

AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

by

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EXT. SKY - DAY

From high in the sky, below is a wide bank of clouds.

We dive into the clouds, past white wisps of cloud floating in the air as the wind whistles. Bursting out of the clouds, a panoramic view of London lies before us, with the river Thames twisting it's way through the monochrome metropolis.

The sun hangs low in the sky and the grey winter light drains the never-ending city of colour.

The streets are clogged thick with cars, taxis, lorries, vans and bustling buses. Workers stream out of the doors of tall glass towers, marching to train and underground stations.

Overground, a train departs from Finchley Road tube station, and winds its way west, heading towards the edge of London.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY

The train carriage is packed with passengers heading home: all are shackled joylessly to their devices; some listen to music hypnotised by the beats, some play games, while most skim and scroll through social media. The train now is level with the rooftops of the city.

ROMEO'S face is intense but confused as he stares at a game of Sudoku on his iPad, a puzzle of numbers and blank spaces. He is 30 years old, wears black framed glasses, dark grey suit, tie and white shirt and a long black coat. He is handsome but reserved, with the slight air of an academic.

Unable to concentrate and unravel the hidden number pattern, he looks up and scans his fellow passengers, who appear to him to be as puzzling as the Sudoku game.

His attention is caught by the view through the dirty streaked carriage window: a panoramic vision of the city illuminated by the low winter sun which flickers in sharp flashes as the train passes bare forked trees and grimy tower blocks. He is consumed by the vision of the skyline above London: the low white sun bursts through the white clouds, above a grey ominous blanket of thick cloud that stretches low and far to the horizon.

The train pulls into Northwick Park station and Romeo puts the iPad into his shoulder bag, gets up and walks onto the platform and down the stairs to the exit.

EXT. NORTHWICK PARK HOSPITAL - DUSK

The hospital, lit by the dying embers of the sun, is a grim, brutal block of concrete.

Romeo walks up to the hospital and holds open the door as a young couple exit with a newborn baby. The mother and father smile and coo over their precious new arrival.

YOUNG MOTHER

(in Polish)

We'll soon be home, sweetheart.

Expressionless, Romeo enters the hospital.

INT. NORTHWICK PARK HOSPITAL - DUSK

Romeo walks through the foyer into a corridor and up to a lift and presses a button.

Finally, the lift arrives. He steps in, presses the button for the 3rd floor, and grimly faces the closed doors.

The lift opens and he steps out and walks down the corridor. He arrives at Montague ward and presses a button next to the ward doors. Getting no answer he looks through the glass panels in the doors. A NURSE at the desk station looks over and releases the doors with a loud buzz.

INT. WARD - DUSK

Romeo enters and the nurse looks up.

NURSE

Good evening.

Looking tense, Romeo stares fixedly ahead as he walks by.

He reaches a side room and hesitates at the door. All he can see through a thin vertical pane of glass in the door is the end of a bed and a chair in the corner of the room facing left.

Anxiously, he stands forever at the door.

With a deep breath, he pushes the door open, enters and stops in his tracks. On the bed is an EMACIATED WOMAN, aged 70, her eyes are closed and her breathing is slow and barely audible; an intravenous drip is plugged into her arm.

He stands motionless not knowing what to do or where to look.

With his bag still on his shoulder, he suddenly sits down in the chair, staring uncomfortably at the thin, boney woman in the bed. Finally, he gazes grimly at the floor and rubs his forehead hard with his hand.

The nurse bursts into the room carrying a basin of soapy water; she is brisk and energetic.

NURSE

Hi! How are you doing?

Romeo continues to stare intensely at the floor. The nurse carries the basin over to a chair next to the old woman.

NURSE

We did a second CT scan earlier today. I'm afraid she's had another bleed on her brain, the left this time. Doctor Sen wants you to call her tomorrow to discuss the results.

The nurse moves the chair with the basin nearer to the bed.

NURSE

We've upped the morphine dose to keep her as comfortable as possible.

The nurse squeezes a sponge in the basin of soapy water.

NURSE

Are there any other relatives we need to contact if there's a change in circumstances?

Romeo stares at the thin woman, then slowly shakes his head.

NURSE

I'm going to give her a bed bath, you can wait outside if you want, have a cup of tea, I won't be long.

Romeo stares long and hard at the floor, then gets up and walks over to the bed.

He looks as if he's about to say something to the old woman, but no words come forth. He tries again and fails to speak. The nurse smiles at him and turns to the woman.

NURSE

Mrs Roberts, your son's going to pop out for a couple of minutes, he'll be back soon.

The nurse pulls the sheet and blanket halfway down the bed. She lifts up the thin and ravaged old woman, who suddenly flops forward lifelessly, her arms dangling limply by her side as if she were a rag doll.

Romeo abruptly turns and walks out of the room into the ward.

The nurse unties the wasted woman's nightie at the back and starts to vigorously wipe her back down with the sponge.

INT. WARD

Romeo, with his bag on his shoulder, turns and storms down the ward to the exit, hits the door release and leaves.

At pace, he walks past the lift to the emergency exit, shoves the door open and thunders down the stairs, his footsteps clatter and echo in the stairwell.

EXT. NORTHWICK PARK HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Romeo bursts out of the main doors of the hospital.

The sky is now a thick, deep black; the main road glows with a reddish hue under the street lights and is empty except for an occasional passing car.

He walks at great speed, almost running, looking neither left, nor right, but straight ahead and enters a park.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Romeo strides along the path as fast as he can and stops next to a bench under a street lamp. He is breathing hard.

He sits down and stares into nothingness.

Behind him is Northwick Park overground station and in front of him, through the bare winter trees, he can see the grim hospital, its lights glowing feebly against the darkness of the night.

He stares at the hospital, not knowing what to think or what to do. He rubs his face and grimaces.

The bleak, intense silence is broken as the tracks of the tube-line begin to hum with sound of an approaching train.

The train arrives at the station and the doors open and close to sound of electronic beeping.

The train departs, leaving Romeo, sitting as still as a statue, to the silence of the night and the reproachful hospital.

The silence is cut by the sound of footsteps running on the path of the park.

MAN (O.S)
(in Polish)
Come back, you bitch!

Romeo swiftly turns to see a blonde WOMAN, late 20s, carrying a large holdall, running as fast as she can away from a tall muscular MAN, mid 30s, with a buzzcut.

WOMAN
(in Polish)
Fuck off!

As the woman runs level to Romeo, the man reaches her and grabs the bag. The woman fiercely pulls it back.

Romeo watches on, dumbfounded by the fight unfolding in front of him. The man punches the woman to the ground and now has full possession of the bag.

MAN
(in Polish)
You think you'd get away with it?
You moron.

The man is about to kick the woman.

ROMEO
Stop it!

The man turns to see Romeo on the bench, who resolutely stares back.

Dropping his shoulder bag to the bench, Romeo gets up and boldly steps forward, his heart pounding.

ROMEO
Leave her alone.

The woman, still on the floor, looks at Romeo and then fearfully at the man.

MAN
(in English)
Come on, you weakling.

The man pulls out a large knife.

WOMAN

No!

Romeo stares at the knife, his hands begin to tremble, and his legs start to shake.

The man slowly smiles.

Romeo suddenly charges forward, screaming at the top of his lungs - an explosion of fear, anger and pain.

Startled, the man is stunned to the spot as Romeo crashes into him. Seemingly with neither aim nor design, Romeo's head butts hard into the muscular man's face.

The man is knocked to the floor, dropping the bag and scattering the knife.

Romeo stands over him, as shocked by his own action as the man who is sprawled on the path. The muscular man wipes his hand across his bloody nose and mouth.

The woman jumps up, grabs the bag and runs off. She turns and sees that Romeo is still standing over the man, not knowing what to do, and starting to look fearful.

MAN

You are dead, my friend.

The woman runs back to Romeo and shakes his shoulder roughly.

WOMAN

(in English)

Run!

Romeo turns and sprints, following the woman, just as the man gets up, gathers the knife and runs after them in furious pursuit, gripping his weapon tightly.

As they all run down the path, a train is heading to Northwick Park station. Romeo blindly follows the woman as she runs into the subway and up the stairs to the station.

The man is rapidly catching up with them.

Romeo and the woman run up to the station gates; the woman jumps over as Romeo scrambles to get his oyster card out just as the man runs up the stairs.

The gates open and Romeo bursts through and up more stairs to the platform; he jumps into the waiting train, joining the woman who is already on board.

The man sprints up the stairs and onto the platform. Romeo and the woman stand frozen in fear - they are trapped.

Just as the man reaches the train, with a loud beeping sound, the doors slam shut in his face. He repeatedly hits the door release button but nothing happens. Infuriated, he bangs on the window of the door with his fist.

Startled and terrified, Romeo and the woman jump back and the train starts to move, while the man runs alongside, still bashing at the door.

MAN
(in Polish)
You fucking scum!

The train finally pulls away from the station, leaving the man stranded at the very end of the platform.

MAN
(in Polish)
You cunt!

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Looking shocked, yet relieved, Romeo and the woman stand in the aisle of the train.

ROMEO
What did he say?

WOMAN
Christophe?
(smiling)
That he loves me very, very much,
and wishes me all the best for my
new life.

They smile and awkwardly look at each other. She has bright, blonde hair and wears a cool designer, black leather jacket.

They look around the carriage which is almost empty. A sole passenger glances wearily at them and returns to their phone.

Silence, except for the sound of the train thundering towards the depths of London. The woman walks over and sits down as Romeo hovers in the aisle, unsure what to do.

He glances at her and she smiles brightly at him.

He hesitates, but his curiosity gets the better of him and he walks over and sits down opposite her.

The bag sits on her lap. Remembering that they were fighting over the bag, Romeo stares at it, wondering what it contains. She pulls the holdall tighter to herself, cradling it like a much loved baby.

He examines her face, and stares at a nasty cut and bruise on her cheek.

ROMEO
You okay?

WOMAN
No pain, no gain, darling.

He sees blood starting to drip from her nose.

ROMEO
You're bleeding.

With her hand, she wipes his nose, and sees blood on her fingers.

WOMAN
Or as the Germans say: what doesn't
kill you, makes you stronger.

Romeo's eyebrows rise at the severity of the phrase.

WOMAN
(smiling)
There's also a Polish proverb I
like a lot: if you're scared of the
bears, don't go to the woods.

He retrieves a used tissue from his coat pocket.

ROMEO
Let me.

WOMAN
It's okay.

She puts her hand out for it.

ROMEO
Please...

She relents and he leans forward and wipes the blood away.

WOMAN
Honey, you're very brave to take
him on.

Romeo shakes his head, flattered but feeling a fraud.

WOMAN
You head-butted him like a pro.

ROMEO
More an amateur.

He puts the tissue in his jacket pocket.

WOMAN
(smiling)
So you're not a gangster?

ROMEO
I work for pension company.

WOMAN
That's nice. Not much, how you say,
'argy-bargy' there?

ROMEO
The pension's good.

They both beam at one another.

ROMEO
Actually, I'm an actuary.

She looks confused.

ROMEO
I measure and manage risk and
uncertainty, risks that can affect
the balance sheet and need asset
and liability management.

She looks confused.

ROMEO
It's statistics and percentages.
You can reduce everything to a
mathematical equation; everything
in life is reduced to its core
fundamentals and risk is mitigated.

WOMAN
And life becomes very boring, yes?

He is taken aback at the challenge.

WOMAN
We all die whatever we do.

A darkness clouds Romeo's face and he looks away.

WOMAN
Honey, I didn't mean to offend.

ROMEO
So what do you do?

She shrugs her shoulders.

WOMAN
That's a question for the future.
I used to work in pharmaceuticals.

Romeo looks curious.

ROMEO
A pharmacist?

WOMAN
(nodding)
Medicinal...customer-facing.

She looks out of the train window at the city lights, the cold streets and brightly lit houses glowing warmly and invitingly in the dark and she thinks of something.

WOMAN
Do you have a name?

ROMEO
Romeo.

The woman giggles.

ROMEO
Everyone laughs.

WOMAN
No, it's funny because I'm Julita,
in English it is Juliet.

He stares at her doubtfully.

JULITA
I am who I say I am.

Something behind Julita catches Romeo's attention.

JULITA
(alarmed)
What is it?

She quickly turns to see a man dressed as the DEVIL, standing in the aisle of the train; he nonchalantly holds a three-pronged spear, wears a red suit, horns on his head, and his skin is painted an immaculate red. He leans casually against the aisle pole, absorbed in his phone.

ROMEO

He's checking out all his friends
on Facebook and Instagram.

JULITA

Honey, he has a lot.

Romeo and the Juilita laugh. The train arrives at a station, the doors open and a ZOMBIE enters the carriage followed by an ANGEL with a bullet hole painted on her forehead.

ROMEO

It's halloween, I'd forgotten.

A black gloved hand taps Romeo on his shoulder. He turns and is startled by a vision of the GRIM REAPER - a masked man in a black cloak holds a large plastic grey scythe.

GRIM REAPER

Excuse me...

The Grim Reaper lifts his mask.

GRIM REAPER

...is this a Baker street or
Aldgate train?

ROMEO

(looking at the LED
display)
It's Aldgate.

GRIM REAPER

Cheers mate.

He pulls his mask back down and slaps Romeo on his back.

GRIM REAPER

Don't worry, haven't come for
you...yet.

Romeo and Julita smile and gaze at one another.

ROMEO

Where are you from?

JULITA

Poland. Have you been?

ROMEO
I don't travel.

JULITA
You joke?

ROMEO
Everything I want is here.

JULITA
You need to change what you want.

More party-goers in costume start to fill the tube carriage; young women dressed as zombie nurses with ripped uniforms and torn tights; men attired as ghouls and zombie pirates; all excited at the nocturnal revels to come.

Julita looks out of the window.

JULITA
I'm from the north, by the sea.

She looks out of the train window at the cold city.

JULITA
In Winter you freeze, in Summer you
boil.

The street lights of London flicker from behind the black winter trees and looming blocks of flats.

JULITA
I came to England five years ago,
with Christophe. We grew up
together...

Julita turns and looks over at Romeo.

JULITA
We found a living, and life is not
a problem...
(beat)
But honey, nothing lasts.

She holds the bag tighter and looks out at the houses of suburbia streaming past. He follows her gaze.

ROMEO
I was born in the suburbs, but I
never lived here.

He stares at the world of darkness and shadows.

ROMEO

I was sent to boarding school. The teachers said I looked confused, I have no idea why, I just wasn't interested in what they had to say.

He looks at Julita.

ROMEO

The world lives its life, I live mine.

She suddenly turns to see outside of the train a man wearing a hoody, standing on a wall, with a fountain of yellow flames pouring from his outstretched hand – a candlestick firework.

JULITA

Wow!

ROMEO

Firework night's coming.

On cue a lone firework shoots into the sky and explodes in the distance, a silent explosion of light and colour.

ROMEO

Like a city at war.

Julita turns from the dying, falling firework to Romeo. She is about to say something, but stops herself, and looks away.

ROMEO

What is it?

She bites her lip.

JULITA

I need somewhere to stay tonight.
He's got my bank cards...

ROMEO

You must know someone else.

JULITA

He knows all my friends.

He looks at her, sizing her up.

JULITA

If he finds me...
(beat)
...he'll kill me.

ROMEO
The police?

She lets out a long sigh.

JULITA
I've tried that, they've never
helped. One night, please? Then I
can work out what to do.

More pyrotechnics explode in the distance. Julita turns to look sadly at the spectacle of light and colour.

Romeo turns to look at the scattered and silent explosions amongst the dark towers of the city and is filled with a sudden sadness.

He stares long and hard at her, trying to size her up.

ROMEO
Okay.

Julita bursts into a big smile.

The train thunders into the tunnel, snakes around the bend and vanishes. The tunnel is suddenly lit by the fizz and cackle of sparks from the wheels on the tracks, then falls to blackness. The sound of the train rattling the rails fades.

INT. GREENWICH PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - NIGHT

The dripping walls of the tunnel shimmer and shine as Romeo and Julita walk down the pedestrian tunnel; their shoulders and hands fleetingly brush and part.

Their footsteps reverberate in the damp passageway as they reach the end of the tunnel and mount the steps.

INT. OFF LICENCE - NIGHT

The door bell clangs as Romeo and Julita enter the shop and walk up to the SHOP ASSISTANT behind the counter.

ROMEO
Thought you didn't have any money?

JULITA
Just enough.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Yes?

JULITA
Vodka, please.

The Shop Assistant gets a bottle of vodka from the shelf.

JULITA
(to Romeo)
And you?

ROMEO
I'm fine.

JULITA
Nothing?

He shakes his head.

JULITA
You don't drink?

ROMEO
Tea.

JULITA
Honey, that's no way to live.

Romeo shrugs his shoulders.

JULITA
Darling, I'll show how to do it.

Julita pays for the vodka in cash and they exit the shop.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

The streets around the block of flats are deserted, the hum of the city is remote and far off.

Romeo and Julita walk up to the flats and enter.

INT. ROMEO'S FLAT, 10TH FLOOR, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Romeo and Julita enter the hallway. He takes his coat off as Julita, still holding the bag, wanders into the living room.

She stands in the middle of the room looking around. It is showroom tidy. The room is painted bright white, a black sofa faces a large flatscreen TV on the wall. On a bookshelf are several small ornaments and there are three framed prints of the sky with thick clouds on a wall.

Romeo enters the living room and looks unsure of himself.

JULITA
You live alone?

He nods.

JULITA
Of course.

She walks over to a shelf and sees the the ornaments are small replicas of iconic buildings from around the world: the Empire State building, the Statue of Liberty, Saint Basil's Cathedral in Red Square, and the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

JULITA
You have travelled!

ROMEO
On Amazon.

Julita smiles and shakes her head. She looks over at the large window revealing the dark vista of the city and the cloudy night sky. By the wide, long window is large black and white telescope on a tripod pointing to the outside world.

A large cloud moves across the horizon, backlit by a full moon which is just hidden from view. Julita drops her bag to the floor and walks up to the professional looking telescope.

JULITA
Is this what you like? Spying on the neighbours getting naked?

ROMEO
(embarrassed)
It's nothing like that, really.
I'm...a...a cloud watcher.

JULITA
(giggling)
A what?

ROMEO
Cloud watcher.

JULITA
(still giggling)
Clouds?

ROMEO
It's called nephophilia.

JULITA
Honey, now I'm getting worried.

ROMEO
(stumbling)
No, no, it means 'love of clouds.'

JULITA
(teasing)
Maybe I should be more worried?

Julita frowns at Romeo and peers through the telescope at the thick clouds illuminated by the moon and turns to him.

JULITA
Really?

ROMEO
It's not illegal, you know.

JULITA
They're kind of pretty, but...

ROMEO
I'm not the only one. A neighbour once saw me staring at the sky and gave me a book called 'Cloud Spotting'...

She gives him a hard stare as he looks up at the night sky.

ROMEO
There's Cirrus, Stratus, Cumulus, Nimbus...

JULITA
You are very odd.

ROMEO
There's even a cloud appreciation society, but they only seem to be into clouds that look like something else: UFOs, animals, faces, people...

The moon bursts from its cover and lights up a panoramic vision of textured, undulating clouds.

ROMEO
I like them for what they are: clouds.

The beaming moon reveals the dramatic forms at night.

ROMEO
I love the shapes, patterns, textures...I call it nature's art.

JULITA
(frowning)
Enough. Let's drink.

INT. ROMEO'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Holding the bottle of vodka, Julita enters the kitchen followed by Romeo. She opens a cupboard packed with tins.

JULITA
Glasses?

ROMEO
Over there, that one.

Julita takes two glasses down from a cupboard and opens the bottle.

ROMEO
I don't drink.

JULITA
I never drink alone.

She pours the vodka into the two glasses and raises hers.

JULITA
Twoje zdrowie.

She downs it. And taps his glass.

JULITA
(smiling)
Now your turn.

Under pressure, he sheepishly picks up his glass.

ROMEO
Twoje...um, cheers.

He sips it. She shakes her head.

JULITA
Honey, try harder.

She pours herself another shot.

JULITA
I drink this and you that and I'll
call it fair, yes?

He throws it down and feels flush with heat. He loosens his tie and coughs. She downs hers and pours another for both.

JULITA

See, darling, it's medicinal and good for the soul. And I know what I'm talking about. Especially after tonight.

He smiles awkwardly as she looks around and spots a guitar leaning against the wall.

JULITA

You play?

ROMEO

(embarrassed)

Not really. Just started.

JULITA

Go on, please play a tune.

Romeo is full of indecision. She pours another for both of them, and drinks, thumping her glass on the table and beams.

He quickly downs his glass in one, picks up the guitar and sits down at the table as she sits facing him.

ROMEO

(nervously)

I can't do any covers, I've just learnt a few...a few chords.

JULITA

Go on, please play.

Romeo starts to slowly and quietly play; he strums the open chords of D Major, D Minor, G Minor, then A and G Major.

On returning to the start of the sequence again, Julita smiles, downs her glass and pours herself another.

Romeo repeats the chord sequence. The chord changes are not smooth but he ploughs on regardless, building in confidence, playing the bright D Major, the sad D and G Minor, followed by the powerful A Major and finally the resolute G Major.

JULITA

Does it ever...change?

ROMEO

(strumming)

Er...no.

Julita smiles and gets up.

JULITA

Bedtime. I take the sofa, it's not a problem.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julita lies on the sofa covered with a blanket, the holdall is at her feet. Her phone pings. She retrieves it and sees a message from Christophe in Polish: I WILL FIND YOU.

She scoffs and replies in Polish: GET LOST YOU DICK. She turns her phone off, puts it away and stares at the full moon in the night sky.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Illuminated by the moon beaming through the window, Romeo lies in bed looking thoughtful but lost.

The moon disappears behind a large cloud.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - DAY

A corridor in a ruined and abandoned office building; the windows are smashed, and the floor is littered with broken glass and dusty papers. A filing cabinet lies on its side, and there are worn chairs alongside the peeling walls.

Romeo, aged 7, wearing a jumper with the school's coat of arms and grey shorts, steps into the corridor.

Confused, he looks around. Silence.

He walks down the corridor, and his footsteps crunch on the broken glass. He walks past empty, ruined rooms, and looks into each one as he passes.

He hears someone speaking from the last room off the corridor and quickly heads towards it, but as he reaches the threshold of the room, the door shuts hard in his face.

From behind the door, he can hear loud but indistinct voices rising and falling: a heated argument. He listens intently at the door but he can't make out what they are saying.

He sits down on an old wooden chair next to the closed door.

His legs, which are too short to touch the floor, slowly swing as the shouting gets louder and louder. Romeo looks more and more stressed at the argument.

He puts his hands to ears trying to block out the row.

Unable to bear it, he gets up and runs down the corridor and through another doorway into a room. On the floor of the room are scattered papers, and a small toy car.

He kneels on the floor and starts to play with the toy car, making car noises.

As he pushes the car across the floor, he becomes aware of music.

He looks around and sees a radio on top of a filing cabinet.

He puts the car down and starts to play with the tuning of the radio, passing through various radio stations - classical music, pop, a discussion in French.

Finally, he tunes into the Shipping Forecast, the words of the announcer are both strange and comforting.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
There are warnings of gales in
Rockall, Trafalgar, Hebrides, and
Dogger.

He looks up through the broken window, at the clouds hanging in the sky, listening to the broadcast.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Wind easterly 6 to gale 8. Sea
state: moderate or rough. Weather:
Wintery showers. Visibility: good.

Romeo, aged 30, stands in front of the broken window staring at the view, while the Shipping Forecast intones the weather warnings around the coast of the UK.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Romeo's eyes swiftly open.

He sees the empty glass on the bedside cabinet and gets up. He picks up the glass, walks to the bedroom door and slowly opens it. He sees Julita lying asleep on the sofa and her holdall now fallen to the floor.

Curiosity getting the better of him, he enters the living room, puts the glass down and creeps over to the large bag.

Kneeling, he starts to slowly unzip it. And stops. His face is full of concern.

ROMEO

My bag.

He stands up, looking ashen.

ROMEO

My bag.

Julita stirs.

JULITA

(mumbling)

What?

ROMEO

I left my bag in the park.

Juliet's eyes half open.

JULITA

Buy a new one.

ROMEO

You don't understand.

JULITA

(annoyed)

Honey, what's the problem?

ROMEO

It's got my address in it, in case
I lost it.

Julita starts to awaken.

ROMEO

He'll know where I live.

Her eyes open wide in fear.

INT. ROMEO'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Thump.

Something bashes against the front door from outside.

Thump.

Thump!

An even louder thump. The lock of the door just holds against the force smashing it from the other side.

Crash!

The lock breaks, and the door is flung open and collides against the wall with a loud bang.

Christophe charges into the hallway, wielding a large and heavy stonemason's hammer.

He looks into the living room: it's empty.

He runs to the kitchen: no-one is there.

He runs to the bedroom: the duvet is half on the bed, half on the floor, but still there is no-one.

He returns to the living room and flings the metal hammer across the room - it smashes into the flat screen TV which shatters into a thousand pieces.

CHRISTOPHE
(in Polish)
Where the fuck are you?

He looks around and sees that all the lights are on - he knows they've only just left.

He turns and runs out of the living room, into the hallway, and bolts out of the front door.

INT. STAIRWAY, BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

Romeo and Julita charge down the stairs, their footsteps clatter and echo in the stairwell.

JULITA
Go, go, go!

ROMEO
This way.

They reach a landing and burst through the doors to the interior car park for the flats.

INT. BASEMENT CAR PARK - NIGHT

Romeo leads the way, while Julita carries the large holdall. He runs past a row of shiny BMWs, Mercedes, and Jaguars and stops at a tired, tiny and dirty orange Nissan Micra.

JULITA
(disappointed)
This?

ROMEO
(unlocking the car)
I don't use it much.

JULITA
No surprise.

Julita shakes her head and they jump in and belt up.

INT. NISSAN MICRA - NIGHT

Romeo puts the key in the ignition and turns the engine on.

ROMEO
I only use it for shopping, gets me
from A to B.

JULITA
Have you thought about going
further, like C, or maybe D?

The Nissan Micra inches cautiously forward.

JULITA
We need to go faster.

Romeo continues to drive very slowly and carefully.

ROMEO
Do you know how many people die on
the road every year?

Julita rolls her eyes in disbelief.

ROMEO
Thirty thousand killed or seriously
injured in the UK last year.
Globally, one point three million
died. I'm not adding myself or
anyone else to that statistic.

She exhales and shakes her head.

INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Christophe bursts into the car park from the stairwell.

JULITA
Go! Now!!!

The car lurches forward.

And almost hits Christophe.

Romeo brakes hard with a loud screech.

Christophe runs to the driver's door and opens it.

Julita screams.

Romeo hits the gas hard, pulls the door shut and the car roars off to the exit, tyres screeching.

Christophe pulls a hand-gun from his back pocket and fires.

Bang!

It misses.

Bang - the bullet hits the boot of the car.

The car turns a corner and up a ramp to a closed shutter.

Romeo fumbles for the fob of the shutter in the pocket of the car door. Julita anxiously looks at him and then back.

JULITA

Quick!

Finally Romeo finds it and presses the button.

The shutter starts to open...slowly, very slowly.

Christophe runs around the corner and up the ramp, firing.

Bang!

Terrified, Romeo and Julita hunch down.

Still Christophe runs.

The shutter still opens slowly.

Christophe is almost at the car.

The shutter is almost open enough for the car to pass.

Romeo hits the gas, the car jerks forward, the roof of the Nissan Micra scrapes the bottom of the still rising shutter, and they drive off into the street.

Running, Christophe follows after them.

CHRISTOPHE

(in Polish)

You fuckers!

The car turns a corner and is away.

INT. NISSAN MICRA - NIGHT

The Micra races down the road.

ROMEO
Christ, what the hell am I doing?

He turns to see Julita on her phone.

JULITA
(in Polish)
Hello honey, missing me,
sweetheart?

CHRISTOPHE (O.S.)
(filtered, in Polish)
When I get you, there will be
nothing left of you or your friend.
(shouting)
Give it back to me! It's mine!

JULITA
(in Polish)
Darling, you can suck my arse while
I shit in your mouth!

She turns the phone off and they hit a red light and stop.

JULITA
What are you doing?

ROMEO
It's a red.

JULITA
(exasperated)
We need to go away!

He pointedly stares straight ahead.

JULITA
It's the middle of the night,
there's no-one here!

ROMEO
I'm-not-breaking-the-law. I never
have, I never will, I...

Bang!

A bullet smashes through the rear windscreen of the car.

Julita turns to see Christophe bearing down on them, running in the middle of the empty road.

JULITA
Fuck the law! For the love of God:
GO!

Hunched down, Romeo anxiously looks left and right, then creeps very slowly through the red light.

Christophe runs at speed towards them.

Nervously, Romeo still looks left and right for traffic.

Nothing's coming, but still he scans for oncoming cars.

JULITA
Christ Almighty!

Christophe is within touching distance of the car.

Julita swings her leg over and slams her foot on top of Romeo's foot which is on the gas.

The car takes off with a sudden squeal.

Christophe runs frantically after them.

But they are gone, far off down the road.

But still Christophe runs as they disappear in the distance.

Finally, he stops and collapses bent over, hands on knees, exhausted, gasping for air.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Romeo pulls over and stops. He turns the engine and car lights off and they sit in silence.

INT. NISSAN MICRA - NIGHT

Romeo stares straight ahead, he looks stunned and exhausted.

ROMEO
This is the maddest night of my
life.

Julita stares into the distance.

ROMEO
Crazy...just crazy.

JULIET
Think this is normal for me?

ROMEO
Probably. All these knives and
guns, what is this?

They stare into the darkness.

ROMEO
We need to go to the police.

JULITA
I can't. I skipped bail.

He looks at her.

JULITA
You don't want to know.

He shakes his head and glances over at the holdall on the
back seat.

ROMEO
What's in the bag?

JULITA
That's what he gets for beating me.

He turns to look at her but she answers with silence.

ROMEO
I almost got stabbed. I let you
stay with me and he tries to shoot
me...

A sudden sadness and foreboding takes hold of her.
Romeo stares long and hard at her.

ROMEO
So what will you do, go home?

JULITA
Home? Where's home?

ROMEO
Poland. Sorry, I really mean
wherever family is.

JULITA
There is no family. I'm an orphan.

ROMEO
Sorry.

JULIET
I don't want your pity.

Sullen silence as they look out at the grim, empty night.

Thump!

Romeo and Julita are startled by a TALL TEENAGE BOY jumping onto the bonnet of the car. With a mad, drunk smile he turns to face them, making the 'L' sign with his finger and thumb.

TALL TEENAGE BOY
Hey losers!!!

JULITA
Fucking fuck face!

The TALL TEENAGE BOY jumps off and joins a SHORT TEENAGE BOY who saunters past the car. The boys are followed by two giggling TEENAGE GIRLS who are wearing winter coats over their pyjamas.

The TALL TEENAGE BOY walks arrogantly into the middle of the road and lights a candlestick firework. The TEENAGE GIRLS, keeping to the pavement, laugh at the sizzling spectacle.

The group disappears around the corner.

JULITA
Please drive. I need to work out what to do.

Wearily, Romeo starts the car, puts the car lights on, and drives off.

EXT. NISSAN MICRA - NIGHT

Romeo and Julita drive in silence. They are exhausted, numb.

MONTAGE of the city at night; traffic and street lights, cars, buses, taxis, scattered pedestrians; people at fast food shops, revellers queuing and exiting nightclubs.

Julita looks out of the car window at the homeless sleeping in shop doorways.

JULITA
I ran away from the orphanage at fifteen.

Romeo glances at her.

JULITA
My little brother insisted he came
with me.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE - DAY

Two small feet walk along the long arm of an icy construction crane. Far below, pedestrians leave tracks in the snow.

JULITA (V.O.)
Didn't work out so well. He loved
me more than anything, follow me
anywhere.

Battered by the wind, the feet are slow and unsteady; it's a precarious tight rope walk, one slip and certain death.

JULITA (V.O.)
Fool. I was making it all up as I
went along.

Still the feet move forward, one tentative step at a time.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The dirty orange Nissan Micra drives into a car tunnel. The tunnel lights are reflected on the windscreen of the car, they smear and glow over the faces of Romeo and Julita.

Julita looks at the cars passing.

JULITA
Then I met Christophe on the
streets. He used to be in the army,
Special Forces.

The car exits the tunnel, and drives along deserted residential streets; dead houses and bleak blocks of flats with scattered and lonely dull lights.

JULITA
It's funny how you love what you
need, not what you want.

The car hits a red light; a family of four tourists cross the road; mum, dad and two small boys wearing thick winter coats, all lugging suitcases.

JULITA
I'll never forget my little
brother, he had the prettiest smile
but he'd never do anything you told
him. Ever.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE - DAY

The two small feet on the arm of the crane step tentatively.
With the city far below, the wind rattles the crane.

JULITA (V.O.)
He got in with kids that liked to
climb cranes.

One foot lifts up and hovers in mid-air.

The other foot on the crane wobbles.

And slips.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

A loud car horn blasts. The traffic lights have changed to
green and the cars haven't moved.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Christophe angrily hits the car horn again.

CHRISTOPHE
(Polish)
For fuck's sake!

He picks up his phone and hits Anna's number. It goes
straight to answer phone.

CHRISTOPHE
Fuck!

He throws it at the passenger seat and drives fast across the
junction.

INT. ROMEO'S CAR - NIGHT

Romeo pulls over and parks the car as Julita takes out her
phone and turns it on.

She scrolls her contacts.

ROMEO
We can't drive forever.

Ignoring Romeo, Julita finds the contact on her phone that she's looking for and hits call.

CRISTINA (V.O.)
(filtered recorded
message)
I'm not available right now, please
leave a message.

JULITA
(to phone)
Cristina, it's me, Anna, I know
you're working tonight but I need a
big favour. Call me please.

She puts the phone down.

ROMEO
I thought you were Julita.

ANNA
I am whoever I need to be.
You should try it sometime.

ROMEO
I'm fine being me.

ANNA
(slapping the dashboard)
With this?

ROMEO
It's not mine, it's my mum's.

A darkness passes over his face.

ANNA
Alone in your tower, head in the
clouds?

She turns to him.

ANNA
That's no life.

ROMEO

It's better than most. Everyone pretends to have this great life: parties, drinks, holidays, amazing meals, happy pets, happy families, happy smiles, happy snaps posted on Fakebook. Like. Comment. Share. More like Envy. Condemn, Infect. They post, tweet, snoop. It's all utter bollocks. They're watching TV or wanking over porn, wondering when they're going to die!

Gobsmacked, she stares at Romeo, who looks upset and flustered.

She undoes her seat belt and grabs the bag.

ANNA

Honey, I'm sorry I got you into this. You won't see me again.

She exits the car, slams the door and walks away.

He watches her go, then looks down at the steering wheel, feeling abandoned, and very lost.

He looks up and sees her in the distance, striding forwards, soon to be swallowed by the night.

He turns the engine on and drives up the road.

As he approaches her he looks blankly straight ahead.

He passes her and drives on.

And pulls over and stops.

She strides over and opens the car door, looking puzzled.

ROMEO

Where do you need to go? I'll take you.

Smiling, she gets in the car.

INT. NISSAN MICRA - NIGHT

Anna puts on her seat belt.

ANNA

I need to find Cristina, she's working in Camden Town.

The car takes off and drives past Euston station with its scattered travellers and bedraggled beggars.

It drives up Hampstead Road, past tall grim towers glowing dimly in the night and heads towards Mornington Crescent.

ANNA

How come you've got your mum's car?

ROMEO

She's had a stroke.

ANNA

You should be with her, not me.

ROMEO

There's no point, I can't change anything. She can't hear me anymore, not that she ever did.

The car hits Camden High Street, still buzzing with late night revellers, many dressed for the main event - halloween.

Skeletons, ghost pirates, Draculas, zombies, ghouls, witches and devils prowl and jostle the Camden promenade, all ready to party until the late and early hours.

The Nissan Micra turns left into Delancy Street, drives down Gloucester Avenue, and parks next to a small bridge.

Romeo and Anna exit the car and she buries the bag in the floor next to the backseat.

ROMEO

Sure your precious bag will be safe there?

ANNA

Who's going to steal...
(indicating the car)
...this?

She leads the way as they walk down the steps from the road to the canal.

ROMEO

Where are we going?

ANNA

She works down here.

They join the canal path and walk under a railway bridge. A train thunders above them.

ROMEO

What exactly does she do down here?
Night-time dredger of canals?

ANNA

Funny - she deals.

ROMEO

And you need a fix?

ANNA

I need a passport, she knows
people.

They walk on in silence, silhouetted by a canal light. They reach another bridge and walk under it. Anna stops.

Ahead, standing by a wall, is a man covered head to toe in a morph suit with a skeleton print on it. He has two customers and cash is being exchanged for a small packet.

ANNA

(whispering)

Cristina should be here, and I
don't know who that is.

The two customers leave and walk away up the canal. The skeleton leans against the wall, checking his phone. Anna and Romeo stay in the shadow of the bridge.

ANNA

She works for Christophe, and that
means he does too.

ROMEO

And?

ANNA

I trust Cristina, but not the
others.

The skeleton's head jerks to his right.

SKELETON

I know you're there guys. Whoever
you are, come on, don't be shy. If
you're slow I I've got speed, if
you're low I can get you high, if
you're in Hell, I've got Heaven.

ANNA

It's okay, it's Alfie.

Anna walks out from under the bridge, followed by Romeo.

ALFIE

But if you've got a death-wish
there's nothing I can do.

ANNA

Hi honey.

FREDDY

Anna, you're mad, he's looking for
you...everywhere.

ANNA

Darling, he can fuck himself.

FREDDY

You shouldn't be here, you should
be lying low. Fuck, you shouldn't
be lying low, you should be on a
plane long gone.

ANNA

Where's Cristina, I thought she was
doing the canal?

FREDDY

She's working the club: Underworld.

ANNA

(she blows a kiss)
Cheers darling, I'll miss you.

FREDDY

Take care sweetheart, nice knowing
you...

Anna and Romeo walk on and under another bridge and are lost
in the darkness, heading to Camden Lock.

Alfie hits call on his phone.

ALFIE

(to phone)
She's looking for Cristina...

Romeo and Anna reach Camden Lock and walk over the pedestrian
bridge that spans the canal.

They exit the lock and walk down Camden High Street. In a
shop doorway a homeless person is sleeping in a cardboard
box. In another doorway a distressed beggar sits with a metal
cup in front of him containing a handful of coins, his face
creased in distress, a river of tears flow down his cheeks.

DISTRESSED BEGGAR

Please. I just want money for a cup of tea, that's all I want. I'm begging you, I've got nowhere to stay, nowhere to go, please help.

Parading the destitute is a man holding the Bible in one hand and a megaphone in the other.

BIBLE BASHER

(into megaphone)

Listen, listen to me! Psalm 29.
One: if God wounds, who can heal?
The word of God warns all to flee
from the wrath to come. Two: the
people have cause to rejoice or
mourn, as their rulers are
righteous or wicked. Three: divine
wisdom best keeps us from ruinous
lusts. Four: flatterers put men off
their guard, which betrays them
into foolish conduct. Five: if a
wise man dispute with a conceited
wrangler, he will be treated with
anger or ridicule; and no good is
done.

ANNA

Underworld's just over there, I
won't be long.

She crosses the road and enters the club as Romeo stares at the spectacle on the pavement. Sprawled on the floor is a man writing in bright coloured chalk on the pavement. He chalks in clear and elegant handwriting.

PAVEMENT WRITER

The source of all evil is the
wheel: it causes death and
destruction, war travels on wheels:
Napoleon's artillery, Hitler's
tanks. We must liberate ourselves
from the tyranny of the wheel. We
must destroy the wheel.

Near the Bible Basher is a man dancing wildly and frantically to a ghetto blaster. The Bible Basher walks past Romeo.

BIBLE BASHER

(into megaphone)

Death looks equally on all: rich or
poor, strong or weak, pretty or
ugly, celebrity or nobody, clever
or stupid, young or old, tall or
short; smile or weep, death will
come to us all...

Romeo takes in the scene, the Bible Basher, the Distressed Beggar, the Pavement Writer, the Dancer, and the passing costumed, 'blood-streaked' club goers – a parade of Hell.

Anna returns from the Underworld club and pulls on Romeo's arm.

ANNA

Let's go.

Romeo remains rooted to the spot, transfixed by the chaos and distress in front of him.

ANNA

You don't get out much do you,
cloud-boy?

He follows her.

ROMEO

Where are we going?

ANNA

Cristina's left, she went to a
squat party at the old hospital.

They walk down a deserted side street, walking past businesses and warehouses.

ROMEO

Squat party?

ANNA

Illegal party, people take over
empty buildings, dance, take shit.

There's a long queue of ghouls, zombies and skeletons leading to the entrance of the squat party – an unused, dilapidated Victorian hospital with its large windows all boarded up.

Anna and Romeo head to the entrance where a man stands behind a table.

DOORMAN
(to revellers)
Donations, give a donation - we
need to cover costs.

He sees Anna and nods for her to go through.

ANNA
Have you seen Cristina?

DOORMAN
Yeah, she's inside somewhere.

Romeo and Anna make their way down a crowded corridor, they
can hear a distant throb of bass and drums.

They enter a large room packed and heaving with ghoulish
revellers dancing to techno music. Anna heads into the throng
looking for Cristina. Romeo follows but she is too fast and
he loses her in the mass of dancers.

He exits the room into a corridor, wandering what to do.
A gothic female Devil walks by Romeo, and looks him up and
down in his suit.

FEMALE DEVIL
Love the costume, really trying.

Romeo stares at the floor.

Anna reappears.

ANNA
I can't see her. We just need to
hang around. Want a drink? They
don't do tea.

Romeo looks hesitant.

ANNA
Have a beer, you might enjoy
yourself.

Looking doubtful, Romeo follows Anna back into the main room
with the DJ playing hard techno, all heavy bass and spiky
synthesisers. The dancers ghoulish make-up streaks down
their hot, sweaty faces.

Anna and Romeo make their way to the back of the room where a
make-shift bar has been set up. She joins the throng getting
a drink.

As Romeo waits for Anna, a man with long greasy hair walks up
to him.

LONG HAIR MAN
Want any gear? Acid, Ketamine?

ROMEO
Have you seen Cristina?

LONG HAIR MAN
You don't seem her type.

ROMEO
No it's...

He smiles and slaps Romeo on the shoulder.

LONG HAIR MAN
You want Cristina, okay, come on...

Romeo turns to find Anna but she's buried in the crowd at the bar.

LONG HAIR MAN
I know her well, I'm in the same
business - I'm the Medicine Man.

Romeo follows the man out of the room, along a corridor and down stairs to the basement.

They enter a small room with office furniture, a desk, a filing cabinet, and a small side table and papers are strewn across the floor.

The Medicine Man stands to the side of the table and starts emptying his pockets, placing pills and packets in piles.

ROMEO
So where's Cristina?

MEDICINE MAN
I know what you want; take your
choice, I've got the lot.

Romeo looks down at the array of illegal highs and looks very doubtful.

MEDICINE MAN
You look lost, dude. You came here
looking for something, and I can
see you're confused and you don't
know shit, but what I do know is
that Time is running out, you've
got to party while you can,
otherwise...what's the point?

Romeo looks very confused.

The Medicine Man leans forward and stares into Romeo's eyes.

MEDICINE MAN
Dude, I see your pain.

An intense uncomfortable sadness descends on Romeo.

MEDICINE MAN
You need a hug, a big Medicine Man
hug...

He wraps his arms tightly around Romeo.

MEDICINE MAN
...feel the Love.

The Medicine Man's fingers press deep into Romeo, massaging his back. Feeling immeasurably awkward, Romeo endures the close contact.

Finally, the Medicine Man releases Romeo and slaps him hard on the shoulder.

MEDICINE MAN
There, feel better?

ROMEO
No, not really.

The Medicine Man looks disappointed.

MEDICINE MAN
Dude, you're running on fixed
lines, too many straight tracks,
you get me?

Romeo shakes his head.

MEDICINE MAN
Life is sleep, sex and death and
that's your lot. I study the
Geometry of Life, so I know what
I'm talking about. You get me?

ROMEO
No, really, I don't get you. I'm
looking for Cristina.

MEDICINE MAN
Dude, I've got everything she's got
and more! You're wasting time! Your
time, my time, get with the party!

Frazzled, Romeo stares hard at the contents of the table top.

ROMEO
I don't want to get high...
(beat)
...'you get me?'

MEDICINE MAN
Dude, I can see by your eyes and
your suit you've got nothing,
you've lost everything...

Romeo looks full of despair.

MEDICINE MAN
(taps his head)
So get a different angle, you gotta
bend, get perspective. Think
Geometry of Life! Think Pythagoras!

Feeling the pressure, Romeo exhales loudly.

MEDICINE MAN
The answer is in front of you.

ROMEO
So...um...

Romeo points at a small pile of pills.

ROMEO
What's that one?

MEDICINE MAN
My friend, that's Molly mixed with
Special K, and that's exactly what
you need. You're a blocked drain,
you've shut off all your feelings
and now you've chosen the answer,
bro! You've chosen the Love Drug!

He hands the pill over.

MEDICINE MANS
And for you my friend, it's on the
house, I recognise a man in need.
All I ask is that you remember me
when you need more, yeah?

Romeo looks at it in his hand, feeling torn.

MEDICINE MAN
If you never try it, you'll never
know. Stop seeing life at ninety
degrees, try one-eighty-five or
even three-sixty-two.

Romeo hesitates.

MEDICINE MANS
When you've lost, what have you got
left to lose?

Romeo decisively swallows the pill.

MEDICINE MAN
The first time I dropped, I climbed
the roof of my house and howled
like a wolf! O man it was wild!

Romeo looks alarmed.

MEDICINE MAN
Took me three days to come down.

Romeo looks shocked.

ROMEO
It lasted three days?

MEDICINE MAN
Nah, took me three days to get off
the roof, dude!
(laughing)
I get vertigo! I was terrified!

He slaps Romeo on the shoulder.

MEDICINE MAN
Enjoy the ride and remember...
(taps his forehead)
Think Pythagoras!!!

Feeling that taking the pill wasn't such a great idea,
Romeo's face whitens and sweats. He quickly walks out of the
room and into a corridor packed with drinking revellers.

And it hits him.

He can barely lift his legs. His arms hang heavy to his side.
Everyone else seems to move rapidly, almost manically.

The Medicine Man's face suddenly pops up in front of him.

MEDICINE MAN
Hey bro, seeing stars, spaceman?

The Medicine Man smiles, revealing missing and broken teeth.

MEDICINE MAN
Enjoy the moonwalk!

As fast as he appeared, the Medicine Man is gone. Romeo slowly starts to walk, the distant pulse of bass and drums sounds distorted and vaguely menacing.

He comes to a doorway and peers into the room - it's an operating theatre with abandoned equipment. On the floor are scattered x-rays of broken limbs, and skulls. On the operating bed is a zombie couple with fake blood splattered all over their costumes: they are having sex.

He turns away and walks slowly down the corridor and peeks into another room - this time the floor is covered with dirty mattresses, all occupied by stoned revellers.

He moves on and looks into another room with a hospital bed. A zombie nurse is sitting on a chair to the side of the bed knitting a jumper. An old woman is on the bed - it is his mother. She is connected to an intravenous drip. A large clock is above the bed and its arms are moving frantically fast around the clock face, and then they suddenly stop.

Romeo's face drips with sweat.

He hears a shout and turns to the corridor to see two revellers are pushing and shoving each other.

1ST REVELLER
Go on then, hit me!

2ND REVELLER
Fuck off!

1ST REVELLER
I said hit me!

The 2nd Reveller floors the 1st Reveller with a punch.

2ND REVELLER
You asked for it!

Romeo walks by the fallen reveller, who nurses his sore face, and heads for the stairs.

He looks up. On the landing is Romeo, aged 7 and in a school uniform, staring down at him.

Bewildered, Romeo stares at his younger self. The boy turns and runs away up the stairs. Romeo staggers after him but by the time he reaches the next floor the boy has gone.

Romeo walks through a doorway and outside into a yard scattered with partygoers drinking and smoking.

An old skinny woman stands on a chair playing an acoustic guitar and sings in a soft, haunting voice.

Suddenly, to loud cheers, firecrackers are thrown onto the ground, whizzing and banging loudly.

Through the smoke two soldiers with helmets and guns appear. They kneel down ready to fire.

1ST SOLDIER
Clear! Move in!

The soldiers run into the hospital, followed by Romeo. In the corridor the soldiers have disappeared, but now he sees the boy in the school uniform running into another room.

Romeo pursues the boy into a large hall of dancing zombies. The boy is engulfed by the mass of dancers. Romeo finds himself trapped amongst the heaving revellers. Not knowing where to go, he looks anxious and distressed.

Anna pushes her way through to Romeo.

ANNA
Where have you been? I've been
looking everywhere for you.

On seeing her, a wave of relief washes over Romeo. He smiles dreamily at her and slowly nods his head to the hypnotic trance beat. Spaced out, he slowly raises his hands in the air and begins to pump his arms to the beat.

Anna smiles, astonished at his transformation.

Abruptly, her face falls.

Alarmed, Romeo slowly turns round to see what she is staring at in mortal fear - Christophe is standing on a table at the back of the hall, scanning the dancers.

Anna roughly grabs Romeo's arm and pulls him deeper into the throng of revellers.

Romeo looks back to see that Christophe has spotted him, and now jumps off the table and heads their way.

Anna and Romeo move away but their progress is hindered by the densely packed mass of dancers and they slowly wade through the thick crowd of Zombies, Devils, and Witches.

Christophe, eyes fixed on his prey, steadily stalks them, pushing and shoving clubbers roughly out of his way.

Terrified, Romeo looks back and tries to heave through the dancers but his legs are still heavy with Ketamine.

Still Christophe comes, eyes filled with hate and menace.

They push on, against the tide of scowling ghouls.

And on Christophe comes.

Anna has made it through the dense pack of dancers but Romeo can't push his way out, his feet and arms are like lead weights. He is staggering, falling, drowning in the thick of the throng.

On comes Christophe, eyes glowing with hate.

Ever closer.

Exasperated, Anna reaches in and grabs Romeo's hand.

She pulls as hard as she can.

Romeo bursts out of the crowd and staggers forward.

ANNA

What's wrong with you?

ROMEO

I...took...something.

Shaking her head, she yanks and drags him through a doorway and down a corridor, his feet stumbling, his arms flailing.

They crash through fire escape doors into the street. The cold air hits Romeo's face: he leaps forward, suddenly alive.

ROMEO

I can run!

ANNA

About time.

They storm down the side street.

And turn to see Christophe bursting through the fire escape.

They run down the road and off into Camden lock.

They race at full speed down the canal path.

Alfie stands on the path.

ALFIE

Hey Anna! How goes...

Anna deliberately crashes into Alfie and pushes him hard into the canal.

Splash!

ANNA
Go fuck yourself.

She runs on as Alfie struggles in the water, waving his arms.

ALFIE
Help!

As Romeo runs by, he gives Alfie the one finger salute.

They run under a bridge, and look back to see Christophe running past Alfie who still flails in the water.

ALFIE
Christophe, I can't swim!

CHRISTOPHE
Who cares.

Christophe runs on, his eyes on the prize.

A PASSERBY grabs a life belt from a stand and throws it to Alfie.

Anna and Romeo run under a bridge and, as they come out the other side, they head to the stairs leading up to the street.

She pulls Romeo to the underside of the stairs, and they push themselves tight to the wall, swallowed in the darkness.

Suddenly Christophe bolts out from under the bridge and runs to the stairs, and races up and out onto the road above.

Frozen, Romeo and Anna hear his footsteps disappear.

Pressed up against the wall, they hold their position, not daring to move, nor barely breathe.

They stare at one other in a awkward moment of intimacy.

Heavy footsteps return at the top of the stairs.

Christophe stands at the top of the stairs looking bitterly up and down the canal path.

With their arms wrapped around each other, they listen intently, frozen in terror, holding their breath.

Christophe is about to head down the stairs when he stops, shakes his head, and retreats back to the road and is gone.

Romeo and Anna let out a collective breath of air in relief, and gaze into each other's eyes.

Their heads tilt towards one another, about to kiss...

Crash!

A window is smashed.

Alarmed, Anna and Romeo look up.

They hear the sound of more glass tinkling to the ground, then footsteps running away.

ANNA

Fuck!

They break their embrace and tentatively creep upstairs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Where the stairs from the canal meet the street, Anna cautiously looks up and down the road.

With the coast clear, she runs to the orange Micra: the back side window is smashed and broken glass litters the ground.

She peers into the space between the front and back seats: the bag is gone. She recoils, groans and slaps her head.

ANNA

Shit, shit, shit, SHIT!

She kicks the car.

ANNA

I've lost everything! EVERYTHING!

Romeo doesn't know where to look.

ANNA

(quickly)

I need to get home before he does.

ROMEO

How does that help?

ANNA

Can I drive, please?

ROMEO
You're not insured. You're not a
named driver. Absolutely not.

He stares resolutely at her.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

With Anna at the wheel, the Nissen Micra thunders down the North Circular at 95 mph, over and undertaking any cars.

INT. NISSEN MIRCA - NIGHT

Anna angrily stares ahead while Romeo sits hunched in the passenger seat with his hand across his eyes - he is barely able to look.

A speed camera flashes.

ROMEO
That's the fifth.

ANNA
Not a problem, I'll pay you back.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

The Micra wheels squeal as it turns sharply off the motorway into the tight bend of the slip road.

INT. NISSEN MIRCA - NIGHT

Anna pulls the steering wheel hard to take the turn, while Romeo looks as white as a sheet, almost nauseous.

ROMEO
I'll be banned.

ANNA
You won't...I've done worse.

Romeo rolls his eyes.

As the car reaches the end of the slip road, she slams the brakes on and they skid across two lanes of the main road.

She straightens the car up and hits the gas, while Romeo shakes his head and looks hard at her.

ROMEO
We'll be dead before we get there.

ANNA
Not a problem. I have to get home
before him, it's the only way to
get it back.

Romeo exhales loudly and covers his eyes again as they
approach a crossroads with the traffic lights on red.

The car roars through the red light, turns sharply right,
skimming past another car which has right of way and through
the green lights. Anna smiles at Romeo.

ANNA
See? Green! We're legal now. Not a
problem.

Romeo starts to retch.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The orange Micra cautiously drives down the street.

INT. NISSEN MICRA - NIGHT

Anna scans the parked cars.

ANNA
I can't see his car...
(she looks at a house
without lights on)
...and no-one's home.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The orange Micra turns off the road into a side street.

ANNA (O.S.)
Give me your number.

ROMEO (O.S.)
07967018266.

ROMEO (O.S.)
But what are you going to do?

ANNA (O.S.)
When he sleeps, I take the bag.

INT. NISSEN MIRCA - NIGHT

She stares at Romeo.

ANNA

I'll send you a message to turn the car on, but I'm driving.

Romeo looks ahead, avoiding any eye contact.

ANNA

Listen honey, it's last time I drive your car, I promise, cross my heart, hope to die, okay?

ROMEO

You're insane to go in there...

ANNA

Never go into woods if scared of bears...

ROMEO

(sarcastically)

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger?

ANNA

(smiling)

Yes, honey, you get it now.

She gets out the car and slams the door.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Anna cautiously approaches her darkened home, and peers through the front windows into the unlit living room.

She looks over her shoulder to see if Christophe is around, and seeing the coast is clear, she takes out her keys and tentatively enters the house.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

She closes the front door and stops, listening hard for any sounds. Hearing nothing she walks into the living room which is almost pitch black.

She heads to an armchair with its back to the wall and looks at the space behind it. She tuts and walks back to the hallway.

She quietly opens the cupboard under the stairs and looks inside; it's overflowing with bags, tools, buckets and a Hoover.

She heads to the stairs and as quietly as possible walks up to the first floor. On the landing she slowly opens the bedroom door and peeks in: the moonlight reveals an empty double-bed.

Relieved, she drops to her knees and crawls under the bed, and lies there staring up at the underside of the mattress.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Anxiously, Romeo sits in the passenger seat of the Nissen Micra, his head in his hands.

A car storms past Romeo, brakes hard, then turns sharply into the next road - it is Christophe in his black BMW.

ROMEO

Shit.

He ruffles his hair and starts shaking. He jumps into the driving seat and turns the car on which abruptly shudders to silence.

Panicking, he turns the ignition, the engine kicks into life.

Romeo stares at the fuel gauge which is at zero.

ROMEO

No!

The engine dies.

Romeo emits a feeble whimper.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Christophe exits his car carrying the holdall, saunters fast up to his house, gets his keys out and enters, slamming the front door behind him.

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lying under the bed, Anna starts at the sound of the front door slamming and the heavy footsteps in the hall and she freezes.

INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

From the now lit hallway, Christophe walks into the living room and turns the lights on and enters the kitchen at the back of the house.

He puts the bag on the kitchen table, and heads to the worktop. He grabs a bottle of Vodka and a glass and pours himself a drink. He downs it in one and takes out a cigarette, lights it and sucks hard and exhales slowly; a large plume of smoke fills the kitchen.

INT. NISSEN MIRCA - NIGHT

Romeo, still whimpering, stares at the map app on his phone, he zooms into the text showing a nearby garage.

He jumps out of the car, holding his phone in front of him, and starts running, staring at the blue dot giving his position. It seems to show he's heading away from the garage.

He stops and quickly turns in the opposite direction and runs off, staring at the blue dot.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

A smug smile across his face, Christophe gets his phone out and calls Anna.

Anna's phone rings distantly, but clearly from within the house. Christophe's smile evaporates from his face and he stares at the ceiling - shocked.

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna frantically gets her loudly ringing phone out of her pocket, cancels the call and hits airplane mode.

ANNA
(under her breath)
I'm fucked.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Christophe swiftly gets out his knife, runs out of the kitchen, through the living room and into the hallway.

He stands and stares up the stairs.

He creeps quietly up to the first floor and listens for any movement. Hearing nothing he steps into the bathroom and turns the light on - there's no one there.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Romeo stands at a petrol pump, filling a small jerry can with fuel, his face lined with anxiety.

ROMEO

Come on...

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Knife gripped tightly, Christophe exits the bathroom and slowly enters the bedroom. He turns the light on and scans the room.

He takes in the large fitted wardrobe, the floor length curtains by the window, and finally the double bed.

He smiles and steps forward. He suddenly falls to the floor to stare under the bed - no one's there.

He gets up and slowly walks to the wall-to-wall fitted wardrobe. He puts his hand on the handle of the closet and swiftly yanks it open.

Anna leaps from behind the curtains and onto the landing, chased by Christophe. She runs into the bathroom and quickly locks the door.

Christophe kicks hard at the bathroom door - it doesn't give.

CHRISTOPHE

(in Polish)

Come out, you fucker!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anna jumps back, terrified.

INT. HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT

Christophe runs at the bathroom door, bashing it with his shoulder, and it still doesn't break.

He turns and runs to the ground floor to the cupboard under the stairs. He retrieves a heavy stone mason's hammer from a bag of tools and returns to the first floor landing.

CHRISTOPHE
(in Polish)
Not long you bitch!

He bashes at the lock and the door cracks near the lock.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anna looks around the bathroom wondering what to do. She heads to the bathroom window, opens it wide, and looks down at the drop to the garden lawn.

A hammer blow strikes the door.

Trembling, she gets her phone out and writes a text.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Romeo runs up to the orange Micra with the jerry can of petrol when his phone pings.

He reads the message: START THE CAR. He loudly squeals.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A hammer blow hits the door, which starts to give.

Anna climbs onto the sink and awkwardly turns herself around, and backs herself through the window.

A hammer blow hits the door which only just holds.

INT. LANDING, HOUSE - NIGHT

Christophe prepares to kick the door down.

CHRISTOPHE
(in Polish)
One more, my darling!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Crash!

The bathroom door swings open with a mighty kick from Christophe.

Hammer at the ready, he storms in to see Anna lowering herself to full stretch while gripping the window frame.

He runs forward to grab her - but she lets go and drops.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Anna falls to the grass and rolls over. At the bathroom window Christophe turns and runs back into the house.

Anna gets up and sees through the glass back door the holdall on the kitchen table. She opens the back door, dashes inside and grabs the bag and rushes back to the garden just as Christophe storms into the kitchen.

Anna runs to a wooden door at the side of the house as Christophe bursts out of the back door.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Anna storms through the wooden side door and runs manically to the road, closely followed by Christophe in hot pursuit.

She lets out a high pitched scream.

Chasing her in the middle of the road, Christophe is catching up on her, a smile spreading across his face.

As she turns the corner, she sees the orange Micra heading at full speed towards her, driven by a startled Romeo.

She side steps the car, revealing Christophe running forward at full pelt.

Romeo hits the brakes but the car ploughs into Christophe, and he crashes onto the bonnet.

Anna jumps into the passenger seat.

Stunned, Christophe looks up; he is face-to-face with Romeo, separated only by the windscreen.

ANNA

Go!

Mouth gaping, Romeo is frozen in fear.

ANNA

Go!

Romeo hits the gas, the car lurches forward with Christophe's arms spread-eagled, gripping the bonnet. Romeo screams.

The car hits a junction and Romeo brakes; Christophe slides back, off the bonnet, and hits the ground - hard.

Romeo quickly reverses, and drives forward, manoeuvring around the fallen Christophe and takes off at great speed.

Christophe lies on the floor, bloodied, bruised and battered.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

A speed camera flashes as the orange Micra storms down the North Circular.

INT. NISSEN MIRCA - NIGHT

Anna tugs on Romeo's sleeve.

ANNA
Honey, pull over, there's no problem.

Romeo, his face still frozen in fear and shock, stares relentlessly ahead, his foot flooring the gas.

ANNA
Romeo, stop! It's enough, he's not here, please pullover!

She strokes his arm as he thunders down the road.

ANNA
Honey, please? He's not a problem. Look, there's a garage, stop...

Romeo eases off the gas, and they pull into the garage.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Anna gets out of the car and enters the shop.

INT. NISSEN MIRCA - NIGHT

Romeo stares ahead, his face pale with shock. Anna opens the driver's door, she has a small bottle of fresh orange juice, a pastry and a large bar of chocolate.

ANNA
Honey, get in the passenger seat, I'll drive.

Romeo is lost in his thoughts.

ANNA

Please, honey. No more speeding.

Zombielike, Romeo gets out and walks round to the other side of the car and gets into the passenger seat. Anna gets into the driver's seat and hands over her shopping.

ANNA

You need sugar.

ROMEO

(whispering)

I almost killed you.

ANNA

But you didn't.

She starts the car.

ANNA

Drink juice, you'll feel better.

Trancelike he opens the bottle and drinks it in one go, gasps for air and breathes heavily.

ANNA

And everything.

Romeo starts eating the pastry as Anna leaves the garage and drives slowly on the North Circular.

ROMEO

I almost killed him.

Concerned, she looks over at Romeo.

ANNA

Don't worry, he's indestructible.
Remember, he was in the army.

Romeo whimpers feebly.

The North Circular is empty, lit by glowing, calm orange lights. She slowly drives and thoughtfulness descends on her.

She stops at a red light.

ANNA

When I lived on the streets and had nothing, I used to have this lovely fantasy: I lived in Brazil on a farm with a husband and had lots and lots of children...

The lights change to green and Anna turns right, off the motorway and past snug and sleeping residential houses.

ANNA

I also had lots of animals: pigs, chickens, goats, even parrots!

(smiling)

The weather was always warm, and I'd drink lots of rum...

She turns off the main road down a side street.

ANNA

And every year we would all go to the carnival, all that cha-cha-cha, where everyone looks glamorous and sexy!

(she laughs)

And life is a party, not a problem.

She turns to Romeo and sees that he is fast asleep. She smiles affectionately at him and stops the car under a railway bridge.

A train slowly rolls over the bridge and the clang of the wheels on the tracks reverberates in the cold air.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - DAY

A corridor with smashed windows and debris on the floor.

The sound of a train clanking over the rails echoes in the building.

Romeo, 7 years old, sits on a chair. He wears a red jumper with the school coat of arms, grey shorts and black shoes.

Behind the door he is sitting next to, he hears indistinct, angry voices.

He gets up and listens intently at the door.

Eventually he returns to the chair next to the door. The voices in the room become furious and louder.

And suddenly stop.

Romeo gets up and goes to the door, pauses, then puts his hand on the handle and starts to open it.

MAN (O.S.)
NOT NOW ROMEO!

The door slams shut in his shocked and hurt face.

INT. NISSEN MIRCA - DAY

Romeo asleep, leaning against the window, awakes startled.

Anna drives down the suburban street, the road and paving slabs are streaked and shiny from a recent downpour. All colour has been washed out of the houses under the weak and watery Winter sky.

Bleary eyed, Romeo looks put out, disconcerted.

ROMEO
(bitterly)
Where are you taking me now?

Surprised by his tone, she looks over at him and frowns.

ANNA
Not far.

They drive around a corner and pull up. She indicates a house thirty yards away.

ANNA
Cristina's place. I tried her phone, but she's still not answering.

ROMEO
She's probably asleep, like normal people.

ANNA
I could go and knock, but Christophe might be watching. Or for all I know, he's already there.

ROMEO
Why are you so desperate to see her?

ANNA
She's my passport out of here.
(smiling)
To freedom and happiness. Maybe Brazil?

Romeo looks hurt and sullen. He turns and eyes the large bag on the back seat.

ROMEO
What's in the bag?

He leans back, retrieves the holdall from the back seat and puts it on his lap. She looks alarmed.

ROMEO
Well?

She looks straight ahead.

ANNA
She's here!

Cristina walks up the street and turns into the path to her front door; her hair is dyed pink and her eyes are heavy with mascara. She gets her house keys out.

Anna is about to get out of the car.

ROMEO
Stop!

From his car parked alongside Cristina's house, Christophe, with cuts and bruises on his face, jumps out and saunters with menace up to Cristina, who has opened the front door.

ANNA
Shit.

Christophe and Cristina have a short conversation, then they enter her house.

ROMEO
What now?

She stares at the house then quickly picks up her phone and hits 999.

EMERGENCY HANDLER (V.O)
(filtered)
You are through to the emergency services. What service do you require: Fire, Police or Ambulance?

ANNA
Police. There's a man attacking a woman. 25 Green Gardens, that's 25 Green Gardens, Enfield. His name is Christophe Kandinsky. Look him up: Christophe Kandinsky.

She ends the call.

ROMEO

How's that going to work? He's not attacking her, they'll just go away.

ANNA

He's already wanted for assault, didn't turn up to court.

ROMEO

(sourly)

What a surprise.

He looks down at the holdall on his lap.

ROMEO

So how about I open this and find out what all this is really about?

ANNA

It's none of your business.

ROMEO

Really? Three people have almost died tonight, including me, over this, and it's none of my business?

She stares ahead, blanking his furious stare.

ANNA

Look, they're here!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A police car screeches to a halt; two policemen get out and quickly make their way to Cristina's house and ring the bell.

From the car, Romeo and Anna watch as Cristina opens the door and talks to the police who swiftly enter the house.

After a few moments, accompanied by the two policemen, Christophe exits the house with his hands cuffed.

The police lead Christophe to their vehicle, open one of the back doors, and get him into the police car.

Anna gets out of the Micra, carrying the holdall, and walks up to Cristina's house, followed tentatively by Romeo.

At the top of the path she turns to face Christophe in the back of the police car.

Beaming, she holds up the bag for him to see and he scowls in response. She blows a kiss and saunters up to Cristina's front door.

Cursing under his breath, Christophe is driven away.

She rings the bell and Cristina opens the door, smoking a cigarette.

CRISTINA
(strong Italian accent)
What the fuck have you done?

Anna and Romeo enter.

ANNA
What I should have done years ago.

They walk into the living room.

CRISTINA
Who's he?

ANNA
Romeo.

Unimpressed, Cristina looks hard at him.

ANNA
That's his name.

Cristina shakes her head.

CRISTINA
What the hell are you thinking?

Anna heaves the holdall onto the table.

ANNA
I need a passport. A good one.

CRISTINA
You know he's got connections, the police won't hold him. You're heading to an early grave...both of you.

Romeo and Anna look at each other uncomfortably.

ANNA
Not if I have a passport.

Cristina stubs out her cigarette, lights another and sits down.

CRISTINA
And how will you pay for it?

ANNA
With that...

She indicates the holdall on the table.

ANNA
You can sell it.

CRISTINA
That's his. He'll never forgive
you.

ANNA
Cristina! I need you!

CRISTINA
He'll never forgive me!

Anna is speechless.

Romeo standing next to the table unzips the holdall and sees
it's packed to the brim with small transparent bags of white
powder.

He is shocked and crestfallen.

CRISTINA
I can't help you.

ANNA
Without you I'm dead!

CRISTINA
With you, I'm dead!

Romeo picks up a packet of white powder and looks revolted;
his hand shakes with fury as it holds the packet of drugs.

ROMEO
This is...disgusting.

ANNA
Fuck off! That's none of your
business.

ROMEO
You...you...you fuck off!

His phone rings. He stares bitterly at her.

ANNA
Answer your phone!

Angrily, he retrieves it from his pocket.

ROMEO
(to phone)
Hello.
(listening)
Yes.
(listening)
Yes.

Romeo's face is frozen in horror.

ANNA
What's wrong? Romeo?

He is stunned with shock.

EXT. NORTHWICK PARK HOSPITAL - DAY

The orange Nissan Micra enters the grounds of hospital and drives into the carpark.

INT. WARD, SIDE ROOM - DAY

Romeo's mum lies on the bed, her face is lined and grey, her eyes are shut, and she's not breathing.

Romeo stands at the foot of the bed, staring at the lifeless body.

Anna tugs at his arm.

Finally, he turns to face her, but stares through her and beyond, his face blank with numbness.

She looks up at him, trying to make eye contact.

He stares down at the ground, his mouth quivers and trembles.

ANNA
Look at me, look at me...

He collapses, his head buried in her shoulder, and cries. As her arms tightly embrace him, his body shakes and convulses.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Christophe exits the police station and gets out his phone and hits call.

CHRISTOPHE
Cristina, don't fuck with me, are
they with you?
(listening)
Where are they? And no shit.
(listening)
If you call her, I'm coming for
you.

He pockets his phone and strides off with purpose.

INT. NORTHWICK PARK HOSPITAL, CAFE - DAY

Romeo and Anna sit at a table, their coffees cold and undrunk.

ANNA
You can't go home, when he gets out
he'll come for you.

Romeo stares at the table.

ANNA
There's a world out there.

ROMEO
This is ridiculous, I've got things
to do here...
(shaking his head)
I can't just keep running because
of your lunatic boyfriend. One day
ago I didn't even know him...

ANNA
I'm sorry, you've done nothing but
help me. We should go to the
police, I'll turn myself in...

They look awkwardly at each other.

ROMEO
My mum's got a holiday cottage by
the sea, we could go there, work
out what to do. He won't know where
we are.

She reaches out and takes his hand in hers. He looks up and their eyes meet.

EXT. NORTHWICK PARK HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A cold black Winter night has descended, enveloping the world in darkness and shadows. The grim concrete hospital is lit by the street lights.

Out of the black mouth of the car park, the orange Nissan Micra appears and drives to the main road.

A black BMW, waiting on a side road by the car park, turns its lights on and slowly drives forward.

The Nissan Micra joins the main road and heads off, soon followed by the black BMW.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

A bright full moon illuminates the black sky as the Micra drives up the middle of the three lane motorway, passing occasional lorries, but more often overtaken by slick speeding cars.

The black BMW discreetly follows in the Micra's wake.

INT. NISSAN MICRA - NIGHT

Anna drives while Romeo sits slumped in the passenger seat, staring at nothing.

ANNA

When I first came to England, you
know what hit me first?

She glances over at Romeo who is morosely looking at nothing.

ANNA

The roads. They're beautiful.
Black shiny tarmac, stretching out
forever. The cars gliding sweetly
and silently over them. In Poland
they're shit, full of holes. And
the drivers are worse; no one stops
at a red, no one gives way, you
take your life in your hands every
time you get behind the wheel.

She smiles at the memory.

ANNA

Before I came, I thought I'd be
home-sick.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

Little did I know that Poland was already here; every street has a Polish plumber, gardener, builder, painter; sometimes it's the same guy!

(beat)

The English tell me there used to be a pub on every corner, now there's a Polish deli. I thought: what's not to like?

In the distance lightning streaks across the horizon.

ROMEO

People told me, at least you've got time to say good-bye.

(scornfully)

'You're lucky.'

Anna looks puzzled.

ROMEO

One minute their mum or dad is alive and well, taking up a new hobby: yoga, Mahjong, painting; the next they're dead.

She frowns with concern.

ROMEO

Heart-attack, a stroke, and they've gone without a word. In their place is just space: nothingness.

Several white jagged streaks of electricity bolt and zigzag across and through the threatening grey storm clouds.

ROMEO

(bitterly)

They know fuck all.

The lightning is reflected on the windscreen of the Nissan Micra, shooting across the faces of Romeo and Anna.

ROMEO

How do you sit in front of someone for six months and watch them die? It's like watching a slow-motion car crash and there's absolutely nothing you can do to stop it.

A loud lightning crack, followed by a cavernous rumble of thunder.

ROMEO

I sat there thinking maybe I've got magic hands, maybe all I have to do is lay my hands on them and they'll be cured...

(shaking his head)

But I'll look ridiculous. Then I think if I don't do it I've murdered them, it's all my fault.

ANNA

Honey...

ROMEO

There's no reconciliation, no celebration of what was, what is, and what will be; no coming together, no final moments of understanding, love, truth...

(beat)

You just watch somebody die.

A thick, pelting rain suddenly lashes the windscreen, liquefying and drowning the faces of Romeo and Anna.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

The hedgerows and tarmac are suddenly lit up by the Nissan Micra as it winds its way down the lane.

The rain pours.

ROMEO (O.S.)

It's on the right, just coming up.

The car turns into a narrow driveway and drives 20 yards to a cottage revealed by the car's headlights.

As the red brake lights of the Nissan Micra light up and die, a black BMW with its lights off, slows down at the entrance to the driveway.

The driver looks down the driveway, and quickly pulls away.

Lashed by the thick rain, Romeo and Anna exit the Micra and run to the front door of the small cottage submerged in the darkness.

Using the light from his iPhone, Romeo looks under a plant pot by the front door, retrieves a key, opens the door, and they rush in, out of the pouring rain.

The wind and downpour batter the windows, rainwater streams down the gutters and ominous grey clouds stream above the roof of the cottage.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DERELICT CORRIDOR - DAY

A corridor with smashed windows and debris on the floor.

The sound of lightning and thunder rumbling in the distance.

Romeo, 7 years old, sits on a chair. He wears a red jumper with the school coat of arms, grey shorts and black shoes.

Behind the door he is sitting next to, he hears indistinct, angry voices.

His legs, which are too short to touch the floor, slowly swing as the shouting gets louder and louder. Romeo looks more and more stressed at the argument. Quickly, he puts his hands to ears trying to block out the row.

Unable to bear it, he gets up and runs down the corridor and through another doorway into a room. On the floor of the room are scattered papers, and three small toy dinosaurs.

He kneels on the floor and starts to play with the dinosaurs. As he moves the toy dinosaurs, he becomes aware of music.

He looks around and sees a radio on top of a filing cabinet. He puts the toys down and starts to play with the tuning of the radio, passing through various radio stations - pop, classical music, and a discussion in French.

Finally, he tunes into the Shipping Forecast, the words of the announcer are both strange and comforting.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

There are warnings of gales in
Rockall, Trafalgar, Hebrides, and
Dogger.

He looks up through the broken window, at the clouds hanging in the sky, listening to the broadcast.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Wind easterly 6 to gale 8. Sea
state: moderate or rough. Weather:
wintery showers. Visibility: good.

Romeo stands in front of the broken window staring at the view, while the shipping forecast intones the weather warnings around the coast of the UK.

He turns around and heads back to the corridor and sits down at the chair next to the closed door. He hears angry voices.

Next to him is another chair with a glass of water on it.

A train rolls past, and gets louder and louder, obscuring the angry voices.

The thundering train shakes the building, the glass of water rattles on the chair.

Romeo looks over at the glass as it starts to move across the seat of the chair until it falls and smashes on the floor.

Silence – no train, no shouting.

Romeo looks at the floor, slowly swaying his legs in silence, and stops.

He gets up and goes to the door and listens.

Silence.

He turns the handle and slowly opens the door.

He nervously peeks in.

He enters the room.

It is empty, dusty floor and broken windows, but void.

Romeo, aged 30, stands in the middle of the empty room.

He looks heartbroken.

A tear rolls down his cheek.

INT. COTTAGE, BEDROOM – DAY

Romeo is asleep on the bed; a tear rolls down his cheek.

He wakes and wipes his moist eyes and looks around.

He is alone in the bed.

The morning light streams through the open window.

He hears the front door banging shut.

He gets up, puts his trousers on, walks across the landing towards the stairs but something catches his eye from the open toilet door.

He peers into the toilet and sees the holdall by the side of loo; the bag is flat and empty apart from a multitude of torn-open plastic packets all devoid of any drugs.

INT. COTTAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

He enters the kitchen to see Anna unloading the shopping: eggs, bacon, beans, sausages, tea, milk, bread, oil and butter.

ANNA

How about a full English?

Romeo smiles and fills the kettle while Anna gets the pots and pans out.

ANNA

The woman in the shop asked where I was from, and when I told her she said what's wrong with Poland? Why do you lot have to come over here?

She opens the can of beans and pours the contents into a pot and lights the hob.

ANNA

I told her it's because you English are so polite, warm and friendly.

Romeo smiles as he puts tea bags into two mugs. Anna pours oil into a frying pan and lights the hob.

ANNA

So I told her I was going to open a Polish deli in the village.
(laughing)
You should have seen her face!

Romeo smiles and gets out the cutlery and plates. Anna puts the sausages and bacon into the frying pan.

ANNA

I flushed it by the way.

ROMEO

I saw.

ANNA

This village is going to get very high!

Romeo laughs.

INT. COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

At a small table against a wall, Romeo and Anna sit and eat the Full English.

Apart from the scrapes of knives and forks on the plates, they sit in silence eating their breakfast.

Their eyes make contact, sparkle, look away, and join.

Warm, discreet smiles flicker across their faces.

They finish breakfast.

Romeo looks down at his empty plate and looks up at Anna, who smiles.

ANNA

So, how about a Full Polish?

Romeo looks at her quizzically, she returns the look with an intense stare.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Romeo stands in the middle of the room, naked except for his underpants and trousers in a heap around his ankles.

Anna is giving him a blowjob, her head rocks backwards and forwards; Romeo's arms float, suspended in the air.

His eyes are closed. He gasps.

He puts his hands to his forehead, and knocks his glasses so they are skewed across his face.

He tilts his head back and groans.

INT. COTTAGE, BEDROOM - DAY

Anna sits astride Romeo on the bed having sex with Romeo.

She arches her head back and moans in pleasure.

He looks up at her, staring intently at her face, transfixed.

At the bedroom window, bright white clouds zip across the blue sky accompanied by the sound of seagull, wave, and wind.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The tide is out, leaving a vast expanse of sand. In the distance, seagulls drift in the sky where the sea meets the beach, and far off on the horizon, a boat obliviously sails.

Romeo and Anna walk along the sandy beach, by the edge of the sea. The tide is turning and is now roaring to land. The wind and waves are deafening.

ANNA

It's funny, I've lived here five years and I've never seen the sea.

Romeo and Anna, wearing thick coats with hoods up, are blasted by the cold Winter wind.

ANNA

I don't think I was missing much.

ROMEO

I used to come out here in the Summer holidays. I spent weeks looking for fossils.

ANNA

(teasing)

Bet you have a wonderful collection.

He smiles.

The beach is broken up by ragged lines of driftwood, seaweed, and sun bleached skeletons of fish.

ROMEO

Anything to get out the house. My mum and dad argued all the time: the washing up, buying a new car, me, anything really...they argued about arguing.

ANNA

I spent Summer in the street, and the rest, that's where I met Christophe and we started dealing.

They climb onto a large and long outcrop of rock that juts out into the sea.

Treading carefully, they jump and scramble over the rocks, avoiding the pools of water.

ROMEO
Why did you flush it?

ANNA
Cristina was my only chance to get
a fake passport.

She takes a deep breath.

ANNA
But I'm a survivor...

She fleetingly glances at Romeo with a hint of hope.

ANNA
A new start, a new life.

He stops at the furthest edge of the rocks, and spots something on the ground.

ROMEO
Look there's one.

He picks up an ammonite, semi-encased in a small block of rock.

ROMEO
Wow, look at that, that's over 50
million years old.

ANNA
Almost as old as you then.

ROMEO
(smiling)
I have my youthful moments.

He puts it into his pocket.

ROMEO
I used to stand here and imagine I
was at the edge of the world when
dinosaurs roamed the earth.

She looks at his contented face staring out to sea, watching the waves furiously rush to reclaim the land.

As a wave hits the rocks and wets their feet, she playfully pushes him.

ANNA
Come on, you old dinosaur, catch me
if you can...

She tears off, over the rocks, back towards the beach.

He runs after, but she's too fast.

He stumbles and falls, clutching his foot, and groans.

She stops and turns.

ANNA
You ok?

ROMEO
No, it's my ankle.

She comes closer.

ANNA
You're tricking me.

He groans again.

ROMEO
It's twisted.

She comes up and leans over him.

ANNA
Honey...

He grabs her and pulls her down to him.

ANNA
I knew it!

They embrace and kiss.

Bang!

A supersonic boom cracks across the bay.

Two military fighter planes storm around the headland.

They stop kissing, sit up, and watch as the grey planes blast over the beach and beyond the woods and are gone.

ROMEO
There's a base nearby.

Anna stares in the direction that they disappeared.

And frowns.

Far off, near where the edge of the beach meets the countryside, a figure, wearing a yellow anorak with the hood up, walks along a path just behind the bushes.

Alarmed, Anna stands up and stares into the distance.

ROMEO

What is it?

She quickly walks off.

ANNA

He's here.

ROMEO

What?

ANNA

Christophe - he's here.

Romeo looks up and down the deserted beach, then along the empty scrubland.

He gets and follows Anna.

ROMEO

There's no-one here, except you and me.

Ignoring him, she storms away.

ANNA

We've got to go, I tell you I saw him.

Romeo shakes his head.

ANNA

He's got a yellow anorak.

ROMEO

So have lots of people.

ANNA

I'm telling you he's here, I don't know how, but he's coming for us.

They scramble off the rocks and onto the beach and head to the scrubland. They are tense and silent while the wind blows.

They hit a path that leads away from the beach into the countryside.

ROMEO
It's a coincidence.

ANNA
It's him I tell you. We need to
get back to the car and go. Fuck,
we should never have stayed.

She walks at speed along the path, which now runs alongside a thick wood.

ROMEO
Wait. Look, if it's him, which I
doubt, and he knows we're here, the
last place we should go is the
house: he'll be waiting for us.

ANNA
We need to get out of...

Christophe, wearing a yellow anorak, steps out of the wood and onto the path, blocking their way.

CHRISTOPHE
Hello, sweetheart.

In one hand he carries the empty holdall, and in the other he points a revolver at her.

Anna and Romeo freeze.

Christophe nods towards the woods, indicating the way he wants them to go.

They remain rooted to the spot, terrified.

CHRISTOPHE
Don't fuck with me.

Anna sees something beyond Christophe.

MUM (O.S.)
Wait, Tarquin.

Christophe turns to see a young boy running down the path towards them and the beach. He is followed by his mum, dad and a younger sister.

Christophe slides the revolver into his coat pocket with his finger still on the trigger, the barrel of the gun still pointing through his coat at Romeo and Anna.

MUM
Tarquin! I said wait!

The young boy runs past Christophe, Romeo and Anna.

Anna tenses herself, ready to run. Sensing what she is about to do, Romeo puts his hand on her arm.

ROMEO
(whispering)
We can't run, they might get hurt.

With breezy smiles, the mum, dad and daughter walk briskly up to them.

MUM
Morning! Beautiful day.

Christophe smiles at Anna.

CHRISTOPHE
A perfect day.

The family walks past and on towards the beach.

Romeo and Anna fearfully look at their captor.

CHRISTOPHE
Move.

Reluctantly, they walk off the path and into the wood.

Romeo and Anna stop and turn to Christophe.

CHRISTOPHE
We can talk but not here, further in.

They walk in silence with the gravitas of a funeral procession; Anna leads, then Romeo, with Christophe following in the rear.

The Winter trees are almost bare, their load of leaves now fallen to the forest floor.

No birds sing and the only sounds are the rusty leaves crunching under foot as they walk through the wood.

With rising terror, Romeo scans the scene seeking an opportunity for escape. He turns to Anna.

ROMEO
(sourly)
Scared of bears yet?

They reach a clearing in the forest where two spades lie on the ground.

CHRISTOPHE
Let's talk, while you dig.

Romeo looks at the shovels and his heart sinks like a stone.

ROMEO
You're kidding me, right?

CHRISTOPHE
You think this only happens in the movies?

ROMEO
(grimly)
Something like that.

CHRISTOPHE
Welcome to reality.
(in Polish)
Tell your boyfriend to shut up and dig.

ANNA
(in Polish)
You tell him, you prick. Why can't you let us go?

CHRISTOPHE
(in Polish)
After everything I did for you, you repay me with this...

He throws the barren bag to the ground.

CHRISTOPHE
(in Polish)
and him?

ANNA
(in Polish)
You asshole! What do you expect when you beat me up?

Anna spits on the ground in his direction.

ANNA
(in Polish)
You're a bastard.

CHRISTOPHE
Dig.

Defeated, Anna and Romeo pick up the spades.

ROMEO
(whispering)
Do it slowly...someone might come.

CHRISTOPHE
What did you say?

ROMEO
The ground's going to be too hard.

CHRISTOPHE
I can wait.

Christophe sits down with his back to a tree.

CHRISTOPHE
You can enjoy a few more breaths.

Romeo and Anna start to dig. The ground is hard and unyielding but eventually they break the surface and delve into the black topsoil.

MONTAGE

The forest is silent apart from the sound of two shovels grinding into the ground and earth thrown into a mound.

Worms, small roots and dark soil are heaped into a pile.

Sweating, Romeo and Anna take off their winter coats and continue to excavate their promised graves.

ROMEO
(whispering)
What the fuck did you see in him?
And don't tell me he changed.

ANNA
(whispering)
Not now.

ROMEO
(sarcastically)
You think we've got a tomorrow?

ANNA
(whispering)
We've got to do something. Think
of something, we've got nothing to
lose...

Christophe gets up.

CHRISTOPHE

Okay, lovers, how's it going? Deep enough?

He saunters over, oozing chilled menace, and inspects their work as if he were a foreman of a graveyard.

CHRISTOPHE

(to Romeo)

My god you're weak, is that the best you can do?

Romeo stares sourly back at him.

CHRISTOPHE

Well, it'll have to do.

All colour is drained from Romeo's face, an uncontrollable nausea rises up from his stomach.

Unable to contain his fear, he vomits.

CHRISTOPHE

(to Anna)

What do you see in him?

Christophe watches Romeo puke and smiles.

CHRISTOPHE

Finished, weakling?

Romeo wipes his mouth and nods.

CHRISTOPHE

Any last words?

ROMEO

Yeah. Fuck you.

CHRISTOPHE

(smiling)

Strong to the end. I like your spirit, proud Englishman.

(beat)

I'll tell you what, two more shovels and you're done.

Romeo slowly and reluctantly reaches for his spade and foots it into the earth.

Christophe raises his revolver to shoot.

Anna suddenly looks beyond Christophe, as if she has seen something.

ANNA
(shouting)
Hello! Over here! Help!

Christophe turns to see who she is calling to - no one.

Anna steps forward and swiftly smashes her spade into the side of Christophe's head.

The blow sends Christophe reeling.

Romeo steps to the other side of him and swings his spade into the side of Christophe's face - whack!

Christophe spins around again.

Anna bashes him again.

Christophe reels.

Romeo crashes his spade against Christophe's head.

Christophe recoils again.

Anna hits him yet again with her shovel.

He spins around as Romeo swings for him - smack!

Christophe staggers and his gun fires - bang!

But Christophe topples and falls; with a sick thud his head smacks a grey rock protruding from the ground.

Silence.

Deathly silence.

Stunned, Anna stares at her prone predator.

Christophe doesn't move.

A trickle of blood oozes from the side of his head and down his left cheek; his eyes are open but not moving.

She bends down to check his breathing and feel for a pulse.

ANNA
Honey, he's dead.

Romeo groans.

She swiftly turns around to see Romeo flat on the ground, clutching his chest.

ANNA

Romeo!

She runs to him.

He lifts up his bloody hand and looks at it, then down at his chest to see blood spreading across his shirt: he has taken a bullet.

ROMEO

Oh shit.

ANNA

Can you get up?

He tries and falls back, gasping while more blood slowly seeps across his chest.

Anna reaches for her phone and hits 999.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)

Emergency, which service do you
require: Fire, Ambulance or Police?

ANNA

Ambulance.

Romeo coughs and splutters blood.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)

Can you tell me your location?

Romeo shakes his head.

ROMEO

No time, they won't get here...

ANNA

Hush honey, save your breath.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)

What is your location please?

ANNA

We're in a wood, by the sea...

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)

Can you give me a post code,
please?

ANNA

I don't know where we are! Romeo,
honey, where are we?

Romeo splutters again.

ANNA
Where are we? What's the name of
the beach?

ROMEO
(coughing)
Chapman's Pool. Dorset.

ANNA
We're in a wood next to Chapman's
Pool. Please hurry!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)
And what is the medical emergency?

ANNA
My friend has been shot. Quickly,
please!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)
Is this number your phone?

Romeo starts to fade, his eyes close.

ANNA
Please stop talking to me. Send
someone now!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)
I have already sent for an
ambulance, please keep calm. Can
you tell me about the person who
needs assistance; where have they
been shot?

ANNA
In the chest.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)
It's very important you try and
stop any blood loss and keep him
awake until the paramedics arrive.

Anna puts the phone down, grabs her coat and pushes it on to
Romeo's chest; his eyes open and he groans in pain.

ANNA
Sweetheart, sorry, got to stop the
bleeding.

Romeo starts to drift away again.

ANNA

Honey, wake up, look at me.

He doesn't stir.

ANNA

Look up, darling, there's a
wonderful cloud above us, you've
got to see it.

Romeo looks up.

ROMEO

No, it's not, it's a bog standard
stratocumulus...

Anna smiles. Romeo stares up at the clouds high above.

ROMEO

...the most common cloud on earth.

ROMEO'S POV: we slowly start to rise up towards the clouds.

ANNA (O.S.)

Darling, listen to me, it's all
going to be okay, they're coming,
they'll fix you...

ROMEO (O.S.)

The dullest cloud I've ever seen,
no shape, nothing, what a cloud to
go out on...

He coughs and splutters.

We rise above the trees, heading straight towards the clouds.

Quietly we hear the guitar chord sequence of the bright D
Major, the sad D and G Minor, which is followed by the
powerful A Major and the resolute G Major.

ANNA (O.S.)

The only place you're going to is
Poland where we're going to set up
home.

ROMEO (O.S.)

Really?

ANNA (O.S.)

We'll open a cafe called 'The Full
English,' because the Polish have
now got a taste for the beautiful
English cuisine...

We rise up, getting nearer and nearer to the clouds.

ROMEO (O.S.)
Now that's a stretch.

The guitar chords get louder.

ANNA (O.S.)
...and we will have lots and lots
of children, which of course means
lots of sex...and the full Polish.

Romeo giggles, then gasps in pain.

As we hit the clouds, and are surrounded by the thick white
vapours, the guitar chords get louder and louder accompanied
by a snare drum.

ROMEO (O.S.)
Sounds like heaven. Before I accept
what are the clouds like in Poland?

ANNA (O.S.)
Like you've never seen before.

Romeo groans in agony.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

MONTAGE

From inside the tube train, the sun flickers in sharp flashes
as we pass bare trees and grimy tower blocks.

Inside the hospital, the nurse lifts up Romeo's mother, who
suddenly flops forward lifelessly, her arms dangle limply to
her side as if she were a rag doll.

On the path in the park, Christophe smiles, then Romeo
suddenly charges forward and knocks him to the ground.

In the train the Devil stands checking his phone and Anna
turns to Romeo and bursts into a big smile.

Romeo, aged 7, walks down the corridor of the derelict
building.

In the streets at night, Christophe fires at them as they
drive away in the Nissan Micra.

At the squat party of halloween revellers, Romeo pumps his
hands to the beat.

Christophe pushes through the throng of clubbers as Anna and Romeo flee.

As she runs down the canal path, Anna pushes Freddy into the water.

In a tight embrace under the stairs at the canal, they stare at one another.

Romeo drives the Micra at full speed towards Anna, who steps aside to reveal Christophe running in hot pursuit.

The car ploughs into Christophe, who crashes onto the bonnet.

Romeo, aged 7, stands in the derelict room, a tear rolls down his cheek.

At the hospital, Romeo collapses into Anna's arms.

The lightning is reflected on the windscreen of the Nissan Micra, shooting across the faces of Romeo and Anna.

In the cottage bedroom, they have sex.

Romeo and Anna stand on the rocks looking out to sea.

ROMEO (O.S.)

Do we always love what we need, not
what we want?

ANNA (O.S.)

Always, darling, always...

ROMEO (O.S.)

Why?

ANNA (O.S.)

Because.

As a wave hits the rocks and wets their feet, the music reaches a crescendo and stops.

In the forest, Anna stares at Romeo, her eyes fill with tears and her bottom lip trembles.

Romeo's eyes are open, but frozen.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

Accompanied by drums, strings and flute, the guitar chords of D Major, D and G Minor, A and G Major kick back in as we soar through the stratocumulus.

Suddenly, we hit a vast expanse of brilliant blue sky in which hangs two small, white and motionless clouds.

The music slowly fades, giving way to the quiet and cold whistling wind.

THE END