

First Draft (Revised)
March, 2004

'SQUIRRELS'

A script by,

Ben Sutton

FADE IN:

INT – UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

We see students of about 19/20 years of age filtering into a university seminar room. They all take their seats as the tutor enters behind them.

TUTOR

Afternoon class. Hope you all had a good weekend.

There's little response from the students before him.

TUTOR

(To himself)

Good to know. Right, the numbers look a little thin on the ground today so I think I'll take a register.

The students murmur amongst themselves.

TUTOR

Right, I'm doing this for your own benefit. It's the last semester of your final year and we're basically doing revision from this point in. If you decide not to come in then it will be you that ends up sweeping the floors in Asda.

STUDENT

(In a high pitched jokey voice)

Malcolm!

The people in the class that got the joke laugh. The tutor doesn't.

TUTOR

Thank you Mr Jones. As I was saying, these classes are important. If you fail these you will be back in front of me in September. And I can assure you that I want that as much as you.

The class groans at the thought of spending more time at uni than they wanted.

(cont'd)

TUTOR

Well, I can tell straight away whose missing.
Does anyone know where Tom and Gareth are?

The class laughs as yet another day passes without them being in class.

INT – ANOTHER SEMINAR ROOM

TUTOR 2

Right, has anyone seen Simon today?

The class laughs as yet another day passes without him being in class.

INT – A LOUNGE IN A HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We see a man sitting on a sofa, legs crossed, reading The Daily Telegraph. In the background a stereo is playing Beethoven's' String Quartet in C Sharp Minor, Opus 131. The whole ambience is that of a calm relaxed house.

We hear a call from outside the lounge.

WOMEN

Cup of tea dear?

MAN

Please. Looks like they've all gone to uni this morning, the layabouts.

WOMEN

I hope so. At least they'll be gone in a month or two.

We see her close her eyes as she takes in the beauty of the music playing, she is savouring the unusual quiet.

WOMAN

I do like Mozart.

MAN

Beethoven.

(cont'd)

WOMAN

Sorry?

MAN

It's Beethoven.

WOMAN

Oh.

MAN

Let's hope whoever moves in has some decency and respect for other people. Bloody students.

They both are sitting now, the woman is knitting something, the man continues to read his newspaper.

Suddenly there is the sound of gunfire booming throughout the house. They both jump in shock.

It becomes clear that the noise isn't real gunfire, just noise coming through the walls.

INT – LOUNGE ROOM - AFTERNOON

We see 3 lads, about 19/20 sitting down, two on a settee, the other on a bar stool. The room is a mess, empty beer cans all over the floor, ash trays brimming with used nub ends, dirty plates with mould on them, polystyrene chip trays with half eaten kebabs inside them. There is a blue haze of cigarette smoke in the air.

All three of them have a Playstation 2 controller in their hands. As they are playing they move almost in-sync with the game.

SIMON

Was that you Gareth?

GARETH

What?

SIMON

That smell. It smells like something has died up your arse and is slowly being eaten by the maggots up there.

(cont'd)

TOM

Be fair to him Si. I've been the bog twice this today.
Must have been that curry last night.

GARETH

Yeah. I thought I saw something move in my naan.

They all laugh and continue playing the console.

SIMON

Anyone fancy a drink?

GARETH

You twisted my arm.

TOM

Same here. Anything to get the taste of dead cat
out of my mouth.

We see Simon get up and walk out of the room.

INT – KITCHEN

Simon is in the kitchen we see him open the fridge door. There is hardly any food to speak of in there, just cans of lager on every shelf. Simon scans them, before picking out 3 cans of Carling.

INT – LOUNGE

Gareth and Tom are sitting waiting for Simon to come back. As he enters the room they both look up at him as he hands them each a can.

They both thank him before opening them.

SIMON

We're running low on beer boys.

TOM

Shit, I've got no money to buy any more. How many
left?

(cont'd)

SIMON

30 at the most.

GARETH

30? What we gonna do tomorrow then?

TOM

Sod tomorrow, I'm more worried about tonight.

SIMON

I've got some gear left. Should be enough to get us through tonight.

TOM

You said yesterday you were all out!

SIMON

I've got my emergency rations left.

GARETH

Where? I went through all your drawers last night and couldn't find any!

SIMON

(Jokingly)

Is it you that nicked my boxers? What've I told you about wanking over them?

GARETH

Sorry, you had no clean socks left.

They all laugh.

We hear a knock on the front door.

SIMON

Don't look at me. I got the beers in.

(cont'd)

TOM

Go on Guff. It's gotta be your turn.

GUFF

What if it's Stuart though?

TOM

Then just tell him you'll pay him double next month.

Gareth gets up and goes to answer the door.

INT – PORCH

Gareth opens the door and is met by his next door neighbour, Telegraph still in hand.

NEIGHBOUR

Lads, can you keep it down please? We can't hear ourselves think in there.

GARETH

Why? We're not making any noise.

NEIGHBOUR

You what?

We see him put his head through the doorway, listening for noise. Upon realising there is none he is on the back foot.

NEIGHBOUR

Well there might not be now, but there was the sound of guns 5 minutes ago!

GARETH

(Mockingly)

Look John, are you hearing strange noises again? I thought the hospital had given you tablets for that?

(cont'd)

JOHN

Don't take the piss son, the next time this happens
I'll phone your bloody landlord – he'll sort you
lot out.

GARETH

Ok, is that all?

JOHN

No. You lot were making a racket again at 2 in
the morning as well.

GARETH

I didn't hear anything.

JOHN

Well...well, we did. And we're not going to stand
for it much longer.

Gareth laughs in his face before shutting the door on him and walking back to the lounge.

SIMON

Was that the miserable shit from next door again?

GARETH

Yeah. I told him to fuck off.

TOM

Bout time to. He's forgotten what it's like to be
young. Anyway, fuck that. Where's your gear then?

SIMON

Well, I knew that at some point we would run low,
and then one of you two would go through my
stuff looking for some. So I hid it somewhere neither
of you two dumb bastards would ever think
of looking.

(cont'd)

Gareth and Tom simply look at him in anticipation.

TOM

You gonna tell us then?

SIMON

I don't suppose you'd close your eyes while I get it?

GARETH

We may be daft, but we ain't stupid.

We see Simon walk up to some shelves, which are full of videos. He reaches up and pulls one out, showing the case to Tom and Gareth.

GARETH

Why the hell is it in the case of "Natural Born Killers"?

SIMON

That's what I meant about you being dumb. It's directed by Oliver Stone.

Gareth looks at Simon, then Tom, obviously totally confused.

GARETH

And? What has that got to do with weed?

SIMON

I wonder why I bother.

TOM

So how much you got then?

Simon opens the case and pulls a freezer bag out, absolutely full of weed. He has a big smile on his face.

(cont'd)

GARETH

Shit man. How could you keep that there, knowing we would smoke it if we knew?

SIMON

Shit you're dumb. That's why I didn't tell you it was there!

GARETH

Fuck me sideways with a sledgehammer, are we gonna get stoned tonight.

Simon looks at Tom, a big grin on his face at the prospect of the night to come.

TOM

I get it!!

GARETH

Get what?

TOM

Oliver Stone. Stoned.

GARETH

Shit Tom, how the hell did you figure that out?

SIMON

For Christ's sake boys, it wasn't hard.

INT – UNI SEMINAR ROOM

We see the students get up and start to leave the room. As they do the tutor shouts after some of them.

TUTOR

And if any of you see Tom or Gareth can you pass the message on that I want their dissertations in by the end of the week please!

INT – LOUNGE

TOM

So what're we gonna do once we've finished that bag off?

GARETH

Er, same as always. Eat pizza.

TOM

I know that. I meant how are we going to afford to buy some more?

SIMON

I've already thought of that.

TOM

Oh?

SIMON

Yeah. I got talking to this guy at the Guild on Friday.

GARETH

Here goes. Is this another one of your schemes?

TOM

Yeah. Whenever we get involved in those we end up in trouble with someone.

SIMON

We could do. But there's really good money in it for us.

Tom and Gareth suddenly become interested.

(cont'd)

TOM

How good?

SIMON

Good. A couple of hundred.

GARETH

200 quid between us?

SIMON

A week.

GARETH

This smells bad.

TOM

You dropped your bloody guts again?

GARETH

I meant it smells illegal. Either that or we're gonna have to work.

SIMON

It is a bit, well, dodgy. But there's hardly any work involved.

TOM

So someone is going to give us 200 quid a week for doing nothing?

SIMON

Yep. And all we've got to do is store some stuff.

TOM

Stuff? As in what?

(cont'd)

SIMON

As in gear. This guy I said I spoke to. He's a dealer.

TOM

Shit man. This is starting to smell worse than Guff's farts.

SIMON

Hold on. All he needs is somewhere to store loads of stuff until it is safe for him to start moving it.

GARETH

And where the hell are we going to store drugs?

SIMON

Upstairs.

TOM

Not in my bloody bedroom you're not. I've got the smallest one out of the lot.

SIMON

No dumbass. In the loft.

GARETH

And how we gonna get up there?

SIMON

Well I was thinking of going up the normal way. Ladders.

TOM

I don't know mate. We could get done for possession.

(cont'd)

SIMON

I've agreed already. I'm meeting him tomorrow morning to sort out when he's bringing it round.

GARETH

What? Don't you think you should have discussed this with us first?

SIMON

I couldn't. He wanted an answer there and then or he said he'd go elsewhere. Look, if you want out then I'll put it up there, and if anything comes back I'll say you two didn't know about it.

TOM

Sounds good to me.

GARETH

And me.

SIMON

And me. I'm getting 200 big ones a week.

GARETH

No, 65 a week.

SIMON

Don't be a cunt – if I'm taking the wrap then all the money is mine.

There is a pause as Gareth and Tom look at each other.

TOM

We're in!

EXT – A PUB BEER GARDEN - MORNING

Simon is sitting at a table, with a man of about 25 sitting opposite him. They both have a lager in front of them.

(cont'd)

MAN

Well?

SIMON

You're on. £300 a month?

MAN

How about £250?

SIMON

No way. We could get in a lot of shit for this.

MAN

Ok. £250 and you can use whatever you want for personal use.

SIMON

Done.

MAN

But if I catch you selling it, or if I find you've used half of it then, well, you know what'll happen.

SIMON

Cool. What is it you're storing?

MAN

A bit of everything. You name it, it'll be there.

SIMON

Ok. When you bringing it round?

MAN

I'm not. It'll be Steve. Tomorrow.

(cont'd)

SIMON

Right. Ask him not to be round too early.

The man drinks what lager he has left and leaves Simon sitting on his own. He quickly lights a cigarette, his hands now visibly shaking.

INT – LADS LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

We see Simon walk back into the lounge.

TOM

Well?

SIMON

Sorted. It's coming tomorrow.

GARETH

200 a week?

SIMON

Yeah, plus whatever we want for our own use.

TOM

You kidding me? We have access to a stash?

SIMON

Yep. And apparently there's every drug imaginable coming.

TOM

No shit. Man are we gonna get wasted.

GARETH

Stuart came round earlier.

SIMON

Why? After rent money?

(cont'd)

TOM

That bastard next door has complained about the noise we are making.

SIMON

Holy shit. I didn't think he'd actually do it.

GARETH

Us neither. Stuart said to try and be considerate for the last month we are here.

TOM

And that he wanted rent money.

SIMON

What we gonna do? It's our last month at uni. I for one plan to enjoy it.

TOM

I don't know. What time is he coming tomorrow?

SIMON

Don't know. Not too early hopefully.

INT – LOUNGE – MORNING

All three of them are sitting with a cigarette in their hand, nervous about what they are about to do.

There is a knock on the front door. All three look at each other anxiously.

TOM

You're turn mate.

GARETH

If I stand up I think my asshole will fall out.

(cont'd)

SIMON
Chill. Everything will be fine.

Simon stands up and goes to the front door. He opens the porch to see a stocky figure in front of him. He looks rough, a skinhead with tattoos running up his neck and on to his shaven head.

MAN
You Simon?

SIMON
Yeah. You Steve?

MAN
Right. That's the introductions out of the way. Lets get on with the business.

SIMON
Right, how do we do this?

STEVE
Let me in and show me where it's going.

SIMON
Ok, follow me.

Simon goes back into the house, closely followed by Steve. As Steve passes the lounge door he stops and looks in, staring at Tom and Gareth.

STEVE
(To Simon)
They cool?

SIMON
Yeah, they're my housemates.

STEVE
Just checking.

(cont'd)

Simon makes his way up the stairs. Once they are both on the landing we see a pair of stepladders leading into the loft opening.

Steve looks up.

STEVE

After you.

Simon begins climbing the ladders and scrambles into the loft. Steve then climbs up after him.

Once they are in the loft Steve looks around him, Simon is unsure exactly what he is looking for, but doesn't ask any questions.

INT - ATTIC

We see Simon, Tom and Gareth standing in the loft. The sloped ceiling means they cannot stand up straight so all are slightly hunched over.

In front of them are 20/30 black bin liners, all of them full.

They are all thinking the same thing, but none of them want to be the first to ask it.

TOM

He was a nice bloke.

GARETH

Yeah, about as chatty as Steven Hawking with a flat battery.

SIMON

Right. We gonna have a look.

TOM

Thank god you said it. I'm still shitting myself.

SIMON

Right, let's do this properly. One bag at a time. Try to be careful opening them. We don't want whatever is in them to spill everywhere.

(cont'd)

TOM

After you Gareth.

GARETH

Why me? Simon got us into this!

SIMON

Exactly. I've done the worst bit. Just pick one and open it!

Gareth bends over tearing a hole in the side of a bin liner. He shines his torch into the bag and reaches inside. When he removes his hand he is holding a clear plastic bag full of white powder.

TOM

Holy shit.

As he says this he 'crosses' himself.

SIMON

He ain't gonna be helping us now mate. Besides, you don't believe in that shit!

TOM

Just saw it on some film. Might have been Scarface.

SIMON

Prat.

GARETH

This is coke. Gotta be worth a fortune.

We can see Gareth is totally shocked at what he is looking at.

TOM

Pass it over, let's have a look.

(cont'd)

Gareth throws the bag towards Tom. As Tom catches the bag he fall backwards, his arse hitting the wall behind him.

As he leans forward again with the bag of cocaine in his hand, there is a loud bang. All three of them hit the deck as fast as they can.

SIMON

What was that?

GARETH

I don't know, but I think I just shit myself.

TOM

Jesus Gareth, that's rank!

GARETH

Sorry.

SIMON

Pack it in. What was that noise?

We hear Tom laughing, and then see him stand up with a house brick in his hand.

SIMON

Where the fuck did that come from?

TOM

There.

As he says this he shines his torch beam onto the wall. There's a hole where the brick came from.

INT – NEIGHBOURS LOUNGE

John and his wife are sitting watching TV. There is a dull thud from above them.

WIFE

What was that dear?

(cont'd)

JOHN

Oh probably the morons next door moving whatever they just had delivered round.

INT – ATTIC

All three of the lads are now looking through a hole in the wall, their torch lights shining into the attic of their neighbour.

SIMON

Did you have to push that brick through?

TOM

Sorry, was just curious as to what was on the other side.

SIMON

What did you expect? Narnia?

GARETH

What?

SIMON

Never mind. Push the brick back in. I'm hungry.

TOM

Me too. Let's get some lunch.

EXT – GOLF COURSE - DAY

We see a man of about 30 standing on a fairway; two of his playing partners are further down the fairway. He is waiting for the green ahead to clear before he can play up.

As the green clears he takes his stance over the ball. As he reaches the top of his backswing we hear a mobile phone ring. The distraction of it causes him to thin the golf ball, sending it at knee height for about 50 yards down the fairway.

The anger causes him to smash his golf club into the ground. With the mobile still ringing he looks towards his playing partners.

MAN

I'm so sorry gentlemen. I thought I had turned it off.

His playing partners are clearly not amused, the club rules clearly state that no phones are to be taken onto the course, whether switched off or not.

The man goes crimson with embarrassment; he reaches into his golf bag and pulls the phone out. As he looks at the screen he looks up to his partners before turning and walking into some bushes just off the fairway. His annoyance at the call is clear as he answers it.

MAN

Good afternoon STP property management.

As he listens to the person on the other end of the line he rolls his eyes. As he talks you can see the frustration at the news.

MAN

Okay Mr Taylor. All I can do is apologise again.

He again pauses, listening to the caller.

MAN

Of course. Yes. Will do. Yep. Last time you'll phone. Yes. There's no need for the police Mr Taylor. I'm sure it won't come to that. Of course. Thank you. Goodbye.

The phone call clearly having pissed him he walks back towards his golf bag. As he puts it back into the bag he turns it off. He pulls a box of Marlboro Lights out and puts a cigarette to his lips. Once it is lit he takes a big, calming drag before turning back to his partners.

MAN

Once again gentlemen I can only apologise.

EXT – LADS HOUSE – NIGHT

As we see the outside of the lads house we can hear loud music pumping out of it, the windows allow us a glimpse of people dancing, there are a few people milling around outside, drinking and smoking.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Inside John's living room the music from next door is making the china ornaments on the shelves move around. Elaine is busy running from shelf to shelf, as she stops one figurine from moving another one starts, making her dash across the room to catch it before it falls.

John is at the window, looking through a crack in the curtains.

ELAINE

I really think this is too much. It's ten o'clock! How will we manage to sleep through this?

JOHN

Right then. Pass me the phone.

John takes the cordless phone off her and dials a number.

INT – BEDROOM – NIGHT

The only thing we can see is a mobile phone. We can hear two people groaning in the background. The mobile phone rings. After about 30 seconds an arm comes over and picks the phone up.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

JOHN

I don't care if you're busy. I've told you enough times what they're like and you don't seem to care. I know you're sorry. You said that before. And that. And that. Look, either you get it sorted out or I will.

He presses the cut-off button on the phone and looks at Elaine.

(cont'd)

ELAINE

Well?

JOHN

The usual. Sounded too pre-occupied to care.

ELAINE

What's he going to do about it?

JOHN

Who knows.

INT – BEDROOM – NIGHT

We see the man from the golf course rolling out of bed. As he does so the sheets fall off showing us a naked blonde lying on her front on the other side of the bed.

WOMAN

Don't go – stay here with me. It'll be more fun!

MAN

I wish I could.

The woman rolls over onto her back, showing off her perfect C cup breasts and neatly trimmed pubic hair. As the man takes the beauty of the woman in he turns and walks out of the bedroom door.

MAN

Believe me I wish I could. I'll be back in an hour. I hope.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Inside the lad's living room are about 40 lads and girls, all of student age. The music is bellowing from the surround system. The people are dancing, drinking and smoking. All are clearly having a good night.

(cont'd)

The man from the previous telephone conversations with John is pushing through the bodies of people. He bumps into one of the lads dancing.

LAD

Watch it mate! You almost spilt my beer!

MAN

Look son, when you're in my house you don't have a go at me!

LAD

Who the fuck are you? This is Gareth's gaff.

MAN

Not for long if you don't shut it. Now, where's Gareth?

LAD

Alright, no need for that tone mate. He's upstairs.

The man turns back towards the door that leads to the stairs. As he does he again has to push through the throng of people.

INT – LADS LANDING – NIGHT

The man is standing on the landing, he goes into the two rooms whose doors are open. He comes back out of the rooms after not finding anyone. The door to the third room is shut.

Without knocking he opens it and goes inside. We see him stop suddenly in the doorway.

INT – GARETHS BEDROOM – NIGHT

We see the bedroom door burst open as the man enters. He stops suddenly as he looks towards Gareth.

MAN

Oh for fucks sake!

We see Gareth lying on his bed. There is a lad giving him a blowjob.

(cont'd)

GARETH

SHIT!!

The lad giving the blow job looks up towards the man in the doorway.

Gareth looks down at his pleasurer. He signals that he has some come hanging from his chin. He turns to look at the man, at the same time as wiping the come off with Gareth's boxer shorts.

MAN

Now that I don't need to be seeing.

GARETH

Stuart. What are you doing here?

STUART

Just sort yourself out and get downstairs in 10 minutes. And try to find the other 2 bastards.

GARETH

Right. Can you not mention this to them?

Stuart turns and closes the door. He descends the stairs, the music getting louder as he approaches the living room.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Stuart walks over to the plug socket and flicks the power switch. The music suddenly stops. All of the people in the room stop dancing and turn to look at the offender.

Tom comes running in from the kitchen, a can of Stella Artois in his hand.

TOM

What happened?

As he says this he looks around at the faces, before clocking Stuart.

TOM

Shit. Simon! Gareth!

(cont'd)

STUART

Right. Time for you lot to leave.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

John and Elaine are sitting down on the settee. The music is still booming out.

JOHN

If it doesn't quieten down in 10 minutes
I'm calling the...

Before he can finish the sentence the music suddenly stops.

ELAINE

Police?

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The three lads are sitting down, Stuart is standing in front of them.

STUART

Right. Firstly I want to thank you. You
got me a bollocking from my golf club. And
you made me leave the best pro I have ever
found in my bed.

GARETH

And you're thanking us why?

STUART

Well I hate golf and can't afford pros' like
that.

GARETH

Ah – that was sarcasm.

STUART

Well done Dale.

(cont'd)

TOM

I don't understand. Why is that our fault?

STUART

Because a certain person has been phoning me every waking hour to tell me what a crap landlord I am for allowing you to stay.

TOM

Cunt.

STUART

That may be, but you have to see what he means.

TOM

Ok. Look, we're only here for another month or two. We just want to enjoy our last month of uni.

STUART

Well, that's where you could be wrong.

SIMON

Sorry?

STUART

Because I'm coming back at the end of the week, and if this place isn't totally spotless, including the stains on the carpet, and if I don't get the rent that's outstanding then you lot are out.

SIMON

What – you'll evict us?

STUART

Basically, yes.

SIMON

You can't do that! We've got a contract!

(cont'd)

STUART

I suggest you read that contract sonny, you'll find a clause relating to upkeep of the house. Looking around you have broken that one. Night lads. Sleep well.

Stuart turns and leaves the lads sitting in shock.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SIMON

Shit I'm stoned.

TOM

Ditto. That is good gear man. The oven on?

SIMON

Yeah, Gareth the lazy bastard is putting a pizza in.

TOM

He's been quiet all night. Think he's ok?

SIMON

Who cares?

TOM

(Laughing)

Fair comment.

We see Gareth walk into the living room, as he walks the blue haze parts behind him.

GARETH

I've come up with an idea boys.

SIMON

No.

(cont'd)

GARETH

I haven't said anything yet!

SIMON

You don't need to. Your stoner ideas always end up in shit. Last time we got done.

GARETH

Well what do you expect? You walked into the petrol station naked.

TOM

Yeah – you said we'd get free crisps if we did!

GARETH

(laughing)

Yeah, that was one of my better ones.

They are all now seated, Tom and Simon are playing on the Playstation. No one says anything for about a minute. As Tom and Simon stare at the screen in concentration Gareth simply looks at the screen, taking a drag on the splif, coughing, before talking another drag.

SIMON

So?

GARETH

What?

SIMON

Your idea. You haven't told us what it is.

GARETH

Oh yeah. Well, I was taking a piss earlier...

TOM

(Interrupting)

Here goes.

(cont'd)

GARETH

(Ignoring Tom's comment)

And I was thinking that we have got rid of one of our major problems. We now have money.

TOM

Right. And

GARETH

And that leaves us with only 1 problem remaining.

SIMON

John.

GARETH

Bingo.

TOM

So. What's the plan.

GARETH

Well, we have more drugs than Pablo Escobar upstairs.

SIMON

What the hell do you know about Pablo Escobar?

GARETH

What? I read a book about him.

SIMON

(Choking on his inhaled smoke)

What? You read a book?

(cont'd)

GARETH

Yeah was really good. Was all about how the Yanks captured him. You know, they spent millions of dollars to get him.

SIMON

Yeah. Anyway. The idea?

GARETH

Oh yeah. Right. We have drugs.

TOM

Check.

SIMON

And?

GARETH

I'm getting there. And we have a way of getting into John's place.

SIMON

I like the sound of this.

GARETH

So, put 2 and 2 together. And what do we have?

TOM

What?

SIMON

A cunning plan.

TOM

Nice. What we going to do about Stuart?

(cont'd)

SIMON

Fuck him – he won't evict us, he's bluffing.

INT – LIBRARY – DAY

We see Simon sitting at a computer. The screen shows he is connected to the internet. He is scrolling down a long list, though we cannot see what is on it.

EXT – LIBRARY – DAY

Simon walks out of the library with about 4/5 sheets of A4 in his hand. He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out his mobile phone.

SIMON

Alright mate. You got lectures? Can you skip them? Good. Meet me in the Duck and Barrel in half an hour. The game has just kicked off. Phone Gareth, tell him to meet us there. Cool.

Simon puts the phone back into his pocket and heads off away from the library.

INT – THE DUCK AND BARREL PUB – AFTERNOON

We see all three lads sitting round a table, a pint of lager in front of each of them. They are all smoking.

TOM

Beats law lectures.

GARETH

You should be researching how long we'll get for this.

SIMON

We won't get anything, as we won't get caught!

TOM

Cool. So, why we here?

(cont'd)

SIMON

I checked the stash last night, found out exactly what we have up there.

TOM

Why?

SIMON

Cos I don't want to kill them. I've researched the effects of each.

GARETH

And? What we got?

SIMON

Ali Babars cave.

TOM

Open sesame!

Simon laughs at his friends joke.

GARETH

What?

SIMON

Nothing.

Simon pushes the note over the table towards the two of them. It is a hand written list of drugs.

We see the list:

LSD

Amphetamines

Cocaine

Crack Cocaine

Magic Mushrooms (Shredded)

Viagra

Ecstasy

(cont'd)

Heroin
GHB
Mescaline
Weed
Valium
PCP

Tom and Gareth look at the list, after a few seconds they both look back up at Simon.

GARETH

There's some stuff on there I've never even heard of. How did you know what everything was?

SIMON

Some of it I recognised, but for some reason most of the bags were labelled.

TOM

Weird. Why would a dealer do that?

SIMON

It took me a while to figure that out. All I can think is that he knows exactly how much of each he gave us.

TOM

Cheeky bastard. He's checking up on us?

SIMON

Wouldn't you??

TOM

Fair comment!!

They all laugh.

TOM

So what now?

(cont'd)

SIMON

And this...

Simon pulls 3 or 4 pages of A4 from his pocket.

SIMON

It's the Holy Grail. It lists every drug we have, and the effect it has on people.

GARETH

Sorry if I've missed something, but as long as we don't give him loads he won't die!

SIMON

But a mix could. Plus we don't want him dead or addicted. We just want some fun.

TOM

Fair comment.

SIMON

So, by my reckoning, we definitely don't want to be giving him heroin or crack. Still leaves us a lot to play with.

TOM

So what's next?

SIMON

I figure we wait for them to go out and see if we can get in and out. We need to know how fast we can escape if the need be. And then work out how to administer them.

GARETH

I'm bored already. Can't we just get on with this?

(cont'd)

SIMON

No. It may be the boring way, but it has to be done properly.

TOM

Agreed. So, we need to keep a close eye on all of their comings and goings.

GARETH

No uni for a while then?

SIMON

Unfortunately not.

They all laugh.

INT – ATTIC – DAY

Tom and Simon are standing crouched down, shining their torches through the gap in the bricks.

SIMON

You're sure they both went out?

TOM

So Gareth said.

SIMON

And he's keeping an eye out for them?

TOM

Yeah. I told him to shout up if they come back.

SIMON

Pass the screwdriver.

Tom passes Simon a large flat head screwdriver. Simon takes it and starts scraping at the mortar of the surrounding bricks.

(cont'd)

SIMON

Shit, this is just falling out. I'm surprised the house is still standing.

There is a clunk a Simon reaches down and passes a brick to Tom.

TOM

1 down. How many more you reckon?

SIMON

I don't know. About 12 should do it.

INT – JOHN'S ATTIC – DAY

We see Tom and Simon standing in John's loft, looking back through the hole they have just made.

SIMON

You got your mobile on you?

TOM

Yeah. Why?

SIMON

Phone Gareth. Tell him to sit by the window and watch for them. As soon as he sees them coming back he needs to ring you.

INT – JOHN'S KITCHEN – DAY

Simon and Tom are standing in their neighbour's kitchen, their clothes covered in dust.

SIMON

Nice place.

TOM

You reckon she'd come in and tidy our kitchen?

(cont'd)

SIMON

My mom won't even go into ours mate.

TOM

True. So, we've checked the place out.
What now.

Simon reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bag of marijuana.

TOM

Holy shit. I didn't see you bring that down.

SIMON

I just figured it would be a wasted journey
otherwise. Where's the tea?

They both look around the kitchen, Tom picking up a tea container.

TOM

Perfect. Tea leaves.

SIMON

Fucking hell. It's too easy.

Simon opens the plastic bag and empties a large handful into the tea leaves, before replacing the lid and shaking it up.

SIMON

Should keep him going for a while.

We hear a mobile ringing.

TOM

Shit. Go.

(cont'd)

We see them both turn and run, heading out of the kitchen and up the stairs. As they reach the landing they stop and look up at the loft opening. There is no ladder.

As they look up we can see the fear on their faces.

SIMON

How the hell are we going to get up?

TOM

Didn't you think about a ladder?

SIMON

Did you?

TOM

Fuck. Right, stand on my hand.

We see Tom cup his hands and Simon put his foot into it. He pushes him up and Simon clammers into the attic. Once up he reaches an arm down.

SIMON

Jump.

TOM

What? You'll never hold me!

SIMON

Then stay there!!

Tom jumps and grabs Simons hand. We can see the strain on his face as he hauls Tom up.

INT – JOHN'S ATTIC – DAY

They are both in the loft, Simon sliding the loft hatch back into place as Tom scrambles back through the opening.

LAD'S ATTIC –DAY

They are now both in their own loft, looking at the hole.

(cont'd)

SIMON

You think we need to put the bricks back?

TOM

No, if we struggled to get up John will never make it.

INT – LANDING – DAY

We see the lads climbing down the ladder into their own house.

INT – BOYS LIVING ROOM – DAY

Simon and Tom walk into the living room, covered in dust, out of breath and sweating.

TOM

They back in the house?

GARETH

Who?

TOM

John and Elaine – who else?

GARETH

No – why?

SIMON

Wait – it was you that phoned us?

GARETH

Yeah. I was putting the kettle on.
Wanted to know if you wanted a drink.

Simon and Tom look at each other before looking back at Gareth. We see them both charge towards Gareth who is sitting in an arm chair.

(cont'd)

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

All of the lads are sitting playing the Playstation. We hear a car pull up outside.

SIMON

They're back. Let the games begin.

TOM

We didn't move anything did we?

SIMON

I don't think so. All we touched was the tea.

GARETH

It's a shame we can't see the results.

SIMON

True – but just the idea is good enough for me.

JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

We see John sitting in an arm chair, reading a newspaper. His wife walks into the living room, dressed only in a dressing gown.

WIFE

Morning love. Cup of tea?

JOHN

Yes please, I could murder one.

We see her fill the kettle with water, plug it in and switch it on. While she waits for it to boil she takes two nice looking mugs out of a cupboard and places them on the worktop. She then picks up a teapot and goes to the tea caddy.

As she opens the tea caddy she gives it a gentle shake.

(cont'd)

WIFE

(shouting)

John, have you bought a different tea again?

JOHN

No love. Same as always. Why?

WIFE

Just looks lighter than normal.

JOHN

(To himself)

Bloody imagination again.

INT – SIMON'S BEDROOM – MORNING

We see Simon fast asleep in bed, sick is on his pillow next to his head.

INT – TOM'S BEDROOM – MORNING

We see Tom fast asleep in bed, there is a large wet stain on the duvet, a can of Stella Artois is on its side, the cause of the spillage.

INT – LAD'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Gareth is sitting on the sofa, the controller for the Playstation in his hands. Next to him is an ashtray full of nub ends. We see that he is fast asleep.

INT – JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

John is in his chair still, his wife is walking in with two cups of tea.

WIFE

You sure this is the same tea as usual?
It smells like herbal.

JOHN

No love. Same as always. Earl Grey.

We see them both take a sip of their tea.

(cont'd)

JOHN

Mm. That's a good cup of tea.

WIFE

Ooh – that's nice. Whatever you bought,
buy it again.

JOHN

(Sarcastically)

Earl Grey then?

WIFE

If you say so dear.

INT – LAD'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

We see Gareth still asleep on the sofa. He wakes up with a jolt. He looks around him, trying to work out where he is. Once he has figured it out he picks up the console controller and presses a button. We hear football commentary coming from the TV.

INT – JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

John finishes his cup of tea.

JOHN

We got any biscuits?

WIFE

You must have read my mind then.
Don't know why I'm peckish, we only
had breakfast an hour ago.

JOHN

We only had a small tea last night love.

WIFE

Yeah. Fancy another cuppa?

(cont'd)

JOHN

Ooh, go on then. If it's half as good as that

one I'll have two!

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

We see Tom walk into the living room, wearing only his boxer shorts. He looks tired and hungover.

He doesn't speak to Gareth, who is still sitting playing on the console.

INT – LADS KITCHEN – MORNING

Tom enters the kitchen and looks at the work surface. It is covered with dirty plates, half eaten curries are dried up on them, the take away cartoons full of left over curry and rice.

Tom opens the fridge. We see him looking into it, yawning and scratching his head.

TOM
(Shouting)
You wanna drink mate?

Gareth calls back from the living room.

GARETH
Yeah. What you makin?

TOM
Fosters or Stella?

GARETH
Er, better make it a Fosters, bit too early
to be starting on the wife beater.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

John and Elaine are sitting watching TV, we can't see it, but the sound coming from it tells us it is a news program.

On the side is a packet of chocolate digestive biscuits, we can see it is almost empty.

(cont'd)

ELAINE
I can't believe we ate a whole pack.

TOM
(Slurry)

I know. Made me feel a bit light headed.

ELAINE

Don't be silly dear, biscuits don't make
you light headed.

We hear the TV newsreader begin the lead in to the next story:

*Police have confirmed that they are currently
looking for 2 men in connection with a bank
robbery yesterday. They have released the following
footage from the banks' CCTV cameras.*

VIEW OF TELEVISION SHOWING CCTV FOOTAGE OF A BURGLARY

The footage, in black and white shows two men enter a bank lobby, each with a mask over their face. As they walk up the counter one of the men pulls a gun from under his long coat and points it at the teller. There is no sound to the footage.

As the footage continues we see them leaving the bank, a holdall full of the cash they have stolen is being carried by the second man. As he walks out of the door he looks up at the camera filming him, we see he is wearing a clown Halloween style mask.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

We see John staring blankly at the TV screen, obvious he is watching the pictures but not taking any of the information in.

We can hear a giggling.

As John turns and looks at Elaine we can see her laughing uncontrollably.

JOHN
(Seriously)

Something funny dear.

(cont'd)

ELAINE
(Laughing still)

I don't know. I just saw that mask
and, well, started laughing.

JOHN

I shouldn't think the people in the bank
were laughing.

Tears are now streaming down Elaine's face, as she continues to talk she is also
laughing and crying at the same time.

ELAINE

I know, but, the mask!

John looks at her, he simply cannot work out why she is laughing.

JOHN

(Seriously)

Pass the biscuits.

INT – BAR – AFTERNOON

The 3 lads are all sitting around a table, all have a pint and a cigarette. They aren't
talking much, all of them are nursing hangovers from the previous night.

GARETH

Wonder how they are liking their tea?

TOM

Bet they're loving it. Sitting there stoned,
talking about the Summer of Love.

SIMON

Which brings us onto our next adventure.

TOM

Oh? What's that?

(cont'd)

SIMON

What are we giving them next?

INT – LADS ATTIC – DAY

Gareth and Tom are in the attic, crouched over, looking through the hole in the wall.

TOM

So, you understand?

GARETH

Yeah. I go down, put them in the fridge, have a look around see what else there is we can use, and then get back quick.

TOM

Right. I'll wait here to help you back up. If you hear anything, run.

INT - JOHNS KITCHEN - DAY

We see Gareth in the kitchen, he is closing the fridge door. He opens a biscuit jar and takes out a chocolate digestive. He walks around the kitchen, opening drawers and cupboards, looking to see what else there is that they can possibly use to their advantage.

INT - LADS LIVING ROOM – DAY

All three lads are sitting in the living room, watching TV. The camera shows us they are watching 'Taxi Driver'. There is a blue haze of smoke covering the room. The camera shows us that Simon is smoking a splif. Gareth coughs.

TOM

(To Gareth)

Are you talkin to me?

GARETH

(Stoned)

No mate. Coughed.

Simon and Tom laugh, leaving Gareth wondering what's going on.

(cont'd)

There is a knock at the door. None of the lads move. They are all too stoned and drunk to care.

The knock is repeated.

TOM

Go on Gareth, it's your turn.

Gareth gets up and goes to the door. We hear him mumbling to whoever it is that knocked.

INT – HOUSE – DAY

Three men of about 30 years old are sitting around.

MAN 1

You sure these lads have the stuff.

MAN 2

Definitely. Steve said he took it round a couple of weeks ago.

MAN 1

And they're students?

MAN 2

Yeah. Desperate for money. They are storing it for Lee.

MAN 3

Where?

MAN 2

That I don't know. I'm assuming that they will have it in the house somewhere.

MAN 3

That's a lot of gear to keep in a house.

(cont'd)

MAN 1

Garage?

MAN 2

No. They haven't got one. There's a knackered old shed out back though.

MAN 1

So what's the plan?

MAN 2

We're going to get it back. Hopefully they're not expecting us so won't put up too much of a fight.

MAN 3

And if they do?

MAN 1

We'll just take precautions.

MAN 2

When?

MAN 1

You doing much Saturday?

LADS PORCH – DAY

Gareth goes into the porch. We see him open the door, to be greeted by two police officers.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Afternoon sir.

GARETH

(Stoned)

Er, afternoon.

(cont'd)

POLICE OFFICER 2

You ok son? You don't look well.

GARETH

Yeah. Sorry. Late night last night.

The two police officers glance at each other quickly.

POLICE OFFICER 1

There's nothing to be concerned about sir,
we're just doing routine house to house
enquiries.

GARETH

(Started to get paranoid)

What about? We didn't do anything!

POLICE OFFICER 1

Er, no sir, I'm sure you didn't. The reason
for our call is just to warn you that a number
of properties on this road have had their sheds
broken into this week. We're just canvassing
to see if anybody heard or saw anything
suspicious.

GARETH

(Relieved)

Oh. No. We usually stay up late and....drink
Haven't heard a thing.

POLICE OFFICER 1

No problems sir. I'll just give you this leaflet
about how to make sure your home and
property is safe. Any problems please call us.

GARETH

Thanks. We will.

The police officers turn to leave. As Gareth is about to shut the door the second
officer turns back to Gareth.

(cont'd)

POLICE OFFICER 2

And sir.

GARETH

Yeah?

POLICE OFFICER 2

Keep it in the house and we'll let it pass.
Ok?

GARETH

(Blushing)

Yeah. And thanks.

The police officers walk away, and turn towards John's house.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – DAY

Gareth walks back into the living room.

TOM

What was all that about?

GARETH

Police.

He sits down as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened.

SIMON

I'm sorry. I could have sworn you just
said the police were at our door!

GARETH

I did. Making sure our shed was secure.

SIMON

Why?

GARETH

Break ins or something.

(cont'd)

Tom and Simon, both now stoned look at each other, shrug their shoulders and continue to watch the film. Gareth is by now fast asleep.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – EVENING

John and Elaine are sitting watching TV. Dirty dinner plates are at their feet. Elaine is staring intently at the TV screen, John is looking at the wall.

ELAINE

I didn't see anything advertised about this.

JOHN

What's that?

ELAINE

Tonight's Coronation Street. It's 3D.

JOHN

What?

ELAINE

It's 3D – look. Rita's hair looks like it's coming out of the screen.

For the first time in a while John takes his eyes from the wall.

JOHN

Looks normal to me.

John resumes looking at the wall.

ELAINE

That Rita's dyed her hair again. It wasn't that orange last night.

(cont'd)

JOHN

Maybe.

Elaine takes her eyes off the TV screen and looks at John, who is still staring at the wall.

ELAINE

What are you looking at?

JOHN

What? Oh. Nothing. It's just that my shadow keeps waving at me.

Elaine looks at the wall, at John's shadow. It isn't moving.

We see John's POV as he looks at the wall. His shadow is waving at him. It then makes a gesture as if to say 'Come here'.

John gets up out of his chair. Elaine's gaze follows him as he walks across the room towards his shadow.

JOHN

I'm coming John Hang on a minute.

John walks into the wall. Instead of stopping, he puts his shoulder against the wall and pushes with all his might.

ELAINE

Now what are you doing?

JOHN

What does it look like? I'm walking through the wall.

ELAINE
(Confused)

Why?

(cont'd)

JOHN

To see what's on the other side!

INT – LECTURE HALL – DAY

The lecture hall is full of students. The lecturer is mid way through his ‘lesson’:

LECTURER

The case of George Mitchell vs. Finney
Lock Seeds Ltd, in 1983 set a precedent
in that the claimant said that the £61000
worth of cabbage seed he ordered was of
inferior quality and caused his entire
crop to fail and therefore.....

There is a loud snoring noise from the back of the lecturer hall. We see that Gareth is fast asleep, his head has fallen onto the desk in front of him. The lecturer stops as the laughter of the other students increases.

LECTURER

(Shouting)

Mr Jones!!

Gareth continues to sleep, blissfully unaware of the commotion he is causing.

LECTURER

(Shouting louder)

MR JONES!!!

The student next to Gareth gives him a sharp nudge in the ribs. Gareth suddenly jolts awake, shocked to be woken from his much needed sleep.

GARETH

Sorry. What?

LECTURER

In what year did it happen Mr Jones?

(cont'd)

GARETH

I'm sorry. Did what happen?

LECTURER

The case of George Mitchell vs. Finney
Lock Seeds Ltd.

GARETH

Oh, right.

Gareth looks down, the girl to his left who woke him slyly pushes a piece of paper towards him.

GARETH

Right. Hang on. Mitchell vs Finney Lock
Seeds. That would be....let me think.
1984. No – sorry 83.

LECTURER

I'm sorry?

GARETH

Don't worry about it. You're not the first
lecturer to wake me up.

The whole lecture hall laughs.

LECTURER

No Mr Jones. I thought you said 1983?

GARETH

I did.

LECTURER

Right. And how, may I ask did you know?

GARETH

I'm not with you?

(cont'd)

LECTURER

Well, Mr Jones, this is only the 2nd lecture

you have been to this semester. How did you know the answer?

GARETH

Well, it may be only my second lecture this semester, but it is the third time I have repeated this year.

Again the lecture hall erupts in laughter. The lecturer clearly isn't amused at being made to look like a fool in front of his students.

LECTURER

Well in that case, as you're such an expert I want you to carry out tomorrow's lecture.

GARETH

Tomorrow? But it's Tuesday tomorrow.

LECTURER

Your point being?

GARETH

Well, it's 2 bottles for a pound at the Guild tonight.

As the laughter dies away the lecturer holds Gareth's gaze.

LECTURER

Hm, let's see. I think your topic will be about Statutory Regulation of Intellectual Property.

GARETH

What?

(cont'd)

LECTURER

Exactly. Class dismissed. I'll be expecting

a full house at 10 sharp in the morning to hear
the muses of Mr Jones.

The students in the lecture hall begin filing out, leaving Gareth sitting in his chair.
The look on his face is of sheer terror.

INT – BAR – AFTERNOON

Simon, Tom and Gareth are all in a pub just off the university campus.

TOM

Well, if you want my opinion I think it's bloody
genius.

GARETH

What's fucking genius about it? The old
bastard has stitched me up good a proper.

TOM

Well, you'll never fall asleep in one of his
lectures again!

GARETH

Too bloody right. After tomorrow I'm not
going to another one!!

SIMON

So why go tomorrow then?

GARETH

Principle. I'm not letting him win!

TOM

I think he already has mate. What do you
know about 'Intellectual Property' laws?

(cont'd)

GARETH

Nothing yet. But if I can find my law

textbook then I'll at least know something.

Simon finishes his beer off.

SIMON

Right. I've got an economics lecture to go to.

TOM

You don't want another beer then?

SIMON

Go on then.

Tom goes the bar and orders three more pints of lager.

TOM

So, you've got a long night of studying ahead.

GARETH

Yeah. I'll get some caffeine tablets or something.

TOM

I've got some at home. I'll give you them later.
If you put them in Red Bull you'll be able
to stay up all night.

GARETH

Cheers.

INT – LADS KITCHEN – EVENING

Tom and Simon are making a drink. They are opening bottles of Stella, and open a can of Red Bull for Gareth.

(cont'd)

TOM

Silly bastard told me he wanted to stay

up all night.

SIMON

And?

Tom puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a bag of Viagra.

TOM

He will!

SIMON

Holy shit mate – where you get them from?

TOM

The loft. There's shit loads of them up there. I was planning to grind them up and slip them into Johns' coffee. Then I had a better idea.

Tom starts dropping them into the can of Red Bull.

SIMON

(Laughing)

How many you putting in there?

TOM

Don't know – was thinking of about 5?

SIMON

You cruel bastard.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Simon and Tom walk back into the living room. Simon passes Gareth the can of Red Bull.

(cont'd)

SIMON

There you go Nelson.

GARETH

Cheers.

TOM

You ever been to Blackpool Gareth?

GARETH

Yeah. Why?

TOM

Nothing, me and Simon were just talking about memories of the seaside from when we were kids.

SIMON

Yeah. Was just reminded of all the candyfloss I could eat.

GARETH

I was always into sticks of rock myself.

Simon and Tom burst out laughing.

GARETH

What?

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Simon and Tom are playing on the Playstation 2, Gareth is sitting on the settee with a law textbook on his lap.

Gareth starts fidgeting.

SIMON

Alright mate?

(cont'd)

GARETH
(Agitated)

What? Yeah. Fine.

SIMON

The caffeine tablets working?

GARETH

I think so. Don't feel tired anyway.

Simon and Tom look at each other and laugh quietly.

GARETH

'Scuse me.

Gareth stands up, holding the textbook over his groin.

TOM

You ok mate? You look a little..peeky.

GARETH

Yeah, fine. Just need the toilet.

SIMON

And you're taking a law textbook with you?

GARETH

Er, yeah. Can't stop revising.

Gareth shuffles off to the toilet.

SIMON

So, you gonna tell him what you've done?

TOM

No chance.

SIMON

Can you hear that?

(cont'd)

TOM

Sounds like the shower.

INT – LADS BATHROOM –NIGHT

We see a shower curtain, we can see the silhouette of Gareth behind it. The water is cold, given away by the noises he is making. We can also see his right arm moving rigorously as he masturbates to try and get rid of his erection.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Gareth comes back into the living room, the textbook in his left hand. His hair is wet.

SIMON

You had a shower mate?

GARETH

Er, yeah. Saves having to get up as early in the morning.

TOM

I hope you've left some hot water for the rest of us?

GARETH

Yeah there's loads.

INT – GARETHS BEDROOM – NIGHT

We see Gareth lying in bed, under the duvet. He is sitting up against the headboard, his knees raised. He has his law textbook resting on them to make it easier to read. While he is reading the textbook we can also see that he is masturbating, still unable to get rid of the Viagra induced erection.

INT – JOHNS BEDROOM – NIGHT

John and Elaine are lying in bed, both of them are reading. From the other side of the wall they can hear Gareth's' headboard rhythmically beating against it.

(cont'd)

JOHN

Bloody lads. Don't they know what time

it is?

ELAINE

We were that age once John. They're only having fun while they're young.

JOHN

We may have been that age but we had respect for our elders.

ELAINE

(Under her breath)

You're only jealous.

JOHN

What's that supposed to mean?

ELAINE

You know full well what it means.

JOHN

You said it didn't bother you!

ELAINE

I was being polite. It's been 2 years John. Why don't you go and see someone?

JOHN

What? Tell a bloody stranger my problems? I don't think so.

INT – GARETHS BEDROOM – NIGHT

Gareth gets out of bed and walks to a chest of drawers. He pulls out a pair of boxers, looks at them and puts them back. He reaches back in and comes out with a pair of Y-fronts. He smells them, pulls a face and puts them back in. After the third time he pulls out a pair of jockey shorts. Looking pleased with himself he pulls them on.

(cont'd)

GARETH

That should keep the bloody thing down.

INT – LECTURE HALL – MORNING

The students are slowly filing in and chatting to each other as they take their seats. Gareth is sitting near the back, avidly reading a textbook, cramming before his public humiliation. The lecturer comes in the door and makes his way to the front. As he stands on the raised platform the chatter of the students slowly dies away, before silence descends.

LECTURER

Well, nice to see such a good turnout. In fact looking around I think this could be my highest attendance of the year. I wonder why that is?

As he says this he slowly scans the crowd before spotting Gareth, still deep in a textbook. Once he spots him he keeps his gaze upon him.

LECTURER

Well Mr Jones. Now this is a surprise. Of all the people in here, you were the last I expected to see.

Gareth looks up from his textbook, a look of scorn and contempt etched on his face.

LECTURER

So, Gareth, I hope you've prepared?

The students give a quiet chuckle at the irony of what the lecturer has just said.

LECTURER

Well, I guess we're about to find out.
The stage is yours Mr Jones.

The lecturer opens his arms, inviting Gareth down.

STUDENT

(Shouts)

Gareth Jones – come on down!!

(cont'd)

Everyone laughs, even the lecturer. A red flush appears on Gareth's face. He stands up and slowly begins walking down the steps to the front of the hall.

LECTURER

(Mockingly)

Well well. I never thought I'd see the day
when the class clown blushed.

As Gareth reaches the stage he looks at the lecturer. The redness has now left his face – and his air of confidence has gripped him. He is determined not to let the lecturer get the better of him.

LECTURER

When you're ready.

Gareth stands behind the lectern, wraps his hands around its sides, takes a deep breath, and begins.

GARETH

On almost everything we see in today's society,
be it a film, a book or a CD, if we look hard
enough we are almost guaranteed to find a
symbol. It has become part of a new language
– one that is recognised all over the world.
It is a small 'C' enclosed in a circle. But
where does it come from? And what does
it mean?

The lecturer has a shocked, almost annoyed look on his face. He glances around the lecture hall and Gareth has every single one of the students undivided attention. He hasn't had that in years of teaching students.

INT – JOHNS ATTIC – DAY

Simon and Tom are looking down through the loft hatch into John's house. Tom has a small plastic bag in his hand. In it is a purple powder.

SIMON

So, you know what you're doing with it?

(cont'd)

TOM

I think so. I figured the best place for it would

be in the sugar jar.

SIMON

Ok. What about the other stuff?

Tom reaches into his left hand pocket and pulls out what looks like a strip of stamps. He holds them up to show Simon.

TOM

I'll see what's in the fridge. I figure they'll dissolve.

SIMON

Will they still have the same effect?

TOM

Haven't got a clue. I guess if I put all of them in?

Simon thinks for a while before shrugging his shoulders.

SIMON

Only one way to find out.

INT – JOHNS KITCHEN – DAY

Tom is having a wonder around the kitchen. He opens the sugar jar and pours in the powder. After putting the lid back on he gives it a quick shake. He then goes to the fridge, and takes out a bottle of milk from the inside of the door. He opens it, has a big swig of it and then puts it onto the work surface. After taking the tabs out of his pocket he drops them into the bottle, puts the lid back on and gives it a really good shake. After holding the bottle up to the light coming in from the window he is convinced they are all dissolved. He then puts the bottle back onto the bottom shelf of the fridge before shutting the door.

He goes to walk away before turning back. He opens the fridge again and reaches in. When he removes his arm we see he has a tomato in it.

INT – JOHNS HOUSE, STAIRS – DAY

As Tom walks up the stairs he is eating the tomato, a look of total happiness on his face. He stands under the loft opening and puts the last piece in his mouth. When he looks up he sees that Simon has gone.

TOM
(Worried)

Simon?

There is no answer, and Simon does not appear.

TOM
(Slightly louder)

Simon?

Again there is no response.

Tom is now clearly agitated now, starting to worry about being stuck in the house when John and Elaine get back home.

TOM
(Shouting)

SIMON!!

This time Simons' head appears over the edge.

SIMON
Starting to get worried?

TOM
That was bang out of order.

SIMON
Still funny though!

INT – LECTURE HALL – DAY

Gareth is on the stage still, the students are still sitting in silence. The lecturer is now seated on the front row of seats among the students. He is clearly both engrossed and amazed by the performance Gareth is giving.

GARETH

Thanks for listening. I'm glad to see some of you have been making notes. I should warn you, however that I have copyrighted everything I have said today. If any of you try and use my material, well, I'll see you in court.

The students start laughing and clapping. Gareth looks over at his lecturer, who is also clapping. As the students begin to leave the lecturer approaches Gareth.

LECTURER

Well Mr Jones, I must say that was quite a performance. May I ask how you managed to learn all of that within the space of one night?

GARETH

There's something that I haven't told you. In fact I've hardly told anyone.

LECTURER

And what would that be?

GARETH

That would be the fact that I have a photographic memory.

The lecturer looks at Gareth's face, trying to work out if he is telling the truth, or spinning one of his now infamous excuses.

As he continues to try and work this out Gareth casually walks past him and leaves the lecture hall.

EXT – LECTURE HALL – DAY

Gareth reaches into his pocket and pulls out his mobile. He dials a number and holds it to his ear.

GARETH

You at home?

He waits for a response from the person on the other end.

GARETH

Cool. You both wanna come to the guild for a few beers. I've got cause for a celebration.

INT – GUILD BAR – DAY

The three lads are all playing pool. Tom and Gareth are sharing a cue, passing it between them after shots. Simon has his own cue. He pots a ball and stands up to talk.

SIMON

(To Gareth)

So how you manage it then?

GARETH

Easy. I copied of an internet site I found.

TOM

But how'd you remember it all?

GARETH

I didn't. I got in to uni early and put the papers on the lectern. It was just a case of reading from a piece of paper.

SIMON

Shit man. Sometimes you scare me.

(cont'd)

GARETH

Scare you how?

SIMON

Scare me in the same way that our friend
midgets scare me.

TOM

(Laughing)

What?

SIMON

Well, they're all small and everything.
You know they're normal people in there,
but you just don't trust them.

TOM

Mate, it's you that's scary.

Simon gets back down to the pool table and pots another couple of balls.

GARETH

So, what's the next step in Operation
Neighbour Storm?

TOM

It's in action.

SIMON

We put some acid tabs in their milk and
some...

He pauses, realising when he says it Gareth will understand why he had an erection
for 14 hours.

GARETH

Some what?

(cont'd)

SIMON

Viagra in their sugar.

Gareth looks at Simon. Tom starts sniggering.

GARETH
Viagra? There's Viagra up there?

SIMON
Well, yeah.

Tom and Simon are both now laughing. Gareth is still figuring things out.

GARETH
Viagra? You mean that I've had a raging stiffy
for so long because of Viagra?

TOM
Well you did say that you wanted to stay up all
night.

GARETH
You sons of bitches. I was starting to get
worried. I was trying to work out what to do.
I mean I could hardly walk into the doctors
and drop my kegs and say "So doc, what
you reckon causes this?" could I?

TOM
You still – up – then?

GARETH
Fuck yeah. I'm wearing the tightest boxers
I could find to keep it in.

SIMON
Fuck me. How many did we put in the sugar?

TOM
About 11 I think.

(cont'd)

GARETH

How many did you give me?

SIMON

5.

TOM

I think it might be John keeping us awake for a change.

INT – JOHNS KITCHEN – EVENING

JOHN

You want a cup of tea love?

ELAINE

No thanks love. I'll just have an orange juice. I'll be filling up with coffee tonight.

John puts a tea bag into his mug and pours in the hot water. He opens the sugar caddy and puts in two large teaspoons of sugar. He then goes to the fridge and opens the door. As he does so he reaches into the back of the door for the milk. He realises it isn't there.

JOHN

We run out of milk?

ELAINE

No. It's in the door as always.

JOHN

No it ain't.

(cont'd)

ELAINE

It is – I put it there after breakfast this

morning.

He looks around the fridge and doesn't see the milk.

JOHN
I'm telling you it's not here.

Elaine rolls her eyes.

ELAINE
So as always I'm going to have to
come and find it for you.

Elaine gets to the fridge and looks in the door. Realising it isn't there she looks into the fridge. She sees the bottle and pulls it out, putting it onto the work surface.

ELAINE
And what do you call that?

JOHN
Milk. You mustn't have put it back
properly this morning.

ELAINE
I did, I had to move the orange juice to
fit it in.

JOHN
So it moved on its own then?

John pours the milk into the mug and the orange juice into a glass.

He walks back into the living room and hands Elaine the orange juice. He sits down and begins drinking his tea.

EXT – LADS HOUSE – EVENING

A car is outside the lads' house, there are the shadows of two people sitting in the front seats.

EXT – STREET – EVENING

The three lads are walking up a road; they are all clearly drunk as they sway across the pavement. Simon and Tom are leaning on each other, acting as support to stop themselves falling over. All three of them are eating kebabs out of the paper they came in.

SIMON

(To Tom)

You know mate. I love you.

TOM

I love you too dude.

GARETH

What about me?

SIMON

We love you too Gareth.

They reach their house and stagger up the steps. When they reach the porch door Simon pulls out his key and starts to try and get it into the lock. After 3 unsuccessful attempts he finally gets it into the lock.

SIMON

(Shouting)

WINNER!

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – EVENING

JOHN

Sounds like they're drunk again.
Good job we're going out.

INT – CAR – EVENING

The two men sitting in the car watch as Simon attempts to get the key in the lock.

MAN 1

That them?

MAN 2

Yeah. That's them.

MAN 1

Shame, they have no idea what's about to happen to them.

The man in the driver's seat turns the engine over, turns on the headlights and pulls away.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – EVENING

The three lads are all sitting down, Tom and Simon are still eating their kebabs, Gareth is sitting, almost asleep, with a can of lager in his hand.

GARETH

I'm out of cash.

TOM

Me too.

SIMON

That's three then. Don't worry, I'm seeing Lee tomorrow to get our first payment.

TOM

About time too. I've been living on my credit card waiting for this money.

GARETH

I've been living on your card too Tom.

(cont'd)

TOM

Don't I know it!

INT – BINGO HALL – NIGHT

Inside the bingo hall we can see that all of the seats and tables are full, mainly with women of about 50/60 sitting in groups, all of them with a bingo card in front of them and a pen in their hand.

BINGO CALLER

88 –

He pauses while he waits for the crowd's answer.

CROWD

(Shouting in unison)

TWO FAT LADIES!

CALLER

4 and 5 –

He again waits for the crowd to respond...

They don't.

CALLER

No, I don't know it either!!

All of the pensioners give a hearty laugh; the younger people in the room don't make a sound.

CALLER

Key's to the door...

CROWD

21!!

(cont'd)

CALLER

That's what I like to hear!

INT – BACK OF BINGO HALL – NIGHT

John and Elaine are sat on their own at a table near the back of the hall. John has a pint of bitter in front of him, Elaine what looks like a lemonade.

ELAINE

You alright love? You look a bit pale.

JOHN

I'm alright. Just a bit warm Gloria.

ELAINE

What?

JOHN

I said I'm fine.

ELAINE

I heard that – what did you call me?

JOHN

Elaine.

ELAINE

No you didn't – you called me Gloria.

INT – BINGO HALL BAR – NIGHT

Just behind John and Elaine two men of about 70 are standing at the bar.

MAN

I've got a good one for you Bill.

BILL

Go on then.

(cont'd)

INT – BACK OF BINGO HALL – NIGHT

ELAINE

I said you called me Gloria. Who the hell
is Gloria?

John has stopped paying any attention to Elaine; instead he has his head tilted as he
tries to listen to the joke being told.

INT – BINGO HALL BAR – NIGHT

MAN

And Tonto says “No, buffalo come”

Bill simply shrugs his shoulders in disapproval.

MAN

You didn’t like that?

BILL

I did the first time I heard it. About 30 year ago.

INT – BACK OF BINGO HALL – NIGHT

John is sweating profusely, his skin as white as a ghost. He is in fits of laughter,
unable to control himself.

ELAINE

Are you listening to me?

No response.

ELAINE

John, I asked you a question.

With that John turns around to face Elaine. As he does so, he sees not Elaine’s face
but instead it has changed into a buffalos head.

(cont’d)

JOHN
(Laughing)

Oh my god – you look like a moose!

ELAINE

(Angrily)

What did you call me?

JOHN

(Still laughing)

Nothing! All I said was that you look like a moose!

ELAINE

First some women called Gloria, then a moose! In all the years we've been together you've never insulted me like that!

JOHN

It wasn't an insult love!! You just look like a moose!

ELAINE

I'm going.

Elaine gets up, picks her coat off the back of her chair and leaves. John stays where he is looking totally confused. As he looks around he sees that the whole bingo hall has gone silent, every one is looking at him. Some of the women are shaking their heads at him in disgust. He doesn't take much of this in however, as his colour perception has changed, instead of normal colours he can see purples and greens and yellows everywhere – all of them mixing together, swirling around his head.

The people looking at him just see him standing, a big smile on his face as his head moves from side to side. He clearly has an erection.

JOHN

Colours!! Pretty colours!!

EXT – BINGO HALL – NIGHT

Elaine is walking across the rain drenched car park alone. In the background we see John being led down the bingo hall steps by two young lads.

LAD

Night granddad! Stay off the hard stuff
next time!

As he says this Elaine stops and turns around, watching John coming across the car park towards her.

JOHN

Love – I'm so sorry. Must have had a funny
turn I guess.

ELAINE

That was no funny turn. Come on, we're
going home.

As she turns to walk away John stands still, looking into a dark corner of the car park.

ELAINE

Are you coming?

JOHN

Elaine love?

ELAINE
(Snaps)

What?

JOHN

Fancy a shag?

This stops Elaine dead in her tracks.

(cont'd)

ELAINE

You bloody wish. Mind you, so do I.

John looks down at the erection that is making the bulge in his trousers.

JOHN

What do you call that then?

ELAINE

A bloody miracle. Come on!

Elaine grabs John by his jacket collar and pulls him quickly across the car park, towards the dark corner John was looking at earlier.

INT – JOHNS BEDROOM – MORNING

John and Elaine are sitting up in bed. Elaine is reading a book, a cigarette in her hand. John is leant up against the headboard, a look of shock and confusion on his face.

JOHN

You don't normally smoke in bed.

ELAINE

And you don't normally, well, you know in bed.

JOHN

I don't know what came over me.

ELAINE

It's been that long I've forgotten what came over me.

JOHN

Must have been something I ate. Strange though, first the funny turn in the bingo hall, then that!

(cont'd)

ELAINE

I'd forgotten that. You called me a moose!

JOHN

Yeah – was really weird that. I said it because I looked at you and you looked like a real moose. You know, long nose, horns, fur, the lot.

ELAINE

What?

JOHN

Yep. Can't explain it. Just did. Funny turn.

ELAINE

Must have been food poisoning or something. We eat anything different?

JOHN

No, just had a couple of cups of tea before we left.

ELAINE

I didn't, I had juice.

JOHN

More tea for me then!!

ELAINE

Go and make a cup then!!

EXT – PUB BEER GARDEN – DAY

Simon is sitting in a beer garden with Lee, the lad who he is looking after the drugs for.

LEE

So, everything cool?

(cont'd)

SIMON

Yeah. Although we've been using the weed

quite heavily.

LEE

No probs. You sure everything is cool though?

SIMON

Yeah – why?

LEE

Nothing. Forget I said anything.

SIMON

You can't act weird and then dismiss it like that!

LEE

Sorry. It's best you don't know. It will only put you in danger.

SIMON

Whoa! Back up a sec. Danger?

LEE

Yeah. You already are a bit.

SIMON

Shit. What kind of trouble? Police?

LEE

What makes you say that?

SIMON

They came round the other day. Talked about shed break-ins or something.

LEE

Sounds about right.

(cont'd)

SIMON

What you mean?

LEE

The guys who the drugs belong to know they are in the area somewhere.

SIMON

What? How? Who?

LEE

Calm down. The drugs aren't mine. We obtained them. And now the rightful owners want them back.

SIMON

Shit.

LEE

And the police know what the shed break-ins are about. They have had a tip off the same person that snitched on me.

SIMON

That's it. They've gotta go.

LEE

You mad? Look, we think they know you have them.

SIMON

What? The police?

LEE

Worse. The owners.

(cont'd)

SIMON

What the fuck are we going to do?

Shit man, when the lads hear this they will hit the fucking roof.

LEE

Don't tell them. The less people that know the better.

SIMON

And what are we going to do with them?

LEE

I've decided to come and take them off your hands. Besides, you look tired. I suspect you have been staying up too late?

Lee reaches into his jacket and pulls out a brown envelope. He hands it to Simon.

LEE

There's a bit extra there – call it safety money.

SIMON

You mean danger money?

LEE

Call it what you like.

SIMON

So when you coming round?

LEE

I haven't decided yet. Just make sure it's all ready for me.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – DAY

All of the lads are sitting in the living room. They are all sober, and there is no smoke in the air. The room is spotless for the first time.

(cont'd)

SIMON

So, good news or bad news?

GARETH

Good. Always go with the good.

Simon hands them each a wad of cash.

TOM

You beauty. We out tonight then? I feel like a lap dance.

GARETH

And the bad news?

SIMON

We're in the shit. The drugs are nicked. And the people who had them nicked want them back.

TOM

What did I say? You're plans always end up with us in trouble.

SIMON

Wait. It gets worse.

TOM

Er, how?

SIMON

The rightful owners know we have them.

There is silence as Gareth and Tom take it all in.

GARETH

So we are in the shit. What we gonna do?

(cont'd)

SIMON

We will don nothing. Lee's coming to get them.

TOM

When? I reckon the sooner the better.

SIMON

Don't know – he wouldn't say. But we need to make sure the bags look untouched.

INT – JOHNS BEDROOM – NIGHT

John and Elaine are lying in bed talking. There is a noise from above their heads. As the 'rustling' noise continues John and Elaine look up at the ceiling. Eventually the noise stops.

ELAINE

What was that?

JOHN

I think we've got squirrels. I'll call someone out.

INT – JOHNS UPSTAIRS LANDING – DAY

From the loft hatch a set of ladders descend to the landing floor. There is noise coming from the attic.

A man descends the ladder. He looks over the banister rail and shouts down the stairs.

MAN

Mr Bennett? I think there is something you come and see.

John walks up the stairs towards the man.

JOHN

What is it? You found the squirrels?

(cont'd)

MAN

Er. Not quite.

INT – JOHNS ATTIC – DAY

John and the man are standing in the attic, they are both looking through the hole between his and the lads attic. The mans torch is shining on the black plastic sacks that fill the lads attic.

JOHN

What the hell have they been up to?

MAN

Beats me. I think now would be a good time for me to leave.

JOHN

Sorry if I've wasted your time.

MAN

No problems. How do you plan to pay?

JOHN

Cheque if it's ok with you. I'll come down and write it for you.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – DAY

John and Elaine are sitting having a cup of tea.

JOHN

Right, I'm going up into the loft to see what they've been up to.

ELAINE

Ok, just be careful. Why you're up there can you bring down the box with the Tupperware in it please?

JOHN

Ok, I'll give you a shout and you can help me carry it down the steps.

(cont'd)

INT – JOHNS ATTIC – DAY

John is stading in his loft looking through the whole in his wall, his torch beam shining on the black sacks. He climbs through the hole carefully, being careful not to step in between the joists.

INT – LADS ATTIC – DAY

John is crouched down, his torch held by his teeth. He rips open one of the bags and reaches inside it. He pulls out a small clear plastic bag. As he holds it in his hand he takes the torch out of his mouth and shines it on it's contents. We can see the bag has hundreds of small, green diamond shaped pills inside it.

John carefully opens the bag and removes one of the pills. Upon closer inspection we can see a capital 'V' stamped on the side of the tablet.

JOHN

'V'? What's V?

It suddenly dawns on him what he is holding.

JOHN

Viagra! So that's why I had a funny turn.

At first this doesn't seem to bother him, though as he shines his torch on the other bags the situation dawns on him.

JOHN

The bastards have been spiking our stuff! Let's see what else we have.

He moves to the next bag, again reaches inside and pulls out a bag of what look like mushrooms.

JOHN

Mushrooms? Why the hell have they got mushrooms up here?

(cont'd)

As he contemplates this the torch light catches a yellow tag that is sealing the bag shut. He pulls it towards him and shines the torch on it. As he does so we see the writing on the tag.

'Psilocybe cubensis – magic!'

JOHN

Magic mushrooms!! Bastards.

He continues going through the black bags, checking out exactly what could have been given to them. After having a good look around and making sure everything looks untouched he goes back to the sack containing the Viagra. He pulls out one of the smaller bags and stuffs it into his pocket. He climbs back through the whole in the wall and into his own attic.

INT – JOHNS ATTIC – DAY

After climbing back through the hole in the wall he picks up a box with the words 'Tupperware' written on it. When he gets to the loft opening he calls down to Elaine.

JOHN

Elaine! Can you give me a hand with this?

Elaine walks up the stairs to help him carry the box down. When she reaches the bottom of the step ladders John reaches down and passes the box down to her.

ELAINE

You were a long time. You find anything?

JOHN

No. Seems that the mortar has just crumbled and the bricks fallen out.

ELAINE

What took you so long then?

JOHN

Oh, er, I couldn't find the Tupperware.

(cont'd)

Elaine looks at the box she is holding, in big black marker pen 'Tupperware' is written on the top of the box.

She tuts as she makes her way back down the stairs.

ELAINE

He couldn't find a Mars bar in a sweet shop.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – DAY

Elaine and John are both sitting down watching tv, Elaine is reading a magazine at the same time.

ELAINE

Oh by the way, I'm going into town tomorrow morning with Jancice.

JOHN

Oh right? What for?

ELAINE

Don't really know, just thought I'd treat myself.

John starts to realise he will have the house to himself for a couple of hours.

JOHN

So, how long you going to be gone?

ELAINE

Oh, a couple of hours I guess. We'll probably have some lunch there as well. You don't mind do you?

JOHN

Of course not. You enjoy yourself, buy yourself something nice.

Elaine is shocked at Johns good mood.

(cont'd)

ELAINE

Are you feeling alright?

JOHN

Fine. Why?

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

John is sitting eating some toast, Elaine is standing in the doorway with her coat on.

ELAINE

I'll see you later love. Don't expect me before 1.

JOHN

Ok love, see you later.

John waits for the sound of the front door shutting before getting up and going into the kitchen.. He reaches up and puts his hand on top of one of the kitchen units. He moves it around, looking for something. Once he has his hand on what he is looking for he pulls it down.

We can see he is holding the bag of Viagra he took from the lads attic.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

The three lads are all sitting down, they are drinking tea, the first time we have seen them drinking something non-alcoholic. They are all smoking.

SIMON

So, we all happy that everything looks as it did the day we got it?

TOM

Yeah. And we've got enough stuff out to last us until the end of term as well.

GARETH

I'm gay.

Simon and Tom look at Gareth, a look of utter disbelief on their faces.

(cont'd)

SIMON

What?

GARETH

I said I'm gay. There's nothing wrong with it.

SIMON

What? You've been living with us for 2 years, did you never think it right to tell us?

TOM

Hang on. You've pulled birds before.

GARETH

Yeah, to try and stop myself being queer.

SIMON

And?

GARETH

It didn't work. I'm gay. Simple as that.

TOM

Christ mate. How long have you known?

GARETH

I've suspected it for about a year I guess. I only realised properly at the party.

TOM

And what happened to make you realise?

GARETH

Richard gave me a blowjob. And it was awesome.

(cont'd)

SIMON

Richard? You mean Richard Stanford? The uni scrum half?

GARETH

The very same. Bet you never saw that coming.

SIMON

Huh, you could say that!

INT – JOHNS KITCHEN – MORNING

John is standing in front of the kitchen work top. Lined up on the counter are 4 viagra tablets and a glass of water.

JOHN

Right. Fingers crossed.

He then picks up each tablet in turn, places it in his mouth and takes a swig of water.

After they have all been taken he goes back into his living room and sits down while he waits for the effects of the drugs to kick in.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

The lads are sitting in silence, Gareth's revelation has shocked Tom and Simon.

GARETH

I'm still the same person you know. I'm no different to 10 minutes ago when you didn't know!

SIMON

Chill – it's just come as a bit of shock to us. We'll be cool once it has sunk in.

They again stop talking. The doorbell rings.

(cont'd)

TOM

Well Simon, I think it's safe to say it's your turn.

SIMON

How you figure that out?

TOM

Casue you never answer the door!

Simon reluctantly gets up and goes to the door.

INT – LADS PORCH – MORNING

As Simon enters the porch he can see Lee standing on the other side. He turns the latch to let him in.

SIMON

Everything alright?

LEE

Yeah. I've come to take the stuff off your hands.

SIMON

Come in. You wanna drink?

LEE

Go on then. I'm in no rush.

Lee walks through the front door, leaving both the porch door and the front door open.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

John's face is flush, making him look extremely warm. He is fanning himself with the copy of 'The Sun' newspaper he is holding.

JOHN

Bloody hell it's warm in here.

(cont'd)

He stands up and goes to walk into the kitchen, as he does so he coughs.

He suddenly stops and grabs the left side of his chest.

JOHN

Flaming heartburn.

He then almost falls over as the pain in his chest increases ten-fold. He manages to get to his feet, using the sofa to help him.

He is still gripping his chest and grimacing in pain, he is no longer red in the face but has turned a sickly white colour.

JOHN

Christ. Agh!

As this pain kicks in he is overcome and falls forward, knocking the phone stand over.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

As the four lads sit drinking tea and messing about we hear a thump from next door.

LEE

What was that?

TOM

Sounded like John has dropped his false teeth again.

All the lads laugh.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

John is lying on his side, the phone has fallen next to him. He manages to fight through the pain and reach the phone.

He knocks the receiver off the catch and slowly dials 999.

We can hear the operator on the other end of the line.

(cont'd)

OPERATOR

Hello? Sir? Madam? Are you there? I can hear someone breathing! Do you require some help?

John manages to use what little breath he has left in his dying body to utter the hardest words he has ever had to say.

JOHN

Help. I think I'm having a heart attack.

OPERATOR

Ok sir, stay where you are, there's an ambulance on the way. I'll stay on the line sir until I hear the paramedics arrive.

EXT – BUS STOP – MORNING

Elaine and Janice are standing waiting for a bus. An ambulance speeds past, it's blue lights and siren going. As it battles through the traffic Elaine and Janice watch it pass.

ELAINE

Some poor devil's in trouble.

JANICE

Yeah – someone's day is going to be ruined.

INT – LADS LIVING ROOM – DAY

The lads sit laughing and joking, unaware that only feet away a man lies dying a slow and painful death.

LEE

Right then. I suppose we better move.

The lads all stand up, as Simon walks through the living room door towards the stairs three men burst in the front door.

(cont'd)

SIMON

Who the fuck are you?

INTRUDER 1

That's for me to know.

Lee is looking at the three men, fear is clearly etched on his face. One of the men looks at Lee and recognises him as the man who stole his drugs.

INTRUDER 2

You cheeky fucker! Thought you'd take it away before we could?

LEE

Look, I didn't know it was yours. Honest. You can trust me!

The man snorts at this remark.

INTRUDER 2

My dad always told me never to trust anyone who tells you to trust them.

He walks over to Lee and grabs him by the collar. The lads can only look on, they know they are in out of their depth.

As he approaches them with Lee being dragged the third intruder pulls a black stun gun from inside his jacket. He puts it to Lee's neck.

INTRUDER 3

Have a good kip. We'll be getting to know each other when you wake up.

With that he pushes a button on the side of the weapon, sending 625000 volts of electricity through his body. Lee's body crumples as he collapses unconscious.

The man who delivered the crippling shock looks at his associate who was previously holding him up.

(cont'd)

INTRUDER 3

Put him in the back of the van.

His colleague hauls the lifeless body up and drags it through the front door.

Simon cuts in to try and help Lee.

SIMON

Look, he didn't....

He doesn't have time to finish his sentence.

INTRUDER 1

Shut it. We know you were only after some easy cash. Now, show us where the drugs are and help us put them in the van. If you do it quietly and without a fuss we're cool. If not, you'll end up with Lee.

INTRUDER 2

And believe you me, that is somewhere you don't want to be.

EXT – LADS HOUSE – MORNING

The 3 lads emerge from the house, followed by the 3 dealers. All of them have more than one black plastic sack in their hands. As they come out of the door they approach a white transit van parked outside their house. One of the dealers opens the back doors to the van. We can see Lee in the back, gaffer tape binds his hands and feet together, a rag shoved into his mouth and taped up stops him screaming. He has woken up and his eyes show total and utter panic. The floor around him is wet.

INTRUDER 1

Wow, the big man has wet himself. How sweet.

He then turns to the lads. Right, put them in and go and get the rest. And be quick.

As they start putting the bags into the van we hear a siren.

(cont'd)

INTRUDER 2

Shit! Police!

He turns to run to the cab. One of his associates has seen the ambulance approaching.

INTRUDER 3

It's cool. Ambulance. Now get them in.

As they continue to load the van up the ambulance pulls up outside Johns house. The paramedic's rush up the steps and kick the door in. The 3 lads look at each other in horror, desperately hoping they haven't hurt John.

INTRUDER 3

Stop gawping! Go and get the rest.

INT – JOHNS LIVING ROOM – MORNING

The paramedics are working on John, one of them is giving him chest compressions while the other uses a 'bag' to breath oxygen into his lungs.

EXT – LADS HOUSE – MORNING

The lads again emerge from the house with more black bags. As they put the final bags into the van there is a noise from across the street. All of the lads and the dealers look over to whrer the noise came from.

What they see casues the dealers to run. The lads have no idea what to do and freeze.

INT – TRANSIT VAN – MORNING

The van is full of police officers, all awaiting the 'go'.

A police radio clicks to life.

RADIO

GO GO GO GO!!!

As the words are shouted the side door of the van is slid open and the police pile out shouting at the lads.

(cont'd)

OFFICER

Down! Get down on the floor!

None of the lads move, they are all too scared to move.

OFFICER

Down! Now!

The three lads slowly lie onto the dirty road. As they do so the police flood over, and they quickly handcuff the lads.

As the lads lie face down in the road, their hands behind their backs the paramedics emerge from Johns house, pushing a trolley. On it lies a shape, covered from head to toe in a sheet, straps over the lifeless body to prevent it from falling off.

The camera cuts to show Simon watching the trolley being pushed into the back of the ambulance, behind him more officers are returning with the three dealers all handcuffed.

A tear runs down Simons cheek.

FADE OUT.