

LONDON BOULEVARD

by

William Monahan

based on the novel by Ken Bruen

FADE UP ON

1 INT. PRISON CELL. PENTONVILLE. DAY

1 *

MITCHEL lying on his prison cot in Pentonville, fingers laced behind his head. Wiry, tough. Thirties.

A SPIDERWEB ON WINDOW BARS. A SPIDER busily hammocks a fly.

BOOKS range along a metal shelf. The greats.

MITCHEL (V.O.)

I learnt this in prison. Among other things. Compulsive is when you do something repetitively. Obsessive is when you think about something repetitively.

We hear the door clank. His eyes swerve. A RAVAGED GUARD looks in.

RAVAGED GUARD

You, you're out.

MITCHEL looks at the guard, doesn't move.

BLACK CARD

TITLE:

"LONDON BOULEVARD"

PRISON SOUNDS rise AS WE

CUT TO:

2 INT. PRISON CENTRAL AREA. DAY

2

MITCHEL descending the stairs through those self-same sounds, holding a paper-wrapped parcel. HM prison is mainly all spades. Some scrubbing floors. No notice or contact between races. MITCHEL is ice. Steve McQueen.

Titles as we descend down the staircase in prison.

PRISONERS

(ad libs)

Mitchel, Mitchel, etc.

3

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, PENTONVILLE. MORNING

3

The bald spot on the GOVERNOR's head as he goes over papers. Raises goggled face. Northern or Scots accent.

GOVERNOR

Mitchel.

That's MITCHEL, on Parade Rest.

MITCHEL

Yes, sir.

South London accent.

GOVERNOR

You've been with us now for how long?

MITCHEL

Says it in the papers, sir.

GOVERNOR

You say it.

MITCHEL

Three years, sir.

GOVERNOR

You turned down early parole.

MITCHEL

(staring past the
governor's head)

Wanted to pay my debt in full,
Sir.

GOVERNOR

You mean you wanted out with no strings.

The RAVAGED SCREW at attention behind has no comment.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

You're not the first lifer
criminal that's been here. You'll
be back.

MITCHEL looks at the governor, then back into the empty air. It's not worth talking to him. Governor stamps papers.

(CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Did your A-levels?

MITCHEL

I was always a great reader, sir.

GOVERNOR

Are you familiar with recidivism?

MITCHEL

They gave me an ointment for it,
sir.

The Governor stares.

GOVERNOR

If you're flippant I will have
you, Mitchel.

*

(and he does look
carnivorous)

It would be terrible on your last
day if you attacked Corporal
Whatnot in my very office.

(a beat)

Repeat offenders. They're not
obsessed by offense. They're
obsessed by punishment. They like
jail. They're safe in jail.

MITCHEL

I've heard of it. My dad was in
the Army. Felt safe there. Told
when to shit, sir. Something
similar, sir?

The governor stares. Above his sideboard: BRITISH ARMY
MEMORABILIA.

GOVERNOR

I'm glad you had an ointment for
your recidivism.

A BUS departs, a blur of red and adverts, revealing
MITCHEL standing on Caledonian Road. MITCHEL stands there
holding his paper wrap. Dressed as one exits HM prisons
these days. He puts a rolled cigarette in his mouth and
lights it. Across the road he notices: a TRANSIT VAN,
parked with the hood up, and beside it stands BILLY
NORTON. Not Irish as in the book but a South London boy.
He has taken the moment to check his oil in his van. He
stands and stares.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL sees no real reason for Billy to have met him. But after a moment, MITCHEL crosses the road with his parcel.

BILLY
(closing bonnet of
van)

How goes it, Mitchel?

A long beat. Then dead cool: MITCHEL is never nervous:

MITCHEL
Prison makes me nervous, Billy.

BILLY
Let's go, then.

MITCHEL flings away his cigarette butt. Looks around the road. At the prison. (His POV of Pentonville, briefly). Then gets in Billy's already-started van.

5 INT. BILLY'S VAN. DAY. LATER

5

MITCHEL looking out at London. He rolls down his window. WOMEN everywhere. Pausing at corners. Looking in shop windows. London Boulevard.

BILLY
Here's something new. You can't smoke in the fucking pub. They've done it in *Ireland*. Fuck me they've done it in *France*. It'll be prisons next.

(Holds out a pack of
Dunhills Red)
You gasping for a tailor-made?

MITCHEL shakes his head 'no'. He's starting not to want things from Billy, figuring it out. BILLY for his part is figuring out that MITCHEL might be figuring it out.

BILLY (CONT'D)
New York, they've made the ciggies so they burn out if you leave them in the ashtray. Mayor's afraid of fire. Taste like shit as well.

MITCHEL
You been to New York, Billy?

BILLY
I run in Afghani hash by G4 mate.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

Where's the money?

BILLY

Well, that's another fucking
story, innit.BILLY offers a pint bottle of Famous Grouse. MITCHEL
shakes his head 'no'The Van is stopped at a light. A SQUEEGEE MAN comes up:
aggressive, not physically fucked up. A bottom rung
violent predator but a violent predator. As the window is
smeared:

BILLY

Oi!

(a beat)

Fuckin' squeegees, they're
everywhere.FILTH is smeared over the windshield. Then the SQUEEGEE
MAN is at our man's window.

SQUEEGEE MAN

Four pounds mate.

MITCHEL stares at him.

Beat.

Beat.

MITCHEL

(turning his gaze
from the squeegee
man)

Just drive.

At that, MITCH is spat on. He sits there controlling
himself. He looks down at a TIRE IRON on the floor near
his feet. A YELLOW-SLICKERED FEMALE COP is nearby. But no
direct connection to what he says next:

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Just drive, Billy.

BILLY is taken aback by this. Very taken aback. He
drives. He thinks that the YELLOW-SLICKERED COP is the
explanation.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

You'll be surprised what I got for
you. The place I got.

MITCHEL is surprised, but doesn't show it: he evaluates
BILLY. Then:

MITCHEL

As long as it's near Brixton.

7 EXT. CLAPHAM COMMON. DAY

7

The VAN parked vaguely in front of the building where the
flat is.

8 INT. THE FLAT. CONTINUOUS

8

Not bad. A well decorated double-bedroom. High Regency
ceilings. A few bucks in London. Not shit Ikea and milk-
crates. Antiques. BILLY is at a sideboard of drinks.

BILLY

Guy owned this flat, this doctor,
got into heavy schtook to shall we
say a moneylender.

MITCHEL

Shall we say.

BILLY

Did a runner. Left everything.
Gambling's a terrible thing.
Affects all classes. Drink?

MITCHEL as his fingers touch the glass:

MITCHEL

You're the money-lender.

BILLY

Well. Part of a firm. And we'd
like you to be on board.

MITCHEL

I don't think so, Billy.

A long beat. He doesn't think so about the drink, either.
He doesn't taste it. BILLY hesitates, could say a million
things, but settles for:

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Still. You stay. Think about it.
 Whatever. Where you gonna go
 otherwise?! Right? Forty pounds
 they gave you to go forth in
 London? Four hundred pounds a
 week, this place.

He gets on his coat. From the coat he produces a MOBILE PHONE wrapped in its power cord which he hands to MITCHEL.

MITCHEL

(looking around)
 I don't use them.

BILLY

You need it. And you need me mate.
 You need your friend Billy.

On MITCHEL'S absolute lack of reaction, BILLY puts the phone back in his pocket.

BILLY (CONT'D)

The party's tonight. Of course
 there's a party. The usual. Down
 the Greyhound. At seven. Don't be
 late. It's your own party.

He goes, after giving Mitchel a look. MITCHEL looks at his drink. He wants it and he doesn't. He sets it down on the edge off the table as if it is trembling nitroglycerine. He looks at himself in a mirror: out of jail: what next.

MITCHEL looks through a WARDROBE. CLOTHES that will fit.

ANOTHER CUPBOARD. Books. He takes one down. A work of phrenology.

INSERT:

Some Observations

on the Criminal Mind,

or Insanity

By Johann Christoff Spurzheim

He puts it back.

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE ROOM

He sits and looks at the flat, the fall of light coming into it.

INT. BATHROOM. LATER

MITCHEL takes a shower. Washes his hair. Everything he does contains a beat of reflection.

Showered, he looks at himself in the mirror. Then dries his choppy hair.

LATER

Dressed, having a cup of tea, smoking a cigarette. Thinking, staring. He sorts out his money. About thirty pounds. He reaches for the phone, dials.

MITCHEL

Briony? I'm out. Just today. Yeah.

(we hear the swoops
and squawks of his
sister's mad
conversation)

Look, I don't need to know all that, I need to know you're all right....No, No, no, I don't need you to make me dinner. I'm all right.

(with reluctance:)

Listen if you want, there's a party down the Greyhound. Seven. I'll see you there. You keep yourself together, right? Remember what we said, right? If you don't feel like being normal, you do it anyway, right? You pretend. Right? That's right.

CUT TO:

INT. A CAFE, BRIXTON. DAY

A full breakfast slammed down...sausages, bacon, tomatoes, beans, eggs, black pudding, toast, pot of tea. MITCHEL attacks it at the counter, religiously, hungrily. Unscrewing the mustard. He's been dying for this for years. He forks it in. AN OLD CODGER examines him as a potential conversation victim. Fingering a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

11

OLD CODGER

Big fella like you needs a feed of
potatoes.

MITCHEL examines the old fuck as a threat. Discards him
as a threat. A prison process: mechanical. He continues
to eat.

OLD CODGER (CONT'D)

You follow sport then?

MITCHEL

People often probably don't want
to talk to you, and I'm sorry for
that. But if you make me not enjoy
this breakfast, I will be very
upset. Very upset.

The OLD CODGER sensibly gives up.

12

INT. A BANK. SOUTH LONDON. DAY

12

A sign reads: "We really care." Mitchel, perceived
through a glass wall, is sitting at a manager's desk as
the

13

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

13

MANAGER, a fattish young man, comes in with some papers.

MITCHEL

They said at the till, out there,
that I couldn't have my money.

The MANAGER settles, removes his spectacles.

BANK MANAGER

Mr. Mitchell, your account has
been dormant for three years.

MITCHEL

Yes, it's a savings account.

BANK MANAGER

You wish to reactivate the
account?

Locks eyes with the Bank Manager. We see what made
Mitchel a criminal.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

If that's the terminology for what you do to give me my money.

BANK MANAGER

I see. Well, with interest....you have twelve hundred and thirty seven pounds.

MITCHEL

I'll have it.

The MANAGER starts to write.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Leave a pound in it. Cause you care so much.

INT. A HALLWAY OF STORAGE CLOSETS. ARTIFICIAL LIGHT 14

MITCHEL is following a mad, bespectacled PORTER. Moving, as the PORTER jingles KEYS:

PORTER

I think of all these doors as identities.

MITCHEL

(not looking at him)
Do you.

PORTER

Or the lady and the tiger.

MITCHEL

Just open the door, mate.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STORAGE UNIT. MOMENTS LATER

Plastic-sleeved SUITS. SHOES lined up like ammunition. Gangster. MITCHEL takes down a dark number, fast.

INT. NORTHERN LINE TUBE STATION/OVAL. EVENING

A BUSKER is massacring something to be determined [or go with music] as MITCHEL, in a very good suit, black shoes, white shirt, tie, cufflinks, gangster-rolls a smoke. COPS stroll the platform. CCTV cameras everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

(Almost everywhere we go in this film, MITCH can usually glance off and see a CCTV camera). It seems very little like freedom. MITCH inspects his unlit cig, and...

Up the steps to the Oval.

17

EXT. TUBE STATION. MOMENTS LATER

17

MITCHEL comes to a big issue seller, JOE (homeless, gentle, filthy). MITCH hands over a fiver and says:

MITCHEL
Give us a copy, Joe.

Joe smiles, dazzled, takes the fiver. Then worried:

JOE
Did they hurt you in there,
Mitchel?

MITCHEL
Not so you'd notice.

JOE
They hurt me in there, Mitchel.

MITCHEL
I know they did, Joe. But it's all
right now. You getting on all
right?

Homeless, penniless, drunk, insane.

JOE
What's my answer to that s'posed
to be?

Joe takes a drink.

MITCHEL
We're all fucked, Joe. Different
ways. You want to go to a party?

JOE
I'm always at a party. That's the
upside of being certifiable.

Mitchel claps him on the shoulder of his filthy coat,
walks away.

MITCHEL
I'm back, Joe. I'll see you
through.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

You missed the world cup.

MITCHEL

Football's for homosexuals, Joe.

He crosses the road.

Further down. MITCHEL sees:

A RANGE ROVER SPORT pulls up in front of St. Mary's Cathedral. A young woman (PENNY) gets out to go to the CASHPOINT. Two BOTTOM FEEDERS size her up. One sharks in from in front, one from the back. MITCHEL notices.

MITCHEL

Oi.

They stop. He walks up. The woman at the Cashpoint (PENNY) has noticed her situation but is failing to analyze it... She's about 33, if that, scarfled, posh, holding her just-dispensed cash.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

(to BOTTOM FEEDERS)

Get the fuck out of it.

BOTTOM FEEDER NO. 2

Whatcha gonna do about it, cunt.

A beat:

MITCHEL

Everything...

At least one bottom feeder has realized who Mitchel is. They decide to go. The BOTTOM FEEDERS move along the pavement and around the church.

MITCHEL looks at the woman. She looks at him.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

(parting:)

That's a shit place to park.

He turns and crosses to the Greyhound. A banner across the door reads: WELCOME HOME MITCHEL. He hesitates, and goes in. The WOMAN, folding her cash away, has watched him go.

19

INT. THE CROWDED GREYHOUND PUB. CONTINUOUS

19

A CHEER goes up, and villains of every description are yelling "Mitch!" Mitchel nods uncomfortably. BILLY greets him in the throng.

BILLY

I told you mate, you been missed.

More study of the room: various grade B villains standing. The A-list and geriatrics seated. Mitchel obligingly works the room, saying hello to gangsters. At least two people hand him packets of drugs. Various shots. At one point a Giant Villain gets Mitchel around the neck, friendly and threatening.

GIANT VILLAIN

Too bad we don't talk about work, place like this, Mitchel. Call me. That's the new mobile on this card.

MITCHEL

If you don't talk about work here where do you talk about it, Danny?

GIANT VILLAIN

There's fucking *reporters* in here man, congregation of southeast villains like this? See that one over there?

MITCHEL looks and sees: the girl he rescued, PENNY, talking to an old guy like Mad Frank. She catches Mitch's eye over her glass. And we mistake her for the love interest in the film.

Mitchel takes a pint handed to him, and drinks.

Gangsters everywhere. Half of them look like Charlie Watts.

LATER

MITCHEL is in a corner with BILLY.

MITCHEL

I don't know, Billy. I don't know.

BILLY

What's there not to know Mitch?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

Don't fucking push me. There are other things I can do and maybe I want to do them.

BILLY

It's not like you think.

MITCHEL

Billy, I ain't going back inside. Ever. For no one. For nothing.

BILLY

Then don't get *caught* you fucking cunt.

MITCH laughs. That's about it.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Listen, pad you're in, I don't need to tell you there are no free lunches.

MITCHEL: a complex look. One, don't threaten him. Ever. Two, crime: why the fuck not.

MITCHEL

All right. When.

BILLY

Friday, around noon. I'll collect you. Noon. Our clients ain't early risers.

The GIANT VILLAIN comes up.

GIANT VILLAIN

There's a ruckus out back mate.
Your sister.

Mitchel goes back among the beer crates and barrels and sees his sister, Briony, out of her mind in a Vivian Westwood dress, disheveled, and out of her mind. With her is a grinning punk with yellow hair who looks like a decayed public schoolboy. A smirking gangster, wigga. He's got Briony by the wrist and one of his shirttails hasn't made it back into his fly.

BLOND GANGSTER

Yo, bro, it's all cool. It's a'ight.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL bitch-slaps him. Hard.

MITCHEL

When you're black I'll fucking
tell you.

A nose-breaker. The kid catches the gush in two hands.

BLOND GANGSTER

You fucking....awww. My nose....

MITCHEL

(to Briony)
What did he do?

BRIONY

I told him it was only *kissing*.

MITCH is exasperated. The BLOND GANGSTER produces a gun. Mitchel takes it from him and after staring into the blond gangster's eyes, while holding him against the wall by the throat, pistol whips him with it, efficiently, just enough. He puts the gun in his pocket.

BILLY

Christ Mitch that ain't right.
He's...

MITCHEL

I don't give a fuck who he is. Get
him out of here.

BOUNCERS converge.

MITCHEL stands there with his damaged, crazy, sister by the arm. He flags a BLACK CAB. It swerves around.

MITCHEL

You look nice, Briony.

BRIONY

I stole it from Vivian Westwood.

MITCHEL

It's very nice. I'll call you
tomorrow. You get some rest. And
no more drinking, right?

BRIONY

Not on *my* meds. *Drinking*? Some
chance.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

Briony, you been drinking. You get
some rest. All right?

BRIONY

If you care about me, you come and
take care of me.

A long pause.

MITCHEL

We tried that. We been through it.
People got to live, Briony. You
have to help yourself.

He gives her all his money. All of it. She goes off in
the cab. He turns and sees: PENNY. The posh reporter.

PENNY

Interesting party.

MITCHEL

(disinterested)
Yeah, they emptied Essex.

PENNY

There was some sort of disturbance
in the back.

MITCHEL

Couldn't tell you.

They smile at each other.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Fancy a drink?
(she doesn't mind)
Nah, not there.

PENNY is drunk and flirtacious. But it's the drink. It
won't last.

PENNY

Mad Tommy said....Mad Tommy with
the mad hairpiece...that the party
was for a criminal just out of
Pentonville.

MITCHEL

That would be me.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

Fascinating.

(a beat)

What would you have done to those
young men if they hadn't left me
alone?

MITCHEL

They did leave you alone, so we
didn't find out. Did we. They
knew. I knew. I think you know.
Pretending you don't is very
middle class. I thought about that
in jail, yeah?

PENNY

I can imagine what you thought
about in jail.

She extends her hand. Drunk.

PENNY (CONT'D)

I'm Penny.

MITCHEL

Yeah. Mitchel.

PENNY

So, where do we start. You're a
criminal?

MITCHEL

At present I'm just unemployed.

She stands at the bar, thinking, and as if a delightful
thought has occurred.

PENNY

We know you're good at moving
people along....but are you handy?

MITCHEL

What, with hammers and such?

PENNY

Yes.

MITCHEL

I did full trade school before I
learned what they made.

PENNY

Is it too little now? What a
tradesman makes?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

No. I've learned how little I
need.

PENNY

To be happy?

MITCHEL

To be alive.

PENNY

I'll have to check, but I could
have something. A job.(laughing: she's had
a wonderful idea)

Are you on the phone?

CUT TO:

23

INT. THE FLAT IN CLAPHAM. NIGHT

23

"WATERLOO SUNSET" is playing on the good stereo. MITCHEL is shooting up. He goes through the ritual. He injects himself, and lays back. As he gets high he switches the music off and simply listens to London: rain, traffic.

We go VISUAL: London images in an Abbey Road sonic-visual rush to the crescendo of dark.

24

INT. THE FLAT IN CLAPHAM. MORNING

24

MITCHEL has one eye open. The phone is going beside his bed. He reaches for it, looks at the screen, answers.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. A PARK BENCH. HYDE PARK. MORNING

25

MITCHEL sits with PENNY on a bench. Or rather, he sits while she stretches, preparing for her run.

MITCHEL

Did you get a story then?

PENNY

I never get a story. The villains
don't mind me writing about their
colorful atmosphere, but I never
get anything you could call a
story. Would you tell me a story?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

No.

PENNY

If I ever *got* a story, they'd kill me. It's the old dears with their slicked back hair and their stupid books about the old days that talk to me. Try to fuck me, too. Who wouldn't want to fuck the old man who did the Burlington Arcade in 1963?

MITCHEL

Knowing him, I'd say his wife, to start. Then everybody else. Last man wanted to fuck him was a retired chief inspector.

Penny sits down, uncaps her water, looks seriously at Mitchel.

PENNY

I might have got you a job. Don't thank me yet. It's almost, semi, a *security* thing...Look. I have...a friend. Who has a rather unusual life. We go back ages, to university. She lives in Holland Park. She's....

(thinks of a near-appropriate word)

Retired.

MITCHEL

Friend your age? Retired?

PENNY

You'd know who it is if I told you. She lives in a huge house in dire need of repairs. Her husband went gay four years ago and left her in a leaking dump. Needs everything. Paint, plaster...can you do all that?

MITCHEL nods.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Might be a live-in situation. Flat above the garage sort of thing. She's got security issues.

MITCH considers this. She hands him a paper.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY (CONT'D)
That's her name and address.

MITCH reads it.

MITCHEL
...Right.

PENNY
You know who it is.

MITCHEL
I've heard of her. Yeah. Why's she
live in a dump?

PENNY thinks about it.

PENNY
In the course of our lives we all
go a bit crazy, right? We have our
periods. Of, ah, disarray. Whoever
we are.

MITCHEL
She in disarray is she.

PENNY
The Elms, you can't miss it, just
at the beginning of Holland Park.
(putting her hair
into a pony tail for
running)
It has an impressive driveway.

MITCHEL
I know that house, I think.

PENNY
Ever robbed it?

MITCHEL
No.

PENNY
Well, she'll expect you. She and
her, let's call him a business
manager. One of those one-client
solicitors. He lives with her.

Birds hopping in a puddle.

PENNY (CONT'D)
I won't anticipate what they want
of you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (3)

25

PENNY (CONT'D)

Or if they'll hire you at all. But
 there it is. Eleven o'clock,
 today. They expect you.

MITCHEL

(might as well try:
 and she's waiting
 for him to try)

Do you fancy a drink sometime?

PENNY

(looking off)

It's not that sort of story.

(without sympathy and
 too full of herself)

Sor-ry!

MITCHEL nods. Gets it. PENNY gets up to run off.

PENNY (CONT'D)

She expects you! Today.

Mitchel sits there on the bench. Birds. Green. London.
 (MUSIC OVER TO):

26

EXT. THE ELMS, HOLLAND PARK. DAY

26

The Elms is a mansion, no doubt about it. Gardens
 entirely enclosed. Broken glass glitters atop the walls
 which are also wired about as half as dramatically as the
 walls of the Buckingham Palace garden. MITCHEL regards
 the house. Then he rings the buzzer at the gate. After a
 long wait, there is an answering buzz and the car-gate
 opens. He walks up the drive. We see, as Mitch does,
 small DETAILS OF DISREPAIR, everywhere.

The front door is enormous. The KNOCKER is a Head of
 Janus. Mitchel uses it. The door is opened a moment later
 by

JORDAN. Jordan is not a healthy-looking man. He looks
 like he's been rummaged out of a hangover or an opium
 dream. Late thirties or forties.

JORDAN

Yes? What is it?

MITCHEL

I was told I was expected. My
 name's Mitchel.

A long moment. He is examined.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN

We may well be expecting you. I've
been out of... communication...
(a show of teeth)
Come this way.

MITCHEL, as Jordan jets off, is shown into a huge drawing room filled with regency furniture. It's not very well dusted. On the wall like an explosion: a very large SCREAMING POPE. Mitchel looks at it: it's real. Having not been told to sit, Mitchel stands. He looks around the room. He sees: a pair of bunched panties stuffed in the couch cushions. He stuffs them further down so as not to embarrass anyone. He opens HEAVY drapes and looks out into the overgrown side garden, the houses and chimney pots beyond.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Close those curtains.

MITCHEL does so, without turning around. Then he turns and sees: CHARLOTTE. She is breathtaking. A beauty, maybe 35. Absolutely without makeup. She is wearing a cardigan and jeans. Her hair is pulled back. She is barefoot. JORDAN watches from the back of the room.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

There are sometimes photographers.
On that side. Over that way. We
keep the curtains closed.

She comes closer to him. Looks at him. She gives her hand. As he looks at her bare arm he sees: needle tracks. And something about Jordan is explained as well. She pulls down the raveled sleeves of her sweater. She indicates that MITCH should sit.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Penny says you've been in prison.
(Mitch nods: yeah he
has been)
Are you a thief?

MITCHEL

No. I've never stolen anything.
That wasn't my line.

CHARLOTTE

Why did you go to prison?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

I was in an altercation, Miss. It got out of hand.

She lights a cigarette. The most erotic series of actions imaginable. She doesn't offer one to Mitchel.

CHARLOTTE

Did you kill?

MITCHEL

No, but I hurt them very badly.

CHARLOTTE

Male or female.

MITCHEL

Oh, male.

CHARLOTTE

Did he deserve it?

MITCHEL

I thought so at the time. Insofar as I was thinking.

She examines him. Then after a long beat:

CHARLOTTE

Do you like violence?

MITCHEL

I will hurt people before they hurt me.

CHARLOTTE

What hurts you?

(A touch of Estella).

MITCHEL

Miss?

CHARLOTTE

Sometimes they come over the walls. The paparazzi. When there's nothing else happening in London they think of me. When there's no one to ambush at The Ivy. No adultery among the pram-bumpers in Primrose Hill. They come outside my house. They're outside my house all the fucking time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (2)

27

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Waiting for me to be carried out
by the coroner...

(smiles at him)

You see there's this rumor I use
drugs...JORDAN looks on. Wariness of another man in the house. He
leans against the wall and watches.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Apart from the hundred maintenance
things that need to be done, just
to keep this place running, you
could you shift someone off the
property if you needed to? If I
needed you to?

She looks at him through cigarette smoke.

MITCHEL

Yeah. If it's someone I can shift.

VERY close on CHARLOTTE. Thinking. Examining him.

CHARLOTTE

We'll give you a trial. That's the
only way to do it. You'll have to
sign a paper.

JORDAN

A non-disclosure agreement. Do you
have a camera phone?MITCHEL just looks at him. Jordan backs off. CHARLOTTE,
having noticed this interplay:

CHARLOTTE

Jordan will set your schedule.

She rises, he rises, she takes his hand. He gets it. She
gets it. Click.

MITCHEL

Thank you, Miss. I'll do my best.

CHARLOTTE

Good afternoon.

She leaves the room through the big double doors.

JORDAN

Well. Here we are.

28 EXT. THE GARAGE. DAY

28

JORDAN is walking ahead of Mitchel.

JORDAN

What she does these days mainly is
paint. She has a studio. Upstairs.

(no interest from
MITCHEL)

What you'll have to sign is a
standard NDA. That's a non-
disclosure agreement. One with
teeth, let me add. Teeth. I may
not be outstanding at "shifting"
people off the property, but I can
do an NDA. We've had a man named
Tinsley, who was bad enough, but
more recently we've had a cretin
named Lee. Both were unsuitable.
Cameras.

(stops and looks at
Mitch)

It's all about privacy, you see.
This day and age, privacy. I fancy
that celebrities are like the
Olympians of ould. They do wonder,
out there, the little people, what
their Gods are doing. Who they're
fucking. Who they've chained to a
rock or turned into a *assing*
ass...

*

MITCHEL

I don't.

JORDAN who realizes he got a bit carried away:

JORDAN

(gestures at garage)

Everything you could possibly need
is here.

He opens the double doors.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Tools, ladders, paint. If you need
anything else, there's an account
at Praybury's...The job comes with
accommodations, up there, but
we'll see about that later. You're
fixed up?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

For now I am.

JORDAN looks at him uneasily.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

I've seen her in films.

JORDAN

(lighting a cig)

Getting her kit off.

MITCHEL

Maybe a bit of that.

JORDAN

If it wasn't for Monica Bellucci
she'd be the most raped woman in
European cinema. And all before
the age of thirty! Of course,
she's also very serious about
acting. Apart from not wanting to
do it, she's very serious about
her craft.

(a beat)

Charlotte is in retirement and
takes it very seriously. Compare
it to Lennon in his bread-baking
phase.

MITCHEL

"Bread-baking". I remember him
saying that.

JORDAN

And what do you think he really
meant?

MITCHEL

What do you think he really meant?

JORDAN mimes shooting up with his lit cigarette.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

He didn't want it any more. Any of
it. He went home and stayed there.

JORDAN

Pretty much exactly. I don't think
Charlotte's been as much as out to
dinner in two years. This is not
to suggest...a derangement.

MITCHEL nods.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Nothing like that.

MITCHEL

Course not.

They look into the garage.

The lights come on. The Garage is full of cars, deep with them, mostly covered, including...a 1930S BENTLEY CONTINENTAL. Perfect.

*
*

MITCHEL

Christ.

JORDAN

She was married to Billy Hiller.
Hiller Holstein Hanover?
(nothing from Mitch)
His cars. He hasn't called for them.

MITCHEL rubs his hand over the BENTLEY-CONTINENTAL. Dust and grime come away.

*

MITCHEL

This should be covered, Jordan.
These need to be taken care of.
This is sinful.

JORDAN

Yeah, well. If we could find the fucking titles they'd have all been sold. Take care of them if you like. Use your judgement. You have judgement?

MITCHEL stares at him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Did I just go to far?

MITCHEL

Slightly, Jordan, yeah.

JORDAN

You'll arrive promptly at seven thirty. There'll be breakfast laid out. Work commences at eight, sharp. At eleven you'll have a tea break.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

JORDAN (CONT'D)

At one, you'll have lunch for one hour. Mondays, you'll do painting. Tuesdays, gutters. Wednesday, the roof. Thursday, windows. Friday, the patio. Saturday, party down; Sunday go to Church....and Pray, I pray you, for all of us entire.

MITCHEL

Were you an actor?

JORDAN

Am.

(a beat, a smile)
I'm resting.

A crunch of gravel.

JORDAN sees:

A MAN (LEE, or LEE-LEE), leaning out of the window of a trade van and punching the gate code. The Van comes in through the gates, crunching on gravel, and LEE, or LEE-LEE, a fat man in overalls looks out, a cig in his face. The van reads: LEE BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE. LEE looks at MITCHEL.

LEE

Who's this then?

Neither Mitchell or Jordan respond for a moment. Jordan adopts an officer's manner.

JORDAN

Mister Lee, you are no longer employed here. I thought I made that clear.

LEE

Lighten up, mate. You'll do yourself an injury.

(a beat)

It was a misunderstanding, am I right. She don't even know who's here. So I had a camera. Did I use it? Did I?

JORDAN

You have already been replaced, Mr. Lee.

LEE

Oh I don't think so. I know too much don't I?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

LEE (CONT'D)

(makes kissing noise
at Jordan)Cup of tea, Jord, two sugars. I've
gotta get up the roof.He starts to unbuckle a ladder. JORDAN unexpectedly
punches him in the throat. LEE falls instantly, gagging.MITCHEL looks at Jordan, impressed, but not very emotive:
this is not new to MITCHEL.

JORDAN

(with Lee by the
hair, completely
losing it)Get off my gravel, you fat fucking
cunt, and if you go anywhere near
the tabloids I will chop you up in
court til there's nothing left but
a fucking stain.

He lets him go. Dah!

MITCHEL

(to Lee)
I'd advise it mate. Fuck off.Lee crawls into his van as fast as he can, which isn't
very.

JORDAN

(to Mitchel,
smoothing his hair)
Is Monday suitable to begin?

MITCHEL

Certainly.

30

EXT. KENSINGTON CHURCH STREET. DAY

30

MITCHEL is walking past the Churchill. On a bus shelter
there is a poster of Charlotte's face, in kabuki white
makeup. Huge blue erotic eyes. She is selling vodka.
Mitch is looking at it when the VAN pulls up. Lee is
inside, looking out at him.

LEE

You want a talking to.

MITCHEL looks at him.

LEE (CONT'D)

That posh cunt. He got no idea. NO
idea.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

You gotta ask yourself how they
got upper class in the first
place, don't you. His grandfather
probably did your grandfather with
a shovel.

LEE

You don't want to fuck with me.

MITCHEL

I don't have to fuck with you.
You're already fucked. Out of a
job anyway.

LEE

What's your name, wanker?

Mitch tosses his cigarette away.

MITCHEL

Harry Mitchel.

LEE's face changes.

LEE

Bullshit.

MITCHEL

Want to see my driving license?
Lee-Lee?

The VAN pulls away. Fast. MITCHEL walks on. He's
disturbed by something.

MITCHEL goes in and looks at the cards plastered there.

DETAIL:

FILM STAR

TWENTY YEARS OLD

BEAUTIFUL, BUSTY, READY FOR YOUR DESIRES.

There's a slight resemblance in the photo to CHARLOTTE.
MITCHEL drops coins into the phone.

CUT TO:

32

INT. A FLAT IN STREATHAM. EVENING

32

MITCHEL is taking it all out (prison, meeting CHARLOTTE) on a not-bad looking Slovenian woman (the FILM STAR of the ad, vaguely resembling Charlotte) who lies beneath him looking bored.

INTERCUT:

What is in Mitchel's head, which is him doing CHARLOTTE in her Living room beneath the SCREAMING POPE.

Come out of Mitchel fucking the "film star" to Mitchel fucking the whore to Charlotte's eyes swerving up on him....

....and then back to the grubby room, post-coital. Static shot. Mitch on the bed, haggard, on top of the bored Slovenian. He finishes. Disengages. Gets up. Walks out of shot.

A CONDOM splashes into a bin.

FILM STAR
(bored but hopeful)
We can go again for twenty...

No answer. The door closes off. The film star switches on her TV to a game show and mops herself idly.

A FILM IMAGE.

A very slightly younger Charlotte is playing Ophelia. BBC, video. (perhaps intercut Mitch on the street or riding on the top of a bus and VO part of this).

OPHELIA

He took me by the wrist and held
me hard; Then goes he to the
length of all his arm; And, with
his other hand thus o'er his brow,
he falls to such perusal of my
face as he would draw it. Long
stay'd he so; at last, a little
shaking of mine arm and thrice his
head thus waving up and down, He
raised a sigh so piteous and
profound as it did seem to shatter
all his bulk and end his being:
that done, he let's me go: And,
with his head over his shoulder
turn'd, he seem'd to find his way
without his eyes;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

For out o' doors he went without
 their helps, and, to the last,
 bended their light on me.

On her EYES. The BBC director couldn't help himself
 either. It's the eyes.

33

EXT. LONDON. NIGHT

33

A huge electronic billboard over the river shows
 Charlotte's face. She is in white makeup with huge blue
 eyes. Selling perfume.

34

INT. THE ROSE AND CROWN. CLAPHAM. NIGHT

34

Mitchel is by himself at the bar, gloomily post-coital,
 having a pint. Suddenly:

BILLY

Where you been, I been ringing you
 all day.

MITCHEL

At a job interview.

BILLY

(warningly)
 You already got a job.
 (to barman)
 Pint of cider.
 (to Mitchel)
 We go tomorrow, Mitchel, like you
 agreed.

MITCHEL

I don't have a job with you,
 Billy. I'm considering one.

BILLY

It's easy, no problem. You're my
 backup, that's all. Don't let the
 coloreds get no drop on me. It's
 easy.

MITCHEL

First I heard that money was easy.

BILLY

We get cranked up, Mitch, and we
 go. It's beautiful. Beautiful.

He drinks his cider down in one.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm late to get my daughter. Noon
it is, Mitchel. Noon it is.

MITCHEL watches him off through the windows. On a corner
Billy is stopped by two men in overcoats, one of them
BAILEY, and seems to have a congenial if strained
conversation. MITCHEL watches over his glass.

The doorbell goes. Then after a moment a pounding.
MITCHEL comes along in a towel, looks through the spyhole
and sees:

A WARRANT CARD.

He opens the door. DETECTIVE SERGEANT BAILEY beams at
him, tucking away the warrant card.

BAILEY

I'm Detective Sergeant Bailey, Mr.
Mitchel. Might I have a word?

MITCHEL lets him in. Cynically, without comment.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

Nice place!

BAILEY sits down, grunting, on the sofa. A big fat
dangerous violent bastard. Younger than he would usually
be cast.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

We get a daily bulletin on all ex-
prisoners returning to our manor.
I recognized your name, of course,
but, hey, there was no address.
Why no address? When you so
clearly have one.

MITCHEL

I'm not on parole. I'm a free man.

BAILEY finds that funny.

BAILEY

Course you are. I run into your
friend Billy Norton and he was
most helpful. Most helpful. Said
you were staying here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BAILEY (CONT'D)

He could not coherently explain
why you were staying here, So I
 thought I'd drop by, see how
 you're settling back into Society
 as such.

Dead silence for fifteen or twenty seconds.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

How bout a nice cup of tea. Two
 sugars.

At the echo of the Lee incident, MITCHEL freezes. He looks at BAILEY. BAILEY is looking at the screen of his mobile. Mitch gets up to get the tea.

LATER

MITCHEL, dressed, comes back with the tea.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

Three years for GBH. Our Mitch.
 Only thing you ever got put away
 for.

MITCHEL

Yeah. Only thing I done, innit.

BAILEY looks at him gravely. Mitch, Mitch, Mitch.

BAILEY

And what might your plans be now,
 young Mitchel?

MITCHEL

I've got a job.

BAILEY

Legal, is it?

MITCHEL

I'm a handy man. Up Holland Park.

BAILEY

(eating chips)

That would be verifiable would it?

MITCHEL

Yeah.

BAILEY

Your friend Billy Norton is
 sailing close to the wind. You'd
 be wise to avoid him. And dodges
 like this flat.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL stares at him.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

I've got my eye on you. Mitchel.
You're in my manor.

MITCHEL

What is it?

BAILEY slurps and sucks his tea.

BAILEY

What?

MITCHEL

What you want.

BAILEY holds up 5 fingers.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER, BY THE DOOR:

MITCHEL holds out fifty pounds.

BAILEY

That's communication for you. I
like a man of experience. Consider
it rent on the flat.

LATER

MITCHEL, alone in the flat, looks at a DVD case. It is an Italian film. The cover shows CHARLOTTE looking just-raped and gorgeous. Mitchel is a bit breathless. He puts the disk in. We see scenes from the film. There is a scene in which CHARLOTTE smokes a cigarette, looking directly at the camera, just as she did in the room with Mitchel.

MITCHEL stands in the room, watching. Lips parted.

A nude scene. Her eyes swerved up. He freeze frames on it.

MITCH stands looking at it. Lips parted. He switches it off and sits down.

ANOTHER VIDEO

A filmed television play. CHARLOTTE as ROSALIND as GANYMEDE.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE AS ROSALIND AS GANYMEDE
 I prithee, shepherd, if that love
 or gold Can in this desert place
 buy entertainment, Bring us where
 we may rest ourselves and feed:
 Here's a young maid with travel
 much oppress'd, and faints for
 succor.

ON SOUND: "I'm All Right", by the Rolling Stones.

BILLY, wearing a shirt which reads "JOHN LIVES/YOKO SUCKS" snorts crystal meth off of the broken-off rearview mirror as he careens through traffic on the Clapham Road.

MITCHEL

You're sailing close to the wind,
 Billy.

BILLY

What?

MITCHEL

Policeman told me. Watch the
 friggin road!

BILLY

You spoke...to a fucking
 copper...about me?

MITCHEL

Yeah, the same one who got my
 address from you.

BILLY

Oh. Bailey's a wanker. You don't
 need to worry about him.

MITCHEL

Cost me fifty pounds difference,
 Billy.

BILLY

Difference between what.

MITCHEL

Difference between not paying a
 cop fifty pounds. It's sloppy. I
 don't like to do this, but when I
 do it, I don't do sloppy. You
 understand me, Billy.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Course, course, I understand you, Mitchel. I understand! If anyone was to understand, it'd be fuckin' me, right? Am I right? You know, you know, that I understand.

MITCHEL

Watch the fucking road! Or I'm out.

BILLY

You can't get out, Mitchel. You can't get "out". Fuck you get out. Of the car or anything else.

He parks at the Ashmole Estates. A trashed barracks of low rent housing.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(Wired out of his mind)

Right.

He gets out of the car, dragging a sports duffel with him. Mitchel hesitates, then follows.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Hope the lift's working. We start at the top. You finish this gaff, mate, you want to be near the front door.

A terrible hallway. BILLY takes out a red account book, bangs on the door. The door is opened by an Indian child. Very dark.

BILLY

Get your Mum.

MOMENTS LATER

A shaking Indian woman is watching as BILLY counts notes.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You're a little short, love.

INDIAN WOMAN

(She starts to cry)

It has been a terrible week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

INDIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

I had to purchase an air ticket.
My father has a cancer.

BILLY

Hey, I could give a rat's ass
about your Hindu psychodramas but
tell you what, tell you what: you
can double up next week.

She agrees far too readily. She closes the door.

MITCHEL

You know she'll never have it.

Walking down the hall:

BILLY

That's the point innit. See?
You're a natural. You already get
the gist. Time comes, they hand
over the lease.

MITCHEL

Let me guess. You re-rent.

BILLY

At a premium, mate. To yuppies who
want a view of the cricket ground.

He bangs on a scarred door.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Fuck me I've had nothing but grief
from these Spanish gits.

When the door is opened, he bursts inside.

38

INT. SECOND FLAT - CONTINUOUS

38

A SPANISH WOMAN, tits out of her bathrobe.

*

SPANISH WOMAN

Nada nada nada.

KIDS are screaming. A cartoon show is on their TV.

BILLY

Where's your husband love?

A SPANIARD wearing a singlet and boxer shorts bursts out
of a bedroom and tries to leap some furniture to exit.
BILLY grabs him by the hair, roughs him up generally,
then rips down his boxers, bends him over the couch and
spanks him in front of his crying kids.

(CONTINUED)

SPANIARD

Take the television, take the television.

BILLY

I'll tell you what I think of your fuckin' television.

He grabs a HAMMER from the sports bag and smashes the TV screen. Then holding the hammer, he sits down in a chair, digs a toy out from beneath him, looks at it, drops it:

BILLY (CONT'D)

Get me your fuckin' rent agreement.

The Spaniard gets to his feet, and goes, leaving the shot.

BILLY has smoothed out three rental agreements on the bar and is counting the collected money. Fifties, twenties, tens, fives, a plastic zip-lock of change. He counts out a wedge of cash and hands it to Mitchel.

MITCHEL

I didn't do that much, Billy.

BILLY

You will.

MITCHEL

The kids...Don't it bother you?

BILLY

So the kids learn early. Toughen em up. Maybe they're not fucking wankers like their parents. You a wanker like your parents?

MITCHEL

No.

BILLY

There it is then.

Stuffing away the money:

BILLY (CONT'D)

What was prison like, Mitchel?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

I was fighting for my life, Billy.

BILLY

(showing teeth)
So like anywhere, then.

MITCHEL

I got awfully good at it, Billy.
And I was good to begin with.

This seems to make Billy slightly nervous.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Listen. I've been thinking. That
night. When I did the guy outside
the pub.

BILLY

(wary)
What about it.

MITCHEL

You remember it.

BILLY

Yeah I remember it. I come out
after you. You was drinking for
England that night mate.

MITCHEL

There wasn't a mark on my hands,
Billy. Not a scratch. Nor a
bruise.

BILLY

You used your feet, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

That's what they said, Billy.

BILLY

That's what you did, Mitchel. I
was there. I stopped you from
killing him, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

Then fucked off.

BILLY

Then fucked off. Right. I fucked
off. So would you have. I had
drugs on me, Mitch. Distribution
quantities. Drugs.

(CONTINUED)

They sit looking at each other. Mitchel ending it turns and has a drink.

40

EXT. THE FLAT IN CLAPHAM. AFTERNOON

40

MITCHEL is using his key on the door when he sees a man staring at him. A young upper middle class person gone to seed.

ANTHONY TRENT

Hello. I'm Anthony Trent.
That's...my flat.

MITCHEL says nothing.

ANTHONY TRENT (CONT'D)

That is, it was my flat before it became your flat. Or whoever's flat it is.

MITCHEL

And now you want...what.

ANTHONY TRENT

I thought I might collect some things.

MITCHEL

Why'd you leave in such a hurry?

ANTHONY TRENT

I got in over my head. To Billy Norton. Or to friends of Billy Norton.

MITCHEL

How much is over your head?

ANTHONY TRENT

Ten large. Mr. Norton has some heavy friends. They made me write prescriptions, apart from everything else. I'm a doctor. I'm being investigated.

MITCHEL

It's a sad story, Anthony, but it will get sadder if you come here again.

ANTHONY TRENT

I reckoned it was a mistake to come.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

That's right, mate. That's right.

Anthony goes, preferably off into the rain. MITCHEL goes into the flat.

MITCHEL is cooking, and cooking well. BRIONY is sitting spraddle-legged, in another mad frock, in a kitchen chair. She's got a little dog with her, a Schnauzer or Jack Russell.

MITCHEL

How's the eating. You eating?

BRIONY

You know I never liked to eat,
Mitchel. It makes me sick.

MITCHEL

Got to. You got to eat. I told you. There's so far I can take care of you. You've got to help yourself. Sink or swim. Mum went down helping you. Had no life, until she had cancer. Because of you.

In her poshest fake accent:

BRIONY

I didn't come here for a *lecture*.

MITCHEL

You came here for a proper feed of meat and vegetables and you're going to fucking well have it.

He is drinking whiskey. Heavy gulps.

BRIONY

I thought you didn't drink whiskey.

MITCHEL

No. I get blackouts when I drink whiskey.

BRIONY

Isn't that whiskey?

MITCHEL

Yeah.

He dumps the glass, then the contents of the bottle, down the sink. He is in a state.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

If I cook this and you don't eat it, we're done.

BRIONY

You're cruel.

MITCHEL

You're cruel. You killed Mum.

BRIONY

The way I am is not self-indulgence, Mitchel. I'm sick.

She is very complacent and pleased with being "sick".

MITCHEL

I thought about it a lot in prison. You being my sister. You being sick or whatnot. What it meant.

(BRIONY waits)

I think as a girl you lived in a dream world. That one day you realized you weren't an artist. That you weren't a beautiful princess. And you began to be what you are. Which is a liability and a pain in the ass to everyone around you.

He slams the plate down in front of her.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Eat every fucking bit of that or never ask me for anything again.

Dragging on her cigarette, insanely posh.

BRIONY

At the party, Mitchel, a man said you'd be lucky to last six months.

MITCHEL doesn't react.

BRIONY (CONT'D)

So maybe I can't count on you anyway. And it don't matter.

(CONTINUED)

She begins to eat as if it sickens her. Mitchel looks at the dog.

MITCHEL

Where'd you get the dog?

BRIONY

Lady had him tied to a railing.

MITCHEL sits. Finally pats the dog.

A NEWSPAPER HOARDING has a headline which reads: FAMILY TO SPANISH DOCS: PULL PLUG ON DAD.

A BIG ISSUE SELLER who is not Joe is standing in Joe's spot. A derelict kid. Mitchel walks up to him, angry.

MITCHEL

Where's Joe?

No response.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

What happened to Joe. This is his spot. What happened to Joe.

BIG ISSUE SELLER

Something should happen...

MITCHEL grabs him.

MITCHEL

What happened to Joe?

BIG ISSUE SELLER

He got hurt. Joe got hurt.

MITCHEL stares at him.

BIG ISSUE SELLER (CONT'D)

Straight up, two kids from the Kennington Estates done him over. He's at St. Thomas. He's poorly.

MITCHEL

How poorly.

BIG ISSUE SELLER

...He's poorly.

MITCHEL lunges for the side of the road and hails a cab.

43

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/DOORWAY. NIGHT

43

A MATRON bars Mitchel's way.

MATRON

He's not in any condition for visitors.

MITCHEL seems to be considering barging past her. A passing Indian Doctor:

DR PATEL

What's the problem, please?

MATRON

He wants to see our John Doe.

MITCHEL

He's not a John Doe. His name is Joe.

MATRON

What's his last name?

MITCHEL never knew it.

DR PATEL

Matron, I'll take care of this.

(a beat, and to
 Mitchel)

As you're a relative...

Mitchel gets it.

DR PATEL (CONT'D)

His brother perhaps.

MITCHEL

Yeah that's right. I'm his brother.

DR PATEL

Joe's not in good shape. I think he has twenty-four hours. Maybe less.

MITCHEL

You mean he's going to die?

DR PATEL

Yes, I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

44

INT. THE WARD. LATER

44

MITCHEL sits beside Joe's bed. In shadows. Joe's face is absolutely destroyed. An IV drips into his arm. He is conscious, smiling.

JOE

Mitchel.

MITCHEL

Hello, Joe.

JOE

You should see the other guy.

MITCHEL

Who was the other guy, Joe? It's important you tell me...the other guy.

JOE

Two. Two kids from the Estates. About fifteen. One of them looks like Beckham. Kicks like him, too. The other one, he's black. This morphine is a rush, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

Good gear, eh?

JOE

I don't want to die, Mitchel. I don't got much but it's enough for me, you know?

MITCHEL

Hey, come on. You'll get out of here. You'll get right.

JOE

Don't let 'em cremate me. I'm afraid of fire. I don't like fire.

LATER

JOE (CONT'D)

My feet are cold.

MITCHEL starts massaging them through the blanket.

MITCHEL

I'll get you some thermal socks. Just the trick for the Oval.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

He begins massaging as if it is CPR. Joe's head slops to one side. He continues the massage desperately. DR PATEL comes in, and checks vitals.

DR PATEL

He's gone.

45

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

45

MITCHEL leans against the wall.

DR PATEL

The council will take care of the burial.

MITCHEL

You mean cremation.

DR PATEL

Well. That's the usual. In London.

MITCHEL

No, I'll make the arrangements.

DR PATEL

A plot in London is as expensive as a parking space and twice as scarce.

MITCHEL

He's from London. That's where he'll rot. He's been rotting here for years. I appreciate your help.

DR PATEL

He was a sweet man. Some I wonder if they have souls. He did.

(a beat)

If you're taking responsibility, we'll need you to sign some papers.

MITCHEL nods.

46

EXT. A PHONE BOOTH BY THE RIVER. MORNING

46

RIVER traffic. Barges. London now. An image of CHARLOTTE fifty feet high on the side of a building.

MITCH is on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

I need a burial plot. I don't want to start from the beginning, again, and tell you I need a burial plot, and have you ask me fucking why.

BILLY (V.O.)

It'll cost. Not just money. I need your help. Tonight.

MITCHEL

Tell me.

BILLY

Brixton. None of the lads are keen.

MITCHEL

All right.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

BILLY driving, nervous, straight. No meth.

BILLY

The spades, it's better to sneak up on 'em. We go in, get the cash, split.

They are driving through Brixton. A carnival.

MITCHEL

Think anybody will be home?

BILLY

The babymamas is who's home.

MITCHEL

You're scared shit, Billy.

BILLY

Fucking Sherlock, right? Here we are.

He rips up the park break, gets out, in a fury of fear.

BILLY (CONT'D)

One flat. That's all. One flat.

(CONTINUED)

He grabs up his sports bag. Goes into the high-rise, Mitchel with him, past a wondering black dotard coming out.

A GOOD LOOKING BLACK WOMAN, not afraid of Billy at all.

BLACK WOMAN

I told you, he took the money. He don't leave money here.

BILLY

Look, gimme something. I got to have something.

BLACK WOMAN

I told you I got nothing.

BILLY

Where is he?

BLACK WOMAN

He is out. You better get out of here.

BILLY

Why's that, without what belongs to me.

BLACK WOMAN

My brother is coming over.

BILLY

Your brother is it?

He's getting ready to punch her. He draws his hand back and Mitchel catches it.

MITCHEL

My friend will come another time.

BILLY is dragged out by Mitchel, who now holds the sports bag. BILLY sees something that MITCH does not, and bolts, feet pounding, all the way down the corridor. Mitchel stands and looks at:

FIVE NATION OF ISLAM GUYS. In black suits, white shirts, spit-shined shoes. MITCHEL stands looking at them. They look at him.

(CONTINUED)

He drops the bag.

MITCHEL
It's gonna hurt, right?

As the first blow hits his face...

CUT TO:

50 EXT. BEHIND THE HIGH-RISE. NIGHT

50

UNDER A BILLBOARD SHOWING CHARLOTTE, the NATION OF ISLAM guys throw MITCHEL to the pavement. He is bloody, beaten, broken nose, pounded everywhere, for maximum pain, and minimum possible damage-payments. MITCHEL crawls a little bit. Black shiny shoes at his face. He stares at them. The lead nation of Islam guy crouches and grabs Mitchel by the hair.

NATION OF ISLAM GUY
You lucky my sister come out for
you. You got an iffy friend there
mate.

MITCHEL nods, unable to speak. The BLACK SHOES walk away. He crawls, then uses the side of a car to lever himself to his feet. He walks on under the streetlights, shirtfront covered with blood, clothes torn. A BOOTH AHEAD contains a POLICE TEAM. MITCHEL goes to the booth, and then falls down in the road. The COPS run out to aid him.

51 INT. CASUALTY WARD. NIGHT

51

MITCHEL, with tape on his nose, comes to to find Dr Patel looking at him.

DR PATEL
Your nose is broken but you know
that I imagine. Nothing else is
broken but you're covered in
bruises. It's almost as if whoever
did it knew what they were doing.
Maximum pain with minimum
breakage.

MITCHEL
(trying to sit up)
No one wants to pay compensations
mate. Bones and teeth, you pay for
them.

(CONTINUED)

DR PATEL
I'll fix you up with painkillers.

MITCHEL
That's right you will.

DR PATEL
Apart from that I'd recommend
Radox and a hot bath.

MITCHEL nods and sits up, stomach muscles screaming.

MITCHEL
I think I'll need help to the cab.

MITCHEL is lying on the couch, still in his bloody clothes, a bottle of painkillers near him, along with a bottle of whiskey. The door clicks, and BILLY is in the room.

BILLY
I'm sorry Mitchel. I thought you was behind me.

MITCHEL
I wasn't.

BILLY
I said, it gets hairy, run. I said that, in the car.

He puts a wedge of cash on the table. MITCHEL takes it. He deserves it.

BILLY (CONT'D)
So. What's this other job you got.

MITCHEL
You mean the only job I got. Why you care?

BILLY
I run into old Lee down the Feathers. He says you got his job. Up Holland Park.

MITCHEL says nothing.

BILLY (CONT'D)
He says he don't mind cos it's you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

BILLY (CONT'D)

But it was a soft job he says. Up Holland Park. Car collection in the garage, including a Bentley-Continental, Lee says. He says, never miss it, he says. Her. She's out of her mind. You know what that's worth? 1930s Bentley-Continental in perfect condition?

MITCHEL drinks.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You put it all in a container. Cars. Paintings. Jewelry. Furniture. Off to France, Bit of a drug scene there. Lee says. Cash.

*
*
*

MITCHEL

There ain't no drug scene there, Billy.

BILLY

Some geezer there thinks he's good with his hands. Did Lee-lee. In front of you. Needs a lesson.

MITCHEL

What's your point, Billy.

BILLY

Well. Sounds like the old days. Be worth knocking over. You and me.

MITCHEL sits up, flexibly.

MITCHEL

Billy. Who do you think the cops will pull first?

BILLY

Well there is that.

MITCHEL

Put it out of your mind. I'm security there. That is my manor. My people.

(finger up)

Do you fucking understand me.

BILLY pops another beer.

BILLY

I'm just saying, you know, the mind is always active, am I right.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

He takes a paper out of his coat, hands it over.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Burial plot. Courtesy of a mate
you never knew you had. You owe
someone a favor.

Suspiciously, Mitchel takes it.

BILLY (CONT'D)

A favor.

53 EXT. THE ELMS. 7.30 AM

53

Birdsong. MITCHEL, his nose taped, walks up the drive,
and goes round to the kitchen entrance.

He sees JORDAN moving around in the kitchen.

He does not see CHARLOTTE watching him from an upstairs
window (her painting studio). She turns away from the
window.

He knocks. JORDAN opens the door.

JORDAN

An accident?

MITCHEL

A strenuous workout, Jordan.

JORDAN

Are you quite fit for work?

MITCHEL

Work is what you do when you'd
rather be doing something else,
right?

JORDAN

It always has been for me.

MITCHEL

Well I'd rather be doing something
else so why don't I punch in.

He holds the door open. MITCHEL goes in.

54 INT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

54

MITCHEL is sitting with a cup of coffee. Bacon and eggs,
served up by a mute old char.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN comes in with some SACHETS which he hands to Mitchel.

JORDAN

Dissolve one of these in water;
they are miraculous.

Mitchel does: the water turns pink.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

We get them from Switzerland. Try
it.

MITCHEL drinks it down.

MITCHEL

What do you do here, Jordan?
What's your job?

After long consideration:

JORDAN

Co-dependency.

MITCHEL gets it. Smiles.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You'll bless the Swiss.

MITCHEL is scraping and priming a garden shed. Some iron furniture which he has already painted is arrayed drying along the back wall. He hears a foot-scuff, and turns to see CHARLOTTE, in sunglasses and an old pea-coat, standing on the path, looking at the painted furniture. The garden.

CHARLOTTE

We used to have parties. My husband had a daughter from his previous. Strapping girl with big teeth and dyslexia. She got married here. Under an awning.

MITCHEL

Well, it's the garden for it.

MITCHEL stands there. A servant. CHARLOTTE gets irritated.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

You can speak, you know. It's not
the nineteenth century.

MITCHELL starts to work again.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I suppose you can put it on your
CV that you're a "personal
assistant". That's what servants
do these days. They say they're
personal assistants.

MITCHEL

I don't have a CV, miss. I've got
a criminal record.

CHARLOTTE

There's something to say about
these roses but I can't think what
it would be.

MITCHEL looks at her.

MITCHEL

Well, if...

(meaning a plan for the roses).

CHARLOTTE

(sharply)

I don't want a gardener. I want to
rip them all out. And I want the
walls a pillarbox red.

She gives up on him. She sees a book which he has laid
aside with his sweater and a flask of tea. She picks it
up.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Montaigne. What's he on about?

MITCHEL

Everything.

CHARLOTTE

Everything?

MITCHEL

Mainly, the difference between
what really is, and what merely
appears to be.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE
Shakespeare's obsession.

MITCHEL
Yeah well he read him, Miss.

CHARLOTTE
Did you know my father was a
vicar?

MITCHEL
No, Miss.

CHARLOTTE
When you're famous and try to talk
about yourself you often realize
that the person you're talking to
already knows where you were born,
and how many cats you have. In my
case they've also seen my vagina.

MITCHEL
I can see that, Miss. I mean...

CHARLOTTE
Down from Oxford I was typing, I
was a temp, I'd done English, they
can give a scholarship but they
can't give you connections- I
suspect you know about an absence
of connections-

MITCHEL
I've been absent good ones. Shall
we say.

CHARLOTTE
-and though I'd done acting I
hadn't pursued it...I couldn't
think too much of myself if I'd
"pursued" anything. Have you ever
pursued anything?

MITCHEL doesn't answer.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Anyway, I was in London, typing in
a ratty office, insane boyfriend
at the time. I was on the Tube
platform, Kensington High Street,
a man gave me a card and said I
should go and see his boss.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

So I go to Frith Street and the
next thing I know I'm in Paris
being photographed in my
underwear.

MITCHEL

Yes?

CHARLOTTE

Does it make a difference if it
was for a hundred thousand pounds?

Mitchel says nothing.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

It's still being photographed in
your underwear. For money.

MITCHEL

It's modeling, isn't it.

CHARLOTTE

It's being photographed in your
underwear for money. With a look
in your eye that says "I know what
you're doing with Mum's magazine
and I love it, you filthy little
bastard."

She makes "the look". I know you're jerking off.

MITCHEL looks up and sees PAPARAZZI with telephoto lenses
on the terrace opposite. Figures among the chimney pots.

MITCHEL

I think you better go inside.
Along the wall. They're up there.

She backs up to the wall.

CHARLOTTE

If they got a shot of my tits do
you have any idea how much money
they'd make? I'd be up there too.
And if I killed myself, how much
do you imagine the morgue photo
would be worth.

MITCHEL

I think that in your position...
you have to be careful what you
think about. It don't do you any
good, Miss. Your situation is what
it is.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

Meaning I've made my
mistakes...and have to deal with
it, with good graces.

MITCHEL

We all made our mistakes. And
there we are. Graceful or not.

CHARLOTTE

I can't complain. But I do.

She goes off.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

There's nothing more ridiculous
than being a film star. It's a
very foolish condition.

MITCHEL

Many don't think so. Miss.

*
*
*

CHARLOTTE

The Many are not film stars.

*
*
*

Sandwiches laid out with covers over them. Coffee.
Mitchel makes his meal, thinking about the girl. As he
gets milk for his coffee he sees: various MEDICINES in
the fridge.

JORDAN

You do good work.

MITCHEL

Yeah. I'm working class.

JORDAN smiles.

JORDAN

My father was an electrician. Then
I went to RADA

MITCHEL

Seen you in anything, Jord?

JORDAN

I was on a kid's show. Then after
that I was on methadone. Somehow I
clawed my way into law but the law
evolved into film producing.
'Cause drugs.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH nods. Of course.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I was a producer. Seriously. I was the man who says what he has to do to get the elephants to Croydon. But my elephants didn't want to go to Croydon. And ultimately, neither did I.

MITCHEL

You're both like that. Nothing worth anything.

JORDAN

Oh, I think the three of us are like that.

MITCHEL

Are you 100 percent, Jordan, with another bloke on the property? Cos I don't know your position.

JORDAN

I tried to make love to her. Once.

No further explanation. Mitch eats a sandwich.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

At the end of the week we'll see about the flat. I should warn you it's a fucking mess. Her brother was up there. He had a band.

MITCHEL

Jordan, I think you should consider a bit more security here. Burglar lights. Basically everywhere. And the house ain't wired all that well.

JORDAN

You'd be the expert.

MITCHEL

No, the expert was Mr. Lee. Anything he knows about: change it.

JORDAN gets it.

JORDAN

I think I understand you.

57 INT. STORAGE SPACE. LATE AFTERNOON

57

MITCHELL is holding up a dark suit to himself.

58 EXT. CLAPHAM. EARLY EVENING

58

MITCHEL gets off a bus at the end of his road and walks along to the flat holding a takeout bag, his black suit on a hanger. He sees: A BMW parked illegally in front of the building. Tinted windows. BILLY gets out, wearing shades.

BILLY

Somebody to meet you, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

Why don't you fucking call ahead.
Or you playing the villain, Billy.
Let's get this straight out then!
(aggressive, in his
face)
You playing the villain?

BILLY shushes him. Not now, not now.

BILLY

It's the boss. Come to meet you.
In person.

GANT unfolds from the car, infinitely dangerous. He wears a cashmere overcoat. Very shiny black shoes. A van dyke. Dead eyes. A second very large man (MUSCLE) gets out of the car almost simultaneously.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Mr. Gant, this is Mitchel.

GANT holds out his hand.

GANT

Heard a lot about you. Mitchel.

MITCHEL

I've heard absolutely nothing
about you, which is probably the
way you like it.

GANT laughs.

GANT

That a funeral suit?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

Any suit can be one of them.

GANT

Isn't that true. Shall we go
inside, Mitchel?

MITCHEL hesitates. Then leads the way.

59

INT. FLAT. MOMENTS LATER

59

GANT looks around, taking it all in.

GANT

You got no answer phone, Mitchel.
No mobile. You're out of touch.

MITCHEL

I don't want an answer phone. I
don't carry mobile's. They're
tracking devices.

GANT

Take care of it, Billy. Get him an
answer phone. And a mobile.

MITCHEL

Billy knows where the drinks are.

BILLY goes to the drinks table.

MITCHEL goes into the kitchen, takes down his bottle of
painkillers, and has two. He palms water into his mouth.
Then he gets a beer, drinks half of it, and goes out
holding the bottle.GANT has folded his overcoat carefully and is now rolling
his expensive sleeves, revealing NAVY TATOOS. He sits
back with his scotch.

GANT

Do you read books?

MITCHEL

Yeah.

GANT

I was reading one the other day.
The court is still out whether
they was noble savages, or just
savages.

MITCHEL says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

GANT (CONT'D)

All these years, of enquiry, they
don't know.

MITCHEL says nothing.

GANT (CONT'D)

You did magnificent at Brixton.

(no response from
Mitchel)

Takes some balls to stand up to a
half dozen guys.

MITCHEL

Either that or stupidity.

GANT

No. Stupidity runs away, like a
cunt, and then like a bigger cunt
tells me they run away, Mitchel.

BILLY looks very nervous.

GANT (CONT'D)

Man like you, Mitch, on the other
hand, sends a message.

MITCHEL

That I got beat up?

GANT

No, that it took six spades to
beat you up, and you hospitalized
two of them before they did you.
They were very decent spades.
Enough, and no more. Course, they
also know there's a limit, right?
They don't know it's me behind
Billy. But you can't be too
careful. There's never a Billy
without someone behind him. Am I
right. You can't imagine a Billy
being in charge.

BILLY looks homicidal.

GANT (CONT'D)

And maybe the message that gets
sent, is a message sent to me.

(a beat)

I'm gonna put a high rise under
your control, Mitchel. High rise
in Peckham. Bit of discipline
round the place.

(CONTINUED)

Mitch wonders how to get out of it.

MITCHEL

I'm very honored but I'm still learning the ropes.

After a long menacing beat:

GANT

Old sailor language, that. Billy. Which you in your ignorance may not know. You had to learn the ropes. Before you was rated seaman.

MITCHEL

Whatever they are I haven't learned 'em yet. I'd like to tag along with Billy. Learn some more. Specialized business, isn't it.

He sips his beer. It's a flat position that has been stated. After a long beat, Gant throws down his drink:

GANT

Capital! Well, still, I got a special surprise lined up for you. Regarding spades.

MITCHEL

Yeah?

GANT is merry.

GANT

Yeah. Free on Wednesday?

(no answer)

Splendid. William will pick you up around seven.

He goes. MUSCLE and BILLY after. Mitchel rolls a Gold Flake in liquorice paper. Lights it.

If we can find the one in the book, back of a bus station, across from the bingo hall, righteous. The undertaker, two men waiting, the open grave, no vicar. DR PATEL stands next to MITCHEL. BRIONY is there looking anorexically smashing in black stolen Chanel. If MITCHEL looks like anything it's Caine in Get Carter.

UNDERTAKER

Well then. Any last words?

MITCHEL shakes his head. The MEN lower the coffin.
 Bagpipes start. Mitchel looks over and sees a piper. He
 looks at Briony.

MITCHEL

Where'd you find him?

BRIONY

Outside Selfridges.

MITCHEL

Who's paying him.

BRIONY

I am!

MITCHEL

With what.

BRIONY

I wank him off while pretending to
 be his Mum.

(Mitch looks at her)
 It's common in Scotland.

They listen to "The Minstrel Boy". MITCH SEES:

DR PATEL coming uncertainly through the graves. Indian,
 pinched in the cold.

CUT TO:

A table covered with beer, sandwiches. The BAGPIPER is
 playing darts with a REGULAR. Mitchel sits by himself,
 drinking, and eyeing BRIONY and DR PATEL, who are bonding
 by the cigarette machine. BRIONY goes off to the ladies.
 DR PATEL comes back to the table.

MITCHEL

Doctor, you were great to come.
 Thank you.

DR PATEL

Please call me Sanji. Is it
 terrible to say I'm enjoying
 myself?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

It's essential that you enjoy
yourself.

DR PATEL

My wife was a very shrewish woman.
I told her finally, I love you,
but I wish to enjoy my life. She
was more outraged by that than
anything I had ever said to her.
Yet it seemed a very simple need,
efficiently expressed. I am
divorced.

MITCHEL

You were born in India, Sanji?

DR PATEL

Goa. Apart from the raves and the
hippies we have the remains of St.
Francis.

MITCHEL

I don't know the saints.

DR PATEL

They are simply better people than
most of us.

MITCHEL

And get killed for it. Right?

DR PATEL

I do not follow the western
religions. But yes, I think that
being a saint was often fatal.

MITCHEL and Dr Patel. BRIONY is talking to her dog,
across the road in a little park.

DR PATEL

I would like to see your sister,
Mitchel. With your permission.

MITCHEL

Listen, Sanji, free country,
you're a good bloke, but she's...

DR PATEL

I don't mind if she's got
problems. Will you let me try?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

Can I stop you?

DR PATEL

I imagine you could.

MITCHEL

I read a lot in prison, Sanji.
There's a poet named Rilke. Heard
of him?

DR PATEL

No.

MITCHEL

He's got a line. Everything
terrible is something that needs
our love.

BRIONY runs like a bat in the park. With her dog.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

And that over there is terrible.
You're a good man Sanji. No good
will come of it. Saving people.
Being a saint.He goes. He looks back and sees Briony now sitting with
the doctor. Crazy. It's almost like silent film in the
little park. BRIONY extravagant. The little doctor in
love, enthralled. MITCHEL goes.Unnoticed by Mitch, A BUS goes past with Charlotte's
KABUKI FACE on it.MITCHEL is drinking. Thinking about the woman and the
weather. A gang of heavies in the corner.

HEAVY ONE

Oi Mitchel.

MITCHEL goes over.

HEAVY ONE (CONT'D)

How was it, stir and all.

MITCHEL

Better to be out, Jeff.

JEFF

Need any readies, Mitchel?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

Nah. I'm in regular employment.

Huge laugh at that. Mitchel looks a bit uncertain.

JEFF

We're up North next week. Post office. Two large.

MITCHEL

Maybe later, Jeff. For now I got a favor to ask.

JEFF

Ask if you wish to receive.

MITCHEL

Two kids up Kennington Estates did a big issue seller.

HEAVY TWO

Lit him on fire? I done that.

GANGSTER NO 2

Rite of passage.

MITCHEL

He was my friend. You know what that means?

JEFF

Easy, easy. I'll ask around, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

One of em's a football player. Scouted.

JEFF

I'll ask around. Bear in mind, Mitch, you ever go out of employment, you come to me. Right?

Rain is pouring down on the dilapidated house. Mitch's painted furniture stands in the painted garden. MITCHEL in a hooded slicker is unclogging drains with an iron bar. He looks up: the opposite roofs are deserted of paparazzi.

JORDAN calls out the door.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN

Can you drive?

MITCHEL

What's that?

JORDAN

I've got a dental situation. Can't wait. Can you drive.

MITCHEL is driving through OXFORDSHIRE. The rain has past. Shining hills and pheasants.

CHARLOTTE sits in the back of the car. Smoking. Dirty hair and bracelets.

CHARLOTTE

Have you ever been married?

MITCHEL

No. No, I haven't.

CHARLOTTE

There's no reason for marriage without kids.

MITCHEL

What about love?

She looks at him.

CHARLOTTE

How long's that last for you, Mitch? "Love"?

MITCHEL

Never very long.

CHARLOTTE

Then it wasn't love.

MITCHEL

Probably not.

CHARLOTTE

Wrong. It was. What sort of women were they?

MITCHEL

Different kinds.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

No, I'm interested. It's like knowing someone's hobbies.

MITCHEL

Would you like it if I told your secrets?

CHARLOTTE

....No. I suppose not.

MITCHEL

Look at it from the other point of view.

CHARLOTTE

Is that what you did in prison?

MITCHEL

I saw things from every point of view. Probably.

CHARLOTTE

Your conclusion?

MITCHEL

That one thing's as good as another in life. Enough is as good as a feast. Put it that way.

CHARLOTTE

Ambitions gone?

MITCHEL

Maybe shelved till I think of one.

CHARLOTTE

You're not a criminal, Mitch. You were disguised as a criminal.

MITCHEL

There's something in that.

CHARLOTTE

Same as I've been disguised as an actress. Everybody's disguised as what they seem to be.

A long beat. She looks out to the rainy countryside.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

So what do you want. In the absence of love.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

I want peace. I want enough to eat
and a bed to lie in.

CHARLOTTE

You had that in jail.

Mitchel thinks, driving.

MITCHEL

My mum was married to a man rubbed
church brasses. Gravestones. One
of them read Farewell Ye Tenements
of Dust. These earthly cares will
pass away.

CHARLOTTE

Because Jesus hath prepared the
way?

MITCHEL

That was the last bit, yeah. But
I'm not religious.

CHARLOTTE

Is life a matter of waiting to
die? Is that all it is?

MITCHEL

I don't know, miss. It might be.

CHARLOTTE

Does it matter what we do before
we die?

MITCHEL

I don't know, Miss. I think maybe
it does.

CHARLOTTE looks at him in the rearview. An angle on his
eyes.

CHARLOTTE

My name is Charlotte. Call me
Charlotte, call me hey you, call
me a stupid pretentious fucking
cunt with Hamlet problems, but
don't call me Miss.

Mitch drives on. Glancing in the mirror.

66 EXT. A COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY

66

RAIN beating down again. The MERCEDES parked on the gravel. LIGHTS are on in a big country house.

67 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY

67

WATER is leaking through the second floor roof. MITCHEL moves among rooms. WATER comes through ruined plaster into a bath. MITCH touches his fingers to the water, reflecting.

68 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY

68

CHARLOTTE in her hoodie comes out from a room holding a box of things...photographs Plaques. Awards.

MITCHEL

Shame to let a house go like this.

CHARLOTTE

Really. You have the sweetest over-regard for possessions. What would you do with it.

MITCHEL

Scrub it up. Let it.

CHARLOTTE

You don't like waste and disorder, Mitchel?

MITCHEL

Ought to seal it up better than you have. Tinkers will get in. Kids.

She could care less.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

You're too young to be Miss Havisham.

She smiles.

CHARLOTTE

Do you have expectations of me Mitchel?

MITCHEL

Not one.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

Something bad happened to Miss Havisham. Everything good happened to me and I went crazy anyway.

MITCHEL

You're not crazy.

CHARLOTTE

What am I?

MITCHEL

You're complicated.

CHARLOTTE

That so.

Rain falling.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Where would you be if you were me?

MITCHEL

I'd be in Los Angeles.

CHARLOTTE

You poor thing. Why's that?

MITCHEL

Because life's short. Cos if you're gonna be a film star you might as well get at it. It doesn't matter if you don't want to be what you are. You are what you are.

CHARLOTTE

It's only kids that make sense. But I can't endure them. Or the man that would come with them. I don't want anything Mitch.

Long silence, rain.

MITCHEL

Can we get a cup of tea in here?

MITCHEL has the kettle on the gas. Out through the kitchen windows we can see CHARLOTTE sitting in a gazebo. MITCHEL looks through her box of memorabilia. There is a small painting of a beautiful landscape. Heaven on earth.

(CONTINUED)

Some photos of CHARLOTTE as a girl. Happy on a bicycle. As he sees her walking towards the house, holding her teacup. He puts everything back, and starts washing up. She comes in. She has been crying.

CHARLOTTE

I'm going to fix it up. The house.
And straighten up everything.
Straighten it all up.

He nods at her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Jordan's fucking useless, you know. If you got one person with their shit together it all...straightens up. Maybe you've got your shit together. It helps.

Her fingers are trembling as she has a smoke. MITCH is unsettled. He certainly isn't helping his sister. Why lend a hand here?

MITCHEL

Is work so terrible? Isn't it interesting? Travel and such. At least.

She makes a face.

CHARLOTTE

I walked off a picture. You know the roles are out there, right? The woman's there to get the hero to talk about himself. About his conflicts. About his fears. Maybe even about his childhood. I'm a lockpick to the psyche of a fucking actor. Either that or I'm investigating something. Either that or I'm raped or slashed with a knife or fucking a minor in a beach cottage after I caught him wanking into my lingerie. It's not for a human being.

MITCHEL

Shakespeare and such.

CHARLOTTE

I walked my film, the latest one, because one day I started to fizz. My arms felt light. Dirty.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

And my mind raced, and I couldn't breathe, and my husband was gone, even such as he was, and I had fucking nobody.

(a beat)

I cracked up. I can't go out. Simple as that.

She is leaking tears.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I need help.

MITCHEL

So get help.

CHARLOTTE

Not that kind of help.

He is near her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Don't misinterpret.

He goes back to the washing up.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You really want to be a wanker who's been in prison who's photographed with a film star? If you really wanted to get into bed with me you'd be an idiot.

A terrible true situation.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You know what life's about?

Mitch waits.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Not making a move that might define you. Diminish you. It's all perception. There is no reality. When I was a girl I thought that the world was an experiment and that people were watching me to see if I noticed it was an experiment.

(smiles at him)

I've never slept very much.

She goes out from the kitchen. Shortly:

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I'll be in the car.

MITCH washes up.

70

EXT. HOLLAND PARK. DAY

70

PAPARAZZI out front, across the road. Just two draggled wankers. Watching.

MITCH pulls in, CHARLOTTE hiding. Flurry as photographers.

71

INT. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON

71

JORDAN sits with MITCHEL, looking at him speculatively.

JORDAN

There'll be someone in. To look after the lights and alarms. You really distrust Lee?

MITCHEL

At least Lee. There's never just one of anybody. That world.

JORDAN

Hitting him probably was not the best idea...

MITCHEL

He would have robbed you anyway. Or his mates.

JORDAN

Do think the flat over the garage...

MITCHEL

I'm not much of a co-dependent, Jordan.

(a beat)

I'll think about it.

JORDAN

She'd like you to start a bit of work on the house in Oxfordshire. Clean it up. Maybe Saturdays you could go out.

MITCHEL nods.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

That's rather new, you know. This interest in anything remotely positive.

MITCHEL

She told me why she quit.

JORDAN

Yes, she was raped in Spain. In her hotel room.

This is not what Mitch expected.

MITCHEL

She didn't tell me that.

JORDAN

Then she didn't tell you why she quit.

MITCHEL

Were there...police...was it...

JORDAN

No, no police. No newspapers.

MITCHEL

What happened to the man who did it?

JORDAN

Oh him? A sufficiency. Mitch. He was sorted.

MITCHEL

By who, Jordan?

JORDAN

By me.

MITCHEL gets home, late, coming along the road. BILLY stands out of the BMW.

BILLY

You're late.

MITCHEL

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

BILLY

Get in.

73

INT. THE CAR. MOMENTS LATER

73

MITCHEL wipes his wet face. The MUSCLE is driving. It's Mitchel and Billy in the back.

MITCHEL

What's the surprise, Billy?

BILLY

You'll see, won't you.

74

EXT. A WAREHOUSE. SOUTH EAST LONDON. NIGHT

74

The car parked.

75

INT. THE WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

75

GRAFFITIED WALLS. Under a bare light bulb hanging from flex a blindfolded naked black man sits wired hand and foot to a chair. He has wet himself. The chair is in a puddle of urine. He is waiting. MITCHEL stops short in a doorway.

GANT sits in another chair, smoking. More MUSCLE (MUSCLE ONE, MUSCLE TWO, with him).

GANT

Glad you could join us, Mitchel.

MITCHEL goes and looks at the BLACK MAN.

MITCHEL

He's not one of them.

GANT is holding a length of wire.

GANT

Don't fuck with me, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

He's not one of them.

GANT looks round at BILLY. Eyes black stones.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

He's got a fucking foreskin mate.
I got done by the nation of Islam.

(CONTINUED)

GANT

(to BILLY)

You grab the first nigger you saw,
cunt?

BILLY

Example, you said. Even if it
wasn't him. Which it is him.

GANT raises the gun.

GANT

It is now.

He lowers the gun.

GANT (CONT'D)

(sits and looks at
BLACK MAN)When I was a kid, I was
underprivileged.(the beaten Black Man
just stares at him)I drove a girl to Bermondsey once
so she could go to a party with
another bloke. I didn't know it at
the time, but that's what she did.
Made me feel like a cunt.

BLACK MAN

What's that got to do with me?

GANT

You're gonna pay for it.

He shoots the black man through the head. The MUSCLE
converges with pliers. They do the teeth and fingers and
put them in a bag.

GANT (CONT'D)

(fastidiously)

He's shit himself. You hear that
fart?

Fixing his cuffs. He looks hard at MITCHEL.

GANT (CONT'D)

Bonding experience, Mitchel.
Bonding. I'm a murderer. You're an
accessory. It's like being
married. It's forever!

(CONTINUED)

He goes and looks at the corpse, interestedly. We see quite plainly in his loose trousers that he has an erection.

GANT (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

Then he walks apart and says to Mitchel:

GANT (CONT'D)

Men who have gone to the next level can do anything, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

Except keeping a cunt like Billy Norton from fucking up.

EYES on MITCHEL, GANT says:

GANT

Dump the body down the estate, Billy.

BILLY

Could be difficult, Mr. Gant.

GANT runs at him screaming, psychotic, gun leveled, then pressed against BILLY'S head, following him with it as Billy slumps in fear down the wall.

GANT

Dump the body down the fucking estate!

BILLY sits in his own urine.

GANT (CONT'D)

Down the estate.

He takes MITCHEL by the elbow.

GANT (CONT'D)

I'd say let's go and have a drink, Mitchel, but you've run me a bit late.

MITCHEL

You should ask a man, before you put him under this sort of contract.

GANT

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

I didn't ask to know your
business.

GANT

Ain't we friends, Mitchel?

MITCHEL

You're safe. If you mean that.

GANT

As houses. I know quality
workmanship. And Billy for what he
is. You want to do Billy?

MITCHEL

I didn't say that.

GANT

Sure you did. You said I was a
cunt to have him working for me.

MITCHEL

Take it as you like. I didn't say
that.

GANT

You know what the most powerful
thing is, Mitchel?

MITCHEL

Yeah. Knowing what can go wrong.
Knowing you ain't that powerful.
That's the most powerful thing.

GANT laughs.

GANT

Keep tomorrow night open. For
dinner.

MITCHEL stands there. Looking at the corpse.

MITCHEL is up on the roof, repairing slates. On the roofs
opposite he sees:

Loitering PAPARAZZI. Filth. They have a setup over there,
with folding chairs, drinks, sandwiches. One looks
through Mitch with a telephoto lens.

PAPARAZZO NUMBER ONE
Where is she mate?

PAPARAZZO NUMBER TWO
You doing her?

MITCH keeps his head down.

Below, out of sight of the paparazzi, on the blind side of the house, CHARLOTTE is sitting at a garden table in the sunlight, reading, with headphones on.

PAPARAZZO NUMBER TWO (CONT'D)
You doing her? Our Charlotte?

MITCH keeps his head down.

Below, out of sight of the paparazzi, on the blind side of the house, CHARLOTTE is sitting at a garden table in the sunlight, reading, with headphones on.

PAPARAZZO NUMBER TWO (CONT'D)
You doing her?

The PARARAZZI, coming off work, run into a little difficulty. Mitch steps out behind them. He kicks one in the small of the back and sends him sailing twelve feet. The other he hits with a sock full of pound coins. Neither have seen him. Both are unconscious. His feet step amidst the camera gear. MITCH smashes it. He takes both men's wallets. Then he crouches and opens a knife.

PAPARAZZO number one is on a stretcher. A compress being held to his head by an EMT. As the compress is lifted we see the carved word ARSEHOLE. Written backwards so he can read it in the mirror.

BRIONY is buttering toast.

BRIONY
He gave me three orgasms. That splendid Hindustani.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

That's about ten times the fucking information I need.

BRIONY

I'm in love.

MITCHEL

Good for you.

BRIONY

I'd have preferred a Caucasian but it's karma. Once you get over it being an Indian's cock it's quite ordinary.

MITCH has had enough of this.

MITCHEL

Don't steal from him.

BRIONY

What?

MITCHEL

Don't steal from him. Credit cards. Bank card. Don't do it. He's a good man. A good man to even be anywhere near you.

BRIONY

If he's generous...

MITCHEL

Generous is when they *give* it you. Not when you fucking rifle his coat when he's asleep. Don't do it.

BRIONY

I thought I was on my own, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

You are.

He gets up.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Do what you want. He loves you, hurt him. That's the way it goes, right?

80 EXT. THE IVY. NIGHT

80

A line of Mercedes limos, a Rolls Royce. Flashbulbs are popping as a celebrity couple exits holding their coats over their head.

81 INT. THE IVY. NIGHT

81

GANT and MITCHEL at a table.

GANT

My dad was a doorman at a place like this. Of course, London hadn't the money then it does now. There's a lot of money around, Mitch. One would almost consider being legitimate.

MITCHEL

Guys like us tend to consider it too late.

GANT

I'd like you to organize collections in Clapham, Streatham, and Kennington.

MITCHEL

I don't know about that, Mr. Gant.

GANT

Call me Rob.

MITCHEL

Rob.

GANT

You won't do door to door. Christ, you in that suit? Look at you. Anything in the world, you could be. You'll supervise the teams, make sure they don't skim too much. We all like a little off the top but no one likes a greedy bugger. Your Mr. Norton, your mate Billy, now he can't run a crew. He can't even bring me the right...Negro.

(the black waiter has
appeared)

I'd recommend the lemon sole.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GANT (CONT'D)

Thing about this place, mate, is
its flash, but it's British.

MITCHEL

(to waiter, handing
off menu)

I'll have the steak, rare, and
mash.

GANT

(looking at Mitchel,
not waiter)

We'll also have the smoked salmon
and the clams for starters. I'll
have the lemon sole. Bring us the
Sancerre and a Haut-Brion. Bring
us each a glass for each one. Each
one. The right glasses. Not like
your fucking pishead mate did the
last time.

WAITER

Sir?

GANT

Send the fucking sommelier.

He hands off the menu. The waiter fucks off.

GANT (CONT'D)

Heard you're interested in two
Kennington kids done a bum in
Clapham.

MITCHEL

Yeah?

GANT

Young footballer of promise. Of
promise. Money behind him, Mitch.
Future earnings. Plus love of the
game. No one gonna give you him,
Mitch. He's the belle of the ball,
Kennington. You know Kennington?

MITCHEL

Not in my manor, really.

GANT

Is mine. You like this restaurant,
Mitch? This life, yeah?

MITCHEL

It's all right.

(CONTINUED)

GANT examines him. "It's all right"?

GANT

You'll need to drop your day job,
yeah?

MITCHEL

Not a chance. It's legit. I'm not
going back in.

GANT

Cover, like. You know them spies,
you know what they call it, they
call it a "funny name". Working
with that actress, that's your
funny name, yeah?

MITCH looks uncomfortable. On the verge of making the
final move away from Gant and Gant knows it.

GANT (CONT'D)

But you are what you are, Mitch.
You're a villain. You're a
gangster.

MITCHEL

(thoughtfully)

There are times when a gangster is
something to be.

GANT

When's that then Mitch. Not when I
ask you to work for me. When is
it.

MITCHEL

When someone puts the arm on you.
Like now.

They stare at each other.

GANT

Heard about your job. Heard about
it from Lee. You know Lee? Fat
cunt with a van? Used to have your
job.

MITCHEL stares.

GANT (CONT'D)

Paintings. Jewels. Cash. Say I got
a buyer for one of the paintings.
The big one. The real one.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL stares.

MITCHEL

Steal it yourself.

GANT

No, I need you to steal it,
Mitchel. Gesture of good faith,
call it. Gratitude for all I done.

MITCHEL

I don't think I'll be taking you
up on your job offer.

GANT

There's a bond between us Mitch.
You were there when I did the
spade. You don't walk the earth
free after that.

(touches Mitch's
wrist)

Why'nt you come over the flat and
talk about it.

MITCHEL

Don't think so.

An understanding spreads between them. Gant knows he has
been seen through.

GANT

Then the rent for your fucking
flat is five hundred a week.

Other diners stare.

MITCHEL

Collect it. Rob. It's what you do,
right? Collections. Here's a tip.
You're no smarter than Billy. If I
were a gangster, I wouldn't work
for you. I'd fucking kill you and
take everything you have. If I
was a gangster. That's why you
don't want me to be a gangster.
That's why nobody wants me to be a
gangster. Because I could not stop
if I started. Being a gangster,
Rob.

They both stand up.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Do you fucking get it.

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED: (4)

81

He leaves the restaurant, leaving an enemy behind.

82

INT. THE FLAT IN CLAPHAM. NIGHT

82

Urgently, MITCHEL packs gun, clothing, stuffing them in a bag. He takes his wedge of money from hiding in a cannister. Goes.

83

EXT. THE ELMS, HOLLAND PARK. DAY

83

MITCHEL comes up the driveway, carrying his gear. JORDAN sees him from the kitchen window. Comes to the side door.

JORDAN

Welcome! I'm just getting very high.

MITCHEL looks at him.

MITCHEL

Not today, Jordan.

JORDAN

We're glad to have you. There was a man over the wall last night.

MITCHEL

You know who?

JORDAN

A photographer.

Mitchel nods.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It might get hot around here. Her ex husband just crashed a car in Spain and killed a fucking Viscount.

JORDAN thinks of something. He nips in and then comes out with a packet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Your pay. You mind cash?

84

INT. THE FLAT ABOVE THE GARAGE. NIGHT

84

It's well-furnished enough. MITCH'S CLOTHES hang in the closet. His shaving gear in the bathroom. Jazz is playing.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

MITCHEL has cut away boards in the floor of the closet to make a hiding place. He lays in the GLOCK, his HEROIN and syringes, and his MONEY in a plastic bag, to which he adds the contents of Jordan's PACKET (500 pounds). After a moment, he takes the HEROIN out.

MITCHEL snorts a little bit at the table.

85

EXT. THE PORCH OF THE GARAGE FLAT. MOMENTS LATER

85

MITCH is out there in the breeze, looking at the house.

His POV:

THE HOUSE, with lights on, and curtains closed. IN shadow against a closed blind we see the shape of CHARLOTTE.

Close on MITCH, lips parted, as the music continues.

86

EXT. THE GROUNDS. CONTINUOUS

86

On the grounds, a BRANCH moves past a sensor in the wind, and triggers a BURGLAR LIGHT.

87

EXT. HOLLAND PARK. NIGHT

87

BILLY NORTON, in his van, is watching the house.

88

INT. THE GARAGE FLAT. NIGHT

88

MITCHEL is watching television. An entertainment show.

PRESENTER

(with video)

Banville, the ex-husband of
British film star Charlotte Jones,

(here a shot of

Banville and
Charlotte on red
carpet in happier
days)

was said by Spanish police to have
a blood alcohol count of twice the
legal amount. He was uninjured in
the crash, but his passenger,
young actor Michael Pencil-Jones,
no relation to Charlotte Jones,
suffered a broken arm. Now onto
the weather. Midge?

There is a knock on the door. He goes over, shirtless.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN

Sorry to bother you.

MITCHEL

S'allright. What's up?

JORDAN

There was a man at the end of the
drive. At the gate.MITCHEL grabs his sweatshirt, stuffs the pistol into the
sack pocket, goes out.

EXT. THE GARDEN, HOLLAND PARK. DAY

MITCHEL and JORDAN move through the dark.

JORDAN

That twat crashes a car in Spain
and we'll have two weeks of it.Suddenly MITCHEL sees a figure go over the wall. He runs
for the gate, tears through it, and out in

EXT. THE STREET. CONTINUOUS

--sees not a paparazzo but BILLY NORTON getting into his
van. Mitch gets over, pulls the gun on Billy, and reaches
in and gets the keys.

MITCHEL

Hello, Billy. Why was you in the
garden.

BILLY

Having a wank. You and that
filmstar. My My. Bang her yet? Lee
Lee says she was aching for it.
Aching.

MITCHELL reaches into Billy's coat and gets a gun.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Now now. No need of that, Mitch.
No need of that.

MITCHEL

Shall we go for a ride, Billy, or
are you going to get out of here.

BILLY

You're fucked, man.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

How's that, Billy.

BILLY

Gant has a hard on for you.

MITCHEL

That's because Gant's a fucking homosexual, Billy.

BILLY

Fuck this Gant is a homosexual shit. If he is, if he is, free country. I get you--I get you--the sweetest deal. And you shit all down it. You just...shit...all down it.

MITCHEL

You were my mate, Billy, so I'll tell you, Gant's not so hot on you, either.

BILLY

Right, yeah, Mitchel, your head's all fucked up. It's all fucked up. Your head.

MITCHEL

The guy's bad news.

BILLY

You're bad news! He said you owe him, you owe him, you owe him. He was smashin' things. Whatever you owe him, yeah, you better pay him.

MITCHEL

I don't owe him anything.

BILLY

You're all fucked up in the head. Mitchel. You're soft.

MITCHEL

Get out of here, Billy. One last thing. Three years ago, when I did that guy, how did your hands look, afterwards?

BILLY sits. It's over. But Mitchel has the guns and the keys.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

How did your hands look, Billy?

BILLY

You're gone, man. I'm talking to a zero.

MITCHEL hands him the car keys. BILLY with hand shaking, takes them.

MITCHEL

Don't come around here no more, Billy. Don't come around.

BILLY

Gant wants that motor. Wants it. He wants that Bacon painting. Wants it. He's got a buyer in France. You don't say no to Gant. You don't say no to him.

MITCHEL

Tell him I'm thinking about it with all the seriousness that a proposition from him deserves. But I'm keeping this, Billy.

Meaning the gun. He walks away. BILLY, having caught the keys, drives off.

At the gate, Jordan is standing there.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

You afraid of guns, mate?

JORDAN

My existence has not been absolutely sheltered.

MITCHEL

Got a place to hide one?

He pulls the clip out of Billy's piece, hands it over as a bundle.

MITCHEL, sunglasses on, buys a model of the BENTLEY CONTINENTAL. Perfect in every way.

EXT. PARK BENCH. HYDE PARK. MORNING

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

MITCHEL wraps the box with the car in it. He writes GANT'S name and address (19 Regal Gardens, Dulwich). Mitchel puts one stamp on the package and writes "Insufficient Postage"

92

EXT. A MAILBOX. MORNING

92

MITCHEL slams the envelope into a pillar box. Walks on, his sunglasses on, past billboards of CHARLOTTE.

[Music cue. Music carries over into].

93

INT. GANT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. MORNING

93

GANT in a bathrobe and half glasses opens his package, revealing the toy DB5.

94

EXT. BY THE RIVER. DAY

94

MITCH stands smoking, looking at London, the river, the trash whirling in the eddies, the sky.

95

INT. CHARLOTTE'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

95

CHARLOTTE prepares a fix, and shoots up.

96

INT. THE GARAGE FLAT. NIGHT

96

The PHONE rings, Mitchel, shirtless in bed, answers.

DR PATEL (O.S.)

Mister Mitchel?

MITCHEL

Yeah. Hi doctor.

DR PATEL

How did you know it was me?

MITCHEL

Well, the phone's brand new and
guess how many Indians I got
calling me.

DR PATEL

Have you got a moment?

97

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT NOTTING HILL. NIGHT

97

They are eating, Mitchel and the Doctor.

DR PATEL

I love her very much.

MITCHEL

There's no future in it.

Patel is taken aback.

DR PATEL

When I was a medical student I seriously considered a career as a psychologist. I learned about borders.

MITCHEL

Perimeters...

DR PATEL

No. Borders. Essentially they split their feelings from their behavior.

MITCHEL

So a border is English, yeah?

DR PATEL

No, it's a classification... They live from one disaster to the next....Your sister...

MITCHEL

Walk away, Doctor. I told her that's all she can expect from me. And I'm her brother.

DR PATEL

But she's ill. And I'm a doctor.

MITCHEL

Here's my situation. I've been in prison, I didn't like it. I'm not going back. And I feel that it is going to take all my energy not to return. Do you understand. All my attention. I've got to emigrate, Doctor... If I look at my sister. If I even look at her...my eye's not on my job. Which is, as I said, to stay out of prison.

(CONTINUED)

DR PATEL

I understand.

MITCHEL

Here's my advice, if you love her, stay with her as long as you can, and enjoy it. Because she'll leave you. You'll be her next disaster. Either stay with her or not. I can't help you. I got nothing to say you don't already know. She's a nutter. When she's gone, go back to your life. I told you not to get involved: don't come to me now. Right?

Eats. Wipes his mouth.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

All right?

PATEL has nothing to say.

98 INT. THE HOUSE (CHARLOTTE'S SECOND FLOOR STUDIO). DAY 98

CHARLOTTE is standing staring at something in the middle distance. Looking at it critically. She has a tiny slash of brilliant blue paint on one cheekbone.

CHARLOTTE

What do you think?

MITCH, in working clothes.

MITCHEL

I want to live there.

A PAINTING. A HOCKNEY, essentially. A CALIFORNIA HOUSE and pool. But the paint is wet. And Charlotte has painted it.

CHARLOTTE

Sometimes I think about a change of weather.

MITCHEL

You're hardly stuck here. In London. You can go anywhere.

She smiles and pours red wine into a tumbler.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

When I was a kid I imagined a big house in Holland Park. This house. Now here I am. I've got it. Why should I leave it?

MITCHEL

You don't want it.

CHARLOTTE

Money's overrated. You can do anything, you tend to do nothing.

MITCHEL

I didn't know you did this. Painting.

CHARLOTTE

I use a projector. It's not hard.

She wipes her hands on a rag and looks at him.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Photoprojection.

(she looks at the canvas)

Art. I'm Sycorax. There's my son.

She looks at the drink in her hand.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I poured a drink without getting you one. Sorry.

MITCHEL

That's all right.

CHARLOTTE

No it isn't.

(She sits down)

I've got a question.

MITCHEL

You've got a question about everything.

CHARLOTTE

If I were attracted to you. If in the country I fell a little in love with you. How would I deal with it? You know, I can't live my life like a bad porn scenario. If I had anything to do with you I'd hear wah-wah guitar.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

I'd have to quit.

CHARLOTTE

"Leave my employment".

MITCHEL

Yeah. I would.

CHARLOTTE

What if you left my employment and
you had a flat.

MITCHEL

I can't afford one...

CHARLOTTE

And we went to a restaurant. Like
people.

MITCHEL

You'd be sitting in a restaurant
with a man who just got out of
Pentonville after doing three
years for GBH. And I'd be a nobody
sitting with a film star. As you
pointed out in Oxfordshire.

CHARLOTTE

So here we are. Some sort of
Tristan and Isolde. Severed and
several: the case.

MITCH nods at the painting.

MITCHEL

Not there. Not....away from London.

She looks as if she hasn't seen them before at the colors
of Los Angeles.

CHARLOTTE

Maybe you better go. And ring up
when you're not working for me.
How 'bout that. And we'll be
normal people. Normal. We'll love
each other until we don't.

She drinks red wine.

MITCHEL

I can't go anywhere. I haven't
the money.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

Then we are as we are.

MITCHELL kisses CHARLOTTE. She raises her eyes, and pushes him away slightly. Not pushing him away, but a pressure. She touches his face.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I'm all fucked up. I'm not ready.
I want to be. I may not ever be.

MITCHEL

That's all right. That's all right.

MITCH nods, and goes.

99

INT. HOLLAND PARK KITCHEN. NIGHT

99

Jordan, high as a jackass, is cleaning the pistol on spread newspaper. Listening to The Lyres. Music carries over to.

100

INT. BRITISH EQUIVALENT OF A DONUT SHOP. CONTINUOUS 100

Bailey, along with some other cops, shovels food into his fat face.

101

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT. NIGHT

101

MITCH answers the phone.

MITCHEL

Yeah.

GANT (O.S.)

It's Gant, Mitch. Remember, we had dinner.

INTERCUT GANT at home in DULWICH, in a dressing gown.

GANT (CONT'D)

Not disturbing you, am I?

A drink. Ice tinkling in crystal. A bracelet slides on Gant's wrist as he drinks.

GANT (CONT'D)

I got something to tell you,
Mitch. Something important. You listening?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

I told you to leave me alone.

GANT

Here's the thing, Mitch: and it's such a funny thing. You didn't do it.

MITCHEL

What?

GANT

Your friend Billy did it. Mitch. What you went away for.

MITCHEL

I did it.

GANT

Nah nah nah. Your hands weren't marked. Norton's were shredded. The barman saw the whole thing.

MITCHEL

Why tell me?

GANT

You know. Chance to square it. Square everything. Giving it to you on a plate. Billy Norton's a major problem. Known associate and/or employee of yours truly. Am I right. Known associate, you see. Bits of paper round his flat. His Mum. "Eer 'e worked for a Mister grant down Dulwich". And I'm fucked. Can't have it. Can't have Billy, Mitch. Neither can you. So. A deal?

MITCHEL

What are you offering. Apart from Billy.

GANT

My good graces. Mitch. My good graces.

MITCHEL

What if I do nothing.

GANT

Then I'd be truly surprised, Mitch.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

MITCHEL

Get surprised. And get stuffed,
 Here's the deal. You stay away.
 There's no point we intersect
 without one of us killing the
 other.

102 EXT. A COFFEE PLACE. NOTTING HILL. MORNING

102

MITCHEL is waiting for his coffee. He gets it, pays,
 turns to go, and through the window sees:

PENNY.

He goes out.

103 EXT. STREET. NOTTING HILL. CONTINUOUS

103

PENNY is smiling, beautiful.

PENNY

I hope you forgive me.

MITCHEL

What I got to forgive you for.
 Nice job.

PENNY

She's a bit whack, yeah?

MITCHEL looks up and down the street.

MITCHEL

As much as anyone.
 (a beat)
 I bet you're crazier than you
 look.

PENNY

I owe her. The point is.

Red-faced.

MITCHEL

Owe her what.

PENNY

If you got celebrity friends you
 got to remember...It's hard to
 remember. You can't talk normally.
 When she lost her kid.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103

CONTINUED:

103

PENNY (CONT'D)

I was having a a drink, Sunday,
 Sloane Square, and I said it to my
 friend Toby and he works for the
 Telegraph...

MITCH is rapidly losing interest.

PENNY (CONT'D)

...And then there was a blind
 item. What Oscar-nominated UK
 actress lost her baby. So there we
 are. It was me. Loose lips sink
 ships. I've beaten myself up
 enough, probably.

MITCHEL

Yeah? Maybe not enough. Had I been
 around, when your Toby did that,
 he would have been found in the
 river. And so would you.

PENNY

Gosh!

MITCHEL

See what your problem is, there
 you are, schoolmates. And you
 think you're all that. Life in
 London. A car. You're on TV. But
 you ain't the one with talent. The
 one that is the news, rather than
 on it. You'd kill her if you
 could.

PENNY

Where are you going today?

MITCHEL

Your flat.

104

INT. PENNY'S FLAT. DAY

104

MITCH. Three years of jail behind him, is fucking PENNY
 with a vengeance. It's very nearly rape. He carries her
 up against a wall, a table goes over.

PENNY

Call me her name.

MITCH continues.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY (CONT'D)

Call me her name. You want to. I want to be her and you want to fuck her so let's make a deal. I want you to hate me.

MITCHEL, sweat dripping, looks down at her.

MITCHEL

Don't worry about it.

LATER

PENNY lying there as Mitch goes out.

PENNY

She's a junkie. A crazy junkie. She was married to a faggot. She can't have a baby. And I'm supposed to be envious? Of her? Of that? Envious?

She smashes a teacup on the wall as MITCH turns.

MITCHEL

She's got another advantage.

PENNY

What?

MITCHEL

I ain't bored with her. I am with you.

MITCH is standing at the bar. Reading a tabloid with a story and headline about the death of young doctor ANTHONY TRENT. He throws down a large whiskey and follows by gulping down a pint.

JEFF

What you doing in a shitty pretentious pub north of the river?

MITCHEL

Improving my situation, mate. Ever try it?

JEFF

Nah, I'm happy in the dirt mate. I know the rules, down in the dirt.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL looks at him, wondering: is this about Gant?

MITCHEL

Why you in West London, Jeff?

JEFF

Cheating on the missus. Got this Indian slag works at a lamp store. They look like they smell but they don't.

A brief glimpse of a DIGNIFIED INDIAN WOMAN, the so-called Indian slag, drinking a half of something.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Anyway you done any thinking.
About some work?

MITCHEL

Might do, Jeff. I might need some readies. Might do.

JEFF

I heard you might.

MITCHEL

If it's big enough, I'll do it. I need twenty thousand pounds. Less than that, don't bother me. Yeah?

MITCH is given a whiskey. He tosses it down.

JEFF

Yeah.

MITCHEL

You hear about Kennington.

JEFF

Nothing yet Mitch. Honest.

MITCHEL

Fuck yourself. Everyone knows who I'm looking for. And no one's bringing him to me, Jeff. I don't like that.

"BECKHAM" is walking along, dribbling a ball along the tunnel. He has mad skills. Behind him, unseen by him, comes Mitch. MITCH, twenty yards back, takes out his pistol. Then:

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED:

106

BECKHAM walks away.

MITCH puts the gun away. He turns in the other direction. He leaves the tunnel.

107

INT. THE GARAGE FLAT. NIGHT

107

MITCH comes in, taking off his jacket. He switches on a light and sees:

THE BENTLEY CONTINENTAL MODEL, smashed into bits, on the pillow of his bed.

MITCH slides his tie back up: gangster. He puts his coat back on. Gangster.

108

EXT. THE ELMS. NIGHT

108

MITCH knocks on the kitchen door. Jordan answers.

MITCHEL

I need to borrow a car.

109

EXT. LONDON. NIGHT

109

MITCHEL is driving a drophead BMW. He crosses the river. Music.

110

EXT. SOUTH LONDON. NIGHT

110

MITCHEL cruises past a pub, parks, gets out, walks in.

111

INT. THE PUB. CONTINUOUS

111

Loud music, shouting villains. In one continuous sweep, Mitch moves through the room, grabs BILLY by the hair, and drags him all the way through the pub and into the back alley where in the past there would have been the privy. BILLY goes down and tears the knee out of a trouserleg. MITCH puts the GLOCK to his head.

MITCHEL

This is the very place, Billy.
Who's the zero now, Billy.

BILLY

We can work it out, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

MITCH takes the wreckage of the MODEL out of his pocket and smashes BILLY across the head with it, cutting him.

MITCHEL

You were in my house, Billy. Where I fucking live. My manor. I told you.

BILLY

Let me up, we'll get this straight.

MITCHEL

You stay on the fucking ground.

BILLY

He told me to go in quick, not to touch owt. Don't spoil the surprise.

MITCHEL

What happened to the tenant of my old flat, Billy.

BILLY

It ain't to frame you.

MITCHEL

Fuck it isn't.

BILLY

It ain't to frame you. Gant had the place staked and the stupid bastard tried to get in to get some fucking clothes, I don't know. So Gant lost it. You know. Like he did with the spade. He fucking lost it.

MITCHEL pulls billy up and crams the gun to his head against the brick.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You're hurting me Mitch.

MITCHEL

That's what I hear I'm all about, Billy. Hurting people.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Gant is in business with the Columbians and he's like fucking in awe mate, in awe, they kill everybody, everybody belongs to you. That's his fucking ambition, mate.

MITCHEL

My sister, Billy? He'd go after my sister?

With sudden courage:

BILLY

Don't make any new friends.

MITCHEL whacks him with the pistol.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm out myself, soon as I liquefy my assets...

Mitchel pulls thousands of pounds from Billy's coat.

BILLY (CONT'D)

That's Gant's money. You know that's Gant's money.

MITCHEL

No that's my money. You see if I'm a gangster, all the money's mine, Billy.

BILLY

Wassat, payment for it? I'll fucking give you my own money, don't take Gant's money.

MITCHEL

Tell him I took it, Billy.

He takes BILLY'S cell phone.

BILLY

You ain't gonna kill me?

MITCHEL

No. Gant is. He's looking for a hitter. I had first refusal Billy.

He goes.

112 EXT. THE STREET. CONTINUOUS

112

MITCHEL hits an auto dial button.

GANT

Did you get it done right, you
cunt.

MITCHEL

Hello, Mr. Gant. It's me. Mitchel.

INTERCUT GANT in the back of his chauffeured car.

GANT

Billy is alive?

MITCHEL

Can we talk a little business,
Rob?

GANT

I don't see what we have to
discuss. I shall be coming to pay
you a visit, Mitchel.

MITCHEL

That's what we have to discuss.
First off, here's your position.
There's no one you can send
against me that will win. I'm
armed and not to put a fine point
on it, I'm fucking dangerous.
Always have been.

GANT makes a face in his car.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Now. You can't get me. You were
too fucking stupid to frame me for
the flat owner. Which I would have
thought of, Gant. I would have
thought of it. Now you can't get
me, because you're too stupid and
I'm too fucking dangerous. So what
will go through your mind is that
you'll go for those near me.

GANT

Like your sister, Mitch? Like your
film star?

(CONTINUED)

112

CONTINUED:

112

MITCHEL

Here's the good news. I'm not going to kill you unless you fuck with me or anyone near me. But you harm me or my sister, or anyone close to me, I kill your daughter, I kill your wife, and then I kill you. You got it?

GANT

We don't go back from words like that, Mitch. We don't go back. I don't think you have any idea who you're threatening. You mention...my daughter...you mention...my wife. Them are sacred things Mitch.

MITCHEL

Retire, Gant. You're not smart enough. One last item. I'll do you for the spade. Fuck the cops, Gant. I'll tell the Nation of Islam who did it. You fucking brainiac.

He hangs up.

113

EXT. CAMBERWELL GREEN. NIGHT

113

MITCH goes into a restaurant.

114

INT. CAMBERWELL RESTAURANT. MOMENTS LATER

114

BRIONY is in the place, out of her mind.

BRIONY

Don't you love this place, Mitch? My friend owns it. Alfons? This is my sibling, Mitchel.

ALFONS

A pleasure. I shall order for you both.

ALFONS goes off.

BRIONY

That's Alfons.

MITCHEL

Without a doubt. Are you drinking?

(CONTINUED)

BRIONY

On *my* meds?

She slugs red wine.

BRIONY (CONT'D)

Darling, I had to leave Dr Patel.

MITCHEL

Yeah I know. With his pin number.

BRIONY

Don't be so common. Money money
money. It's all I hear.

MITCHEL

Listen. Is there somewhere you can
go for a while?

BRIONY

The world has infinite number of
places. Or that's probably not
true. It's probably finite. But in
all of them, you need money. Which
is why I bet people talk about it
so much, come to think about it.

MITCHEL

Look, I have some business to take
care of. There are some people
might try to hurt you. I want you
in France. Out of here. Right?

BRIONY

D'Accord! Je suis vif en France! I
travel with my assets, but it
sounds like I need more money than
my usual none.

MITCH looks at her, and reaches in his coat.

MITCH enters. JEFF is at the back, wasted, sunk in dark
cushions.

MITCHEL

I'm in.

JEFF

It ain't twenty grand.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

MITCHEL

How close?

JEFF is glazed.

JEFF

Bank is holding heavy. Ten grand.
Your cut. Estimated.

MITCHEL

I'm in.

116 INT. THE KITCHEN. DAY

116

JORDAN is cutting melon for madame's breakfast.

JORDAN

"Be careful around here". Why the
fuck should I suddenly be careful.

MITCHEL

Because these are bad guys,
Jordan.

JORDAN

You brought it on us. Sorry to say
but you did.

(points with knife)

Paradise no longer exists because
of you. Fuck me, how am I supposed
to get high with gangsters leaping
around the place?

MITCHEL

What brought this on, mate, was
you laying out Lee the handyman. A
second-story man of some renown
and connected throughout the
industry. If I wasn't here, this
place would have been done, lit on
fire and both of you fucked in the
smoking rubble. What I've done
just brings up the intensity.
Slightly.

JORDAN

I like intensity.

117 EXT. A PARKING LOT NEAR HEATHROW. DAY

117

A VAN pulls up beside a parked car. Out of the van comes
the crew, four guys, including Mitch.

(CONTINUED)

William Monahan "LONDON BOULEVARD" 110.

117

CONTINUED:

117

They carry gym bags full of weapons and wear boiler suits. They get into the waiting car, and as they do we reveal...

118

INT. GETAWAY CAR. CONTINUOUS

118

The WHITEBOY behind the wheel. The guy MITCH did in the pub in scene TK. MITCH looks at him.

WHITEBOY

How's your sister?

MITCHEL

Who voucheded for this guy?

JEFF

Calm down, he's guaranteed.

MITCHEL rips up the sleeve of his nearer arm, revealing injection marks.

MITCHEL

Using Preparation H. Takes the swelling down, yeah?

The WHITEBOY giggles.

JEFF

Go go go this is business.

Drives.

119

INT. A BANK NEAR HEATHROW. DAY

119

Inside, looking out through glass as the CREW barges in, wearing balaclavas, JEFF first. JEFF, wasting no time,

JEFF

Right!

-shoots a man in the legs with the shotgun.

JEFF (CONT'D)

This is a fucking robbery. We will want your cooperation.

The CREW herds staff and customers as if even the customers have been rehearsed.

MITCH and another guy go over the counter and ransack the tills.

120 INT. JEFF'S GARAGE. NIGHT

120

MUSIC is playing as the MONEY is counted out. MITCH is sipping a beer, not participating, waiting for his cut.

JEFF

It's eight, Mitch. Not ten.

MITCHEL

Eight will do.

JEFF declines to answer. Eyes Mitch.

JEFF

You ever hear of a geezer named Storbor? Tall thin fucker, dresses in black, Bosnian, fucking Serbo-fuck me, whatever the fuck he is. A gentleman from the Eastern part of what in Swindon we like to call Christendom.

MITCHEL

Never heard of him.

JEFF

Well he's heard of you, cos he's asking for you.

MITCHEL looks at the WHITEBOY. WHITEBOY is oblivious, snorting dope.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Guessed right, but no no no. Nothing here. You kill the messenger you do it fucking elsewhere. Storbor. He's been everywhere you used to go, and don't go no more.

121 INT. THE GARAGE FLAT. NIGHT

121

Mitchel lifts the boards of his "safe" and drops in 15 thousand pounds in twenties. He closes it up.

122 INT. THE GARAGE FLAT. LATER

122

MITCH turns off the water in the shower. He comes out to find JORDAN sitting at the table, rolling a joint. Ashen.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN
You had two visitors.

MITCH says nothing.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
She knows nothing about it. First
one, in the morning, was a cop.
Bailey.

MITCHEL
Bailey. Don't worry about him.
He's bent.

JORDAN
When do you stop worrying about
cops because they're bent.

MITCHEL
I thought you hadn't led a
sheltered life.

JORDAN
The second guy was a corpse. This
corpse standing there on the
gravel. Eyes like fucking marbles.
Smiling at me.

MITCHEL
Dressed in black?

JORDAN
The Devil as traditionally played.
As he left, he pointed at the elm
tree.

MITCHEL
Yeah?

JORDAN
He said, Beware of strange fruit.

MITCHEL
Yeah?

JORDAN
Evidently, he's been back. I don't
know how to say this, but it's the
sort of thing a celebrity really
can't have in the papers.

123 EXT. THE GARDEN, HOLLAND PARK. NIGHT 123

A rope creaks. JORDAN and MITCH stand in the dark garden. JORDAN switches on a flashlight, illuminating:

BILLY NORTON

He hangs by the neck from a limb of the elm.

124 EXT. THE HOUSE IN OXFORDSHIRE. NIGHT 124

A few lights on in the house.

125 EXT. THE RIVER BEHIND THE HOUSE. NIGHT 125

JORDAN and MITCHEL carry the bundled body into the river and, waist deep, let it go in the current. It floats away and sinks.

JORDAN

Fascinating.

MITCHEL

Need a drink, Jordan?

JORDAN

I need fifty drinks but I'm not going to have any of them. I used to think, I wish something real would happen, that could really engage me. Now I'm to my waist in a river disposing of a corpse. That's awesome. Thank you Mitch.

MITCHEL

Yeah whatever. You know what I watch for Jordan? Things that could go wrong. You gonna go wrong on me?

JORDAN

Oh no. I'm reliable.

126 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE KITCHEN. NIGHT 126

JORDAN watches as MITCH burns their clothes in the white-hot, ancient coal stove.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN

What are you going to do about
this Storbor?

MITCHEL

Kill him. Kill who hired him.

JORDAN

Can I be of assistance?

MITCHEL looks at him.

MITCHEL

You quite all right, Jord?

JORDAN

You listen to me. You see what
happened is the fellow who raped
her, well, a few days later...it
Turned out there were pills
dissolved in his milk. A fuck of a
lot of Quaaludes.

MITCHEL

A sufficiency.

JORDAN

A sufficiency. He's on a machine
in Barnet. Do you know what I'm
saying to you. You're not the only
villain, Mitch.

MITCHEL

Never thought I was. You get done,
who'll look after her?

JORDAN

She looks after me. Look, what's
all this threaten? Me. The fuck
you think I can make a living out
there. The fuck you think I can
wake up in the morning. I won't
say look at me, because you look
at me and think *Fuck why can't he*
but use your brain. All this, all
this, goes away, and so do I,
mate. So do I.

MITCHEL thinks. Then finally:

MITCHEL

We'll need the Land Rover.

(CONTINUED)

126

CONTINUED: (2)

126

JORDAN

Did you...make love to her.

MITCHEL looks at him.

MITCHEL

No. And not likely.

JORDAN

Good.

(a beat)

A man with a broken heart gets
things done.

MITCH looks at him.

127

EXT. BRIXTON. NIGHT

127

Outside an Irish emigre nightclub. The estate Land Rover
parked in front of it. No one in it (important that we
see this).

128

INT. THE IRISH EMIGRE PUB. CONTINUOUS

128

Bad, retro disco lights, a spinning ball. A Gaelic
football team, wasted. Builders, drinkers, transvestites,
Goths, Paddies, villains. MITCHEL, in his dark suit,
moves through the crowd. He stops and sees:

MITCH's POV:

STORBOR

He looks like a fucked, homicidal, Brian Ferry, and is
sitting with....

MITCH's head turns slightly, very Caine:

WHITEBOY.

MITCHEL moves to their corner table and says:

MITCHEL

Lads.

The WHITEBOY makes a "fuck me" expression and starts
laughing hilariously.

STORBOR is vaguely backed up by...

Other BOSNIAN GUYS.

(CONTINUED)

BOSNIAN GUY

You got a problem?

MITCH shrugs, still looking at STORBOR.

MITCHEL

No problem.

STORBOR

(heavy accent,
stoned)

Is all right.

WHITEBOY

(laughing)

Mitchel. You are so fucked. So
fucked. I mean like nothing I
could of fucking dreamed of.

MITCHEL looks at him politely.

STORBOR

I buy you a drink? A vodka orange
maybe?

MITCHEL

I hear you been looking for me.

STORBOR

Now how did you hear that?

WHITEBOY is laughing.

MITCHEL

My car's outside. Let's take a
ride.

WHITEBOY

Get real mate.

MITCHEL

You wouldn't be afraid to travel
with me, would you?STORBOR smiles. Terrible teeth. He thinks a minute and
then frisks Mitch. Brixton: nobody bats an eye.

WHITEBOY

What a wanker.

MITCHEL

(to Storbore)

You coming?

(CONTINUED)

128

CONTINUED: (2)

128

STORBOR

As long as my new friend comes
too.

MITCH nods, and heads out. The villains after him.

129

INT. BRIONY'S ROOMS. NIGHT

129

The door bursts open and BRIONY is carried back by men in balaclavas. Bursts of detail as PILLS are crammed into her mouth and whiskey poured. GANT watches from the doorway.

130

EXT. THE STREET. BRIXTON. NIGHT

130

MITCH approaches the Land Rover and opens the passenger door. There are only two doors. The punk looks in and sees:

THE BACK filled with tires and farm stuff and tarps.

WHITEBOY

Where'd you get this piece of
shit?

MITCHEL walks around and slides onto the bench seat behind the wheel.

STORBOR

What do you want?

MITCHEL

We talk what you're getting paid.

A raised eyebrow.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

As in, I'll double it, you do
Gant. Did I kill you inside? Could
have.

The WHITEBOY slides in to the middle of the bench seat. STORBOR gets on the passenger side.

MITCH turns the ignition. AT THAT:

JORDAN, who has hidden in the back, appears behind STORBOR and whips a garotte around his neck. MITCH drives a left elbow into WHITEBOY's face, knocking him out, and then drives.

(CONTINUED)

William Monahan "LONDON BOULEVARD" 118.

130

CONTINUED:

130

STORBOR is gagging. The wire cuts into his neck and spurts blood.

MUSIC such as Sinatra or Mel Torme (ideally "All I Need is the Girl") as MITCHEL drives through Brixton and STORBOR is strangled.

131

EXT. OXFORDSHIRE ESTATE. BY THE RIVER. NIGHT

131

The ROVER is parked by the moonlit water.

JORDAN and MITCH drag the bodies out of the car. The WHITEBOY is still alive.

MITCH with gloved hands searches Storbor and finds: WALLET, CIGARETTES, switchblade, a silenced HK model 23 SOCOM 45. He puts the gun away in his coat.

WHITEBOY wakes up. He takes in the scene: rural Oxfordshire, the nearly decapitated Storbor.

WHITEBOY

Oh God. Mister Mitchel. I won't say nothing.

MITCH shoots him through the head.

JORDAN

Now this is life. That's what I'm talking about.

132

EXT. LONDON. NIGHT

132

Details of whatever there is to be seen. Dazzling.

MUSIC OVER

MITCH is driving the BMW, Jordan asleep in the passenger seat beside him.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

133

INT. THE GARAGE FLAT. NIGHT

133

The light flashes on Mitch's ANSWER-PHONE.

134

INT. THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

134

DR PATEL hangs up the phone. Another missed connection in the city.

135

INT. THE GARAGE FLAT. NIGHT

135

MITCH enters, removing his clothes, and then when he starts to press the answer-phone button, he sees Charlotte come out of the shadows. She stands looking at him. Wearing a robe. He goes to her fast, looks at her, and then holds her face and kisses her. As the answer phone light flashes, he and Charlotte finally make love.

LATER, in bed: (raining)

MITCHEL

I figured it out.

CHARLOTTE

What.

MITCHEL

Life. You want to hear it?

CHARLOTTE

The whole world does.

MITCHEL

We all die. Therefore we have to do what we want to do.

CHARLOTTE

Simple.

MITCHEL

Very simple. I could get money for that advice.

CHARLOTTE

What if you don't know what you want to do.

MITCHEL

You stop talking to me about it.

She smiles in the dark.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Let's get out of England. Out of London.

She nods her head. OK. MITCH lies back. All right then. Nearby the answer phone still flashes.

136 EXT. THE ELMS, HOLLAND PARK. PREDAWN 136

A roar of motor. The BENTLEY CONTINENTAL comes out of the garage, crunches over the gravel, and vanishes out through the gates.

137 INT. THE GARAGE FLAT. CONTINUOUS 137

MITCH briefly opens his eyes. He looks at his empty bed. Charlotte is gone.

138 INT. HOLLAND PARK KITCHEN. DAY 138

MITCH looks into the kitchen. CHARLOTTE sits at the table drinking tea. A long, long silence. She is gorgeous, sleepy; MITCH is in love with her.

CHARLOTTE

Jordan is gone.

MITCHEL

Yeah?

CHARLOTTE

I had five thousand pounds in the office desk. He took it. Also the Bacon Pope. Some other paintings.

MITCH sits down and looks at her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. It's all done.

MITCH nods.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Something got into him. Do you want to see the other problem?

MITCHEL nods.

139 INT. THE CELLAR STAIRWAY. MOMENTS LATER 139

MITCH goes down the stairs with a torch and sees by the beam:

LEGS with black shoes extended across the floor.

He goes down and sees by flashlight:

(CONTINUED)

139

CONTINUED:

139

The cop, BAILEY, lying on the floor with his blood running from his head.

MITCH sets his head on one side, looking at him.

MUSIC

DISSOLVE TO:

140

INT. A VIRGIN AIR FIRST CLASS SECTION. DAY

140

TRACK along the seats until we come to CHARLOTTE, with noise-cancelling headphones on, looking at a magazine.

VOICE

Welcome to Virgin Atlantic non-stop service to Los Angeles. We hope you enjoy the service....

DISSOLVE TO

141

EXT. GANT'S HOUSE. MORNING

141

Very early. Birdsong. GANT'S DAUGHTER, eleven, school uniform, comes out of the house and gets into a pool car with other KIDS. The car drives off.

CLOSE ON GANT'S DOOR as the doorbell sounds inside.

GANT'S WIFE opens.

GANT'S WIFE

Yes?

She is punched straight in the face.

142

INT. GANT'S HOUSE. MORNING

142

MITCH steps over her body. He pulls a gun and goes through the downstairs. Nothing. He goes upstairs, steadicam, and looks into each room till he comes to a closed door and ...

143

INT. GANT'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

143

KICKS it in, splinters flying. GANT looks up from bed, gasping.

REVERSE from Gant's angle on MITCH in his good blue suit, his silenced SOCOM pistol.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHEL

I told you, you didn't want me to
be a gangster.

GANT

Let's talk a deal.

MITCH sits on a bedside chair.

GRANT

There's sixty thousand pounds
here. In this room.

MITCHEL

Get it.

GANT gets a strong box.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Don't open it.

GANT

Why?

MITCHEL

There's a gun in it.

Gant looks at him.

GANT

Let's talk a deal, Mitch.

MITCHEL

Get back into bed.

Gant complies.

GANT

You and me. We could have done
great things. Great things. Things
that would be remembered.

MITCHEL

It's funny what you remember.

Blank stare from GANT. In an echo of Gant's speech before
he shot the spade:

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

I wrote a poem for a girl once and
she signed her name to it and sent
it to her boyfriend.

GANT finally stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED: (2)

143

GANT

What's that got to do with me?

He realizes: nothing whatsoever.

MITCH shoots him through the head.

DETAIL: STRONGBOX

MITCH shoots it open with the silenced pistol. A piece of ricochet cuts open Mitch's cheek exactly where the blue paint was on CHARLOTTE'S cheek. He touches the wound.

BLOOD drips to the carpet.

MITCH, looking down, sees his death-warrant. DNA. He keeps moving.

INSIDE the strongbox:

20 Grand. Krugerrands in plastic tubes. A handgun. He closes it and takes the box.

144

EXT. GANT'S HOUSE HALLWAY. MORNING

144

MITCH steps over Gant's unconscious wife and leaves the house, closing the door.

145

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE. DAY

145

The wheels of a car crunch on the gravel of an overlook. A man gets out of the car, a rented Mustang ragtop. It is MITCHEL, in white shirt, blue blazer, and sunglasses. He looks out at Los Angeles, and rolls a cigarette. He looks at his watch. Flash to:

BLACK

146

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT. DAY

146

MITCH sits having a cup of tea. His bags are packed on the bed. Birdsounds.

LATER

He retrieves money, passport, etc, from his "safe". He breaks up his pistol into unusable parts and hides it under the floor.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

146

CONTINUED:

146

He washes up the tea things and puts them on the drainboard.

He puts on his coat. He picks up his bags. He goes out.

147

EXT. THE GARAGE FLAT. CONTINUOUS

147

Mitch comes down the open staircase. At the bottom he hears a crunch of gravel. As he turns he sees:

BECKHAM and another kid.

BECKHAM

Hear you been looking for me.

MITCH says nothing. Expressionless. A movement. He looks down. He has been stabbed in the liver. The lights. The heart.

BECKHAM and the other kid run away.

MITCH is still holding his bags. He puts them down carefully. He takes a few steps. Then wobbles. On sound: Waterloo Sunset.

148

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS. DAY

148

CHARLOTTE is driving in the back of a town car, the reflections of palms strafing the glass and polished metal. Her car disappears down Sunset Boulevard and turns in at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

149

EXT. THE GARAGE FLAT. CONTINUOUS

149

MITCH takes a few steps on the gravel. He takes out Billy's mobile. Starts to dial. Then drops it, realizing: too late. The PHONE falls to the gravel.

150

EXT. THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL. DAY

150

CHARLOTTE, wearing sunglasses, is helped into the hotel by staff, past rubberneckers, photographers.

151

EXT. THE GARAGE FLAT. DAY

151

MITCH falls in a sitting position against the house. Birdsong. He takes off his sunglasses and folds them into his pocket. He looks philosophical. He looks at:

(CONTINUED)

William Monahan "LONDON BOULEVARD" 125.

151 CONTINUED:

151

ROSES, blowing in the wind. And as Waterloo Sunset comes to its stop we go to:

152 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE. DAY

152

No one at the overlook. No car, no Mitch.

*

BLACK