

Collision
by
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EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

The deserted, quiet street is lined by warehouses and various businesses. A lone car is parked up with two occupants.

INT. SAM'S CAR - NIGHT

LEON, in the passenger seat, is 40 years old and wears his trademark black suit. He is never far from anger or menace.

LEON
Not here. Move back.

The driver, SAM, at 59 years is a veteran foot-soldier of the criminal fraternity.

SAM
Why?

LEON
There's a window over looking us.

SAM
Leon, there's windows everywhere.
What's the bloody difference?

LEON
DO-IT.

SAM
Alright, alright.

Sam slowly reverses the car back 10 yards and stops. He turns the engine off and looks fed up.

SAM
You coked again?

Leon sniffs loudly.

Sam rolls his eyes and sighs.

SAM
My prostrate's playing up.

LEON
Sam, shut up and get the op,
you're not retiring. Right,
business. CCTV?

SAM
Done.

LEON
Alarms and entry?

SAM
Done and done.

Leon lights up a cigarette.

SAM
Always fancied Spain.

LEON
You fucked that when you voted
Brexit, you idiot.

SAM
Like you didn't.

Leon smiles.

SAM
No!

LEON
All the best jobs are in Europe,
need easy access.

SAM
Shouldn't even be talking to you.

Leon puts on black leather gloves.

LEON
(smiling)
Right, get ready you racist.

Sam smiles and turns the engine on. Leon notices a small
crucifix hanging from the rear view mirror. He reaches out
and holds it between his fingers.

LEON
Has that always been there?

SAM
Nah, it's my new good luck charm.

LEON
Taking the piss.
(beat)
When I was a kid I wanted to be a
priest.

SAM
Now you're taking the piss.

LEON
Mum took me to church every Sunday.
Everyone adored him. I thought I
want that...

Leon opens the car door.

LEON
...but I found a different calling.

Leon gets out of the car, throws his cigarette to the floor, and heads to the side of a warehouse. He walks past two large waste containers and strides up to a fire escape door.

The fire escape is propped open with a brick; he enters and walks with purpose down a corridor. He walks up to an office door, pushes it open and enters the room.

A middle-aged man sits at a desk. Startled, he looks up. Leon smiles, pulls out a handgun and fires, hitting the man in the chest. The man falls back to the floor. Leon strides over, aims at the man's head and fires again.

The middle-aged man lies slumped on the ground, his eyes wide open and frozen, a bloody bullet hole in his forehead.

Leon calmly puts the gun away, walks into the corridor, makes his way to the fire escape door and exits the building. He drops the gun into one of the waste containers and walks over to the car and gets in.

LEON
Go, go, go! Let's get paid.

Leon slams the car door and the vehicle takes off at speed.

INT. CAR TUNNEL - NIGHT

Yellow lights line the grimy wall of the car tunnel.

INT. SAM'S CAR, TUNNEL - NIGHT

Leon silently broods in the passenger seat, his face lit by the tunnel lights and then consumed by the dark.

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR, TUNNEL - NIGHT

ARABELLA, 30 years old, red lipstick and long black hair, drives the car in the tunnel; her face is lit by the wall lights and is then lost in the dark.

She turns the radio on, to an interview on BBC Podcasts.

MARK COCKERELL (V.O.)
...and it's been said you are one
of the great Iranian intellectuals
of the 21st century.

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
That's very kind of you but I'm not
sure I'm worthy of being called an
intellectual, let alone great.

MARK COCKERELL (V.O.)
What would you prefer?

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
I'd say I'm simply a thinker.

MARK COCKERELL (V.O.)
(teasing)
With a capital T?

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
Of course!

They laugh. Arabella smiles in the direction of the radio.

INT. PODCAST STUDIO

In a small room with glass walls, the presenter MARK COCKERELL, (36 years, handsome and assured) and interviewee NIMA SHAYEGHI, (41 years old, studious and earnest), sit at a table with two large microphones.

MARK COCKERELL
I must say I loved your latest work
but its thesis is rather chilling,
almost a return to ancient thought:
our destiny lies in the stars.

NIMA SHAYEGHI
Everything is actually fixed. We
think we have a choice, but it's an
illusion: our thoughts, emotions,
and actions are in effect
predestined by the stars that gave
us life in the beginning. To expand
on Lemaître's big bang theory, in
that moment of creation everyone
and everything is preprogrammed.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

The city of London from above: the grid of roads illuminated by lights; people, small black dots, crisscross the streets and one another; the red and white lights of cars, vans and buses glow as they dissect the sprawling metropolis.

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
The confusing aspect is the
multiplicity of factors moving
through time and space, all
intersecting, all interacting...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ROB, early 20s, wearing a baseball cap backwards, walks out from a council estate and saunters down the street.

MARK COCKERELL (V.O.)
But why are you so convinced there
isn't any free choice?

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
It is a challenging concept, it
defies the zeitgeist. This age,
like no other, celebrates the
individual, failing to comprehend
that we are all merely slaves to
our genetic hard-wiring which is
given to us at conception.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOPHIE, 35 years old, wearing a white top and black leggings, sits on her bed transfixed as she watches a video on her laptop; the screen shows a scorched desert and dead trees.

NIMA (V.O.)
Studies of mental and physical
health disorders reveal they are
hereditary. Therefore the converse
must also be true: good health is
entirely inherited.

Sophie gets up and turns the bedroom main light on, off, on, off, on and finally off.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The cavernous church is empty except for CATALINA, 80 years old, kneeling at a pew. She crosses herself and prays.

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
Twins separated at birth choose
identical partners and professions:
it doesn't take an Einstein or a
Hawking to deduce that individual
will is actually null and void.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

The busy city streets from high above; pedestrians and
vehicles meet and pass one another along the Thames river.

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
Think of the universe as an
enormous pinball machine and
ourselves as pinballs, obedient
servants to our genes, our DNA.
We are multiple pinballs
skimming...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A body lies on the grass, a knife embedded in the torso.

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
...and colliding into one another,
all our actions predetermined by
our preloaded personalities.

INT. CAR - DAY

A man lies lifelessly on the back seat of a stationary car,
his hand, covered in dried blood, dangles to the floor.

MARK COCKERELL (V.O.)
The pinball machine is an
interesting update to Newton's
balls!

They laugh.

MARK COCKERELL (V.O.)
I am of course referring to
Newton's hypothesis of billiard
balls and their predictability.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A man is slumped on the grass. His neck has been slashed.

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
Exactly. The moment the pinball is released by the spring launcher, the action generates a fixed and preordained event, and at the crunch point we discover Newton's second law: for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

Another man lies face down on the ground, the grass around his head is matted with dried blood.

INT. SAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Leon sits in the passenger seat.

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
Everyone in this universe has an unstoppable momentum...

INT. PODCAST STUDIO

Mark Cockerell listens intently.

NIMA SHAYEGHI
...we are born with desires, impulses, even obsessions...

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Arabella drives down a terraced street and parks up.

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
...that drive us to a compulsive conclusion.

MARK COCKERELL (V.O.)
I'm afraid I'm going to have to stop you there...

NIMA SHAYEGHI (V.O.)
Let me make one last point. The lifespan of earth is predetermined. The laws of physics tells us that in seven point five billion years the sun will destroy this world. And what is the sun? A star! We begin and end with the stars!

INT. PODCAST STUDIO

Mark Cockerell smiles warmly at Nima Shayeghi.

MARK COCKERELL
So eloquently put, but I'm afraid
that's all we have time for on
REALITY AND THINGS LIKE THAT, with
me, Mark Cockerell, talking to Nima
Shayeghi...

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Smiling, Arabella avidly listens to the broadcast.

MARK COCKERELL (V.O.)
...about his latest work, DESTINY.

Arabella turns the radio off and anxiously checks herself in the rear view mirror. She is younger than her 30 years and is an intriguing confusion of verve and vulnerability.

She gets out of the car, walks up to a house and rings the door bell. Looking flustered and tense, she braces herself.

The door opens, revealing a beaming Mark Cockerell, who is charm personified.

MARK
(smiling warmly)
Hi, wonderful to see you.

They kiss briefly on the lips and Arabella enters the house and gives her coat to him.

ARABELLA
I was just listening to your
podcast with Shayeghi, really
interesting thesis.

Mark hangs her coat up.

MARK
We recorded it this morning. Come,
you're going to love my other guest
tonight...

They walk into the dining room.

MARK
...the great Iranian Thinker - with
a capital T!

At the table, which is laid out for a dinner party, is a smiling Nima Shayeghi, the intellectual provocateur.

ARABELLA

Hi!

NIMA

Lovely to meet you.

At the far end of the table sits Sophie, Mark's wife, who carries an air of concern.

SOPHIE

Mark's always bringing his work home!

Everyone laughs.

MARK

(to Nima)

Arabella's an artist, that's one of hers behind you.

Nima turns round to check out the abstract painting on the wall behind him - all hot pinks and reds against a dark blue.

NIMA

How beautiful. I think I need to buy some of your work.

Arabella beams at Mark, her hand touches his arm.

ARABELLA

Who needs an agent when I've got you?

Sophie frowns at the flirtation.

SOPHIE

(sharply)

Mark, I think the lasagna's ready.

MARK

Yes, yes, of course, darling.

SOPHIE

I'll get the salad.

Sophie stands up revealing her 7th month pregnant bump.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD - NIGHT

Sam sits in his car on the gravelled driveway and glances at his watch.

Leon bursts out of the front door and strides to the car.

INT. SAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Leon jumps into the car - he looks agitated.

LEON
Go! Get going!

Sam starts the car up.

LEON
Come on, move.

The car exits the driveway and takes off, tyres screeching.

SAM
What's wrong?

LEON
Someone's playing silly buggers.

SAM
We did get paid?

LEON
Of course we got paid!

Leon takes out a wad of cash and flings it onto Sam's lap.

SAM
Alright, alright...

The car alert pings as Leon hasn't put his seat belt on - a high pitched, metallic sound.

LEON
He said I should clear out.
Bollocks! I don't do gang wars.

SAM
Calm down.

LEON
He told me the guy we hit had
protection with the Dochertys.
(scowling)
I've been played.

The car alert rings out again.

SAM
Will you belt up? Otherwise that
thing's just gonna ping.

The car hits a red light. Leon sits and seethes.

SAM
So what do we do now?

LEON
Nothing. The Docherty family
don't know I did it...

SAM
...yet.

LEON
FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

Leon thumps the dashboard with his fist. The car alert pings.

EXT. MARK & SOPHIE'S HOUSE, GARDEN - NIGHT

The French windows of the dining room are open, revealing the
dinner party. Food has been eaten, wine consumed.

NIMA
Hawking said if the laws of the
universe are absolute and fixed...

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nima earnestly holds forth to the captivated audience.

NIMA
...there's no room for God.

SOPHIE
I'm not remotely religious but we
all have a moral duty to do right.

NIMA
That's a lovely thought but the
universe doesn't support it. To
survive, every living being has to
devour another living being:
where's morality?

SOPHIE

I just can't accept that. We don't have a car, don't fly, we can all make a difference...
(she strokes her bump)
...and save the planet for the next generation.

NIMA

Global warming is coming whether we like it or not - in seven and half billion years to be exact.

SOPHIE

If we're not good what's the point?

MARK

(to Nima)

Being good is in Sophie's DNA: she works for a charity that feeds the homeless and donates ten per cent of her salary to the Green party.

A baby suddenly starts wailing from the house next door, loud and unrelenting. Everyone listens.

MARK

We have a new, noisy neighbour.

NIMA

That baby, for example, could grow up to become a scientist that finds a cure for cancer, or a psycho that kills scores of people, but it will not be through choice.

ARABELLA

When I'm painting my decisions about colour and form are led by my feelings.

Arabella's eyes briefly flicker in Mark's direction.

ARRABELLA

I don't see how one can go wrong following one's heart.

NIMA

Even if feelings became murderous?

MARK

I once thought about writing a novel called 'The killing of Greta Thunberg.'

Everyone laughs and groans.

ARABELLA
(touching Mark's arm)
I think we've found our psycho!

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark and Sophie lie awake staring at the ceiling, listening to the baby screaming next door.

SOPHIE
Saint or psycho?

Mark looks puzzled at Sophie.

SOPHIE
Our baby.

MARK
I'm gunning for a cure for cancer,
Nobel peace prize, the complete
reversal of global warming.

The baby's wailing quietens down.

SOPHIE
They swopped numbers but I don't
think our matchmaking's going to
work. Arabella's more into you. Why
are women so turned on by men about
to be fathers?

MARK
Evolution. Females are attracted to
males with...
(mock gravitas)
...powerful sperm.

Sophie snorts with laughter.

BANG! A loud crashing sound from downstairs.

Startled, Mark and Sophie freeze.

MARK
Christ! What was that?

Sophie looks concerned at Mark. Wearing just his boxer shorts, he gets up and goes to the bedroom door and listens.

The floorboards creak - Mark looks alarmed.

SOPHIE
(whispering)
That's you, you idiot.

He looks down at the floorboard creaking under his feet.

SOPHIE
Go down and take a look.

MARK
On my own?

SOPHIE
You've done judo.

MARK
I was twelve!

SOPHIE
I'm pregnant.

Bracing himself, Mark grabs a tennis racquet and tiptoes out of the bedroom, turns the ground floor hall light on from the 1st floor landing and stares anxiously downstairs.

Sophie, wearing a white top and black knickers, joins him.

BANG!

It sounds like something crashing against a door.

Mark and Sophie look at each other. He takes a deep breath and, armed with the tennis racquet, he slowly heads downstairs.

SOPHIE
(whispering)
I'm right behind you, darling.

At the bottom of the stairs, Mark looks up at Sophie still at the top of the stairs and shakes his head. Frowning, she points at her pregnant bump. He turns and quietly walks down the hallway, braced for action.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark slowly pushes open the door, his face intense and fearful. He quickly turns the light on and walks tentatively into the living room, his tennis racquet raised in readiness. There is no one there. Sophie joins him.

MARK
Right behind me, huh?

SOPHIE
So what was...

BANG!

They whip round to see the French windows in the dining room, blown by the wind, swing and crash against the door frame.

Mark and Sophie smile in relief at one another. He walks over to the French windows and looks at the garden; the wind howls and the garden fence rattles and bangs against the posts.

Mark closes the French windows and they stare at the clouds streaming across the night sky and the trees swaying in the wind.

Mark turns to Sophie, fixes her with his sparkling blue eyes, and starts to put his arms around her.

SOPHIE
The storms turning you on.
(frowning)
My thoughts are coming back.

MARK
Our child will find a cure for
climate change...

Sophie smiles as Mark kisses her.

MARK
...and OCD.

She pulls down her knickers and hops onto the dining table. She lies back and her pregnant bump prominently sits up.

Mark pulls down his boxer shorts and the table creaks to the rhythm of sex.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The park is deserted except for Leon who sits on a bench smoking. Wound up and tense, he keeps checking his phone. He throws the cigarette to the ground and lights another one.

Sam walks over and sits down on the bench.

LEON
Well?

Sam glances at the pile of cigarettes.

SAM

At the rate you're smoking the
Dochertys won't need to kill you.

LEON

Shut up. Do they know?

Sam looks ill with the pressure. Finally, he nods.

LEON

How the fuck do they know? How?

SAM

People talk! What can I say?

Leon looks at Sam as if he might strangle him.

SAM

They know. They want you.

Leon grinds his teeth.

SAM

I thought you said your best jobs
were abroad? You can spend more
time with your continental chums.

LEON

Europe's fine for a week or two, I
don't want to fucking live there.
Bollocks. We've got a gig with a
big payout coming up, enough to
sort me right out.

Leon looks ready to explode.

SAM

Don't even think about taking on
the Dochertys. They'll slaughter
you. You stay, you're dead.

LEON

I've got another place that no one
knows about. Just need a clean tool
from Danny then we're set to go.

Sam takes a big breath.

SAM

I think it's time I shipped out. My
knees hurt. All the time.

LEON

Take painkillers.

SAM

They don't know about me, but it's
only a matter of time. I don't want
to spend the rest of my days
looking over my shoulder.

A man bursts out of the shadows on the footpath. Startled,
Leon and Sam whip round to see the man is wearing a tracksuit
and trainers - a night time jogger.

They watch him pass in silence.

SAM

See? It's shit.

LEON

Shut up. We're doing the job.

Sam looks resigned and deflated as Leon grinds his teeth.

EXT. TUBE STATION, ABOVE GROUND - DAY

Mark stands on the packed platform of the morning rush hour
commuters.

A train bursting with passengers arrives and Mark boards it.
He gets out his phone.

He types a text to Arabella: "FANCY A DRINK TONIGHT? XX"
He sends it and stares at his phone, willing a response.

A reply pops up: "YES! XXX"

Mark looks up and gazes through the grimy, streaked window of
the tube train at the city of London.

On sound: deep breathing, grunting and moaning.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Arabella's car is the only occupant of the carpark.

On sound: moaning and gasps of pleasure.

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Mark and Arabella are having sex on the back seat of the car.

ROB (O.S.)

Good film, init?

ROXANNE (O.S.)
Nah, so depressing. Everyone dies.

Arabella freezes.

ARABELLA
Stop. Someone's coming.

MARK
(smiling)
Yeah.

ARABELLA
Funny...stop.

Mark stops moving and they both listen intently.

ROB (O.S.)
Never saw the end coming.

ROXANNE (O.S.)
All dead. What's the point of that?

Arabella discretely looks out and sees a young couple walk past the car and stop a short distance away, swallowed by the dark.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

ROB and ROXANNE are both early 20s, but at first sight she appears to be way out of his league. Glowing with glamour, Roxanne is all hair, makeup, bright long nails and high heels, while he is all causal, unwashed, and wears his baseball cap backwards in a feckless attempt at coolness.

ROB
Come on, babes, come back to mine.

ROXANNE
No, Rob. It's not yours, it's your mum's. Had enough doing it with your mum snoring next door, the walls are too thin.

ROB
Roxanne, please...

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Mark starts to gently thrust.

ARABELLA
(giggling)
No - too embarrassing to be caught.
It'd be like dogging, yuck.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Rob pulls Roxanne to him.

ROB
I love you.

She backs away.

ROXANNE
I want a nice engagement ring. You
tell me you're gonna make it big,
prove it.

ROB
Roxy...

ROXANNE
I'm serious, if we're getting
married I need to know you're not a
taker. I work hard for a living,
I'm always helping you out.

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Mark carefully looks out at Rob and Roxanne.

MARK
How long are they going to be? I've
got to go soon.

Arabella pulls him down to her and they kiss and have sex.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Roxanne kisses Rob on the cheek.

ROXANNE
Sweetheart, I love you, but I need
to know we have a future.

She walks back past Arabella's car and heads off in the
direction of a council estate.

ROB
Babes...

Mournfully, Rob watches her go, and then movement in the only car in the car park catches his eye.

ROB
At least someone's getting it.

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Mark and Arabella pant and groan as they have sex.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Mark...Mark!

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sophie walks fast into the bedroom and heads to the windows.

SOPHIE
MARK! Wake up!

She opens the curtains and light streams into the room, revealing Mark asleep in bed.

SOPHIE
You're going to be late.

Looking disheveled, Mark finally opens his eyes.

SOPHIE
It's nine o'clock. Aren't you
going to Manchester today? You're
working too late, you'll burn out.

She heads back to the doorway and stops. She turns the light switch on, off, on, off, on and off.

MARK
You okay?

Sophie takes a deep breath.

SOPHIE
Not really.

She exits the bedroom and Mark hears her walk downstairs and open and close the front door. He abruptly gets up, swings his legs over and sits on the bed and faces a dressing mirror propped against the wall.

He stares at his reflection, looking unsure and anxious. He slowly composes his face into a mask of confidence.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY

Sophie sits amongst the throng of morning commuters. She puts her headphones on and presses a button. The headphones cancel the noise of the tube train.

FEMALE HEADPHONE VOICE
Battery eighty percent. Connected
to you Sophie's iPhone.

She hits play on a video on her phone which shows images of hurricanes and floods with dramatic and haunting music.

MALE VIDEO VOICEOVER
Time is running out. Never before
have there been so many storms,
heatwaves and deluges...

Sophie bites her lip and presses stop on the video. Upset, she stares at the floor of the train, cocooned in the silence of her headphones.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Deep in thought, Sophie walks down a hallway and up to a door which has the sign STREET KITCHEN on it and she enters.

JESSICA and STEVE, fellow charity workers, are already at their desks with coffee and bowls of cereal.

JESSICA
Hi!

Sophie smiles brightly.

SOPHIE
Morning!

She takes off her coat and sits at her desk, and hits the space bar of her keyboard. The computer springs to life.

STEVE
God, you're keen.

Sophie smiles and starts typing.

STEVE
(to Jessica)
I think we need to rethink the
menu, the homeless deserve more
variety.

As Sophie types, her smile fades like the sun going down.

JESSICA

What about a curry?

Sophie stops typing and bleakly stares at nothing.

STEVE

Great idea, something spicy.
Sophie, what do you think?

Sophie looks desolate, gripped by something fearful and dark.

STEVE

Earth calling Sophie, anyone there?

EXT. MAIN ROAD, MANCHESTER - DAY

A large estate car drives down the main road.

INT. ESTATE CAR - DAY

Mark sits in the front passenger seat, while TOM, his Producer, drives. In the back seat is the CAMERAWOMAN.

MARK

I can't believe they don't want to
do the Los Angeles Art idea. It
was brilliant: the up and coming
artists of L.A.

TOM

They're slashing budgets across all
departments.

MARK

It would have been such fun, and
glamorous...

They turn into a suburban street.

MARK

...unlike this.

TOM

Okay guys, look out for 52.

They scan the nondescript, semi-detached houses.

TOM

Number 52. Yup, this is it.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The camerawoman opens the boot of the car and takes out a large video camera. Mark and Tom stand on the pavement in front of a house.

MARK
Okay, let's do the PTC.

TOM
No, knock first, tell him we're early.

MARK
Let's just get on with it, only take a minute.

TOM
Alright, go.

The camerawoman lifts up the camera and points it at Mark.

MARK
Hello and welcome to THE ARTS SHOW.
I'm Mark Cockerell and in this new series I meet acclaimed writers and artists living in the North of England. Each week I'll be interviewing them in their homes.

Behind Mark the front door opens and the poet DALJIT NAGRA appears with a bag of rubbish and heads towards the bins.

MARK
Today I'm in Manchester, where I am going to meet the poet Daljit Nagra who is...

Daljit Nagra smiles awkwardly and waves at Mark and Tom.

TOM
Cut! Cut!

Mark turns round to see the smiling poet.

MARK
Bollocks. You're right, Tom.

Mark walks up to Daljit Nagra.

MARK
Hi Daljit, so sorry...

They shake hands.

MARK
Mark Cockerell, BBC.

DALJIT NAGRA
Come in, come in, do you want tea?

MARK
Sorry, should have warned you we
need to do a PTC.

DALJIT NAGRA
PTC?

MARK
Yes, sorry, Piece To Camera, y'know
introducing the show and you.

The poet stands awkwardly smiling.

MARK
So sorry but if you could step
inside until we've finished.

DALJIT NAGRA
Yes, yes, of course.

The poet hurries apologetically inside his house.

Mark stands again in front of the house.

MARK
Today I'm in Manchester where I'm
going to meet Daljit Nagra,
acclaimed poet and Radio 4's
presenter of POETRY TODAY,
YESTERDAY AND TO COME.

INT. DALJIT NAGRA'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Tom stands to the side of the camerawoman who films Mark and
the poet sitting at the dinner table.

MARK
Daljit Nagra, thank you for
inviting us into your home.

DALJIT NAGRA
My pleasure.

MARK
Now for people unfamiliar with your
poetry I'd like to first of all
discuss your breakthrough work...

INT. ARABELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arabella sits in her bed with a laptop, watching Mark on the THE ARTS SHOW.

MARK

...called 'Look We Have Coming to Dover!', your debut collection of poems which announced the presence of a new voice in British poetry. Now your groundbreaking work has received much attention for providing a unique cultural insight of twenty-first century Britain.

Arabella is smiling and transfixed with love.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM, MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Mark sits on his bed looking at porn on his laptop. He gazes intently at a video of a couple having sex on a sofa. Transfixed with lust, his body starts jiggling as he wanks. On climax his eyes pop open, he gasps and his body freezes. Suddenly his body flops, with his mouth wide open and droopy.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophie sits on the bed watching a video on her laptop.

MALE VIDEO VOICEOVER

The ice is melting, bushfires and hurricanes are on the increase. The world is reaching boiling point, and the point of no return.

Sophie looks transfixed in her fear.

MALE VIDEO VOICEOVER

Scientists believe in fifty years the Amazon Rainforest, the lungs of the world, will collapse...

A tear rolls down Sophie's cheek.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

So how have you been?

SOPHIE (V.O.)

It's all coming back.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

The intrusive thoughts?

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Sophie sits lifelessly on a chair. She looks defeated. The THERAPIST, a woman in her 50s, sits in a chair opposite.

SOPHIE

(nodding sadly)

The earth's dying through global warming and it's because of me. My very existence is creating climate change. I can't stop thinking about the things I've done, am doing to the world that's causing so much harm. Everything I'm doing is bad.

The word 'bad' hangs in the silence.

SOPHIE

I'm heartbroken. I was pure. Good.

THERAPIST

Do you still have a compulsive?

SOPHIE

Turn the light on and off three times. If I don't the world will die.

The therapist nods.

SOPHIE

I know I'm being ridiculous but I can't stop myself.

THERAPIST

There's something I'd like to explore with you. Are you still watching climate change videos?

Sophie nods.

THERAPIST

Does your heart beat faster? Do you get excited?

Sophie looks uncomfortable, tense. She takes a deep breath.

SOPHIE

Sometimes I wonder if I enjoy seeing the earth destroyed, deep down maybe I want it done with.

Tears start to well up in Sophie's eyes.

SOPHIE

What an awful thought.

THERAPIST

You have a baby coming and I'm wondering if that's significant? Babies bring joy and anxiety. It could be a trigger for your OCD.

SOPHIE

All I know is I've got to beat this before the baby comes.

THERAPIST

What about home life, is Mark being supportive?

SOPHIE

Absolutely. I thought I was okay so we booked a holiday in Brazil. I cancelled, because of how I'm feeling. We lost our money but he said it was fine. I can't fly anymore, it's causing too much pain to the earth. I mean what kind of selfish hypocrite flies to see the Amazon Rainforest.

Sophie looks away in disgust.

SOPHIE

For fuck's sake.

INT. ARABELLA'S ART STUDIO - NIGHT

Bright red paint is splashed and poured into a paint tray. Arabella, wearing a blue boiler suit and her black hair tied up, rolls a paint roller back and forth in the tray.

Playing on her speaker: DOG DAYS ARE OVER by FLORENCE & THE MACHINE.

With the roller loaded with the vibrant red paint she rolls it across a canvas already painted with a deep, dark blue. She then rolls a white strip vertically down the middle of the canvas, then a bright gash of yellow. The painting looks like an abstract explosion.

There's a knock at the door. Arabella hits pause on her phone to stop the music and opens the studio door. Nima stands before her and smiles.

NIMA

Hi!

ARABELLA

Great! You made it.

NIMA

Sorry I'm late, these studios are
bit of a rabbit warren...

He enters her studio and sees all the painted canvases
leaning against the walls.

NIMA

Look at all this! How wonderful!

ARABELLA

Thank you.

He stands in front of Arabella's current work in progress.

NIMA

I love this. I want this one.

ARABELLA

It's not finished but I've got an
exhibition coming up. Why don't you
come, there might be others you
like more.

NIMA

I know I'll love this one when it's
done. Has it got a title?

ARABELLA

I call it The Unforeseen
Consequences of Everything.

He smiles approvingly.

ARABELLA

I got the idea from you.

NIMA

And that's why I love it so much.

He looks intently at her.

NIMA

Are you free tonight? Am thinking
of getting dinner around here,
there's a lovely Italian on the
corner.

Arabella smiles awkwardly, unsure how to react.

NIMA
We can eat and negotiate a price?

ARABELLA
Another time perhaps, I already
have a date.

She indicates the painting he wants to buy.

NIMA
My loss and gain.

Bright yellow paint is rolled onto the canvas as the song,
DOG DAYS ARE OVER, kicks back in. More Red and white paint is
rolled onto the painting.

On sound: grunts and groans to the rhythm of the roller.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Arabella's car is the only one in the carpark. Moaning and
gasps of sex until climax.

ARABELLA (O.S.)
(whispering)
Love you.

MARK (O.S.)
(mumbling)
You too.

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Mark and Arabella lie together, hot, sweaty and semi-clothed
on the back seat of the car.

ARABELLA
Are you coming to my exhibition?

MARK COCKERELL
Of course, can't wait.

She smiles, then suddenly looks thoughtful.

ARABELLA
It's like you slip between parallel
worlds.

Mark glances over, wondering where this is going.

ARABELLA

I was so nervous going to yours.
Kept thinking Sophie knows how I
feel.

(beat)

Felt bad seeing her, pregnant.

MARK

It's good you met Nima, he's so
well connected. If you can sell to
him it'll really help you.

Mark closes his eyes.

ARABELLA

It worked. He's buying a painting.

MARK

Told you.

Arabella looks intently at Mark.

ARABELLA

He asked me out on a date.

Mark's eyes swiftly open.

MARK

You two would never get on.

(sitting up)

Listen, I'm going to Los Angeles
for a new series on the art scene.
Come with me, we'll have a ball.

Arabella smiles, loving his new found attention.

ARABELLA

What about Sophie? Won't she find
out?

MARK

Absolutely not. She's too busy
saving the world.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

A large white van, with the words STREET KITCHEN on its side,
drives down the busy road.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUCER (V.O.)
The UN report concludes it was a
record-breaking year for heat,
rising hunger, and loss of life due
to extreme temperatures.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Sophie is driving and Jessica is in the passenger seat. The radio is on and Sophie bits her lip in anger.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUCER (V.O.)
The airline and manufacturing
industries are particularly singled
out for criticism...

SOPHIE
It's unbearable, we're not doing
enough!

Jessica looks concerned at Sophie.

EXT. CAMDEN HIGH STREET - NIGHT

On a wide paved area, tables have been set up with urns, bowls, cutlery and fruit juices. Sophie, Jessica and Steve dole out the food to a long queue of the lost and homeless.

Leon walks by and scornfully looks at the bedraggled line of the destitute. A BEGGAR, a stooped old man, with walking stick and metal mug, steps in front of him. The Beggar's head is so low he can barely make eye contact

BEGGAR
Please help me, I beg you.

Leon stops in his tracks and looks as if he's going to hit him. Abruptly, Leon reaches into his pocket, pulls out his wallet and stuffs three purple twenties into the mug.

BEGGAR
Thank you, thank you...

Leon's face lights up at his own charity.

BEGGAR
May the Lord have mercy on your
soul and forgive your sins.

Reminded of his multitude of murders, a darkness descends over his face and Leon snatches back the money in the cup.

LEON
Fuck off and get out my way.

Head hanging even lower, the BEGGAR retreats. Leon scowls, walks on and heads up a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Leon arrives at a house, rings the bell and looks up at the CCTV camera prominently positioned above the front door.

No-one comes. Leon bangs on the door with his fist.

LEON
Danny! Open up! I know you're in
'cause you never go out!

No-one comes. He takes out his phone and calls Danny. It goes straight to voicemail: "DANNY'S BUSY, LEAVE A MESSAGE."

LEON
(to phone)
You don't answer your door, you
don't answer your phone. Don't mess
with me, Danny...
(staring at the CCTV
camera)
...or I'll call the fucking cops.

Tentatively, to the sound of jangling metal, the door opens as far as three heavy duty door chains will allow.

DANNY, 40s, short, skinny, and bald, appears hesitantly at the small gap between door and doorframe. He wears a workman's apron and has gumption despite his weak appearance.

DANNY
I wouldn't do that, I've got enough
on you myself.

LEON
(trying to smile)
Danny, what's going on? Why the
unfriendliness? We're pals, no?

Danny anxiously glances behind Leon.

DANNY
We've done business, so what?

Again, Danny looks nervously behind Leon.

LEON
What's the matter?

Leon glances back over his own shoulder and turns to Danny.

LEON
Come on, open up. Let me in, I need
a clean tool for Christ's sakes.

Danny's eyes dart behind Leon's shoulder for a third time.

LEON
You expecting someone?

He stares hard at Danny.

DANNY
I'm with the Dochertys now.

LEON
What?

Leon's confused. He looks behind himself again and back to Danny with a sudden realisation.

LEON
You've called them, haven't you?

Danny doesn't respond.

LEON
You fucker!

Leon kicks hard on the heavy door, Danny jerks back in fear, as the chains rattle and screech, but the door holds firm.

DANNY
They're coming for you.

Leon turns and runs for his life.

He gets halfway up the road when a large black SUV turns in ahead of him with two burly men inside.

Leon ducks behind a parked car as the SUV heads down to Danny's house. Keeping low, Leon moves away along the parked cars and stops. He looks back down the road.

A TALL MAN gets out of the SUV and runs to Danny's house. He has a brief conversation with Danny at the door who points in Leon's direction. The TALL MAN turns to the black SUV.

TALL MAN
That way! I'll go on foot.

The SUV turns around and the TALL MAN runs forward as Leon breaks cover and sprints away at full pelt.

He reaches a side street and runs down it; he hits a crossroads and takes a right - running, running, running.

He powers into a courtyard of a block of flats, his eyes dart frantically around. He looks back to the street where he came from - nothing coming.

He sees three large bins, runs over and hides behind them and is swallowed by the darkness. Crouching low, making himself as small as possible, he pants loudly and hard, exhausted.

Through a crack between the bins, Leon sees the black SUV thunder past the entrance to the courtyard and disappear, shortly followed by the TALL MAN running at pace.

Keeping as still as he can, Leon grimly waits until his breathing returns to normal. He looks as if he will stay in the shadows for all eternity.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is a rundown semi-detached in the suburbs of London. The grass on the front lawn is overgrown, a window on the first floor is smashed and covered by cardboard.

INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sam is making a full English: baked beans simmer in a saucepan, two frying pans are sizzling with bubble and squeak, eggs, bacon and sausages.

The audio cassette machine on the worktop is playing ETON RIFLES by THE JAM. Wearing a greasy and faded kitchen apron with red roses printed on it, Sam is singing along loudly and badly, but enthusiastically.

SAM

Hello-hurray, what a nice day
for the Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles,
hello-hurray, I hope rain stops
play, for the Eton Rifles...

Sam ladles the food onto a large plate, seasons it with salt and pepper, and finally squirts ketchup and HP sauce on it.

SAM

Hello-hurray, I'd prefer the plague
to the Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles...

He exits the kitchen with his breakfast.

INT. SAM'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Sam sits down at the empty dining table and starts to eat. As he chews his first mouthful, he looks around the room. Despite it being day, a gloom fills the bare, unloved space.

Sam looks over at the various ornaments on the mantelpiece: an old pair of boxing gloves, a photograph of a youthful Sam in the boxing ring, and a lonely, gaudy golfing trophy.

Everything in the room is covered in a thick layer of dust, including the prize objects on the mantelpiece.

Sam drops his knife and fork to the plate with a clatter and pushes his breakfast away. He looks sunken and defeated. He stares morosely into space.

Suddenly he gets up and heads into the living room and sits down at a computer on a small desk. In GOOGLE he types: "BUYING A HOUSE IN THAILAND."

Beautiful modern houses in paradise appear on the screen, chic properties surrounded by jungle, sea and beach. With deep longing, Sam gazes at the images of luxury.

EXT. MARKETPLACE - DAY

On the street, a fruit and veg market is in full flow.

MARKET SELLER

Come and get your spuds! Sixty
pence a pound!

Rob and Roxanne, holding hands, walk alongside the market. He has his baseball cap on backwards, while she has make-up troweled on and big butterfly eyelashes.

ROB

What we doing here, babes?

ROXANNE

Get a ring of course.

ROB

Shouldn't we be going to Hatton
Gardens? This place looks a dump.

ROXANNE

Follow me.

They walk up to a shop and look in the window. Their eyes are dazzled by the sparkling jewels on display: rings, bracelets, necklaces and watches endowed with enormous gleaming rocks.

Roxanne is beaming and intoxicated by the vision.

ROB

It's like a posh restaurant:
there's no prices on anything. You
know what that means?

ROXANNE

They're worth a lot. Like me.

She quickly walks in, leaving him outside. He looks over the encrusted bling and sighs. He knows he's lost the battle of the ring before it even begins.

Feeling nothing ever seems to go his way, he wearily trudges into the shop to find Roxanne has engaged the services of a SALES ASSISTANT, a good looking and cocky young man.

SALES ASSISTANT

Ring, darling? What kind of ring?

ROXANNE

Engagement. Then we'll come back
for the wedding ring.

Rob sidles up.

ROB

You don't do two for one do you?

SALES ASSISTANT

Who's the comedian, then?

ROXANNE

My fiancé.

SALES ASSISTANT

Good luck, darling, you're gonna
need it.

Rob doesn't look happy.

ROXANNE

(to Rob)

Sweetheart, don't worry about him,
he's only having a laugh. Babes...

Roxanne claps her hands together.

ROXANNE

...this is soooo exciting!

SALES ASSISTANT

(warmly)

Come over here, gorgeous.

(flatly)

And you.

Roxanne totters over, while Rob sluggishly follows. The Sales Assistant indicates a row of shining rocks on rings.

SALES ASSISTANT

So darling, any take your fancy?

ROXANNE

Wow! So many gorgeous sparklers.

Let's have a butchers at that one.

Somehow, Rob's heart manages to sink even further.

SALES ASSISTANT

Coming right up, darling, that's one of my personal favs.

The Sales Assistant opens the display and takes out a tray of rings - all sumptuous and glowing. He takes out the ring.

SALES ASSISTANT

Only came yesterday, reckon it'll be snapped up.

He gives it to Roxanne who slips it on.

ROXANNE

O babes, it's soooo beautiful!

ROB

But how beautiful is the price?

SALES ASSISTANT

Now that, my friend, is ten.

ROB

Ten? Ten what?

SALES ASSISTANT

What do you think? I'll give you a clue, it's not apples or pears.

ROB

(incredulous)

Ten thousand pounds!

SALES ASSISTANT
He catches on, doesn't he?

ROXANNE
But look at it, it's soooo me!

SALES ASSISTANT
Do you know what that ring says?

They both turn to him.

SALES ASSISTANT
It says: I love you.

Rob looks miserable.

EXT. MARKETPLACE - DAY

Rob and Roxanne exit the shop and walk down the road.

ROB
Thought we were going for something
cheaper?

Roxanne stops walking. Her face looks like thunder.

ROB
Not cheap, a bit less that's all.
Well, a lot less.

ROXANNE
If you want me, that's what I want.

ROB
But that's just the engagement
ring, it's not even...

ROXANNE
When we first met I saved you from
the bullies at school, I've stood
by you through everything, every
disaster. Now it's my turn. We've
only got one life and I want the
sweet things.

ROB
Babes, listen...

ROXANNE
No, you listen: no bling, no fanny!

She storms off. Rob watches her go, his face full of desire
and frustration. His phone rings. Wearily, he answers.

ROB
Hi Uncle Sammy.
(he listens)
Yeah, could do with a pint.

INT. ROSE & CROWN PUB - NIGHT

The pub is almost empty. Sam and Rob sit at a table with two pints on their table.

SAM
So when's the wedding?

ROB
Off.

SAM
What?

ROB
(bitterly)
Unless I get her some whopping
great rock on a ring.

SAM
No ring...
(he fist pumps)
...no banging.

ROB
That's what she said.

Rob stares morosely at his half empty pint.

ROB
What am I going to do? Roxanne's
the only good thing that's ever
happened to me. Everything else is
a total fuck up...no matter what I
do. Me mum swears I was born under
the unluckiest star.

Sam gives him a pitying look.

SAM
Listen, you need cash, and I need a
favour, so maybe we can both help
each other out.

Rob perks up.

SAM

Leon's got a job in Kent and I think we need an extra pair of eyes. You're new to this so you need to bring something to the table, otherwise he won't go for it. I know he needs a clean tool.

ROB

What kind of tool?

SAM

Robbie, wake up man, it's code.

Sam stares at Rob: the penny drops.

ROB

Oh right.

SAM

(shaking his head)
Maybe you're not a fit.

Rob sees the money and sex with Roxanne fast disappearing.

ROB

Give me a chance, I need this.
But I don't know any dodgy geezers
who sell guns.

Sam frowns at Rob's last word.

ROB

(quickly)
I mean tools.

SAM

You're getting it, sort of.

ROB

The only dodgy geezer I know
is...er...you.

SAM

(smiling)
Don't worry, I'll give you a number
of someone, but you've got to use
WhatsApp, it's encrypted, alright?

ROB

But what's Leon gonna do? He's not
gonna use it is he?

SAM

Course he is, that's how he earns the big bucks.

ROB

Not sure that's me.

SAM

The guy he's whacking is a nasty piece of work so it's kind of doing humanity a favour, getting rid of rubbish, if you know what I mean?

ROB

Maybe...

SAM

Remember, the cash is really good, more than enough for a ring, but if you've got a better idea...

ROB

Hang on, I'm in, I'll do it.

SAM

Nice one, but we've got to make out you've done this before. And you're gonna have to show some initiative, alright?

ROB

What have I got to lose?

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark, Sophie, Tom and his younger boyfriend Dom sit at the dinner table which is laid with food and wine.

TOM

I've got to say Brazil was amazing.

DOM

For checking out the buff guys, never seen so many in one place!

TOM

Yup, as usual Dom's eyes kept wandering. The beaches seem to be the biggest pick-up joint I've ever seen, just a cattle market really. It was almost a relief to see the Amazon Rainforest.

Sophie sourly looks at Tom who eats a mouthful of food.

TOM

This Thai curry is delicious, as good the ones we had a few months ago in Bangkok...

Dom starts giggling.

TOM

Ignore him, he's such a child.

DOM

I can't help it, what a name for a city - BANG COCK!

Everyone laughs except Sophie, who looks furious.

TOM

In a couple of months we're going to Australia, just hope there won't be any bushfires to spoil the party. Honestly, the world needs to get a grip on global warming. I was on a climate change march the other day...

Sophie erupts.

SOPHIE

You recycle a little bit of paper, but you jump on a plane and destroy the planet for a holiday! You go on a demo and wave a banner and that makes it..

(very sarcastically)

...okay?

Tom is speechless.

SOPHIE

You drive everywhere in a big fat Volvo XC90, but you read The Guardian, so that makes it...okay?

MARK

Sophie, stop...

SOPHIE

You drink Oat Milk, but you still eat steak. You couldn't make it up!

MARK

Sophie! That's enough! These are my friends.

Sophie swings her hand across the table, sending plate with cake and glass with wine crashing to the floor.

She gets up and storms out. Everyone is stunned.

In the hall, she grabs her black coat, opens the front door and leaves, slamming the door shut.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sophie charges off down the road, gripped with rage and fear, and tears.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

What did you do next?

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Nothing. I didn't know what to do, where to go. I just wandered the streets, trying to calm down, forget how badly I'd behaved.

Sophie turns a corner and rushes up the road, quietly sobbing.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Honestly, who am I to judge?

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Isn't that what you do to yourself?

SOPHIE (V.O.)

That's not the only thing that happened.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Yes?

Sophie dashes out onto a zebra crossing and hears the loud sound of a roaring engine.

She turns to see a car heading straight towards her at full throttle.

The car brakes screech and squeal as it comes to a sudden halt, inches from her death.

Sophie and Rob, the car driver, stare at one another in shock.
Rob suddenly comes to life, opens his window and leans out.

ROB
You alright, love?

SOPHIE
Of course I'm not alright you blue
arsed cunt! You almost killed me
and my baby!

ROB
What baby?

SOPHIE
I'm pregnant you fucking-blind
wanker-prick-shit!

ROB
Alright, calm down, no damage done.

Sophie spots a mobile phone in Rob's hand and strides over to his open car window.

SOPHIE
Are you using a phone?

Rob quickly tosses it onto the passenger seat.

ROB
What phone is that darling?

SOPHIE
Oh fuck off!

INT. ROB'S CAR - NIGHT

Rob takes off at speed and picks up his phone.

ROB
You still there, Roxy? Yeah, right
laugh she was, don't get her
problem, she came out from nowhere.
Anyway, listen babes, there's
something big going down, the
ring's in the bag, but you know it
takes money to make money...

INT. THERAPIST'S ROOM - DAY

Sophie sits in the chair looking at the floor.

SOPHIE

It's all my fault. I stepped out
without looking...

(beat)

...as if I wanted to die.

THERAPIST

The self destructive impulse is in
all of us. There are various
techniques which many of my clients
have found useful to cope with OCD.

Sophie looks up hopefully.

THERAPIST

You could keep track of how often
you experience unwanted thoughts by
making a note each time it happens.

SOPHIE

If I did that I wouldn't do
anything else.

THERAPIST

Another proven strategy is every
time you have intrusive thoughts or
feel the urge to watch those videos
is to firmly say out loud "Stop!"
or clap your hands.

SOPHIE

If I can't beat this, I'll...

Sophie stares into space.

THERAPIST

You'll what?

Sophie grimly gazes at the ground.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Leon saunters down the road, but his constant, sharp looks
behind himself reveal his anxiety. He strides off the street
into a large council estate.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - NIGHT

Leon walks across the wide courtyard, enters a communal
stairwell, climbs to the third floor and along an exposed
walkway to the last flat. He bangs on the door and looks over
the balcony of the walkway at the courtyard - it's empty.

Catalina opens the door. She is small, wiry and 80 years old, but has a stubborn, steely determination despite her frailty. She looks at Leon with a weary coldness.

CATALINA

What is it?

LEON

Alright, mum?

She doesn't bother to answer. Leon glances back at the entrance to the courtyard, and steps towards his mum.

LEON

Let me in, been awhile.

He brushes past her as she barely steps aside. She closes the door and follows him into the kitchen and sits at the table.

LEON

Let's have dinner.

He peers inside the fridge, which is bare except for a bunch of bananas and a dozen eggs.

LEON

Is that all you've got?

He closes the fridge door and looks around. A large gaudy, gold crucifix with Christ is fixed to a wall. The greasy, peeling wallpaper catches his eye.

He nods towards a photo on the mantelpiece showing a coffin with white flowers spelling the word 'dad.'

LEON

Since he's gone, this place has gone to shit.

CATALINA

No foul language. My house, my rules.

LEON

Alright, alright.

CATALINA

What you doing here anyway?

LEON

Wanna help. If you don't love your mum, you're nothing.

She snorts contemptuously and looks him up and down.

CATALINA
What are you worried about?

LEON
Nothing.

CATALINA
If you want to make yourself useful
fix the boiler.

Leon wearily drops his shoulders like a stropky teenager and opens the boiler cupboard. It roars with heat.

LEON
Nothing wrong with it, it's on.

CATALINA
The radiators are stone cold.

Leon puts his hand on the wall radiator next to the table.

LEON
It just needs bleeding.

He goes to a kitchen draw, pulls out a small key and kneels by the radiator. He inserts the radiator key into the valve and turns it - air hisses out. Catalina watches him closely.

CATALINA
Things going a bit funny?

Leon suddenly looks like a lost child.

LEON
I'm fine.

CATALINA
You don't look it.

Water dribbles out of the valve and he starts to close it.

CATALINA
Some friends of yours called.
They didn't look very nice.

He looks at her, concerned.

CATALINA
Wanted to know where you're living.
Said they were old pals.

LEON
(alarmed)
What did you tell them?

CATALINA

I don't know, 'cause I don't know.
What kind of son doesn't tell his
mum where he lives?

LEON

When was this?

CATALINA

An hour ago.

LEON

Why didn't you fucking say!

He jumps up and sprints to the front door.

CATALINA

(sarcastically)

Something you want to tell me?

EXT. CATALINA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Leon cautiously steps onto the walkway and sees TWO BURLY MEN, one tall and the other short, walk into the courtyard.

Unseen, Leon ducks down below the balcony of the walkway, and crouching low scrambles to the stairs and up to the fourth and final floor. Hearing the two men walk up the stairs, he leans back against the wall.

Leon furtively leans over the bannisters of the stairs and sees them head to Catalina's flat. As they knock on her door, he creeps down the stairs.

CATALINA (O.S.)

What do you want? I told you I
don't know.

The tall burly man turns and sees Leon on the stairs.

TALL BURLY MAN

There he is!

Leon gallops down the stairs as the two burly men charge along the walkway. The short one gets out his phone.

SHORT BURLY MAN

(to phone)

Dad! We've got him. Outside his
mum's.

Leon gets to the ground floor and runs to the courtyard exit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Leon runs through the courtyard exit, into the street and bolts away. The two burly men burst out of the courtyard and, with eyes on Leon, they follow in swift pursuit.

Leon dives down a side street and halfway down he stops. It's a dead end. He turns and sprints to the entrance of the side street just as the two burly men turn the corner.

Leon charges them, and with a flying kick he floors the tall one and then grapples with the short one.

A black SUV pulls up and three men jump out, two in their 30s, the third is JAMES DOCHERTY, middle aged and assured.

Leon grabs the short burly man from behind, pulls out a knife and holds it tight to his captive's throat.

LEON
(to the others)
Get lost, or else.

The tall burly man on the ground stands up and pulls out a handgun, while the other two younger men get out knives.

JAMES DOCHERTY
It's over, Leon.

LEON
Then I might as well take him with me.

The short man with the knife to his throat looks terrified. James Docherty's confident demeanour evaporates.

LEON
He's not precious to you, is he?

Leon digs the knife deeper, about to draw blood. James Docherty's eyes widen in alarm.

LEON
A relative? A son, perhaps?

The captive starts to squirm.

JAMES DOCHERTY
Willie! Stay calm.

The other burly men step forward, bracing for action. James Docherty waves them to stop.

JAMES DOCHERTY
 Shall we invite your mum to the party?

LEON
 Stalemate. Give me three days to leave the country, and I'll never come back. You win.

James Docherty stares at Leon's knife which is held fiercely to Willie Docherty's throat.

JAMES DOCHERTY
 Boys, get in the car.

As his men get into the car, he turns to Leon.

JAMES DOCHERTY
 Remember your mum.

LEON
 You'll get him back in an hour.

James Docherty gets in the car.

With the knife still held hard to his throat, Willie Docherty anxiously watches the black SUV drive off.

LEON
 Don't worry, little Willie, I'll be as good as gold.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

James Docherty sits in the front passenger seat, his jaw clenched in anger.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Leon stands behind Willie, who sits on the ground facing the wall.

LEON
 Is he gonna stick to the deal? If I release you, what stops him?

The hostage starts to turn around.

LEON
 Face the wall!

WILLIE

A deal's a deal. You leave the country, he's still sent a message.

LEON

You would say that.

WILLIE

If anything happens to me you're dead. And your mum. So what's it gonna be?

Willie tenses, dreading the worst. His eyes close and his body braces for the fatal slash and stab.

Nothing happens. He turns round and sees that Leon has gone. He jumps up, gets out his phone and hits a contact.

WILLIE

(to phone)

Dad, I'm free.

Willie listens intently to James Docherty.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sophie sits on the sofa staring avidly at her laptop which is playing a video showing scorched deserts and furious storms; the music from the video is haunting, a slow drone of dread.

FEMALE VIDEO NARRATOR

Scientists have recently discovered the stratosphere is shrinking due to greenhouse gas emissions...

SOPHIE

Stop!

She quickly puts the laptop to one side.

SOPHIE

Stop!

Suddenly she stands up and claps loudly. She closes her eyes.

SOPHIE

(whispering)

Stop...stop...stop...

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

The art gallery is packed and buzzing with groomed consumers of contemporary art. They chatter and wander the large room with wine and catalogue, gazing at the striking paintings.

Arabella and her friend JILL stand in a corner sipping wine. ARABELLA by the ARTIC MONKEYS is playing on the sound system.

JILL
Hey, your song.

ARABELLA
Of course. My show, my music!

Two bearded hipsters walk up to a painting next to them.

FIRST BEARDED HIPSTER
This precisely shows the void,
which is signified by the being and
non-being of reality.

Arabella and Jill smile, trying to contain their giggles.

SECOND BEARDED HIPSTER
You could not be more wrong: it's a
reflection of the duality of thing
and nothing.

FIRST BEARDED HIPSTER
That's what I just said.

Arabella and Jill quickly walk off, no longer able to suppress their laughter.

ARABELLA
(glancing back)
Men my age look like kids compared
to Mark...

JILL
Is he coming?

ARABELLA
Yeah, and my dad.

JILL
Isn't that going to be odd?

ARABELLA
It'll be fun watching them try to
out Alpha one another. Then me and
Mark will go somewhere...fun.

JILL

You have no idea what you're doing.

ARABELLA

He gets jealous if men want to date me. He wants to take me to Los Angelos.

JILL

He's married. She's pregnant.

They reach the wine table and wait their turn to get drinks.

JILL

He doesn't want you, silly, he wants your vagina.

With an intoxicated smile on her face, Arabella types in "MARK COCKERELL" into google on her phone and up pops multiple publicity images of the presenter.

ARABELLA

I lie in bed at night and see his face and get a head rush like I've never had before...

Arabella looks down at her phone and gazes at the multitude of glamorous images of Mark.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark stands in front of the large mirror above the mantle piece and tightens his tie, his face is a mask of assurance; his eyes sparkle with the thought of the night ahead.

MARK

You don't mind me going to Arabella's show, do you?

Sophie sits on the sofa, staring into space.

MARK

Part of the job really. Don't wait up though, it'll be a late one.

Mark heads out to the hall to get his coat. Mark's phone, which lies on the arm of the sofa next to Sophie, pings as it receives and displays a text from Arabella: "ARE U COMING?"

Lost in the fog of her thoughts, Sophie doesn't hear the alert.

SOPHIE
(whispering)
Stop...stop.

Mark's phone pings again with another text from Arabella: "WE CAN GO SOMEWHERE AFTER, MAYBE MY PLACE? LOVE U LOADS XXX"

Through the mist of her mind, Sophie registers the alert and slowly turns to the phone.

SOPHIE
You've got a message.

She starts to slowly reach for the phone, just as Mark appears at the doorway with his coat on.

MARK
A message?

Seeing Sophie about to pick up his phone, he rushes in and quickly retrieves it before she can, and sees the message from Arabella.

MARK
It's just work.

He looks up to see Sophie has a tear streaking down her cheek.

SOPHIE
I'm going mad, I can't stop these thoughts...

Mark looks shocked.

MARK
Darling, no no no...

He walks over, sits on the sofa and pulls her to him, wrapping her in his arms. Crying, she collapses into him and quietly sobs while he kisses her forehead.

SOPHIE
I'm finished.

Sophie shakes her head in despair.

MARK
We've got a baby coming.

Sophie drowns in her nightmarish thoughts.

MARK

I'm not going anywhere. Sophie, we
will beat this. Together.

Mark desperately holds onto her.

MARK

Let me make you a herbal, it'll
calm you down.

Grimly, he gets up, walks into the kitchen, puts the kettle
on, gets out a mug, and puts a camomile tea bag in it.

Turning his back to Ella's direction, he discretely takes out
his phone, and looks again at the text from Arabella: "WE CAN
GO SOMEWHERE AFTER, DO SOMETHING NAUGHTY! LOVE U XXX"

He quickly deletes all of Arabella's messages.

He manically rubs his forehead, desperately trying to delete
Arabella from his brain as the kettle boils furiously.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

The gallery is almost empty; the handful of guests still
remaining are outnumbered by the staff who are clearing up.
Arabella sits in a corner looking lost.

Coat on, Jill walks over to her.

JILL

You've sold loads. Well done!

Arabella looks indifferently ahead.

JILL

Your dad not coming either?

Arabella's jaw tightens.

JILL

Sorry...

JAMES strides up to them, he's in his early 60s, grey hair
and handsome, and every inch the silver fox.

JAMES

Bella darling - so sorry!

He turns and beams at Jill and rigorously shakes her hand.

JAMES

Hi, I'm James, Bella's father.

JILL
Um...lovely to meet you...

She glances at Arabella, whose eyes darken with fury.

JILL
I better be going...

Awkwardly, Jill leaves.

JAMES
Sorry Bella, we're in the middle of
a takeover, M and S is vulnerable,
I won't be able to stay long.

Arabella looks at him with disbelief.

James's phone rings - the first bars of Beethoven's 5th:
DA DA DA DAA. He whips out his phone.

JAMES
It's mum.
(coldly to phone)
Yes?
(he listens)
No I am not having an affair. I'm
with Bella for Christ's sakes. Do
you really want me to put her on?
Listen, I've got a buyout going on,
I won't be back tonight.

He puts away his phone and indignantly rolls his eyes.

JAMES
Honestly. Why would she think that?

ARABELLA
(sarcastically)
I have no idea.

Beethoven's 5th booms again: DA DA DA DAA.

JAMES
Sorry, sorry, got to answer it.
(warmly to phone)
Susan! Hi! I'm tied up at the
moment but I'll join you soon.

Arabella looks suspiciously at him as he listens to Susan.

JAMES
(to phone)
Great, I'll see you at the
Grosvenor.

He puts away his phone as Arabella's eyebrows go up questioningly. He fronts it out.

JAMES
Sorry, where were we?

ARABELLA
Saying sorry, many times.

JAMES
Sorry.

She looks away with disdain.

JAMES
Darling, I'm here now. Why don't you show me your work? It looks amazing.

Wearily, Arabella stands up. Beethoven's 5th booms yet again. Arabella looks exasperated, ready to explode.

JAMES
(to phone)
Charlie, send the latest data over to Susan. We're staying at the Grosvenor Hotel. We've got this. We can pile it high with cheap crap and sell big on the back of the brand. Make an absolute killing!

As he puts his phone away, Arabella steps in front of him.

ARABELLA
You do this every time.

JAMES
What?

ARABELLA
Ignore me with work or whatever...

JAMES
The money's got to come from somewhere.

He gestures to the room, the paintings, the staff.

JAMES
All this is funded by me...

ARABELLA
You can't even be bothered to turn up.

JAMES

Arabella, that's enough! Your career might be taking off, but without me where would you be?

Arabella looks flustered. Beethoven's 5th booms yet again: DA DA DA DAA. James's eyes dart between phone and daughter.

ARABELLA

Answer it then, you've been doing it ever since you got here.
(bitterly)
It's probably Susan.

JAMES

Sorry, sorry, I've got to...
(to phone)
Susan!

Arabella grabs her coat and bag and walks away.

JAMES

Bella, where are you going?

ARABELLA

Home. And I don't want your money anymore.

Arabella defiantly exits the gallery.

JAMES

(to phone)
Families, always a bloody drama. She does this every time. Anyway, we can run through the presentation, have a lie down and...
(eyes sparkling)
...take it from there. Can't wait.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wounded and furious, Arabella walks away into the night.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophie lies in the bed looking at the ceiling as Mark sets up an iPad on the bedside cabinet. He hits play on a youtube clip called: "SOOTHING SOUNDS OF THE SEA."

MARK

Okay, now think about nothing.

The sound of waves slowly caressing the shore fills the room.

MARK

I'll be back in a minute.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Looking tense, Mark walks in and picks up his toothbrush. He sees how scabby it is and throws it into the pedal bin.

He bends down and opens a cupboard next to the bath and peers inside. He pushes things aside, finds a new toothbrush and stops. Revealed at the back of the cupboard are rows and rows of packets of paracetamol.

MARK

Sophie! What are all these...

His face goes ashen. He looks in the direction of the bedroom and back to the medicinal contents of the cupboard. He stares at the numerous drugs piled up high, horrified.

EXT. MARK & SOPHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fearfully, Mark exits the front door, carrying a plastic bag packed with paracetamol pills. He walks to the household bin and stuffs the plastic bag into it and firmly closes the lid.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grimly, Mark enters and sits on the bed. Sophie turns away on her side with her back to him.

MARK

I'm going to call your work and say you need time off. I'll talk to Tom about me having a break.

The sound of waves rising and falling fill the room.

MARK

I know everything feels like it's going to shit at the moment, it's not you're fault. It's me. I blame myself...completely.

Sophie lies motionless with her back to him.

MARK

Listen, Sophie, listen to me...I love you so much.

He takes a deep breath.

MARK

Without you I'm...I'm nothing.

Shocked at getting no response, Mark leans over Sophie to see that she is soundly asleep. He looks inconsolable with worry.

EXT. MARK & SOPHIE'S STREET - DAY

Arabella drives past Mark and Sophie's house and pulls up further down, amongst a line of parked cars.

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - DAY

Arabella angles the rear view mirror so she can see Mark and Sophie's front door. She picks up her phone and texts Mark: "CAN WE MEET? AM IN YOUR AREA XXX"

She stares at her phone, waiting for a response - nothing.

She checks the rear view mirror view of the house - nothing.

She looks up to see Sophie with a bag of shopping walking home, heading in her direction. Panicking, Arabella freezes, then swiftly looks away, trying to present her back to Sophie.

Finally, Arabella turns to see if the coast is clear and sees Sophie standing on the pavement staring at her, baffled by her behaviour. Flustered, Arabella awkwardly gets out of the car.

ARABELLA

Hi! How are you?

Confused, Sophie closely watches her.

ARABELLA

Um...I was just passing, thought I'd tell Mark about my show. He didn't come.

SOPHIE

He's not here.

ARABELLA

You must come...um...I've sold quite a few...

SOPHIE

I'm sure Mark will love to see it.

Sophie stares at Arabella who wilts under the hard gaze.

ARABELLA

Right...um...I'd better go.

Embarrassed, Arabella gets into the car as Sophie heads home.

INT. ARABELLA'S CAR - DAY

Frazzled, Arabella drives away.

EXT. MARK & SOPHIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sophie stands by the front door, watching Arabella drive off; she frowns with suspicion, then suddenly looks devastated.

EXT. LONDON - DUSK

The dying embers of the sun illuminate only the sky, leaving the city enveloped in a gloomy darkness.

INT. LEON'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Leon sits on a chair stroking his hunting knife. He looks tense and wired as he watches the sun slowly die.

The front door bell rings. Leon tenses. He slowly gets up, heads to the hall, and walks into a side room that overlooks the communal balcony. He opens a gap in the closed blinds and can just make out two men waiting at his front door.

The door bell rings again. Leon strides into the hall and, holding the blade behind his back, he swiftly opens the door. Both men, early 30s, are dressed in suits and ties. Leon, tightly gripping his knife, braces for action.

FIRST SUIT

Good evening!

SECOND SUIT

Do you want eternal life and everlasting happiness?

LEON

No.

Leon slams the door shut and walks back into the living room. Grinding his teeth, he paces up and down like a caged animal. His phone rings and he swiftly picks it up.

LEON
(to phone)
What is it?

SAM (V.O.)
(filtered)
Time might be running out but
dreams do come true.

LEON
Shut up.

SAM (V.O.)
(filtered)
I've got someone who can get a tool
and help us with the job.

LEON
We don't need help.

SAM (V.O.)
(filtered)
Robbie's cool and he's my nephew.

LEON
How comes you've never talked about
him before?

SAM (V.O.)
(filtered)
Never needed to. Meet me in the
Abbey later.

Leon puts his phone away and resumes his pacing as he grinds
his teeth.

INT. THE ABBEY PUB - NIGHT

A boozy, crowded pub. A karaoke session is taking place on a
small stage. A DRUNK WOMAN is singing, very badly, "I Will
Always Love You" by Whitney Houston.

DRUNK WOMAN
So, goodbyeee. Please don't
cryyyy. We both know I'm not what
yooooou, you neeeeeed...

Sam, carrying three pints of beer, walks past the DRUNK WOMAN
to the back yard of the pub, an open area with tables and
chairs where customers can smoke.

He puts the pints down in front of Leon and Rob, who sit in
cold silence, and sits down. He looks at Rob, then Leon.

SAM
It's a real party here.

LEON
I don't work with people I don't
know. And trust.

SAM
Okay, Robbie's only done a couple
of jobs, but he's keen. And he's
family and that counts.

Leon looks skeptically at Rob.

SAM
I reckon we need a look-out. It's
smack in the middle of the Kent
Downs, fields everywhere.

Leon turns to see that the DRUNK WOMAN is about to hit the
big line of the song.

DRUNK WOMAN
And eye-e-eye-e-eye will always
love yooooooooooooou...

Leon looks on with contempt as the audience whoop and shout.

SAM
And he can source what you need.

ROB
I can get my hands on any clean
tool you want. Listen...
(slapping the table)
I'm your man, I won't let you down.

Leon isn't impressed.

SAM
Leon, the Dochertys are on your
back. You've only got two days
left, you've got to take him.

Leon frowns and turns to Rob.

LEON
No fuck-ups.

Trying very hard to look the business, Rob nods and smiles.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sophie sits on the sofa looking at her laptop. On iPlayer she watches an arts documentary called "THE LONDON ART SCENE". Mark stands next to Arabella in her studio, watching her roll red paint onto a canvas.

MARK

Can you explain why red is such a frequent colour in your work?

ARABELLA

No.

MARK

(smiling)

No?

She returns the smile and they gaze into one another's eyes. Sophie slams the laptop shut.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sophie swiftly enters, walks to the sink and puts the plug in. She turns the taps on, loads the sink with dirty pots and squirts them with detergent. She stares at the sink as it rapidly fills up with thick, soapy water. Her lips tremble with grief as she slowly strokes her pregnant belly while the sink water starts to pour onto the kitchen floor.

TOM (V.O.)

So what's happening?

MARK (V.O.)

Intrusive thoughts. It's her OCD.
It's come back in spades. And
some.

INT. THE LANSDOWNE PUB - NIGHT

Mark and Tom sit at a table. Mark looks exhausted with fear.

MARK

Sorry again about the other night.
She's not in a good place.

TOM

To be honest, I thought she had a fair point. We all talk the talk, she called it.

MARK
I'm seriously worried. After the
interview tomorrow I need to stop
working. We've got a baby coming,
I've got to look after her.

EXT. THE LANSDOWNE PUB - NIGHT

Mark and Tom exit the pub and walk down the road.

TOM
And what about Arabella?

Mark stops and turns to Tom.

MARK
What about her?

Tom stares at him pointedly.

MARK
What's that look for?

TOM
You've already told me. Or have you
forgotten?

MARK
It's finished.

Mark and Tom walk off into the distance. In the foreground,
Leon walks by and sways, a drunk smirk across his face.

CRASH!

Leon turns around with a start and sees a woman in a dressing
gown slamming shut her rubbish bin. Relieved, he walks on.

As he approaches Catalina's block of flats, a black SUV
suddenly turns into the road and Leon freezes. He stares at
the car. As it draws level, he sees there's kids in the back
and parents in the front. He snorts in relief and staggers
through the entrance of Catalina's estate.

In the middle of the courtyard is a fox who holds its ground
and coldly stares at him. Leon smiles and points a finger at
the animal, his thumb is the hammer of a make-believe gun.
He mimics a gun shot noise and the fox runs off.

From the communal stairs he saunters along the walkway and
arrives at the door of Catalina's flat. He knocks loudly.
No answer. He knocks again, even louder.

CATALINA (O.S.)
Who is it? Who's there?

LEON
Mum, it's me!

CATALINA (O.S.)
Why you knocking at this time?

The door still doesn't open.

LEON
Come on! Open up!

Finally the door opens. Catalina doesn't look happy.

CATALINA
Shhh! Keep it down. What you
doing here again? It's late.

In her dressing gown, she stands blocking the doorway.

LEON
Mum, don't be like that.

He strides in aggressively, forcing her to stand back.

CATALINA
Have you been drinking?

He strides down the hall to the kitchen.

LEON
Might have had one or two.

Catalina closes the front door and follows Leon to the kitchen. He sits down heavily on a chair at the table and smirks at the sight of the gaudy gold crucifix with Christ.

Fuming, Catalina sits down and coldly stares at him.

CATALINA
What-do-you-want?

LEON
See my mum, make sure she's okay.

She doesn't look impressed.

LEON
I'm taking a risk but they should
keep their word.

CATALINA
What you rambling about?

LEON
Nothing. I'm going away for a
while, might be a long time.

CATALINA
(bitterly)
You've been away before.

In a drunken haze, Leon smiles and rolls his eyes.

LEON
Whatever. Look, thought you might
need a bit of support.

CATALINA
(coldly)
I'm fine.
(indicating the crucifix)
I've got him.

LEON
No, you're not...

In triumph, he proudly pulls out £10,000 in cash and thumps
it on the kitchen table between them.

LEON
...but now you are!

Smug and very drunk, he beams.

CATALINA
What's that?

LEON
I earn good money, it's for you.

CATALINA
(snapping)
I don't want it.

LEON
Mum, take it.

She stares at the money in disgust, as if it were literally a
stinking pile of shit.

CATALINA
I know.

Leon is puzzled.

LEON
Know what?

CATALINA
I know.

Leon shrugs his shoulders as she stares hard at him.

CATALINA
I know what it comes from.

A moment of panic flashes across his face.

LEON
What you talking about? Shut up,
you know nothing. Have it.

CATALINA
I know it comes from no good.

LEON
Fuck off.

Leon stands up and furiously towers over her with menace.
Defiantly, she looks up at him.

CATALINA
I pray everyday for forgiveness
that I brought you into the world.

He is about to hit her when he suddenly turns away and storms
down the hall and exits the flat. He slams the front door
shut, shaking the door frame.

She stares after him, then looks with contempt at the cash
sitting on the table.

Abruptly, she gets up, her chair screeching as it moves back,
and she grabs the £10,000 and strides down the hall, opens
the front door and steps out onto the walkway. She looks over
the balcony and sees Leon striding across the courtyard.

CATALINA
(scornfully)
Leon!

He stops and looks up. With all her strength, Catalina throws
the cash at him. £10,000 pounds in notes scatter and fall
like cold snow.

Leon stares up at his mum and the falling money, his face
filled with rage and shame. She swiftly returns to her flat,
slamming her front door.

As the last of the notes finally flutter to the ground, Leon abruptly turns and walks away.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Panorama of fields, hills, and woods.

MARK (V.O.)
Today, on REALITY AND THINGS LIKE
THAT, I have a returning guest.
Nima Shayeghi, hello and welcome!

NIMA (V.O.)
Great to be back...and so soon!

They laugh.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Rob drives his car into the field.

MARK (V.O.)
Thanks for coming, especially at
such short notice. As I'm sure our
listeners are well aware...

Rob gets out of the car and scans the rural terrain.

MARK (V.O.)
...the scheduled guest, the
novelist Martina Goldsmith, is
currently being questioned by the
police in connection with a murder.

INT. ARABELLA'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Arabella is painting an abstract explosion on a large canvas.
On the table a radio broadcasts Mark's interview with Nima.

MARK (V.O.)
Tragic events indeed for all
concerned. However this is possibly
an apt moment to explore morality
in relation to your latest work,
DESTINY.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Catalina is the sole occupant of the gloomy, gothic church.
She walks down a pew, kneels and starts to pray.

NIMA (V.O.)

This age is obsessed with notions
of being good in a desperate
attempt to claim the moral higher
ground when in truth reality is
indifferent to morality.

INT. LEON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Leon sits in his armchair and taps the map app on his phone.
Below a location marker on the map is the text "KENT DOWNS
AREA OF OUTSTANDING NATURAL BEAUTY FOR BIKING & HIKING."

NIMA (V.O.)

Churchill, the hero of the Right
because he stood up to Hitler, is
accused of starving three million
to death in Bangladesh.

EXT. PET SHOP - DAY

Rob exits the pet shop with a large grey rabbit in a cage.

NIMA (V.O.)

Chairman Mao, the darling of the
Left, in the name of goodness, is
responsible for the deaths of over
thirty million in the Cultural
Revolution. But of course he looks
great in a print!

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

At the front of Sam's house is an estate agent's sign: SOLD.

NIMA (V.O.)

Notions of right and wrong are as
mutable as a chameleon's skin.

INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sam sits at his computer, buying a one way flight to Thailand.

NIMA (V.O.)

In the past every race had slaves,
indeed every race committed human
sacrifices. Clearly things we do
now will be considered as awful in
a hundred years, or even one.

INT. LEON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

In his armchair, Leon taps "SATELLITE VIEW" on the map app on his phone and zooms into a large house with outbuildings, a tennis court and swimming pool, all bordered by green fields.

NIMA (V.O.)
Morality might be as fluid as
water, but sex and murder will
always be with us.

INT. ARABELLA'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Arabella picks up her phone and types a text to Mark: "MEET TOMORROW? XXX"

NIMA (V.O.)
Whether we like it or not morals
are irrelevant to the deep desires
and impulses that dominate us, due
to our genetics and our hormones
that are preprogrammed within us.

She deletes the text and puts the phone down.

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Mark listens intently to Nima.

NIMA
Despite our best endeavours we all
have primeval urges that shape our
every thought, our every action.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

The city from high above, a hive of people and vehicles traversing the intersecting grid of pavements and roads.

NIMA (V.O.)
Take the asteroid that wiped out
the dinosaurs; an enormous lump of
rock in space, obeying the
unbreakable laws of physics, moves
at X speed on a Y trajectory, and
it hits a moving target - earth!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rob drives down a main road and turns into a side street.

NIMA (V.O.)
Like the asteroid, everyone is on a
fixed trajectory despite morality.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Rob parks up and opens his window.

NIMA (V.O.)
We all have a date with destiny, we
all face our compulsive conclusion.

A young man in a hoodie cycles up and throws a plastic bag
wrapped around something solid onto Rob's lap and cycles off.

NIMA (V.O.)
Love, lust, fear, hate, power;
preloaded with these addictions at
birth the trigger is pulled, the
outcome is inevitable.

Rob unravels the plastic bag and peeks inside to see a gun.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sophie lies on the sofa staring unblinking at the ceiling.

NIMA (V.O.)
In spite of our virtue-signalling,
our veneer of values, the truth is
people do what they are compelled
and destined to do from the very
beginning of time...

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Nima makes a dramatic flourish with his hand.

NIMA
The future is foretold.

Mark smiles warmly at him.

MARK
Absolutely fascinating. I was so
transfixed by what you were saying
I failed to interrupt you!

They laugh.

MARK
I love how you've taken Newton and
Hawking's physical determinism...

INT. ARABELLA'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Arabella rolls bright red paint onto the canvas.

MARK (V.O.)
...and rigorously applied it to the
human condition.

NIMA (V.O.)
It is the logical next step and if
I might say so utterly predictable!

Mark and Nima laugh.

Arabella picks up her phone and opens the text app. Her
fingers hover over the keyboard of her phone.

MARK (V.O.)
Thank you so much, as ever it's
been great to have you here.

NIMA (V.O.)
The pleasure is all mine.

Arabella suddenly puts the phone down on the table.

MARK (V.O.)
Well I'm afraid I have to announce
that I... I'm taking an unscheduled
break but be assured the show will
continue with guest presenters.

She abruptly picks up the phone and freezes.

MARK (V.O.)
Next week we have Jack Jones, a
YouTuber extraordinaire, who will
discuss the cultural impact of
YouTube on society. By the way at
19 years old, he is worth a
staggering £95 million, yes, you
heard me, £95 million. This is Mark
Cockerell, goodbye.

In a rush she types a text and sends it to Mark: "MEET
TOMORROW? XXX"

She stares at her phone, eyes sparkling, willing a response.

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Mark and Nima get up from the table.

MARK

Thanks again for coming in.

NIMA

Not at all, I love telling the world how it is.

MARK

Do you want a coffee?

NIMA

Sorry, I've got to catch a train, I'm house hunting today.

MARK

Where are you looking?

NIMA

Kent. Apparently, it's the...
(smiling)
...Garden of England.

MARK

(smiling)
There are other gardens.

NIMA

The estate agent tells me I need to move fast; apparently cool media people are swooping in.

MARK

You don't want to be living near them, they're the worst!

They laugh.

NIMA

It's in the Kent Downs, said to be an area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. I'm going to stay down there for a few days, go hiking, get the feel of the place.

MARK

Sounds wonderful, I'll have to check it out.

INT. ARABELLA'S LIVING ROOM, 10TH FLOOR FLAT - NIGHT

Coat on, Arabella enters, takes out her phone and sees there's a voicemail. She keenly hits play.

JAMES (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hi Bella, I'm sorry about the other
night. We both said hurtful things,
please forgive and for...

Arabella brusquely deletes the message.

INT. ARABELLA'S KITCHEN, 10TH FLOOR FLAT - NIGHT

Spaghetti is boiling furiously in a saucepan on the hob. Arabella stirs the tomato sauce in another saucepan and checks her phone for any messages from Mark - nothing.

She drains the spaghetti in a colander in the sink and forks the pasta onto a plate and ladles the tomato sauce onto it. She checks her phone again for messages from Mark - nothing.

Suddenly furious with herself, she grabs the plate and throws it at the floor. Crash! It smashes into pieces. Shocked, she stares at the red sauce and white spaghetti splattered across the kitchen floor - it looks like a mess of bloody entrails.

Dismayed with herself, she walks over to the kitchen window and stares at the city, feeling lost and very lonely.

EXT. ARABELLA'S TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT

Up on the 10th floor, Arabella stands silhouetted at the kitchen window and mournfully looks out at the world.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - NIGHT

Mark sits on an overground tube train heading home. The train carriage is almost empty.

He takes out his phone and looks at Arabella's message from earlier: "MEET TOMORROW? XXX"

He stares at it wondering what to do.

He replies: "FANCY THE KENT DOWNS? ITS THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND"
Arabella answers instantly: "YES GREAT IDEA! XXX"

Mark frowns and replies: "WE NEED TO TALK"
The instant reply: "GREAT SEE U 2MORO XXXXX"

Mark manically rubs his forehead, stops, and glances around self-consciously. He looks vulnerable, trapped.

He hits Sophie's number on his phone.

MARK
(to phone)
Hi darling, annoyingly, I've got to
go back to the office tomorrow to
tie up some loose ends.
(he listens)
Home soon, love you.

He puts away his phone and sees himself in the train window. He stares wearily and uncomfortably at his own reflection.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

As if in a trance, Sophie walks in and opens a kitchen drawer. She stares at the unseen contents of the drawer and a strange smile spreads across her face.

EXT. MARK & SOPHIE'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a bright sunny day, the birds are singing.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S HALLWAY - DAY

Mark puts on his jacket, sighs and looks upstairs.

MARK
Sophie! I'm going now.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sophie lies in bed and looks like she's asleep. On the sideboard is a tray with croissant, orange juice and coffee.

MARK (O.S.)
I'll be as quick as I can.

The front door slams shut. Sophie immediately opens her eyes and jumps out of bed.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, HILL - DAY

There isn't a cloud in the sky as Mark and Arabella walk up the hill towards a wood.

ARABELLA
Can't wait for L.A.

MARK
(mumbling)
Um...yeah.

They reach the edge of the wood, turn round and look at the idyllic view: rolling hills, fields and streams.

ARABELLA
Who knew Kent was so beautiful?

MARK
Sometimes I wonder why I even live
in the city.

She turns to face him, trying to make eye contact.

ARABELLA
You don't have to, you can do what
you want, we only have one life.

Mark frowns and walks into the forest. Arabella follows.

MARK
Um, yeah, that's...there's...we
need to talk really.

They walk deeper into the wood.

MARK
Thing is, things, well, they're not
going well at home...

Mark stops and turns to her.

MARK
I'm thinking, well, something's
going to have to change...

She smiles at him with hope in her eyes.

MARK
...if you know what I mean?

She smiles even more, fixing him with her eyes.

MARK
It's just...

She puts her arms around him and their bodies make contact.

Despite himself, they kiss long and hard.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, FIELD - DAY

A car drives into the field from the road and parks up. The passenger door opens and Leon steps out. He walks to the front of the car, looks around, scowls and spits.

Rob, with his baseball cap on backwards, steps out of the car from the driver's seat and walks over to Leon.

ROB
The Garden of England. Nice, innit?

LEON
Stinks more like.

Leon walks into the field, stops, and pees.

LEON
Where's Sam? He's late.

ROB
He didn't tell you? He's retired.
Left the country.

LEON
(shocked)
What?

Leon zips up his flies and turns to Rob.

ROB
Yeah, gone. Said he's too old for
all this. His knees are fucked.

LEON
(sarcastically)
I wonder why he didn't tell me?
He's pissed off and saddled me with
you. Guess he planned it all along.
What am I going to do for a driver?

ROB
Me.

LEON
You're the lookout.

ROB
Sam says I can do it. I know the
score...done it before.

Leon walks over to Rob and eyeballs him.

LEON
Have you?

Rob's thrown by the directness of the question.

LEON
Answer me.

ROB
Look, I'm cool.

Rob walks to the boot of the car and opens it.

ROB
I've got it like I said I would.

Leon starts to walk over and steps in dog shit.

LEON
Bollocks!

Rob looks over and smiles nervously. Leon walks over to him.

LEON
Listen, you're sure there won't be
any dog wankers around?

ROB
People do that?!!

LEON
Dog WALKERS, you dick!

ROB
(sniggering)
I did a recon, nobody came, not a
soul. Weekends maybe, not today,
it's cool.

Leon looks around and spots far off in the distance on a
hillside, a stationary green car.

LEON
What the hell is that then?

Rob peers into the distance.

ROB
They're miles away. Looks like a
Range Rover. It's country folk,
gone for a walk, it's nothing.

From the boot, Rob retrieves a plastic bag and pulls out a
revolver.

ROB
Have a look at this beauty.

Leon puts on his leather gloves and takes the gun, walks into the field and takes aim at a tree in the distance.

ROB
It's clean, never used.

LEON
It better be.

Leon's finger slowly squeezes the trigger.

ROB
(loudly)
Guess your job dictates your tools,
eh Leon?

At the mention of his name and suggestion of his profession, Leon anxiously looks to see if anybody is around and enraged he strides towards Rob.

ROB
(quickly)
Look, I've got something for you.

Rob runs to the boot of the car and pulls out a box covered with a small blanket and brings it to the field.

He puts it on the ground and takes the cover off, revealing a large grey rabbit in a cage. He opens the cage door and waves for the rabbit to come out.

ROB
Come on, matey, freedom calls.

The fat rabbit stays put. Leon looks contemptuously at Rob, who grabs the rabbit, and puts it on the grass. The rabbit doesn't move. Rob walks up to Leon and points to the gun.

ROB
I thought you might want to test
the gun on a live target.

Leon looks at the stationary, extremely over-weight rabbit; its nose twitches and it looks as if it would happily sit forever. Leon looks coldly at an embarrassed Rob.

Leon puts away the gun, walks over to the rabbit, picks it up and, gently cradling it, walks over to Rob, who is puzzled.

LEON
Not exactly wild, is it?
(looks closely)
Hello sweetie.

ROB
You like rabbits?

Leon starts stroking it.

LEON
She's beautiful, reminds me of
my bunny.

Rob looks very embarrassed.

LEON
Yeah, loved my bunny more than
anything. Mum gave her to me,
thought it'd make me good, god rot
her soul. One day my bunny shat on
my old man's boxing gloves. He was
gonna kill my bunny so I hid her
under my bed. Fed her day and
night, kept her safe. Finally, he
calmed down, let me keep her.

Leon gently strokes the rabbit.

LEON
The kids used to throw stones at
me, saying here comes the smelly
boy with his smelly rabbit. Made
her a nice little den. Loved that
bunny. But it didn't last. It was
my own stupid fault. Left the
hutch-door open all night. Fucking
fox. There was blood everywhere.
So I took my old man's air-gun and
waited for it morning, noon and
night. Had the patience of a saint.
I shot it in the leg so it couldn't
move, I was gonna do it slow...

Rob looks uneasy as Leon tightens his grip on the rabbit.

LEON
Real slow. I wanted it to see death
coming before I took its guts out.

CRACK!

Leon kills the rabbit by snapping its neck with his hands.

LEON

No one messed with me after that.

Rob nervously looks at the dead rabbit and then Leon, who drops it on the grass and looks coldly at Rob.

ROB

(nervously)

You wanna go?

Leon just stares at him. Rob doesn't know whether to smile or not, say something or not, he doesn't know where to look until his eyes fall on the lifeless and very dead rabbit.

LEON

Lose the hat.

ROB

What?

LEON

Lose-the-hat! We're not kids.

Rob is startled as Leon rips off his hat and throws it away.

LEON

Move it, we've got a job to do.

They jump in the car and drive off.

EXT. WOOD - DAY

Half-hidden by the foliage, Arabella sits astride Mark. Fully clothed, they are having sex. She closes her eyes and moans as her body rocks up and down. Finally, she falls onto him.

ARABELLA

Love you.

Mark's phone pings. And then again.

He quickly gets his phone and sees two messages from Sophie: "I GIVE UP" and "I'M DONE".

A third message from Sophie pings: "ARABELLA".

Shocked, Mark gets to his feet, belts up and starts to walk.

ARABELLA

Where are you going? Can't we just stay?

As Mark quickly moves away, Arabella jumps up.

ARABELLA
And what's happening about L.A.?

MARK
Cancelled.

Mark strides onwards.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sophie sits calmly on the sofa. Next to her is a glass of water surrounded by multiple empty packets of paracetamol.

She pops two more paracetamol pills from their silver packaging, picks up the glass of water and lifts it to her lips and stops. She takes a deep breath, swallows the pills, and washes them down with water.

MARK (V.O.)
I've got to get home, I've got to
save Sophie.

ARABELLA (V.O.)
What about me? I thought things
were changing?

EXT. WOOD - DAY

Mark stands and looks sourly back at Arabella.

MARK
This is a mistake.

ARABELLA
I'm a mistake?

MARK
Not you. Us.

ARABELLA
I'm a mistake?

MARK
Stop being stupid!

Devastated, Arabella's mind churns.

ARABELLA
L.A. was all made up, wasn't it?

Mark doesn't know where to look.

ARABELLA

It's just sex.

Exposed, Mark shoves his hands in his pockets and strides off, his head bowed in shame. Arabella glares in fury at him.

ARABELLA

I am so stupid. Every time.

Mark walks away fast, desperate for home.

INT. ROB'S CAR - DAY

The car drives on a winding dirt-track. There's a forest on the left side of the road and an open field on the right, going down a hill.

LEON

Fuck you, Sam, you've let me down.

Nervous, Rob turns the radio on - bland, happy pop music. With a foul look, Leon swiftly turns the radio off. Rob glances anxiously at Leon. The intensity getting to him, he kicks the gas to the floor and the car takes off at speed.

EXT. WOOD - DAY

Arabella sees a car speeding on the dirt-track at the edge of the forest.

Mark strides towards the dirt-track, on a collision course. Arabella's eyes sparkle with fury and hate.

She runs full tilt at him.

Mark walks up to the edge of the dirt-track and, hearing the car coming, stops and is hidden by the tree line.

Arabella swiftly runs up behind Mark and shoves him into the path of the speeding car -

THUMP!

INT. ROB'S CAR - DAY

The car rocks and bumps over Mark.

ROB

What the fuck!

Rob hits the brakes and the car screeches to a halt.

ROB
Better take a look.

LEON
No!

Rob gets out of the car. Leon shakes his head in fury.

Rob sees Mark lying on the dirt-track behind the car.

ROB
Shit!

He runs up and kneels by Mark, who groans.

ROB
Are you alright, dude? Come on,
talk to me!

Blood slowly oozes out of Mark's mouth, his eyes start to roll up into his head.

Leon gets out of the car and slowly walks up to them, and sees Arabella standing at the edge of the dirt-track.

She is frozen in shock and horror.

ARABELLA
Mark!!!

Arabella rushes forward and kneels next to Mark - his face is bruised and battered. She looks riddled with guilt.

ROB
(to Arabella)
It was an accident. He came out of
nowhere.

Arabella looks helplessly and remorsefully at Mark.

ARABELLA
Oh god! Someone call an ambulance!

Mark coughs up blood.

ARABELLA
I'm so sorry...

She puts her arms around him.

ARABELLA
This can't be happening.

Rob gets up and walks over to Leon, who coldly looks on.

ROB
What do we do?

LEON
You had one job to do, one simple
job, drive from A to fucking B...

ARABELLA
Did you call an ambulance?

Rob gets his phone out, but Leon shakes his head. Rob
reluctantly puts his phone away. Mark coughs up more blood.

ARABELLA
Please call someone.

Rob looks anxiously at Leon, then suddenly moves forward and
kneels down next to Mark and starts to pick him up.

ARABELLA
What are you doing? Call an
ambulance.

ROB
(whispering)
It's the only way, love. Help me
get him in the car, I'll get him to
a hospital.

Rob and Arabella pick up Mark and together they stagger past
a disgusted Leon.

LEON
(to Rob)
Think you're clever do you?

Rob and Arabella reach the car and put Mark into the back
seat, while Leon storms over to the front passenger seat.

INT. ROB'S CAR - DAY

Rob gets into the driving seat and starts up the car.

ARABELLA
Have you got any tissues?

Rob grabs some from the door pocket and hands them over.

ROB
Don't worry, darling, I'll get him
there as quick as I can.

She starts wiping the blood on Mark's mouth and chin.

ARABELLA
Please hurry.

Leon takes out the gun.

LEON
Look at me, pal.

Rob sees the gun in Leon's hand.

LEON
We're not going anywhere, get me?

Rob bites his lip.

LEON
This is some shit situation you've
got us into.

ROB
I didn't see him. He jumped out
like a bunny rabbit!

Leon gives him a foul look.

ROB
Sorry...

Leon offers his hunting knife to Rob, who flinches.

LEON
You've made this mess, you can
clean it up.

ROB
Me?

LEON
Do you see any other clever dick
around here who's managed to run
over a posh knob.

ARABELLA
Why are we still here?

LEON
We're going nowhere.

Rob switches the engine off.

ARABELLA
We need to go. Now!

Leon looks coldly at her, then turns to Rob.

LEON
This is your fault, finish it.

Leon offers the knife again. Rob looks flustered.

LEON
Take her outside, make it snappy.

ARABELLA
What are you talking about? Mark
needs a hospital...

Leon turns sharply towards her, showing his gun. Horrified
Arabella looks at Leon, and then Rob, who grimly looks away.

LEON
Give me your phone and his.

Terrified, she hands over her phone, retrieves Mark's and
gives it to Leon.

ARABELLA
I won't tell anyone about you, I
promise, whoever you are.

LEON
Really?

She sees a glimmer of hope.

LEON
Then how you gonna explain him?

Arabella looks at Mark and breathes hard, almost whimpering.

ARABELLA
What have we done to deserve this?

LEON
Who knows? Who cares? What's done
is done and this needs fixing.

She puts her hands into her face and starts sobbing, while
Mark groans in pain.

ROB
Feel like I know him from
somewhere.

ARABELLA
(sobbing)
He's a presenter on TV...BBC.

ROB
Oh right, wow. I'm Rob by the way,
what's your name, love?

Leon stares hard at Rob, he can't believe what he's hearing.

ARABELLA
(sobbing)
Ara...Arabella...

LEON
(to Rob)
Names? What's wrong with you? Is
this a fucking party? Shut up the
pair of you!

Cold, tense silence.

LEON
(to Rob)
Outside - now!

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

Leon gets out of the car, walks a few yards away amongst the trees, lights up a cigarette, and starts to pace up and down.

Rob takes the car keys, gets out and walks over to him.

ROB
It's just an accident. Why can't we
drop him off at the hospital?

LEON
Are you really this stupid? CCTV,
Police...

ROB
Do you think she's seen the number
plate? We could just do a runner.

LEON
Too late for that clever dick.
She's had a good look at us now. I
told you not to get out, you moron.

INT. ROB'S CAR, DIRT-TRACK - DAY

Terrified, Arabella watches Leon and Rob. Mark groans.

MARK
You pushed me...

ARABELLA
I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

The pain getting to him, Mark breathes hard and winces.

MARK
What's going on?

ARABELLA
They're a pair of nutters. I think
they want to kill us.

MARK
You've got to get away, get help...

ARABELLA
What about you?

Mark moans in agony.

MARK
You need to get someone to my
house, Sophie's going to do
something stupid.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

Leon paces angrily up and down in front of Rob.

LEON
Listen, idiot, if we let them go
how the hell am I going to do the
hit if they're already looking for
us. Jesus, the guy I'm whacking is
just down the road. They'll know
what our car looks like and what we
look like.

ROB
(meekly)
Cancel the job?

LEON
And lose eighty grand! I need this.

INT. ROB'S CAR, DIRT-TRACK - DAY

Arabella braces herself as her hand slowly reaches out to the
door handle.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

Leon glances over at Arabella moving towards the car door.

LEON
Lock the car, you moron!

Embarrassed, Rob hits the lock button on the key fob. The car lights flash.

INT. ROB'S CAR, DIRT-TRACK - DAY

The car doors lock with a dull thud. Arabella breathes hard.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

Leon paces while Rob looks anxious.

ROB
So what are we gonna do?

LEON
WE gonna do?

Rob looks at the ground, shuffling his feet.

LEON
I told you.

ROB
Told me what?

LEON
What you have to do.

ROB
I, I...I mean I was just looking
for some alternative, another way,
something, anything...

INT. ROB'S CAR, DIRT-TRACK - DAY

Arabella anxiously looks out the window, hoping somebody will walk by and stop this madness. Her foot knocks against something hard and heavy on the floor of the car.

She looks down and sees a metal steering-wheel lock.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

Leon leans into Rob.

LEON
What-alternative-is-there?

Rob shrugs weakly.

LEON
Is there something right now that
you know, that you would like to
impart to me?

ROB
I can't do it. I haven't killed
anyone...ever. I'm the driver,
that's what I can do.

LEON
And you can't even do that.

Leon throws his cigarette to the ground, strides over to the
car and tries to open the back passenger door. It's locked.
Leon scowls at Rob.

LEON
Open the fucking car!

Rob hits the car fob and the doors unlock with a dull thud.
Leon takes out the gun and opens the door.

LEON
Get out!

In the back seat, Arabella looks terrified.

ARABELLA
Please, don't do this, please!

LEON
I said get out!

Suddenly, Arabella jumps out of the car and smashes Leon over
the head with the steering-wheel lock. Leon falls to the
ground as Rob stands wide-eyed and frozen. She runs off into
the field and tears down the hill. Leon clutches his head, a
nasty gash on his forehead.

LEON
The bitch!

Gun in hand, Leon jumps up and runs to the edge of the field. Rob sprints over and stands next to him, watching Arabella run.

Leon aims at Arabella and squeezes the trigger, while Rob closes his eyes, hoping that would spare him the kill.

But instead of a bang there's a mere click.

Rob opens his eyes and to his surprise the gun hasn't fired. Leon aims again and pulls the trigger - another dull click.

LEON
This is a piece of shit...
(glaring at Rob)
I should've known.

Outraged, Leon throws the gun away.

ROB
But it was...

LEON
You little fuck!!!

He kicks Rob between the legs. As Rob drops down to his knees, Leon steps behind him and puts his hand across his face.

LEON
You're not fit for purpose.

Leon pulls out a knife and holds it tight to Rob's throat.

LEON
Go to hell!

Leon slashes his throat. Rob drops to the ground like a stone. Leon stares at him in disgust. And spits on him.

EXT. MIDDLE OF HILL - DAY

Arabella frantically runs, but her foot lands in a small hollow, her ankle bends sharply and she falls to the ground. Clutching her badly twisted ankle, she groans in pain.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - DAY

Leon looks in Arabella's direction and smiles. He starts to calmly jog towards her, bloody knife in hand.

EXT. MIDDLE OF HILL - DAY

Arabella winces in pain as she cradles her ankle. She spots a WALKER, a hundred yards away, at the bottom of the hill.

ARABELLA
(waving)
Hello! Please help me!

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL - DAY

The WALKER is Nima Shayeghi. He has a small rucksack, hiking boots and two trekking poles. Seeing Arabella waving, he heads towards her.

EXT. MIDDLE OF HILL - DAY

Arabella anxiously turns to look back up the hill. In horror, she sees Leon running towards her. She tries to get up, but falls back, crushed by the pain in her foot.

ARABELLA
(to Nima)
Help! Call the police!

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL - DAY

Nima walks up the hill and stops, suddenly astonished.

NIMA
Ara...bella?

He sees Leon running at full pelt towards her and spots the knife. He quickly pulls out his phone.

EXT. MIDDLE OF HILL - DAY

Arabella is equally startled by Nima's presence but she turns and looks back up the hill. Leon is now twenty yards away.

She starts to crawl away from him on all fours. He runs up and stands over her.

ARABELLA
Please!

LEON
You're not going anywhere.

He turns his attention to Nima, who is on his phone.

LEON
Look what you've made me do now.
I'll deal with you after.

Leon runs off towards Nima.

Arabella sees a big stick, grabs it and gasping in pain uses it to push herself up.

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL - DAY

Trembling, Nima listens to his phone while watching Leon, knife in hand, storming down the hill towards him.

POLICE HANDLER (V.O)
(filtered)
Go ahead caller, you are through to
the police. What is the address or
location of your emergency?

Shaking in fear, Nima looks desperate.

NIMA
(to phone)
I don't know! The Kent Downs!

POLICE HANDLER (V.O)
(filtered)
That's a very large area, sir, can
you give me a street name, please?

Breathing hard, Nima turns and flees through the long grass, still holding his phone and trekking poles.

NIMA
(to phone)
It's all fields! There's a man with
a knife!

Leon is getting closer and closer.

POLICE HANDLER (V.O)
(filtered)
I'm sorry but you need to give
me...

Nima throws his phone to the ground, turns around and raises his trekking poles ready for action as Leon runs at him.

EXT. MIDDLE OF HILL - DAY

Arabella watches in horror as they fall into the long grass.

She turns and spots the car at the top of the hill and sees a chance to escape.

Using the stick to support herself, she hobbles forward, the pain is excruciating, but she gets a rhythm going and focuses her eyes on the car.

She turns to see that Nima is putting up a brave battle, both his hands grip Leon's knife hand, holding the blade at bay, inches from his face.

Arabella shakes her head and walks on, stepping, crying, walking, the suffering almost unsustainable, but the car is getting closer and closer.

She's got to stop for a moment and turns to see that Nima is lying motionless, and Leon is running up the hill - to her.

She whimpers and walks faster, the car is not far. Shocked, she sees Rob's dead body and staggers over to the vehicle.

INT. ROB'S CAR - DAY

Arabella opens the door and gets in.

ARABELLA
Mark! I'm here.

Mark coughs up blood.

Instinctively, Arabella tries to put the car into gear, then she stares at the ignition - no key. She hits the steering wheel.

ARABELLA
Shit! Key!

She looks over at Rob's body, gets out of the car and hauls herself over to him.

She sees Leon, fifty yards away, running hard, smiling with his bloodied knife in hand.

She desperately searches Rob's pockets.

Leon runs faster and faster.

She pulls the car keys from Rob's front-pocket.

In agony she hobbles back to the car.

Leon is coming up fast.

She opens the car door, throws herself in, and slams it shut.
Her hands shake, she can't get the key into the ignition.
Leon's eyes sparkle as he runs.
She shoves the key in and turns it.
The engine kicks into life.
She turns to look at Mark, his eyes are wide open and frozen.
He's dead.

ARABELLA

NO!

The car door swings open and Leon violently hauls her out.

EXT. DIRT-TRACK - DAY

Leon throws Arabella to the ground. She looks up at her hunter as he wipes the sweat off his forehead.

LEON

Time to give up the ciggies!

He spits on the dusty ground.

ARABELLA

Please!

Leon pulls out his knife as she starts to crawl away.
He follows her like a predator hunting his prey.

LEON

This is what I like: there's
nothing better than seeing a
crippled fox crawling in the dirt,
scared shitless of death, just
before I take it's guts out.

She sees the gun lying on the ground. She grabs it and points it at Leon, her gun hand trembling.

Leon laughs and walks towards her as she grimly aims.

ARABELLA

Go away!

Leon moves nearer.

ARABELLA
Come any closer and I'll...

LEON
Shoot? That's a Rob special:
useless.

Leon moves even closer, within striking distance. As her finger slowly squeezes the trigger, Leon smiles.

BOOM!

The gun fires, hitting Leon in the stomach. He drops to his knees and groans in pain.

LEON
Now it works. Unbelievable.

Shaking, she stares at him as he looks at her in disbelief. Suddenly, he lunges, sticking the knife into her body. She gasps and drops the revolver.

Arabella, with the knife in her side, quivers in fear, and falls back to the ground, her life ebbing away.

Leon retrieves the gun, stands up and points it at her, and he hears the sound of an engine reaching full throttle.

He swiftly turns and his eyes widen in horror: a large green Range Rover is heading straight towards him at great speed.

THUMP!

The Range Rover smashes him to the ground and rocks over his fallen body. The car squeals to a stop. Willie Docherty jumps out of the passenger seat, strides over with a revolver in his hand and stands over Leon, aiming at his head.

Bloodied, bruised and broken, Leon stares up at his assassin.

WILLIE DOCHERTY
We've taken care of your nearest
and dearest.

LEON
(distraught)
Mum!

BANG!

Leon is hit, a bloody bullet lodged in his forehead.

Willie Docherty pockets his gun and returns to the Range Rover, which takes off at speed, tyres screeching.

Perversely full of life, the birds sing as Arabella lies dead, a knife embedded in her body; Nima is dead at the bottom of the hill; Rob lies on the ground with his slashed throat covered in dried blood; Leon is motionless in a pool of blood; Mark is slumped on the back seat of the car, his hand dangles lifelessly to the floor. The singing of the birds gives way to the wail of police and ambulance sirens.

INT. MARK & SOPHIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eyes wide open, Sophie lies dead on the sofa.

EXT. BEACH, THAILAND - DAY

The beachfront is lined with luxury houses with verandahs facing the translucent, turquoise sea.

Sam, dressed in shorts and a brightly coloured t-shirt, walks along the shoreline carrying a newspaper.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE, THAILAND - DAY

On the verandah, Sam walks up to a table with a radio and sits down. He turns the radio on and reads the front page of the British newspaper: "CARNAGE IN KENT."

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Police have declared a critical incident in Kent. They are investigating the deaths of BBC presenter Mark Cockerell, the author Nima Shayeghi, the artist Arabella Lovell, and two other men who have been identified as Leon Matar and Robert Cashman.

Stunned, Sam looks up from the newspaper.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
It is also reported that Mark Cockerell's wife, Sophie Goody, has been found dead at their home but police are not looking for anyone else in relation to this matter.

SAM
(shaking his head)
Poor Robbie...

THE END