thank you Michael.

20 INT. MICHAEL'S CAR. LATER.

20

Posh Pete drives Michael home, they listen to Rachel's music
for a bit.

POSH PETE
Yeah, Rachel, nice girl. Good
voice. Didn't she fall in with a
bad lot?

MICHAEL
Been asked to find her, bring her
home.

Pete reacts.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You know the deal Pete, help them
out, they help us out.

POSH PETE
I thought that's why you paid them,
so you don't have to do favours.

MICHAEL
What's the problem Pete?

POSH PETE
I don't like it. Too many moving
parts Boss, it's junkies, it's
feral kids, council estates, it
will be out of our jurisdiction,
things we can't control. And you
know no good deed goes unpunished.

MICHAEL
That may well be the case Pete but
you're still doing it.

POSH PETE
 Alright. Any ideas where she is?

MICHAEL
 London.

POSH PETE
 Eight million people boss, it's a big place.

MICHAEL
 Not in that world it isn't. She's got some boyfriend: Power Noel. He's no good.

POSH PETE
 I like his moniker, 'Power', singer as well wasn't he? Teeny, sorta punk-funk-fuck-pop.

MICHAEL
 That's the kid.

POSH PETE
 What's the poison?

MICHAEL
 'H'. Dirty. It's your job.

POSH PETE
 I hate 'Smackies', can't you give it to someone else?

MICHAEL
 No.

POSH PETE
 Alright, I'll get on it.

21 EXT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, PATIO. NIGHT.

21

Posh Pete's fired the barbecue up, and the steaks fizz as he puts them on.

FLETCHER
 I'm getting ahead of myself, let's get back to Dry Eye. He got his little sit down with Michael didn't he? Bold plan coming in heavy, sanctioned or unsanctioned. Maybe he's making moves? Breaking out on his own? 'Big Man Plans' behind Lord George's back?
 (MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

To be fair, nicely played with a hundred grands of essentially free car parts. And we all know the way to a man's heart is through his wife.

22

INT. PUB. DAY.

22

Michael and Posh Pete sit drinking tea. In walk Dry Eye and PHUC (30s), Dry Eye's right-hand man. They exchange nods and Posh Pete gives them both a pat down. Phuc is reluctant and stares at Pete throughout this.

PETER (TO DRY EYE)

Who's your friend?

DRY EYE

Thank you for taking time to see me Michael. By the way, Lord George sends his best.

MICHAEL

I only took this meeting because Ros asked me, but don't ever approach her like that again.

DRY EYE

I meant no disrespect.

MICHAEL

How can I help?

Beat.

DRY EYE

I understand you're getting out?

Michael looks around waiting for more.

MICHAEL

Getting out? Getting out of what? Bed? The closet? My head? Don't flirt with me Dry Eye, I'm a busy man.

DRY EYE

I hear you're getting out of the game, and I would like you to consider an offer.

MICHAEL

I am gonna have to stop you there young man, before you waste any more of your precious breath. This isn't a discussion for the two of us, unlike the salt and pepper, it's not on the table pal.

Dry Eye opens his phone, types in a number, and pushes it across the table... Michael looks at it.

DRY EYE

Cash.

Michael pulls a face and looks to Posh Pete.

MICHAEL

Listen, I'm not for sale, but even if I was, you're several zeros away. You might be able to buy your man's sausage for that, but to me, it just looks rude at breakfast.

Dry Eye flares up.

DRY EYE

You're out of touch. You're forgetting the laws of the jungle. Looking down on me. When the Silverback's got more silver than back, he best move on - before he gets moved on. It's not dignified, it's beneath you Michael, you have a good name, keep it that way. I am trying to do you a favour, this is a very significant amount of money.

22A ALTERNATE REALITY.

22A

Michael stares at Dry Eye, pulls his hand-gun out and under the table BANG! BANG! Shoots Dry Eye's kneecaps who screams and writhes in agony.

MICHAEL

Eyes not looking so dry now are they? Hurts does it? That's nothing pal, thin end of the wedge.

Michael turns the gun on Phuc and BOOM! Just as he fires and we see the muzzle flash - FREEZE FRAME.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
I'm surprised nothing happened
given Michael's history.

23 INT. PUB. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 23

Back to reality, Michael smiles a wry smile, and Dry Eye has a mad look in his unblinking eyes. Michael pours another cup of tea.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
That was me, 20 years ago, but not
anymore: getting older, wiser... I
don't rise that easily. But still,
can't be seen to show weakness.

24 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 24

Fletcher sits opposite Posh Pete at the table.

POSH PETE
You're wrong Fletcher, that's not
how Michael works.

FLETCHER
I was only having a bit of fun,
every movie's gotta have a bit of
action, and it's not like Mickey
doesn't have a reputation.

POSH PETE
So?

FLETCHER
So, he's all about the diplomacy
these days.

25 INT. PUB. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 25

Michael takes a sip of tea, pinky finger extended.

MICHAEL
I know how you lot like fables, so
let me share one with you. There
was once a young and foolish dragon
that came to ask a wise and cunning
lion if he would surrender his
territory. The lion wasn't
interested, told the dragon to fuck
off.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The dragon in all his brainlessness couldn't understand what that meant, and he repeated his desire for the lion's territory. So the lion took the sad, little dragon for a walk, and put five bullets in his tiny dragon head. End of story. Apparently there's a lesson in there somewhere Dry Eye. Not sure I understand it, but you're a clever boy, maybe you can explain it to me?

Michael stares Dry Eye down, Dry Eye's mind is racing - he is about to speak, but just as he opens his mouth Michael jumps in.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Shhh, just marinade on it.

26 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 26

FLETCHER

Ooo I bet Mickey was glad he took that meeting.

27 INT. PUB. MOMENTS LATER. 27

Dry and Phuc are out the door.

POSH PETE

That went well then.

MICHAEL

Don't ever put me in a room with him again.

28 INT. CHIP SHOP. LIVERPOOL. DAY. 28

A freshly battered fish gets lowered into hot oil - it bubbles and fizzes.

COACH (30s), an Irish Scouser, stands at the counter wearing glasses, a tracksuit, and flip-flops. FOUR YOUTHS (late teens, early twenties) come in looking shifty. Coach doesn't look round but catches their reflections in the glass and metal on the counter. MAUREEN (40s) the waitress is behind the counter serving him.

COACH

Pass the vinegar Maureen. Why does
it smell of wee in here?

Maureen puts the vinegar on the counter. He turns to the
youths who linger over his shoulder - sniffs the air.

COACH (CONT'D)

Don't stand near me son, you've got
your mouthwash muddled up with cat
piss, take two steps back and wait
in the corner.

KID 1

Fock off old man, or I'll wet 'cha.

COACH

Only thing you'll wet is ya pants,
now back two steps.

A blade comes out from Kid 1. The coach slaps it away quick
as you like SPANG! It disappears over the counter.

COACH (CONT'D)

If you're gonna stab, stab, don't
dance.

The four of them spread out around Coach, getting ready to
fight, which makes him smile, his confidence is throwing
theirs. He's loving this.

COACH (CONT'D)

What are ya, like a Four Tops
tribute act or summat? The Fore
Skins? The Red Skins? Whoah! Whoah!
Whoah! Here come the Indians...
Bitta the old Northern Soul is it?
Puttin' the 'Gay' in Marvin Gaye?
I'm on FIRE over 'ere lads! I need
some back and fourth!! What have
you got for me, what have you got
for me? Make it quick, make it
funny.

KID 3

Fock you!

Coach looks disappointed.

COACH

No, no, not that! Too much time on
the play station, not enough time
with ya head in the game.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

Go again, go again, it's gotta be sharp, cut me with it.

Kid 3 lunges at him with a knife and in the blink of an eye, Coach side steps him, picks up the vinegar, squirts it in Kid 3's eyes, BAM! Follows through and elbows the kid in the face, knocking him down. SMACK! He punches the next one in the throat with his other hand, and WHACK! Kicks another in the bollocks.

WALLOP! The remaining one walks straight into a full slap across the ear - sends him flying and his ear ringing.

COACH (CONT'D)

You're embarrassing yourselves lads.

He gets in the face of Kid 3.

COACH (CONT'D)

Kids stab, girls shoot, boys punch, and grown ups fight with their heads son. That's where the battle is: Up here. (To them all) Wake up lads, life's quick, you're slow, and life's hard on a bone top. Come down the Gym, and we'll see what we can do with 'yaz.

KID 3

Hang on, are you the Coach?

Clearly this means something to the lads, there's a sort of awe that comes with the name "Coach".

COACH

Yes lads, I am the Coach.

The Chip Shop phone rings and Maureen goes to answer it.

MAUREEN

Coach, it's Benny.

She hands the phone to Coach, cross cut between him and BENNY (20s), a member of the Baby Squad.

BENNY

We've rung the bell here Coach, ball's in the back of the net, and we're gonna include you, 'coz you're our mentor.

COACH

I have no idea what you're talking about Benny, but I don't like the sound of it.

BENNY

We've landed a load of skunk-emolla.

Coach for the first time is serious.

COACH

Listen to me now Benny, walk away.

BENNY

Too late. We're outside yours now in the van.

COACH

You took my van? Don't move, I'll be there in ten minutes.

29

INT. GYMNASIUM. DAY.

29

Coach comes flying through the doors as Hannibal is moving plastic bins full of skunk through the Gym. Hannibal looks like he's been in an almighty fight.

COACH

Where's Ernie?

HANNIBAL

In the office?

COACH

What happened to your face?

HANNIBAL

Nothing.

Coach turns to see Mal lying on the sofa in a lot of pain, as he clutches his leg.

Coach steams into Hannibal and starts slapping him about the head. Hannibal cowers even though he is bigger than Coach.

COACH

Don't you lie to me Hannibal you animal, don't you dare.

30

INT. GYM OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

30

PRIME-TIME (20s) sits at his edit station with a 'You Tube' type interface on screen. Prime-Time has a cut eye and fat lip, plus his knuckles are red and swollen.

It is clear that Prime-Time is very tech savvy, he has numerous computers, monitors, cameras, phones, a mixing desk, and other equipment set up to assist in his media activities.

He is watching his own work - the camera footage of the Skunk raid that he filmed on his 'Go Pro' type cameras and edited into a film with music.

The 'views' count on screen climbs quickly each time Prime-Time refreshes the page.

Coach comes in, doesn't take more than a few seconds for him to twig what Prime-Time is watching.

COACH

You don't know what you've done.
Take that down, now.

PRIME-TIME

But Coach, I only just put it up.

COACH

Take it down.

Coach kicks Prime-Time and slaps him too. Prime-Time looks sheepish as Coach gets in close and eyeballs him.

COACH (CONT'D)

This is my fault, I shouldn't have
trusted youz.

PRIME-TIME

Don't be like that Coach.

Coach grabs the lap-top, slams it shut, then hurls it across the room so it smashes against the wall.

COACH

I knew you weren't ready.

Just then Benny walks in holding his tablet with the same footage playing, he's beaming, but also looks battle scarred.

ERNIE

I look tearing in this, cheers
Prime-Time, the lighting was just
right.

31 EXT. LORD SNOWBALL'S LAND. EVENING. 31

Prime-Time's Skunk Farm Raid Video. This is the film Prime-Time uploaded onto the internet. It has been cut in the style of a Promo video shown at live UFC events - with a banging music sound-track driving it along.

In POV via a Head-Cam we see some landmarks, road signs, distinctive topography, filmed from a window out the back of a van, as it drives onto a Country Estate. The final sign reads: 'Private Property, No Right of Way'.

PRIME-TIME (20s), is wearing the Head-Cam, he turns back to face the other BABY SQUAD members in the van: ERNIE, BENNY, HANNIBAL, and MAL, who's driving (All 20s). They're all wearing 'Lucha Libre' wrestling masks and carrying guns.

BENNY

Let's go-go-go Baby Squad.

They get out the van.

32 INT. PORTA CABIN. MOMENTS LATER. 32

Via POV Head-Cam we get an idea of how big an operation this is by looking at the security systems they disable.

Prime-Time approaches the digital keypad and attaches a computerised, homemade device to it: a number combination generator. After the device scans through combinations at rapid speed, the correct digital code is displayed on screen and...

A trap door on floor of the Porta Cabin opens up to reveal a stair case leading underground.

Prime Time smiles and they file down.

33 INT. UNDERGROUND SKUNK FARM ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. 33

The Baby Squad arrive at a room, the other side of the door are some weed packers (20s-30s) moving large amounts of weed about, packing it onto crates.

Hannibal turns to Ernie.

HANNIBAL

So much for the place being empty.

Prime-Time sets up a Go-Pro camera on top of a filing cabinet and presses record.

The Baby Squad give each other the thumbs up, then Hannibal gives a hand signal countdown: 3-2-1, and they burst into the room.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Get down on the floor, get down,
GET DOWN!

The packers look surprised and slowly put their hands up.

PRIME TIME

Lets start moving it out.

Suddenly, a door opens and in walk four SECURITY GUARDS who look of equal size and handiness as the Baby Squad. In a flash, their weapons are drawn and they are circling around the Baby Squad, who in turn are pointing their guns at them. A Mexican stand off with lots of shouting.

Hannibal sizes up the guards.

HANNIBAL

If you fancy yourselves lads, put
the guns down and let's have it
like men.

SECURITY GUARD

Are you sure?

Hannibal lowers his gun and so does his opponent. Then all the men put their weapons to one side. They start limbering up, getting ready to fight.

From nowhere Mal comes running in, rugby tackles a guard and a mass brawl erupts.

BENNY

(To Prime Time) Are you getting all
this?

Prime Time nods.

The fist-fight between the Baby Squad and the Security Guards that follows is huge. They keep getting knocked down, and keep getting back up again. It's an epic battle.

Mal is the only serious casualty and gets a nasty leg stamp that takes him out of action.

Once victory is complete, the Baby Squad can't believe the size of their haul, as one door leads to another door, and behind each is a forest of skunk.

Prime-Time runs the length of the containers with his camera, revealing the sheer size and scale of the farm.

The film also includes post-fight interviews with the Baby Squad.

HANNIBAL

They fought well, weren't just men of muscle, they put up a good show you know.

MAL

Obviously I'm gutted to pick up the injury, but it's about the team winning, so I'm glad the boys came through, and I'll just rest up and come back twice as hard next fight.

ERNIE

I've gotta thank the Coach, without him, we wouldn't be where we are today, we owe him everything really.

More interviews follow with the Baby Squad honouring the Coach.

34

INT. MICHAEL'S HOME. NIGHT.

34

Posh Pete carries a lap-top over to Michael who's sitting by the fire with Rosalind.

POSH PETE

Sorry to bother you both, but there's something you need to see.

MICHAEL

What is it Pete?

POSH PETE

Not good Boss, not good at all.

Posh Pete hands Michael the lap-top and presses play, he picks the film up where it left off previously, with Prime-Time running the length of the containers.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)

It's only been up a few hours, Frazier's mate found it. I'll play it from the beginning.

Posh Pete goes to scrub back on the time-line and the video freezes. Refreshes the page and the screen reads: This video has been removed by 'You Tube'.

MICHAEL
Where did it go?

POSH PETE
Oh.

Posh Pete takes the lap-top back and tries to refresh it.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)
It's been deleted.

35 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 35

Fletcher's back in the groove again with his story, he's animated and on his feet.

FLETCHER
Like your little dysfunction: it went down as quickly as it went up.

POSH PETE
So there's no proof the film even exists then?

FLETCHER
Depends whether someone was sharp enough to screen grab something like that as they were watching it.

POSH PETE
What do you know about screen grabbing Fletcher?

FLETCHER
Don't patronise me Pete. I'm a PI, it's my game. I know more about IT than a spotty, 14 year old, e-gaming, super geek. Everything I watch is recorded.

36 INT. FLETCHER'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 36

Fletcher sits in darkness lit only by the light from his computer screen as he watches a moving blue bar on screen finish doing what it's doing, then a movie file opens up full screen. Fletcher presses play, and Prime-Time's film starts up again. Fletcher grins.

37

INT. MICHAEL'S HOME. NIGHT.

37

A SECURITY GUARD from the fight with the Baby Squad stands before Michael, Posh Pete, and Rosalind. His face is a mess.

SECURITY GUARD

I've gotta say though, I was impressed. I mean the way they fought, they were on point guvnor. Whoever's training them knows what he's doing.

MICHAEL

Whose side are you on?

SECURITY GUARD

I'm just saying.

POSH PETE

Alright, thank you, thank you.

Pete shows the guard out the door, when he comes back in Michael looks troubled.

MICHAEL

No sooner do I reject Dry Eye's offer to buy me out, then one of the farms gets raided.

ROSALIND

First time ever.

MICHAEL

It doesn't feel like a coincidence.

ROSALIND

Of course it's not a coincidence, coincidence's don't exist. There's fuckery afoot.

MICHAEL

But how did they find it?

POSH PETE

Leave it with me boss, I'll make some enquiries.

ROSALIND

What about Matthew? He's gonna need reassuring before he parts with 250 big ones.

MICHAEL

He might not hear about it.

ROSALIND

Babe.

MICHAEL

If I was him and I got wind of this, I'd be out the door.

ROSALIND

You'll soon find out if he's got wind of it.

MICHAEL

This is the last thing I need now. I just want my money, I just want out.

38 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

38

Fletcher's pacing the floor.

FLETCHER

So many questions unanswered Petey: I mean, who'd be smart enough to find one of Michael's farms? Apart from me of course... And who'd be bold enough to make such a move? Especially to film the whole thing and post it online! Coz that's really rubbing your face in it.

Posh Pete isn't smiling.

39 INT. ANNABEL'S CLUB. LONDON. DAY.

39

Matthew and Jackie walk through the club displaying a profound appreciation for the quality of everything about the establishment.

Michael and Rosalind sit with Matthew and Jackie for lunch.

MATTHEW

These London clubs are really something you know Michael. Don't get anything like this back home, gone all casual, sneakers and shorts. Tech billionaires from the West coast. Good round an algorithm, but clumsy fuckin' monkeys when it comes to a look. Got to have a jacket and tie here though, keeping up Old World standards.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Oh, I like that, a profound respect for hard-earned culture. Case in point.

Matthew stops the well dressed WAITER that's passing.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Excuse me young man, can I?

Telling not asking. He starts to manhandle the waiter's jacket.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Wonderful fabric, even the waiter's wearing velvet. You look like a movie star, good work - a Prince among men, you carry on.

He puts a couple of fifty pound notes in his pocket.

WAITER

Thank you sir.

Matthew hands Michael a little gift box, which Michael takes and opens.

Inside is an inscribed Derringer type hand gun. The inscription along the barrel reads "Hands across the sea".

MICHAEL

What's this?

MATTHEW

It's a paperweight.

MICHAEL

Looks like a gun Matthew.

JACKIE

And it's a paperweight.

ROSALIND

Does it work?

JACKIE

As a paperweight, or a gun?

ROSALIND

The latter.

JACKIE

I should think so, but that's not the point.

Michael looks at the gun, bemused.

MICHAEL

It sorta is the point, at least in this country, they're illegal.

JACKIE

So's riding your bicycle at night without lights. Laws are there as a guideline.

MATTHEW

An intelligent man should know right from wrong: what's silly, what's smart.

JACKIE

Do you wait at a red signal at three in the morning?

ROSALIND

What's that got to do with anything?

JACKIE

I'm just saying.

MICHAEL

You can go to prison for five years for possession of a hand gun.

Matthew and Jackie laugh.

MATTHEW

It's a paperweight.

MICHAEL

Well that's straightened that one out Officer. You're very kind, I like it.

MATTHEW

Of course you like it, it's solid gold. I'm here to help Michael, I'm your friend, your ally, Santa Claus for all seasons. And I'd like you to know my team of Elves can be very persuasive.

MICHAEL

Persuasive? Why would I need persuasive?

MATTHEW

I hear you might have had a little trouble. Now you helped me before when my source ran dry, so I'm just returning the favour and reminding you, I have persuasive friends.

ROSALIND

'Elves' you said.

MICHAEL

No trouble over here Matthew old boy, I think you've got me muddled up with Mr Confused.

40 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

40

FLETCHER

Matthew was forced out the game back home, when it turned legal. He had camps all over California, did very nicely out of them. But it's hard to compete with the legal corporate army, big Pharmaceutical's formidable when it comes to competition, he didn't stand a chance. Moved from state to state like a Romanian Gypsy as the law chased him. He had so much cash on the move, the Feds would confiscate tens of millions of his lovely green dollars at a time, then give him a ticket and tell him to return when a court date was set. Of course it never got set.

41 INT. ANNABEL'S CLUB. LONDON. DAY.

41

Matthew notices a FEMALE WAITER serving and feels the material of her coat with his other hand.

MATTHEW

Is that what I think it is? A cashmere/silk mix?

FEMALE WAITER

Yes sir, it is.

MATTHEW

Unbelievable, it's like having tea with the Royal family.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Can you get us a Bellini please my lovely? Use the real peach juice.

FEMALE WAITER

There is no other peach juice sir. Consider it in the post.

42 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

42

FLETCHER

Anyway, Matthew came here, to the old country, shipped all his remaining cash over with him. His ancestors were from over here you know. Eastern European Ashkenazis. His great Grandfather did very well here, coz he was a survivor.

43 INT. ANNABEL'S CLUB. LONDON. DAY.

43

MATTHEW

I'm a survivor Michael, like my family, and I like my friends to survive with me. Just let me know if there's anything I can do...

He gestures to the hand gun.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Hands across the sea.

MICHAEL

I'm a survivor too Matthew, how else do you think I made it over here? In the jungle the only way a lion survives is by letting everyone know it's his jungle.

Matthew smiles.

INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. LATER.

FLETCHER

That's all very nice, but the wining and dining is easy, anyone can do that, but someone has to do the real work. Someone has to get their hands dirty. And this is where you had your moment isn't it Pete?

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

This is where you step on stage and start the dominoes a tumbling.

POSH PETE

Meaning?

FLETCHER

No good deed goes unpunished.
Knock, knock...

Fletcher knocks on the table.

44

INT. H DEN. LONDON. - DAY

44

A knock at the front door. A group of drug addicts: POWER NOEL (late 30s), RACHEL PRESSFIELD (20s), and a Russian lad called ASLAN (20s) are relatively sober at the moment, but Power is preparing to shoot up.

A weasely, feral looking man, BROWN (40s) comes in from outside, where the balcony is missing. He smokes the last of his cigarette and crosses the room to go into the Hall.

A Rottweiler barks by the front door so he keeps it under control. He cautiously opens up, putting the door on the chain.

BROWN

Yeah?

Posh Pete and BUNNY (40s), a fridge of a man and one of Michael's crew, stand the other side. Posh Pete smiles and Bunny attempts a smile.

POSH PETE

I'm Posh Pete, can we come in for a moment please?

BROWN

Can I help you Officers?

POSH PETE

We're not the Police. I just need a moment of your time. It's about Rachel Pressfield.

BROWN

I don't know who you're talking about.

POSH PETE

It's a family matter, I'd... It would be much better if I could come inside, please.

Brown shuts the door in their faces. Posh Pete nods to Bunny, who produces a battering ram and swings.

45 INT. RANGE ROVER. / EXT. H. DEN. LONDON. DAY. 45

Frazier sits in silence. He's bored and gets out the car.

46 INT. H DEN. LONDON. - DAY 46

Aslan, Power, and Rachel are surprised to see Posh Pete and Bunny follow Brown in. Power is already on his feet.

POWER

What's going on here Brown? Who are this lot?

POSH PETE

No need to get excited young man, we'll be gone in a few minutes.

POWER

You'll be gone before then. Get out, now!

Posh Pete clearly isn't going anywhere.

POWER (CONT'D)

I can be dangerous if I want to be, I won't tell you again.

POSH PETE

Sit down Power, before you get yourself in more trouble.

POWER

How do you know my name? He knows my fuckin' name!

POSH PETE

(Breaks into verse) *I can tell by the way you move...*

He looks at Bunny who clicks his fingers in rhythm.

BUNNY

I can tell by the way you groove.

Power's not happy and steps forward.

POWER

That was twenty years ago, you
mother fuc..

SLAP! Posh Pete gives Power a back-hander, which dumps him on
his backside on the sofa.

POSH PETE

Swear again and I'll hurt you
Power, understand?

Power is in shock and nods.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)

You're not a dog Power, as hard as
you're trying to be one, now use
your words. Do you understand?

POWER

Yes, I understand.

POSH PETE

I suggest you change your name,
nobody's gonna take you seriously
with a moniker like Power. Now,
just so we're clear, I work for a
man, a power-ful man.

RACHEL

Michael Adam.

BROWN

Who's Michael Adam?

ASLAN

A friend of her father's. Runs the
London puff game, big dick swinger.

POSH PETE

That's right but I wouldn't want
him to hear you saying that, and
it's best you forget what he
'apparently' does for a living
after we depart. Your father asked
us to bring you home Rachel.

POWER

Who are you?

POSH PETE

This is getting boring and
repetitive Power.

(MORE)

POSH PETE (CONT'D)

Now this can go one of two ways,
well, more than two ways, but I'm
giving you two options. Mind if I
sit down?

Posh Pete gestures to Brown as he sits next to him.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)

Pass us those papers will you lad,
and the puff, and some baccy.

Brown hands them all over. Posh Pete starts rolling a joint,
tears a bit of card off the papers packet to make a roach.
Over the course of his speech he finishes crafting his joint
and sparks it up.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)

I don't build a joint like the
Americans and the new school, back
strapping, jock strapping, Vaping,
and all that. I like a good old
fashioned fifty-fifty mix me,
that's the way we used to play. Why
did you lot get addicted to H hey?
Why not shopping, gambling,
exercise or making money? Fucking
H. If there's one drug you should
not chase it's the dirty dragon.
You ever give it a spin Bunny?

BUNNY

Nah, not me Pete, don't even puff
any more.

POSH PETE

Course not, Bunny likes the gym,
but you can probably see that. What
you doing on the bench these days?

BUNNY

Three wheels a side.

POSH PETE

Fuck! 120 Ks.

BUNNY

Plus the bar.

POSH PETE

How many reps?

BUNNY

On a Monday, straight ten.

POSH PETE

What about you Brown?

Brown's confused.

BROWN

I don't know what you're...

POSH PETE

You couldn't lift a wheel of cheese
you cunt. Anyway, if you wanna be
naughty, what's wrong with a little
smoke and a poke and a glass of
wine, some Barry White, candles
round the bath, and put your finger
in the missus.

ASLAN

Who's Barry White?

BUNNY

Big black geezer, sexy voice.

BROWN

I'm lost, am I in the bath with
Barry White's finger in me missus?

POSH PETE

Shut up Brown, and listen to what
you're missing. If you're unhappy,
you should share your thoughts with
your friends, nice friends. But
nah, you all chose squalor,
drowning in your liberal white
guilt.

BROWN

What am I guilty of?

POSH PETE

Being a cunt Brown, being a cunt.
Anyway, I'm not your shrink, just
trying to radiate some positive
vibes, man to man, that is what the
puff game used to be about:
Rastafari, one love, smiley
culture, you feel me? (Beat) Now
Raych, you ready to turn a corner?
Open the curtains and let the light
in? Do your mum and dad a favour,
try the impossible and make
yourself happy.

RACHEL

Alright.

Posh Pete's surprised it was that easy.

POSH PETE

Great.

He gets to his feet.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)

Bunny, will you help Rachel get her things together?

RACHEL

It's OK I don't really have anything.

Bunny goes to escort Rachel out.

POWER

You bitch.

POSH PETE

You're like a wild animal Power. We don't speak to women like that.

RACHEL

I'll, I'll call you.

Posh Pete spins round to face Power.

POSH PETE

No she won't. If I see you again, I'll iron you the fuck out. It's over for you Power, am I clear?

Rachel leaves with Bunny and SLAM! The door closes behind them. The dog starts barking again.

Power makes a run for the door, so Posh Pete gives him a slap across the chops again SMACK! Now Aslan leaps to Power's defense, and a fight ensues.

Eventually, Posh Pete gets free from Aslan and shoves him hard with both hands, it sends Aslan staggering back towards the outdoor area, but he trips, loses his footing and falls right off the edge of the building where the balcony is missing.

Posh Pete doesn't notice as he turns back to face Power and Brown, but their jaws have dropped.

47 EXT. STAIRWELL. - DAY 47

Bunny and Rachel are heading downstairs and don't see Aslan's body fly past them.

48 EXT. H DEN. LONDON. - DAY 48

Frazier is leaning against his car, when SPLAT! Aslan's body smashes on the floor next to him, spraying him in blood. He's speechless as he looks at what's left of Aslan.

In the distance CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Fletcher, the Private Investigator, snaps away on his camera.

49 INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE. DAY. 49

Michael and Rosalind are having a cup of tea as Michael looks at the gun in the box.

ROSALIND

He was offering his help, but what he was really saying was that he wants a reduction in price, he was implying you're losing control love.

MICHAEL

This is not great.

Michael puts the gift box with the gun in it on Rosalind's desk.

ROSALIND

Even though it's illegal.

MICHAEL

It's a paperweight Babe.

ROSALIND

I did tell you, if anyone knows you're on the way out, they'll take advantage, and you'll have to do something about it. How did he know about the farm?

MICHAEL

It was on the internet.

ROSALIND

But how did some feral bunch of Scousers find their way into your extremely well hidden facility?

MICHAEL

That's a mystery I'm trying to solve love.

Posh Pete knocks on the door and enters.

POSH PETE

Hope I'm not interrupting. Rachel Pressfield's been returned home safely.

MICHAEL

Good. Everything alright?

POSH PETE

Shame about her, she's a good kid.

MICHAEL

Something happened Pete, I can hear it in your voice.

POSH PETE

One of her 'associates' had an accident.

MICHAEL

Pete, I gave this to you because you're an adult.

POSH PETE

He threw himself off a balcony. Nothing I could do Boss.

ROSALIND

Sounds like quite an extreme accident.

POSH PETE

Well yeah, more like a death really.

50

EXT. H DEN. DAY.

50

Frazier runs over as three YOUTHS on bicycles approach the scene. Two of the youths pull out mobile phones.

FRAZIER

Put the phones away lads.

They ignore him and start taking pictures.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)
Give me the phones.

Frazier grabs one of the phones, but the youth tries to grab it back, Frazier pushes him to the ground.

YOUTH
Oi! Give it back.

The other youth starts filming the scene just as Posh Pete, Bunny and Rachel walk out the building. Bunny gets straight into action, and grabs the filming youth off his bicycle. The third kicks out, phone falls to the floor, Rachel sees the body and reacts, Posh Pete grabs her to calm her down, the recording phone is picked up by the third youth on bicycle, and all three youths break away in different directions.

Posh Pete pushes Rachel into Frazier.

POSH PETE
Put her in the car.

Posh Pete charges off after the youth running, Bunny pursues the youth on a bicycle.

Frazier bundles Rachel into the car, she is in shock, he opens the trunk, and goes back to get the body.

51 INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE. DAY.

51

ROSALIND
So you killed someone?

MICHAEL
Leave this with me babe, I'm asking the questions.

POSH PETE
He's a junkie, they're killing themselves anyway, he just accelerated the process.

MICHAEL
Don't get smart Pete.

ROSALIND
Who was he?

POSH PETE
Some Russian kid with tracks on his arms.

52 EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE. - DAY

52

Posh Pete charges after the youth but he's fast, and turns mid sprint to give Posh Pete the wanker sign, then changes gears and he's away.

Around the corner Posh Pete runs into the youth but his GANG are there waiting for him. Three of them pull blades, one waves a baseball bat.

POSH PETE

Easy, easy. I just want the phone, no need to get excited, I'm not carrying a weapon.

YOUTH 2

What, this phone? How much?

POSH PETE

One hundred quid.

YOUTH 2

Five.

POSH PETE

Just give me the phone son and here's a bag to walk away.

YOUTH 2

Tell you what mate, why don't you give us your phone and the bag?

POSH PETE

This is why I'm not gonna give you my phone or the bag.

Posh Pete pulls a Tech-9 fully automatic handgun out and RAT-A-TAT-TAT! He gives it a quick squirt in the air.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)

Now, one at a time, put your phones on the floor.

Suddenly, Frazier's car tears onto the scene, knocking two of the youths over the front bonnet. Frazier jumps out, covered in blood, Gun in hand BANG! He fires a shot into the air then shoves the gun into the youths faces. People shout and square off - it's chaos.

53 INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE. DAY. 53

ROSALIND
Russian kid, that doesn't sound
good. You don't get poor Russians
over here.

MICHAEL
BABE! Did anyone see you?

POSH PETE
It was a council estate with half a
dozen street rats, not the type to
tell the old Bill.

54 INT. CAR. /EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE. - DAY 54

Frazier drives with the baseball bat and three knives on his
lap. Rachel's in the passenger seat, blood everywhere. Posh
Pete's in the back hanging out the window, and Aslan's body
is stuffed in the boot.

POSH PETE
There, over there.

Ahead we can see Bunny running after the youth on the
bicycle.

55 INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE. DAY. 55

POSH PETE
Doesn't look like he'll be missed,
and as I said, it wasn't our fault,
don't worry.

MICHAEL
Nothing makes me worry like some
cunt telling me not to worry. And
what's fault got to do with it?
That's not good enough. What have
you done with the body?

POSH PETE
Listen Boss I'm good at what I do
but when someone jumps out of a
window, mopping it up becomes
complicated. I said I've dealt with
it.

56 EXT. STREET. / COUNCIL ESTATE. - DAY

56

Bunny chases the last youth on his bicycle, as the Range Rover overtakes Bunny, and without stopping, Posh Pete leans out the window pulls the youth off his bicycle, and in through the window. SCREECH! The Range Rover slams to a stop. From inside punches are thrown, just as Bunny, out of breath, gets to the car. The side door opens, the youth falls to the ground, Bunny drags him aside, and jumps in. The Range Rover pulls off, then stops about 20 yards ahead. The door opens and the knives and baseball bat are hurled out the window. They drive off.

In the distance CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Fletcher, the Private Investigator, is still photographing everything.

57 INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE. DAY.

57

MICHAEL

I don't like this Pete. Don't be fooled by how those junkie kids look, they went to good schools, they have parents, with money. This is now a situation.

POSH PETE

I'm sorry Boss but right now we're in the business of trying to sell your business, and you've got me doing favours for your posh mates, saving junkies and cleaning up bodies. I feel we're losing focus.

ROSALIND

You've got to get control darling.

58 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. - NIGHT

58

FLETCHER

I bet you told Mickey nothing about what happened.

POSH PETE

You're fishing Fletcher because you have no idea.

FLETCHER

Oh really.

Fletcher produces some photos of the events that unfolded and leaves them with Posh Pete.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Just going for a slash.

He gets up to go to the bathroom. Peter notices that Fletcher is still wearing his shoes.

PETER
Oi! Fletcher, shoes off inside.
Leave them by the door.

Fletcher pulls a face then slips his shoes off and leaves them by the back door before heading to the bathroom.

59

INT. GYM. NIGHT.

59

Coach and Ernie are ringside as members of the Baby Squad and other punters train.

ERNIE
I think we've been set up Coach.

COACH
What's his name Ernie? The geezer that gave you the address of the skunk farm.

ERNIE
Phuc.

Coach reacts.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
No, that's his name: Phuc. Like Phat with a P-H.

COACH
Don't get all street with me. Where does he live?

ERNIE
The posh part of Croydon.

COACH
There isn't a posh part of Croydon.

ERNIE
It's comparative ain't it.

COACH
Don't comparative me Ernie.

Prime-Time heads over.

PRIME-TIME

Alright Coach.

COACH

Good.

PRIME-TIME

Oy, Ernie, what you doing? Why aren't you training you black cunt, I'm on my own here.

Prime-Time goes again.

ERNIE

Did he just call me a black cunt?

COACH

Yes he did Ernie.

ERNIE

He can't do that, that's racist.

COACH

But you are black and you are a cunt Ernie, those are facts. I don't think Prime-Time cares what race you run in.

ERNIE

But the fact I'm black has nothing to do with the fact I'm a cunt.

COACH

He didn't say black people are cunts Ernie, he was being specific to you, one has nothing to do with the other. Unless I'm mistaken, I'd go further, it was a term of familiar affection.

ERNIE

But Prime-Time's a Gypsy, and I wouldn't go around calling him a Pikey cunt.

COACH

Why not? He might be very understanding, as long as it's coming from a place of love. Now, get back to the issue at hand. I need Phuc's address.

ERNIE

I'll have it by the morning Coach.
And I do have some good news: I
found out whose skunk we nicked.

COACH

Just tell me his name isn't
Michael Adam.

Pause while it's clear it is.

ERNIE

Blimey Coach, you a gypsy too?
Reading tea leaves? Got a crystal
ball? How d'you know that?

Coach shakes his head and gets ready to go.

COACH

That's not good news Ernie. Michael
Adam is terrible news in the shadow
of a violent and expensive debt.

60

INT. LORD SNOWBALL'S PILE. DAY.

60

Michael sits alone. LORD SNOWBALL (70s) enters the room. A
funny faced looking chap and racing snake thin.

Michael stands to shake the Lord's hand.

LORD SNOWBALL

Mickey. Bit nippy in here today.

MICHAEL

Didn't think you lot felt the cold.

Lord Snowball builds a fire.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'd like to apologise for putting
you in this predicament in the
first place.

LORD SNOWBALL

You needn't, but thank you. I've
done very nicely out of our
arrangement. Should I be scared?

MICHAEL

I don't think so, but I like to
lean on the side of caution.

LORD SNOWBALL

What does that mean?

MICHAEL

It means I'm gonna have to close shop: Shut it all down, make it disappear. Don't worry, you don't have to do anything, it's all in hand, but you might see a few trucks over the next couple of days. And the pain is being shared.

LORD SNOWBALL

I somehow feel me losing out on one million pounds commission a year is going to hurt me more than it hurts you, but it's been a good run nonetheless.

MICHAEL

It is gonna hurt me Henry. The stolen product, the loss of earnings meantime, the cost of closing down, and the cost of setting up elsewhere. This place will be a retired Mushroom Farm by the end of the week.

LORD SNOWBALL

Funny really, but it couldn't be worse timing. I've just learned that we need a whole new roof apparently.

MICHAEL

As I say, I'm as upset by this as you. I'll take care of the roof.

LORD SNOWBALL

I must say Michael, you are a gentlemen, has anyone else been hit?

MICHAEL

Just you.

LORD SNOWBALL

Just my luck. Shall I get Laurence to bring us some tea?

MICHAEL

No thanks, got work to do.

As Michael gets up to leave he notices a framed photo of Lord Snowball surrounded by a shoot party. In amongst the guests is Matthew, which catches his attention. Lord Snowball joins him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Matthew, I see you know him.

LORD SNOWBALL
Yes, he's a bloody good laugh.
Loves a drink too.

MICHAEL
When was he here?

LORD SNOWBALL
He's been shooting with us for
years.

MICHAEL
But when was he last here?

LORD SNOWBALL
Couple of months ago. Why?

MICHAEL
I didn't know he liked to shoot.

61 EXT. LORD SNOWBALL'S LAND. - DAY

61

A vehicle approaches in the distance - it's Michael's Range Rover.

He is being driven by Frazier - Michael stares out the window, and they're gone.

A moment later and the bush moves, then again. Cigarette smoke comes from it. Fletcher slowly walks out the bushes with his camera. He is wearing excellent camouflage, as he takes another pull on his cigarette and checks the photos he just took. There's one of Michael unknowingly scowling down the barrel, Fletcher zooms into it.

62 INT. PUB. DAY.

62

Posh Pete sits waiting for The Coach in a booth, who enters and comes straight over to the table. He places an ornate box on the table. Posh Pete looks at it, then notices Coach has a bandage where his little finger should be.

POSH PETE
What's this? We're not the Yakuza?

COACH

I want you to understand that I appreciate the gravity of the situation. My boys are naive, they've had hard lives, and they are just starting to come good, but they're my lads, my responsibility, so it's me that should be accountable for their actions. I can return your goods but I can't return: the inconvenience, the time, the headache. I can only imagine what a system like that brings in, but based on some rough calculations I estimate that it must be about £8M a year. So, I offer you my loyalty, and time, until we pay off the debt. I'll do my best to clean this up, but please leave my lads alone.

POSH PETE

Find out who was responsible for this little trick and we'll talk further.

COACH

I can do better than that.

63

EXT. SIDE STREET. - DAY

63

Coach pops the boot of his car and inside, bound and gagged, is Phuc.

COACH

His name's Phuc, with a P-H. It was him who gave us the skunk farm job. Do you know him?

POSH PETE

We've met in the past haven't we Phuc.

Phuc is struggling and turning a funny colour, so Coach leans in to the boot.

COACH

Don't do anything stupid now son.

Coach tears off the gag from Phuc's mouth and he breathes heavily.

POSH PETE
How did you know the location?

PHUC
I need my inhaler.

POSH PETE
And I need you to tell me how you
knew where the farm was located.

PHUC
Dry Eye's had me trailing you for
the last six months... It was only
a matter of time.

Phuc seems like he's hyper-ventilating.

PHUC (CONT'D)
I can't breathe. (Gasping) I'm
serious, please, I need air.

Coach is in two minds but relents, pulls Phuc out the trunk,
and cuts the tape binding his legs so he can stand up
properly.

Phuc continues breathing heavily, but suddenly, he sprints
off. He raises his bound hands above his head and thrusts
them down past his hips in one swift movement, tearing the
tape, and freeing his hands. He sprints towards the railings
at the end of the street in front of him, as Posh Pete and
Coach watch.

Phuc gets to the railings puts both hands on them...

COACH
NO! Don't!

...He leaps, swings his legs over and... Disappears.

Posh Pete and Coach run over to discover a 30ft drop the
other side of the railings. Phuc's dead, laying on the floor
below in a pool of blood.

POSH PETE
Not again.

64 INT. MICHAEL'S HOME. DAY.

64

Posh Pete is on the phone to Michael.

MICHAEL
There's a pattern emerging here
Pete.

POSH PETE
Another accident, sorry boss.

MICHAEL
Who's Phuc anyway?

POSH PETE
Dry Eye's man.

MICHAEL
You mean Lord George's man?

POSH PETE
Could just be Dry Eye's doing.

MICHAEL
Bit bold for Dry Eye, unless he's
gone solo.

POSH PETE
In which case, it is Lord George
then.

MICHAEL
Leave this one with me Pete, we're
running out of room in your
freezer.

65 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. LONDON. - DAY

65

Lord George is watching the Chinese Horse racing, whilst
drinking a nice cup of tea out the pot.

On screen, the racing starts looking a bit 'wobbly', Michael
enters, with Frazier and Bunny behind him carrying Phuc's
body in a rug. They dump it on the floor and go.

LORD GEORGE
Do I recognise that rug?

MICHAEL
Yes it belongs to you and so does
what's in it. Your eyes will go
square with all that T.V.

LORD GEORGE
Mickey. How did you get in here?

MICHAEL
I used the door your Lordship. What
you watching?

Lord George is uneasy. He looks about but can't see anyone to help him.

LORD GEORGE

It's the racing, live satellite, my only vice.

MICHAEL

Not sure if that's strictly true is it?

LORD GEORGE

Meaning?

MICHAEL

Meaning the last time I looked up what vice meant it said: Any immoral or wicked behaviour, or criminal activities which involve prostitution, pornography, drugs, or some such. No I'd say racing is not your only vice Lord George, I'd say you're balls deep in every vice known to man. You're the walking personification of Vice. Even tea, that too is a vice. Caffeine's a drug don't you know?

LORD GEORGE

I don't think of it quite like that.

MICHAEL

But it's exactly like that George. A long time ago a bunch of likely lads: white bread, red-necks, gwilo cracker types who looked a bit like me, jumped on a boat, nipped across the sea seeking fame and fortune, and they visited a little place called China.

Michael notices George's eyes are rolling.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

These guys found a leaf, naughty little leaf, a bit like the one you and I found, only this one tasted better in a pot of hot water: Tea!

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Those little gwilo, ghost-faced Yuan grabbers filled their little leather gwilo, ghost-faced boots and brought it back home, which fuelled the expansion of the British Empire, the glory days. There was no sunset for the tea set, they were at it like us George. Within a few years the whole country was drinking the leaf. Social rituals appeared: Teapots, spoons, strainers, and ceremony. You see the Empire saw the market so they created the market. But that little leaf you call a way of life and drink for pleasure, has caused as many deaths as religious ideologies.

George looks like he is getting the horrors now, he's hallucinating badly. He's seeing images of axe-wielding demons, Dali-esque melting walls and melting furniture, as well as Michael's face and voice transmogrifying as he talks.

LORD GEORGE

What have you done to me Michael?

MICHAEL

Everyone tries to jump on the black wagon of profit though don't they? Can't help themselves: Chinese pirates, Jamaican vagabonds, any smuggler with a dollar in his collar, all trying to undermine the market which threatens the Empire.

George is continuing to experience disturbing hallucinations, which we see as well.

LORD GEORGE

Why are you giving me this lecture Michael? There's no bad blood between us.

MICHAEL

Don't think you can have your little Boston tea party without me coming back at you George. That's not how the Empire works.

Michael waves his hands in front of George's face, they look huge and twisted.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 You listening? Paying attention?

George copies Michael's hand gestures - he's somewhere else completely.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Why did you start a War with me?

LORD GEORGE
 War? What War? What are you talking about? And what have you done to my head Michael?

MICHAEL
 You're seeing ugly things now, but they only reflect the inner workings of your dark and greedy mind.

LORD GEORGE
 How long is this going to go on for Mickey?

MICHAEL
 Don't Mickey Mouse me, if I Lord George you, you Mr Adam me. You're in for two days of hallucinogenic hell, or you could be there for a lifetime. After this your brains might be better spent as scrambled eggs. You'll be locked up in a nut house within a week, tortured with the horrors. (Beat). But I can stop all that.

LORD GEORGE
 Just tell me how?

George attempts to stand but his legs have gone and he slumps back in his chair. He's in a terrible state, as naked dwarves appear with horned heads, pouring blood from a cock and balls teapot.

Michael produces a little bottle of pills and takes two out.

MICHAEL
 Take these two fizzy biscuits and you'll be right as rain in an hour, just long enough for you to consider your past indiscretions.
 (MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, I nearly forgot, don't ever send your man Dry Eye round again either, trying to buy my business for a few beans, I don't know what you were thinking. He's your dog keep him on a lead.

George has no idea what Michael means, but watches as he pops the pills into a glass of water and it fizzes up. Michael hands it to George.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Don't forget this lesson George, I can get to you whenever I so choose, as demonstrated by that angry little teapot you'll never touch again. So, from now on 'your Lordship', please don't fuck about with my market, because the Empire will strike back.

65A INT. ANIMATION SEQUENCE

65A

Animation VFX of Lord George's Hallucinations

66 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

66

Frazier and Bunny are carrying Aslan's frozen body through Posh Pete's house wrapped in a towel and a tarpaulin, when Fletcher steps out the bathroom zipping up his trousers. Frazier and Bunny stop in their tracks and look at Fletcher. Then Posh Pete arrives, and they all look at each other.

BUNNY

There a problem here Pete?

Posh Pete looks at Fletcher.

POSH PETE

I dunno, is there a problem here?

FLETCHER

No problem here. Oh, I forgot to wash my hands.

Fletcher goes back in the bathroom.

POSH PETE

Next time call first.

BUNNY

Sure Pete.

FRAZIER

Later.

They take the body out.

67

INT. STYLISH BAR, LIKE CLARIDGES. EVENING.

67

Michael and Rosalind are enjoying a candlelit meal together.

MICHAEL

I don't like where this is all going, I don't know if I've got the appetite for it, or the horrors that await.

ROSALIND

Pull yourself together and sort it out.

MICHAEL

Thanks babe, I like a shoulder to sniff on.

ROSALIND

You didn't marry a shoulder, you married me.

MICHAEL

I'm scared for all of us.

ROSALIND

Be scared, no shame in that, and don't worry about me, I can look after myself.

MICHAEL

We've got enough money, shall we just drop the mic and moon walk?

ROSALIND

It's not about the money, it's about the effort. It's about a struggle against comfort, safety, and mediocrity.

MICHAEL

Is it?

ROSALIND

You know the story about the businessman and the fisherman.

MICHAEL

I don't know, do I?

ROSALIND

A businessman on holiday asks a local fisherman about his day. The fisherman says: "I sleep late, fish a little, and in the evenings, I drink with my friends. I do what I like." The businessman says, "You should fish longer every day, sell the extra fish and buy a bigger boat. Then you can expand and buy a fleet of boats. Then you can list your business on the stock market and make millions!" "Millions? Really? Then what?" "Then you can do what you like." "You mean I could sleep late, fish a little, and in the evenings, I could drink with my pals."

MICHAEL

So your point is: What's the point in making an effort?

ROSALIND

No Michael, that is exactly not my point.

MICHAEL

You've lost me babe.

ROSALIND

The metaphorical fisherman didn't go on the journey Michael. He didn't play the game, he didn't get layered, complicated, experienced, tested, kicked about, knocked down, then pick himself up again. He didn't win, he didn't lose, coz he didn't have the balls to play in the first place, he took the path of least resistance. The fisherman remains on the sidelines, spectating and judging, living vicariously through people like you, reading the news instead of being the news. You're a superstar, that's why I married you and didn't marry a fuckin' fisherman.

Beat, while Mickey considers this deluge. He leans in and kisses her.

MICHAEL

There's a reason I married you too.

ROSALIND

Stay in the saddle, and get the right price.

68

EXT. TOE PATH CHINESE FLOATING RESTAURANT. - DAY

68

Lord George and Dry Eye walk together. Lord George's BODYGUARD (40s) is a way behind them.

DRY EYE

I wasn't involved in Michael Adam's skunk farm raid.

LORD GEORGE

So you're telling me Phuc did this behind your back?

DRY EYE

Well, lets put it this way, he didn't do it in front of it, it didn't have my blessing.

LORD GEORGE

But you did go behind my back and make Michael a derisory offer for his business?

DRY EYE

Sorry, I don't understand?

LORD GEORGE

Which part of that question don't you understand? The question? Let me warn you now Dry Eye, think before you answer, don't be in a rush, don't make a mistake that you can not come back from. I repeat, did you raid Michael Adam's farm?

DRY EYE

No.

LORD GEORGE

Did you approach him to buy his business?

DRY EYE

Yes, yes I did. Without approval.
An opportunity arose so I thought
it best to feel him out, and didn't
want to waste your time with it,
unless I thought it was real.

LORD GEORGE

We both know you're not in a
position to do that.

DRY EYE

Give me a break, I'm not a monkey,
I'm your biggest earner right now.

LORD GEORGE

You could have had a career Dry
Eye.

DRY EYE

Fuck you, you old cunt, I'll piss
on your grave.

Lord George's eyes fill with hate and he turns to his
Security Guard and nods.

The Security guard whips out his silenced pistol but instead
of pointing it at Dry Eye PHHTTT! He shoots Lord George in
the head and he drops down dead.

Dry Eye looks at the lifeless Lord George as blood spreads
out on the floor, then unzips his trousers.

69

INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

69

Fletcher comes back from the bathroom.

POSH PETE

Hands clean?

FLETCHER

Yeah, I like that liquid soap, very
posh, Gardenias innit? Now I know
there are some details I don't know
about - something between Dry Eye
and Lord George, but whatever it
was, someone killed Lord George...
Anyone else might think that was
you or Mickey. Now lets continue
with the plot.

Fletcher drops a photograph on the table of Dry Eye and Matthew together at Arsenal's stadium bar. Posh Pete is surprised.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Attention, caught?

POSH PETE
So Dry Eye and Matthew know each other. So what?

FLETCHER
They could have just been meeting to discuss holidaying in the Maldives, or the long term implications of leaving the EU, but I filmed them, had it lip read, transcribed, and translated. Like the classic 1974 film The Conversation starring Gene Hackman and John Cazale. Coppola squeezed that out between The Godfathers. It wasn't for me, bit boring. Not like our little plot is it? We're just warming up. Ooo that Matthew's quite something isn't he? He's not your average American, he's Mr International, even speaks a bit of Cantonese.

He drops the transcriptions on the table and pulls out a tablet with grainy, long lens footage of Dry Eye in discussion with Matthew.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Right, you play Dry Eye and I'll be Matthew.

70

INT. EMIRATES STADIUM. - DAY

70

Fletcher presses play and they start reading the lines, overdubbing the two men speaking on screen.

POSH PETE/DRY EYE
There was an incident, Lord George didn't come through it.

FLETCHER/MATTHEW
Didn't come through it? The last thing you need is to attract any Octopus.

Posh Pete stops the video.

POSH PETE

Octopus? What does that mean? It's not a very good translation.

FLETCHER

Nothing wrong with the translation, Matthew's not that fluent, it's Cantonese, just go with it, fill in the blanks.

Fletcher presses play again.

POSH PETE/DRY EYE

Don't worry, it's all on Michael, he's to blame.

FLETCHER/MATTHEW

That isn't a smart move.

POSH PETE/DRY EYE

Don't tell me what a smart move is.

FLETCHER/MATTHEW

I beg for your pardon?

POSH PETE/DRY EYE

You heard me perfectly well. There will be repercussions for Michael's actions, end of.

FLETCHER/MATTHEW

You think you're running things do you? Don't stroke my mouse hair.

POSH PETE

What? Mouse Hair?

FLETCHER

I think he means don't jeopardise my deal, but I admit that one is a bit of a curve ball.

The two men on screen walk out of view for a moment. Then come back into view, Dry Eye looks a bit angry.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Clearly Matthew loses it a bit here and his translation goes out the window: He bangs on about pink trees in Springtime, but I think what he meant was that he's clearly upset, and Dry Eye understood what he was saying.

INT. EMIRATES STADIUM.

Dry Eye lets Matthew have it in Cantonese.

DRY EYE

Listen to me John Wayne this is how it's gonna play out. You're gonna back the fuck off and I'm gonna take the lot. You're not on home turf here, it's my soil not yours. Time's have changed, circumstances have changed, and you need to show me some respect.

71 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

71

Fletcher puts the tablet away.

FLETCHER

That's it sorry, show's over, but it's clear they're not just Mahjong partners are they?

POSH PETE

Not much of that was clear Fletcher. But according to you we already know Matthew's wants to buy Michael out. So why is this news?

FLETCHER

Don't you worry about that, we're gonna get to the news.

72 EXT. LORD GEORGE'S FUNERAL. CEMETERY. DAY.

72

A group of mourners, all dressed in black, walk away from the funeral.

Dye Eye gets in a car with an OLD MAN (80s).

OLD MAN

Dry Eye, I trust you will make Michael Adam pay for this. You are the dragon head now. Solidify your position.

DRY-EYE

It will be done Uncle.

The Old Man looks Dry Eye in the eyes.

73 EXT. PUB. LONDON. DAY. 73

Michael walks into the pub on his own. Hiding across the road
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Fletcher is taking photos of Michael.

Round the corner, a car pulls up, away from Michael's car,
with TWO MEN inside.

Posh Pete sits in the driver's seat of Michael's car - on his
phone.

74 INT. PUB. LONDON. DAY. 74

We pick up with Michael where we started at the beginning of
the film (Scene 2), he's in the pub, waiting at the bar to be
served, he puts a coin in the jukebox and plays a cool tune.

MICHAEL

I'll have a pint and a picked egg
please Bob.

BARMAN

Yes Boss.

Michael's served by the BARMAN, then takes his pint and egg
over to a table and sits down. He makes a phone call.

MICHAEL

Matthew, it's Michael... we need to
meet... Great.

He hangs up and dials again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Alright Babe, is it date night
tonight?

75 INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE. DAY. 75

Cross cut between Michael and Rosalind sitting at her desk in
her office.

ROSALIND

No, Thursday, why?

MICHAEL

I was thinking we should go to the
River Cafe this evening, to discuss
poetry.

ROSALIND

Pick me up at seven.

She's about to hang up when Dry Eye walks into her office with a GUARD.

ROSALIND (CONT'D)
Hello Dry Eye, what do you want?

DRY EYE
Hang up.

ROSALIND
I don't want to.

Rosalind catches a glimpse of the guard's gun in his shoulder holster as he moves.

DRY EYE
I said hang up.

MICHAEL
Babe? What's going on?

Rosalind hangs up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Babe?

Michael works out what's going on.

BANG! A gunshot and blood sprays into Michael's pint and across the table.

76 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

76

FLETCHER
Ooo it's warming up now. So at this point, I'm guessing you didn't even know Lord George was dead yet? Let alone what Dry Eye was up to?

Posh Pete doesn't say anything.

77 INT. PUB.- DAY

77

Michael stands next to his bloodied pint and egg on the table. One of the men we saw pull up in a car outside before, lays dead on the floor with a gun by his side.

Posh Pete stands next to Michael with his pistol still drawn.

MICHAEL
Thanks Pete.

POSH PETE
Boss, keep calm, there's one more.

MICHAEL
Where did you come from?

POSH PETE
Back door. Shhh.

Posh Pete points to the main door, then signals to the barman to get down.

78 EXT./INT. PUB. - DAY 78

The second Assassin is looking to come in the front door. He approaches slowly and opens it up. He steps inside and sees his colleague face down in a pool of blood.

He edges back out the pub again and walks right into Posh Pete's gun, as he and Michael are now outside.

BANG! Posh Pete's gunshot rings out.

79 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 79

FLETCHER
I'm not sure exactly what happened next, because you two managed to give me the slip...

POSH PETE
You were there?

FLETCHER
Course I was. Anyway, like I said, I'm not sure what happened next, but my guess is Mickey saved his missus from something bad happening, coz Dry Eye hasn't been seen since.

80 INT. MICHAEL'S CAR. DAY. 80

Michael is racing through traffic as Posh Pete hangs on in the passenger seat.

POSH PETE
Slow down Boss.

Michael speeds up the takes a wrong turn down a one way street.

He looks to have got a clear run but narrowly avoids an oncoming car as they exit the road.

81 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 81

FLETCHER

But if Mickey can only rely on himself when trouble arises, it begs the question what he even pays you lot for?

82 ALTERNATE REALITY. INT. ROSALIND'S GARAGE. DAY. 82

Dry Eye and the Guard bundle Rosalind into their car and speed away, just as Michael comes tearing round the corner in his car and BOOM! He crashes right into them and all the airbags go off.

Michael gets out to sprint to the garage, but stops when he sees the Chinese men and Rosalind. He opens the door, grabs Rosalind out, then pulls out his pistol and BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! He shoots Dry Eye and the Guard.

83 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 83

POSH PETE

No, that definitely didn't happen.

FLETCHER

So what did happen Petey? When I arrived I saw broken glass and oil on the road outside the garage.

POSH PETE

It's a road, nothing unusual about glass and oil being on roads, cars drive on roads, and cars collide. You can't read something into everything Fletcher.

84 INT. ROSALIND'S GARAGE. DAY. 84

Rosalind sits opposite Dry Eye and his Guard, Tony. Rosalind reaches for the gift box Michael was given by Matthew before.

ROSALIND

Fancy a boiled sweet?

DRY EYE

No.

She gestures to Tony who shakes his head.

ROSALIND
Suit yourself.

She opens the lid, concealing the Derringer gun from their view.

DRY EYE
Rosalind try not to be alarmed but you're coming with me until I resolve my differences with your husband.

ROSALIND
I'm not going anywhere.

DRY EYE
Don't be like that, you know how this works. Either you come with me or Tony here will make you come with me.

ROSALIND
I'm not sure that's how it works at all. You're in my office under my roof, it's not your position for Tony to do anything other than to fuck off out the aperture by which you came.

DRY EYE
I see why Mickey married you. Tony.

Tony walks towards her with malign intent, Rosalind whips the gun out and Dry Eye laughs. Tony stops.

DRY EYE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that? A paperweight?

ROSALIND
Funny you should say that, turns out anything with weight can be a paperweight.

DRY EYE
Well what you gonna do with it?

ROSALIND
That's up to you isn't it. Either you do as I tell you to and use the door, or I'm gonna shoot fat Tony right between the eyes.

(MORE)

ROSALIND (CONT'D)

This gun's only got two bullets, so I'm not gonna fuck about illustrating that it's real, you're gonna have to trust me on that. The alternative is a little bit absolute.

DRY EYE

You can't have a little bit absolute, that's an oxymoron.

ROSALIND

Whatever the fuck it is I've lost my patience, I'm warning you I will squeeze this trigger and Tony will be no more.

DRY EYE

Come on Tony I haven't got all day.

ROSALIND

You lot are unbelievable, have you not listened to a word I said. Listen to me cunt, you take one more step forward it will be the last fucking step you ever take.

DRY EYE

Tony, get on with it.

Tony takes one more step forward and BANG! Rosalind shoots him. Tony takes another two steps then falls to the floor dead.

Dry Eye is frozen with fear for a second.

ROSALIND

Now are you going out feet or head first?

DRY EYE

OK calm down, calm down, I'm leaving.

85 INT. ROSALIND'S GARAGE. DAY.

85

Roger the mechanic has heard the gunshot and is heading over, but Dry Eye strides past him on his way out.

86 EXT. ROSALIND'S GARAGE. DAY. 86

Dry Eye gets in his car and drives off, just as Michael and Posh Pete drive round the corner. Michael sees Dry Eye and speeds up as he drives towards him.

SMASH! The cars collide head on and the airbags go off. Michael and Posh Pete get out and pull their guns on a dazed looking Dry Eye. Michael opens the car door and yanks Dry Eye out.

87 ROSALIND'S GARAGE MONTAGE. DAY. 87

Roger drives a tow truck with the winch attached to the bumper of Michael's car. He pulls it into the garage and leaves it alongside Dry Eye's car.

Posh Pete puts the dead body of the Guard into the boot of Dry Eye's car.

Michael wipes the fingerprints off the Derringer gun.

The garage shutters come down. From the outside, the place looks empty.

The only traces of what happened is an oil spill on the ground and some broken glass.

Fletcher crouches down and puts his finger in the oil to see how fresh it is.

88 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. DAY. 88

POSH PETE

And you're basing your whole crescendo on some broken glass and an oil patch?

FLETCHER

No div, I'm basing my whole crescendo on the sum of its parts. A few minor details aside, I wont have any problems flogging this juicy peach of a drama to Big Dave. It writes itself.

POSH PETE

So is the story over now Fletcher?

FLETCHER

All I want is your respect Pete, don't you see that? Well, that and the twenty million of course.

POSH PETE

You're too smart to be blackmailing us Fletcher.

FLETCHER

That's why I've taken precautionary measures. You can do all sorts of horrible things to me if you want, but you'll have to leave the country and never return. But you're reading this all wrong, I'm here to help, not hurt. I'm ya pal, ya saviour, Jesus of Lambeth.

POSH PETE

Do me a favour.

FLETCHER

I was just about to do you a favour... All this, all the build up so far, it was all leading to this next part, this is the news you were asking about before.

Posh Pete looks skeptical.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Matthew. He's gonna need people here to run the business for him when he buys it off Michael right? I mean, how's a fresh off his private G650 American gonna know all the subtle nuances of this game right away? He's not, so he'll need a reliable pair of hands, someone like you. So why didn't he ask you Pete?

POSH PETE

I don't know, none of my business.

FLETCHER

Because Matthew already had someone else ear-marked for that role: Dry Eye. He could see he was hungry, ready to step out of Lord George's shadow. Young enough, ambitious enough, selfish enough.

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Where as you're not far behind old Mickey in your middle aged ways are you? Chunky sweaters and sheepskin slippers.

POSH PETE

You're a work of Art Fletcher.

FLETCHER

Whatever Trevor. Anyway, point is, he promised Dry Eye the job, but only if Dry Eye helped drive down the price of Mickey's business. See, it was Matthew's idea to rob Mickey's skunk farm, to cause ripples and reduce its market value. So that's why Phuc, in turn, got those juice swilling, acne backed, muscle Marys to do the job. Matthew started this whole chain of events off. But he didn't plan on Dry Eye killing Lord George and becoming top boy did he? Because guess what? Now Dry Eye doesn't want to be subservient to Matthew anymore. In fact, he doesn't want to be subservient to anyone anymore. Law of the jungle, what can you do? It's the hierarchy of the animal kingdom. Dry Eye likes the smell of power and doesn't like Matthew. And this, my friend, is why I want my hard earned £20M, because not only do I know exactly how Mickey's business operates, but I also know that the very man he's looking to sell it too, is trying to force him into selling it on the cheap, and he's indirectly started a War. So you can call me the friendly consigliere, a spy behind the lines, intellectual reconnaissance if you will.

A long pause and Posh Pete smiles.

POSH PETE

You certainly know more than I do, I'm impressed by your information and imagination.

FLETCHER

You've got 72 hours, but let me reiterate Pete, if anything happens to me I have my insurance policy in place - it all goes to Big Dave and in turn, to the Police, and you'll go to Mars. You can't threaten me, so save your breath for cooling your tea. Just pay up and watch me recede into the sunset, but don't ever threaten me Petey. I'll leave you these as a memento of our special evening together.

He slides the photos over of Dry Eye with Matthew.

POSH PETE

Use the door you black bastard.

FLETCHER

But I'm not black Petey.

POSH PETE

But your fucking soul is you dark cunt. Now get out of my house, I wanna go to bed.

Fletcher stands and necks the last of his Scotch in a camp fashion, accompanied with a wink.

FLETCHER

Can I come with ya?

POSH PETE

No, you can go and smoke your exhaust pipe in the back of your hearse.

Peter watches Fletcher slip his shoes on before he heads for the door.

FLETCHER

I'm coming anyway... You'll hear me, scratching around in the dark. I repeat, twenty big ones. I'll see you back here in 72 hours starting from now: tick follows tock.

Big Dave ushers RICHARD JENKINS (40s), a senior journalist, into his office. Big Dave shuts the door behind him.

BIG DAVE

Keep this between ourselves, but Fletcher's been in touch, says he's got what we need.

RICHARD

Careful Boss, Felcher's dangerous.

BIG DAVE

This sounds dangerous and devastating. He wants 150 grand, but if it's proper, it will be a whole week's exclusive.

RICHARD

What does he have exactly?

BIG DAVE

He wouldn't say much, just tickled my tummy. We're meeting on Saturday, so keep it free.

90

EXT. CAR PARK. LONDON. - DAY

90

Big Dave bowls along on the phone, he is in full swing.

BIG DAVE

News? Course they don't want news. They want their pint of blood at breakfast, and we give them an alibi to drink it. We're a blood sport, but we deal in internal bleeding, serious haemorrhaging of dignity. Hold on.

He has noticed a van parked in front of his car. The door opens and Ernie steps out with Prime-Time, who has a Go-Pro camera strapped to his head, and he's recording.

PRIME TIME

Big Dave?

BIG DAVE

Who the fuck are you and where is my driver?

PRIME TIME

Aaaaand action Ernie!

Prime Time signals to Ernie, who is as wooden in his line delivery as any child in a nativity play.

ERNIE

Plans have changed Sir. I'm your driver now.

From Prime Time's Go Pro perspective, the next thing Big Dave knows he is being lifted into the van, tape is stuck over his mouth, and a bag shoved over his head. The doors close.

Big Dave's mobile stays on the tarmac.

91

INT. FARM. DAY.

91

Big Dave is tied to a chair, with the bag still over his head. The bag is removed, his cries are muffled with his mouth taped. As he gets his bearings, Coach steps into view.

COACH

Afternoon Big Dave. I don't care if you scream, I just need you to listen.

Big Dave's muted shouts make his face turn scarlet. He rocks back and forth on the chair in a rage, but it isn't long before he topples to the floor, face down in mud and shit. Coach leans down.

COACH (CONT'D)

I'm going to keep this brief Big Dave. You know a man named Fletcher, don't you?

Big Dave stops fighting his situation to listen properly as Coach sits him back up.

COACH (CONT'D)

I know Fletcher likes to play games, and you help him play these games. Anyway, someone - whose reputation you're looking to destroy - his nature is the nature of protecting his reputation. Reputations have a habit of protecting themselves. He doesn't want any stories printed about him. Now, the easiest option to kill these stories, is simply to kill you. But, instead, we're going to make a quick film, and you're going to be an actor in this film. This time you're going to be the star Big Dave!

Coach stands Big Dave up, and removes the tape from his mouth.

BIG DAVE

I don't have anything yet...
Saturday, Fletcher said to meet him
Saturday. He said he'll bring the
full story in exchange for payment.

COACH

Right, 150 large I believe. So if
you don't have anything yet, I
could just kill you then?

BIG DAVE

No, don't, please don't.

COACH

Alright, alright, well, anyway, let
me tell you about the film we'll be
making. There used to be this show
on TV a few times a year called
'Horrible things that happen on a
farm' or something. You know,
people losing limbs and carrying
them for miles, or mincing their
tackle in combine harvesters, or
getting impaled on hooks, that sort
of thing. All sorts of nasties
happen on farms don't they? Anyway,
this is the film we're going to be
making, and as I said Big Dave,
you're going to be the star.

Big Dave looks terrified.

92 EXT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE. - DAY

92

Coach has a tablet in his hand as Posh Pete answers the door.

COACH

Here.

Coach hands the tablet to Posh Pete.

COACH (CONT'D)

Press play.

He plays a film of Big Dave sobbing and promising not to
release the story on Michael.

POSH PETE

That your doing?

COACH

Yes.

POSH PETE

He looks sufficiently scared, good work.

93 INT. VAN.- DAY

93

Coach gets in his van and sits alongside Prime-Time who is driving. The rest of the Baby Squad, including Ernie, are in the back of the van. Coach is quiet and downbeat.

ERNIE

Everything alright Coach?

COACH

No Ernie it isn't. You need to understand the severity of what you did here, we're gonna be tethered to Michael Adam's firm for the next ten years.

The Baby Squad all look at each other, as Coach looks out the window. Prime-Time starts the engine and Ernie taps his head.

94 EXT. BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET. DAY.

94

Michael arrives at the market in his Range Rover, Rosalind is in the back with him, they're being driven by one of the crew. Michael kisses Rosalind on the cheek.

ROSALIND

Remember, get the price you want.

The market's heaving with traders as Michael gets out the car.

This is the cover for Michael's drug distribution operation. The product gets shifted out with fresh fish as quickly as it comes in.

INT. BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET. DAY.

Matthew and Mark enter the packing plant with Michael waiting for them.

MATTHEW

So this is where the magic happens?

MICHAEL

Doesn't have to be clever and complicated, it just needs to be simple and work.

MATTHEW

Nice, who'd have thought. So you pack it with the kippers?

MICHAEL

Something like that.

Michael leads them into a sub-level of the packing plant where the vacuum sealed packs of marijuana are being packed with the fish. They walk through the plant towards a walk-in refrigerator.

MATTHEW

This is fabulous Michael, so are we ready to finalise numbers?

MICHAEL

We already have.

MARK

The situation's changed Michael, the market's changed.

MICHAEL

Meaning?

MATTHEW

Let me give you a metaphor. You mentioned a lion before. There was an old lion who was passing on his territory at a premium, and a new lion decided he wanted the territory, but it wasn't quite the promised land it used to be. The new lion understood that the old lion wanted to drift off to rest in the long grass, but if the new lion was going to take it over, it seemed the territory was now worth about half its original value.

Michael opens the walk-in refrigerator door, to reveal Dry Eye, hands tied, with Bunny next to him.

Mark goes to pull his gun and from behind him Frazier appears, puts a bag over his head, and drags him out the room.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

What have you done?

MICHAEL

Well Matthew, it's true, it seemed as though the old lion had got a bit fat, a bit slow, he was a bit indulged, he thought the jungle wasn't quite the jungle anymore. But it was. He'd got deluded about that fact. This was the paradox of being rich and successful, there was no gentrification or PC culture in the jungle. The seed of destruction was in the fruit of his success. Anyway, other animals started trying to encroach, ready to pounce. A dragon and a new lion wanted to be King of the jungle. So, the old lion had to wake up, remember who he really was, shake off his apathy and idleness, he had to remember how to roar again. He had to make all the other animals fear him, not for him, but for them, to restore hierarchical order to this feral chaos. First he found the dragon - emasculated him, then he turned his attention to the new lion. But he decided there is a place for a bitch lion or a castrated dragon to do what the old lion says. Rather than tear the new lion's throat out, he thought he'd give it a chance to learn it's place in the hierarchy, because the old lion decided to remain King of the Jungle. How do you like that for a metaphor? So, there's only room for one of you to survive in this equation, but I'll leave you two to sort it out. Whoever puts this amount of money into this bank account first survives, and whoever doesn't dies.

Michael holds up his phone with a number on.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Just to show I'm not messing about, Bunny.

Bunny points his gun at Dry Eye's foot and BOOM! Fires as Dry Eye drops to the floor writhing in pain.

He then turns the gun pointing at Matthew's foot and BOOM!
Shoots Matthew in the foot too.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'll leave it with you, see you
later chaps. Bunny, keep me posted.

* SCENE 95 OMITTED *

96 INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE. - DAY

96

Fletcher sits down opposite Coach and Posh Pete.

FLETCHER
I've been looking forward to today.

There are two briefcases and a trunk. Coach gives one case to Fletcher.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Is that for me?

Fletcher opens the case and sees all his respective photographs, memory cards etc - his 'insurance policy'.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
That is a disappointment, that does
not look like twenty million
pounds.

POSH PETE
It's more interesting than that.
Your insurance policy, all the
photos, all the bodies, all the
skeletons, all the filth.

FLETCHER
It's not the only one.

POSH PETE
What do you think is in the other
case? I've been onto you for a long
time Fletcher.

For the first time Fletcher looks ruffled.

FLETCHER
What do you mean?

POSH PETE

I mean I knew you'd been following Mr Adam. This is my job. When you came round that night I knew you were only going to be there half an hour to tell me how clever you were and to blackmail us for £20m. But I also knew you couldn't resist a fifteen hundred pound single malt, an eighty pound Wagyu steak and a state of the art smokeless barbie that even keeps your feet warm. No Fletcher, you were there for a holiday. And once the scotch got into your cold veins you lost the benefit of your sharp instincts. You're never going to be the predator Fletcher, you're always gonna be the prey. I kept you there, because I needed to know about Matthew and Dry Eye. It took us a while to find your insurance policies, you're a naughty little squirrel Fletcher, but it was made a lot easier planting a tracker in your shoes.

Flashback shot to Peter's house, to see Peter putting a tracker in Fletcher's shoes, which he took off before going to the bathroom.

POSH PETE (CONT'D)

Now, are we putting you in the trunk or are you getting in yourself?

FLETCHER

Let me explain.

POSH PETE

Explain from inside the trunk.

FLETCHER

Whoah, whoah, whoah, let's just wait a minute here, this isn't the end.

96B INT. POSH PETE'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Coach and Posh Pete stand listening to Fletcher who is now inside the trunk.

FLETCHER

It's not Lord George, or Dry Eye,
or even Matthew that's after
Mickey. It's Aslan's father... His
son took a seven storey jump out
the window, the same Aslan you were
storing in your freezer.

POSH PETE

What about him?

FLETCHER

Take this memory card and open it
up.

Fletcher hands the memory card to Coach through the trunk,
who puts in the tablet and opens up a series of photos to
illustrate what Fletcher's saying as he says it.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

You remember Aslan don't you?
Scroll down.

There is a photo of Aslan, then a photo of Aslan Senior.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

You should see Aslan Senior, well,
he's a Russian Oligarch. In the KGB
before he made a loada dough
privatising water. Anyway, he
wasn't too happy that his only
child fell out a window when you
went round there. Doesn't blame
you, blames your boss, but, scroll
down again, where his lads failed
in the pub...

Photos of the two hit men killed in the pub.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

...I don't think they'll fail
again.

Settle on a photo of two Russian Men we haven't seen before.

Coach and Posh Pete can tell there's truth in what Fletcher
is saying. Posh Pete gets straight on his phone to call
Michael.

97

EXT. BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET.

97

Michael leaves the market, and as his car pulls up, his phone rings, he gets in the back seat, Rosalind is silent as the car drives away. He answers the call to Posh Pete.

MICHAEL

Pete, what is it?

POSH PETE

You remember that Russian kid that fell out the window?

The car doors lock. Michael looks up and sees that it isn't his crew member in the front seat, but two RUSSIANS (30s) who are driving him away at gunpoint.

MICHAEL

It's coming back to me.

FLASHBACK to Aslan falling out the window, and Posh Pete telling Michael what happened at the time.

Michael looks at Rosalind, he is resigned to his fate as his phone rings and rings again.

RUSSIAN MAN

Get down on the floor so no one can see you.

Suddenly, a van pulls up in front of the car, and the back doors open. The Baby Squad appear armed with some guns.

They fire continuously, shooting up the car and the Russians.

Michael and Rosalind are crouched down in the footwell looking into one another's eyes.

MICHAEL

This is the price of not being a fisherman babe.

ROSALIND

I don't care, you're still a superstar.

The car slowly rolls across the road, and just about hits the central reservation before stopping.

The Baby Squad speed away.

EPILOGUE:

98 INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE. DAY.

98

Michael is talking to an unseen PRODUCER (we only see the back of his head). Presumably, Michael is pitching everything we've just seen as a movie idea.

MICHAEL

The Baby Squad spray the car with bullets, killing the Russians as the car rolls to a halt... Smash cut to black.

PRODUCER

But I want an ending.

MICHAEL

No, what you want is a sequel.

THE END.