SNATCH

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY
We open on a guard sitting in front of a sentry post. He is wearing a heavy fur hat that covers his ears and a military jacket. Behind him is a list of instructions (in Russian). He 'sucks in a cigarette as though he's a drowning man looking for oxygen. A car comes to a stop by the sentry post, the guard looks, asks a couple of questions and is given an envelope which he quickly examines, he then attempts to stick his head in the car. A gun barrel is promptly stuck in his face and a couple of angry words emanate from the back, the guard jumps back and quickly raises the barrier.

This next section will be intercut with the credit sequence.

INT. BACK OF RUSSIAN CAR -- NIGHT

On the back seat is Franky Four Fingers, (New York street wise Jew) who is clutching a fancy looking briefcase which is handcuffed to his wrist. He is flanked by two Russian hoods. This next section will be subtitled.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
How much further do we have to go?

Just then the car comes to a standstill. The window is wound down and a gun barrel is stuck through. The Russian driver looks dramatically calm.

RUSSIAN
Pass him the money.

Franky hesitates for a second.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
Franky you know you have no choice. So please can we get on with it?

Franky knows discussion is futile. He flips the case open and pulls out a transparent plastic bag full of American dollars. The package is pulled out of the window, the driver doesn't move, we dissolve for a passage of time, the anxiety is more than obvious, but Four Fingers can do nothing. All of a sudden a package comes through the window and the car speeds off without waiting for an inspection of the delivery.

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Franky opens the package and he reveals a stone the size of a fist. He shines a torch onto it and puts a stone inspecting monocle to his eye. He's satisfied.

CUT TO: MUSIC, A CLOSE UP OF THE DIAMOND. MIX TO: ANOTHER DIAMOND BEING HELD BY AN OVERWEIGHT BLACK MAN. CUT TO: MONTAGE INVOLVING ALL THE CHARACTERS IN THE FILM, DEALING OR HAVING SOMETHING TO DO WITH DIAMONDS OR THEFT. ONE SHOT AND SET UP TAKES US SEAMLESSLY INTO ANOTHER SHOT AND SET UP. THIS GOES ON FOR THE DURATION OF THE CREDITS. CUT BACK TO:

Franky Four Fingers opens a fancy case, presses a hidden catch, this reveals a second wall within the case, he then carefully places the stone within this secret compartment and firmly closes the case. The Russian next to him is playing with a revolver, he spins the chamber.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)

If you need a man in London then call this number.

Franky takes the card looks at it and repeats the name.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

Boris?

RUSSIAN

Boris, Boris can get you anything you need.

CUT TO: CU OF SPINNING GUN CHAMBER

INT. LONDON - AMUSEMENT ARCADE -- DAY

CUT TO: CU OF SPINNING GUN CHAMBER

We are in the back room of an amusement arcade and can hear fruit machines beeping in the distance. Meet BORIS THE BLADE and TOMMY who is toying with a heavy-looking revolver.

TOMMY

It's a bit heavy isn't it Boris?

BORIS

Heavy is good. Heavy is reliable. If it doesn't work you can hit him with it.

Tommy practices a couple of gun slinging maneuvers. He's impressed. At that moment the door opens and in walks a MAN carrying two heavy sacks of coins. He's a rough looking bastard, he's massive, and extremely ugly. Meet GORGEOUS GEORGE.

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TOMMY
Yes Gorgeous?

George looks at the weapon and can see that he's interrupting.

GORGEous GEORGE
Sorry Tommy, I hope that I am not interrupting.

TOMMY
Of course you're not interrupting Gorgeous, I put the do not disturb sign on the door because I wanted you to join us.

George isn't too bright

GORGEous GEORGE
What are you doing Tommy?

TOMMY
I am baking a cake Gorgeous, not that it's any of your business. Put the takings down, and be a good chap.

George puts down the coins. Tommy implies he should leave. Gorgeous isn't too bright and continues to stand there looking stupid. Tommy goes to turn around but can see that he hasn't left, so he turns back,

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Is there anything else Gorgeous, a cup of tea perhaps? No? Well in that could you kindly fuck off and shut the door behind you?

Tommy turns round to Boris with a slight shake of his head.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Not too bright but he hits like a train. OK I'll take it. You're a gambling man Boris, so I'll toss you for it. Heads it's mine, tails I'll give you twice the price.

Boris chews this for a second.

BORIS
I'll toss the coin.

He tosses the coin

CUT TO: CU OF SPINNING COIN
INT. NEW YORK OFFICE -- DAY

CUT TO: CU OF SPINNING COIN

Meet HANDS. On the phone. Cool young street wise NY diamond dealer. He catches a coin.

HANDS
Twenty carats?

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT -- DAY

Franky's on the phone.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
Best stone I've seen in years.

HANDS
Good man Franky, you done a good job. What time you back?

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
I gotta move the smaller stones here; it shouldn't take me long. I'll be a couple of days.

HANDS
Speak to my cousin Doug.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
Doug the Head?

HANDS
Yeah, Doug the Head. But get some security. I mean it, get it today, speak to those Russians, they can get you anything. And...

Dramatic pause

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
And what?

HANDS
No fuckin' around in any casinos, you hear me? You've done a good job Franky, don't go and fuck it up.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
I hear ya Hands. I see ya Hands.

The phone goes down and Hands looks up at a COLLEAGUE.

HANDS
He's got it.
INT. BORIS' HOUSE

On the phone subtitled

RUSSIAN
Yes he's got it. He might call, he might not, but if he does be ready.

BORIS
I'll see what I can do.

RUSSIAN
He can't know that it's you Boris. We do too much business together. You're gonna have to get someone else to hit him and there is no way it can relate to us. You understand?

BORIS
Yes I understand.

RUSSIAN
One more thing, he loves to gamble.

EX. BACK ALLEY MAKESHIFT BOXING RING -- DAY

BRICK TOP (aka MR MCLEAN) is a heavy looking fella. He is observing a giant of a man, BOMBER HARRIS, boxing a sparring partner.

BRICK TOP
Two hundred and sixty pounds, that's fucking pedigree pal.

He's talking to LIAM and GARY, a couple of employees.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
He doesn't look bad does he?

GARY
Oh no Mr Mclean, he looks great.

LIAM
Yeah great.

GARY
He'll kill him, he'll do you proud governor.

BRICK TOP
Do you reckon that's what people should do for me, do you Gary, do me proud?

GARY
That's what you deserve Mr Mclean.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRICK TOP
Pull your tongue out of my arsehole Gary. Dogs do that, and you're not a dog, are you Gary?

Taken aback by the change in tone.

GARY
Err no, I am not.

BRICK TOP
However, you do have all of the characteristics of a dog Gary, all except loyalty.

There is a definite change in temperature.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
And people like dogs Gary, for the principal reason that they're loyal. So I don't quite know where that leaves you my old son, other than refuckinpuignant...

There is a problem

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Which one was it that kept the four grand from the Clapham job?

Pause

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Don't let me ask again. I would like answers, but I am not in the mood for asking questions, get busy lads, or it's feeding time, oink, oink, know what I mean?

Liam takes a step to the side and moves his eyes in a sideways action implying the guilt lies with Gary. Gary catches this and opens his mouth to protest. One of Brick Tops's henchmen, ERROL, sticks a belt in there as quick as it opens and smashes a bar across Gary's legs, he buckles. The henchman man pulls out a plastic bag and a roll of tape.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D')
You know what to do with that don't you Liam?

CUT TO FIGHTERS. SMALLER FIGHTER IS DISTRACTED.

HARRIS
Don't look for your sake.
POV of Smaller Fighter, we witness Liam putting the bag over Gary's head and tying tape round his neck. Gary tries to resist but it's futile and we vaguely witness the demise of poor Gary.

CUT TO BRICK TOP

BRICK TOP
You're a ruthless cunt Liam, I'll give you that.

Brick Top turns away at this point to admire his fighter.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
But I got no time for grasses.

We cut to see Liam's panic filled eyes. The bar comes down again. Brick Top finds more interest in his fighter.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Feed em to the pigs Errol.

With a short beat.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
He's looking good, Bomber, is he not? How's their man getting on?

We whip pan off Brick Top's boxing ring...

EXT. ANOTHER BACK ALLEY MAKESHIFT BOXING RING - - DAY

...And the whip pan shot takes us into this boxing ring. Meet TURKISH, he is Tommy's partner. Turkish is older and wiser than Tommy, they are both watching Gorgeous go through his paces. Gorgeous George is head butting a heavy punch bag. The sound that emanates is disturbing, and Tommy is distracted.

TOMMY
Is he allowed to do that?

Turkish is drinking milk from a bottle

TURKISH
It's an unlicensed boxing match Tommy, not a tickling competition. These lads are out to hurt each other.

GORGEOUS GEORGE
Oi Turkish, can I have a drink?

Turkish looks over his shoulder and then points to himself

(CONTINUED)
What do I look like to you George, a fuckin water boy?

Turkish looks at the WATER BOY.

Oi son, look lively.

He turns back to Tommy.

He looks to see the remnants of a caravan where they keep the training gear and administration for the fights.

How am I supposed to run this thing from that? We gonna need a proper office.

He looks at the caravan again and sighs, it is quite pitiful.

I want a new one Tommy and you're going to buy it for me.

What's wrong with this one?

Turning back to Tommy and ascending the steps into his "I have seen better days" caravan, Turkish's foot goes through one of the stairs and the door comes off at the hinges as he tries to open it.

Oh nothing Tommy, it's tip top, it's just I am not sure about the colour.

He passes him a piece of paper.

Here it's all arranged. You just gotta pick it up. Here's an address.

Tommy looks at the address and frowns.

It's that campsite.

That's right, you're buying a caravan, caravans live in campsites.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (2).

TOMMY
They aren't pikey are they?

TURKISH
I don't know what they are, all I know is they have a caravan, and we want a Caravan.

TOMMY
I hope they're not pikies. I hate fucking pikies.

TURKISH
You're a sensitive boy, ain't you Tommy? You got ten grand and I want to see change.

He is distracted by the bulge in Tommy's trouser front.

TURKISH (CONT'D)
Fuck me, hold tight, what's that?

TOMMY
It's my Gucci belt, Turkish.

Pointing quite clearly at the gun.

TURKISH
No Tommy, there's a gun in your trousers. What is a gun doing in your trousers?

TOMMY
It's for protection.

TURKISH
Protection from what, the Germans? The war ended fifty years ago. Err what's to stop it blowing your balls off every time you sit down? Where did you get it?

Looking down onto his gun.

TOMMY
Boris the Blade.

TURKISH
You mean Boris the sneaky fucking Russian.

Turkish pulls the gun out of Tommy's front.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

TURKISH (CONT'D)

It’s a bit heavy isn’t it?

He spins the chamber

CUT TO: CU OF GUN CHAMBER

INT. BORIS’S HOUSE -- DAY

CUT TO: CU OF GUN CHAMBER

BORIS

The weight is a sign of reliability.

I always go for reliability.

Boris is showing Franky a large pistol.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

I’ll take it. How much do you want for it?

BORIS

Nothing.

Pause

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

Ok, so what do you want for it?

BORIS

I want you to do something for me.

Franky nods for him to go on.

BORIS (CONT'D)

There is a fight in a couple of days:

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

What kind of a fight?

BORIS

Unlicensed boxing.

The camera tracks into Franky: he has a problem and it’s been exposed.

BORIS (CONT'D)

There is a bookies I know that will take bets. If you place one down for me we will call it quits.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

Why don’t you put it down yourself?

(CONTINUED)
BORIS

Well there isn't too many bookies that take those kind of bets, and I already have an outstanding debt with the house. I know something most don't. Why don't you put a few pounds down yourself?

Frankie shrugs and implies he wants to hear more.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

What do you mean?

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE -- DAY

On the phone.

HANDS

Play the game Doug.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE

DOUG THE HEAD is an east London Jew, about forty five, almost completely bald and proud of it, he sits with his two twin daughters ALEX and SUSI - they look like Prada models but as soon as they open their mouths, it's clear that they aren't, they have extremely rough London accents. Doug is on the phone to Hands.

DOUG

I am playing the game Hands. That's what I'll give ya.

Hands shakes his head in disbelief.

HANDS

You gotta haggle fairly Doug, otherwise it'll make your hair fall out you'll see.

DOUG

You know I won't buy poop.

HANDS

He isn't selling poop.

DOUG

Listen if the stones are kosher then I'll by em. Now I gotta business, to run.

He puts the phone down.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DOUG (CONT'D)
That was my cousin Hands, Have I told you about my cousin Hands?

ALEX
Yes Dad, you have.

DOUG
He's an important fella.

SUSI, .
Yes Dad, you told us.

ALEX
Is that a prawn sandwich you're eating?

Doug looks mildly embarrassed

DOUG
Is it?

ALEX
You're Jewish Dad.

DOUG
Yes. I was last time I looked.

ALEX
Well you can't eat shell fish, Dad, it's against your persuasion.

DOUG
What persuasion myself or the prawns belongs to is not the issue, the issue is how a fuckin shrimp managed to sneak in to my sandwich.

Pause.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Sneaky bastards.

He throws the half eaten sandwich out the window.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKIES -- DAY

We cut to an enormous and frightening looking dog sniffing the half eaten prawn sandwich, before he is yanked away by his master. The dog is a lively young thing. We raise the camera to see the man that is walking it. Meet VINNY. Vinny is a very large black man - the size is due to dumplings not dumbbells. He stops outside a shop. We see it clearly. It's a pawnbrokers.
VINNY
Move it, come on move it.

Vinny enters the pawn shop.

INT. PAWN BROKERS -- DAY

Meet SOL, who's behind the counter, Vinny's partner in the pawn shop. He's concentrating on the deal at hand with BAD BOY LINCOLN and has a stone-inspecting monocle to his eye.

VINNY
Alright Sol, Lincoln.

They are in deep discussion and only Lincoln responds.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
Vin.

SOL
It's a mosinite.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
A whatinnite?

SOL
No, a mosinite.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
How much a night?

SOL
No, a fuckin mosinite. It's the updated zirconia.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
Enough of bosinites and mosonias, talk English to me Sol?

SOL
Zirconias are artificial diamonds, they look pretty good to the novice like you Lincoln. But you could break them with a hammer, so they came up with mosinites.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
What are you saying?

SOL
I am saying it's worth fuck all.

Lincoln's face drops

( CONTINUED)
BAD BOY LINCOLN

Fuck what?

SOL

It's worth more than fuck what, but not a lot more.

VINNY

We have told you before Lincoln, you stick to being a gangster and leave this game to me and Sol.

Sol looks round properly at Vin and can see that he's accompanied by a dog.

SOL

What's that Vince?

VINNY

Err, it's a dog Sol.

SOL

Where do you think you're going with that Vince? You can't bring that thing in here.

VINNY

It's in here, what's the problem, it's only a dog.

SOL

I know full fucking well what it is Vin. Where did you get it?

VINNY

Those gypsies, they threw it in with a load of moody gold.

Sol considers this and decides it can't be all bad.

SOL

It better not be dangerous.

VINNY

Does it look dangerous?

SOL

Yes, it fucking does Vin. If it so much as farts it's out.

VINNY

If it farts we'll all be out.
Vin turns around and runs into Boris, who's entered the shop without making a noise.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Jesus, where did you come from?
BORIS
Uzbekistan.
VINNY
Oi Sol, Boris is here.
SOL
Boris, what's up?
BORIS
I have a job for you.
SOL
Go on.
BORIS
I want you to hold up a bookies.
SOL
How high do you want us to hold it? Steady on George. We deal in jewellery Boris, we don't hold up bookies.

We can hear Vinny in the background
BORIS
Hear me out. This one is different.

INT. TOMMY'S VAN -- DAY

Tommy is driving down a country lane with Gorgeous George in the passenger seat.
TOMMY
Don't you worry Gorgeous, he's a big man granted but you gotta bigger punch than Judy.

Cut to a caravan camp site comes into view. It's the PIKEY ENCAMPMENT.

GORGEous GEORGE
Jesus what's that?
TOMMY
That's what we are looking for.
It's a camp site. It's a pikey campsite.

Ten points.

What are we doing here?

We are buying a caravan.

Off a pack of fucking pikies? What's wrong with you? This'll get messy.

Not if you're here.

Oh fuck off Tommy you never said anything about pikies.

Calm down, we are buying and then we are off.

Oh you bastard, I hate fuckin pikies.

They arrive in the camp site and the car is immediately surrounded by kids. The kids (most of whom are on bikes) speak with a sort of Anglo-Irish mix that sounds as rough as the kids look.

That's a flash car Mister.

Not as flash as your bike though is it?

Who you looking for?

Mr O'Neill.

Do you want me to go and get him?

Good lad.
There is a pause, the boy doesn't move.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Well are you going to go and get him?

KID 1
Yeah.

There is another pause.

TOMMY
Well what are you waiting for?

KID 1
The five quid you are going to pay me.

Chuckling.

TOMMY
Oh fuck off, I'll find him myself.

KID 1
Two fifty.

TOMMY
You can have a quid.

KID 1
Oh you're a tight fucker aren't ya?

A man shouts from the background. He's a young fella with a hard but friendly face (when he smiles). He's covered in grease and facial hair, and his trousers are done up with string. But he's wearing a Cartier watch and Gucci shoes, and a large gold identity bracelet. This is MICKY O'NEILL.

MICKY
What are you doing Paul? Get out of the way boy. Are you Tommy, have you come about the caravan?

TOMMY
Mr O'Neill?

MICKY
Fuck man, call me Micky.

Micky comes up to the car, cleaning his grease covered hands with a hand towel.

TOMMY
How are ya?

(CONTINUED)
MICKY
I am well sir, well, quite well, the weather is being kind to us but the engines aren't.

Gorgeous George steps out of the car. Micky takes a step back.

MICKY (CONT'D)
Fuck me, would you look at the size of him, Jesus man how big are you? Hey kids how fucking big is he?

KID 2
He's a big man that's for sure.

MICKY
Would you look at the size of his muscles? And then look at the size of his fists. Hey Mum, come and look at the size of this fella.

The kids start to feel his arms. Gorgeous George plays the game and raises the kids on his biceps. Micky's MUM comes out to see.

MICKY (CONT'D)
Would you look at the strength of the man? I bet you can box a little can't you sir? You look like a boxer.

MUM
Get out of the way Micky and see if the fellas would like a drink.

TOMMY
I could murder one.

MUM
There won't be any murdering done around here, I don't mind telling ya.

MICKY
Would the big fella like a cup of tea?

MUM
Don't be silly Micky, a man didn't get that size from drinking cups of tea. Offer the man a Guinness boy.

KID 2
Lift me up would you Mister?

(CONTINUED)
KID 3

I bet you can't lift us both at the same time.

Tommy and Gorgeous follow Micky who's walking past a kennel. The dogs are in good condition, and are happy as you like to see. Micky stops and gives one of them a stroke.

MICKY

Good dogs, do you like dogs?

TOMMY

Sure, yeah, I like dogs. I like caravans more.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR

We open on Vinny's dog, now sitting in a car, it's breathing heavily and doesn't look well, and Sol doesn't see the funny side of the dog sitting next to him. The man driving is called TYRONE: he's a white guy who thinks he's black. Vin is also in the car.

TYRONE

I don't want him dribbling on my seats man.

SOL

Give him another of those biscuits. They shut him up.

VINNY

They give him wind.

Tyrone turns round to complain, and narrowly misses a car.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Hey watch the road! Fuck me, you want this man to drive us Sol? Can you drive mate?

SOL

No Vin, he can't tell the difference between a steering wheel and a man on the moon. That's why I got him.

Sol gives the dog another biscuit.

TYRONE

Don't you worry about me, jus worry about the dog on my seats man!

Tyrone gets out of the car to put some petrol in.

( CONTINUED)
VINNY
Sol why's he talking like a black man?

SOL
I don't know Vin. Oi Tyrone, Vin wants to know why you talk like a black man?

TYRONE
Roots and ting, seen?

Sol and Vin raise their eyebrows.

VINNY
Roots and what?

SOL
I don't know. You get that gun from Boris?

VINNY
Got it. It wasn't exactly what I was expecting, mind. Mean looking bastard though, that's for sure.

Sol unzips a bag. Inside is a ridiculously powerful shotgun.

SOL
What's that?

VINNY
It's a shotgun Sol.

SOL
It's a fuckin anti-aircraft gun Vin. What are you planning on shooting, the angels out of the clouds? That's gonna raise more than pulses.

VINNY
It will raise hell my old son.

SOL
I don't think I really want to see hell Vin. What's wrong with a normal gun?

VINNY
The are psychological advantages to a gun that looks like it can perforate the moon.

(CONTINUED)
Tyrone gets into the car, starts it up again and puts some money in the car wash machine.

SOL
Can you get this fuckin dog to stop dribbling on me?

Vin pulls the dog back.

SOL (CONT'D)
I worry about you Vin, Jesus, talk about overkill. One look at a crack desperate brother and you could wave a knife and fork around, and I am sure they would lick the salt of your scrotum.

The car wash starts.

VINNY
What the fuck are you doing?

TYRONE
I never do a job unless I have a clean car, I like to make my wheels look crisp.

VINNY
Are you serious,? You're a getaway driver, you're not here to show your fuckin car off.

The machine starts. They do the windows up and that point the dog lets out a fart. The water starts to hit the windshield so they can't undo the windows. There is more an atmosphere of disbelief than of concrete anger.

16   EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE

Gorgeous George fastens the caravan to the back of their Land Rover and pulls away. They wave at Micky and he reciprocates.

MICKY
He's a good dog. He'll get a little homesick for a while but he'll get over it.

Tommy has a dog that looks distressed about leaving Micky sitting next to him.
INT. CAR -- DAY

TOMMY
I don't know what all your fuss was about. They aren't bad fellas.

Just then the wheels of the caravan come straight off and the caravan is dragged until the car comes to a sudden stop. The dog jumps out the window and goes bounding back to the campsite.

EXT. CARAVAN -- DAY

They are looking at the damage. Of course it's completely useless now.

. GORGEOUS GEORGE
I don't think it's supposed to have done that.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE -- DAY

The dog is behind Micky's legs happy to be back.

MICKY
The deal was you bought it how you saw it.

Tommy goes to interrupt but he doesn't get a chance

MICKY (CONT'D)
Look, I have helped ya as much as I am gonna help ya. You still got a car and I suggest you use it before you're not welcome anymore.

There is a silence for a while. The atmosphere has gone more than frosty and a few more gypsies are hanging around.

GORGEOUS GEORGE
Hey...

Interrupted

MICKY
It was only a question of time before you got some attention. Nobody brings a fella the size of you unless they are trying to say something without talking.

TOMMY
Just give us my money and you can keep your caravan.
Why the fuck do I want a caravan that's got no fuckin' wheels? I am not going to do that.

Gorgeous George steps forward.

Where the fuck do you think you're going? You want to settle this with a fight?

You'll do no such thing Michael. You'll...

Alright Mum, we shan't, we'll settle it some other way, now don't get upset.

I won't have you fighting, Micky.

Micky's Mum is getting upset and it's consequently upsetting Micky.

Okay mum okay. You need to sit down.

Micky calls to one of the lads standing by.

Darren look after Mum. Get her sitting down.

We see Mum being led out by Darren; Micky looks genuinely concerned for his mum. Pause as Micky waits for her to be well gone.

I'll fight you for it.

Tommy looks at Gorgeous George. Gorgeous George raises his eyebrows.

The two fighters start pacing. It looks a bit ridiculous, Micky is dwarfed by comparison. Gorgeous George takes a swipe: it was an impressive punch, but Micky is a quick little bastard and sidesteps. Micky does nothing to retaliate; his hands are still by his side.
Gorgeous George lunges out and grabs Micky by the throat and groin, picks him up like a sack of spuds and throws him against the car door. All eyes are on Micky for a second or two, then he rises and appears little bothered by this, he gets up brushes himself off and starts to pace again, hardly even looking at the big man.

GORGEOUS GEORGE
You want to stay down my friend, I promise you, you want to stay down.

Micky ignores this and continues to pace, the big fella grabs him and puts him in a headlock and charges him into the stable door. There is a terrible noise.

GORGEOUS GEORGE (CONT'D)
Now you fucking stay down boy or you won't be coming up next time.

It appears as though this is going to get messy and any humour that might have been around has now evaporated. Micky raises his head there is still no damage to speak of. All of a sudden he starts jumping up and down like he's warming up, throwing a few shadow punches, taking off his shirt. This reveals a heavily tattooed and scarred torso, and underneath these embellishments is a physique that warrants some respect.

GORGEOUS GEORGE (CONT'D)
This is sick. I am outta here.

MICKY -
You're not going anywhere my friend.
You stay until the job is done.

Micky starts pacing, and throwing out a couple of shadow punches with his back to Gorgeous George, he still hasn't really acknowledged his opponent. Gorgeous George moves in for the coup de grace, Micky spins on his feet and catches the big man under the jaw.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN: We see Gorgeous George lying on the floor with a head the size of a watermelon. There is blood streaming out of every orifice in his head - he's in big trouble. We are in slow motion; there's a lot of activity going on around the body on the floor, their mouths are open but we can't hear what they are saying, all we can hear is the voice over given by Tommy.

TOMMY (V.O.)
This isn't good, if George doesn't wake up in the next few minutes I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
TOMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
have a problem. I am scared, really fuckin scared. There is something coldblooded and practical about what these people are thinking. They will pop me like a hot sausage if George doesn't wake up. Why do they want to go to the trouble of explaining why a man died in a campsite? These people don't exist in society, you can't find them, they live under their own laws and ignore everybody else's. I am scared, I am really fuckin scared.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE 1 -- DAY

We see Turkish with a somewhat serious expression on his face he has his customary pint of milk on one side, he takes a sip and "ohhhs" and "arrrs" for a while.

TURKISH
So you're telling me he would have run you through if Gorgeous hadn't woken up?

TOMMY
No, his Mum stopped it. If his Mum hadn't turned up, well, I'd be pikey fuckin sausages.

TURKISH
What were you thinking of? Why the fuck did you put Gorgeous George into a bare knuckle boxing match two days before he had to fight the Bomber?

TOMMY
He was half his size.

He pantomimes a man that would reach his navel

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I didn't expect him to get hurt.

TURKISH
You put the man into a bare knuckle boxing match.

He raises his voice
What the fuck did you expect? A grease down and a shiatsu?

Who took the jam out of your donut?

You took the fuckin jam out of my donut Tommy, you did.

You said get a good deal so...

Tell me the correlation between a hospitalized boxer and a good deal?

Pause there is no correlation as Tommy knows.

How are we going to explain to Brick Top that his fight isn't going to happen?

We replace the fighter.

Oh what, and hope he doesn't notice? And who the fuck are we going to replace him with?

John "The Gun?" Or "Mad Fist" Willy?

You're not exactly Mr Current Affairs, are you Tommy? Mad Fist went mad, and the "Gun" shot himself.

What about Clam Hand Tony?

Got his fingers caught in the till. He's no good to anyone.

Why not?
A bare knuckle boxer isn't a lot of good without any fuckin knuckles, Tommy.

Pause for thought, then Turkish has the look of a man that has come across a really bright idea.

Jesus!

What?

Let's use the fuckin pikey.

Doug the Head and Franky Four Fingers are doing a deal. Doug has a case open and is admiring a couple of stones.

From Russia with love. You interested?

I told you I was interested.

Hold tight Franky, when in Rome.

I am not in Rome Doug, I am in a rush.

He looks at his watch

I gotta make the bookies.

Bookies? What you betting on?
CONTINUED:

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
Some guy called Bomber Harris.

DOUG
The unlicensed boxer? You know something I don't?

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
Maybe.

Doug raises his eyebrows

DOUG
You get busy Franky. Put a couple of hundred down for me.

23 INT. PIKEY ENCAMPMENT -- DAY

TURKISH
What do you say?

MICKY
How much you going to pay us?

TOMMY
Ten k.

MICKY
I lose more than that running for the bus. I'll do it for a caravan.

TURKISH
A what?

MICKY
No a caravan.

TOMMY
A what?

MICKY
You are sitting in one if that makes things easier. I want a top caravan.

TOMMY
It was us that wanted a caravan. Anyway what's wrong with this one?

MICKY
It's not for me, it's for me Mum.

24 INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Doug is on the phone to Hands.

(CONTINUED)
DOUG
I overpaid Hands, I want you to recognize charity when it's offered.

HANDS
Do shut up, where is he now?

DOUG
I don't know Hands, I'm not his mother. But I am seeing him later.

HANDS
When?

DOUG
He wants cash so he's coming back after he has been to a fight.

There is a serious expression of alarm on Hands's face - the camera crashes in.

HANDS
What do you mean a fight, you mean a boxing match? Is there gambling involved?

DOUG
It's a boxing match Hands.

Hands isn't happy.

HANDS
Did he have a case with him?

DOUG
Yes.

HANDS
And he's gone gambling? That's Franky "I have a problem with gambling" fuckin Four Fingers, you are talking about Doug.

DOUG
What am I, telepathic?

HANDS
Franky is good at buying stones Doug but he's a fuckin liability when it comes to gambling. That has cost me. So in turn, it's cost him. He gets distracted and chopping off a digit seems to focus his attention.

(CONTINUED)
DOUG
How much can he lose?

Hands pulls a face like "what kind of a stupid question is that?" He then starts to shout

HANDS
I'll not forgive you Doug, I am coming over, get me that car.

The phone is slammed down.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE --
We see the undercarriage of Concorde taking off.

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB --
Tommy and Turkish walk into a pub and approach the BARMAN. They reach the bar.

TURKISH
We are here to see Brick Top.

The barman looks them up and down a bit. He's not doing anything.

BARMAN
I am very busy at the moment.

TURKISH
I am not asking you to break sweat, I am asking you to call Brick Top.

BARMAN
Who?

TURKISH
Brick Top.

BARMAN
Never heard of him.

TURKISH
Well make a call and see if someone else has. Say it's Turkish.

The barman looks bothered by the fact he has to move but wanders off. Turkish looks at the pool table.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TURKISH (CONT'D)

You know what he's done to people on that pool table?

They both give the table an eyeball.

TOMMY

What, potted more balls than any other player? What else can you do to people on a pool table?

TURKISH

Quite a fuckin' lot if you nail 'em to it.

TWO HEAVY LOOKING FELLAS appear out of the woodwork.

HEAVY FELLA

You Turkish?

TURKISH

Yup. -

HEAVY FELLA

Follow me.

The heavy fella opens up the bar and beckons Turkish and Tommy through. They go through another door and the corridor turns into a mass of dogs barking, snarling and whining in cages. The mood is sinister...they reach another door, they open up and we are introduced to a dog fight. A load of HEAVY GEEZERS are commenting on the performance of the dogs, one dog is being carried out by a single leg, it's covered in blood. Another dog is left in the ring, it too is covered in blood but it's survived.

TURKISH

They can charm the paint off walls these fellas.

INT. BACK OF PUB - DOG FIGHT -- NIGHT

A circle of blunt faces are exchanging money with one another. A few faces turn round to examine Tommy and Turkish, they frown slightly but carry on about their business once they see they are accompanied by the muscle.

The heavy walks over to Brick Top. The heavy taps him on the shoulder and whispers. He acknowledges, and gives his drink to the heavy. He walks over. There is a cage next to Brick Top which has a pit bull in, and Brick Top who is carrying a cane pokes it through the cage doors. The dog snarls back.
BRICK TOP
Look mean now you hairy fucker won't ya?

He looks at the appalled faces of Turkish and Tommy.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Shits itself when you put it in the ring, but poke it with a stick and watch his bollocks grow. You like a dog fight, Turkish?

TURKISH
I like my dog to growl at the post man.

BRICK TOP
Gorgeous ready for tonight?

TURKISH
We don't have a Gorgeous anymore.

Brick Top turns round and indicates that he would like the noise around him to drop. It does marginally.

BRICK TOP
You're going to have to repeat that.

TURKISH
We have lost Gorgeous George.

Brick Top turns round again at the already subdued crowd, he doesn't raise his voice but the crowd reacts.

BRICK TOP
I said keep the noise down...

A tangible silence between the men reflects Brick Top's authority.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Well, where did you lose him? He isn't a set of fuckin car keys is he? And it's not as though he is inconspicuous is it?

TURKISH
I am not backing out.

BRICK TOP
You can bet your bollocks to a barn dance you're not backing out.
CONTINUED: .(2)

TOMMY
We are changing the fighter.

Brick Top wasn't expecting anything out of Tommy.

BRICK TOP
Oh fuck me your lady friend has got a voice. And who might you be changing him to, sweetheart?

TURKISH
You won't know him.

Pause: a look of you're kidding comes over his face.

BRICK TOP
Are you taking the piss?

TURKISH
No, there was an accident.

BRICK TOP
I'll show you a fuckin accident.

TURKISH
You've still got your fight.

BRICK TOP
No, I lose all bets at the bookies. You can't change fighters at the last minute, so no, I don't have my fight do I, you fuckin prat!

TOMMY
You could take bets at the fight.

BRICK TOP
Put a lead on her Turkish, Before she gets bitten.

Pause

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Make sure your man goes down in the fourth. You're on thin fuckin ice my pedigree chums and I'll be there if it breaks.

EXT. BOOKIES
The black guys pull up in Tyrone's car outside the bookies Vin is playing with the dog in the back.
SOL
I am not happy about that dog Vin, you can't bring a dog on a job.

VINNY
You can't leave him on his own, not to begin with, he gets homesick.

SOL
Homesick, for fucks sake.

VINNY
He does. If he gets the chance he runs back to the gypsies' campsite.

SOL
Ohh shut up, how can he find it?

VINNY
I don't know Sol, I am not a dog. Ask him. It's like he's got a fuckin homing beacon. Give him the chance and he's off.

SOL
You're going soft Vin? Here pass me a sandwich.

Vin throws a sandwich to Sol but the dog catches it whilst it's in flight and swallows it in one gulp.

SOL (CONT'D)
Jessssus, he didn't even chew it.

The car has stopped.

VINNY
What have you stopped here for? What's wrong with that space?

TYRONE
It's too tight.

VINNY
What are you talking about, tight? You could land a jumbo fuckin jet in there.

SOL
Leave him alone, he's a natural.

Tyrone gets a little over-excited with the accelerator and reverses with a crashing sound into the rear of the van behind them (ie it's parked back to back with them).
VINNY
A natural fuckin idiot. Tyrone, what have you done?

TYRONE
Look, you hassle me, see what happens.

Tyrone makes to move the van forward again.

VINNY
Well don't move it now, otherwise people will see the damage. What did you do that for?

TYRONE
I didn't see it there.

VINNY
Eh? It's a four ton truck. It's not as though it's a ferret fuckin a flea is it?

TYRONE
It was at a funny angle.

Vin is confused as to this last statement.

VINNY
Funny angle? It was behind you. Tyrone, whenever you reverse things come from behind you. I am not happy.

- The dog starts whining.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Give him something to shut him up.

Sol throws a plastic squeaky dog ball that was in the front. The dog grabs in and swallows it in one gulp. The brothers look on in shock.

SOL
He can't swallow a whole ball.

TYRONE
He swallowed it.

The dog looks up having completed the task. Vin who looks quite alarmed holds the dog by the ribs and squeezes, there is a squeak.
Doug and Alex are waiting to pick up Hands.

DOUG
Did you get Hands that car?

ALEX
I got him one like it.

Doug is in shock.

DOUG
What do you mean one like it?

ALEX
I got him the Volante.

DOUG
What did I say? What exactly did I say?

ALEX
You said get him the Vantage.

DOUG
That's right. I clearly said get him the Vantage. So why did you get the Volante?

ALEX
Because they look the same.

DOUG
The Septuagint scholars mistranslated the Hebrew word for "young woman" into the Greek word for "virgin", because they thought they looked the same, coming up with the prophecy "behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son". But there is a world of difference between a virgin and a young woman like there is between a Volante and a fuckin Vantage.

.PAUSE: she thinks about this.

ALEX
Are you saying that the fact that your cousin Hands is driving a Valiant instead of a Vantage is a profound mistake as a whole religion?

DOUG
Yes I fuckin am!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DOUG (CONT'D)

Cars are his religion. He can drive a Valiant in the States but I can't drive a Vantage because they won't tolerate the emissions. Well, it's too late now, that's Concorde.

SHOT OF CONCORDE'S WHEELS TOUCHING DOWN

30 EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Hands and his sidekick Rosebud are coming out of the sliding glass doors towards Doug who's now standing by the car with his arms crossed. Hands is quite clearly looking for a car.

DOUG

How about a hug for your old cousin Doug?

He stops looking for his car and focuses on Doug.

HANDS

Fuck off you fat bald bastard - and where's my car?

31 EXT. BOOKIES

The black guys are sitting in the car still. The occasional squeak comes from the dog.

VINNY

How am I going to get it out?

SOL

He'll probably cough it up.

VINNY

Do you think he'll be alright?

Sol shrugs.

SOL

Hope not.

TYRONE

What are we waiting for?

SOL

We are waiting for a man carrying a case.

TYRONE

Why?

( CONTINUED)
Because the deal is that we give the Russian the case and we keep the money.

He rubs his fingers symbolically together

TYRONE

What's in the case?

Sol turns round to talk to Tyrone.

SOL

Fuckin 'ell Tyrone you ask a lot of questions. You concentrate on the driving okay?

He turns back just as a MAN is stepping into the bookies: he is carrying a case.

SOL (CONT'D)

Shit, was that him?

VINNY

Don't ask me, you're the one supposed to keep an eye on it. How many fingers did he have?

SOL

Are you serious? I am sorry but I couldn't get the binoculars out in time.

VINNY

Well let's not stand on ceremony, let's start the show.

They get out of the van and go up to the bookies, leaving Tyrone in the van. There's a double set of glass doors. Sol pushes them open, and Vinny walks in first, while Sol hangs back with the shotgun.

INT. BOOKIES -- DAY

Inside is the MAN with the case, busy filling in a slip, and TWO CLERKS behind the betting counter. Vinny doesn't mince around and goes straight to the counter, where the HEAD CLERK PAULINE, comes up to help.

PAULINE

Yes sir, how can I help?

( CONTINUED)
VINNY
You can start by giving me all your money.

PAULINE
Does Sir know who this bookies belongs to?

VINNY
It belongs to me now.

Vinny then leans over the counter to get menacing. Pauline looks more than a little concerned

VINNY (CONT'D)
If you know what's good for...

He is cut short, as Pauline triggers a button under the counter and a security screen comes flying up at a very rapid rate of knots protecting all the counters. This has the unfortunate consequence of taking Vinny with it. Poor Vin is shot straight to the ceiling, all we can see is half a body and his desperately searching for ground legs. Needless to say this leaves Sol in a bit of a bewildered state. He's looking the wrong way at the critical moment and is left wondering what happened, not having seen Vince impaled on the ceiling. Sol extracts the enormous shotgun.

SOL
Vince? Vince??

He spins round looking for his colleague. A muffled noise tells him to look up.

SOL (CONT'D)
What are you doing Vince? And what the fuck are you doing up there?

A few groans emanate from the other side of the counter. Sol panics some more, and decides that emergency action is called for.

SOL (CONT'D)
I have got your man out here. If you don't put down the screen I'll blow his fucking head off! You hear me?

PAULINE (O.S.)
I don't care, you can do what you like he's not related to me.

SOL
You think you can try me?

(CONTINUED)
Sol raises the gun and fires into the side of the wall. There's an enormous explosion and a clear hole is made in the side of the wall. The powerful kick from the gun also makes Sol momentarily airborne.

EXT. BLACK GUYS' VAN -- DAY

We see Tyrone grimace at the sound of the shotgun.

INT. BOOKIES -- DAY

Sol pulls himself together and marches up to the hole in the wall that the shot created and pokes the gun through.

SOL
Drop the screen now! You just seen what it did to this wall so think what it could do to you.

Pauline knows she has lost this one and looks genuinely scared.

PAULINE
(to the other clerk)
Do it... I said do it.

The screen comes down with a thud. This means that Vince comes down with just as serious a thud. He lets out another groan.

SOL
How you doing Vince?

A weakened voice retorts.

VINNY
How do I look like I am doing you fucking idiot? I would be doing a lot better if you would stop using my name.

Consolded that his colleague is not dead it's back to business for Sol. He raises the gun and pulls his fiercest face.

SOL
Now fill this bag.

PAULINE
All bets are off.

SOL
I am not here to make a fuckin bet.
PAULINE
All bets are off.

SOL
Are you fuckin stupid? I don't care if the fuckin bets are off. I want...

PAULINE
If all bets are off then there can't be any money, can there?

There is a pause. Sol knows he's fucked. She points to a black board that clearly states "ALL BETS ARE OFF"

SOL
I ain't buying that.

PAULINE
I ain't fuckin selling it, it's a fact!

Pause

SOL
Well, what have you got?

PAULINE
Nothing, I mean we got a few coins but no notes.

VINNY
Can we just get out of here please. I am not feeling too funny.

Sol's temper does have a limit.

SOL
Well I am not feeling too fucking funny myself, let me tell you!

Sol points at the man on the floor who is carrying the case.

SOL (CONT'D)
Let me see your hands.

The man holds his hands up. He has got a perfect set of five fingers on both hands. Sol puts his head in his hands. Pauline and the other clerk put two bags full of coins on the counter. Sol picks them up and frowns, he's not happy with a bag full of change. He puts his gun down and starts to rifle through the bag. Pauline can see Vinny's pistol on the counter, dropped after his encounter with the screen.
Copper coins? What do you mean copper fuckin coins?

Pauline sees her opportunity and grabs the pistol. Sol goes for it too, but he's beaten to it. Sol ducks, pulling Vince with him. Pauline lets out a series of shots in their direction, Sol counter blasts over the top of the counter. The security screen comes flying back up.

VINNY
Get me out of here now Sol.

Vinny does sound convincingly desperate.

SOL
We're going Vin.

He grabs the bag of copper coins, grabs Vince and marches towards the double doors. They open the first set and then they try to open the second. They push the door nothing happens. There is no going back. Sol starts to kick the glass door, but it doesn't budge. With panic rising swiftly, Sol doesn't fuck around he takes aim with the handgun and fires, the bullet shatters the glass but it doesn't break through, and the bullet now ricochets off both glass doors shattering bullet-proof glass all around them. Vinny's panic filled eyes attempt to follow its trajectory. Sol is unaware of the ricochet and before Vin has time to warn him, Sol fires another bullet. Now he observes the problem and waits for the inevitable. The bullet tears through the bag of coins, which then empties its contents at Vin's and Sol's feet. Eventually the bullet hits poor Vince in the thigh. Sol sinks to the floor, he has given up. Amongst the yells emanating from Vince we can hear Sol's pathetic and desperate whimpering.

SOL (CONT'D)
No security, eh?

At that point Tyrone appears and pushes the door open. The door was open the whole time only Sol was pushing it the wrong way.

TYRONE
What the fuck are you two doing?

They stumble out into the street. Vinny is in big trouble. They throw him into the van. Just as Sol gets into the back, we hear kicking noises on metal from the van behind. Tyrone pulls out. And the rear doors of the van behind them fly open. Franky Four Fingers appears from the back of this van. He was locked in due to the fact that the black guys' van was blocking his exit.

(CONTINUED)
SOL
Tyrone get us outta here.

Tyrone takes an interest in the man from the van (i.e. Franky) seeing that he's carrying a case and the case is connected to his wrist.

SOL (CONT'D)
I said, get us outta here Tyrone!

EXT. CAESARS PALACE STREATHAM

The Aston Martin comes to a screeching halt outside. Doug is quite pale from the ride. Hands looks almost satisfied with the car.

HANDS
... - - ! gotta say it's not bad.

He then looks at the sign of the rundown venue, his eyes squint incredulously.

HANDS (CONT'D)
Caesar's Palace?

INT. CAESARS PALACE STREATHAM

Doug approaches the entrance.

DOORMAN
Private night tonight chaps.

Doug passes him a ticket. The doorman steps to the side. They continue to walk past several other doorman who all inspect the ticket.

HANDS
Jesus are we ever going to get in there?

DOUG
You gotta understand that this isn't exactly Vegas and it's not exactly legal.

HANDS
I am not looking for Vegas, Doug, I am looking for Franky Four Fingers.

DOUG
Well he said he was going to be here.

(CONTINUED)
If there's gambling involved, he'll be here.

They get nudged aside by an entourage of men coming through.

HANDS (CONT'D)
Hello, who's your man?

Hands points out Brick Top who is being crowded by minders.

DOUG
Horrible bastard, it's his fight, made all his money in.

He touches the side of his nose and inhales.

HANDS
Original.

DOUG
So he doesn't need to do this, but he's got dark taste for fights and blood, he wants to impress London's criminal royalty.

He points out JACK "THE ALL SEEING EYE" and SALT PETER: they are surrounded by heavies.

DOUG (CONT'D)
.. with a tip on when who hits the floor. Any man with veins in his brains knows Brick Top knows the answer.

Cut back to Jack and Salt Pete.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Those boys make Brick top look like a skirt clinging thumb sucker. And if you play with fire...

Cut to a few still shots of atrocities committed by the men in question.

: CUT TO: TURKISH & MICKY

TURKISH
So Michael, you got it clear? It's the fourth round. I'll tap you anyway to let you know when to go down.
CONTINUED: (2)

MICKY
Just make sure the man doesn't kill me before the fuckin fourth.

CUT TO: BRICK TOP & ERROL

BRICK TOP
As long as we keep them happy.

Brick Top nods at Jack and Salt Peter, they nod back.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Make sure they are kept sweet. The last thing I want is them fuckin moaning.

INT. BOXING RING -- NIGHT

REF
In the blue corner I have the young and only unchallenged cutthroat of calamity, meaner than Beelzebub's conscience cleaner. Give it up for the bone crunching one punch machine gun -- Micky.

A murky sound of displeasure emanates round the arena. The audience don't know who he is and don't care either.

REF (CONT'D)
And in the other corner a man that needs no introduction to destruction, the solo warrior of Walthamstow, sometimes known as Buckshot Peter, or sometimes known as the dictator, to the devastator, he put the 'e' in eradicate, the 'o' in obliterate and the 'a' in annihilate, you know this monster of a monster, the sinister prime minister... "Bomber the 'mad man' Harris"!

The audience goes mad. It's hard to tell whether it's out of affectionate enthusiasm or just enthusiasm.

REF (CONT'D)
Now I want a good dirty fight lads, so now it's that time again... Let's... Get ready to rrrrrrummmmmle.

The two come out to fight. Bomber Harris lifts his monster hands to do damage. They pace each other for a second. Then Micky lets one go. <

( CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

It hits Bomber Harris square on the jaw this has the effect of forcing blood out of his ears the man is positively out cold. We crashtrack into various characters' reactions: Brick Top, Turkish and Tommy etc. All are in shock. The ref (who is obviously paid off as well) tries to resuscitate Harris but it's not happening, he catches a look of desperation from one of the villains and is eventually left with little choice but to hold Micky's hand up. We cut to the nasty looking characters that we saw before they have approached with their heavies, and they are obviously not satisfied.

SALT PETER
Thanks for the tip, Brick top.

JACK THE ALL SEEING EYE
I have just said goodbye to forty large because of you, what's the crack?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKIES -- DAY

(NB: the first half of this scene happens about midway scene 28 - as Tyrone parks the van)

We cut back to Frankie Four Fingers getting out of his van. He takes a quick look around and enters the back of his van. There he raises the spare tire and picks up his gun, he examines it and places it in his trouser front. He then turns to exit. At which point there is a loud smash and Franky is knocked backwards (as Tyrone hits his van).

WE CUT TO BLACK.

WE FADE UP

(Time-wise, we're now at the end of scene 34)

Frankie wakes up. He has a trickle of blood dripping down the back of his neck, he looks at his watch and panics. He kicks the doors a couple of times - nothing happens, but on the third kick the doors spring open. Franky brushes himself off and makes his way to the bookies.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKIES -- DAY

We cut to Tyrone. Tyrone clocks the case attached to Franky's wrist. Gets out and slams the end of the gun across Franky Four Fingers' head. He falls to the ground. Tyrone tries to take the case off him but it's handcuffed to his wrist. So he has little choice but to pick him up and throw him in to the back of the car with the other two.
INT. PAWN BROKERS -- DAY

We cut to the black guys trying to open the case. They have Franky's hand up on a desk and are fiddling with the handcuff, whatever they are trying to break in with snaps off. Vinny is frustrated and illustrates his dissatisfaction.

SOL
Where's the Russian?

VINNY
He should be here in a minute. Well get him to open it.

Vinny turns to Franky who has tape over his eyes.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Oi, you, Four Fingers, how are we going to get into your case?

FRANKY THREE FINGERS
If you take the tape off my eyes I'll tell you.

SOL
What do you need the tape off your eyes for? You talk out of them?

VINNY
Just tell us the combination.

FRANKY THREE FINGERS
I can't remember the combination I can only do it if I see it.

Pause

VINNY
You look at us and it's good night.

Vinny takes it off. Franky blinks at the revelation of light. And gets busy opening the case.

SOL
Come on.

He opens it - and it's got about a grand inside.

VINNY
And?

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
And here's the money.

(CONTINUED)
VINNY

I don't believe this. Why are you carrying round a case with this little in it?

Vin turns to Sol and Tyrone who is leaning on the big shotgun. At which point Franky pulls out the gun from the secret compartment in the case.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

Now be a bunch of good fellas and lie down on the floor.

Tyrone goes for the big gun and Franky pulls the trigger. Nothing happens other than a big click, there is silence for a long second and the black guys open their tightly shut eyes.

TYRONE

Whoops.

Tyrone also looks into the case and sees the open secret compartment: this also reveals the stone.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Hello what have we got here?

41 EXT. PAWN BROKERS

Boris is admiring the outside of the shop. He walks in.

42 INT. PAWN BROKERS

Franky is tied up on a stool, in front of him is the case and it's open. Boris waves the black guys to come into the corridor so they can talk without being heard.

BORIS

What are you doing with him?

SOL

The case was attached to his body.

BORIS

So why didn't you chop it off?

Sol looks horrified by the thought.

VINNY

Err, because we didn't. Now Boris we have or rather you have a problem.

BORIS

What?
There wasn't any money there.

Boris pulls out a wad of notes

There's ten grand.

Keep it. We want this, or at least half of this.

Vin holds up the stone: the atmosphere changes.

What was in the case was mine, what was in the bookies was yours, ok there wasn't much but, here's ten large to help the situation.

I am afraid it's too late for that Boris.

He holds up the diamond. Boris' eyes follow him as he walks back into the room where Franky is and puts the diamond back into the case while he's talking and changes the combination.

We want half and that's because we are being generous. We could by rights keep the whole fuckin stone.

Boris grimaces and pulls out a gun from god knows where, and within a second shoots poor Franky in the face. Franky's body disappears off the stool that he was sitting on. The black guys are stunned into silence.

You fuckin idiots. He couldn't know who I am. Now open the case and give me the stone.

The black guys are left with their mouths open, everything just changed gear and they weren't expecting that.

Who's next? You have the ten grand now give me the stone.

The pause continues. Boris lets a shot off that tears worryingly close to Sol's head.
CONTINUED: (2.)

SOL

The only man that knows the combination you just shot.

Boris appears little bothered by this and whips out a four foot machete that he was concealing about his person. He pulls the case towards him and brings the machete down with full force. We can tell by the expression on Tyrone’s face that it must have been some part of Franky’s anatomy. Pointing to the ground:

BORIS

He’s your problem now. You can keep the “ten grand along with the body, but if I see you again...well look at him.

He points to Franky. While he is saying this he bends down and picks up the case from the floor and wraps the severed arm in newspaper. He then walks out of the shop casual as you like.

EXT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE LONDON -- MORNING

Turkish pulls up outside his arcade and has a look around: all seems to be clear.

TURKISH

I ain’t going in the front.

TOMMY

I don’t think it’s a good idea you going in at all.

The car surges off round the back.

TURKISH

Unless you are going to transcendentally extract the passports and cash from out of a steel safe, I can’t see any other way of getting them. Keep your eyes peeled.

Turkish has another look around the back

TURKISH (CONT’D)

Well I can’t see anyone. After I have got in go round the front and call me if you see anything.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE

Turkish lets himself in and walks through. Everything seems to be fine.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He walks into his office, has a quick look around and makes his way to the safe under the floor. He decides to put the kettle on, does so, and his attention is caught by something, he looks at the cups on the side and sees that one is waiting to be made. He stands back and looks at the cupboards he sees that they are all open. Then he sees that the kettle is already boiled.

ERROL
Oink, oink. Where do you keep the sugar?

TURKISH
Shit you scared the life outta me.

JOHN
You wait till you see what the pigs do to you.

TURKISH
What brings you two here, run out of pants to sniff?

ERROL
That's very good Turkish.

JOHN
Very cool Turkish.

TURKISH
Well what do you want?

ERROL
I want two sugars in my tea. What do you want John?

JOHN
I want to see him lying cold and still, but we aren't here for what we want are we Errol?

Errol shakes his head slowly. Turkish's phone rings. They let it ring for a while.

ERROL
Well aren't you going to answer it?

Turkish does.

EXT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE LONDON -- MORNING
Tommy on the phone.
CONTINUED:

TOMMY
Brick Top's just landed, he's walking in the front, I would move it if I were you Turkish...

Turkish puts down the phone

ERROL
What's happening with the tea?

TURKISH
Help yourself. You have to everything else.

ERROL
That sounds like hostility, doesn't it John?

JOHN
Oh we don't like hostility do we, Errol?

EROL
No John we don't, but I am sure he could be pacified, what do you think John? Here you hold his arms, and I'll hold his legs.

In walks Brick Top before the boys have had a chance to get a grip.

TURKISH
Brick Top.

BRICK TOP
Turkish. Got the kettle on?

Turkish adapts to his new circumstances.

TURKISH
You want sugar?

BRICK TOP
No thank you Turkish, I am sweet enough.

TURKISH
If I turn my back am I going to get a hole through it?

BRICK TOP
Don't be silly Turkish, if I wanted you dead would I be talking?...

(MORE)
Carry on. You've provided me with a problem, which you gonna have to remedy. I gotta bare knuckle fight in a couple of days. I want to use the pikey.

TURKISH

Of course.

BRICK TOP

Of course fuckin' of course, I wasn't asking I was telling. But this time I do want him to go down in the fourth. And I do mean it this time.

Pause

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

Now I know you, came back. to. open your safe, so now you can open it.

There is nothing Turkish can do.

EXT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE

Brick Top exits with Errol and John and grimaces with the light. He's holding the contents of Turkish's safe.

BRICK TOP

He's been a busy little bastard that Turkish.

ERROL

I think you have let him get away with enough already gov.

Brick Top looks round with some concern.

BRICK TOP

It can get you into a lot of trouble thinking Errol, I shouldn't do so much of it. •

Pause as Errol wants the ground to swallow him up.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

Well that takes care of one little piggy, now find me the silly sods that blagged the bookies. Find em today.

FADE OUT:

( CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. PORTACABIN

The film stock is 1970s, and things seem more dated. This is confirmed by the dress of our man TONY. Tony is standing outside a scrap metal yard and he is kicking the door of a portacabin.

TONY

Open up Charlie.

CHARLIE

Fuck off. The only thing I'll open up is you.

TONY

It's lucky you got me Charlie, it could have been one of the other lads, and then think how much trouble you'd be in.

CHARLIE

You come through that door and you'll be going out prostrate.

TONY

It doesn't belong to you Charlie.

He kicks open the door. CHARLIE is standing behind his desk holding a pistol directly at Tony. On the table is a bag of what we must believe is coke, it's open, and Charlie has it all over his nose.

TONY (CONT'D)

You silly fucker, you can't go running off with other people's gear. How much you put up your nose?

Charlie opens up, he fires four shots straight into Tony who buckles and falls to the floor. Tony seems only shaken and he holds his hands out to inspect them, he's bleeding.

TONY (CONT'D)

Oh you silly cunt.

Tony stands and walks towards Charlie. Charlie is understandably shocked and fires another. It goes straight through Tony and we see the blood hit the wall behind.

CHARLIE

Go down-boy, go down.

( CONTINUED)
Tony keeps going for him. Charlie raises the gun and points it at Tony's face and fires the last shot. The bullet goes straight into his mouth but it went in at an angle and it exits his cheek. Tony is standing there with six bullet holes in him and bleeding all over the carpet. As he talks blood courses its way down his front and a strong lisp is frustrating the words.

TONY
Ohh you'f i n t wou bl e nowf.

Tony slowly extracts a short sword from behind him. Fear has set into Charlie's face and has rendered him useless.

FADE IN:

INT. VANTAGE

The car comes to a halt again.

HANDS
They, have only made forty this year. You could find the maker of this engine's signature on the engine. But you can't find me Franky.

DOUG
No i t's true. I ca n't f ind'h im, but I know a man that can.

Cut to a shot of Hands encouraging him to continue.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Tony. Bullet Tooth Tony. He'll find Franky for you.

HANDS
Who's he?

Susi interrupts.

SUSI
•What is he?' Would be a more appropriate question.

Doug frowns at Susi, but continues.

DOUG
He's the best chance you have of finding Franky.

( CONTINUED)
SUSI
He has upset every bad boy in town, at some point, or another but nobody's got the nuts to knock him off because they aren't sure whether you can kill the bastard.

HANDS
You really think he can find him?

SUSI
He'll find you Moses and the burning bush if you pay him to.

HANDS
Okay let's get hold of him.

DOUG
Firstly you gotta understand he's a little strange.

HANDS
He could swing from trees wearing rubber dresses as far as I am concerned, all I care about is whether he can find Franky.

INT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE -- DAY

Turkish and Tommy pull up outside the pikey camp. Micky's Mum is sitting in her chair surrounded by kids.

MUM
They're very nice Tommy. Thank you.

Tommy has produced a bunch of flowers from somewhere. Turkish finds this a great surprise.

TURKISH
Where did they come from? You're a snake in the grass Tommy.

MUM
You looking for Micky?

TURKISH
'Do you know where I can find him?

MUM
Yes.

Pause

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

**TURKISH**
Well would you like to share that information with me Ms O'Neill?

**MUM**
I don't want you getting my boy into any trouble you hear me? He's my only boy and he's a good boy.

**MUM (CONT'D)**
He's coursing, he's a couple of fields that way.

Pause

**TOMMY**
What's coursing?

50 INT. CAR

**TURKISH**
Hare coursing. The gypsies can't get enough of it.

**TOMMY**
What the fuck's a hare?

**TURKISH**
It's a big rabbit.

**TOMMY**
Why don't they call em big rabbits then?

**TURKISH**
Because they call em hares.

Tommy shrugs.

**TOMMY**
So what's coursing?

**TURKISH**
They set two lurchers, they are dogs before you ask, on a hare, that's the big rabbit. And the hare has to outrun the dogs.

**TOMMY**
What happens if he doesn't?

**TURKISH**
Well the big rabbit gets fucked doesn't it?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
Tommy looks a taken aback by this statement.

TOMMY
Come on, what, proper fucked?

TURKISH
Yeah before the Germans get there
Tommy. How can a dog fuck a rabbit?...eh? If eats the bastard.

EXT. SEEDY STREET
Errol is curb crawling down a particularly seedy street in a car with John. They come to a halt, at the feet of some touter.

ERROL
Excuse me mate, d'ya know Mullet?

The man looks a little 'further down the street. Errol follow his eyes, squints and seems to focus on something.

ERROL (CONT'D)
Cheers pal.

Errol puts on the gas a little-, the car surges forward and slows at the feet of Mullet - seedy looking character with big ears and a moody haircut, who smokes fat cheap cigars and wears his top shirt button fastened.

MULLET
Errol, John. Alright chaps? How's the gov'nor?

ERROL
Very well Mullet, I am sure he'll be flattered you inquired.

MULLET
Yeah let him know that I asked.

JOHN
We'll be sure to. Now come on Mullet what have you got for us about the gov'nor's bookies?

MULLET
I did find something out as it happens, I knew a driver who was grafting that day.

ERROL
Don't stop with the foreplay.

( CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MULLET
White geezer, bit of a bounty.

EROL
Eh?

MULLET
Bounty, black on the outside, white on the inside.

JOHN
Go on.

MULLET
He was doing a job for a couple of brothers in Smith Street. I think it was a pawn shop.

JOHN
Porn as in filthy dirty?

MULLET
Pawn as in I have run out of money and here's my wedding ring.

ERROL
Good boy Mullet.

EXT. FIELD
Turkish and Tommy have found Micky who is in the middle of a field and is betting on with various dodgy characters.

TURKISH
Well do you want to do it?

MICKY
That depends.

TURKISH
On what?

MICKY
On you buying this caravan.

He pulls out a catalogue on fancy caravans and points to the picture of the Rolls Royce of caravans.

TURKISH
That's not the same caravan.

MICKY
This isn't the same fight.
Turkish:
It's twice the fuckin size of the last one.

Micky:
The fight is twice the size. And my mum still needs a new caravan.

Turkish:
Micky you are lucky we aren't worm food after your performance, I think buying a tart's mobile palace is a little fuckin rich.

There is a pause while Micky frowns. Turkish looks a little sheepish.

Turkish (CONT'D):
I didn't mean that your mum was a tart. I just meant...

Micky:
Save your breath for cooling your porridge. I'll bet you for it.

Turkish:
What like Tommy did last time? Do me a favour?

Micky:
I'll do you a favour, you have first bet. If I win I get the caravan, if I lose I'll do the fight for free.

Turkish considers this, uneasily. He looks at the dogs they look keen and fit.

Turkish:
Okay, I reckon the hare gets caught.

But he's in. Gypsy Romany Music starts. Cut to slow motion, CU of dogs' enthusiasm, CU of pikeys and their fingers skilfully dealing in money, inhaling cigarettes, etc.

53 INT. CAR --
Slow motion. Errol and John are looking for Tyrone.

54 EXT. FIELD
Slow motion. Cut back to the dogs. The chase starts.
INT. CAR

Slow motion. They see Tyrone, Tyrone starts to run.

EXT. FIELD

Slow motion. The hare sees the dogs and starts to run.

EXT. STREET

Slow motion. They bail Tyrone into the back of a car.

EXT. FIELD

Slow motion. The dogs move out in a pincer movement.

INT. BOOT OF A CAR

Poor Tyrone is bleeding in the boot of a car.

EXT. FIELD

The dogs move in.

EXT. CAR

They bail Tyrone out of the car and into Brick Top's pub. Brick Top is waiting there. Brick Top asks questions. We can't hear what he's asking, but we can see that Tyrone isn't playing the game.

EXT. FIELD

The dogs are moving in.

INT. DOG HOUSE

A door is opened and Tyrone is thrown in. A rabid Neapolitan mastiff pitbull hybrid that is attached to the end of a long pole with a lasso at the other end is brought in, it will quite clearly savage anything in its way.

EXT. FIELD

The hare gets caught and a pile of fur comes up

INT. DOG HOUSE

The dog bites Tyrone in the leg. Tyrone shouts in panic, the music breaks, we come out of slow motion and into real time.

TYRONE

Ok, I'll fuckin tell you.
The hare escapes the jaws of the dogs and is off.

INT. CAR
Turkish is getting into his car.

TOMMY
You're are as mad as mars you are, why did you take that bet? What happens now?

TURKISH
We buy him a caravan Tommy.

TOMMY
There is something very wrong with this, it was us that wanted to buy a caravan off him.

TURKISH
Why didn't you "bus a cap in his ass" then Tommy? Mind you, you would do more damage if you threw it at him.

TOMMY
You saying I can't shoot?

TURKISH
Oh no Tommy I wasn't saying you can't shoot, I know you can't shoot. What I was saying is that six pound piece of shit stuck in your trousers there would do more damage if you fed it to em.

TOMMY
Are you saying it doesn't work?

TURKISH
You tried it?

Tommy frowns

TURKISH- (CONT'D)

That Russian saves the shooters that work for the faces, and I don't want to be the one that breaks it to you Tommy but you ain't a face. Go on try it.

Tommy sticks the gun out the window and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Whoops.

TOMMY

I want to see that sneaky fuckin Russian.

INT. BACK ROOM PAWN BROKERS

Vin and Sol are trying to wrap Franky's body up. Bad Boy Lincoln has been called in to help.

BAD BOY LINCOLN

What happened to him?

SOL

He got shot in the face Lincoln, I would have thought that was obvious.

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Well what do you want me to do about it?

SOL

Sort it out.

BAD BOY LINCOLN

The only way to sort it out is to bring him back to life and I am not a fuckin witch doctor am I?

SOL

Villains are supposed to know how to get rid of bodies.

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Err, yes, but I have never actually got rid of one. Who is he?

SOL

He's a man with a hole in his face Lincoln. Who cares who he is?

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Err well, let's wrap him up.

SOL

What do you want to do that for? He's not a fuckin Christmas present.

INT. CAR

Brick Top is on the phone and Errol and John sit opposite.

( CONTINUED)
Like I said I wasn't giving you a choice. I am telling you that fuckin gypsy has got to fight.

Turkish is on the other end of the phone to Brick Top. Tommy is trying to listen in to what is being said.

I am sorry, but he's a stubborn bastard, he says he's had enough, he says he's got to look after his old mum.

His mum.

Are you taking the piss again?

That's what he said, she's a nice old girl his mum.

You're on thin ice Turkish, and I am going to be there when it breaks.

He puts the phone down and inhales.

Anything for an easy life. That fuckin pikey being difficult. Hello, we here?

We see Errol outside with a glass cutter. He puts it around the door and creates a circle with the sharp side, pulls it out and puts his hand through to kill the alarm. He's in.

You coming John?

Is a trout's head water proof Errol? I wouldn't miss it for the world.
CONTINUED:

ERROL
Get the governor John.

John goes back to the car which is parked down the street. The window slides down.

JOHN
It looks like we are in gov.

BRICK TOP
Oh goodie gum drops. Get us a cup of tea would you Errol?

INT. BACK ROOM PORN BROKERS
Vin, Lincoln and Sol are arguing

SOL
Hold him by his legs.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
What do you think I am holding him by, his fucking ears?

The interconnecting door opens slowly.

BRICK TOP
Hope it's not a bad moment.

Sol looks at Vin, Vin looks at Lincoln: they are understandably surprised. Brick Top looks around the room. The silence continues. Brick Top helps himself to the most comfortable seat.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Do you know who I am?

BAD BOY LINCOLN
Yeah I know.

BRICK TOP
Good. That will save me some time then.

VINNY
Well I don't.

BRICK TOP
What you gonna do with your man there? You're always gonna have problems lifting a body in one piece. Apparently the best thing to do is cut the corpse up into six pieces and pile it all together.

(CONTINUED)
SOL
Would someone mind telling me who you are?

BRICK TOP
After you got six pieces you gotta get rid of 'em, of course you can't just leave it in the deep freeze for your mum to discover, can ya?

Pause while the black guys are still holding the body. The door opens and in walks Errol. He passes Brick Top a cup of tea in a take away container.

VINNY
Lincoln, who is this man?

BRICK TOP
And then I hear the best thing to do is feed 'em to pigs. You gotta starve the pigs for a few days, then the sight of a chopped up body looks like curry to a drunk. You gotta shave the heads of your victims and pull the teeth out, you could do that after of course, but you don't want to go sieving pig shit do you? Ever seen the size of one of their molars?

He holds up his fist

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
They go through bone like it's butter. You gotta have a few pigs though you need about sixteen they will go through a body that weighs two hundred pounds in about eight minutes that means that a single pig can consume two pounds of uncooked flesh every minute...

Pause

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Hence the expression greedy as a pig.

Pause

VINNY
Well thank you, that's a large weight off my mind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
VINNY (CONT'D)

But would you mind very much telling me who the' fuck you are? Other than a man that feeds people to pigs of course.

The door opens and we see John, who is wearing a pair of extremely large plastic gloves, showing Brick Top the shotgun that he has found.

JOHN

Would you look at the size of this?

BRICK TOP

Golly that is big isn't it Errol?

He looks back at the brothers

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

Do you know what Nemesis means?

There is a pause

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

A righteous infliction of retribution by an appropriate agent, personified in this case by a horrible cunt.

Me.

Brick Top stands and opens the door. We can see that a couple of ropes have been slung over the rafters and a couple of buckets are underneath them. SIX VERY LARGE MEN (including Errol and John) are standing around wanting to get busy. Tyrone is with them, all trussed up.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE

•BULLET TOOTH' TONY is in front of Hands, Rosebud and Doug.

HANDS

Can I call you Tony?

BTT

You can call me Susan if it makes you happy.

ROSE BUD

You got nice teeth Susan.

Tony demonstrates an interest in Rose Bud's.

BTT

You don't, you should comb em some time.
CONTINUED:

Hands interrupts

HANDS -
Tony, I want to know if you can find me a man.

BTT
Well then it depends on all the elements in the equation, how many are there?

HANDS
About forty thousand.

BTT
Where was he last seen?

DOUG
At a bookies.

BTT
A bookies eh? Susi, pass us the blower.

Susi reaches for the phone.

INT. PAWN BROKERS

The black guys are hanging upside down. Errol and John are now wearing industrial pinnies.

ERROL
Is this how you want him gov?

BRICK TOP
No spin him round, I want him sunny side up.

SOL
Mr Mclean I kid you not. Why do you think we have a dead man, missing an arm in our office? Give us four days and we'll bring you a stone the size of a home.

Brick Top considers this, and has a look at Errol who is more than enthusiastic to get on with the job at hand.

BRICK TOP
What do you think Errol?

ERROL
I think we should drip dry em governor, while we have the chance.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Brick Top again frowns at Errol.

BRICK TOP
It was a rhetorical question Errol, what have I told you about thinking?

He turns back to the brothers.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
You got forty eight hours.

He looks at Lincoln.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
I am going to take your man here.

Pointing to Tyrone.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
You can keep this silly wanker.

LINCOLN
Hold on.

ERROL
Shut it or I'll cut ya... .

BRICK TOP
In forty eight hours I'll set the dogs on him and then the pigs on the remains.

Brick Top nods at Errol who looks extremely disappointed.

INT. CAR

BTT and Hands are driving along. Rose Bud is in the back.

BTT
A bookies got blagged last night.

HANDS
Blagged?

BTT
Robbed. I gotta see a man who looks like he might know something, but it can't be done on the phone if you know what I mean.

He turns to Rose Bud.

ROSE BUD
I need a cun.

( CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BTT
No you don't, Rose Bud my old son, you need me.

INT. PAWN BROKERS
Tyrone looks desperate.

TYRONE
He set the dogs on me. Look.

He shows his wounds to Sol and Vin.

VINNY
No wonder that sneaky fuckin Russian didn't want to do it.

SOL
First things first, one of us, Tyrone, you get round to the Russian's. The second you see him call us.

TYRONE
You better be round with something substantial, don't turn up with a frown and a wagging finger.

SOL
I am on it Tyrone.

EXT. SEEDY STREET

BTT is in the car with Hands and Rose Bud. The car is parked at the feet of Mullet, who is in discussion with another horrible character. Mullet is extremely nervous about seeing BTT.

BTT
Alright Mullet?

MULLET
Tony, alright mate? I thought... well I thought you weren't about anymore.

::: BTT ::::::::
Well what do you know? It's still warm the blood that courses through my veins. Unlike yours Mullet.

Bt.t has a quick look down the street.

( CONTINUED )
CONTINUED:

BTT (CONT'D)
This job does have prospects after all, you travel to pretty places, meet interesting people.

Btt looks at who Mullet is talking to, the man has a try hard mustache and interjects.

MAN
Who the fuck gave you such a big mouth?

BTT
Someone whom you might shortly meet.

MAN
You threatening me?

BTT
Only with wings and a halo.

Mullet gives the man a furtive kick and makes eyes to shut up.

BTT (CONT'D)
Clean the breakfast off your top lip and make yourself busy sunshine.

The man moves off

BTT (CONT'D)
I want to know who blagged Brick Top's bookies.

MULLET
Oh do me a favour Tone?

BTT
I will do you a favour Mullet, I'll not bash the living fuck out of you in front of all your girlfriends here.

MULLET
I don't know anything about that Tony.

BTT
If you play hard to get 'Mullet you'll wish you'd never been caught.

Mullet looks uncomfortable about the fact that he's thinking.
MULLET
Make it worth my while at least.
Jesus Tone you know how it is.

Btt turns to Hands.

BTT
Give us your wallet Hands.

Hands makes eyes and digs into his back pocket and produces his wallet. BTT takes out some notes and proffers them to Mullet. Mullet nervously reaches forward. As quick as you like Btt has Mullet by the collar and pulls Mullet into the car. He then raises the electric window on Mullet's throat until it has fastened Mullet to the roof of the vehicle.

BTT (CONT'D)
Comfortable Mullet?

Mullet has already gone pink.

BTT (CONT'D)
You can take as long as you like Mullet.

Btt starts to pull away so Mullet has to keep walking with him.

MULLET
Fuckin hell what are you doing?

BTT
I am driving down the street with your head stuck in my window. What do you think I am doing you penis?

He does the window up a bit tighter. And grabs him by the nose. He pulls a face when he smells his breath.

BTT (CONT'D)
You been using dog shit tooth paste Mullet?

He speeds up even more.

. . . MULLET . . . . . .

Slow down.

BTT
Err no I don't think I'll slow down Mullet, I think I'll speed up. I could play you some music if you like.

.(CONTINUED)
BTT turns on the radio. A song comes on that he loves.

BTT (CONT'D)
Oh I love this track. Yes Mullet.

MULLET
It could be Tyrone Conway.

BTT
Tyrone Conway?

MULLET
White geezer, thinks he's black, did a job for a pair of brothers who have a pawn shop in Smith Street.

BTT
Tyrone Conway?

MULLET
Yes that's what I said. It's fuckin Tyrone Conway.

BTT
It may be fuckin him, but wait and see what I can do to you.

He puts his foot down and Mullet loses his footing, and is dragged along.

HANDS
What about?

He points to Mullet. BTT pulls an, 'oh yes I forgot about him!' face. He doesn't even look at Mullet. He lowers the window, and Mullet falls by the way, in god knows what condition.

INT. PAWN BROKERS

The music continues, and we have a montage of the black guys dealing with Bullet Tooth Tony and Hands as they arrive at the pawn shop. We see the corpse, we see Hands get irate and it looks like it's going to be the end of the black fellas again. The black guys try to whip out the big gun but Tony disarms them and takes the gun off them. The music ends along with the scene when Sol breaks.

SOL
It's the Russian, well to be technical an Uzbekistan.

( CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HANDS
Russian? The sneaky dogs. I been doing business with those sneaky dogs.

SOL
Boris.

BTT looks familiar with this name.

BTT
Dear oh dear, you do know some horrible people.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE

HANDS
Russians, I didn't think it would be the Russians.

DOUG
Boris the Blade? I heard of him, isn't he supposed to be a short little fucker that's covered in scars?

BTT
Sneaky little shit one of the Russian dissidents, killed more men than,...well he's killed a lot of men. Deals in arms, that he gets off some of the old school.

We cut to the security monitor that observes the shop, it sits on Doug's desk. The door opens and in walks Boris. As bold as brass he walks up to the counter.

DOUG
Hold on. What's going on here?

Doug picks up the phone to the downstairs shop. Susi picks up the receiver at the other end.

SUSI
Yes Dad?

... - DOUG
What does that man want?

SUSI
It's hard to say, he's got a thick Russian accent.
INT. DOUG'S OFFICE DOWNSTAIRS

They are obviously going to move in on the Russian.

BTT

He's a bit sneaky this fella, so watch out.

ROSE BUD

I hate Russians. I'll sort him out.

Hands and BTT both look at Rose Bud and look relieved for the offer.

BTT

He's all yours Rose Bud.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE

Micky is looking at his caravan; it's in flames, real proper roaring flames. People are desperately trying to put the flames out. Micky is covered in dirt from his futile efforts. One of the other pikies who's involved in trying to extinguish the fire turns round and sees Micky standing there motionless. He can see he's upset.

PATRICK

What's wrong with Micky?

DAREN

His mam was in there Patrick. They burnt his mam.

All real sound recedes and we drift into music. The camera slowly tracks in on Micky. It's hard to read how devastated he is. The camera reaches Micky's face, the reflections of the flames can be seen in his water swollen eyes, but his cheeks remain dry.

INT. BTT CAR

BTT is driving. Hands in the passenger seat and Rose Bud in the back. BTT's got a bleeding eye and his hand is wrapped up in a bandage. Rose Bud is clutching his stomach.

HANDS

Sneaky was a bit of a fuckin understatement wasn't it?

BTT

What do you want me to do? Your man there thought he could take him. I told you he was dangerous.

HANDS

How you doing Rosey?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  

Hands looks at Rose Bud who's holding his midsection.

ROSE BUD
You're going to have to get me to a hospital, let's shoot that fucker. Then get me to a hospital.

HANDS
We gotta get this stone first Rosy and then we'll get you to a hospital.

INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S

Vin and Sol are going through a selection of keys they have, trying to open the front door.

SOL
Lincoln's got some tools here, when he has had a few drinks he gets em out and runs around the house holding a pistol in each hand, telling me about what a bad boy he is.

VINNY
Do you know where he keeps em?

They find the right key.

SOL
Well they ain't gonna be lying on the kitchen table Vince, we gotta have to look. Flick the switch.

It's dark, they flick the switch. They look onto an immaculate pad. Music fades up along with the lights.

VINNY
Jesus. What's going on here?

SOL
He likes his drum does Bad Boy Lincoln.

The dog goes bounding in.

SOL (CONT'D)
Well let's get busy.

EXT. BORIS¹ HOUSE

BTT's car pulls up outside Boris¹ house. BTT and Rosebud pull Boris up in the boot. Tyrone who is hanging about nearby keeping watch, witnesses this. Rosebud places a blade at the Russian's neck.
84 CONTINUED:

ROSE BUD
I think you have got something to
tell us.

HANDS
Take it easy Rosy, take it easy.

BTT looks at the blood that's already starting to pierce the
skin from where the blade is pressed against the Russian's
neck. BTT then looks at Hands with concern.

BTT
You want him to be able to talk or
not?

85 INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S
Sol and Vin have found the weapons and are tossing them from
hand to hand.

SOL
I didn't know did I? They always
looked the shit to me.

VINNY
What are we gonna do with em Sol?

SOL
Shut your mouth Vince, this is all
we got, so this will have to do.

Sol's mobile rings.

SOL (CONT'D)
Yes?

86 EXT. BORIS' HOUSE

TYRONE
Boris is here.

87 INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S

SOL
Now.

TYRONE
That's why I am calling you.

SOL
We're coming over. Hold him there.

Sol puts the phone down before he has to hear what Tyrone
has to say.

( CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SOL (CONT'D)
Leave that dog here Vince, we gotta go.
They shut the dog in the main room and go out of Lincoln's house.

EXT. BORIS' HOUSE

TYRONE (continuing after Sol's put the phone down)
He's not on his own.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR

We cut to Vinny and Sol tearing round to Boris's. They're driving Tyrone's car. As they arrive, Tyrone jumps out in the middle of the road. They screech to a halt, narrowly avoiding squashing Tyrone.

SOL
Where is he?

TYRONE
It's not just a he, there are three of them in the house with him.

SOL
Why didn't you tell us Tyrone?

Tyrone pulls a "I tried" face.

VINNY
Do they look hard?

TYRONE
They look f*cked up.

SOL
Well get in and let's load up.

Vin whips out a gun.

VINNY
Load them up with what?

TYRONE
What's wrong with them?

VINNY
They're replicas.

(CONTINUED)
TYRONE
Hold tight rudy, are you fuckin mad?
Do you know who these people are?

SOL
No I don't Tyrone, but I do know I
don't want to be eaten by pulled
apart by dogs and then eaten by fuckin
pigs.

EXT. PIKEY ENCAMPMENT
Tommy and Turkish are looking on to the burned out caravan. .
They are in shock. There is a whole gathering of dodgy,
angry looking pikies standing around, giving Turkish and
Tommy some bad looks.

TURKISH
Jesus I am sorry Micky, I am really
sorry. He's a mad bastard.

Darren decides to interject.

DAREN
Who are these the boys Micky?

Darren's eyes are full of poison. Tommy and Turkish suddenly
feel very uncomfortable.

MICKY
Back off Darren. What kind of cunt
would turn up here if they knew what
had happened? Leave my business to
me boy.

Darren spins on his heel

MICKY (CONT'D)
I got a message that he wanted me to
fuck you two off, that's why I wanted
you back. I'll do the fight before
he causes any more carnage, but I'll
only do it if you're there.

TURKISH
Why?

MICKY
Because I know he fuckin hates ya. .

INT. TURKISH'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS
Turkish and Tommy are driving. Turkish is drinking a pint
of "milk (as usual). There is silence for a while.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TOMMY
It's not warm the blood in his veins is it?

TURKISH
I gotta say . I don't like this Tommy. This has got very fuckin messy. Jesus you know how he felt about his old girl. I think we should get you a new gun Tommy, but this time try it.

TOMMY
How far is the Russian's?

TURKISH
We'll be there in a minute.

He takes a sip of his milk. There's a pause.

TURKISH (CONT'D)
It's not the same.

TOMMY
What?

TURKISH
Milk, in these cartons.

TOMMY
You shouldn't drink that stuff any way.

TURKISH
Why, what's wrong with it?

TOMMY
It's not in synch with evolution.

TURKISH
Shut up!

TOMMY
Cows have only been domesticated in the last eight thousand years, before that they were running around mad as lorries. The human digestive system hasn't got used to any dairy products yet, it takes a lot longer than that.

TURKISH
Well fuck me Tommy, what have you been reading?

(MORE)

CONTINUED)
TURKISH (CONT'D)
Cows mad as lorries eh? You hear about the two cows having a chat in a field? One says to the other, "what do you think about this mad cows' disease then? The other one looks back and says "doesn't bother me, I'm a duck."

Turkish looks back at him blankly.

TOMMY
Here let me do you a favour.

He reaches over and grabs the carton from Turkish, and throws it out the window. The milk obviously hits an on-coming car in the other direction. There is a terrible crashing noise. Tommy and Turkish come to a standstill, and look back to see a small pile up on the other side of the road.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What was in that milk?

INT. BORIS' HOUSE

BTT. Hands and Rose Bud are standing over a safe. They are looking at a whole pile of money. The case is open and Hands is holding the stone.

HANDS
He's a sneaky fucker that Russian. Well shall we go?

BTT
What you want to do about the Russian?

HANDS
I want to bury him.

EXT. BORIS' HOUSE

Hands, Tony and Rosebud walk out.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR

The black guys witness this. Tyrone's now in the front seat driving.

VINNY
Well come on let's have em

Pause while they consider this.
VINNY (CONT'D)
Well come on.

SOL
Not so fast Vin we can't get em now we gonna have to follow them.

BTT's car moves off. The black guys follow.

TYRONE
I'll move in. It'll be ok.

SOL
OK is very close to KO, and KO is close to R.I fucking P. You know what RIP stands for Tyrone?

TYRONE
It stands for.

SOL
It stands for shut your fuckin mouth Tyrone and leave the talking to us. Let's get these ready.

TYRONE
Do they fire?

Pointing to the guns.

'SOL
Of course they fuckin fire?

VINNY
How do you know? They're replicas, what do you know about replicas?

Sol looks at the gun and frowns, "what does he know about replicas"? He pulls the trigger. He fires one shot. It is very loud, the gun goes off near Tyrone's ear, he buckles in pain. The car does a massive swerve and everything nearly ends in disaster, all the windows shatter including the windshield (but the glass stays put). Tyrone regains some control over the car.

VINNY (CONT'D)
What the fuck do you think you're doing Sol?

SOL
Jesus, I didn't know it was that loud.

( CONTINUED)
VINNY
Well just how fuckin loud did you think it was going to be? It's a-fucking gun Sol, guns are renowned for making a loud fucking noise whenever you pull the trigger.

SOL
You wanted to see if they worked.

VINNY
I didn't mean try it in the fuckin car Sol.

SOL
Well they work, I reckon they are really going to put the shits into em.

VINNY
Right now I am not concerned with putting the shits into em Sol, I am concerned about taking the pain out of my ringing fucking ears. Look what you did to poor Tyrone. Tyrone you all right?

He taps Tyrone on the shoulder. Tyrone looks up.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

Tyrone spins in his seat and answers a little too loudly.

TYRONE
I am fuckin deaf! What have you done to my car?

They crash into the car in front. Boris the Blade comes flying through the windshield.

INT. BTT CAR -- NIGHT
(This scene runs concurrently with scene 91)

HANDS-
How we going to get rid of him?

BTT
You want to shoot him?

HANDS
It's a bit noisy isn't it?
Well you want to stab him?

- HANDS
That's a bit cold blooded isn't it?

BTT
You want to kill him or not?

ROSE BUD
I'll cut him.

BTT
That's the spirit. There's a sword back there.

He points to behind a seat: there is a bloody great sword concealed. Tony skillfully passes the sword to Rose Budd, who attempts to pull it out of its scabbard. Tony turns round to Hands.

BTT (CONT'D)
You, you want a knife?

He passes Hands a knife.

HANDS
I wouldn't know what to do with it.

BTT
It's not a fuckin rocket launcher. It's a knife for gods sake, what have you used for to keep your fork company for all these years? It's got a sharp side and a blunt side. You want a lesson?

There is a sudden bang on the windshield and BTT turns back to the front only to see the windshield covered in milk. Tony can't see where he is going and searches for the windshield wipers. While this is happening the car swerves to the side and hits a lamp post. They crash and the boot (trunk) has flown open and Boris the Blade tries to lift himself out. Rose Bud looks down at the sword he has been extracting he can see he very nearly cut himself in two. Tony pulls himself up from the steering wheel he has a trickle of blood running down his face. There's a crash and a car hits them from behind.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR -- NIGHT

They too are recovering from the accident. And Boris has now come headfirst through the windshield.
VINNY
You idiot what have you done?

SOL
Is that Boris?

INT. BTT'S CAR

HANDS
What happened?

BTT
We hit something and something hit us.

He turns and sees that Rose Bud has got a sword sticking through him. It's gone through him and the seat that he is sitting on.

INT. BLACK GUY'S CAR

SOL
Let's hit em now.

VINNY
There is a dead Russian on my lap Sol I am not thinking about hitting anybody right now.

SOL
Well you better start thinking Vince because otherwise you'll be fuckin lucky if you end up looking like that.

INT. BTT'S CAR

BTT
You alright?

HANDS
No I am about a rocket ride from right Tony.

BTT
I mean do you feel alright?

HANDS
Ohh yeah, I feel like I am lying on the naked lap of Aphrodite, cooled by the tumbling petals of spring roses, how the fuck do you think I feel?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: -

BTT
Hold tight big man, and put your
guns away. Let's get going.

HANDS
What about Rose Bud?

BTT
Well you can bring him with you if
you want but which bit do you want
to bring?

INT. BLACK GUY'S CAR

SOL
They are getting out.

VINNY
Well get down, the last thing we
want him to see is three brothers
wearing ski masks.

INT. CAFE

BTT and Hands, covered in blood, walk off the street into a
cafe.

HANDS
I gotta clean up.

He goes out the back while BTT goes to the pay phone to call
Doug.

EXT. STREET

The black guys pile out of the car and follow BTT and Hands
at a safe distance.

INT. CAFE

BTT is on the phone

BTT
Doug, we are in the shit, come and
pick us up.

EXT. BORIS¹ HOUSE

Tommy and Turkish pull up outside Boris' house.

TURKISH
He's left the door open.
104 CONTINUED: -

TOMMY
I shouldn't think that's a good idea.
Shall we have a look?

TURKISH
I don't want to go in there, he's a
dangerous bastard, taken too many
disco biscuits in the heat of Russian
disputations, he's got as many of
these nuts as those nuts.

He grabs his groin and circles his finger and his temple

TOMMY
I don't care if he's got fuckin hazel
nuts, I want a gun that works.

TURKISH
Well come on then before the Germans
get here.

105 EXT. CAFE
The black guys have followed BTT and Hands and are waiting
outside, readying themselves for action.

SOL
Now Tyrone you go... Tyrone, oi
Tyrone.

Tyrone can't hear a thing.

VINNY
I'll never forgive you Sol.

Sol taps Tyrone on the shoulder.

SOL
When we get in you wait by the door
I am number one, Vin number two and
you are number three.

106 INT. CAFE
The black guys enter. BTT has just finished his phone call
and sat down.

SOL
I don't want a fuss and I don't want
to put a bullet in your face, but
unless you give me exactly what I
want there will be murders.

BTT shakes his head in amazement.

(CONTINUED)
SOL (CONT'D)
Number three pull the blind down.

Tyrone can't hear this request.

VINNY
I0 number three, he said pull the blind down.

He still can't hear him. This is minorly embarrassing.

VINNY (CONT'D)
I'll sort it.

SOL
Stand up!

BTT
Excuse me, but who the fuck are you?

SOL
You hear what I said? Stand up, unless you're crippled.

BTT
Do I look crippled?

SOL
You'll look fucking dead, unless you stand up.

Sol cocks the gun and Tony pulls a sarcastic 'I am shocked' face.

BTT
You got balls!

SOL
You want to test em?

BTT
There are two types of balls, there are big brave balls and there are little mincy faggot balls.

VINNY
You're a dead man talking. These are your last words so make them a prayer.

Vinny takes aim.
BTT.
So you're obviously the big dick, and they on either side of you, must be your balls.

Vin goes to hit him with the gun but it's caught by Tony, Vin tries to pull the nose out of Tony's hand but he can't move it. Sol steps forward and raises his gun.

SOL
Let go of the gun.

Vinny cocks his gun. There is a pause and eventually Tony lets go of it.

BTT
I am talking for your benefit. Now dicks have drive, and clarity of vision.

Tony starts to build himself a complicated looking weapon under the table, unseen by the black guys. He takes bits out of one sock and bits out of another sock.

BTT (CONT'D)
But they're not clever, they smell pussy, and they want a piece of the action, and the dimmer the dick, the less he cares about the consequences, and you thought you smelt good ol pussy, and have brought your little mincy faggot balls along for a good ol time, but you have got your parties muddled up, there is no pussy here, just a dose to make you wish you were born a woman.

We cut to the shell shocked brothers, and the almost completely built weapon.

BTT (CONT'D)
And just like a prick, you are having second thoughts; you're shrinking, and your little balls are shrinking with you.

They stare on. The brothers have lost this one and they know it. They start to reverse. BTT lets the odd chicken cluck out the corner of his mouth, Vinny misses his step and waves his gun about in a futile effort to look mean. They back away into the corridor down to the back door of the cafe.
...and just as they turn the corner they bump into Hands still drying his hands, they can see that he's carrying a case that they recognize. The brothers adapt to their new scenario:

VINNY
Pass it me.

Hands hesitates.

INT. CAFE.-- CONTINUOUS

BTT can hear that the black guys and Hands have run into each other and pulls out the complicated looking gun which is now in one piece. BTT cocks the gun and aims it at the wall which the brothers would be behind, he follows the wall simulating the speed of their journey.

VINNY
I won't ask again

He raises his gun. A covey of bullets perforates the wall, one hitting Vin in the hand. The brothers take the opportunity to duck. Hands dives for cover too and drops the bag. A continuation of bullets comes flying through the wall. The black guys take the opportunity to pick the bag up and leg it.

INT. CARAVAN

I AM AFRAID THAT THIS SCENE HAS TO WAIT UNTIL I HAVE BEEN TO A IRISH TRAVELERS WAKE. I'LL BE ABOUT FOUR MINUTES LONG. IF YOU HAVE ANY IRISH RELATIVES THAT HAVE DIED RECENTLY DON'T HESITATE TO CALL.

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB

The brothers are standing in front of Brick Top, they move uneasily from foot to foot. Brick Top examines the stone. He looks up.

BRICK TOP
Quite a lump. Alright you can go now.

SOL
Any chance of taking Lincoln with us?

BRICK TOP
That's where Errol's taking ya.

(CONTINUED)
They turn and Errol is waiting for them.

ERROL
Follow me.

They go out of one room into another, and Errol shuts the door behind them. Vin looks uncomfortable. Another door is opened and a man brings out Lincoln. Lincoln is in bad shape and is relieved to see familiar faces, they are now shut in a room.

SOL
You alright Lincoln?

ERROL
Do you know why the governor is the governor?

VINNY
Err. .

ERROL
It's because people are scared of him. You know why they are scared of him?

VINNY
Err .

ERROL
It's because of stories. I am sure you've heard one or two of those stories. For example, did you hear about the three black fellas that did a very bad thing, however they made some effort to redeem that very bad thing, so the governor saw fit not to kill em. He thought it would be a more advantageous concept to let them kill each other and let the survivor live to tell the tale. That way everybody wins, well, all except the two that died of course.

We look at the table where we see three large kitchen knives sitting provocatively. Tyrone rushes for one of the blades grabs it and runs at Vin. Vin sidesteps and Tyrone keeps running straight into the arms of Errol who raises his gun at the last moment. Tyrone slides the blade into Errol's ribs and Errol fires a shot straight at Tyrone. The bullet passes through Tyrone and hits John in the throat. Vin, Lincoln and Sol are left wondering what the fuck has just happened.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Grab it.

SOL

What?

VINNY

The gun you prick.

Sol goes for one, and Vin goes for the other.

INT. CARAVAN, PIKEY CAMPSITE

There is a wake in motion. We cut to Micky and Turkish. It is obvious that a lot of hard core drinking has been going on, and there is an Irish band playing. There is a coffin in the middle of a caravan that is closed for obvious reasons it's surrounded by heavy looking lads. There is a man dancing on one of the tables.

THIS SCENE I SHALL BE FILLING IN SHORTLY BUT I AM AFRAID YOU HAVE TO WAIT TILL I HAVE BEEN TO A IRISH WAKE. ALL AS I KNOW IS THAT RATHER IRONICALLY THEY ARE FUN. HOWEVER I LIKE JUXTAPOSITIONS OF MICKY SINGING AND CRYING SIMULTANEOUSLY.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE

All three black guys are sitting in front of BTT and Hands and Doug. There is silence as the white guys have just been told something disturbing. BTT eventually breaks the silence

BTT

Well you gotta admire their balls.

HANDS

I don't want to admire balls that I want to chop off.

SOL

What choice did we have?

VINNY

I know sorry doesn't mean fuck all, but we are game on, what do you want us to do?

HANDS

Get us that stone back.

BTT

So Brick Top has now got the stone?

VINNY

He's got it.

( CONTINUED)
HANDS
You wouldn't be lying to us would you now?

SOL
Why should we? Could just have disappeared.

Cut to Hands who's thinking.

HANDS
Okay.

114 INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB

BTT and Hands are at the bar.

BARMAN
You got some front coming round here ain't ya Tony?

BTT
Never mind what I got, I am looking for Brick Top?

BARMAN
You mean Mr Mclean.

BTT
You know who I mean you fucking fringe now find him.

Pause: the barman looks truculent.

BTT (CONT'D)
Chop chop.

The barman walks down the end of a bar and picks up the phone.

HANDS
What was it you did exactly Tony?

BTT
I had a little run in with a few of the chaps.

HANDS
How's that?

BTT
They're all brainless, they got white powdered angels sitting on their shoulders telling them what was what, all too busy...
He sticks his finger by the side of his nose and inhales.

KEN, another of Brick Top's men, appears from somewhere and approaches Tony with another heavy, SEAN.

KEN
Follow me.

They do and end up in a corridor. The door shuts behind them and the door in front hasn't yet opened. Ken turns around and faces Tony.

KEN (CONT'D)
Did you know that it was my cousin Lorrie you stabbed?

There is a pause. The situation is volatile.

BTT
Yes I know I stabbed a man called Lorrie, but no I didn't know he was related to a tub a shit.

Ken knows it's on.

KEN
Shut that door Sean.

BTT
Lock that fuckin door Sean.

BTT takes a step forward and puts his hand, into the back of his trousers. He starts to growl.

BTT (CONT'D)
You're a big man, but I don't care if you're ten foot fuckin tall, you still got eight pints of blood and you'll bleed like any bastard. And when I drop ya, and I will fuckin drop ya, I'll open you up like a packet of crisps.

Pause to take in what has just been said then he continues.

BTT (CONT'D)
You're a bully Ken, but remember, I am a bigger bully.
CONTINUED: (2)

The door opens and they are interrupted by another HEAVY.

HEAVY FELLA

Ha, Ken what's going on? Bring em through. The governor wants to see em.

Ken is relieved by the interruption, and he leads the way with a truculent "you're lucky" stare. They enter Brick Top's office.

BRICK TOP

I gotta say you have got some front coming round here Tone, you know the lads are picking straws... Interrupted

BTT

You gotta diamond and it doesn't belong to you, it belongs to my colleague here.

BRICK TOP

That's what I love about you Tone, no small talk.

BTT

I said we should come round and raise fuckin hell, you know shoot a few of the boys and that, but he said he thinks we would have more success if we paid for it. So I am going to have a drink and let you two discuss what you have to discuss.

Btt walks to the bar. Ken is sitting there with Sean.

BTT (CONT'D)

Alright big man, I hope you aren't bitter about your cousin Lorrie.

If you listen carefully, you will hear a slight zip of flies being undone.

KEN

You know you're alright when they're are talking business, I'd like to see you gob off outta here.

BTT

Ohh do me a favour Ken, you've always been mouth and no trousers.

(CONTINUED)
We cut back to Brick Top and Hands

HANDS
  I'll pay for it, I won't pay you the top fuckin whack but you'll never get that anyway. You got it?

BRICK TOP
  I can't sell you something I haven't got now can I?

BTT returns to them - there is a scream from Ken

KEN
  You're a dead fuckin man. You listen to me Tony you're a dead fuckin...

Brick top frowns at Ken, and Ken shuts up quickly.

BRICK TOP
  What did you do to upset Ken, Tony?

Tony shrugs

KEN
  He's pissed in my fuckin pocket, look!

Ken shows off a wet-sided jacket and a damp set of trousers.

BRICK TOP
  Do shut up Ken. That was a bit naughty Tony.

Tony shrugs. Brick Top puts his hands in to his pocket and withdraws the stone. We cut to Hand's expression.

HANDS
  Well come on, let's have a look.

Brick Top passes the stone to Hands. All goes quiet while everybody focuses on the stone. Hands lifts it up to his eye.

HANDS (CONT'D)
  What are you playing at?

He drops the stone: it smashes on the ground.

HANDS (CONT'D)
  It's a zirconia.

We crash track in to Brick Top's expression of shock.
The four black guys are trying to pick the lock of the vault, having been locked in it by Bullet Tooth, Hands and Doug.

VINNY
I changed the stone.

SOL
You what?

VINNY
I changed it. I know Brick Top knows nothing about stones.

SOL
Yes but Doug the fuckin head does!

VINNY
Yeah well I didn't expect them to lock us up in here did I?

SOL
Ohh your one clever bastard Vin, you really are. Where is it?

VINNY
It's at Lincoln's.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
What the fuck's it doing at my place?

VINNY
Waiting for us to pick it up.

SOL
What happen if they find that it's a fake stone Vince?

VINNY
Well we are going to get fucked Sol what do you think is going to happen?

The door opens.

BTT
Ohh yes you are going to get fucked Vince.

INT. DARK.

A distant voice is shouting

TURKISH
Oi Micky. Oi Micky.
117 ' INT. VAN -- NIGHT

We fade out of black to Micky's pov. This is shot in slow motion. Micky opens his eyes, in the back of a large van, there is only one faint light that moodily illuminates his tired eyes.

TURKISH
You feeling alright Micky?

MICKY
I've felt better.

TURKISH
We are nearly there. They are a horrible bunch this lot Micky so pay attention to what you are doing.

Micky just yawns.

TURKISH (CONT'D)
Put up some kind of a show, he's a hard bastard this "good night" Anderson so don't get too clever, he used to be a pro. Just keep moving round the ring, and let the odd one go when push has come to shove.

MICKY
Let's get on with it, shall we?

118 INT. WAREHOUSE

A temporary ring has been erected, four scaffolding posts with welded on hoops make the arena, the ropes that are threaded through the hoops are industrial nylon and free of padding. Around the ropes it's starting to fill. Brick Top approaches Salt Pete and Jack 'the all seeing eye'.

SALT, PETER
I hope we gonna get a better show this time.

BRICK TOP
This will make up for it. Micky's going down in the fourth. Terry over there is in charge of the bets. Now you'll have to forgive me.

Brick Top leaves with Ken.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Have we got the lads at the camp site?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KEN
Yeah they are there.

Cut to a shot of some of Brick Top's heavies waiting in a car outside the campsite.

BRICK TOP
Where's that fuckin pikey?

INT. BACK OF WAREHOUSE

Brick Top is standing in front of Micky whose eyes are still semi open.

BRICK TOP
What's wrong with you? You stoned? Is he fuckin stoned?

TURKISH
He's like that before a fight.

He turns his attention to Micky.

BRICK TOP
Now you know when you're going down?

TURKISH
Of course he knows when he's going down.

KEN
Hey fuck face, who's speaking to you? He asked him didn't he?

TURKISH
Fuck face? I like that, I'll have to use that one next time - I want to impress your mum Ken.

MICKY
The fourth... or was it the fifth..

BRICK TOP
There's a campsite full of pikies that might not think you're so fuckin funny when they're putting the flames out on their children's backs.

Cut to a shot of Brick Top's boys lighting a cigarette in the car outside the pikies.
INT. WAREHOUSE

Micky appears from a small door at the back of the warehouse. He approaches the ring accompanied with shouts of encouragement and counter shouts. He's wearing a pair of semi cut tracksuit bottoms and a t-shirt with grease marks down the front. Turkish walks behind him. Micky still looks bored. He climbs into the ring. Then from the same door as the one through Micky came out walks a larger character with a nose that appears to have seen countless rounds with a frying pan: HORACE 'GOOD NIGHT' ANDERSON.

THE REFF
Alright lads no eye gouging no biting.
Do your worst. Back to your corners.

We drift again into Micky's pov, his world is becoming more and more surreal. He can faintly hear Turkish whispering words to him, but he's not really listening. A bell comes from somewhere, and Micky instinctively walks to the center of the ring. "Good night" is already there, they pace one another for a second or two. Micky avoids a punch or two and then he takes a hard one and he knows it, we flash to white. Micky's in trouble: he lets one of his missiles go and BANG it shakes "good night" to his core, all goes quiet. We go to super slow motion: his knees buckle and "good night" is in trouble. Micky maintains a frown as he watches his opponent's knees threaten to betray him. The crowd tries to digest what is happening. After a period of silence reality dawns. Brick Top mouths the words in silence. "Don't go down you fucker". The crowd wants Micky to finish the job. But common sense reins back the coup de grace. "Good night" eventually regains control of his legs and stumbles forward, after a few sleepy punches he starts to provide a serious onslaught.

TURKISH
I don't like the look of this Tommy, bring the van up to the back door.

This goes on for two rounds (which is montage down to a few seconds). We go in the mind of poor Micky. We break the music just as it's starting to look dangerous... The bell goes and Micky walks to the wrong corner. Turkish pulls him back to his corner.

TURKISH (CONT'D)
They are on ya. You got to hurt him Micky. Otherwise we are rumbled... you hear me Micky? Do something, it looks like it's rigged.

Micky goes out again his hands are low, BANG there is a flash of white as Micky goes down in the dirt. Dust rises from where he fell. He gets up quickly, his hands are still low, BANG he goes down again, in no time he's up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: -

BANG: he hits the ground again and this time when he hits the deck, he penetrates the dust covered floor, like it's made out of water. He falls through the water like he's sinking; his eyes are open and he can't breathe, he continues to fall, but he's unpanicked (he is now Micky 1). When Micky 1 looks up he can see himself in the corner of the ring taking kidney punches from Good Night, he's winded and only semi-conscious (this is Micky 2). Micky 1 makes the effort to swim up and tries to penetrate the floor but he's stuck he can't get through. Micky 2 takes more punishment in the ring, as Micky 1's hand continues to try to break the underside of the floor but it stretches like rubber and forces Micky 1 down again. Micky 1 looks up again and sees how much trouble Micky 2's in the ring. Micky 1 is panicking now, he's running out of oxygen and Micky 2's being beaten, Micky 1 starts to sink again but now flames tickle the bottom of his feet he looks up and sees Micky 2 being smashed to hell, his body eventually collapses and Micky 2 falls through the floor. And as the latter falls through, Micky 1 manages to rise from the depths and his punch manages to perforate the surface. The punch continues its trajectory and has the power to fell a red blooded rhino... it catches "Good Night" on the jaw and it's good night for "Good Night" it's unlikely that he'll awake in the next hour. Dear oh dear everybody is in trouble.

Again we cut to the reactions of the relevant parties.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Tommy get the van.

TOMMY

I have it, it's waiting.

Turkish jumps into the ring and grabs Micky.

TURKISH

We are off Micky, hold tight, and move quickly.

Turkish pulls Micky away. It's not as hard as it might be trying to get out, because the crowd seems to have found its own disputes, chairs start to fly. Brick Top's boys are frustrated in the mayhem. Brick Top calmly dials into his mobile telephone. It rings.

EXT. CARAVAN, PIKEY CAMPSITE

Darren picks up the phone.

DAREN

If you would you like to speak to your friends, you'll have to speak a little louder.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

We pull back to see four slumped heads in the car and blood staining the windshield. Brick Top calmly puts the phone down.

BRICK TOP
Right lets get outta here.

Brick Top is looking every which way and trying to get out of there, accompanied by Ken.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Where's the car Ken?

KEN
It's coming now.

BRICK TOP
We are outta here.

They come out of a side entrance, their car pulls round the corner and screeches to a halt. Brick Top opens the door as he is about to get in, he's eyes widen to the size of saucers as FOUR MEN (who we recognize from the wake) are sitting in the place of his driver. They both have sawed-off shotguns and empty four barrels into the chest of Brick Top and Ken. The car spins away, leaving their twitching bodies on the dirt.

INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S HOUSE

Hands, Doug and Bullet Tooth have Vin, Sol and Bad Boy Lincoln in tow. They look at the front room of Lincoln's house.

HANDS
Very nice Lincoln.

BTT
Veeerree nice Lincoln.

BTT (CONT'D)
Well where is it?

VINNY
Next door.

They open the door.

INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S SITTING ROOM.

This room is a complete mess. All the colony leather has been chewed up beyond recognition. They all grimace at the smell. The dog comes running up

(CONTINUED)
BAD BOY LINCOLN
Look what your dog's done to my leather.

BTT
It's a bit funky in here.

BTT opens a window. The dog looks extremely relieved to see someone.

HANDS
You keep a good house Lincoln. So where's this stone?

VINNY
It was over there.

He points to a pile of chewed up cushions.

HANDS
Where?

VINNY
We left it in a box over there... somewhere.

He walks over and finds the remains of the box.

VINNY (CONT'D)
It's empty.

HANDS
Tony.

BTT
Dear oh dear.

SOL
He's not fuckin about, we left it there. It must be in the dog.

All eyes focus on the dog.

HANDS
Well let's have a look shall we? .... Tony.

All eyes focus on Tony.

BTT
What?

HANDS
Have a look in the dog.

( CONTINUED)
What do you mean have a look in the
dog?

I mean open him up..

Tony is not sure about this.

It's not a fuckin tin of baked beans,
what do you mean open him up?

I mean open him up.

Hands does a movement that represents a knife across the
throat.

That's a bit strong isn't it?

You wouldn't have a problem if it
was a person.

But it's not, it's a dog and I have
never done a dog.

My heart bleeds.

There is another pause

What do I do?

Let me take a wild and reckless guess.
Stick a knife in his guts and see if
it's got a diamond in there? I'll
hold it still and you open it up.

Tony looks positively unsure and rocks his head from side to
side.

Fuckin hell, alright then.

You can't do that.

(continued)
HANDS
Well do it to you as well if it makes you feel any better.

Cut to Tony having some problems trying to get hold of the awkward dog. The dog starts to squeak. Tony passes the blade to Hands.

BTT
It's squeaking.

HANDS
What, you've never heard a dog squeak before?... Hold him still.

The dog isn't sure about this either. Vin is in a panic and suddenly.

VINNY
Stop! I can see it. I can see the stone.

Hands at the point of entry stops. Vinny hops over to the stone and picks it up. Tony lets the dog stand but keeps a grip on the collar. The dog is relieved to be semi-liberated. Hands is still on his knees armed with an incredulous stare.

HANDS
Well let's see it.

Vinny holds it up. There's a sense of relief. He then throws the stone, it cuts through the air. And the dog seeing another projectile runs to intercept it. There's a pause while all now focus again on the dog. This is digested literally and mentally. The dog recognizes all the attention it's receiving. And goes through the motions of swallowing it. Hands attempts an approach. The dog understandably feels uncomfortable about the advancing vanguard and decides emergency action is needed, and seeing the open window launches itself out of it.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

124 EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE

The pikies have moved overnight.

SOL
Well this is where they were.
CONTINUED: -

HANDS
Well they aren't fuckin here now are they? And I can't see a dog can you?

VINNY
They can't be far.

INT. CAR
Hands, BTT and the black guys are back on the road.

HANDS
You gonna have to come up with something.

Just then they see some caravans in the distance.

VINNY
There they are.

INT. NEW CARAVAN CAMP SITE
All the caravans are fastened to the back of cars. Vinny, Sol, BTT and Hands are standing in front of Micky.

MICKY
Well he's didn't come back to us.

VINNY
But he always came back.

MICKY
Well you might have noticed that we have moved, you should have fed him more, a dog will never leave you if you feed it properly. It was a good dog, he had a little flatulence problem but was a good dog.

HANDS
Are you sure he's not here?

MICKY
I think I would have noticed if a fuckin dog was sitting in my caravan don't you? Tommy, Turkish, have you seen a dog sitting in me caravan?

TURKISH
I can't say I have Micky.

MICKY
See there you have it.
CONTINUED:

HANDS
Do you mind if we have a look around?

MICKY
What the fuck's got into you lot? It's only a dog. I'll give you another one, if it means that much to you.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE

Vinny, Sol, BTT and Hands descend the steps, they look like children with their toys taken away.

HANDS
You better find me that dog, skinny Vinny.

One of Micky's kids is on the bottom of the caravan steps as the brothers walk by.

KID 1
I looked after your car for ya.

HANDS
So?

KID 1
So aren't you gonna pay me?

BTT
Yeah bollocks.

KID 1
Bollocks to you, you tight git.

VINNY
Watch your mouth you cheeky shite.

KID 1
Yeah fuck ya.

The kid turns away and goes back to squeezing a toy. All four of the chaps stop in their tracks.

Cut to shot of squeaky toy. We have seen this toy before.

Cut to freeze frame of Sol, Vin, BTT and Hands stopped dead in their tracks. They haven't turned to look over their shoulders yet, but their eyes are turning to look.

THE END.