

BLITZ

by

Nathan Parker

From the novel by Ken Bruen

Draft: April 29th, 2007

Email: Nathanensuite@mac.com
Mobile: 07861 169036

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

DETECTIVE SERGEANT THOMAS BRANT sits across a desk from DR. LEONARD. Brant hails from Ireland. Mid thirties, powerfully built, a pit-bull.

DR. LEONARD
Now Sergeant, I'd like you to
tell me once again about your
violent urges.

Brant observes a large "Thank you for Not Smoking" sign as he whips out a pack of Weights. Cranks a battered lighter, FIRES UP, exhaling deeply.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)
I must insist you extinguish
that.

BRANT
And you'll do what exactly if I
don't -- arrest me?

A cloud of smoke rises. The doctor sighs, makes a note on Brant's chart with a heavy gold pen.

DR. LEONARD
I'm not sure you realize the
gravity of your situation --

BRANT
Nice pen.

DR. LEONARD
Sergeant?

BRANT
Nice pen I said. Says a lot about
you.

DR. LEONARD
Is that so? Pray tell.

BRANT
You like a solid phallic symbol
between your fingers.

DR. LEONARD
Sergeant Brant, you've been
charged with bugging the
Superintendent's office,
brutality by an accused rapist,
demanding freebies from a Pizza
Express -- should I go on? My
report will be a major factor in
whether you remain in the Force.

Brant shoots to his feet, startles the doctor.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)
Sergeant Brant...sit down.

Brant moves around the desk, plants his right foot on the doctor's chair like he wants a shoe shine, blows a plume of smoke up Dr. Leonard's significant nose.

BRANT
Thing is Doc, this is the only
work I can do. If I get bounced
I'm sure I'd do something truly
reckless.

DR. LEONARD
Are you threatening me, sergeant?

Brant doesn't move. Dr. Leonard wafts the smoke away.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)
I should think not.

Then BAM!...Brant HEAD-BUTTS the doc on the ridge of the nose. Back goes the doctor, arse over feet, chair along with him.

Brant is rapidly opening desk draws, finds what he's looking for: bottles and bottles of booze. It's a mini off license. Whisky, gin, vodka -- all the big boys.

BRANT
Knew it!

Brant yanks the doctor up by his lapel, rights the chair, pouring a shot of GLENFIDDICH with his free hand -- SMASHES the doctor's forehead into the desk, sticks him before the shot.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Get that down you, Frasier. Go
on, don't be shy.

The DAZED doctor does what he's told. Brant pours again.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Yeah, now you're cooking.

The doctor knocks back shot 2. Brant leans over him, fixes the doctor's tie, straightens his lapel.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Christ, look at you -- a new man.
(then)
I'll leave you to it.

Brant is out of the office without a backward glance.

INT. WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A pretty SECRETARY at a desk. Brant strides through.

BRANT
He's asked not to be disturbed
for the next hour.

PHONE BOX -- MOMENTS LATER

Brant COLLIDES with a phone box. Snatches the receiver,
dials numbers from memory --

DI CREST'S VOICE
Hello?

BRANT
DI Crest please.

DI CREST'S VOICE
Speaking.

BRANT
DI Crest, I hate to rat out a
fellow officer...it's Dr.
Leonard, our shrink.
(a pause)
He's drinking on the job. Even as
we speak he's got his tongue down
a bottle of malted.

DI CREST'S VOICE
I see. Your name, officer?

Brant thinks a sec.

BRANT
PC McDonald.

And hangs up. Face to face with an advertisement.

"Madam with Whip Expertise, Requires Strong Male For
Disciplinary Lessons. Ask for Kitty."

SOUND EFFECT: A cracking whip. Then briefly: The Rawhide
theme song: "Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'..."

Brant smiles.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Oh yeah...

He writes down the number with Dr. Leonard's gold pen.

THE SUPER (V.O.)
Brant is for the high jump.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUPER'S OFFICE -- DAY

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT BROWN sits behind his enormous desk.
The Super in his fifties. Thinning hair dyed black.

CHIEF INSPECTOR ROBERTS stands before him. Roberts in his
late fifties, slick gray hair, an imposing figure. Right
now he's getting a bollocking.

THE SUPER
I blame you, Roberts.

ROBERTS
Yes sir.

THE SUPER
How many times have I told you to
reign Brant in?

ROBERTS
Many...many times, sir.

THE SUPER
I don't care for your manner,
Roberts.

ROBERTS
No sir.

The PHONE RINGS, the Super snaps up the receiver.

THE SUPER
What?
(a pause)
Yes, he's right here.
(a pause)
I see.

The Super slowly replaces the receiver, a shift in his
energy.

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
Take a seat, Chief Inspector.

Roberts doesn't like the sound of this one bit. The Super
removes a bottle and two glasses from his desk drawer,
pours a big shot for himself, a bigger one for Roberts.

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
Drink that like a good man.

Roberts downs the shot.

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
I'm afraid I have some bad news.
(then)
Your wife...she's been in a car
accident.

ROBERTS
Is it serious?

THE SUPER
She's dead.

Roberts stares into his empty glass. The Super is back
pouring.

ROBERTS
How did it happen?

THE SUPER
She was rear-ended in Dulwich.
Killed instantly.

Roberts takes in the news, sinks the second shot.

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
We'll get you home. Your boy will
have to be told.

ROBERTS
Boy?

THE SUPER
Yes, your son.

ROBERTS
I have a daughter.

THE SUPER
'Course you do. My memory isn't
the machine it once was. Let's
get you going, eh?

The Super comes round his desk as Roberts staggers to his
feet. Now a confession.

ROBERTS
I never liked her, you know?

THE SUPER
(a pause)
It's shock, Chief Inspector. You
don't mean that.

ROBERTS
Listen up, you prick -- Christ,
you're so used to barking orders
you don't hear anybody.
(then)
(MORE)

ROBERTS (CONT'D)
I loved Fiona -- I just didn't
like her very much.

THE SUPER
I'm going to forget that last
outburst. We'll put it down to
trauma.

A knock on the door.

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
Come in.

PC McDONALD breezes in. McDonald is a handsome Scot, blond
and blue-eyed, eager to impress, too eager. His accent is
flavoured with a Sean Connery-esque burr.

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
Ah, PC McDonald, good. Please see
to it that the Chief Inspector
gets home and stay with him.

MCDONALD
Yes sir.

INT. VOLVO -- DAY

McDonald and Roberts climb into a Volvo. McDonald adjusts
his rearview mirror. Checks himself out, then checks out
Roberts in the backseat.

Roberts still in shock. He catches McDonald's eye.

ROBERTS
Got a cigarette?

MCDONALD
Don't smoke, sir.

ROBERTS
Me neither -- what the fuck has
that got to do with anything?

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

PORTER NASH climbs the steps in front of the police
station. Nash is a handsome and openly gay sergeant. Mid-
thirties, blond, once described as a young Michael York.

Above the entrance we see the Metropolitan Police motto:
"Working Together for a Safer London." Nash heads inside.

FRONT DESK

Nash walks up to the Duty Sergeant, a barrel-chested man in his sixties, name of INGLIS.

NASH
I'm Porter Nash. Superintendant
Brown said to talk to you about
getting a locker.

INT. CHANGING ROOM

Nash loads items into his locker as he's pelted with HATEFUL looks from his new colleagues. Nash is smart. He knows the score.

INT. TOILET

Nash strides into the toilet, pulls up at an item of GRAFFITI scrawled on the wall, freshly sprayed, one or two letters still running:

"PORTER NASH SUCKS COCKS."

INT. CANTEEN

The first coffee-break of the morning and the canteen is jammed. Nash enters, a hush falls. All eyes on the new man.

No one wants to miss this. They know Nash has seen the graffiti, what's he going to do? A couple of coppers have taken bets, reckon he'll crack, burst into tears.

Nash crosses to the counter, says to the tea lady, GLADYS:

NASH (CONT'D)
Tea and two sugars, please.

Old Gladys hasn't had a "please" since 1986, she admires Nash's manners. He receives his tea, walks back across to the room -- no ones taken their eyes off him -- stops at the door to address the crowd. Total silence now.

NASH (CONT'D)
Even I'd drawer the line at
blowing Brant.

Nash turns on his heels, heads out. A moment. Then:

Rapturous APPLAUSE, howls of APPROVAL.

Nash is in.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR BOOT SALE -- CLAPHAM COMMON -- DAY

Our first look at our killer, BARRY WEISS, a nasty piece of work, brown hair shaved to a grade 1, over six feet tall, muscles. He looks like he could go two rounds with a T-Rex.

Weiss is patrolling a car boot sale, hands in his pockets.

A couple of SOMALIANS are selling dog toys out of the back of a yellow Datsun. It's a front. Weiss walks up, sifts through the toys indifferently: rubber balls, bones, bells.

WEISS

Got anything for a Pekinese?

The Somalians share a look.

DATSUN -- LATER

The first Somali stands by the car, on look-out.

Inside the Datsun, Weiss watches the second Somali remove an object from the glove compartment wrapped in an oil cloth. Uncovers it to reveal: A GLOCK.

Weiss takes the gun, handles it with brutish awe. A 9mm killing machine.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- CREMATORIUM -- DAY

A big, nondescript building resembling a bank.

INT. CREMATORIUM -- SAME

Chief Inspector Roberts and Detective Brant stand before a coffin. A couple of ATTENDANTS remove flowers. Brant produces a HIP FLASK.

BRANT

Get that down yah.

Roberts drinks, grimaces, the booze burning.

ROBERTS

My daughter wouldn't come.

BRANT

Smart girl.

ROBERTS

You think I should have gone for a burial?

BRANT
Nah, it's all the same deal.
You're saving a few bob, the
misses would be pleased.

WELSH CHOIR MUSIC plays over the sound system. It's some
God awful boy band. One of the attendants steps forward.

ATTENDANT
Mr. Roberts, it's time.

Roberts is too distraught to move. Brant leads him to the
coffin, takes Roberts' hand and places it on the box. He
goes ahead and speaks for him.

BRANT
We'll miss you, love.

They step back. CRANK of the conveyor belt, the coffin on
its way...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

PC McDonald arriving at work, bright eyed and bushy tailed.

He saunters into the changing room, then -- WOAH! -- half
staggers, recoiling: there's a DEAD RAT pinned to his
locker.

INT. CANTEEN

McDonald crossing the room with a cup of tea and a bacon
sandwich. Arrives at a table where some fellow PC's are
gleefully swapping stories about Detective Brant.

MCDONALD
Morning boys.

No sooner is McDonald sitting than the PC's are STANDING,
looking at him like he's dog shit. McDonald frowns,
clueless.

MCDONALD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sarge, what's going on?

STATION CORRIDOR -- LATER

McDonald has approached Inglis, the Duty Sergeant. Inglis
is a fellow Scot.

INGLIS
Like you don't know.

MCDONALD

Sarge, come on, cut me some slack. We're from the same town. I was pals with your Tommy. Did I do something?

INGLIS

You shopped the Doc.

MCDONALD

I did what?

(then)

Doc? What doc?

INGLIS

The one you're seeing, the shrink.

McDonald just stares at Inglis, perplexed.

INGLIS (CONT'D)

Now come on, lad, own up. You called CIB and dropped him right in it. They went over there the other day and found him pissed as Oliver Reed, trying to get his leg over his secretary.

MCDONALD

I wasn't seeing any shrink.

INGLIS

Whatever. The word on you is that you're a fink, McDonald. A rat.

Inglis walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. MINICAB -- DAY

Outside the crematorium, Brant and Roberts slide into a minicab. Roberts balancing the urn awkwardly on his knees.

BRANT

(to the driver)

Weymouth Road -- The Coach and Horses. Quick as you can.

The minicab pulls away. Brant turns to Roberts.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Let's get you legless.

INT. MINICAB -- LATER

Pulling up outside a rundown pub...

BRANT
On me, guv.

Roberts ducks out, Brant leans in -- flashes his WARRANT CARD to the DRIVER --

DRIVER
Not even a tip?

BRANT
You got lost. Twice. Here's a tip: buy a fucking A to Z.

INT. PUB -- NIGHT

Roberts and Brant ensconced at a table. The pub is bang next door to a mental asylum so no extra credit points for guessing the caliber of clientele. Brant fits right in.

Pints, shots, cigarettes. A blur of colour and grief. Roberts almost coping. Almost.

This next bit down the line, the night well underway, Roberts and Brant as pissed as newts.

ROBERTS
Where's Fiona?

BRANT
(not following)
What?

ROBERTS
The urn, Brant -- where the fuck's the urn?

Brant looks at the table. Nothing but empty glasses and a heap of butts in the ashtray.

BRANT
Someone must have nicked it.

Roberts opens his mouth, too stunned to speak. Brant starts laughing raucously. After a moment Roberts joins in.

CUT TO:

INT. FALLS' FLAT -- DAY

WPC ELIZABETH FALLS enters her flat. She's black, early thirties, a tight police uniform accentuating her curves.

Falls has been around the block more than once, but it suits her. She makes trouble look good.

She collects a pile of post at her feet and flicks through it, stops at an envelope marked: "Metropolitan Police."

Opens the letter, "Dear Ms. Falls, we regret to inform you..."

INT. FALLS' FLAT -- LATER

Falls has changed out of her uniform. She wears a Tupac Shakur T-shirt, sipping Jack Daniels and Coke, dialling numbers on her cordless phone.

NASH'S VOICE

Hello?

FALLS

Nash, it's Falls.

NASH'S VOICE

Hi hon.

FALLS

I failed the Sergeant's exam.

NASH'S VOICE

Bastards.

FALLS

Can you help me?

PORTER NASH -- INTERCUT

Nash is walking on the street talking into his mobile.

NASH

With what, hon?

FALLS

A night out.

NASH

Done deal.

FALLS

Thanks Nash. I want to get waisted.

NASH

There's a pub near Warwick Square, right by Paddington Station called The Sawyers Arms. Meet you there at eight.

Nash's mobile beeps. He checks the Caller ID.

NASH (CONT'D)
I have to get that. Dress hot
alright...we're clubbing.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY WEISS' FLAT -- EVENING

Weiss furiously doing push-ups, grunting like a rhino, Iron Maiden blasting from the stereo.

Afterwards -- bare chested, Weiss downs a can of Special Brew, no fucking around.

He plucks his Glock from a table, poses in the full length mirror with his new piece, á la Travis Bickle, gives himself the nod --

CUT TO:

EXT. OVAL TUBE STATION -- NIGHT

Weiss emerges from the tube. Nikes, bomber jacket, black jeans. Dressed to kill.

He spies a young POLICEWOMAN outside a Chicken Palace doing up her tunic, strides toward her.

Pulls out the Glock -- BAM! -- caps the Policewoman in the head. She goes DOWN in a HEAP. Weiss keeps moving, barely broke his stride --

WEISS

He turns the corner fast, adrenaline surging through him, his brain electric. Strokes the Glock though his jeans.

CUT TO:

INT. SAWYERS ARMS -- NIGHT

Mix of builder-types, backpackers, and trainee yuppies. Nash at a corner table, drinks all set.

Falls enters. Nash rises as she approaches the table.

NASH
You beauty. Let me see you.

She gives him a twirl -- looking foxy, a white sheath, heals. Pity Nash plays for the other team.

Falls sits, taking in Nash.

FALLS
Sweeeet jacket.

NASH
From The Gap.

FALLS
Yeah? Suits you.

Falls sticks her nose in her drink, sniffs.

NASH
Red Bull and Stoli.

FALLS
Poor man's cocaine. And you?

NASH
Scotch.

They touch glasses, drink deep. Nash's mobile rings.

FALLS
Who's that? Your boyfriend?

NASH
I wish.

Nash checks the Caller ID.

FALLS
Don't answer it.

NASH
I have to.
(then)
Hello?

Nash with the phone at his ear. Falls watching him. His face begins to cloud over.

NASH (CONT'D)
Okay.
(to Falls)
Officer down.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANT'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Brant keeps his home tidy in case he scores. What's more it's remarkably civilized. Black and white photography on the walls. Actual books on a bookshelf.

Brant has awoken on the sofa. In his clothes. Holding a tumbler of cooking sherry. A classic hangover: big, roaring, merciless.

He sticks The Pogues on -- crosses into the kitchen and flips through a wad of take-out menus... spies two YOUNG PUNKS out the window trying to break into his car.

Brant plucks a wooden hockey stick -- a HURLEY -- from the living room wall, heads out.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Brant steps up.

BRANT
Help you, lads?

The two Punks turn and straighten. Well whatdoyouknow.... WIGGERS. White kids acting like they're from the hood. Brant is flat out delighted.

WIGGER 1
Give us your wallet, bitch!

Brant swings the hurley -- takes out the first Wigger below the knees, he goes down in a moaning mess.

BRANT
This, mates, is a hurley...made from the finest ash. If you don't know, and shame on you that you don't, it is used in the Irish game of hurling, a cross between hockey and murder.

WIGGER 2 pulls out a Stanley Knife, goes:

WIGGER 2
Gonna cut you, honky...gonna cut you bad.

BRANT
Honky?

Brant loves that, fires up a Weight. Wigger 1 is trying to stand. Brant kicks him in the face without looking at him, says to Wigger 2:

BRANT (CONT'D)
Is that a Stanley? Jesus wept, I've been trying to get hold of one of those babes for like... ages. I have this carpet that keeps turning up.

Wigger 2 lunges with the Stanley -- Brant simply steps aside, let's the hurley talk, CRUSHES the kid's nose -- let's the hurley talk some more, CRUSHES the kid's balls.

Brant hunkers down and goes through Wigger 1's pockets -- uncovers fifty quid in notes and a wrap of cocaine.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Alleluia.

Searches Wigger 2. Uncovers another fifty, another wrap of coke...and a flavored condom.

BRANT (CONT'D)

I like you two, you've got your priorities straight.

He stands, pausing to take in the two kids squirming side by side, offers a word of reassurance:

BRANT (CONT'D)

You think you hurt now, wait till morning.

INT. BRANT'S FLAT

Brant sticks the condom in the spice rack, chops a fat line of coke -- about to do the honors when the phone rings. He snaps it up.

BRANT

What?

THE SUPER'S VOICE

Sergeant Brant! Where've you been? Get your botty down to the Oval, an officer is down.

BRANT

Sir?

THE SUPER'S VOICE

On the double, sergeant!

The Super hangs up. Brant stares at the dead phone.

BRANT

Botty?

Dips out of the shot...an ALMIGHTY SNORT.

CUT TO:

INT. ROVER -- NIGHT

Nash and Falls driving to the crime scene in Nash's car, passing drug dealers, junkies, tramps with shivering dogs.

This seems a million miles away from iconic Big Ben London. In reality it's just up the street.

NASH

So much for clubbing. Sorry Falls.

FALLS

There'll be other nights.

NASH

I mean about the sergeant's exam. Sorry you didn't pass.

FALLS

Brant said they'd never flunk a black chick.

NASH

Brant was wrong.

FALLS

Brant's never wrong.

Falls watches the riffraff out the window. Nash overtaking cars, nosing through red lights --

NASH

When I was stationed at Kensington there was a sergeant named Carlisle -- one of the best cops I've ever known. I was taking a lot of flak for being gay...one day Carlisle took me aside, gave me a bit of advice I've never forgotten, said, "Make them deal with it. Put it right in their faces. Whatever you do don't hide who you are."

FALLS

Did it work?

NASH

Yes and no. Point is, Carlisle showed me it's about one thing at the end of the day. It's about being a copper. Everything else is irrelevant.

FALLS

He was white, hetero?

NASH

Yes.

FALLS

Easy for him to say then.

Nash takes a deep breath. This next bit is hard for him. His words underscored with rage.

NASH

He was decapitated in a high-speed chase. The driver of the stolen vehicle was fourteen. You think the colour of Carlisle's skin mattered then, or what his sexual orientation was?

FALLS

Sorry.

They are coming up on the crime scene, a mess of blue lights, police cars, chaos.

NASH

Word is out.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Chief Inspector Roberts buried in his armchair, sipping whisky, trying to fend off the shakes.

Across the room the TV is on. A REPORTER speaks from a bustling crime scene...

REPORTER ON TV

The dead policewoman has been identified as Sandra Miller of Camberwell --

CUT TO:

EXT. CRIME SCENE -- OVAL TUBE STATION -- NIGHT

CAMERA makes a quick SWEEP of the area, takes in: POLICE CARS, UNIFORMS, DRONE of a circling HELICOPTER, a CROWD of spectators and reporters penned behind a crisscross of yellow tape. A TENT has been erected.

It has all the pizazz and hoopla of a film premiere.

We find Falls and Nash at the entrance to the tent. SANDRA MILLER'S BODY lying flat under a tarp flecked with blood, her boots sticking out the end. Falls has to look away.

Sound of a WOLF WHISTLE. Falls swings around: it's Brant.

BRANT
That is some dress.

FALLS
You look shocking.

She's not kidding. Brant's face resembles a collapsed lung. Bloodshot eyes, stubble, yesterday's clothes.

BRANT
I've been consoling the Chief
Inspector. His wife passed.

FALLS
Yeah, I heard.

NASH
How is the Chief Inspector?

BRANT
Overjoyed. He just doesn't know
it yet.

Superintendent Brown storms over, PC McDonald in tow.

THE SUPER
Was there something, Brant?

BRANT
Yes sir. There's a witness.

THE SUPER
What, why wasn't I told?

BRANT
I've been trying to tell you for
the last half hour...
(gestures to McDonald)
but your whipping boy said you
were busy.

Brant shoots a look of contempt at the Scot. Falls and Nash try not to laugh. None of this lost on McDonald.

THE SUPER
Alright, Brant -- where is this
witness?

The Super addresses the assembled officers...

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
The rest of you -- go home,
you'll be briefed in the morning.

...as he follows Brant and McDonald over to the WITNESS standing by the kerb. Witness late twenties, street smart, a pair of MUZZLED PITBULLS at his feet.

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
You say you saw the Shooter?

WITNESS
Yeah. Looks like him.

Witness indicates McDonald.

THE SUPER
That's a bloody policeman!

WITNESS
He had the same hair, blond and cut tight, you know, like a nancy boy.

THE SUPER
And you just happened to see the shooting? What were you doing loitering on a street corner?

WITNESS
I sell *The Big Issue*.
(pointing)
Over there -- by the tube -- that's my patch.

THE SUPER
(to Brant)
Take him to the station -- get a full statement.

WITNESS
What about my customers? This is my busiest time -- the pubs shut, people get the guilt going.

THE SUPER
You'll be compensated.

WITNESS
Yeah, like I believe that.

The Super moves away with McDonald. Brant and Witness face off.

BRANT
It's you and me, boy.

INT. MCDONALD'S CAR

McDonald and The Super climb into McDonald's Volvo. McDonald behind the wheel, pensive, something on his mind.

MCDONALD

It was Brant. He's the one who reported the shrink to CIB. I know it.

THE SUPER

Why would Brant do that?

MCDONALD

Because he's Brant. He's the rat, not me.

THE SUPER

Now now, careful there -- you don't want Brant on your case. He bites...like a bastard.

MCDONALD

I'm not afraid of him.

THE SUPER

I hate to be the one to say it, son: you should be.

(then)

Are you driving or are you fucking around?

CUT TO:

INT. PUB -- LATER

Brant and Witness enter a nearby pub. Witness dragging his pitbulls along.

WITNESS

You can't bring dogs in here.

BRANT

If you're with me you can. What'll it be?

WITNESS

Pint and a large brandy.

TABLE

Witness seated, making himself comfy, pits curled at his feet. Brant rocks up, slops a pint on the table.

WITNESS

Where's the brandy?

BRANT

Don't push it.

(then)

It's Tony, right?

WITNESS

Anthony. And you're Brant?

BRANT

You know me?

WITNESS

Fuck, who doesn't? My mate Amar got attacked last Christmas at Camberwell Billiards. Couple of skinheads. You showed up, kicked the bastards down two flights of stairs. One of 'em had a pool cue up his arse the whole way down. You're Amar's hero.

BRANT

I'm flattered.

As if. Brant produces a pack of Weights. Peers down at the pits. Real terrors. Straight out of *Amores Perros*.

BRANT (CONT'D)

They got names?

WITNESS

That's Louise. That's Thelma.

BRANT

Thelma and Louise. Fuckin' dumb.

WITNESS

Fuckin' right. My ex-girlfriend's idea.

Brant lights a Weight.

BRANT

So run the description by me again.

WITNESS

Aren't you going to take notes?

BRANT

Do I look like I carry a pencil?

CUT TO:

EXT. NASH'S CAR -- NIGHT

Nash and Falls approach the Rover parked by a barrier at the entrance to the crime scene.

NASH

Want to get a nightcap?

FALLS

No.

Falls walks straight past the car. It's been a long day and her rage is palpable.

NASH

Where you going? I'll drop you home.

FALLS

I'm walking.

NASH

Come on, Falls, you can't walk home like that.

FALLS

I hope some asshole tries, I really do.

She storms off.

CUT TO:

INT. TABLOID OFFICES -- DAY

The main desk of *The Tabloid*. A reporter, HAROLD DUNLOP, sitting behind his desk playing Sudoku like his life depends on it. The phone rings.

DUNLOP

Yeah?

WEISS -- A PHONE BOX -- INTERCUT

CLOSE UP on Weiss' mouth as he talks into the receiver.

WEISS

I have information on the police killing.

DUNLOP

Alright, let's hear it.

A pause. Then:

WEISS

Have some fucking manners.

DUNLOP

I'm sorry?

WEISS

I'm offering information, you don't even say hello.

DUNLOP
 (over the top)
 Hello.
 (then)
 That better?

WEISS
 I don't like sarcasm. Maybe I'll
 start on journalists when I
 finish my cop quota.

Dunlop sits up straight -- something about the caller's
 tone -- hits a record button on a tape machine.

DUNLOP
 (conversational)
 We got off on the wrong foot.
 Let's start over: what did you
 say your name was?

WEISS
 Christ, that's the oldest one in
 the book. I'm not sure you're up
 to the task.

DUNLOP
 Task?

WEISS
 Reporting from inside the cop
 killings.

DUNLOP
 You're a cop?

WEISS
 Ah, you're too fucking dumb.

Weiss hangs up.

Dunlop lights a cigarette, shifts awkwardly in his chair,
 knows he's fucked up. He's about to rewind the tape when
 the phone rings again, Dunlop whips it up --

DUNLOP
 Yes?

WEISS
 One more chance.

DUNLOP
 Great.

WEISS
 And learn some manners. Where are
 you on the food chain?

DUNLOP
I'm not sure what that means.

WEISS
Do you have any clout?

DUNLOP
Well I run the crime desk...

WEISS
I can make you famous.
(then)
Which do you prefer? Seven or
eight?

DUNLOP
Uh, seven?

WEISS
Seven it is.

DUNLOP
May I ask, seven what?

WEISS
Seven more cops to kill. Bye.

Weiss hangs up, immediately focussed on something across
the street...

WEISS' POV

Parked outside a fish and chip shop -- A POLICE PANDA.

WEISS

He checks for the GLOCK tucked in the waistband of his
jeans, leaves the phone box quickly.

POLICE PANDA -- CONTINUOUS

YOUNG COP sitting in the driver's seat, his partner getting
the cod and chips in, police radio beeping and squawking.
Weiss arrives at the open window.

WEISS
Yo there, copper.

Young Cop takes in Weiss with cautious contempt.

YOUNG COP
You want somefink?

WEISS
Thing!

YOUNG COP

What?

WEISS

It's something, not somefink. You think you'd at least be able to speak properly.

Young Cop debating what to do. Finally:

YOUNG COP

Get lost.

WEISS

But I have a question: What would you do if I called you a cunt?

Young Cop begins to open the door.

WEISS (CONT'D)

Ah...just as I thought.

Weiss whips out the Glock and shoots the Young Cop in the face. The COP'S HAT is BLASTED out the opposite window, BLOOD FOUNTAINS onto the steering wheel, the dashboard --

Weiss shoots him a second time, upper lip history, row of teeth revealed, the Young Cop appearing to die smiling.

Weiss tucks the Glock away and is instantly on the move, crosses to a bus on the other side of the street, hops on.

INT. BUS -- CONTINUOUS

The bus pulls away. Weiss with his arm hooked around a pole, BUZZING like a fridge --

EXT. BUS -- CONTINUOUS

Weiss leaves the bus, crosses the street, boards a 36 heading in the direction he just came from --

INT. 36 BUS -- CONTINUOUS

Weiss finds himself a window seat on the top deck, the 36 SLOWING as it approaches the POLICE PANDA, a CROWD forming on the pavement around the dead cop's hat, a woman SCREAMING --

Collective GASP as the passengers inside the bus rush to the windows --

Weiss loving it.

CUT TO:

A CONVEYOR BELT

Rapid HAMMERING of a PRINTING PRESS churning out newspapers.

The headline jumps out at us in thick black capitals: "COP KILLER TERRORISES CITY"

A SECOND CONVEYOR BELT

Another newspaper whisks through the frame, another headline: "SECOND POLICE EXECUTION"

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUPER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Superintendant Brown on the telephone. He's getting a bollocking for once.

THE SUPER
(groveling)
Mr. Home Secretary, I assure you
we're doing everything in our
power --

INT. CORRIDOR -- LATER

Marching to a meeting, the Super furtively adjusts his balls. Relief: they're still there.

A SECRETARY struggles to keep up, carrying the Super's tea and biscuits like a nurse with the morning meds.

THE SUPER (V.O.)
Due to the recent death of his
wife...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

The room is jammed with Policemen. Large windows afford a view of South East London and beyond. London Eye, hint of Parliament.

PICK OUT Brant and Porter Nash. They got seats. The Super in mid-speech:

THE SUPER (CONT'D)
Chief Inspector Roberts is on
extended leave. Therefore I am
promoting Sergeant Porter Nash to
acting inspector and temporary
head of the inquiry.

This news met with DISAPPROVAL. A hand flies up.

THE SUPER (CONT'D)

Yes?

PRECOCIOUS PC on the other end of it, a Brant wannabe.

PRECOCIOUS PC

Sir, shouldn't we promote one of our own?

A rev of GIGGLES.

THE SUPER

Now now, gents. Gents. Remember the Met motto: that's right, "Working together for a safer London." Besides, the powers that be are demanding perspective on this one. I need not remind you that we are already the focus of a media circus --

With a flourish the Super produces today's *Sun*. We haven't seen this headline: "'MET' YOUR EXECUTIONER."

THE SUPER (CONT'D)

Sergeant Nash arrives from the prestigious West London branch of our glorious Met. It is my opinion he will instill a level of professionalism greatly lacking in our primitive South East Division.

A round of JEERS from the ensemble.

Brant and Nash are taking no part in the antics. Nash is watching Brant carefully. Brant expressionless. His silence says it all.

CUT TO:

INT. CANTEEN -- LATER

Brant sits alone smoking a Weight. If he were a porcupine he'd be using his spikes about now. Nash approaches.

NASH

Get you something?

Brant answers without looking at him.

BRANT

A Sid Vicious. Two club milks.

Nash heads off to the counter.

BRANT'S TABLE

Nash sets the teas down. Brant wordlessly snatches the club milks, gobbles them up like an animal. Afterwards to Nash:

BRANT

Sorry, would you have liked one?

Brant rolls one of the Club Milk wrappers into a ball, bounces it off a passing recruit's head.

NASH

Are you as black as you're painted?

BRANT

Are you as nancy as they say?

It's a stare down. Neither man blinking.

NASH

Thing is, Brant -- if there's a problem, I need to know about it.

BRANT

We've already got a problem. Some sick fuck is killing policemen and he's only just started.

NASH

I meant between us.

BRANT

I know what you meant. I'm not your average thick Paddy -- least not always. Problem? Not unless you follow me into public toilets. We're working together for a safer London, right?

(then)

So I don't get to be head boy. Big fuckin' deal. Less paper work for me, that's what I say.

Brant hammers out his cigarette as he rises to his feet, takes a final slurp of tea.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Hadn't you better tell me to move my arse? Go fight the day? Come on, Sergeant, at least pretend you know what you're doing.

He takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. FALLS' HOUSE -- DAY

Falls is vacuuming her sitting room, broad strokes, a sense of rhythm. Her flat is tidy but it doesn't clean itself. Sound of the DOORBELL.

Falls shuts off the vacuum, crosses to the front door and opens it...to reveal a Hitler Youth.

HITLER YOUTH

Can I come in?

He's all of fifteen with second-rate tattoos, shaved head, Doc Martens and black combat trousers. Goes by METAL.

FALLS

Not dressed in that shit you can't.

METAL

I'm in trouble.

Falls holds the door open wider. Metal slinks in.

They face off across the living room, Metal hopping from one DM to the other, wired on drugs or adrenaline or both.

METAL (CONT'D)

Can I get a brewski?

FALLS

No. What did you do?

METAL

I think we killed a geezer.

Falls moves to a shelf, selects a bottle of Jack Daniels, pours two hefty wallops into glasses.

METAL (CONT'D)

Rocking.

Hands him a glass, he drinks deep.

FALLS

Sit down.

Metal parks himself on the sofa, sputtering, the JD burning his lungs.

We're not sure what's going on here -- the relationship -- but it's becoming clearer. Falls is some sort of mother figure to this gobshite.

FALLS (CONT'D)

Talk.

METAL

Me and the unit were patrolling
Vauxhall --

FALLS

Looking for bovver?

METAL

(with a shrug)
Just keeping it safe for white
blokes.

Suddenly Falls POUNCES on him, grabs his ear like she
intends to rip the thing off, Metal SQUEALING like Bo Peep.

FALLS

John, you know the rules. Foul my
home with that racist shit and
you eat those Doc Martens.

Next Falls gives him a slap. The boy throws his arms up,
cowering.

FALLS (CONT'D)

Now who'd you hurt?

METAL

A sand nigger --
(catches himself)
Sorry...an Arab-type guy.

FALLS

How bad?

METAL

He wasn't moving.

Falls steps away, her face creased in concentration, then:

FALLS

Okay, I'll look into it.

METAL

Thanks, I --

FALLS

Shut up, I haven't finished. If
he's dead you're on your own. In
fact, I'll nick you myself. Go
home and wait till you hear from
me.

(then)

It's choice time, John. After
this, if the man lives, you
either quit them Nazis or quit
coming here. Follow?

METAL

Yes, ma'am.

Metal moves across the room, head bowed. Falls holds the door open for him.

He stops and looks at her on his way out, sheepish, scared.

METAL (CONT'D)

Are we like...you know...still mates?

FALLS

I don't know.

She slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. INVESTIGATION ROOM -- POLICE STATION -- DAY

A conference room has been converted into the investigation's HEADQUARTERS. A war room in the middle of a war.

A HIVE of activity -- policemen poring through files of known police haters, fielding calls, reviewing grainy CCTV footage, drinking tea, mounting photos, maps of SOUTHWARK --

CENTRE STAGE: Porter Nash answering questions and giving orders, composure personified.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB -- THE MOON UNDER THE WATER -- AFTERNOON

An old-school Irish pub on the Balham High Road. A huge saloon awash with colour photos of the homeland.

RADNOR BOWEN sits alone nursing a warm glass of bitter. Radnor in his sixties, an ex car thief, dressed in a hideous SHELL SUIT resembling a Kandinsky painting.

Brant storms in, makes a beeline for the bar, has a brief word with the BARMAN, a roadie-type, receives a large brandy and a bag of crisps. No money exchanged.

Brant comes over, sits opposite Radnor, lights a Weight.

BRANT

Been here long?

RADNOR

Just arrived.

BRANT

Come on then. You're a snitch:
start snitching.

RADNOR

I'm onto something.

BRANT

What?

RADNOR

I need paying first.

Brant grins, all teeth, no warmth -- drops his cigarette in Radnor's bitter.

BRANT

Oh. Sorry.

Suddenly Brant's hand shoots forward under the table. Radnor scrunching his face in agony.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Bony fucker, aren't you?

Now we see what's happening under the table: Brant is twisting Radnor's knee and twisting hard. Radnor grunts like a spooked mule.

BRANT (CONT'D)

I doubt you've got any Irish blood in you, Radnor. Nah, you're one of these English geezers with your poncy quiff and fucked shell suit. Me now, I've got a wild streak of the Celt, and that makes me unpredictable.

(a beat)

Them Oirish, did you know they invented knee-capping?

Radnor manages to shake his head, teeth clenched, eyes reduced to chinks.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Knee-capping, it's a nasty business. Doctors fix you up as best they can, but they can't fix the limp. Nah, the limp's for life. "Radnor the Gimp" -- how does that strike you?

Brant finally releases Radnor -- the snitch rapidly massages his knee, breathing hard, wipes a glob of sweat from his temple --

Brant is tucking into the cheese and onion crisps.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Okay, what you got?

RADNOR

A bloke's been shooting his mouth off. He was in that armpit of a gym on Rye Lane, beat a homosexual half to death there. When the management had a word and mentioned the police he said: "I'll be giving them something to worry about very soon."

BRANT

That's it? Fuck, if we pulled in every wanker who said that we'd have enough suspects to fill Wembley.

RADNOR

Seriously, he's a nutter.

And speak of the devil...the nutter strides right into the pub. BARRY WEISS. Brant clocks him out of professional habit.

BRANT

What's the nutter's name?

RADNOR

I don't know. I'm meeting up with the fella who'll give me that.

Weiss has taken a stool at the bar. Brant is twenty yards from our killer and doesn't even know it.

BRANT

Don't bother, I'll go to the gym myself, ask the manager.

Brant stands, downs his brandy. Radnor looking desperate.

RADNOR

Don't I get something?

BRANT

I've left you the rest of my crisps, you greedy bugger. What more do you want?

And he's off.

THE BAR

Now it's Weiss' turn to clock Brant. The Barman pulling Weiss a pint.

BARMAN
That's a cop and his snitch.

WEISS
Yeah?

BARMAN
Yeah, that piece of filth who just left, he's Detective Brant, a right animal. And the git in the shell suit's been flogging him information.

The Barman attempting to impress Weiss. It worked.

WEISS
Get a lot of cops in here, do you?

BARMAN
Crawling. Sometimes I can't see the door for all the pig shit.

Weiss half-considers going after Brant, but is lured by his freshly pulled Stella. Room temperature, the way he likes it. Holds a fiver out to the Barman.

WEISS
Keep the change.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALHAM HIGH ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Brant leaves the pub, his coat whipping in the wind, walks to his four door Rover lounging in a bus lane. Peels away.

PC MCDONALD'S VOLVO emerges from a parking space across the street. The young Scot is on Brant's tail.

EXT. RYE LANE/PECKHAM --LATER

If Queens is the mother of melting pots, Peckham is her noisy kid sister. A mix of cultures living on top of one another: Caribbean, Indian, Nigerian, Chinese, etc.

Brant marches along the packed street, sidesteps a live chicken and ducks into "Peckham Fitness," a gloomy gym.

McDonald watching him from the doorway of a Kebab shop.

EXT. SECLUDED STREET/BATTERSEA -- LATER

Brant parks in front of a rundown building. Heads inside.

EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE -- MOMENTS LATER

The building is divided into flats. McDonald has followed Brant here. He walks up, checks the names on the buzzers.

Most of the names faded or missing. Except one. Buzzer three: KITTY RUSSELL. Who's Kitty Russell?

McDonald steps back, peers up. A RED GLOW emanating from one of the windows. Yep, third floor.

Tilts his head like a bewildered dog. For a second there -- surely not -- McDonald thought he heard the crack of a WHIP...

CUT TO:

INT. NASH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Porter Nash comes home exhausted from a long day. Removes his jacket, pours a glass of water. Slides a vegetarian meal in the microwave, zaps it.

In the living room Nash sits down to eat. Sticks on the TV. Big Brother. Deal or No Deal. Friends. The usual shit.

The doorbell rings. He looks up.

DOOR

Nash opens the door to Brant.

NASH
Sergeant?

BRANT
Evening all. Not disturbing you,
am I?

Brant the last person he expected.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Well, you going to ask me in?

SITTING ROOM

Brant walks in, circles the room.

NASH
I'm in the middle of eating.

BRANT
Go ahead, I'd some Tex-Mex
earlier.

Brant observes Nash's veggie meal on the glass coffee table: lentils, rice, Hare Krishna cuisine.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Christ, what the hell's that? You need to get some meat in you, a thick juicy steak, get the blood flowing.

Brant is giving himself the tour. Spacious white walls, spacious fitted carpet, spacious.

BRANT (CONT'D)

The Japs have a word for this type of bare look, don't they?

NASH

Yes. Minimalist.

BRANT

Shite's the word I had in mind.
(then)
Don't I get a drink, first time in your pad and all that?

NASH

Under the hi-fi, help yourself.

Brant hunkers down, pulls the door open to reveal a range of spirits.

BRANT

Jesus on a bike, no wonder you stay home. Hit you with anything?

NASH

No, I've got some water thanks.

Brant goes for Armagnac in a heavy crystal glass. Crosses to the window to check out the view.

BRANT

Isn't that the old police training college?

NASH

It is.

BRANT

Thought so. They used to host this poxy dinner and dance thing, every year around Christmas. I scored there once.

NASH

(a pause)

Uh, nice as this chat is...can I ask you why you're here?

BRANT

I need your advice.

(then)

I don't care about you being a pillow biter. Fuck, I don't give a toss what people do, long as they keep it to themselves. But I respect you, there's not many I do.

This a kind of truce. Nash needs a drink now, goes to the cabinet under the hi-fi, pours himself a scotch.

NASH

What's the problem?

BRANT

I'm losing it.

NASH

In what way?

BRANT

I'm blacking out. Not often -- but enough to be worried. I don't want to talk, eat -- takes a huge effort to drag myself out of bed.

(a beat)

I just stare at the wall, do nothing, absolutely nothing.

Both men are sitting now.

NASH

It's burn out.

BRANT

What?

NASH

Yeah, your brain's on melt down. A couple of days doing nothing -- you'll start to come back.

BRANT

You sound pretty sure.

NASH

Well I am, been there myself.

BRANT

(surprised)

You?

NASH

Sure, I could barely work a microwave. I was fucked.

BRANT
How long ago was this?

NASH
Not long, last year.

Nash grabs a pack of cigs. Menthol Super Kings.

NASH (CONT'D)
We'd a pedophile on the loose,
luring children into his car at
Holland Park. The kids were too
traumatized to identify him --
plus he was a showbiz agent,
major connections. The guys at
the nick, they just about classed
me on par with him...because of
my sexual orientation, yeah? Put
used condoms in my locker, sugar
in my petrol tank. Usual stuff.

He lights a cig, takes a deep drag.

NASH (CONT'D)
I was under massive pressure,
knocking back Valium, shots at
breakfast, two packs a
day...anyway, I took matters into
my own hands. Broke into the
pedophile's house, four in the
morning, mashed his balls with a
baseball bat.

(a beat)
Took a leave of absence after
that -- I was burnt out -- hid in
my house. Went back to work
expecting the axe. They ended up
transferring me.

Loud SNORE from Brant. He's fallen asleep. The Animal. Head
thrown back, mouth open, dribbling split.

Nash doesn't know whether to be insulted or amused. Settles
for something between the two.

NASH (CONT'D)
Wanker.

CUT TO:

INT. NASH'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Brant wakes up, surprised to find himself horizontal on
Nash's sofa, blanket pulled over him. He rolls into a
sitting position, yawns ferociously, scratches his arse.

NASH'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Nash is showered and shaved, tucking into a bowl of muesli, dollop of organic yogurt, swirl of honey, oh yeah.

Brant comes in and wordlessly sits opposite Nash. Takes out a Weight, fires up.

NASH
Don't you want breakfast?

BRANT
Coffee. Two sugars.

As Nash gets the coffee:

BRANT (CONT'D)
Did you interfere with me?

NASH
Yeah, right.

Nash hands Brant a big mug of coffee. Awkward pause.

NASH (CONT'D)
So...any idea who we're looking for?

BRANT
A psycho, the kind that whistles while he works, hardest to catch. I checked out a gym on Rye Lane yesterday, got the name of a guy in Nunhead who's Worth a visit.

NASH
You want me along?

BRANT
Nah, you're head boy, got enough on your plate.

Nash pushes his muesli away. The sight of Brant this early has killed his appetite.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Uh, last night, what I was saying...

NASH
Stays with me.

BRANT
I was just tired.

NASH
Needed some shut eye, sure.

Brant nods, glad that's over with. Gulp of coffee --

BRANT
I'm off.

He stands and moves to the door.

BRANT (CONT'D)
The other thing...

Nash looks at him.

BRANT (CONT'D)
About you being a good cop.

NASH
Yeah?

BRANT
I meant it.

NASH
Thanks.

Brant hesitates, turns back, adding:

BRANT
For a pooftah.

A second later we hear the SLAM of the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S CAR -- DAY

McDonald is parked across from Nash's apartment. He's been here all night, got the stubble and cat breath to prove it.

Seeing Brant exit the building he sits up straight and lunges for a CAMERA on the passenger seat.

MCDONALD
Smile you fucker.

Clicks a few shots.

Brant drives off. McDonald ducking down.

When he sits up again McDonald is delighted to see Porter Nash... leaving the very same building.

MCDONALD (CONT'D)
When it rains.

Lifts his camera, clicks more shots.

CUT TO:

INT. WEISS' FLAT -- DAY

Barry Weiss revving himself up for the next kill. Sticks on Iron Maiden's *The Number of the Beast*. Doing his thing:

50 Push-ups, 3 cans of Special Brew, bout of mirror posing.

Weiss checks the Glock for ammo. The clip's empty. Ah, shit. He looks genuinely vexed.

But only for a sec. SLAMS the clip back in -- Iron Maiden GUITARS picking up momentum -- strides out of the frame.

EXT. CAR BOOT SALE -- CLAPHAM -- DAY

Weiss hurries along in search of the yellow Datsun. Stops in his tracks --

The Somalians are being questioned by a man and woman, OFFICIAL types. Possibly immigration, possibly fuzz. It's all the same to Weiss.

WEISS

He drifts over to a beat up Fiat estate. YOUNG SID JAMES selling workman's tools: saws, levelers, nails, drills...

Weiss' imagination dancing. Picks up a buzz saw: nah, too heavy. Picks up a staple gun: too fiddly.

Finally...a HAMMER. Feels it in the palm of his hand. Rubber handle, nice and light, sweet.

YOUNG SID JAMES
All hand tools half price, mate.

Things looking up for Weiss suddenly. He treats Young Sid James to his horror show smile.

WEISS
My lucky day.

CUT TO:

INT. MEGA SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Chief Inspector Roberts shuffles along with an empty basket. Roberts looks dreadful. He hasn't bathed or shaved for days. He stops in an aisle, perplexed: washing powder, as far as the eye can see. Where the fuck's the wine?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Brant talking to the Duty Sergeant, Inglis. Falls walks up.

FALLS

Uh, Brant, can I have a word?

Brant turns, takes her in.

FALLS (CONT'D)

Got something I need to discuss.
Could I buy you a cup of tea?

BRANT

I like tea. Sure, after you.

INT. CANTEEN -- CONTINUOUS

Falls and Brant roll in.

BRANT

Make mine a Sid Vicious, alright?
I'll grab a table.

A TABLE

Brant sitting by the window smoking. The station carpark is visible down below.

Falls plonks down a tea for Brant, a coffee for herself.

BRANT

Any biccies?

FALLS

Oh, sorry.

BRANT

You'll know next time. I'm
partial to the Club Milks.

A pause. There's history here, you can sense it. Maybe a kiss...maybe a one night stand. Whatever it was they've made their peace with it. Finally Falls manages:

FALLS

Tea and two sugars...why's it
called a Sid Vicious?

BRANT

You ever see *Sid and Nancy*?

FALLS

Long time ago.

BRANT

There's this scene where Gary Oldman, wrecked on every chemical known to man, shouts at his record company rep, who'd asked him what he wanted to drink, "Cup a tea, yah cunt, and two sugars."

Falls smiles.

BRANT (CONT'D)

When you were in rehab...you meet any celebs?

FALLS

Can't say. Secrecy pact.

BRANT

Right right, you can't recover and tell. Well that's no fun.

(a beat)

So...what can I do for you?

FALLS

I need a favour.

Brant gives her a look, "Well, yeah, obviously." She continues tentatively.

FALLS (CONT'D)

A friend of mine is in trouble. I need to get him off the hook.

BRANT

Police trouble?

FALLS

Right.

BRANT

How bad?

FALLS

He and his mates gave a bloke a good kick in.

BRANT

Someone you're riding?

The question surprises her.

FALLS

What? No. Nothing like that. He's a kid.

Brant has to think a sec. Sucks his tea, like he's draining it past his gums, then:

BRANT

There's a DI who owes me one from way back. We share a snitch in Brixton. He'll be able to help.

FALLS

Name?

BRANT

Stokes. Craig Stokes.

FALLS

Thanks.

BRANT

Now you owe me one.

FALLS

I guess I do. That a bad thing?

And she gets the wolf smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOON UNDER THE WATER PUB -- DAY

Barry Weiss is standing in the shadows of a boarded up chemist. He drinks Stoli from the bottle.

SERGEANT CROSS emerges from the pub. Cross in his late forties, six foot tall, an almighty paunch. He has a playful exchange with a couple of young POLICEMEN driving by in a Vauxhall Astra, walks off.

Weiss follows him.

EXT. SIRINHAM POINT

Block of ugly ex-council flats, a cross between a sky scraper and a gigantic spark plug. Sergeant Cross lives here. He walks along with fish and chips and a four pack of London Pride.

Passes a group of RAUCOUS KIDS playing football. Couple of dustbins serving as goal posts.

Weiss is a ways back wolfing down a bag of chips.

INT. CORRIDOR -- SECOND FLOOR

Cross stops at a door in an ash-coloured corridor, takes his keys out, enters his flat.

Weiss pokes his head around the corner. Presses down the corridor, observes a stack of SKY TV magazines outside Cross' door.

Checks the HAMMER tucked against his spine, makes sure it's not too far down his jeans, easily reachable --

Knocks.

After a second or two:

SERGEANT CROSS' VOICE
Who is it?

WEISS
Cable guy.

Cross opens the door.

INT. SERGEANT CROSS' FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

Weiss looking around with excitement, the Stoli bubbling in his blood -- he sees a photo on a shelf: A YOUNGER SERGEANT CROSS, first day on the job, dressed in a crisp uniform, helmet, HOPEFUL SMILE...

SERGEANT CROSS
There a problem? I just paid the bill --

WEISS
Funny, you are the Bill.

This sets off Cross' antennae.

SERGEANT CROSS
You're not the usual bloke --

Weiss realizes he's gone too far. Whips out the HAMMER, takes a HUGE SWING at Cross --

MISSES. Nothing but fresh air. It's the vodka. Gotta be.

The momentum of the swing has taken him past Cross...who unleashes a RABBIT PUNCH to the back of Weiss' neck -- Weiss FLIES into the shelf of photos, DROPPING the HAMMER --

When he turns around he sees Cross unwinding a second PUNCH, but at the last second Cross TRIPS on the HAMMER, staggers --

Weiss SLAMS into Cross with a mid-level tackle that propels the Sergeant off his feet -- sends him CRASHING to the floor --

Weiss on top of Cross SCREAMING -- reaches for the hammer and starts RAINING BLOWS -- the scene quickly lost in a Technicolor blur of blood and gore.

Weiss stops -- blood splattered on his face, chunk of brain on his jacket sleeve --

This is too much for even Weiss. With revulsion he jumps away from Cross' body, doubles over -- and THROWS UP.

INT. CROSS' BEDROOM -- LATER

Weiss stands in grimy Y-fronts going through Cross' meagre wardrobe. Selects a pair of slacks; Bay City Rollers T-shirt circa 1976; battered leather jacket; pair of black leather dress shoes, cop specials.

SPARE ROOM

Weiss has changed into Sergeant Cross' clothes. Less rattled now, he's helped himself to one of Cross' beers. He snoops through drawers.

Finds Cross' old police helmet, the one from the photo.

WEISS

Sweet!

Sticks it on. Next he finds a bullet proof vest with the "Met" insignia on it. And finally...an address book. Full of names and addresses of -- yep -- cops.

Bingo. Weiss whistles, pockets the address book.

LIVING ROOM

Weiss goes through the dead sergeant's pockets, finds his WARRANT CARD, forty quid in notes, some loose change -- through this we steer clear of Cross' ruined face.

Weiss throws his TROPHIES (helmet, bullet proof vest, address book, warrant card) into a carrier bag he found under the sink.

Next he builds a mound on top of Cross' dead body consisting of the soiled clothes, SKY TV magazines from the corridor, newspapers.

Squirts LIGHTER FLUID onto the mound, strikes a MATCH...

FLAMES leaping up, Weiss out the door.

EXT. SIRINHAM POINT

Out front the game of football is still in progress. Kids shouting, arguing. Weiss crosses the frame quickly.

A plume of BLACK SMOKE is pouring from a second story window...

CUT TO:

INT. BRANT'S HOUSE -- DAY

Brant arrives home, crosses to the kitchen, opens the fridge, a few cans of beer, some old take-out food. He doesn't go for anything, just stares in, motionless...

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

Weiss on the phone.

WEISS

There's a blaze at Sirinham Point. That's an estate on Meadow Road, spitting distance from the Oval Cricket Ground.

INT. TABLOID OFFICE -- INTERCUT

Harold Dunlop of *The Tabloid*, sitting bolt upright at his desk. He's taken a few calls today, but this was the one he was waiting for.

DUNLOP

A blaze?

WEISS

As in a big fucking fire.

(then)

I suppose you'll be wanting to know what your angle is?

DUNLOP

Uh, yes...yes please.

WEISS

In a flat on the second floor, you'll find number three.

DUNLOP

A third policeman?

WEISS
Very good, Columbo. I used a new system.

DUNLOP
Can you...be more clear?

WEISS
I pulverized the fucker with a hammer. Clear enough for you?

Weiss hangs up.

Dunlop rewinds the tape, a flicker of a smile. The phone rings again, he grabs it, hears:

WEISS (CONT'D)
I almost forgot -- I have a name.

DUNLOP
Name?

WEISS
Is there an echo? Don't keep repeating everything I say, it's getting on my nerves.
(a beat)
"The Blitz." As in Blitzkrieg.

Dunlop writes down "The Blitz" -- underlines it.

WEISS (CONT'D)
Got it?

DUNLOP
Yes.

Weiss hangs up again.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

A Police Car BULLETS through the frame, sirens FLASHING, taking us to

EXT. SIRINHAM POINT

More police cars, fire engines, helicopters...

FIREMEN struggle to tame the second floor blaze. Residents being evacuated. The kids who were playing football now part of a clutch of disorganized spectators.

CUT TO:

INT. INVESTIGATION ROOM -- DAY

HQ is a maelstrom of panic. Phones ringing off the hook, policemen rushing around.

Porter Nash waist deep in flak and frustration.

PRECOCIOUS PC slaps a *Tabloid* in front of him.

PRECOCIOUS PC
Sarge, you'd better see this.
Evening edition --

The headline hits Nash like a sucker punch: "BLITZ STRIKES AGAIN."

Nash at boiling point, doesn't know whether to curse, throw his chair, or simply laugh. Instead he yells to the room:

NASH
Where the hell is Brant?

CUT TO:

INT. BRANT'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Brant sits in the shadows of his living room, no lights on, watching the wall.

Across the room a PHONE is ringing. Brant doesn't move, doesn't even blink, his mind a vacuum of white noise.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERLOO STATION -- MORNING

A throng of commuters frantically crisscross the massive station.

We find Barry Weiss by a row of lockers. He opens a rented locker, looks left and right, begins loading in objects from a holdall: the hammer, the Glock, the trophies from Sergeant Cross's flat, a batch of dog-eared crime books.

He shuts the locker, takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERTS' HOUSE -- MORNING

CAMERA MOVES CAUTIOUSLY through Chief Inspector Roberts' Dulwich house, taking in:

Take-out pizza boxes; dirty glasses and crockery; avalanche of unread post; empty bottles of booze; plants dead or dying; ornaments coated in dust --

BATHROOM

Roberts is shaving. He wears one of his wife's old pink dressing gowns. Bald knees pathetically exposed.

CUT TO:

INT. NASH'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Nash has been given Roberts' old office adjacent to the conference room. Nash hasn't made it his own yet, hasn't had time.

We find Nash poring through a pile of morning newspapers. Naturally the Press has gone ape. He is about to pounce on a CHOCOLATE CROISSANT when Brant enters.

NASH
Jesus Christ, Brant, where've you been?

BRANT
I can't say.

NASH
What does that mean?

BRANT
Uh, I can't account for my movements. That the right lingo?

Brant has taken a seat on the other side of the desk. His unshaven face has a blasted sheen.

NASH
You do know another policeman's been killed?

Brant just stares back with tired eyes. Nash sighs.

NASH (CONT'D)
You want a cup of tea? They've given me a secretary, she'll get it for you.

BRANT
No thanks.

NASH
(a pause)
Sergeant Cross, worked out of Stockwell.
(MORE)

NASH (CONT'D)

The killer's got a name now, "The Blitz." He used a hammer on Cross, then torched his flat. Despite the fire the corona was able to do a full autopsy: says Cross wasn't so much bludgeoned as beaten to a pulp.

Nash stops to gauge Brant's face for a reaction, can't detect a dial tone.

NASH (CONT'D)

The killer has his own column in *The Tabloid*.

BRANT

How does that work?

NASH

He calls some hack named Harold Dunlop, gives him the details.

BRANT

Dunlop you say?

NASH

Yeah, you know him?

BRANT

I do.

A beat. Brant is giving Nash's croissant a look of longing.

NASH

How'd it go in Nunhead?

BRANT

Nunhead? What's in Nunhead?

NASH

For Christ's sake, Brant, you were going to check up on a lead, remember? This was three days ago.

Brant begins to stand.

BRANT

I'll go now.

NASH

I'm coming with you.

Nash swipes his jacket.

BRANT

Don't want to waste that.

Brant swipes the chocolate croissant.

INT. STATION -- CONTINUOUS

A group of PC's, including McDonald, are giggling at something pinned to a notice board. At the sight of Brant and Nash the group SCATTERS.

NOTICE BOARD

Side by side, two colour photographs of Brant and Nash leaving Nash's apartment building, insinuating a tryst.

A caption over the top of the photos reads: "Hands-on Policing." Below the photos a second caption: "Renfrow Road, home to Porter Nash."

Spearheaded by McDonald, the PC's have regrouped on the opposite end of the corridor. Smiles abound.

Brant unfazed, taps Nash's photo.

BRANT
Good one of you.

Now he starts on the croissant.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Mmmm...this is delicious, must
have been fresh in.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

Outside the station a cluster of JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS rush forward in the pissing rain, including Harold Dunlop. Brant and Nash keep their heads down.

DUNLOP
Detective Nash -- I'm Harold
Dunlop from *The Tabloid*...

Before Dunlop can get out another word Brant steps in and WALLOPS the journalist in the GUT. Dunlop groans and folds over -- the other JOURNALISTS catching his fall --

Nash says to Brant as they walk away:

NASH
What was that all about?

BRANT
Didn't I say already? I know him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUPER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Roberts is standing before Superintendant Brown. The Super drinking tea and drinking it loud. Can tea be chewed? The Super is giving it a good try.

ROBERTS
You replaced me.

THE SUPER
What?

ROBERTS
Porter Nash is heading up the inquiry.

THE SUPER
You're on compassionate leave.

ROBERTS
I'm back.

The Super looks at Roberts intently. What he sees is a tired old man, wicked razor burn, dressed in a shabby suit, a good decade past his prime.

Time for The Speech.

THE SUPER
Inspector Roberts, losing a wife...it's not easy.

ROBERTS
You lost your wife?

THE SUPER
Well....no, I --
(a pause)
How do you feel about early retirement?

ROBERTS
We'd miss you, sir.

Roberts gives a bleak smile.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)
You know who else would miss you?
Petra, that two hundred pound hooker you see every Wednesday.
Your secretary thinks you're playing squash. Well...you are, in a way.

A pause. The Super almost looks impressed.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)
I don't need a fanfare. I don't
even need my old office back. I
want to work, simple as that.

THE SUPER
So what are you waiting for? Fuck
off, Roberts. Go solve crimes.

CUT TO:

INT. FALLS' FLAT -- DAY

Falls in a brown velvet tracksuit that makes her seem
blackier. She checks her reflection in the hallway mirror,
swipes keys from a bowl, heads out...

EXT. FALLS' FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

Almost walks straight into Metal standing on the doorstep.

He's out of the Hitler Youth gear. Looks more insecure,
more like a boy. Hoody, pair of jeans, Adidas trainers, the
obligatory MP3 player.

FALLS
What are you doing? I told you to
wait till you heard from me.

METAL
Right, I didn't hear from you.

FALLS
I'm sorting it now -- trying to --
(then)
Go home.

Falls slams the door, strides past him.

INT. BUS -- DAY

Falls on the top deck of the 37, watching a sheet of rain
LASH the side of the bus.

INT. ROMERO'S CAFE -- LATER

Fluorescent lights bathe this pitiful joint in suicidal
yellow. The windows are fogged with grease. There are
cockfighting dens with better hygiene.

Falls enters cautiously. All the tables are empty but one.
A MAN is sitting alone reading a paper. She heads over.

FALLS

DI Stokes?

DI CRAIG STOKES looks up. My my. Falls was counting on being nervous, she wasn't counting on a hunk.

STOKES

You must be Falls?

His dazzling smile cuts through the grime, the grease, through Falls.

She's not answering. Deer in Headlights and all that.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Falls -- hello, you in there?

FALLS

Sorry, sir, with the killings, we're all a bit out of it.

She sits down. Stokes closes the paper, pushes it away. Headline roars at us: "COP KILLER CLAIMS THIRD VICTIM."

STOKES

What will you have?

FALLS

Tea. Just tea, sir.

STOKES

Forget the "sir" stuff -- Craig will do.

Stokes calls out to the counter.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Tea and toast for two.

And the Staff hop to it. Falls checks out Stokes' tweed jacket, his hands, his muscular neck...

Stokes checks out Falls checking him out. Then:

STOKES (CONT'D)

You can smoke if you like.

FALLS

I don't smoke.

STOKES

Too bad, if you did it could only help in here, kill off some of the bacteria.

She laughs. They both do. A good vibe.

Stokes reaches into his pocket, flips open a notebook.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Okay, we've got two of the men involved in the assault of Mr. Aziz.

FALLS

(quickly)

Assault? He's not..?

STOKES

Dead? Incredibly, no. Those skins did a real number on him. The two we grabbed are singing like The Proclaimers, gave up the third without a second thought. Just a case of running him in.

(reading)

Let me see...I can't read my own writing -- John Wales, known as "Metal." This the person you wanted to discuss?

FALLS

Yes.

STOKES

What is he, a snitch?

Falls nods vigorously -- a lie -- and then the truth, or something like the truth:

FALLS

And I look out for him, try to.

STOKES

He's a skinhead.

FALLS

He's a boy. Underneath it all.
He's a scared boy.

Falls bites her lip, realizes this sounds lame.

WAITRESS come over, sticks in front of them: two mugs of tea, one stack of toast drenched and dripping in butter.

FALLS (CONT'D)

Is there any way you can cut him loose?

Stokes closes his notebook, starts on the toast.

STOKES

(a shrug)

Anything can be buried.

FALLS

Will you?

STOKES

I don't know, will I? What's it worth?

FALLS

A lot.

STOKES

Meet me for a drink tonight.

Falls wasn't expecting that.

A moment.

FALLS

That's all?

STOKES

Come on Falls, you've been around, you know it's never "that's all."

He gives her the full heat of his smile.

Like she really needs to think about it. Pretends she does, milks the pause. Finally:

FALLS

Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. RYE LANE -- DAY

We are tossed into the colourful mayhem of a Peckham fruit and vegetable stand. Chopped yams stacked like logs; vibrant reds, yellows and greens of fresh chillies; mix of customers jockeying for position. All of this against thumping REGGAE MUSIC from a car window --

Radnor Bowen swishes by. We pick out the ugly shell suit first, then Radnor inside it. He's Brant's snitch, the one from the Irish pub.

We tail Radnor as he negotiates a crush of pedestrians and ducks into Peckham Fitness.

GYM ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Barry Weiss is his name. Lives in Nunhead.

INT. PECKHAM FITNESS/RECEPTION

Radnor stands across a desk from a lippy GYM ASSISTANT, late twenties, a SPIKE of white hair. Gym Assistant is copying down info from a computer.

GYM ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Total headcase, was glad to see
the back of him.

(then)
I told all this to the detective
who came by the other day. Uh,
Detective Brant. Colleague of
yours?

RADNOR
Something like that.

The address is handed over, Radnor folds it, tucks it away.
The Gym Assistant is eyeing the ex car thief's beer gut.

GYM ASSISTANT
So...you ever considered joining
a gym?

RADNOR
Fuck off, Tintin.

Radnor leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY WEISS' FLAT -- DAY

Weiss asleep in bed. Suddenly there is a HAMMERING at the
front door --

NASH'S VOICE
Open up!

Weiss groans. Entombed in a hangover.

NASH'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Police, open up!

Weiss' head flies up from the bed. That got his attention.

WEISS

He crawls out of bed arse first, giving us a flash of his
monstrous NAKED BODY. Brad Pitt he ain't. Spotty back,
spotty buttocks.

He steps into a pair of tracksuit bottoms, pulls on a T-
shirt. A deep breath, trying to keep his cool.

THE DOOR

Brant and Nash stand outside in a cluttered hallway. Brant
pressed against a rusty bicycle hooked to the wall.

Weiss opens the door, peers out.

NASH
Mr. Weiss? Barry Weiss?

WEISS
That's me.

NASH
Might we step in?

They lift their BADGES. Weiss recognizes Brant from the Moon Under the Water, tries not to register the fact.

WEISS
Got a warrant?

Brant hates Weiss pretty much IMMEDIATELY. This is rare. Usually takes him ten seconds to hate most people.

BRANT
It's in the post.

Brant gives Weiss a SHOVE that could shift Nelson's Column. Weiss crashes into a kitchen counter -- unsettles some dirty plates and bowls -- Brant and Nash head inside.

WEISS' FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

Nash and Weiss stand in the filthy kitchen as Brant searches the flat.

WEISS
Uh, can I get you two anything?
Cuppa tea? Mug of coco?

Nash shakes his head.

BRANT

Crunching on empty beer cans as he makes a quick sweep of the bedroom. He dips under the bed, opens the wardrobe, digs in a few drawers --

The bathroom next. Opens the cabinet over the sink. Condoms. Batch of dispensable razors. Tube of KY Jelly, industrial strength. Brant wishes he hadn't seen that.

THE KITCHEN

Nash is looking around. His eyes arrive on an Iron Maiden poster pinned to the fridge.

WEISS
That's from the *Somewhere in Time*
tour. You a fan of The Maiden?

NASH
Uh, no.

Brant returns, shakes his head at Nash.

BRANT
Nothing.

WEISS
What were you looking for,
perhaps I could help?

Weiss feeling cocky now.

NASH
What do you do, Mr. Weiss?

WEISS
I'm between jobs.

NASH
You like to beat people up?

BRANT
(explaining)
At Peckham Fitness, you clobbered
a bloke pretty good.

WEISS
Oh that. Bloody fruit came onto
me in the sauna. I gave him a
clip.

He catches a look between Brant and Nash.

WEISS (CONT'D)
Not that I've got anything
against homosexuals.

NASH
And policemen? How do you feel
about policemen, Mr. Weiss?

WEISS
Thank God, I say, thank God for
the men in blue.

Now it's Brant's turn to recognize Weiss. But where from?

BRANT
Do I know you?

WEISS
If we met, I'm sure I'd remember.

NASH
Come on, let's go.

They begin to leave. At the door Brant whips around, grabs Weiss by the throat, right in his face.

BRANT
You're dirty, Barry. Of what I don't know, but I'll be keeping an eye on you, mark my words.

Weiss manages a grin.

WEISS
The VIP treatment, is it? I'm flattered.

Brant and Weiss facing off. This is the personality clash of the century. And it can only end one way....

NASH
Brant, we're going.

Brant releases Weiss, follows Nash out.

HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Brant and Nash pause at the top of a narrow staircase.

NASH
What do you think?

BRANT
He's a bastard.

NASH
I know he's a bastard, but is he the bastard?

Brant can't say for sure. Nash is looking past him.

A moment.

BRANT
You're thinking: if he is the bastard, in the past three days he butchered Sergeant Cross. If I'd gone to check him out earlier...

NASH
That's pure speculation.

BRANT
Not for Cross it isn't.

Brant is first down the stairs.

EXT. WEISS' BUILDING

Nash strides to his Rover parked out front. Brant waiting in the passenger seat.

INT. COSTA COFFEE -- SAME

Radnor Bowen sits in a coffee house across the street watching Brant and Nash drive off. He stays put.

INT. WEISS' FLAT

Weiss tears through his flat dropping items into a holdall: clothes, condoms, chapstick, the essentials.

No trace of the attitude he was giving Brant and Nash. Weiss in full panic mode now.

Moves to the front door with the holdall, says to his pad:

WEISS
Sianara.

And exits.

EXT. WEISS' BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Weiss emerges at pace, hurries along the pavement with his head down.

CAMERA SWINGS RIGHT, picks up Radnor Bowen leaving the coffee house, shadowing Weiss.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- OFFICE -- DAY

Roberts sits at a table in a side office going through the current cases. The Chief Inspector looks fresh, crisp, energized. Begins working on a case. "Pensioners being robbed in their homes..." Unfolds a large map of SOUTHWARK.

Just then a PC arrives at his elbow. It's McDonald, aglow with his usual smugness.

MCDONALD
That's a dead end case, sir. I
did the door-to-door myself.

Roberts gives McDonald a quick side glance.

ROBERTS

These marks indicate the buildings where the pensioners live. Now...see how they almost circle this building here?

MCDONALD

I do see that, sir, but --

ROBERTS

Shut it. Any guess as to what the building is?

MCDONALD

Not offhand, sir.

Roberts lifts his head from the map, regards the wanky Scot.

ROBERTS

McDonald, ever wonder why you're still a constable?

(a beat)

You're a lazy git, that's why. You do the minimum and then sneak off home to catch *Holby City*. I've met traffic wardens with more balls. That building is the main post office and what happens at the main post office, do you reckon?

McDonald thinks, thinks harder, then tentatively:

MCDONALD

Pensions?

ROBERTS

Pensions, outstanding. So what you do is go there on the next payout day, watch for a white male in his twenties loitering about -- and then you get back to me.

(then)

I thought you didn't smoke?

McDonald has fired up a cigarette. He shrugs.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Weights: doesn't Detective Brant smoke those?

MCDONALD

Does he?

ROBERTS

Okay, let's see if we can solve another.

Roberts selects a new file. McDonald near-choking, picks a fleck of tobacco off his tongue.

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS: LONDON STREETS

Radnor Bowen following Barry Weiss. Weiss switching directions several times, Radnor keeping up --

Weiss on the top deck of a bus -- Radnor DOWNSTAIRS reading *The News of the World* --

Weiss switches busses abruptly, Radnor running, catches Weiss' new bus at the very last second with an arm lunge at the closing doors, boards out of breath --

EXT. WATERLOO STATION

Finally we're outside Waterloo Station. Before Weiss mounts the steps out front he swings around, trying to pick out a possible tail --

Radnor dives behind a black cab, nick of time -- Weiss didn't see him --

Weiss starts up the steps, the holdall at his side.

INT. WATERLOO STATION -- LOCKERS

Weiss faces his locker, routinely looks left and right, removes a couple of items from inside, tucks them away. Next he SHOVES the holdall into the locker, it won't quite fit, has to put some muscle into it.

ON RADNOR

From a distance he watches Weiss shut the locker and walk off into the crowd.

Radnor on the move. Threads his way to Weiss' locker, takes out a piece of paper and scribbles down the locker number.

INT. BLACK LION PUB -- LATER

Weiss drinking a room temp Stella and looking over the ADDRESS BOOK he stole from Cross' flat. Names and addresses of COPS. For Weiss this is better than girl-on-girl porn.

He flips to the B's, finds Detective Sergeant Thomas Brant.
A PO BOX in Camberwell. That's no good.

Flips on through to the F's. Arrives at a new name:
ELIZABETH FALLS. An address in Balham, Rossiter Road.

Over this we hear Mary J. Blige's *A Family Affair* and

CUT TO:

INT. FALLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

A radio tuned to a Brixton station. Falls sings along with the song, sipping Jack Daniels on the rocks, getting ready for her big date.

She's dressed cautiously. Doesn't want to give the right impression. Leans into the mirror, applies lipstick.

EXT. CLAPHAM HIGH STREET -- NIGHT -- LATER

Falls exits Clapham North tube station, heads across the street. Wearing a black denim jacket, collar turned up.

FALLS (V.O.)
How can you hate Leonard Cohen?

EXT. ROYAL OAK/VERANDAH

Falls and Stokes on the back verandah of a rowdy pub. It's quieter out here, but chilly, even with the heat lamps.

Stokes has dressed up. Dark navy suit, white shirt and tie. He drinks a pint. Falls has gone for a Bacardi and Coke.

FALLS (CONT'D)
The Future is a classic album.

STOKES
He's just...he's so bleak.

FALLS
Alright, Simon Cowell, who do you listen to then?

STOKES
The Police.
(a beat)
Really. The Police.

FALLS
Every Breath You Take is the stalker's anthem, you do know that, right?

STOKES
(playing sinister)
"I'll be watching you..."

FALLS
Exactly!

They both laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERLOO STATION -- LOCKERS -- NIGHT

Radnor Bowen has returned to locker 68. He produces a Slim Jim, a thin piece of metal resembling a composer's baton. This bad boy is a memento from his days stealing cars.

Radnor uses his right shoulder as a block to passers-by. Doing his thing with the Slim Jim. Within seconds the lock CLICKS -- and Radnor swings the door open...

He can't believe his eyes. The Glock, the police helmet, Sergeant Cross' WARRANT CARD...

Jackpot, plain and simple.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL OAK/VERANDAH

Falls and Stokes are on their next round of drinks. Stokes smoking a Silk Cut, talking.

STOKES
We're in the back seat between these two hard-core cowboy types, passing the bottle along; Tone turns to me, whispers in my ear, "I don't know how to tell you this, but I think I left my money belt back at the hotel." I just lost it, had tequila coming out of my nose.

Stokes laughs at the memory. Thumps his cigarette out. Falls watching him intently.

STOKES (CONT'D)
You've gone quiet.

FALLS
I like listening to you.

STOKES
So we might do it again?

FALLS
I'd say so.

A moment. Their eyes locked.

INT. STOKES' CAR -- NIGHT -- LATER

Stokes has given Falls a ride home. They've just turned onto her street.

FALLS
Right here -- number 16.

He stops in front of her house, keeps the engine running.

A pause. They're both staring ahead.

STOKES
I had a really nice time --

He leans towards her. Falls closes her eyes in anticipation of a kiss...but all Stokes does is open the door for her.

STOKES (CONT'D)
I'll call you.

He sits back. Falls gobsmacked. And gutted.

FALLS
When?

STOKES
When what?

FALLS
When will you call me? Tomorrow,
next week? How about the summer,
we'll do a picnic?

She's turned on him big time. Woman scorned and all that.

FALLS (CONT'D)
I'm too old for this shit. Bloke
says "I'll call you," and the
woman waits. And hopes. A slave
to her mobile. He thinks, "I'll
either call her tomorrow or
Sunday, doesn't matter." Well
here's a hint, alright? It does
matter, matters a lot.

STOKES
Tomorrow, I'll call you tomorrow.

FALLS
Fuck off.

She flies out the car, slams the door behind her.

Stokes watches her through the windscreen, figures he's blown it, drives off.

ON FALLS

Rummaging in her purse for keys, shakes her head, knows she overreacted. Mutters under her breath, "Dumb dumb dumb...shit."

Suddenly she is GRABBED from behind -- SPUN AROUND and SLAMMED against the front door -- the wind knocked out of her --

What the fuck?

ANOTHER ANGLE -- THE FRONT DOOR

Barry Weiss has one hand wrapped around Falls' throat -- in his other hand, THE HAMMER -- he lifts it high, preparing to take Falls out with one almighty BASH --

For a moment all we can see are the whites of her eyes.

Someone is SCREAMING. It's not Falls. It's not Weiss.

A FIGURE comes HURTLING out of the dark and CRASHES into WEISS, tackles him to the ground --

Shaved head. Adidas trainers. It's Metal.

He leaps on Weiss and PUMMELS him with his skinny arms --

Weiss flips Metal over like an Action Man, swings the hammer -- three successive blows that DEMOLISH the kid's skull. Then he scrambles to his feet and HIGHTAILS it --

Falls is screaming now and screaming loud. She can't take her eyes off Metal. A reddish goo oozing from the kid's head. It's like his brains have jumped ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. FALLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT -- LATER

The street has been blocked off. It's a crime scene. Tape, police cars, blur of pulsing sirens.

Brant pulls up in his Rover, marches up to the front door where a YOUNG POLICEMAN is standing guard. He tips his hat at Brant. Brant ignores him, observes the FORENSICS TEAM doing their thing. Heads inside.

INT. FALLS' HOUSE

Brant and Nash are in the sitting room.

NASH

The doctor just gave her a
sedative. She'll be out for a
while.

Brant by the mantel piece looking at a row of photos. Falls
aged 6; Falls' father, a month before the heart attack;
Falls on holiday in Barbados; framed pic of Tupac Shakur.

BRANT

The skinhead's dead?

NASH

As Diana.

BRANT

She get a look at the attacker?

NASH

All she could say for sure is
that he's white.

BRANT

Anything else?

NASH

Said he's big.

BRANT

Big and white. So he's not the
black kid from *Different Strokes*.
Narrows it down.

Brant moves on from the mantel and arrives at the bottle of
Jack Daniels, pours a shot into a glass.

NASH

Should you be taking her booze?

BRANT

Like she'll notice. Want one?

Nash knows he shouldn't, nods anyway. Brant pours again,
hands Nash a glass.

A pause. The two men drinking.

NASH

What's the deal here? I mean, a
black woman, a black policewoman,
and what...a skinhead guardian
angel?

BRANT
Welcome to the liberal south-
east. And you thought we were
just a bunch of rednecks.

Just then DI Stokes strides in through the door, his face
in tatters, near-shouts:

STOKES
Is she all right?

Nash looks at Stokes, at Brant, back at Stokes.

NASH
Who the fuck are you?

Stokes flashes his badge.

STOKES
DI Stokes. I heard someone got
killed.

BRANT
It's not Falls. Our cop killer
took a run at her and some
skinhead jumped in, got his
ticket punched.

Stokes registers this for a moment, eyes twitching, then:

STOKES
John something or other,
nicknamed Metal, runner with the
British National Party.
(explains)
I knew of him through another
case.

Nash is looking at Stokes, puts two and two together.

NASH
Were you with Falls this evening?

STOKES
Yes, we uh -- we went for a
drink. I dropped her off.

BRANT
You mean you dropped her in it.
Didn't it occur to you to walk
her to the door?

Stokes' look says it all.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Boy, what a gent.

CUT TO:

INT. TABLOID OFFICE -- MORNING

The floor around Dunlop's desk BUZZING with activity.
Journalists running around, talking on phones.

Dunlop is typing on a laptop, smoking a cigarette, fielding queries. His Sudoku days are long gone.

The phone rings, Dunlop snaps it up.

DUNLOP

Yes?

CALLER'S VOICE

Harold Dunlop?

DUNLOP

Yes?

CALLER'S VOICE

The Harold Dunlop? The crime reporter?

DUNLOP

Yes yes, who's this?

INT. PHONE BOX -- INTERCUT

The caller. It's Radnor Bowen.

RADNOR

Mr. Dunlop, how would you like to nail The Blitz?

DUNLOP

I'd like that very much.

RADNOR

Woah, is that it? I know the name of the cop killer, Mr. Dunlop, you're going to have to work a bit harder than that.

Dunlop puts his hand over the phone, SHOUTS for the office around him to be quiet. Back into the phone:

DUNLOP

It would be an honour to bring the maniac to justice.

RADNOR

Yeah? Well, you have a little think about how much you'd be willing to pay for such an honour.

(a pause)

(MORE)

RADNOR (CONT'D)
Come now, Mr. Dunlop, you didn't
think this was a citizen doing
his bit?

DUNLOP
How much do you want?

Radnor's eyes dancing. His favorite question.

RADNOR
Twenty thousand in cash. For that
you get the name of The Blitz
and...extras.

DUNLOP
Extras? What are extras?

RADNOR
You'll know when I get my twenty
grand.

DUNLOP
I can't just get that kind of
money -- it will take time --

RADNOR
You've got twenty four hours.

Radnor hangs up.

The office has gone silent. All eyes on Dunlop.

CUT TO:

EXT. FALLS' HOUSE -- DAY

Brant parks in front of Falls' house. It's two days after
the attack and the street is back to normal.

He notices DI Stokes parked across the street watching
Falls' house, walks over. Stokes rolls down the window.

BRANT
What's this, a stakeout?

STOKES
I'm keeping an eye on who calls.

Stokes unshaven and bleary eyed. He could use a shower and
an Extra Strong Mint.

BRANT
She know you're here?

STOKES
Yeah, but she won't talk to me.

BRANT

Give her some time, she's had a close call.

STOKES

I fucked up.

BRANT

Yeah, no question, you fucked up. But we've all been there. Falls included.

(then)

She'll come around.

Brant sets off toward the house.

FALLS' FRONT DOOR

Brant has buzzed the doorbell. Falls answers. She wears a spotless white sweat shirt, blue jeans, and is barefoot. If she's had better days you wouldn't know it.

FALLS

Come in.

Brant brushes past her. Falls glances at Stokes in his car, grimaces, closes the door.

INT. FALLS' SITTING ROOM

Falls sets a tray of tea and biscuits on the coffee table. Brant on the sofa. As she pours the tea she can sense him watching her.

FALLS

What?

BRANT

Just thinking how well you look.

FALLS

What did you expect? Tears? Hysteria? Nah, I'm through with that grieving shit.

She's behind some kind of armour, what psychiatrists call a "protective mechanism." Comes from years of practice.

She hands Brant his tea.

BRANT

I know you're not feeling it right now, but you're lucky. If it weren't for the skinhead you'd be another statistic.

(MORE)

BRANT (CONT'D)
Is he the kid you told me about?
The one in trouble?

She nods, settling back with her tea, staring ahead.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Well...you win the award for
unlikely friendship of the year.
Did you think -- what -- you
could rehabilitate him?

Yeah, that's exactly what Falls thought, but she's too
proud to admit it to Brant, or too ashamed.

FALLS
I knew the kid since he was
twelve. He'd come over to watch
TV. I'd order a pizza.
(a beat)

When I came out of rehab the
second time -- for coke -- he
looked after me. Made me soup,
made me tea. He tried cooking a
lasagne once, fucked up, put
mashed potato on top instead of
cheese, the look on his face --

Falls softening a little from the memory, flicker of a
smile -- this lets in a little vulnerability --

FALLS (CONT'D)
Why hit him so many times? Why
destroy him like that? It's
just...it's unnecessary.

BRANT
Not to this psycho it ain't.

Suddenly Falls is back behind the armour.

FALLS
I'm going to the funeral
tomorrow, don't try and talk me
out of it.

BRANT
Fine. But you might give Stokes a
break.

FALLS
(a beat)
Fuck him.

BRANT
Did he help you out when you went
to him?

She nods.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Then cut the crap and get off your high horse. If you're going to the skinhead's funeral you should probably take Stokes with you. In fact, I fuckin' insist.

FALLS

I'll think about it.

A pause. Brant says this next bit more gently, trying to get through to Falls.

BRANT

The hard-ass act, it don't work. Not for you.

FALLS

It's keeping me going, Brant. Isn't that the point?

He takes a deep breath.

BRANT

I have no idea what the point is or if there ever was one. I do know you can't hack it alone.

A moment.

Falls looks at him, absorbing his words.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOX -- DAY

Radnor Bowen on the phone.

RADNOR

You got my money?

INT. TABLOID OFFICE -- INTERCUT

Harold Dunlop at his desk, phone pinned against his shoulder. He holds a FAT manila envelope, peeks inside.

DUNLOP

Yeah, had to pull a few strings, but -- I've got it, yeah.

RADNOR

There's a pub in Waterloo Station. The Wellesley.

DUNLOP

I know it.

Dunlop writes down "Wellesley," underlines it.

RADNOR

Wait in there. Eleven o'clock sharp. Have a copy of today's *Tabloid* with you.

(a beat)

Oh, and Mr. Dunlop?

DUNLOP

Yeah?

RADNOR

If I suspect a tail, cops, anything -- then I'm outta there like Flo-Jo. That clear?

DUNLOP

Absolutely.

Radnor hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAPHAM COMMON -- DAY

CLOSE ON a GOLD LAB sniffing the remains of a lamb souvlaki in a take-out box. The dog moves on...to a HAMMER with a rubber handle -- sniffs the hammer head, LICKS it...

PULL BACK to reveal Barry Weiss lying on a park bench. This has been his home for the last two nights. Surrounding him: an array of empty beer cans, crisp packets, take out boxes.

The gold lab has taken off towards its OWNER. Weiss wakes up, swipes the HAMMER from the ground, hides it away.

CUT TO:

EXT. FALLS' HOUSE -- DAY

Stokes is parked outside Falls' house with the engine running. Falls emerges in black FUNERAL ATTIRE, walks to the car, dips in.

INT. STOKES' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Falls in a black coat buttoned to the throat. Stokes looks at her, attempts some eye contact, not happening.

FALLS

I need to stop at a flower shop.

STOKES

Not a problem.

He pulls away. A long pause. Falls staring ahead.

STOKES (CONT'D)
You want me to turn on the radio?

FALLS
Take a wild guess.

That means no. Stokes had a little speech worked out, doesn't seem appropriate now, he opts for silence.

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE -- LATER

They pull up at imposing cemetery gates.

INT. CAR

Falls has a big bouquet in her arms, an explosion of bright colours, the floral equivalent of a firework.

STOKES
Maybe we should do this next bit
on foot?

For an answer Falls gets out. Stokes cuts the engine, follows.

THE CEMETERY

Falls and Stokes crunching along a gravel pathway. Falls is making a point to walk a little ahead of her chaperone.

A PRIEST'S VOICE floats over the graves...

PRIEST'S VOICE
"Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast
shed..."

The Book of Common Prayer. About fifty yards away a group of MOURNERS are gathered around a tomb stone.

SPLASH of SUN through the trees, hint of BIRDSONG -- it's almost idyllic...except for the heavy presence of SKINHEADS. Members of the British National Party; looks like a West Ham game circa 1980.

The Priest reads on as Falls and Stokes quietly link up with the congregation. A shabby couple, Metal's PARENTS, stand at the front. Falls clutches the bouquet, stares at the gravestone. "John Wales, 1992-2007."

Falls getting all kinds of nasty looks from the skins. The air bristling with aggression and grief.

THE GRAVE -- LATER

The service is over. The coffin is being lowered into the grave with ropes.

Falls places her flowers carefully by the gravestone. She turns to Metal's MOTHER, about the same age as Falls but older looking, a once attractive face scrunched and lined from years of hatred and ignorance.

Falls wants to say something to her, doesn't know what it is.

FALLS

Your son -- he was...

Metal's FATHER steps in to shield his wife, finishes Falls' sentence for her:

FATHER

Not friends with the likes of
you.

They walk away.

PATHWAY

Falls and Stokes heading back to the car.

Footsteps on the gravel...they turn around and see TWO SKINHEADS marching towards them, BNP armbands, one holding Falls' bouquet.

FIRST SKINHEAD

We don't take handouts from wogs.

He flings the bouquet at her.

SECOND SKINHEAD

You got our comrade killed, you
black cunt.

And he spits.

They give the Hitler salute, take off.

Falls stares at a glob of SPITTLE on the sleeve of her coat. She wipes it away.

Stokes bends to retrieve the flowers.

FALLS

Leave 'em, they're contaminated.

Falls turns, continues walking.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERLOO STATION -- DAY

Harold Dunlop crosses Waterloo, walks to the far side of the station where The Wellesley is nestled below ground.

INT. THE WELLESLEY -- CONTINUOUS

An even mix of businessmen and tourists. Black and white photos on the walls document Waterloo Station through history. In the back there is a lounge composed of leather couches and armchairs.

Harold Dunlop enters and parks himself on one of the couches, removes a *Tabloid*, places it on the table.

Radnor Bowen steps away from the bar. We didn't notice him until now. He approaches Dunlop.

RADNOR
Mr. Dunlop?

Dunlop looks up, checks out the Kandinsky shell suit.

DUNLOP
Yeah.

RADNOR
You got something for me?

DUNLOP
After I get my information.

RADNOR
It's a visual, let's go.

THE LOCKERS

Dunlop and Radnor arrive at Locker 68. Radnor looks left and right, begins to position Dunlop as a block.

RADNOR
Stand there.

DUNLOP
What? Why?

Radnor produces the Slim Jim....

DUNLOP (CONT'D)
Jesus!

And goes to work.

A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY

Barry Weiss is approaching at pace -- WOAHH! -- stops in his tracks at the sight of Radnor and Dunlop at his locker.

Quickly Weiss retreats behind a pillar. Recognizes Radnor, but where from? It takes him a sec. Yeah yeah, of course: Brant's snitch from the Moon Under the Water.

Radnor OPENS the locker, starts going through it. Weiss watching from behind the pillar, visibly STEAMED.

THE LOCKER

Radnor has removed the holdall and is showing Dunlop the Glock, the police helmet, Sergeant Cross' warrant card. Dunlop wide-eyed.

RADNOR

These are the extras I was talking about. Trophies, I believe, is the term.

The journalist is already composing headlines.

DUNLOP

And you know who this locker belongs to?

RADNOR

Ah, I believe some further negotiation is required.

Radnor shuts the locker.

WEISS

He watches Radnor and Dunlop weaving back across the station towards the pub. Follows.

CUT TO:

INT. FALLS' HOUSE -- DAY

Falls getting ready for work:

Polishing her black leather shoes, tying her checkered tie in a double knot, securing her pork pie hat, zipping up her tunic, adjusting her radio.

This is a morning ritual, as much part of the job as making an arrest or drinking tea. Falls moves with speed and efficiency, a machine.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

Falls marches down the main hallway at the station, getting all kinds of looks from her fellow coppers.

THE SUPER (V.O.)
How are you, Falls?

INT. THE SUPER'S OFFICE -- SAME

Now she stands before the Super's desk. The Super chewing tea, not happy to see Falls, but all things considered he can't be too hard on her.

FALLS
Doing well, sir. Fit for duty.

THE SUPER
Perhaps you missed the phone call. I gave you the month off with pay. I reckon you're still in shock.

FALLS
I reckon you're right -- seeing the state of this zoo after a few days out, it's enough to shock anyone.

This was intended to be a dig of sorts. Judging by the Super's expression it worked.

FALLS (CONT'D)
Let's face it, sir, you need all the help you can get.

The Super sits forward, reappraising her.

THE SUPER
Alright, Falls. You want aggro? I'll give you aggro. I'm assigning you to Brixton.

If this bothers Falls it doesn't show. She even cracks a slight smile. Bring it on.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WELLESLEY -- DAY

Radnor and Dunlop are at a table talking over the deal. Radnor has a pint.

Barry Weiss is hidden behind a Pub Quiz arcade machine, watching Radnor and Dunlop. Weiss in a quandary, not sure what to do, hopes it'll come to him.

Radnor receives a FAT ENVELOPE from Dunlop, goes to the toilet.

Weiss sees his chance, goes after him.

TOILET

Radnor standing before the mirror counting a bundle of fifty pound notes. Licks his lips. He's rich.

Weiss storms in with the momentum of a TSUNAMI -- gathers Radnor up under one of his massive arms and RAMS him into the toilet stall --

Radnor sees that it's Weiss, shrieks:

RADNOR

I haven't told him your name yet!

Weiss lowers Radnor onto his knees before the toilet bowl --

WEISS

Relax, I'm not going to hurt you.
I only do police, remember?

A mad flash of hope in Radnor's eyes --

WEISS (CONT'D)

How'd you get on to me?

RADNOR

I got your address from the gym
where you battered some poof.
Then I just followed you.

WEISS

Very impressive.
(then)
You're going to have to help me
here, it's a tight squeeze.

Weiss JAMS Radnor's head down into the bowl. Radnor thrashing and bucking. Weiss straddles Radnor, rides him like the Electric Horseman, going:

WEISS (CONT'D)

Yeeehaa!

Loving it. But the ride is quickly over. Radnor's stopped moving.

Weiss hauls the dead snitch out of the bog, props him against the cubicle wall. Radnor dripping wet. He's got shit in his eyes, literally.

Weiss heads out of the stall and picks up the envelope from the ground where Radnor dropped it. Thumbs through the wad of fifties. That'll do nicely.

Stuffs the money into his jeans, exits.

DUNLOP

Weiss walks right past Dunlop on his way out, close enough to pat the journalist's head. Dunlop writing a Text, doesn't notice Weiss.

THE LOCKER

Weiss frantically clears out his locker, manages to get all the trophies into the holdall. Slams the locker, takes off.

EXT. WATERLOO

Weiss trots down the steps outside the station, tosses the holdall into a passing DUSTCART.

He's about to hop on a bus, but then...fuck that, remembers he's loaded, doubles back and aims for the TAXI STAND.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WELLESLEY -- DAY -- LATER

The pub is closed and swarming with cops. Forensics are busy in the toilet.

A RATTLED Harold Dunlop sits at a table with a glass of brandy before him. Brant and Nash take his statement.

DUNLOP

He went to the toilet. When he hadn't returned after, I don't know, ten minutes, I got concerned...thought maybe he fell in.

BRANT

He did.

Right on cue RADNOR'S BODY is wheeled out of the toilet. If Dunlop were a religious man he might be crossing himself about now. He goes for a gulp of brandy instead.

NASH

And then?

DUNLOP

And then I went to see if he was alright -- found him -- you know...

BRANT

You didn't exactly come rushing out though, did you, Mr. Dunlop? Our man behind the bar says you were in that toilet with him for a good five minutes. In fact, he wondered if the two of you weren't George Michael fans.

Dunlop outraged.

DUNLOP

Hey -- hey, I was looking for the money, alright?

NASH

Money?

DUNLOP

The Paper's money. We were going to pay the man for an exclusive.

Nash shakes his head with disgust.

NASH

May I remind you that people are being killed, Mr. Dunlop. Human beings with children, families...

Dunlop just rolls his eyes: like he gives a toss.

BRANT

You find the money?

DUNLOP

(shakes his head)
The envelope was gone.
(then remembers something)
The locker! Shit, go and check -- you're not going to believe what's in there.

NASH

Why don't you tell us?

Dunlop recalls Radnor's words.

DUNLOP

It's a visual.

Brant and Nash have had their fill of this dickhead. They both stand.

DUNLOP (CONT'D)
Excuse me, will I be getting
police protection?

For an answer Brant TOSSES the BRANDY in Dunlop's face and gives the journalist a SOBERING SMACK.

BRANT
We'll be all over you.

Dunlop has crumpled like a woodlouse. Clutching his stung cheek he shouts to the assembled PC's:

DUNLOP
Did you see that?

Sure they saw it. They loved it, too.

Moving away, Brant whispers to Nash:

BRANT
The wrong man got drowned.

LOCKERS

Brant and Nash standing before Locker 68. Station EMPLOYEE opens it for them. Empty, no big surprise.

BRANT
Clever boy.

NASH
He likes fucking with us. The
locker was rented under the name
"B. Litz."
(after a beat, explains)
B.Litz -- Blitz.

BRANT
Yeah yeah, I got it.

NASH
What now?

Brant thinks for a moment. His eyes drift towards a CCTV CAMERA overhead.

NASH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We need the tapes for the last
month.

INT. RAILTRACK OFFICE

Deep in the station's catacombs. The room packed with MONITORS. Waterloo covered from every imaginable angle. Looks like the lair of a serious peeping tom.

Sitting at the main monitor, a Pakistani, FOWZI.

BRANT

Murder enquiry, be quick about it.

Fowzi looking sheepish, slumps his shoulders.

FOWZI

There are no tapes.

NASH

What do you mean?

FOWZI

The cameras haven't been loaded for six weeks.

NASH

(incensed)

Why?

FOWZI

Cutbacks.

NASH

I don't believe it...

FOWZI

The public don't know, I mean, the cameras are still a deterrent. It's psychological.

BRANT

(correcting)

It's a disgrace.

OUTSIDE THE WELLESLEY

Packed with REPORTERS. Harold Dunlop is giving an interview to a CAMERA CREW. Brant and Nash have stopped to watch.

NASH

He seems to be over his shock.

BRANT

The barman said the man leaving the toilet was over six feet, athletic, shaved head. Ring any bells?

NASH
Barry Weiss? It's a reach.

BRANT
What else have we got?

Nothing. Nash nods.

NASH
Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIXTON ROAD -- DAY

London's answer to Harlem. A pigeon-grey metropolis with a heavy black population.

Falls patrolling the main high-street on foot. The presence of a black policewoman in this neighborhood, an attractive black policewoman, met with derision, scorn, disgust. The very reason Superintendant Brown assigned her here.

Falls getting heckled by a group of young BLACK KIDS, baseball caps, baggy jeans at half-mast.

BLACK KID
Yo sister, where your handcuffs at?

Then BOOM -- a PEDESTRIAN rams into Falls' shoulder, spins her almost completely around. The pack of black kids ERUPT with a symphony of CACKLES.

CUT TO:

A DOOR

CLOSE ON one of Brant's hefty shoes KICKING IN Barry Weiss' front door -- the door FLIES OPEN, almost removed from its hinges --

INT. WEISS' FLAT -- DAY

Brant and Nash go through Weiss' flat like a tornado.

Brant has just checked the bathroom, joins Nash in the bedroom.

BRANT
Definitely did a bunk. Find anything?

NASH
Nothing incriminating. Tell you
what, he's smarter than he looks.

Brant opens a random drawer, finds a stack of 8x10 photos.
A bare-chested Barry Weiss posing for the camera,
professionally done in a studio.

BRANT
Fancies himself: check these out.

Nash views the photos.

NASH
Grab them.

THE HALLWAY

Brant and Nash march out of Weiss' flat, pause at the top
of the narrow staircase.

NASH
Let's go public with Weiss.

BRANT
It's your call.

NASH
Least we'll find the fuck.

Nash is first down.

CUT TO:

EXT. STOCKWELL/THE PLOUGH AND STARS -- NIGHT

Stockwell, where the pitbulls travel in twos.

The Plough and the Stars, a dingy pub, is shutting for the
night. There's the usual exodus to the nearest kebab shop.

A pie-eyed Barry Weiss emerges onto the street, pivots left
and right, sees a BLACK CAB driving by, flails both arms --

WEISS
Hey, taxi!

The cab slows down, Weiss staggering after it --

INT. CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Weiss tunnels in, barks to the BALD CAB DRIVER:

WEISS
Take me to Bayswater.

BALD CAB DRIVER
Going to cost you, mate.

WEISS
Oi, Bronski Beat, do I look like
the kind of cunt who thinks
Bayswater is around the corner?

Cab Driver just shakes his head -- what a wanker, what a
job -- pulls away.

BAYSWATER

We're across the Thames in a swankier part of London, a
stone's throw from Hyde Park and trendy Notting Hill.

Weiss spots a hotel from the taxi window, neon sign, "Long
Term Stays Welcome," yells to the driver:

WEISS
Right here!

The taxi breaks.

INT. HOTEL/RECEPTION

Weiss paying a HOTEL MANAGER for two weeks in advance. The
Hotel Manager counting out fifty pound notes.

INT. WEISS' HOTEL ROOM

Weiss' room is street level. Out the window we see people
passing by.

Big Brother on the TV. Weiss is sprawled on the bed, one of
his massive hands plunged down his Y-fronts, chugging vodka
from the bottle, thinking: this is the business.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIXTON MARKET -- DAY

Falls in a doorway at the back end of the market, searching
through the pockets of a young black MARKET VENDOR, crate
of vinal records wedged between his ankles.

In the Vendor's jacket pocket Falls finds a bag of COKE.

FALLS
Just selling records, yeah?

The Vendor in full panic mode.

VENDOR

Look, lady, this is high-grade
charlie, I lose that, I'll get a
cap in the head.

FALLS

That's the least of your worries.

Suddenly The Vender BOLTS, weaving his way through the
market like a greyhound. There's no way Falls can catch
him, considers radioing for a car.

Pockets the bag of coke, then, half out of boredom, half
curiosity, digs through the vinal records. Smokey Robinson,
Al Green, good shit.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSIT CAFE -- DAY

Troop of cab drivers wolfing down burgers and portions of
toad-in-the-hole. PICK OUT the BALD CAB DRIVER from last
night who drove Barry Weiss to Bayswater --

Over by the till the news is on a TV. A photo of Barry
Weiss fills the screen, one of the bare-chested shots Brant
swiped from Weiss' flat.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

Police are looking for a
Caucasian male in his mid
thirties...

Bald Cab Driver springs from his chair, pointing at the TV.

CAB DRIVER

I know him!

CUT TO:

INT. BAYSWATER HOTEL -- DAY -- LATER

A unit of ARMED POLICE crowd the lobby. An officer named
JENKINS in charge.

Brant and Nash stride in. Nash knows Jenkins from his
Kensington days, shake his hand.

JENKINS

Long time no see. How they
treating you in the sticks?

NASH

Like royalty. This is Detective
Brant. Brant, this is Jenkins.

JENKINS
(to Brant)
How do?

BRANT
Where's our boy?

JENKINS
Room 28. We have a pass key and
are ready to roll.

They begin to move down the hallway.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
According to the manager he
hasn't stirred all day. Checked
in last night completely
hammered.
(a beat)
Ahm, that was a joke.

Not a good one.

They approach Weiss' door, the whole unit moving as one.
Brant to Nash's right, whispers to the group:

BRANT
Let's take him down fast, gents,
make sure he stays there.

Nash steps closer to the door, listens, inserts the key,
opens the door slowly --

INT. WEISS' HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Shaft of hallway light penetrates the dark room. Nash snaps
the light on.

Tangled sheets on the bed -- but no sign of Barry Weiss.

CAMERA swings over to the WINDOW: curtains gently swaying
in the breeze. Brant rushes over, rips the curtains aside --

BRANT'S POV

Barry Weiss: running for his life toward HYDE PARK.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- BRANT

Without hesitating Brant hops out the window, shouts:

BRANT (CONT'D)
He's on the move!

And takes off after Weiss.

LONDON STREET/BAYSWATER -- CONTINUOUS

A frantic CHASE SEQUENCE through the BLAZING afternoon SUNSHINE.

Within seconds Brant is right on Weiss' ass. Weiss flinging pedestrians aside like blow up dolls -- Brant gaining on him --

A hundred yards back, Nash and the Armed Police, in hot pursuit --

Weiss recklessly crosses busy Bayswater Road and heads into Hyde Park -- Brant right behind him, almost gets hit by a Smart Car -- gives the BIG IRISH FINGER to the driver --

HYDE PARK

Weiss running across the grass -- stomps through picnics -- steps on a sunbather's head -- kicks a pug --

Brant stomping through those same picnics -- steps on that same sunbather's head -- avoids the pug, but runs into a GORGEOUS GIRL in a swimsuit -- an accident...well, maybe.

He finally catches up with Weiss, taking him to the GROUND with a graceless but nevertheless effective LEAP -- somewhere between a rugby tackle and a powerbomb...

BOWLS CLUB

Brant and Weiss tumble through a bush and into a LAWN BOWLS CLUB. Clutch of OLD ENGLISH GENTS standing down the other end of the lane, mid-game, pop-eyed --

Brant and Weiss are rolling around amongst the bowls -- Brant manages to plant his knee on Weiss' chest, pinning him -- lifts one of the bowls and SMASHES it in Weiss' face, blood flowing from his nose -- Brant hits him a second time and Weiss is down for good.

Brant DRAGS the UNCONSCIOUS WEISS out of the club, says to the English Gents in passing:

BRANT
Nothing to see here.

Just then Nash and a couple of Armed Police rock up -- chests heaving, red-faced, exhausted --

Looks like they missed all the fun.

INT. WEISS' HOTEL ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Armed Police are tearing the room apart.

A flushed Brant is standing by the bureau, a cold flannel around his neck. He calls Nash over.

BRANT

Look it.

He shows Nash what he's found: a mountain of FIFTY POUND NOTES.

BRANT (CONT'D)

If we can link this to Dunlop's payment, we're on our way.

Nash nods.

CUT TO:

INT. FALLS' HOUSE -- EVENING

Falls comes home from the long day. The Brixton beat has zapped her strength, dented her pride. The moment she shuts the front door her tough exterior begins to melt right off.

She sinks into an armchair, lets out a long sigh of bone-weariness. Feels something in her pocket: digs out the bag of coke. Oops...forgot to hand it in.

She holds the coke in the palm of her hand, staring at it, curious. Finally returns it to her pocket.

Falls goes for the bottle of Jack Daniels on the shelf, one hit left, enough to fuel her to the off-license.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- EVENING

Barry Weiss sitting in the interview room. A GUARD stands at the door. Weiss with a first-class SHINER and a badly swollen nose, he looks like Liza Minnelli sans make-up.

Brant and Nash enter, occupy seats across from Weiss.

NASH

We're going to tape this, okay, Barry?

WEISS

I want a lawyer and a sandwich.
(a beat)
And I need to know who wins Big Brother.

Weiss grins at Brant. Brant just stares back, stone-faced, he ain't playing.

SIMONS (V.O.)
You have 48 hours...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- LATER

Weiss has been given a sandwich and a lawyer. Lawyer's name is SIMONS. Typical weasel. Wire-rimmed glasses, suit and tie. He addresses Brant and Nash across the table.

SIMONS (CONT'D)
After that you either charge my client or release him.

Brant and Nash hate this guy with a passion.

SIMONS (CONT'D)
And he'd like a different sandwich. He says the bread is stale.

INT. SIDE OFFICE -- EVEN LATER

Brant, Nash, and Roberts around a table strewn with files and papers. It's been a long night.

NASH
We can't prove conclusively that Dunlop's money is what we found in Weiss' hotel room. In conjunction with harder evidence we might have been able to make it look bad, not on its own.

ROBERTS
What else?

BRANT
I got hold of the *Big Issue* bloke who saw the WPC capped at the Oval. He would have given us all we needed but he says he can't make a positive ID. I reckon he's too scared. Same goes for the barman at The Wellesley.

NASH
Barry Weiss covers his tracks -- he's also lucky.

ROBERTS
You didn't find anything else at the hotel? How could you not find anything else at the hotel?

NASH
The unit stripped it down, but...

BRANT
But nothing, but nothing!

Brant's frustration mounting and mounting fast.

BRANT (CONT'D)
The only thing we've been able to
establish from the hotel room is
that Weiss likes binge drinking
and wanking.

All of this pointing in one direction. Roberts spells it
out.

ROBERTS
Well...you'd better come up with
something else, and fast, or
Barry Weiss is going to skip out
of here like Shirley Temple.

Brant jumps from his chair, FURIOUS, punt kicks the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIXTON STREET -- DAY

Falls back on the Brixton beat. We find her outside a
supermarket having an altercation with a YOUNG MOTHER,
heavily pregnant with a pram and a brood of unruly kids,
the oldest maybe six years old.

Falls goes through the Young Mother's pram, uncovering a
HOARD of STOLEN FOOD -- Young Mother KICKS Falls in the
shin -- Falls exclaims in pain -- Young Mother pushes off,
kids in tow --

Falls rubs her sore shin -- across the street in a shop
window she SEES a WALL of TELEVISIONS all showing BARRY
WEISS' PHOTO.

EXT. ANOTHER BRIXTON STREET -- LATER

DI Stokes is waiting at a red light in his Rover. Suddenly
Falls passes right by, walking at pace, ten feet away but
seemingly on another planet. Stokes can't believe it.

He rolls down the window, about to call after Falls, at the
last second decides to leave her be. She's heading for a
department store...

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- CONTINUOUS

A STORE DETECTIVE stands inside the door. Tan uniform, tan
teeth. Nods at Falls as she enters, she ignores him.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE TOILET

Falls flies in and locks the door. Quickly she removes the bag of COKE from her pocket. Using her nail file she CARVES out THREE LINES onto the counter, rolls a five pound note. Yeah, she's done this before.

Dips down, SNORTS up a line. Oh yeah. If this ain't Nirvana it's mightily close. She moves in for a second line...

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOON UNDER THE WATER -- DAY

Nash alone at a table. Brant walks over from the bar carrying two heavy tumblers half filled with a transparent liquid, sits. Nash inspects his glass.

NASH
What is it?

BRANT
Poteen, Irish moonshine.

NASH
Isn't this stuff illegal?

BRANT
I fucking hope so.

NASH
You drink this poison and you wonder why you get black outs?

BRANT
I drink this poison because I get black outs.

Brant holds up his glass.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Slàinte.

NASH
Okay.

They drink. The two men in deep thought.

BRANT
Say we can't prove anything. Say Barry Weiss walks.

NASH
Where you going with this?

BRANT

You told me once before about
some pedophile, couldn't get the
bastard through the regular
channels so you took him out
yourself.

NASH

(surprised)

I thought you were asleep when I
told you that?

Brant shrugs, waiting for Nash to answer his question.

NASH (CONT'D)

I'm not sure we should continue
this line of talk, I don't like
where it's going.

Nash's mobile rings. He puts it to his ear.

NASH (CONT'D)

Yeah?

(then to Brant)

Roberts wants to see us.

INT. SIDE OFFICE -- DAY -- LATER

Brant and Nash are sitting before Roberts.

ROBERTS

We're going to pull the old con
on Weiss.

Brant and Nash share a "here we go" look.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

The old tricks are usually the
best ones. None of your fancy
West London stuff needed here.

A knock on the door, PC McDonald enters. He wears old
jeans, a torn sweatshirt, scuffed trainers. The Scot
appears to be in some kind of costume.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

McDonald, good, take a pew.

McDonald pulls up a chair beside Nash.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

We put a ringer in the cell with
Barry Weiss.

NASH

A ringer?

ROBERTS

A policeman. Weiss will spill his guts.

BRANT

(looking at McDonald
with disgust)

And I take it you've someone in mind to play this ringer?

ROBERTS

McDonald here has bravely volunteered for the part.

(to McDonald)

You know what you have to do?

MCDONALD

Yes sir, I have the gist.

ROBERTS

You want him to confess, but don't be pushy, remember, or he'll smell a rat. Let him come to you. He's a nutter, he'll want to boast. Any questions?

McDonald shakes his head, beaming with optimism. This is his chance to show Roberts his mettle.

MCDONALD

I won't let you down, sir.

ROBERTS

See that you don't.

Brant and Nash just stare into space: this has disaster written all over it.

INT. CELL -- AFTERNOON

SLAM of a bolt and a cell door opens. McDonald enters, surveys the cell, a bunk bed, a toilet, about it. Behind him the cell door CLANGS shut.

No turning back now. McDonald takes a deep breath, nervous.

INT. CELL -- LATER

McDonald has taken the top bunk. He's lying down facing the wall.

Sound of VOICES outside the cell. SLAM of a bolt. Barry Weiss steps in, the door CLANGS shut.

For a moment...all McDonald can hear is the sound of Weiss' breathing. Then Weiss thumps the top bunk with his fist.

WEISS

Oi, you.

McDonald rolls over, looks at him.

MCDONALD

What the fuck you want?

WEISS

"Please allow me to introduce myself..."

McDonald just stares.

WEISS (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? Opening line of *Symphony for the Devil*?

MCDONALD

You woke me up.

WEISS

Sorry about that, I've had a rough day. You got a name?

MCDONALD

Pete.

WEISS

Hello Pete. What you in for?

MCDONALD

GBH.

Weiss' eyes light up.

WEISS

Oh yeah? Who'd you batter?

MCDONALD

Tosser in a pub.

WEISS

That it?

MCDONALD

And I robbed a Carphone Warehouse. I robbed two Carphone Warehouses...and a bank, a Natwest.

McDonald is lousy at this, and our killer is seeing through him like Plexiglas.

Weiss nods slowly, dips onto the lower bunk.

WEISS

Well...night night.

MCDONALD
What about you?

WEISS
Me?

MCDONALD
Yeah, what are you in for?

WEISS
I took a dump in a public
swimming pool. A priest reported
me.

McDonald isn't sure how to react to that. A long pause.

McDonald desperately trying to cook up a fresh angle, Weiss
beats him to it.

WEISS (CONT'D)
Hey Pete? You awake?

MCDONALD
Yeah.

WEISS
I've got a question for you.
Well, it's really more of a
supposition than a question...
you follow?
(a beat)
Okay, here it is: a first class
psycho, a cop killer, right, is
put in a cell with...a cop. His
speciality, if you will, cops
being who he kills.

A moment.

MCDONALD
I don't understand. Is there
something you want to tell me?

Suddenly Weiss rolls out of the lower bunk, lifts himself
up so he's staring right in McDonald's face.

WEISS
You're asking the wrong question,
Pete...if that really is your
name. The question you should be
asking is this: how good is this
cop going to sleep tonight?

There's maybe half a yard between their faces. McDonald
holding Weiss' gaze, but terrified, heartbeat doing jig
time.

Suddenly Weiss THRUSTS his head, pretending to go on the attack -- McDonald reacts like he's been cut with a whip, FLIES against the wall, his body crumpled, COWERING.

Weiss LAUGHS, returns to the lower bunk.

ON MCDONALD, staring into the dark and listening to Weiss' mocking laughter. Yeah, he's blown it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFF TOILET -- MORNING

Falls SNORTS up a line of COKE from a sink, rises to meet her reflection in the mirror, a look of defiance.

BRIXTON STREET

Falls bouncing along the street, high as a satellite.

BRANT (V.O.)
Christ, you look a mess.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

Brant, Nash and McDonald around the table. McDonald clearly didn't get a wink of sleep, circles under his eyes, looking frazzled and pale.

MCDONALD
He's the one, he did the
killings.

NASH
Weiss confessed?

MCDONALD
No, but it's definitely him...he
made it clear.

Brant leans in closer, right in McDonald's face.

BRANT
He sussed you, didn't he?

McDonald looks away.

MCDONALD
Yeah, he sussed me.

NASH
For fuck's sake...

Nash slams the table. Brant isn't surprised, just folds his arms, boiling.

BRANT

What you do, flash him your
warrant card?

MCDONALD

(a beat)

It's the sick fucks like Barry
Weiss who are running the show,
not us. What are we doing? What
are we actually doing? We'd be
better off breaking the law
rather than enforcing it, least
we'd get something accomplished.

Spending the night in Weiss' cell has clearly changed
McDonald; his energy is more grounded, more urgent. He's
just preaching to the choir, however.

NASH

You'd better go see the Super. I
don't think he'll be pleased, you
being his star pupil.

McDonald hears that loud and clear. He plods to the door
and heads out.

A pause. Nash is shaking his head.

NASH (CONT'D)

We're going to have to release
Weiss. We have no choice.

This is exactly what Brant didn't want to hear. He
straightens with RAGE, looks at the door --

BRANT

How much longer we got?

NASH

About nine hours -- his lawyer's
on the countdown already --

Brant storms out --

NASH (CONT'D)

Brant!

Nash goes after him.

INTERVIEW ROOM -- WEISS

A composed Barry Weiss seated at the table awaiting the
next round of interviews.

Brant STREAMS in and SEIZES Weiss, lifts him out of his chair -- off his feet even -- SLAMS Weiss against the wall --

BRANT

We know you murdered those cops,
you piece of shit! Now fuckin'
confess!

Weiss ain't dumb: he's gone into pansy mode.

WEISS

He's going to kill me! Help!

BRANT

Confess!

Brant is strangling Weiss -- Weiss wiggles his wretched tongue, gasping for air -- meanwhile Nash and the attending GUARD are trying to break it up -- more PC's pour into the room from the corridor-- in the end it takes six of them to prize Brant away --

BRANT (CONT'D)

Get off me! Get the fuck off me!

Brant gives some innocent PC a WALLOP in the jaw. He doesn't know what he's doing. Finally just walks out.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

Nash is out on the steps in front of the station smoking a Super King. He glances over and sees McDonald walk out.

The young Scot visibly shell-shocked. He takes out his Weights, a tremor in his hand, can hardly light up.

Nash comes over with a lighter poised, fires up McDonald's cigarette.

NASH

How'd it go with The Super?

MCDONALD

(monotone)

I'm suspended for a week...
without pay.

NASH

Don't take it too hard.

McDonald exhales, his eyes focussed on something far away.

MCDONALD

Someone should off him.

NASH
Who? The Super?

MCDONALD
That bastard in the cells, Barry
Weiss. If he walks, someone
should do him.

Nash looks at McDonald carefully, moves closer, almost
whispering:

NASH
Now now, take it easy there,
McDonald. You don't want people
to hear that kind of talk.

McDonald takes off down the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIXTON ROAD -- DAY

Falls searches a BLACK GUY's Mitsubishi, uncovers a packet
of COKE in the glove compartment, pockets it.

FALLS
I'm going to let you off with a
caution, alright?

Black Guy observes her inflamed nostrils, knows a user when
he sees one.

BLACK GUY
Getting yourself a little habit
are we, officer?

Falls smacks Mungo across the head. She walks away FAST,
aiming for the nearest toilet.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -- CELL DOOR

SLAM of a bolt. Barry Weiss strolls out of his cell, a
broad grin, sings:

WEISS
"Free at last, free at last..."

INT. POLICE STATION -- AFTERNOON

Weiss stands at a desk waiting for his possessions. Beside
him, Simons, his lawyer, looking a little uneasy.

WEISS
Are the press waiting?

SIMONS
I'm afraid so. It's quite a crowd. We can depart out the back if you'd prefer?

Weiss looks at Simons like this is the most ludicrous thing anyone's ever said.

WEISS
Fuck no.

OFFICER hands over a carrier bag filled with Weiss' few bits and pieces: tooth brush, copy of the porn mag *Fist*, chap stick, and finally the envelope full of CASH.

Weiss swipes the bag, says to the officer:

WEISS (CONT'D)
Hope it's all there.

CORRIDOR

A MOB of COPS line both sides of the corridor, a gallery of GRIM FACES, their HATRED palpable. Simons shepherds Weiss along. Our killer staring into the faces of the cops like a proud parent, touched.

Down by the exit Weiss comes face to face with Brant. Big grin on Brant's face. Now he's playing.

WEISS
What are you smiling at, cocksucker? You fucked up.

Brant gives Weiss a wink, like he knows something Weiss doesn't. For a second Weiss looks genuinely worried, only for a second.

Simons manoeuvres Weiss outside into a BLAST of artificial light -- CLICKING CAMERAS -- DIN of VOICES --

EXT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

A BATTERY of REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS and CAMERA CREWS. Michael Jackson would be pleased with this kind of turnout.

Weiss and Simons descend the steps and pause at the edge of the crowd. We see a familiar face, HAROLD DUNLOP, he's managed to muscle his way to the front, shouts:

DUNLOP
Barry, Harold Dunlop from *The Tabloid*.
(MORE)

DUNLOP (CONT'D)
 We'd like to give you an
 exclusive deal, put you up in a
 hotel, the works.

Weiss looks at Simons. The weary lawyer merely shrugs.

DUNLOP (CONT'D)
 We have a car waiting.

WEISS
 Lead the way.

Dunlop gives a signal and a massive BODY GUARD appears, bald head, resembles a gigantic baby. The Body Guard carves a route through the melee to a parked Mercedes, engine running --

Press move in, a TORRENT of questions, among them we hear:

REPORTER 1
 Give us a quote, Barry!

REPORTER 2
 Barry, did you kill those
 policemen?

Weiss standing at the open door of the car -- twirls to face the crowd, opens his mouth like he's going to begin a long speech -- then at the last second breaks into that trademark HORROR SHOW SMILE, says:

WEISS
 No comment.

And bends into the Mercedes. The car pulls away and the crowd pushes in fast.

STATION ENTRANCE

Brant and Nash watch the Mercedes snake into the fading afternoon. The killer has walked. Enough said.

NASH
 Want to get a drink?

BRANT
 Lots of 'em.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

An after hours bar with battered iron advertisements on the walls, tin roof, a style of interior design known as "shantytown-chic." Sun Ra on the sound system.

Stokes is having rum and cokes with his Brixton snitch, a handsome Rasta named LEICESTER.

LEICESTER

I don't mean to bum you out, bro,
but there is some major shit
going down.

STOKES

I'm listening.

LEICESTER

A cop is taking down dealers.

STOKES

What?

LEICESTER

Yeah, ripping off the product,
man. Some of these dealers,
they're like serious folk. You
fuck with them, they get
biblical, even with a cop --
especially a woman.

STOKES

Wait wait wait, back up a sec. A
female cop is ripping off drug
dealers?

LEICESTER

That's it, bro, she's a sister
too.

Stokes begins to connect the dots, alarm bells ringing in his head.

STOKES

This cop have a name?

LEICESTER

Yeah, Falls.

INT. STOKES' CAR

Stokes is speeding through London streets, frantically talking into his mobile --

STOKES

Brant? It's Stokes. Listen, I'm
going to need your help -- it's
Falls...

EXT. FALLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Stokes is standing by his Rover smoking a cigarette. Brant's car skids into the street, he drives up, basically parks on the lawn, flies out with momentum --

BRANT
How long you been here?

STOKES
Not long. She's inside --

Brant makes a beeline for the front door, Stokes in tow. Brant pounds on the door with his fist --

BRANT
Falls! It's Brant!

STOKES
I knocked before, she didn't answer.

BRANT
Falls, I'll bust the door down! --

The door opens about a quarter of the way, Al Green's *Let's Stay Together* trickling out. Falls staring, clearly cooked.

FALLS
Go away.

She tries to close the door but Brant BLOCKS it with his FOOT, BARGES IN, knocking Falls to the floor, heads into the living room...

INT. FALLS' SITTING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

On the coffee table, half a bottle of Jack Daniels and a bag of COKE. Falls has been snorting lines off an old copy of *The Big Issue*, The Police on the cover.

Standing over the table, a BILLY RAY CYRUS look-a-like in tight Y-fronts, a ghastly mullet, sagging man boobs.

BILLY RAY CYRUS
Who crashed the party?

BRANT
You did.

Brant SEIZES Billy Ray's balls with one hand, his mullet with the other -- maneuvers the tosser down the hall and LAUNCHES him over the doorstep.

Brant returns to the living room, Falls beside him, raging:

FALLS

Who the fuck do you think you
are?

Brant shoves the bag of coke in her face.

BRANT

The cop who can bust your arse
for possession, that's who the
fuck I am!

(then)

Jesus Christ, look at you!

It's been a 36 hour binge and Falls is twitching like a
squirrel, about as pale as a black woman can get.

Stokes standing behind Falls. She shrugs, momentarily self-
conscious, mainly defiant.

FALLS

Just had a couple of lines, so
what?

Brant turns the bag upside down and shakes it, the coke
SCATTERING like Sweet'n Low.

Falls LOSES IT, attacks Brant -- it's a CHAOTIC struggle,
Falls tries to scratch Brant's eyes out, climbs on his
back, pounds him with her fists -- Brant attempts to slow
her down, backs her into a wall at speed -- Falls SHRIEKS --

Meanwhile Stokes is trying to remove Falls. The two men are
unable to contain this little coked-up engine. Brant yells
to Stokes:

BRANT

Get her in the toilet!

They manage to haul her across the room to the TOILET,
Falls FIGHTING and CURSING the whole way, got quite a mouth
on her --

TOILET

All three of them tumble in --

BRANT

Shower!

Stokes sticks the SHOWER on and Brant swings Falls in and
PINS her beneath the NOZZLE --

Falls struggling mightily, tries to battle her way out,
Brant keeps her there -- Falls DRENCHED and SCREAMING --

INT. FALLS' SITTING ROOM -- LATER

Falls sits quietly on the sofa, wrapped in a dressing gown. Brant at the window. He comes forward, hands Falls a couple of pills.

FALLS
What are these?

BRANT
Tranqs...help bring you down.

FALLS
The shower did that.

BRANT
These'll bring you down further.

Falls is through fighting, does what she's told, takes the pills with a gulp of water.

Stokes comes in with a couple of mugs of tea. Brant returns to the window, picks up a glass of Jack Daniels, sips, looking out on the very small and very neglected back garden.

FALLS
So...what's going on with the
Blitz? They charge him yet?

Brant and Stokes share a quick look.

STOKES
Uh, not exactly.

FALLS
What does that mean?

STOKES
Barry Weiss was released due to
lack of evidence. He's holed up
in some posh London hotel with
The Tabloid picking up the tab.
Any day now, I suppose, we'll be
treated to his exclusive story.

Brant keeps his attention out the window. He can't talk about Weiss without breaking shit -- considering it's not his home he decides it's best to keep quiet.

STOKES (CONT'D)
Everyone's certain Weiss is the
killer. In fact....been lots of
loose talk about someone maybe
doing the job themselves,
shooting the fuck.

A moment. Falls staring ahead. The tranquilizers have taken effect. Or maybe she's deep in thought.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Falls?

FALLS

I'm listening.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -- MICRO CASSETTE RECORDER

The wheels on a tiny cassette tape turning slowly...

DUNLOP (O.S)

During those two days that you
were held by the police...

INT. HOTEL BAR -- DAY

Barry Weiss is being interviewed by Harold Dunlop in the bar of a plush hotel.

The swelling in Weiss' nose has gone down and the black-eye is on the out...all things considered our killer looks as good as new.

DUNLOP (CONT'D)

Can you talk a little bit about
how you were treated?

WEISS

It's not easy for me. Suffice is
to say, I was brutalized.

DUNLOP

To be clear, Barry: you were
physically harmed?

WEISS

Yes, they beat me continuously.
Especially this one particular
detective. Brant is his name.

Weiss plucks champagne from an ice bucket, wiggles the bottle over his glass, just the dregs left, shouts:

WEISS (CONT'D)

Ivan! Another bottle of Cristal.
Chop chop.

IVAN, Weiss' big baby bodyguard, rises from an adjacent table and waddles over to the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S FLAT -- DAY

PC McDonald sitting on his sofa drinking scotch, been doing this for a while apparently, looks well tanked.

McDonald lives in a one-bedroom basic unit on the edge of Kennington. *Cobra* movie poster on the wall in a frame. *Oprah* on the TV, it's a special on incest.

McDonald seems to be staring straight through the TV, somewhere between livid and lost.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION/CANTEEN -- DAY

Porter Nash sitting at a table, in front of him: an uneaten bacon sandwich, copy of today's *Tabloid*.

On the FRONT PAGE, "Exclusive Interview with Barry Weiss by Harold Dunlop." Massive photo of Weiss, arms folded, looking at the camera, an expression both coy and pensive.

Nash pushes the newspaper away, ATTACKS his bacon sandwich.

CUT TO:

INT. FALLS' HOUSE -- DAY

Falls sitting in bed. A couple of days rest has restored her. Stokes enters with a plate of toast and a letter.

STOKES

I found this under the door.

He hands her the letter, Falls' name scrolled on the envelope. She tears it open, reads something on a sheet of paper --

STOKES (CONT'D)

Anything?

FALLS

Nah, junk mail.

Falls folds the sheet of paper in half, slides it under a magazine on the bedside table.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S FLAT -- DAY

McDonald is rummaging through a tool box -- finds what he's looking for -- a HAMMER, spanking new, still got the price tag on it.

McDonald moves to a full length mirror, clutching the hammer, gives himself a long look, possessed...

CUT TO:

INT. THE WHITE HART -- EVENING

It's Tuesday night and this Trafalgar Square pub is jammed with the cap-and-cravat crowd. We find Brant at the bar sinking a pint. Slams down his empty glass, threads his way out.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- SAME

The hotel bar where Weiss and Dunlop's interview took place. A TANKED Barry Weiss is ensconced at the bar drinking Cristal and talking the BARMAN'S ear off --

WEISS

I get fifty grand for the first
article, twenty five for the next
two --

Ivan, Weiss' body guard, is sitting a couple of stools over. He gets up to take a piss. Weiss prattling on --

WEISS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna try and get on
Celebrity Big Brother, why the
fuck not...

TOILET

Ivan comes out of a toilet cubicle, finds himself face to face with Brant.

BRANT

Hey Tiny Tears, you're flying
low.

Even Ivan ain't dumb enough to fall for that one.

IVAN

Who the fuck are you?

Ivan might have an Eastern European name but his accent is more Bromley than Bucharest. He advances towards Brant wearing his fists out in front of him -- takes a swing --

Brant dances out of the way of the punch and takes a GOAL KICK between the bodyguard's chunky legs.

Down goes Ivan in a writhing heap. Brant stomps on him.

INT. BAR -- LATER

Barry Weiss has passed out on the bar. The place closed some time ago, tables are cleared, most of the lights off.

The Barman gives Weiss a nudge, it's like waking the dead, he left this to the very end for a reason.

BARMAN

Mr. Weiss, we're closed.

Weiss stirs, groans loud, out of it.

BARMAN (CONT'D)

I have to ask you to leave.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Weiss emerges from a lift and swerves down a hallway, crashes up against a table with a floral arrangement.

Overshoots his door, heads back, pulling out his key. Room 578. Even in his drunken state he notices that the lock's been tampered with, says to the dark room:

WEISS

Ivan?

And tumbles in.

INT. WEISS' HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Weiss inside the door fumbling along the wall for the light switch. Suddenly there is a CRUNCH and Weiss SHRIEKS and COLLAPSES -- someone SNAPS ON THE LIGHT --

Weiss on all fours. Most of his front teeth have been taken out. His ruined mouth spewing black blood. He looks up, recognizes his ASSAILANT, manages to gasp:

WEISS (CONT'D)

You!

He SCREAMS -- a SHADOW closing over him...

CUT TO:

THE HORIZON/LONDON

The sun coming up on the South Bank. Another day. Stunning mix of colours.

CUT TO:

INT. CANTEEN -- DAY

Falls is sitting at Brant's usual window table. Brant rocks up with a Sid Vicious, two Club Milks.

BRANT
Mind if I take a seat?

He sits before she can answer. A pause. Falls has a hunch this isn't a social call.

Brant swipes a newspaper off a chair. Barry Weiss' murder was three days ago but the papers are still full of it.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Good riddance to bad rubbish.

Falls keeps quiet. Brant flicks on, passes a photo of Weiss' body being wheeled out of the Hilton under a shroud.

Brant pushes the paper away. Spots McDonald entering the canteen with Roberts.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Nash thinks McDonald might have done it, says he was acting mighty strange. Personally I don't think the kid has the bottle. McDonald hasn't that rage yet, needs a few more years at least.
(a beat)
You on the other hand...

Falls looks at him.

FALLS
What?

Brant just shrugs.

FALLS (CONT'D)
You think I did it?

BRANT
Did you?

FALLS
No.

Brant nods, sticks an entire Club Milk in his mouth, swallows it near-whole.

FALLS (CONT'D)
But I have my suspicions about you.

BRANT

Yeah? You and half the Met. But I'm off the hook, got myself a gold plated alibi.

FALLS

Let me guess, Nash.

BRANT

No, not Nash. My alibi's an entire pub full of hooray henries. At the time of the murder, a bunch of us were involved in a lock-in around the corner from Weiss' hotel.

Falls looks at Brant carefully, beginning to understand. He leans in closer.

BRANT (CONT'D)

That's right, I got rid of the bodyguard, made it easy for you.
(then)
You get my note?

QUICK CUT/FLASHBACK:

Falls sitting in bed reading the letter Stokes handed to her. We now see what was written on the piece of paper:

"THE BLITZ, HILTON, ROOM 578."

CANTEEN -- PRESENT

Falls is holding Brant's gaze, not giving anything away.

FALLS

I don't know what you mean.

BRANT

Sure you don't. What is this, just some friendly banter between colleagues, no big deal.

Brant's energy slackens for a sec, even gives her the wolf smile, then he leans back in.

BRANT (CONT'D)

We all wanted a crack at Weiss -- shit, I was well up for it -- but he killed your skinhead friend right in front of you, figured you should get first dibs, only fair.

(a beat)

According to the report...

Through the next part of Brant's speech we see a SEQUENCE of VERY FAST CUTS:

WEISS' HOTEL ROOM/FLASHBACK

Falls standing before Barry Weiss, wearing black leather gloves, New York Yankees baseball cap...and clutching a HAMMER.

BRANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Old Barry's head was
demolished...

Falls pounces on Weiss --

BRANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The attack was up close and very
personal.

Falls DESTROYS Weiss' SKULL with a series of BLOWS --

BRANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was hit something like ten
times --

Weiss' eyeballs are the only thing left intact -- it's as if he's staring at Falls from the afterlife, impressed...

CANTEEN -- PRESENT

Back with Brant and Falls.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Was it necessary?

FALLS
I'd say so.

BRANT
Feel better now?

FALLS
Much.

She's not giving away anything more.

BRANT
Way I see it, that's two things
you owe me now. A thank you
wouldn't go amiss.

Down in the carpark Stokes has just pulled up in his Rover.

FALLS
My ride's here.

Falls stands.

FALLS (CONT'D)
Next time, tea's on me, alright?

And she takes off.

EXT. CARPARK

Stokes steps out of his car, leans against the door, lights a Silk Cut.

CANTEEN

Brant sees Falls emerge from the station. She walks up to Stokes, kisses him on the cheek, moves around to the passenger side door.

Brant didn't notice, but Nash has been standing behind him for the last few seconds, watching over his shoulder.

NASH
Think they'll make it?

BRANT
Fucked if I know.

Nash observes Brant's tea.

NASH
Don't you want a real drink?

BRANT
With all my soul, I was afraid to start.

NASH
Why don't you start now. I'm buying.

BRANT
Let's go.

Nash leads the way.

We remain at the window for a moment watching Stokes' car pull into traffic. A clear day in South East London, not a cloud in the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Brant standing in a small residential park smoking a Weight. At his feet...Thelma and Louise, two pitbulls, their MUZZLES removed.

A HOUSE

Harold Dunlop emerges from his semi-detached town house, brief case at his side, wearing a crisp Paul Smith suit.

BRANT
(to the pits)
There he is...there's brekie.

And the pits lick their wretched chops, growling...

Dunlop is looking for a taxi -- sees Brant -- sees the pitbulls -- sees his future. The SMUG look on the journalist's face SHATTERING...

Dunlop considers diving back into his house, but Brant is already heading in that direction -- Dunlop has no choice but to run --

BRANT (CONT'D)
Bon appetite.

He lets the dogs off the leash and they take off after Dunlop -- reach him in a jiffy -- go to town on the Paul Smith -- Dunlop SCREAMING --

ON BRANT....as we hear Dunlop being TORN TO SHREDS off screen. With delight Brant recalls the MET motto:

BRANT (CONT'D)
Working together for a safer
London.

Pulls on his Weight, gives the WOLF SMILE, and

FADE TO BLACK.