

(Name of Project)

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Northern Story
AKA Bang to rights

by
Des & Ray Brady

An original screenplay

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To imaginary films ltd

Revisions by
By above writers

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EXT. TOWN CENTRE. NIGHT

A run-down town in the north. A full, winter moon lights the shuttered shops and broken windows. We hear a bottle smashing and a dog barking in the distance. Then drunken shouting and the start of a fight. MIKE, a thin, wiry man in his late twenties, walks into frame, looking back nervously in the direction of the commotion. He is wearing well-worn designer gear and his hair is receding prematurely. He raises his head slightly as if sniffing the air then shuffles on entering a dimly lit bar. The pub sign says 'The Malborough' and it swings wildly in the wind. The following action takes place in condensed time, ie. the twenty-five minute countdown to PIERCE's arrival takes place over approximately forty-five minutes of screen time and the same sound of the smashing bottle and the dog barking is heard four times.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALBOROUGH PUB. NIGHT

The Malborough is smoky, dingy pub just about clinging on to its license. JANICE, the Barmaid, is behind the counter cleaning a pint glass.

JANICE

Mike.

MIKE

Janice. Large brandy, please.

JANICE

Brandy!?. Oh.

She nods knowingly and serves him with a sly wink. MIKE sits down with his drink and looks around the room warily. His dirty fingernails are chewed to the bone and his foot taps involuntarily. His eyes glaze and just for a moment a vague smile forms on his lips. He looks up at the pub clock which says 11.35pm. Then as if remembering something the smile quickly vanishes. He looks at each of the regulars in turn.

Thieves and old men mostly, nursing their drinks and fags. An extremely loud dance track comes on the jukebox and just as suddenly is turned off within a few bars of its intro. JANICE silently walks back to the bar from the volume controls and continues to eat her cheese and onion crisps. WILLY, a grey old man near the bar, has a long coughing fit and the room looks on half interested until the coughing stops and they once again turn back to their thoughts. JANICE looks up at the sound of MURRAY the Landlord coming down the stairs to stand behind the bar. He is in his early fifties, portly, slovenly and self-important.

MURRAY

What time do they get in
then?

As one, the room turns to look at MIKE.

MIKE

How should I know!

JANICE

Well you do know don't you.

MIKE

(PAUSE) I think around twelve.
They'll have got the
last train in.

FRANK

Trains are still running then?
Didn't think they would be. Roads
are all closed.

MURRAY

Some are, some aren't. Looks like
the footy's off tomorrow night
anyway.

They return to their sitting in silence. The wind picks up and through the buffeting there is the sound of a distant a bottle smashing then a dog barking. This is the second of the four occurrences where these same sounds are heard from different parts of town at the same time.

JANICE

Tut!

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE. NIGHT

KAREN (mid 30's), a once beautiful woman with a nervous disposition is sitting on the sofa with a carry-all and two suitcases on the floor at her side. Her hair has been tied back in an attempt at order and there is a look of confusion about her as she checks her watch and looks to the ceiling. The time on the watch is 11.35pm.

KAREN

(Bored to distraction,
talking to herself)

Fa fa fa fafafa fa fa. Ka

ka kakakak.

Fafafafafafkakakakakakaka.

Fafafakaka..... FUCK!!!

KAREN looks up to the mantelpiece at a photograph of her and her partner, JAMES, they are hugging and looking to camera laughing. She shakes her head.

KAREN (cont'd)

Why do you always have to

be so bloody stubborn!

She falls back into the sofa and closes her eyes exasperated and tired.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

This is a brighter more youth oriented pub. Standing at the entrance is GWYN (early 20's), a very well built, fresh faced skin-head. He is wearing a bomber jacket whilst talking on a mobile phone. We cannot hear his words as he finishes the call and turns to re-enter the bar. There are silhouettes of many more men at the windows as dance music plays loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

Gwyn walks to the bar cockily with a huge grin on his face. He raises his hand to be served as two men at the bar turn and one spills some beer on GWYN's boot. Both men put their pints down and start apologizing profusely.

GWYN

What the FUCK are you doing!!

1ST MAN

I'm sorry mate.

GWYN

You're fucking sorry! You're fucking sorry, are you? I'll show you fucking sorry!

2ND MAN

Look lad, it was an accident.

GWYN

Who was talking to you, wanker!

2ND MAN

I was ju...

GWYN

Was just shutting the fuck up, was what you were doing!

2ND MAN

Bu...

GWYN

I said, SHUT IT!

GWYN leans closer to the 1st MAN, who has a large beak of a nose, and puts his face right up to his until their noses are almost touching. The man is visibly frightened. The room has gone quieter now as people start to watch.

GWYN (cont'd)

Gonzo! Wipe my boot clean.

2ND MAN

Look lad we don't want any trouble.

GWYN rounds on the 2nd MAN and shouts in his face.

GWYN

Didn't I just tell you to shut up?!

He turns back round to the 1st MAN.

GWYN (cont'd)

Now, you. Wipe my boot clean.

The man's face is bright red with embarrassment. He looks like he is going to start crying at any second. Slowly, he gets a hanky out of his pocket and crouches down to clean the beer away. The 2nd MAN is looking away at the floor ashamed. GWYN smiles and looks around the room challenging anyone else to say a word.

GWYN (cont'd)

That wasn't so hard, was it? Now fuck off. Go on. I'm not telling you again.

The two men turn and sheepishly exit the bar. GWYN picks up one of their pints and takes a long drink.

GWYN (cont'd)

Soft cunts.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE. NIGHT

KAREN CORGAN is sat on the settee reading a magazine. When she stands up and puts it down, we see the magazine's title is 'Homes Abroad'. She goes into the kitchen where she starts getting things out of the fridge to prepare a meal. The telephone starts to ring and in her rush she spills a bottle of milk and curses. She makes an attempt to mop up the milk then thinks better of it and runs back into the front room to answer the phone. It has been ringing for some time now but when she picks up the receiver there is no reply.

KAREN

Hello?... Hel-lo-o? Look, I'm going
to hang up in three seconds if you
don't say something.... Three....
two....

Just then she hears a strange squawking noise behind her and she turns quickly to the sound. On the other side of the room, standing on the arm of the sofa, is a large Blackbird. It squawks again loudly and looks straight at KAREN who is wide eyed. She can't believe what she's seeing and her mouth opens in shock. Slowly she edges across the room to the front door which she opens then backs into the room again. Holding her arms apart she goes to shoo the bird out but it calmly leaves by itself, spreading it's wings and flying straight out the door into the night. Karen runs after it and slams the door behind, throwing her back to it and closing her eyes. She is shaking and her breathing is heavy and erratic. When she opens her eyes again they dart around the room as if she is in the room for the first time.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

JEROME (early 40's), a small but hard looking bruiser with short hair and a boxers face, turns the corner walking briskly as we see his destination in the distance, The Malborough Pub. He stops under a lamp-post and checks his watch then looks towards the pub and smiles broadly. He checks the street for police cars or anything suspicious and proceeds hastily.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PC TRADINGS PATROL CAR. NIGHT

POLICE CONSTABLE TRADING (Mid 30's), a tall, clean shaven man, is finishing his patrol whilst talking on the police radio.

P C TRADING

Righteo Dave. Yeah I know.

(Laughs weakly) Over.

He puts down the receiver and pulls over. Checking the rear view mirror and looking around, he sees the coast is clear so lights a cigarette and opens the window slightly. He takes two long drags.

P C TRADING (cont'd)

SHIT!!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

JAMES CORGAN (early 30's), is a good looking, prematurely graying policeman too serious for his years. He is dressed casually in a jacket with jeans and looks worried as he tries to walk quickly up the hill, blown left and right by the increasing wind.

He looks behind him and turns to walk backwards until he gets to the door where he is nearly blown over. We hear the same sounds from earlier, the bottle smashing then the dog barking as he turns the key and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE. NIGHT

KAREN jumps up from the sofa where she has been holding her knees and rocking to and fro. She launches herself at JAMES who is stunned by her anger.

KAREN

Where the hell have you been?

JAMES

Listen Kar.....

KAREN

'Listen' what? What possible excuse can you muster? The bloody plane's at half four, James! We need to check in an hour before that. You must be running out of "not excuses honey. Reasons!"

JAMES

Karen please.....

KAREN

No more 'please's' James. I'm sick of them. Either you want to make this thing work or....

JAMES

I do...

KAREN

Well start acting like it! This holiday is meant to bring us closer together, to patch things up.

JAMES tries to say something but is unable to find the words. This makes KAREN explode and she storms out of the room. We hear her cursing as she stomps up the stairs. JAMES sits down on the edge of the sofa and puts his head in his hands.

JAMES

Bollocks!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN TRAIN STATION. NIGHT

The moon lends a ghostly gleam to the railway tracks snaking off into the distance and the gale batters the orange platform light and surrounding trees causing flickering shadows on the station wall. The station clocks minute hand clicks forward to 11.40pm and the only sounds are the creaking lamp-post and wind. Then a previously unseen car in the parking lot turns on its headlights as it's drivers window opens and we hear the deep boom of some drum and bass being blown up and down in volume by the pummeling wind. The glowing butt of a cigarette is flicked out causing a trail of sparks and the window closes again, leaving behind just a dull, bass beat.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE. NIGHT

JAMES picks up the phone and dials a number. As it rings he looks at his watch and curses under his breath. Still on the phone he walks to the living room door, opens it, and shouts from the bottom of the stairs.

JAMES

Karen!.... Karen! Look...will you
come out and talk to me.....

KAREN!

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT

KAREN looks up and for a moment looks like she is going to open the door to speak to him.

JAMES (OFF CAMERA)

Karen , I have to go out again.
There's something important I have
to sort out.

She doesn't respond but lets go of the door handle and sighs at his words, clearly disappointed.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KAREN'S HOUSE, BOTTOM OF STAIRS. NIGHT

He waits for a response for a moment then runs up the stairs to the bedroom. Opening the door he takes hold of her and hugs her tightly. We see her surprise and we get the impression they haven't physically been too close of late. He kisses her and tenderly holds her face in his hands.

JAMES

Listen baby, why don't you go and wait for me at Jackie's. Have a few drinks and chill out. I'll sort this out quickly and I can come by in the taxi with the suitcases and pick you up in a bit. Better than being cooped up here by yourself, eh?

Surprised at his sudden tenderness, she smiles and acquiesces.

JAMES (cont'd)

Let's talk later.

JAMES kisses her one last time and goes down the stairs but turns when he gets to the front door.

He looks around the room slowly as if for the last time, at the packed bags then at a photo of them both on the mantelpiece taken in happier times. He glances upwards to where she is in the bedroom and his hard, furrowed brow shows worry and tension. He opens his mouth to say something else loving but opens the door and leaves hastily.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT

She hears the front door slam shut and lock and she sits down on the edge of the bed. Pouring herself the last dregs from a bottle of white wine she pauses and thinks for a second before exploding in anger, throwing and smashing the bottle into the bedroom fireplace. The neck of the bottle bounces back towards her, hitting her big toe before rolling under the bed. Karen grabs her bleeding toe unable to believe her bad luck.

KAREN

Argh!!

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

The bar is busy. There is a celebratory mood to the place with loud laughter and lots of drinking. PC TRADING enters slowly, surprised by the crowd, and walks to the bar tentatively. GWYN eyes him suspiciously and whispers something to a man next to him who smiles.

P C TRADING

How do Pete?

BARMAN

Alright.

P C TRADING

Looks busy in here tonight.
Somebody's birthday?

BARMAN looks away as if stifling a laugh then smiles facetiously and looks round at the customers who are also smirking and looking at TRADING.

BARMAN

Yeah, that's right. Somebody's
birthday.

The whole room erupts into laughter. TRADING gets the picture and walks out of the pub quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL OVER-LOOKING THE TOWN. NIGHT

We see the back of a heavy-set man looking to the town below. He has his hood up and his giant body seems only slightly bothered by the gale. The twinkling street lights of the town seem to be in the eye of the vicious snow storm that surrounds it and in the distance we can just hear the same bottle smashing and dog barking as earlier. He takes his hands out of his pocket and carefully makes his way down the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET PLACE. NIGHT

WILLY, a man in his early fifties, stumbles drunkenly along the darkened pavement. He is dressed in a tatty suit and an unlit half fag clings to the side of his mouth. He tries to sing a song but cannot remember the words so has to keep starting from the beginning. As he nears the corner he begins to have a coughing fit that seems to want to turn him inside out. As WILLY manages to control the fit PC TRADING steps out from a doorway, grabs him and twists his arm up behind his back.

P C TRADING

Hello Willy-boy. How's tricks?

WILLY

Who's that? I don't know nothing.
It wasn't me.

P C TRADING

You're not talking to PIERCE now
WILLY and I don't give a fuck.

WILLY

TRADING!

P C TRADING

He'll have a few questions to ask
you when he catches up with you!
And it's PC TRADING to you WILLY.

WILLY

I'm too old to run and I've nowhere
to, besides...

He coughs a dry empty cough that leaves his voice weak

WILLY (cont'd)

They'd be doing me a favour putting
me out of my misery.

P C TRADING

Come on WILLY you're going to
have to do better than that!

Willy looks away from TRADING, his face contorting in agony
before he begins to cough again, his cough is very bad.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

SAL (Early 20's) a pretty, overly made-up, under-dressed woman is sitting smoking a cigarette. She downs her drink and walks up to a group of men playing pool.

SAL

Is this men-only or can girls join
in?

POOL PLAYER

Piss off, Sal!

SAL

Piss off yourself, Stumpy!

The POOL PLAYER turns his pool cue round and walks towards her threateningly.

POOL PLAYER

I said, fuck off you slag!

The POOL PLAYER'S mates halfheartedly hold him back trying to calm him down and there is a general but not too enthusiastic call for him to relax.

SAL

Chill out, will you! Only wanted a
bit of company.

POOL PLAYER

Scabby tart!

The BARMAN looks over frowning and SAL looks back at him innocently as if to say 'What?'. She sits back in her seat dejectedly and finishes her cigarette, dragging on it to the very butt. After stamping it out on the floor violently she lights another fag almost immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN WOMAN'S FLAT, KITCHEN. NIGHT

Camera/We see mid shot of a woman wearing an ill fitting cardigan and an old pair of jeans. We can only see her from the neck down in all the following scene. She is waiting for the kettle to boil whilst humming to herself softly and in the background is the sound of a game show on television. Some ash from the cigarette she is smoking falls onto the work top and her hand rises and taking the cigarette puts it out in the sink. She immediately lights another one. When the kettle boils she makes herself a cup of tea and opening the cupboard puts two digestive biscuits on a small dish and walks into the next room with the television. She alternates between cigarette, tea and biscuit. Over the sound of the television we can hear her breathing, a constant asthmatic wheeze.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

KAREN is sitting on sofa looking blankly at the wall. She is drinking her wine without thoughts or emotion. She reaches for her bag to look for some cigarettes when her wallet/address book falls out and she curses. Picking up all the bits of paper and business cards that have fallen on the floor, she notices a photo of James and herself heavily pregnant. She cautiously picks it up, staring for some time before smiling. As she strokes her stomach in the photo she slowly begins to sob.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALBOROUGH PUB. NIGHT

SAL looks distracted or like she is waiting for someone. She looks up and smiles at every man that enters the bar. Then, as each in turn ignores her, she returns to the bored, distant look, drawing long hits on her cigarette. MIKE walks in from the pool room and starts playing the fruit machine.

SAL checks her lipstick in a make-up mirror and walks up behind him. Smiling she reaches her hand around his waist and takes hold of his cock and balls.

SAL

Flush tonight MIKE?

MIKE

(glancing back
nonchalantly)

Not sure how I should answer that.
How are you Sal?

SAL

Been better. Fuckin' freezin' and
it's dead as a dodo. Got any
fags?

Not taking his eyes off the reels he takes a pack of ten B+H from his jacket pocket and offers her one. She smiles like a little girl and wiggles her hips.

SAL (cont'd)

Ta.

MIKE

'Think you'll have some business
later.

SAL merely looks at him as if to say- And!

MIKE (cont'd)

Pierce has got out today. He'll
be back in town in a bit.

SAL

PIERCE?! Tony Pierce? Oh fuck!

SAL looks away in shock before quickly composing herself.

SAL (cont'd)

I hate that bastard!

MIKE turns from the machine and looks around the room warily.

MIKE

(Almost whispering)

Join the fucking club, I used to work for him just keep your voice down.

SAL gives him a surprised look

MIKE (cont'd)

(Almost apologetically)

I was holding stuff for him..I flushed it all when he was collared, I knew it wouldn't take long before they searched my place.

SAL

Suppose he'll have all his cronies with him.

MIKE

Never in a million years would I let TOMMY PIERCE or NODDY hear you call them 'cronies'.

SAL

That bastard TOMMY beat the shit out of me one time. I started carrying a knife round with me after that.

She takes a long, final, desperate hit on the fag and stamps it down into the ground before twisting her foot on the butt in an odd very exaggerated style.

SAL (cont'd)

I mean you expect a bit of a slap
every now and then in this game,
but that cunt put me in hospital.
Couldn't work for three months.

MIKE hardly reacts. He downs his drink and turns back to the
bandit.

MIKE

Yeah, well.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN TRAIN STATION. NIGHT

The storm is increasing in intensity blowing the trees
wildly. In the carpark, the car is still waiting, almost
invisible now with its headlights off, brooding and menacing.

WE MOVE LOWER NOW, CLOSER TO THE RAILWAY LINES AND FROM THEM,
THE SOFT BUT HIGH PITCHED RATTLE OF AN APPROACHING TRAIN CAN
BE HEARD.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN TOWN CENTRE. NIGHT

As PC TRADING turns the corner from the market he looks at
his watch which says 11.49pm and almost bumps into JAMES who
was heading towards the Victoria Pub. Surprised at first,
they look at each other trying to read the others expression.

P C TRADING

We need to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALBOROUGH PUB. NIGHT

MIKE is stuffing money into the fruit-machine not seeming to
be paying much attention to the reels.

CLOSE-UP PROFILE OF MIKE'S VACANT FACE

He freezes, then winces, and another profile appears slightly further forward than his. It is JEROME's. His face is expressionless.

JEROME

Mickey! What stone did you crawl out of?

MIKE

You mean- What stone did I crawl out from under?

JEROME

(shaking head)

Even with a blade in your ribs. Always the smart arse!

MIKE pushes him back and turns to face him.

MIKE

It pays to be smart these days. Thought I could smell you Jerome.

JEROME

(steps closer)

Careful not to be too smart little man.

MIKE Nervously looking round the bar, trying to calm the situation

MIKE

Should be good tonight. Welcome the boys home.

JEROME

Yeah, they're looking forward to seeing you.

MIKE looks at him trying to work out his meaning.

JEROME (cont'd)

The boys are looking forward to catching up with quite a few people.

MIKE

What's that supposed to mean? PIERCE knows the score. You told him while I was lying low in Manchester.

JEROME gives MIKE a strange look which he misses, then smiles.

JEROME

What's that you're drinking?

Brandy!? I'd get you one, but

I don't like you.

MIKE

That's very decent of you Jerry but I'm fine anyway thanks, I'm popping down the Victoria. It's getting a bit cramped in here. MIKE leaves.

JEROME

(To himself)

See you later smart arse.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

KAREN is sat on the sofa talking to her friend on the phone. Her eyes are puffy and red and she other is trying not to cry.

KAREN

I know..... I know..... I just
don't want to be here alone.

JACKIE(OFF CAMERA)

Well I've got my sister and her
brats over for the week. They're
driving me mental. Shall I come
round there? I could do with a
breather and a bit of a natter.

KAREN

Would you? Oh, you are a love.
Oh, and JACKIE, you have any
wine?... anything. All I've here
is whiskey and I'm not that
desperate... yet! (both laugh).
That'll do. See you in a bit,
yeah, cheers.

She hangs up the phone and looks at the suitcases at her side
then at her watch. It says 11.52pm.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

A cat on a wall finds a space to crawl into for protection
from the wind which is increasing in intensity. Turning
around it pokes its head out uneasily looking from left to
right unsure where the noise and danger will come from next
as on either side of town two dogs start barking a
conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S TOILET IN THE MALBOROUGH PUB. NIGHT

SAL is washing her hands whilst looking in the mirror at the
occupied cubicle behind her.

Eventually a woman comes out of the cubicle adjusting her clothes and they look at each other, sizing each other up. Whilst the other woman washes her hands SAL leans against the wall next to her and stares at her. The woman quickly finishes and without drying her hands, leaves the washroom hastily. SAL quickly gets her mobile phone out and presses a number on quick dial. It rings a few times as SAL taps the sink impatiently.

SAL

Hi. You good?..... You think
 he'll win the car?..... Bit
 useless if you live here.....
 Especially if you don't even have
 a car to cart it around
 with..... Yeah. Look, mum. I've
 got something to tell you.....
 He's out.... You know who. And
 he's got TOMMY and all his crew
 with him. They'll be back in town
 tonight.(Silence) Mum? Falling
 sound Mum!! Mum, hold on. I'll be
 back in ten minutes.

Now frantic, SAL makes to leave the washroom quickly still talking on the phone

SAL (cont'd)

Just stay calm. I'm on my way.

As she exits she runs into one of the pool players from earlier and knocks over his tray of drinks.

POOL PLAYER

You clumsy tart!

SAL

I'm sorry.

SAL starts to pick up the glasses and bottles still apologizing.

POOL PLAYER

You've spilt it all down my new
top bitch!

ECU of SAL's eyes as she reacts to this. From supplicatory to angry she does a volte-face and grabbing one of the pint glasses smashes the top against the wall beside her. Standing quickly she launches herself on the man and takes him by the collar, bending him over a table whilst shoving the broken bottle inches from his eye.

SAL

DON'T CALL ME THAT!!!! YOU
HEAR!!?? Don't EVER call me that.

A crowd of shocked people have formed including the Landlord and the POOL PLAYER's friends. One of them reaches his hand out and says timidly.

POOL PLAYER 2

Cool down Sal.

SAL

Fuck off all of you!!

Too frightened or shocked, none of the crowd moves. SAL lets go of the terrified POOL PLAYER and still holding the broken glass aloft runs out of the pub. The assembled group look to each other, one or two shaking their heads in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE MALBOROUGH. NIGHT

SAL is running as fast as she can bawling her eyes out.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, KITCHEN. NIGHT

P C TRADING and JAMES sit facing each other at the kitchen table. JAMES has a glass of cheap whiskey in front of him while TRADING nurses a mug of tea.

P C TRADING

The way Willy was acting he was almost resigned to it. Said they'd get him wherever he went.

JAMES isn't listening to PC TRADING as he is still taking in his friends earlier statement.

JAMES

SHIT !! You mean there's no-one else around but Bill.

P C TRADING

Keep it down Jim. Billys' a good man. You can trust him.

JAMES

I know, sorry. It's just that... Well he's only two months away from retiring. It was him that gave me the idea to take off leave in the first place.

P C TRADING

Well you should have done it sooner. Now Pierce is back and we both know the first thing he's going to do is come after you.

JAMES

Don't worry, there's a bit of a list. What about Rippon and the D C ?

P C TRADING

The D C wouldn't be here at this time, you know that. And Rippon.... well, he's off sick.

JAMES

That's convenient isn't it.

P C TRADING

Look if you're implying....

JAMES

I'm not implying anything! We both know Rippon. And for him to take tonight off sick.... well he must have known something.

JAMES pours himself another large whiskey and TRADING looks at him disapprovingly. TRADING stands and goes to look in the cupboard for some biscuits.

P C TRADING

What's Karen said about them getting out?

JAMES
(MORE)

You mental! I haven't her. She'd lose the plot.

Exasperated, TRADING looks at James and shakes his head obviously disagreeing. He thinks it better to leave the point.

PC TRADING

I've tried Banbridge Station and they're all busy with the storm. In the thick of it there. Probably wouldn't be able to get

PC TRADING(cont'd)
here anyway. This isn't a high
priority situation.

JAMES now looks at him with a confused look that suggests otherwise.

P C TRADING

Well you didn't exactly make the
best of friends with any of them
over there, did you?

JAMES

(Snaps sharply)

'Cause they're a bunch of crooks
and incompetents. When they're
not taking Back-handers they're
doing overtime down the pub
selling the hash we'd just busted
the night before.

P C TRADING

Oh listen to mister whiter than
white! And how healthy is your
pension looking?

JAMES turns suddenly to stare at him with a mixture of surprise and disgust until TRADING looks away chewing on his digestive. He opens his mouth to say something, then thinks better of it. An awkward silence follows.

P C TRADING (cont'd)

So I suppose we're on our own...
.....No-one in town owe you
any favours?

JAMES thinks for a moment then looking up at TRADING, downs his whiskey in one.

CUT TO:

INT. SAL'S MUM'S FLAT, KITCHEN. NIGHT (TIME SHIFT)

She is watching television still and humming to herself whilst smoking, drinking and eating biscuits. Camera/We can still only see her from the neck down. The telephone rings and she answers it.

SAL'S MUM

Hello love..... I'm just
watching 'The Price Is Right!'
....No, it's a great big
motor boat this week.....
That's what I thought.... Yeah,
but then I thought, you could
sell it.... What's the matter
love? You in trouble?.... Who?

Sal's mum freezes in shock and drops her cup of tea. Her hands drop down to her side.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION CAR-PARK. NIGHT

We see the back of the waiting man, EDDY (mid 30's, weasel looking), as he leans against the wall to urinate. He zips himself up and turns to camera to light another cigarette. After some effort because of the wind, he turns his collar up and checks the time on his watch. It says 11.57pm. He stretches his arms and looks up the railway track to from where the train will be coming.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE AND FRANCES MC CRAY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

FRANCES and JOE MC CRAY are a married couple in their late fifties.

FRANCES MC CRAY

No Joe. Why should you. It's not your fight.

JOE MC CRAY

Frances, he's an old friend. Think of the amount of times he's helped me.

FRANCES MC CRAY

This is different! Tony Pierce is different. I've seen what he can do to people. I know him.

JOE MC CRAY

I know him as well.

FRANCES MC CRAY

Well don't be so bloody stupid then!...Look at you. What good would you be anyway?

JOE is stung by her words but says nothing. She knows she has hurt him and regrets her words but finds it hard to show her true feelings. She says the following with difficulty.

FRANCES MC CRAY (cont'd)

Oh Joe.... come on. This is police business. Stay out of it love. I need you. The kids need you. What if you walked out of that door now and never came back. What would happen to them then. Think about that for a minute.

Hugging him from behind he sighs as she rests her forehead on the back of his neck. JOE turns and they embrace tightly.

FRANCES MC CRAY (cont'd)

You know I don't ask much of you.
I've never needed to. You're a
good man Joe Mc Cray. But I'm
asking this one thing of you now.

She holds his head in her hands and kisses him on the lips tenderly. The doorbell rings and they both stiffen. This is followed by a knock on the door that gets louder and more persistent.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL LOOKING DOWN OVER THE TOWN. NIGHT.

The big man takes the last few steps of the hill from grass to pavement and looks up at the sky. We see MOON's face for the first time. He is a tough looking Asian man (mid 30's) with a flat boxers nose and short hair. He scans for the quickest route and purposefully strides towards the town centre.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION. NIGHT

The vibrations on the railway track gradually get louder and more intense until we see the front lights of the train approaching in the distance. EDDY jumps out of the car and strides up the steps to the station platform. The train slowly grinds to a halt and the doors open. EDDY looks up and down the platform in panic as no one gets off, then just as it seems no one will, a battle scarred man, TONY PIERCE (early 40's) steps out onto the platform followed by two other tough looking men. PIERCE, takes in a deep breath of the chill night air, enjoying the moment whilst the other two, PIERCE's brother, TOMMY (late 30's), and NODDY (early 40's) look around cautiously as if expecting trouble at any moment.

PIERCE takes a last long drag on his fag smoking it down to the stub before stamping it out on the ground like he's crushing an insect (exactly the same way we saw Sal do so previously).

EDDY

Boys!

EDDY trots up to them and embraces PIERCE first, reverentially then the other two more jokily.

EDDY (cont'd)

Tony...boys... good to have you
back.

Instead of smiles, all he gets from them in return are hard stares and stony silence. The three look like they are going to jump him and beat him to a pulp. EDDY looks from one to the other, now worried.

EDDY (cont'd)

What's the score lads?

TOMMY cracks first, then NODDY smiles and bursts out laughing, slapping EDDY's back and jabbing him playfully.

EDDY (cont'd)

Bunch of cunts! Thought you
had me then.

TOMMY

'Thought'? You shit yer bricks man!

NODDY

Better check your kecks,
Eddy.

EDDY

Fuck off!

PIERCE

Enough! Eddy, can you cut out the swearing. There's no need for that. Now, where's your motor? It's fucking freezing out here.

They all fall silent and follow EDDY who has taken PIERCE's bags and made for his car. Like a boy, NODDY starts punching EDDY, trying to give him a dead arm as EDDY curses unable to retaliate because of the heavy bags. As they head down the steps, the train inches noisily away, leaving the dark station quiet once again but for the raging wind.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN WOMAN'S FLAT, KITCHEN. NIGHT

Camera/We see the WOMAN in exactly the same position as before, sitting in her chair motionless, slumped with her hands by her side. There is the sound of two front door locks unbolting and SAL enters the room panting.

SAL

MUM!!

SAL runs to her and falling to her knees takes hold of her mother in a hug. Her mother doesn't even raise her arms to hug her daughter back. She is motionless and seemingly catatonic. As they hug our P O V pans round from SAL to her mothers face over her shoulder. Her face is a mass of thick red scars which distort her lips, cheeks and eyes. She shows no emotion and her eyes are empty.

INT. POLICE STATION, KITCHEN. NIGHT

PC TRADING sits staring at his cold cup of coffee. He taps the tea spoon against the table and looks up at the lights on the ceiling. He reaches for the whiskey and pours himself a large measure, downing it in one.

He coughs and lets out a long, slow breath of resignation, and standing, he walks to the door and calls out.

P C TRADING

Bill?... BILLY!?

BILLY

(Off camera)

What?

P C TRADING

Just popping out. Might take the patrol car.

BILLY

(Off camera)

In this weather!

But TRADING doesn't reply and the door slams behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

JEROME and a group of other men including STUBSY (Late 30's, chubby) are sat around a table laughing and drinking. GWYN comes out of the toilets and walks past CHRISSY (Mid 50s, wasted looking) and stares at him questioningly before nodding to the table to join them. CHRISSY wordlessly shakes his head and leans back on the bar with his back to the group. GWYN shrugs and taking a tray full of drinks from the bar heads back to the table where there is a collective shout of approval. JEROME looks up at CHRISSY then tuts with a look of disgust.

JEROME

Ahh.. You're good for something after all Gwynny boy. Is that my bitter?

GWYN

Don't be bitter mate.

JEROME

Ooooh! If that's the standard of
gag tonight, I'm off home.

GWYN

Well cheers lads. They all clink
drinks Let's hope our Mr. PIERCE
has cooled down a bit.

JEROME looks at GWYN strangely.

JEROME

What do you mean like?

GWYN

No offence mate.... I respect the
man an all but....I'm just saying I
heard he used to be a bit mental
sometimes. And TOMMY'S meant to be
even worse.

The group look at the now nervous GWYN like he's an idiot
whilst Jerome stares him down.

GWYN (cont'd)

I'm just saying I hope there isn't
too much trouble... now they're out.

The table goes quiet as each man thinks his own thoughts.

GWYN (cont'd)

What did he get sent down for
anyway?

AT this we see an ECU of CHRISSY'S face at the bar as his
eyes turn to the side at the conversation. In the background
we can just make out the blurred images of the group. The
following conversation continues as we see CHRISSY'S
intermittent flashback with the true events as the mythical
story is related.

We see a younger MIKE, TOMMY, PIERCE, CHRISSY and NODDY celebrating and clinking glasses with a pile of taped heroin on the table before them.

JEROME

Smack.

GWYN

Ooh, dirty drug.

STUBSY

C'mon, man. If you're going to tell a story, tell it right.

He positions himself properly before starting.

STUBST(CONT)

See he'd just scored this massive deal of Charlie but he had to stash it for two days before he could shift it, at a nice little mark up.

JEROME

Little!!!

STUBSY

Exactly. But he hears that that twat of a Copper.. What's his name?

Flashback- PIERCE on phone to unnamed informer.

CUT TO:

A shocked MIKE being handed the stash in a bag and hastily being pushed out the back door.

CUT TO:

Some unheard orders being shouted to TOMMY, CHRISSY and NODDY who also leave hastily.

JEROME

CORGAN. JAMES CORGAN (together)
May god rest his soul.

The table bursts into fits of laughter at this.

STUBSY

P- C- bloody- Corgan. Well PIERCE
hears that he's got wind of the
deal. But get this, while his
boys are putting the frighteners
on his missus.

Flashback- TOMMY in car looking across the road at a
hairdressers where a heavily pregnant KAREN is seeing the
last customer out and turning the 'open' sign over to
'closed'. TOMMY is arguing with CHRISSY who shakes his head
in disgust and gets out to walk away. TOMMY curses and he and
NODDY get out and walk towards the shop. Up the road we see a
policeman spot them and immediately radio his station.

STUBSY (cont'd)

CORGAN and twenty other pigs come
storming round his place and rip
the shit out of the gaff, after the
Horse. Well he's got it well hid
elsewhere so everything's coolio.
But, surprise, surprise, they find
fifty grams of grade 'A' Heroin
there along with various stolen
goods.

Flashback- JAMES CORGAN holds aloft a bag of drugs that he's
just found while PIERCE who is being restrained by two other
police officers goes berserk.

CUT TO:

NODDY laughing as TOMMY punches KAREN in the stomach. They look round as a police van pulls up outside and they both bolt for the door.

CUT TO:

A sweating, worried looking MIKE pacing the room, occasionally looking out the window nervously. He makes a decision and gets the bag of heroin from under his settee and cuts it open to flush it down the toilet.

GWYN

A fit up! Well what happened to the stuff?

STUBSY

Let's just say Mikey disappeared for a good few months after that living the high life.

JEROME

And TOMMY and NODDY get collared too plus the assault and G.B.H.

GWYN

Jesus!.... Hang on. Is that EDDY's car now.

They all jump up and crowd around the window.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE AND FRANCES MC CRAY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The front door bell is ringing now and there are still loud knocks as FRANCES McCRAY holds her husbands hands firmly whilst shaking her head.

JOE

Frances, let go!

FRANCES

No, Joe. I don't want you leaving here tonight. I've a bad feeling about this. Someone's going to get hurt and I don't want it to be you.

JOE

If the man needs...

FRANCES

NO!!

FRANCES slaps him across the face shocking herself as much as JOE. Clearly shaken at her own actions, she tries to compose herself before raising her finger to his face and saying purposefully.

FRANCES (cont'd)

No, Joe. I'm going to answer it and you're going to stay here tonight. You're going to stay and you're going to do it for me. Right.

She holds back the tears whilst waiting for him to respond. Slowly, he nods his head then she does too and smiles warily.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

JAMES has been knocking at JOE McCRAY'S front door for some time now. He rubs his hands to warm them, and crouching down, shouts through the letter box.

JAMES

Joe!! It's bloody freezing out here. Open up will you.

He bangs again and stands back to look at the upstairs window. Just then he hears a muffled voice from behind the door.

JAMES (cont'd)

Is that you Frances? Is Joe around?

FRANCES

He's not coming out, you here.

JAMES

Franny..... He told me to meet him here.

Silence, then some muffled sounds and the locks on the door start to rattle. After the third lock is unbolted the door is finally opened to reveal JOE McCRAY with FRANCES standing behind him.

FRANCES

He's not coming out, you hear?

JOE

Frances please. Let me talk to the man in peace.

She gives JAMES a dirty look and walks off muttering.

JOE (cont'd)

Listen Jim I've been doing some thinking.....

JOE's voice trails off and he looks at the floor.

JAMES

(Sighing)

.....It's alright Joe. I understand.

JOE

It's just ... I mean, I've got the kids Jim... and Franny, well...

JAMES

Yeah.

JOE

Why're you sticking around here lad? Don't be daft. I thought you were going somewhere warm. This compassionate leave is for Karen as well y'know. You don't need to come back at all, make a new start.

JAMES

Can't do that mate. If I leg it then people are going to get hurt, people I care about, and no-one else is going to stop Pierce are they. Might as well just hand him the town on a plate. Anyway, if we ran we'd always be looking over our shoulder. That's no life for Karen.

JOE

(Shaking his head)

Bloody hell Jim, you stupid bugger! Why do you always have to be so stubborn! Everything always has to be done your way. You'd have had more help around here tonight if you'd just have bent a little. Just a bit, occasionally. Don't get me wrong lad, I respect you, I understand where you're coming from. But not everyone can be as brave and righteous as you all the time.

JOE knows he has said too much and hurt JAMES.

JOE (cont'd)

Look, that didn't come out the right way...

JAMES

No mate..... you're right. I might have had more help here tonight if....

JOE

Jim....?

JAMES

Just drop it, okay! Pierce isn't the only one looking for revenge round here. Sending him down was nothing! You saw the state of Karen then. What they did to her. Bastards!..... Yeah, you're right..... I've got things to do.

JOE

Just go home, get Karen, and bugger off will you. Better than getting your throat cut tonight, eh?

JAMES looks up the road with a resigned, tired expression. When he looks back at JOE he shrugs his eyebrows.

JAMES

I suppose that's a matter of opinion.

As he makes to walk away, JOE starts to call his name but falters. JAMES turns fixing his gaze, staring straight into JOE'S eyes. JOE can't keep the gaze and looks away ashamed.

JAMES (cont'd)

Look after yourself mate.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE VICTORIA. NIGHT

EDDY's car pulls up and PIERCE, TOMMY and NODDY get out. NODDY claps his hands and rubs them together excitedly.

NODDY

YES!! Here we go!

NODDY starts to walk towards the entrance followed by TOMMY.

PIERCE

Noddy!..... I don't want anyone
losing it here tonight, you hear.
(Looking at both of them intensely)
No settling old scores without
running it by me first..... Got it?

PIERCE looks past them to one of the pub windows where they have been spotted. There is shouting from within and more faces crowd to the window.

PIERCE (cont'd)

Both of you, got it?..... Right
then.

The three turn and make for the entrance. As they walk in the pub door there is a cheer from within.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE VICTORIA. NIGHT

SAL has been watching them from a shadowed doorway across the street. ECU of her nervous eyes.

Flashback- ECU of a child's frightened eyes. Through the tears we see hate and fear mixed.

Her face lightens and her eyes go to the light as a door in the room opens. We hear a woman's voice say- "Oh my god!" then a younger looking PIERCE turning to the voice. He is kneeling over a child's bed and starting to do up his pants whilst cursing furiously. He stands and walks towards the woman, a younger SAL'S MUM, and punches her with force. She falls out of the room and PIERCE follows her pulling the door to behind him. End of flashback.

SAL flinches at the memory. She is trying not to recall but can't help herself and closes her eyes.

Flashback- We see light coming from a crack in a door in a tatty children's bedroom. We head towards the light and a man's voice on the other side of the door is shouting at a woman who is crying and pleading. A young hand slowly pulls open the door and we see the man, PIERCE holding the woman, SAL'S mother, by the hair with one hand and a cut-throat razor in the other. His eyes are glazed as he starts to cut her across the face and she screams. We see the spectator now, SAL as a little girl. She covers her ears and closes her eyes as the shadow of the action continues on the wall behind her. Eventually he stops as if waking from a sleepwalk and drops the razor before walking away. Little SAL opens her eyes to find her mother slumped on the ground clutching her face. As she walks towards her mother we hear the front door slam. SAL tries to comfort her mother but is pushed away. She sees the razor on the floor in a pool of blood. Picking it up she slowly wipes the blood off it onto her nightie before closing it. End of flashback.

SAL finishes her fag, throws it to the floor and stamps on it before opening her handbag. She takes out and applies some lipstick and undoing a button on her blouse, pushes up her breasts. She walks towards the entrance of the Victoria pub.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR MALBOROUGH PUB. NIGHT

JAMES walks towards the pub with the full intention of going right in but veers off at the last second walking past. He thinks PIERCE and his gang are inside and is frightened off. Walking around the block he stops and ducks down a back alley, leaning against a wall talking to himself.

JAMES

Come on man. Get it together....

Get it together!

He shivers and in an attempt to warm himself, jumps up and down banging his arms together. He takes a small bottle of whiskey from his back pocket and desperately drains the last of it, throwing the empty bottle to the floor. He looks up at the windows around to see if he is being observed, then gives himself a slap across the face. Then another, and another, until he has worked up the courage to face them. JAMES controls his breathing and walks around the corner to enter the pub.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

One by one, practically everyone in the pub goes up to congratulate Pierce and the boys on their release, buying their drinks and slapping them on the back. PIERCE spots SAL and stares at her intensely as she tries to ignore him then thinks better of it. She forces a wry smile and he snorts a short laugh. NODDY passes her and she grabs him flirtatiously.

SAL

Yo, NODDY! Where've you been you sexy hunk.

SAL kisses NODDY on the lips and stares back at PIERCE forcefully. JEROME pushes his way through the crowd towards PIERCE breaking his stare.

JEROME

Come here big man!

JEROME gives PIERCE a bear hug and picks him up off the floor.

JEROME (cont'd)

Christ, you've put on some weight! You been working out?

PIERCE

Fuck all else to do for three years. How's tricks?

JEROME

All the better for seeing you boys.
You remember Gwyn?

GWYN can handle himself but is obviously in awe of the legend that is PIERCE.

PIERCE

Little Gwyn. My, how you've grown.

GWYN

Pleased to meet you sir. It's a pleasure.

At speed, PIERCE reaches forward and puts his hand on GWYN's shoulder. He stares up at him and with a dark look in his eyes says threateningly.

PIERCE

Lick my arse again lad, and I'll shit on your face.

Shocked, GWYN doesn't know how to respond at first, but after an initial timid pause, the rest of the group burst into fits of laughter and he joins in nervously. PIERCE keeps up the menacing stare but allows himself a malevolent smile and points at GWYN now in on the gag. He turns to JEROME whilst looking at SAL and under his breath hisses.

PIERCE (cont'd)

What's she doing here?

JEROME

Who? Daddy's girl?

PIERCE darts him an evil look.

JEROME (cont'd)

I don't know. Shall I get rid of her?

PIERCE

No kid.... Don't worry about it.
I'll deal with her later

Unsure of PIERCE's meaning he gives him an uncertain, nervous look then PIERCE grabs him in a playful head lock. No one in the pub has seen anything like this before with JEROME, who has been 'The Man' in PIERCE's absence and the room goes quiet. PIERCE walks JEROME into a corner, and looking back at GWYN, whispers something in his ear and looks up at GWYN smiling. TOMMY watches both of them suspiciously then wanders over to GWYN and they start to chat. After a minute GWYN looks around the room and slyly hands TOMMY a small package and he in turn walks towards the toilets. We follow him as he enters and finds a cubicle. He unwraps the cocaine and takes a massive snort off the side of a credit card and rubs some on his gums.

He re-enters the bar and walks back to GWYN whilst having a sly look towards an oblivious PIERCE to see if he has noticed. He starts to laugh with GWYN and downs half his pint in one.

CUT TO:

INT. MALBOROUGH PUB. NIGHT

The door swings shut behind JAMES as he enters. He isn't noticed at first. Walking to the bar he calls out for a whiskey.

MURRAY

(Facetiously)

You not on duty tonight?

JAMES slyly scans the room then grabs hold of MURRAY and half pulls him over the counter.

JAMES

What the fucks it got to do

with you smart arse?

MURRAY

(Taken aback)

I just...

JAMES

That wasn't a question! I'll have a Bushmills , if it isn't too much trouble.

JAMES drops him.

MURRAY

O..Of course. We'll make that a double will we.....On the house.

JAMES doesn't deign him with a response, he merely grabs the whiskey and takes a drink.

He looks around the pub menacingly. This isn't Trading; JAMES has created a reputation for himself and all eyes look away when they catch his. JAMES looks around daring anyone to stare back at him. He spots MIKE on the fruit machine and strolls over.

JAMES

You winning?

MIKE looks up from the machine and is startled for a moment before regaining his composure. But JAMES has spotted it.

JAMES (cont'd)

Didn't expect to see me here still?

MIKE

Thought you had more sense.

JAMES

You see me running, do you?

MIKE

.....No, but I didn't think
you were stupid.

JAMES laughs dismissively and turns away to face the bar again. More eyes are averted and JAMES keeps the smile going for the room.

MIKE (cont'd)

They should be here about now. I'd
scarper if I were you, Pierce isn't
going to let you live. For some
reason he took you getting him sent
down personally.

JAMES

I gathered that.

JAMES finishes his whiskey.

JAMES (cont'd)

Well, this party's rubbish. I
suppose I'll be off.

As he exits, MIKE looks like he is going to shout something to him, then looking around the bar, thinks better of it. He slinks back to the bandit muttering.

MIKE

Nutter!!

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB TOILETS. NIGHT

A young man staggers into the toilets and with some difficulty unzips himself and starts to urinate. From the cubicle at his side he hears the rhythmic bumping and gasps of a couple having sex. He smiles and laughing bangs on the door.

YOUNG MAN

Go on lad! Give her one from me.

MAN IN CUBICLE

FUCK OFF!!

The young man zips up and backing away exits the toilets shaking his head.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB TOILET CUBICLE. NIGHT

We move into the cubicle where we see the couple fucking are SAL and NODDY. He has his head down and is banging away furiously while she is wincing occasionally but mostly looking bored.

SAL

Oh yeah, go on baby. Fuck me, fuck
me.

The sound of the door for the toilet entrance can be heard opening and a thick northern accent shouts.

MAN

NODDY! You're wanted.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

SAL exits the toilet straightening her skirt and brushing down her clothes. She takes a make-up mirror from her handbag and re-applies her lipstick. Over her reflection she can see TOMMY staring at her. She looks back at him defiantly, cocks her nose at him and walks away. Tommy follows her into the pool room and corners her. SAL tries to get past him but he puts up his arm and blocks her. When she tries again he grabs her roughly by the hair.

TOMMY

Hello SAL.

SAL is scared to death as TOMMY takes her hand and puts it on his crotch.

SAL

Please TOMMY. You're hurting me.

TOMMY

You used to like that.

SAL

No, TOMMY. You used to like that. I was just your punching bag when you were off your head.

Just then PIERCE calls TOMMY from the other room and when he turns his head to look, SAL has slipped past him into the other room.

TOMMY

(Shouting after her)

Yeah, see you around slut!

SAL walks past WILLY and the camera stays with him. WILLY is very drunk and barely able to talk or walk. He sits nursing a very large glass of whiskey, looking at the floor and mumbling to himself. A large, menacing shadow suddenly covers him and he looks up, not in the least bit surprised. He smiles with a fatalistic acceptance.

WILLY

Well... hello boys. What took ya?

He drains the last of his whiskey and smiles sadly.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK. NIGHT

PC TRADING is walking hastily across the road into the carpark. He gets into the squad car and starts talking into the radio.

P C TRADING

Tonmere ... Tonmere Central,
receiving....

All he is getting is static. The storm has taken out all communication with the other police stations in the area. He waits ten seconds then eases his head back onto the head rest.

CUT TO:

EXT. LODGE OUTSIDE TOWN. NIGHT

The black water of the lodge looks like it is starting to freeze. The corner of a supermarket trolley pokes through the surface acting as a net to the ponds detrius ; the crisp packets and stray plastic carrier bags.

Two heavy set men, GWYN and Noddy can just about be made out walking away from the water, joking to themselves whilst wiping their hands casually. Nearer to camera, some bubbles rise to the waters surface and slowly we start to make out what they left behind them. WILLY's corpse is just below the surface. His face is badly beaten and what looks like a belt is wrapped around his throat. As the air escapes from his clothes, his weighted body gradually begins to sink and his open bulging eyes darken until he has disappeared completely.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KAREN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT

Putting down the kitchen knife she was carrying for moral support KAREN takes two sausages from the oven and some chips from a large pan of cooking oil on the hob. Taking a bite from one of the sausages, she burns her mouth and spits it into her hand where she juggles it from one hand to another whilst doing a little 'Oww' dance. There is a knock at the front door, picking up the knife again she nervously heads through the Living room popping the sausage back into her mouth. Putting the safety chain on the door she mumbles while chewing cautiously.

KAREN

Sorry Elaine, knob-heads locked
it again. Wait a sec.....

She reaches for her key on the hook and unlocks the door.

KAREN (cont'd)

You better have brought some boo...

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMES & KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

TOMMY, EDDY and JEROME are standing at the doorstep. TOMMY shoves his foot forward as she makes to slam the door shut.

TOMMY

(Smiling)

I take it 'Knob-head' isn't in
then?

Karen stamps on his foot and attempts to close the door again but too late, TOMMY pushes the door in snapping the door chain with ease the three men enter. KAREN brings up the kitchen knife to threaten TOMMY, he nimbly feints to one side as he grabs her hand holding the knife. Twisting her wrist back until she lets the knife fall to the carpet

TOMMY (cont'd)

That's no way to treat an old
friend Karen.

He walks forward looming over her. She is clearly terrified of him and freezes when he goes to stroke her face. Her eyes close.

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEYWAY. THREE YEARS AGO. NIGHT

Flashback She is heavily pregnant and being slapped about by TOMMY whilst JEROME stands by laughing. She scratches his face badly causing a deep gash in his cheek. The smile disappears from his face as his hand rises to the injury. He stares in disbelief at the blood on his fingers. Now angry he looks back at her and lunges forward, punching her in the stomach with all his might. Her mouth opens in a gasp of pain and fear for her unborn child.

CUT BACK TO

EXT. JAMES & KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The present, as her eyes open and her expression is the same. The memory of that day is vivid on her face.

TOMMY

Now we can pick up from where we
left off.

The scar she caused on his face twitches and he smiles
malevolently.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

MIKE walks into the hallway before the inner door of the pub
and stops. He listens to the loud celebrating from within but
particularly for any mention of his name. Satisfied, he pulls
the doors open and smiles as he enters. Immediately GWYN
spots him and looks over to NODDY who elbows PIERCE next to
him. MIKE ignores them all for the time being and pushes his
way to the bar for a drink. From PIERCES P.O.V we see him
lean over the bar and chat to the Barman intensely. They
start to argue and MIKE grabs the Barman but looking round
the room lets him go and reaches over the bar for a bottle of
vodka that the Barman was just about to change. Not needing
to look up because he knows where he is, he heads straight
for PIERCE whilst pouring vodka into two glasses. When he
gets there, he hands one to Pierce and wordlessly, they both
down in one.

MIKE

Tony.

PIERCE

Mike. You been good?

He nods and glances around them with a look of distaste.

MIKE

Alright. Good to see you. Can I
have a word. In private.

PIERCE first has a puzzled frown. Then, very slowly, a smile forms which breaks into a laugh which gets louder.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR-PARK. NIGHT

P C TRADING hears his mobile ringing but doesn't answer it and walks on. Reaching his car, he opens the door, starts the engine and drives off at speed. The sound of the wind and the engine fade leaving just the cell-phone's ringing tone.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

E.C.U. of the facade of a mobile phone which reads. 'DIALING' and below that the name of 'PC BEN TRADING'. There is just the sound of the ringing at first, then the wind sound returns as we now see JAMES looking at his phone standing in the cold. He says 'Shit!' to himself and the camera pans out where we now see him standing on the street totally alone.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM OF VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

NODDY is holding MIKES bloody head back as PIERCE questions him.

MIKE

I told you. I flushed it down the bog. You know that. I wouldn't mess you boys around.

NODDY

Bullshit. We know all about you spunking all the cash in Manchester. Bragging to everyone you'd been living it up.

MIKE

What!?! That's crap! I told Jerome...
(realizing finally) That bastard!
He told me to keep my head down. He
said not to try and visit you
inside 'cause the pigs might
connect us. What a twat! It was him
probably stirred it that I was
wedged up when I was signing on at
my aunties house.

NODDY

You expect us to believe that?

PIERCE merely shakes his head as he turns to walk back to the
front bar.

MIKE

Boys, you gotta believe me.
PIERCE!!

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE. NIGHT

KAREN has backed into the corner of the room as JEROME and
TOMMY check around the flat and EDDY blocks any escape.

TOMMY

Empty. Right, we wait here for
him until Tony gives us the call.

While EDDY is listening to TOMMY, KAREN makes a run for it
but is caught easily by EDDY. He grabs her arm roughly and
pulls her towards him so they are face to face. She is scared
to death but stares at him defiantly.

EDDY

Don't eyeball me girl, you hear!

KAREN spits in his face.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PC TRADINGS CAR. NIGHT

PC TRADINGS mobile phone is still ringing. He picks it up off the passenger seat and puts it in the glove compartment. His face is stern and frowning. He can still hear it though so turns on the radio. After fifteen seconds he turns the volume up even louder until it is nearly deafening.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

Approaching the pub warily, JAMES's dimly lit figure can be seen. He spots NODDY and GWYN coming towards him and ducks behind a car. They enter the Victoria and he stands up breathing heavily, trying once again to control his fear. He closes his eyes momentarily and bows his head as if in prayer. He has made a decision, and when he opens his eyes, starts to slowly walk towards the pub entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

JAMES walks into the pub and there is an immediate hush. Some look away whilst others smile at him knowingly. The Landlord gives a nervous twitch and trots into the backroom to get PIERCE as ordered. JAMES stands still and gives the room a blank once over. This time even the cocky ones look away as he stares at each of them in turn. The Landlord reappears and scuttles away as PIERCE enters behind him. He looks at JAMES then smiles a broad smile.

PIERCE

JIMMY!

PIERCE strides over to JAMES and hugs him warmly. JAMES hardly moves, unsettled by the greeting.

PIERCE (cont'd)

Good to see you brother. Been a while.

JAMES

You... are fucking mental!

The assembled cronies around the room wince at JAMES words. No one talks to PIERCE like this and gets away with it and they expect an immediate and violent response. PIERCE is slightly taken aback at first but recovers quickly and smiles again.

PIERCE

No need to be like that JAMES.
Come..

lets have a chat. In private.

PIERCE takes his elbow and firmly guides JAMES to a seat. The men that were sitting there previously pick up their pints and move without a word of complaint, leaving the two of them plenty of room to talk.

PIERCE (cont'd)

That's better. A bit of peace and quiet.

JAMES shakes his head in disbelief.

JAMES

How are you PIERCE?

PIERCE

Older.

They both smile as PIERCE signals to the barman to bring over a bottle and two glasses.

PIERCE (cont'd)

Still a whiskey man?

The drinks arrive and PIERCE pours them himself raising his glass in a toast.

PIERCE (cont'd)

Orlay single malt. Twenty-five years old. Here's to... cooperation.

They clink with JAMES shaking his head again.

JAMES

What's your game PIERCE? What you up to?

PIERCE

What am I up to? I'm just having a few drinks with some old mates.

JAMES

Come on!!

PIERCE downs his whiskey and re-fills their glasses.

PIERCE

Always so suspicious. What do you think I'm up to?

JAMES

Well, knowing you. You'll want to settle a few scores. Me included. So, here I am. What the fuck are you going to do?

PIERCE

Patience Jimmy. That's one thing I learnt inside. Maybe I have you to thank for that, eh?

PIERCES tone suddenly changes becoming much darker.

PIERCE (cont'd)

You were just doing your job
weren't you. But with such
enthusiasm. And why that job?
Trying to make amends eh, JIM? For
past crimes?

JAMES

Whatever you're trying, I'm going
to stop you.

PIERCE looks at him pityingly then laughs a little sadly
shaking his head.

PIERCE

I was afraid you were going to say
that.

A muffled shout is heard from the back room and JAMES stands
up to investigate. PIERCE grabs hold of his arm and warning,
shakes his head again. JAMES pulls his arm free and walks
towards the noise.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM OF VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

It's dark inside, but as he walks in he can see NODDY at the
end of the hall standing next to a table having a drink. MIKE
is beaten senseless tied to a chair next to him. He is
covered in blood and gasping for air.

JAMES

You alright Mike?

MIKE lifts his head up slightly but is unable to talk.

JAMES (cont'd)

Looks like you could do with an ambulance.

PIERCE

He'd simply two choices...either my Charlie or my money...flushed it my arse!

NODDY

He'll need a mortician when I'm finished with him.

JAMES starts to walk over to MIKE but NODDY walks forward threateningly. PIERCE has followed JAMES into the backroom and walked around him to sit at the table.

PIERCE

We haven't finished with him yet!

JAMES looks NODDY up and down and smiles.

JAMES

NODDY, just because you're ugly, it doesn't mean you're hard, lad.

NODDY

Wha...?

JAMES

Do they call you that 'cause of your big nose or 'cause PC Plod is always after you.

NODDY looks confused then smiles like he knows what JAMES is talking about.

PIERCE

Noddy... because he's a "yes" man!

JAMES now laughs and looks at PIERCE whilst pointing to NODDY.

JAMES

You're going to have to do better
than that!

He hears a noise behind him and looks back to where GWYN is standing holding a big stick. JAMES closes his eyes momentarily mouthing 'Oh shit!', and as he turns back around, NODDY punches him in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KAREN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

KAREN falls backward from the blow, hitting the table and rolling onto the floor. Her left eye is swollen, her lip is cut and she is moaning. JEROME is looking through the drinks cabinet and TOMMY is trying to calm EDDY down.

TOMMY

Easy Eddy! We were planning to have
a little fun with her afterwards.

EDDY is standing over KAREN with his fists still clenched.

EDDY

Where the fuck is he bitch?

TOMMY

Ed-dy! She doesn't know. Now cool
down, will you. You take her
upstairs like a good boy and have
some fun. After three years I'm in
no hurry. First I'm going to sit
down here and get well and truly
pissed.

EDDY grabs her by the hair and drags her across the room towards the door and the stairs.

There are cries and loud noises as they go up banging the walls. TOMMY follows them to the bottom of the stairs and shouts up.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Leave her breathing big man. Oh,
and leave the arse for me. Not
having your sloppy seconds.

He turns to JEROME laughing who laughs also but gives him a suspicious sideways look.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

The man from the hill, MOON, looks through the window of the pub careful not to be seen. He sees nothing is going on in there but notices the Landlords uncomfortable glances at the door to the back room. He walks around to the side of the pub and starts to climb the wall into the back yard. As he lands on the other side he hears a dog growl menacingly.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PC TRADINGS CAR. NIGHT

PC TRADING looks annoyed and turning his radio off, drives in silence for a minute. He is thinking hard and looks anguished. He looks at his watch then bangs the steering wheel with the palms of his hands. Once, then again and again, harder each time.

P C TRADING

Soft bastard, SOFT BASTARD! SOFT
BASTARD!

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB, BACKROOM. NIGHT

NODDY and GWYN are taking turns at punching JAMES whose face is already red and swollen. They take a rest and nurse their knuckles.

JAMES

(coughing)

Oh Jesus.

PIERCE

(shaking his head sadly)

I'm afraid he just rode out of town.

PIERCE walks over to JAMES and facing him, grips his head.

PIERCE (cont'd)

Always knew you'd end up like this.
I just hoped you wouldn't. We would
have made a good team, me and you.

PIERCE turns to NODDY and GWYN who are looking confused.

PIERCE (cont'd)

You see, we used to mate round together. He was a tough little fucker, I tell you. But he'd always get to feeling guilty after twatting someone. Catholic bullshit! Still, I looked after him because I trusted him, never had to threaten him to do anything.

JAMES

'Cause I would have battered you.

PIERCE puts his hand on JAMES' head and grips his hair like he is going to punch him. Instead he smiles and strokes his head like one would a child.

PIERCE

I looked after you because you
didn't fear me. I liked that.

NODDY

'Cause he was a cocky twat!

Expressionless, PIERCE merely looks over at NODDY to silence
him.

PIERCE

He knew I wouldn't hurt him
'cause he was a mate.

JAMES

This how you treat your mates?

PIERCE

Oh c'mon Jimmy lad! We stopped
being that years ago. When you
started to change. It was after we
did that job up on the Robert's
farm, wasn't it? You remember
Jimmy, don't you. Oh yes, you'll
never forget that one will you.
Just the two of us, nice and quiet,
until the old man barged in on us.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN IN FARMHOUSE. NIGHT

FLASHBACK- PIERCE and JAMES as much younger men, they are
dressed in black and wearing ski masks. They are filling a
bin bag with stolen goods.

YOUNG JAMES

PIERCE, Look at that!

He holds up a valuable looking watch and starts to laugh.

YOUNG PIERCE

Shh! (Whispering) What was that?

CUT TO:

EXT. PATH LEADING TO FARM. NIGHT

FARMER ROBERTS parks and gets out of his Land rover. He staggers slightly as he closes the door and we can see he is drunk. He opens the door to his house where JAMES and PIERCE jump him and they start to hit him. Despite being drunk, he is large and very strong and begins to get the better of the two. Getting up from the floor, PIERCE eyes the dangerous looking coat hook on the wall behind ROBERTS, which we see in close up, then he smiles and runs at him. They both go flying across the room against the far wall and the spike impales the farmer. When JAMES stands, ROBERTS is gasping out and reaching to them for help. To JAMES' horror, he realizes what has happened and looks at PIERCE who has a strange blood lust grin on his face. JAMES is frozen to the spot until a still grinning PIERCE grabs him and pulls him by the shoulder.

YOUNG PIERCE

JIMMY! C'mon!

YOUNG JAMES

But he's buggered if we leave him.

YOUNG PIERCE

And? What do you want to do? Call an ambulance and spend the rest of your life being bummed in the showers.

YOUNG JAMES

But.....

PIERCE tries to drag him out the building with JAMES almost fighting him to be free.

YOUNG JAMES (cont'd)

We can't leave him!! He'll die.

YOUNG PIERCE

Looks like you're too late for that
mate.

PIERCE nods to the impaled farmer who is still staring at JAMES as dark blood oozes from his mouth. The farmer's hand falls to his side and the light slowly ebbs from his eyes before closing.

YOUNG JAMES

No, no, no, no.

Still protesting, PIERCE has to literally drag the dumbstruck JAMES from the building until they hear the police sirens in the distance and they both start to run.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BACKROOM OF VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

PIERCE

Didn't see much of you after that.
'Course I heard a few years later
you'd applied to join the Pigs in
Tonmere, but I didn't think you'd
go through with it. Be a traitor.
Then I thought about it and it all
made sense. You were always the
careful one. Never getting caught.
Never convicted. Always had that
self righteous streak in you even
when you were kicking someone's
head in. Hypocrite.

Suddenly PIERCE realizes something and starts to laugh.

PIERCE (cont'd)

You don't get it, do you? This isn't all about revenge for getting me sent down! I'm not that petty. Oh course I want to know who set me up. And there's a small matter of some missing white powder, but there's more to it than that. You see you're just an example I have to set. And your missus....

JAMES

...If you touch...

PIERCE

Oh please! Spare me, it's already done.

The colour drains from JAMES' face as he realizes what's going on. He curses under his breath and a new look of resolve forms on his face.

PIERCE (cont'd)

And your mum too, if she wasn't already dead. It's just business. And your kids if you had any....

JAMES tries to push himself up off the floor but PIERCE punches him back down.

PIERCE (cont'd)

Oh I'm sorry, I forgot about that. TOMMY got a bit out of hand that day. He was only meant to give you a warning, so you'd keep quiet. Maybe not show up in court for the hearing against us. It could have all been avoided. Tie him up!

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT

KAREN yanks the lamp from the bedside table and attempts to hit EDDY with it over the head. He catches her arm and slaps her onto the bed. She bounces on the mattress with the force of the blow, her face stinging red. She raises her hands in fear and shame and starts to sob, seemingly resigned to her fate.

EDDY

Take your jeans off! (Sighs) You
could enjoy yourself here or I
could beat the shit out of you.
Either way, you're getting it.

Slowly her hands go down to her pants and after a pause where her sobs grow deeper, heavier, she begins to unbutton them. As she starts to pull them down we see Eddies look of satisfaction and he starts to undo his belt. Yanking her jeans off, he falls on top of her and starts to sniff her neck and hair. Turning her head to the side her eyes mist over, but we see her hand reaching down the side of the bed searching for something. She knows it's there, but she cannot see what we can see, or reach the head of the wine bottle she broke earlier. He sticks his tongue in her ear as he stabs his cock into her, thrusting violently. She cries out, hardly able to breathe at his crushing weight. Her hand frantically searches for anything and finds the still plugged in cord to the bedside lamp, and lifting it sees the two hard metallic pins and tucks them into the mattress for later. Pretending now to be enjoying it she rips his shirt open and pulls it down so his hands are trapped behind his back and turning to face EDDY, pulls his head towards her and licks his neck. He moans just before she grabs the electric cord and violently stabs the strips into his neck just below his ear. They both convulse at the shock, but she's expecting it and shoves him off her onto the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

TOMMY and JEROME look up to the ceiling at the sound of moaning and thrashing around as the floor is banged. Tommy is eating the sausage and chips KAREN made for herself earlier.

JEROME

Bloody hell! Go on lad

TOMMY shakes his head as JEROME turns up the volume on the Television.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB, BACKROOM. NIGHT

JAMES now has his hands tied behind his back and is just about able to kneel as PIERCE stands before him lecturing. GWYN starts to punch MIKE who is still unconscious and strapped to the chair, until NODDY seeing PIERCES disapproving stare, taps him repeatedly to stop. PIERCE shakes his head.

PIERCE

You see Jim. It's a bit quiet in here, and people out there expect to hear you screaming. 'Cause you're not ~~(MORE)~~ very popular lad are you? Why is that I wonder? Why does no one... like you? And even though most of them hate you, it's still a nasty business all this. It's human nature to empathize, to imagine that it's them in here, strapped to a chair slowly having the shit kicked out of them, 'till they can't take the pain anymore and just give up the ghost. But they'll listen, glad it's not them.

PIERCE(cont'd)

And they'll go away and tell all their scabby little acquaintances, who'll tell everyone else, until everyone knows, I'm back.

PIERCE nods at GWYN and NODDY and they start to walk over to JAMES, who slowly rolls his eyes to the ceiling. The disturbing sound of a fighting, growling dog now is audible of screen.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT

A still shaking KAREN looks about her as if lost. She sees her jeans and without thinking starts to put them on whilst trying to stop herself from crying.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PC TRADINGS CAR. NIGHT

PC TRADING has pulled the car over and has his head on the steering wheel. All we can hear is the wind. He sits back in his seat and runs his fingers through his hair. He breathes deeply and we can see a decision being made. He starts the engine and does a U-turn to drive back to town.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB, BACKROOM. NIGHT

With his hands still tied behind his back, JAMES launches himself at GWYN who was preparing to punch him again. He head-butts him upwards and smashes his nose up into his brain. They both land heavily and NODDY steps forward and brings his boot crashing down onto JAMES' face. NODDY kneels down and stares at GWYN in disbelief. He slaps him then feels for a pulse.

PIERCE

Not with your thumb! Under the ear.
Jesus Christ!

NODDY

I cant' find a pulse!

NODDY bends down to listen for a heartbeat or breath.

NODDY (cont'd)

Bloody hell! He's dead!

There is a rattling sound at the back door to the yard. All eyes turn to the sound which gets louder until the door sounds as if it is being pulled off its hinges and wrenches open. MOON strides in looking the worse for wear after scrapping the pub guard-dog. He walks forward and nods at JAMES.

JAMES

(Spitting out a mouthful
of blood)

Took your fucking time!

MOON looks around the room surveying the damage and reaches into his inside coat pocket for something. But he hasn't seen PIERCE behind him who takes the stick from the floor and steps forward swinging it, smashing MOONs skull in. JAMES shouts out his name and attempts to stand but unable to walk falls to the ground inches from him.

PIERCE

Jesus, it's all happening tonight!

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

TOMMY looks at the ceiling as JEROME pours himself another drink.

TOMMY

Bit too much interruptus in the
coitus..... Check it
out will you.

JEROME looks at him uncomprehendingly. Then acknowledges the order but frowns at TOMMY.

TOMMY (cont'd)

I'm eating!

JEROME downs his whiskey in one and heads upstairs whilst swearing under his breath.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Trying to gather her thoughts she wipes the tears from her face just as she hears the first of JEROME's footsteps stomping heavily up the stairs towards her. After a frozen moment she scans the room. Then falls to her knees, desperately searching for a weapon or anything that might help protect her. Looking under the bed she sees the broken bottle head. With some difficulty she manages to stretch out her hand and grasp it as the footsteps reach the top of the stairs and bedroom door. Just in time, she jumps up, turns the light switch off and stands behind the door with the bottle head raised. We see the door handle, expecting it to move and the door to open at any second. Instead there is a light knock.

JEROME

You finished with the tart yet, Ed?

He gets no reply but instead of entering walks down the hall to the toilet. KAREN holds her breath as we hear his footsteps, then the sound of a heavy urine stream hit the toilet bowl next door.

This goes on for a remarkably long time, then when it ends we hear a loud fart and footsteps back towards the bedroom. KAREN catches her breath again as the door handle lowers. It opens and JEROME puts his head around the door, peering into the darkness. He enters, slurring inebriated.

JEROME (cont'd)

My turn. I want a piece of that
fanny. She any good Ed?.... Eddy?

KAREN slowly swings the door closed behind him and JEROME turning round to see her smiles lustily. He can't see EDDY's body on the floor at the far side of the bed and staggers towards her drunkenly. He unzips his flies and takes out his cock.

JEROME (cont'd)

Look at that! Look at it!! You like
it don't you. Don't you? Now, take
hold of it, and suck it you slag.

KAREN, as if dumbstruck, slowly reaches out and takes hold of his belt and she pulls him towards her.

JEROME (cont'd)

Hey, where's EDDY?

Then with all the might she can muster, she rams the broken bottle into his crotch whilst staring into his eyes. He bends over choking for air holding onto her. Then as he reaches out to her, she pulls the bottle out and stabs it into his chest, once then again. JEROME falls to the ground breathing blood, clawing at air, and KAREN jumps out of the way of his kicking legs as they start to slow then stop altogether. Her eyes are crazed but full of survival.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE AND FRANCES MC CRAY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

FRANCES McCRAY purposefully puts the deadlock on the front door and turns the key in the lower lock putting it in her nightgown pocket away from her husband.

JOE MCCRAY

(Off camera)

FRANCES?

FRANCES MCCRAY

Coming dear.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB, BACKROOM. NIGHT

JAMES is near broken, lying on the floor near tears. He looks at Moon then spots a large piece of broken glass near his friends foot. Knowing the only way to get there without them guessing his plan is to literally be punched there, he decides to insult NODDY. He forces his way to his knees and clears his throat. NODDY and PIERCE look round at him when he coughs loudly.

JAMES

Oy! Pussy!

NODDY looks to PIERCE who just smiles and shakes his head.

JAMES (cont'd)

Fat fuck! You call that a punch?
Eh? You call that a punch? I've
been punched harder by queers, you
big fat pussy!

NODDY is no longer smiling.

PIERCE

NODDY!...

But NODDY ignores him and runs at JAMES giving him an almighty punch sending him flying, sliding along the floor to land near MOON.

PIERCE (cont'd)

NODDY !! We don't want to kill him
now do we. Not just yet.

JAMES rolls over, moaning in agony but also grabbing the piece of broken glass. He feigns unconsciousness whilst slicing the glass against the ropes tying his hands behind his back.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

PC TRADING's police car pulls up. He wants to get out of the car but cannot. He looks around to see if anyone can see him and reassured, turns the engine off. When the engine sound stops all we hear is the storm. Then the sound of his breathing increases with his loud erratic heartbeat like a panic or heart attack is imminent. We pan out and pull away from the police car until from a distance all we can hear is the wind buffeting the car.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT

KAREN is in shock. She leans against the door, her hands and face speckled with blood. She is disgusted at what has happened and what she has done. Looking at the ceiling she is trying to avoid the gaze of JEROME's dead staring eyes. But she cannot help herself and looks down connecting with them. She starts to vomit.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB. NIGHT

There is a loud cry of pain from the backroom and the Landlord, now clearly disturbed, looks around the room at his customers. He puts down the glass he is cleaning and hastily walks over to the CD player and puts on a song. He smiles weakly then turns the volume up louder. SAL looks at him with disgust and picks up her handbag.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB, BACKROOM. NIGHT

NODDY is shouting at MIKE, asking him questions whilst punching him. He now seems unconscious whilst JAMES has cut his way through the rope tying him.

NODDY

What happened to the rest of the gear? (Slap) Who was working with you? (Slap)

PIERCE

Leave him. He's in no state to tell us anything now even if he does know owt. Go get a jug of cold water. It's time to wake this other one up and get the story straight.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT

KAREN is trying to control her breathing, she turns and opens the bedroom door, looking downstairs to the living room door which is ajar. As she starts to tip toe down, the wooden stairs creak loudly. She pauses, where she makes a decision and starts to stamp noisily down them like a drunken man might.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

TOMMY looks round to the sound of the descending steps and turns the TV volume down with the remote control.

TOMMY

Put the kettle on will ya.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, BOTTOM OF STAIRS/KITCHEN. NIGHT

KAREN remains silent and as soon as she enters the kitchen starts opening and closing drawers, searching again for something to protect herself with. She finds a large knife and holds it up just as TOMMY calls out again.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

TOMMY

I said, can you put the kettle
on.....JEROME?.... EDDY?...

He turns the TV off and stands to go to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT

KAREN is staring at the knife trying to decide if she is capable of stabbing someone after what she has already done this evening. She sees the blood on her hands and puts the knife down. Hearing TOMMY turn the TV off and start to walk towards her, she looks up at the door and freezes. Unable to move, there is desperation in her eyes, paralysed with fear. Again she looks around her and just as he walks in she spots the still hot pan of chip oil that she took off the heat when the three arrived.

TOMMY

What the fuck.....!?

KAREN grabs the pan and throws the oil into TOMMY's face. He screams and falls to his knees clawing at his now blistering and burning face. He reaches for her and she now screams and jumps back. He lunges again and in a blind panic she smacks the now empty pan down onto his head. He's strong and attempts to swing a punch at her so she hits him again, this time with more strength and determination. At first he doesn't go down, so she has to hit him again and again until eventually he stops moving. Even then, she gives him two more hits and sobbing falls onto her knees next to him.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB, BACKROOM. NIGHT

We see the legs of a woman slowly enter the backroom careful not to make any noise, then her hand as it locks the door.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA PUB, BACKROOM. NIGHT

NODDY is standing over JAMES trying to wake him by pouring cold water over his head and body. JAMES is pretending to be unconscious and doesn't react. NODDY reaches down to grab him by the collar and JAMES turns round and punches him in the face with all his strength then kicks him in the balls. As Noddy keels over JAMES, he snatches the water jug from out of NODDY'S hands and swings it round bringing it crashing down onto his skull knocking him unconscious. With speed he rolls over and grabs a pool cue from the rack on the wall and stands to face PIERCE who hasn't had time to react yet.

PIERCE

Fuck me! You never cease to amaze.

PIERCE picks up the stick he just used to take out MOON and strides towards JAMES. He raises it and they start to fight.

It is brutal and goes on for some time. They spend most of their time trying to avoid each others blows as one hit could end it all suddenly. PIERCE is stronger and faster and gets the better of JAMES who ends up on the floor after PIERCE manages to batter him on the knee cap. JAMES blocks PIERCES main blow but is caught off-guard as PIERCE clips him across the chin with the other side of his stick. He head butts JAMES in the face and blood splatters from his nose. Disoriented, JAMES leaves himself open to a vicious punch and he bangs his head on the floor as he falls.

PIERCE (cont'd)

Just tell me who opened their big
mouth to you pigs and I'll make
this quick and relatively painless.

JAMES doesn't react half-conscious. Exasperated Pierce looks at his watch.

PIERCE (cont'd)

Look, all your mates are fucked up,
your washed-up and by about now
your old lady's probably dead. So
tell me....

SAL

(Off camera)

I'll tell you.

PIERCE swings round to the direction of the noise but cannot see SAL who is in the shadows still.

SAL (cont'd)

It was your stupid brother who got
you all sent down.

SAL walks out of the darkness towards PIERCE who has his hand raised to his eyes. When he recognizes her he starts to laugh. JAMES turns his eyes to the broken pool cue which has fallen just out of his reach.

PIERCE

How the fuck do you know tart?

SAL

I know because he bragged about it all whilst beating the crap out of me. Off his head, thinking I'd be too scared to tell anyone.

PIERCE

Shut.. up!

SAL

He was planning a takeover. Said you'd gone soft.

PIERCE

I said, shut it!!

As PIERCE turns towards her threateningly, JAMES reaches out for the pool cue and cracks it across PIERCES skull. PIERCE falls to his knees, stunned and bleeding but still conscious. JAMES drops the stick and crawls away from him towards the exit as Sal merely smiles.

SAL

You see... my mum told me she used to be your girlfriend before you were sent down for the first time...how she had to go on the game to get by, she was five months pregnant with me and you left her with nothing!

PIERCE looks up at her unable to speak, blood pulsing from his head.

SAL (cont'd)

Your big ego couldn't take it,
could it. Your girl fucking other
men while you were banged up.

She slowly moves towards him.

SAL (cont'd)

So the day you got out, you found
her and sliced chunks out of her
face so no man would ever want to
sleep with her again... Then you
had to have me...

SAL spits in his face furious

SAL (ALMOST SCREAMING) (cont'd)

I was seven years old you bastard..
You'd slice me up too wouldn't you?
'Cause you can't stand the thought
of someone else fucking me! Do you
know how long I've waited for this,
how much I hate you dad?

PIERCE reaches out suddenly and grabs SAL by the throat with
his powerful hands. Trying to squeeze the life out of her he
pulls her face close to his.

PIERCE

Little bitch!

SAL

Don't call me that. No one calls me
that.

He gasps then opens his mouth to say something else, but
before the words are spoken we hear a strange sound as we see
SAL'S hands flick open the same cut-throat razor we saw her
retrieve from the floor as a child.

(We see Pierce look down to his trousers to see a rapidly expanding area of blood appear on his leg, as he drops both hands down to stem the flow, a jet of blood squirts from the major artery between his fingers, Sal has slashed his leg very deeply). She holds the cut-throat blade aloft expressionless and before PIERCE can move she slashes it across his face cutting him diagonally down his forehead and eye.

SAL (cont'd)

That's for mum.

Then as he's screaming and holding his face she casually reaches forward and cuts him deeply across the throat severing his major throat arteries.

SAL (cont'd)

And that's for me.

She stands and watches as he chokes and slowly dies. Dropping the razor she looks at her blood covered hands, disinterested and dazed then says almost to herself.

SAL (cont'd)

Goodbye dad.

SHE IS EMOTIONLESS. WE CAN HEAR SOMEONE SHAKING THE DOOR TO THE BACK ROOM TRYING TO GET IN.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

JAMES is running/limping up the street as fast as he can. He reaches the front door and bursts in.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

He shouts KAREN's name then sees her on the sofa with her head in her hands.

She is battered with blood and bruises all over and her face is puffy with the crying and beatings she has received. She looks up not seeming to recognize JAMES who is frozen to the spot at first. Slowly he falls to his knees in front of her.

JAMES

My god Kaz..... My god, baby....

KAREN is no longer crying and has stopped looking at him now. He holds her head in his hands and looks into her eyes near tears. He surveys the room trying to work out what has happened and sees a trail of blood leading to the kitchen. With difficulty he stands and follows the trail.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KARENS HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT

JAMES finds TOMMY with his head bashed in, dead on the kitchen floor. He kicks him to make sure and picks up the cooking pan looking back to the living room in disbelief. Suddenly realizing there must have been more of them he looks up at the ceiling and turns and races up the steps with the pan still in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND KAREN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

KAREN picks up her suitcase and carry-all leaving JAMES' suitcase still beside the sofa. She picks up her house key from the floor and purposefully leaves it on the table. Walking out of the house she quietly closes the door behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The wind has died down and it has started to snow. KAREN looks blankly up at the flakes falling. A car heads down the empty street towards her. KAREN turns and waits.

The car pulls up outside the flat, PC TRADING & JOE MCCRAY jump out, they both look KAREN up and down taking in the blood on her face and clothes before they run into the house. KAREN picks up her suitcase and walks off down the street, away from her home.

FADE OUT.