

SEXY BEAST

PILOT

Written by
Michael Caleo

Based on the screenplay by Louis Mellis & David Scinto

PARAMOUNT TELEVISION
ANONYMOUS CONTENT

EXT. AYLESBURY COUNCIL ESTATE - SUNSET

A TITLE READS: 1972

A sprawl of dilapidated concrete towers, faded playgrounds, and crumbling pedestrian walkways. This is social housing in southeast London. Be happy you didn't grow up there.

Kids play football in the dirty street...among them is a BLOND, BLUE-EYED BOY. We find him racing past the others, dribbling a ball between his feet, then kicking a goal through the garbage-can goal posts...he raises his arms in triumph...as he does...

THE GROUND STARTS TO SHAKE AND RUMBLE, the Boys look around, not sure if they're under attack...when they spot a caravan of military trucks approaching. From the looks in their eyes, this is never a good sign...some of them run away...

OLDER BOY

Not the hoses again...

But the looks on the remaining Boys' faces transform from worry to wonderment as they watch a platoon of WORKERS, dressed identically in grey uniforms, moving down the street, beautifying this once-forgotten hamlet.

Paint-chipped, battered doors and broken window panes are replaced with sparkling new ones. GARDENERS unroll strips of bright green turf, fit them together like giant puzzle pieces.

The Boys light up as the Workers install new decorative street lamps along the maze of bisecting walkways.

A joyous smile forms on the Blond Boy's face: and we see through his eyes as the dramatic transformation takes place -- as he spins and watches the workers continue to rehabilitate his neighborhood...WE match cut to:

A FEW DAYS LATER

The Boy is still smiling. Behind him, we reveal his Parents. His MOTHER - 30s, sallow-faced with limp hair, cradles a napping BABY in her arms. His FATHER - balding and existentially exhausted, watches with the resident population of the Council Estate, who flood both sides of the street, all of them clutching miniature British flags.

A COUNCIL REP swoops by with an enthusiastic grin, ginning up the crowd.

COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVE

Look sharp, everyone. She'll be here any minute! Let's be sure we all give her big smiles and cheers, eh? Let's hear it!

The crowd claps wildly, waving flags.

BLOND BOY

She's coming...she's coming!

FATHER

Can't believe it.

The CROWD SWELLS WITH EXCITEMENT as a MOTORCADE OF ROYAL VEHICLES cruises down the promenade.

A kilt-wearing PIPER moves to the center of the street and sounds his ceremonial horn. The CROWD responds, erupting into enthusiastic cheering and flag waving.

COUNCIL ESTATE REPRESENTATIVE

Louder, louder, everyone!

The Crowd whips into a celebratory frenzy as QUEEN ELIZABETH and PRINCE PHILLIP move past them, waving and smiling mechanically from the back seat of their opened car.

Many in the crowd take a knee, while others bow and curtsy. Finally, the last of the Queen's motorcade turns the corner, disappearing forever.

The Blond Boy and his Father hold hands and smile. Many in the crowd embrace as though they've been blessed; a celebratory mood permeates every face, both young and old.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - EARLY MORNING - NEXT DAY

Boom! Gripping his football, the BLOND BOY EXPLODES out of his building's front door. He's FILLED WITH EXCITEMENT for the day ahead, ADRENALINE pumping...

BUT then: He stops in his tracks, his face falls. WHATEVER IT IS HE SEES TRANSFORMS HIS FACE WITH HORROR AND SHOCK...

WE PUSH IN ON HIS FACE AS A TEAR STARTS TO FORM...

Blackness. Suddenly: intense, bright light in white, yellow, orange, hot...the sun.

A TITLE READS: TWENTY YEARS LATER

CU on a perfect set of abs, tanning in the hot sun, sweating. We track up a toned torso to thick, beautiful blond hair falling in luxurious curls around the face of a gorgeous man who lies beside shimmering water.

This is GAL DOVE, 28. He wears yellow trunks, green flip-flops and sunglasses. A walkman pumps music into his headphones - "Try Me" by the Blue Iguanas.

Several empty bottles of beer lie around his chaise lounge as he basks in the extremely rare sunny day in London...

Water laps lightly at his hand as he whisks it through a pool in the serenity of his idyllic oasis... but he's far from the Ritz.

We pull back to find ourselves on the dirty roof of an East London building, filled with large exhaust fans and industrial cable housing boxes. Tar-covered pipes protrude in every direction, as well as fifty years of overlaid roof sheets in various shapes and levels of indentation.

Drifts of discarded plastic bags and miscellaneous garbage mingle with abandoned washing machine and dishwasher parts. And the pool that Gal lies next to is a plastic kiddie pool.

He reaches into the water and extracts a paper towel, then lightly wrings it out over his stomach...sighs...smiles...as happy as he's been all week. Gal turns up the music. For him, this is living. He closes his eyes.

We pick up a pair of black CHELSEA BOOTS scuffing loudly across the roof and careening toward Gal, who, unaware, continues to soak in the sun, cooking his perfect face.

We pan up the BOOT MAN'S BODY as he approaches Gal; we see he's carrying a shotgun.

Suddenly, Gal's perfect positioning for maximum rays is blocked by a round, bald, moon-shaped head...an eclipse casting a shadow over him, blocking the light...

THE SHADOW HOVERS MENACINGLY, and the Man points the barrel of the gun at Gal's face...cocks the trigger...

GAL
(eyes still closed)
Hello, Don.

Standing over him in a tight, white, short-sleeved, button-up shirt is a compact, fit, BLUE-EYED man...a blue/green panther tattoo on his right forearm, and crossed hammers emblazoned with the letters "W.H.U." on the left. Anger and aggression radiate from him like a scent. This is DON LOGAN.

He cackles with laughter...lowers the gun.

DON
 Coulda turned your head into a
 meatpie...
 (laughing, moving)
 ...bloody 'ell, I'm sweatin' like a
 cunt up 'ere...how da ya take
 it...?

GAL
 You're blockin' the sun.

Don sits, forcing Gal to the slide over, turn off his music.

DON
 (proudly boasting)
 ...810 12-gauge shotgun. Got two of
 'em. They're in for a big fuckin'
 surprise. Really appreciate you
 doin' this, Gal.

GAL
 'Course, Don. Anything for you.

Don studies the surroundings, searches for something to say.

DON
 Big, innit?

GAL
 What?

DON
 The earth.

GAL
 Um...yeah...

DON
 Two-thirds of the world is the sea,
 didja know that?

GAL
 That right?

DON
 It's why the earth looks so blue
 from the moon, don't it?
 (under his breath)
 ...blue, blue, blue...blah,
 blah...blue.

Silence...

GAL
 (trying hard)
 They reckon the only man-made thing
 you can see from up there is the
 Great Wall of China.

DON
 (pause)(suspicious)
 Hm...not sure about that.

Don, unable to sit still, gets up and starts stalking
 around...peeks over the roof's edge. Gal lies back down.

DON (CONT'D)
 Do you know that redhead from the
 club?

GAL
 What redhead?

DON
 The one from the other night.

GAL
 No.

DON
 The one with the red hair?

GAL
 I don't remember, Don.

DON
 Thought you'd remember her. She was
 nice.

Then, preoccupied like a child, Don picks up the large metal
 inner cylinder of a dryer machine and, without rhyme or
 reason, pitches it over the roof. It lands ten stories down
 with a thunderous CRASH. SCREAMS COME FROM THE STREET.

Gal bounces up, sees Don studying his handiwork, laughing.

DON (CONT'D)
 Nearly crushed that geezer!

Gal gives him a "what-the-fuck" look, but Don is already on
 the move again.

DON (CONT'D)
 ...let's go, time's a wastin'! Get
 on home for the wash and brush-up!
 Big night tonight. Big night.

Gal watches him go -- about to lie down once more, but as it will in London, the clouds move in quickly and cover the sun. He sits up, sighs.

GAL

Fuck.

FADE TO BLACK.

In darkness we hear heavy breathing, whispered voices then we explode into the scene and see four men in stocking masks ARMED WITH shotguns and John Henry Hammers rushing at us down a long, dark hallway...(GAL, DON, AITCH, PETE, LARRY)

(WE RECOGNIZE GAL FROM HIS BLOND CURLS STICKING OUT, AND DON BY THE STOCKING'S PERFECT SHAPE AROUND HIS BALD HEAD.)

DON AND GAL TURN DOWN A HALLWAY, AND WE STAY WITH THE TWO OTHER MEN AS THEY PUSH FORWARD, BURST INTO A SOUTHEND GAMBLING ARCADE, AN ERUPTION OF SPEED, PRECISION, VIOLENCE: THEY KNOCK PEOPLE DOWN, SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF THE PATRONS AND STAFF. THE LONE SECURITY GUARD IS BODY-SLAMMED BY THE HULKING PETE.

LARRY

(threatens with hammer)
MOVE THE FUCK BACK!

ARCADE HALLWAY/BACK OFFICE - MOVING - SAME

Gal and Don KICK IN THE BACK OFFICE DOOR, where the MANAGER, a skinny favor job employee, parties THROUGH BLASTING MUSIC with a few girls. HE POPS UP and SCRAMBLES to pull up his pants.

MANAGER

What the fuck is going on?

DON

You're being robbed, you cunt.

Don SMASHES him with the shotgun and he collapses to the ground. THE GIRLS SCREAM. Don continues to pummel the Manager. CRACK! Breaks his nose, blood spurts - CRACK! Dents in his ear, dislodges some teeth...

ARCADE MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

LARRY PROCEEDS TO SMASH SLOT MACHINES WITH HIS HAMMER, COINS POUR EVERYWHERE AS PETE HOLDS THE CROWD BACK WITH A SHOTGUN.

LARRY
 (smashing one open)
 I WIN!!!

Smashes another.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 I WIN AGAIN!!! I'M HOT TONIGHT!

He cracks up...THEN STARTS GRABBING money from the frightened punters.

PETE
 No nicking the customers!

LARRY
 Fuck off, you wanker...don't say a bloody word.

He grabs for more...

INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

DON IS STILL PUMMELING THE MANAGER...

DON
 (punctuating each hit)
 Cunt...cunt...cunt...!

Gal STEPS IN, PULLS DON OFF, then grabs the bleeding Manager by the collar and drags him over to the floor safe.

GAL
 Now make this quick. Open sesame.
 Chop chop!

MANAGER
 I don't know it!

DON
 (heads toward him)
 You're lying! I gonna beat the fucking granny out of you.

The Manager cowers...Gal gets between them.

GAL
 'old on, 'old on.

MANAGER
 I swear, I don't know the combination! It's a brand new safe!

Enraged, DON starts kicking him again. The GIRLS SCREAM, CRY.

DON
Tell us! Tell us!

MANAGER
(freakin' out)
I don't give two shits about the
owner! If I knew it, I'd tell you.

More kicks by Don.

GAL
Okay, okay, okay...enough!
(smile, charming)
He doesn't know it, he doesn't know
it.

The Girls and the Manager are relieved.

GAL (CONT'D)
(to Don)
Bite his fingers off. Start with
his thumbs.

Don lunges violently toward him.

MANAGER
Wait! Wait! Wait! Let me try!

Don and Gal share a look...they're a good team.

A RED HEART RACES toward us. SLOWLY AT FIRST, growing as it
nears, it burns hotter and hotter...

The title credit SEXY BEAST roars to the center of the heart
and pulses.

INT. IKON NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A mass of dancing bodies fills the floor. The music is very
loud. Strobing, fractured lights, smoke billows from the dry
ice machine...

Gal, Don, and Larry celebrate and dance with several KLM
stewardesses. Gal's got some great moves and the girls are
loving him. Don dances like he's in a military parade. Larry
is out of control, dances like a madman...very handsy....gets
smacked...laughs...

GAL

(to Don)

That'll teach those cunts to mess
with your sister's place o'
business...we showed 'em...ol'
school smash an' grab...

Don smiles, puts his arm around Gal, thankful, loves his friend, does a few odd River Dance-like jumps and turns.

INT. IKON NIGHTCLUB - BOOTH A BIT LATER - NIGHT

The Boys party with the Stewardesses. Aitch and Pete are sitting off to themselves and Aitch, as usual, philosophizes on a subject...

AITCH

...I'm telling you, the whole food industry is going to change...the cloning thing is for real. First frogs, then sheep, then they're gonna manufacture rib roasts by the scores...they'll be able to feed whole continents filet mignon from a test tube.

Pete, a good sport, listens. Across the way, Larry does a snort of coke off the tip of a key, gives one to one of the girls...they kiss...

DON

(screams over music)

Any of you ladies watch the show
Catchphrase?

(they shake their heads

no)

Oh, it's great...it's a puzzle show. Have to put these clues together...right, Gal?

GAL

Not again with *Catchphrase*
...please. I'm begging you.

He kisses Don's head and starts dancing to the music.

DON

(one-track mind)

...last night's final clue was a horse, a water, and an arrow...what do you think that was?

(aggressive laugh, loud)

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)
 C'mon! C'mon! Whatcha think?!
 Whatcha think?!

STEWARDESS 2
 I dunno...

DON
 (cackling laugh)
 You see, you see, it's very
 challenging. The answer is, "you
 can lead a horse to water but you
 can't make 'im drink"...I got that
 one...first try.

She couldn't care less, moves off.

GAL
 (to Aitch)
 Great driving as usual tonight,
 Aitch. Fuck you're a magician with
 that wheel.

Aitch blows him a kiss.

GAL (CONT'D)
 (then, taking in the club,
 moving to the music)
 This is fantastic! Fan-dabby-dozy-
 tastic!

He sings George Michael's "Too Funky" into his beer bottle,
 bawls into it like a microphone. Takes a few deep gulps, revs
 his pelvis, pumps his arms. One of the Stewardesses slides up
 to him.

STEWARDESS
 (re: her friend)
 We're gonna go do some x in the
 loo.

Her friend smiles suggestively at him. Don watches the
 interaction with great interest.

GAL
 (still dancing)
 Maybe in a bit, hun...I love this
 song. Love it.
 (singing like Elvis)
 "...hey you're just too funky for
 me...too funky for me..."

The Girls move off, disappointed. He doesn't second guess. (Clearly he's accustomed to these kinds of requests.) He keeps moving toward the dance floor...feels the energy, the wildness of the dancers, people grind, kiss, hands move up and down bodies...Gal sings along with the song...then SOMETHING HITS HIM LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT...

A MID-THIRTIES BLONDE, voluptuous, confident Woman puts on an impressive display of dancing. She turns her face toward the mirrored ceiling, as if washing herself in a summer shower, completely free, uninhibited, joyful. Gal is transfixed.

She spins, twirls, shimmies...stamps her feet, shakes her dress...proud, animal, hot, sexy...sweat flies from her hair.

LARRY

(approaches, snorting a hit)

Know 'oo that is?

GAL

(not taking his eyes off of her)

Yep.

She catches sight of Gal as he moves toward her, staring. Strikingly handsome, she hesitates out of physiology more than flirtation and then strides purposefully, passionately, seductively toward him. Gal moves closer...smiles...

BLONDE

Go home and lead a quiet life.

She moves off, but he grabs her gently by the wrist.

GAL

Only if you come with me.

She freezes momentarily, then smiles and composes herself.

BLONDE

I'll think about it.

She heads back into the wild crowd...

Gal tracks her 'til she disappears. As Gal stares at her, Don watches him, tracking his every move.

INT. LUXURY RIVERSIDE PENTHOUSE WITH PANORAMIC VIEW - DAY

The expensively decorated, predominantly black room is quite elegant.

TEDDY BASS - sophisticated, handsome, gangster, in a black bathrobe, moves through his apartment, crystal tumbler of whiskey in his hand. (What we see next happens very quickly, fast cuts)

He gets dressed in his perfectly tailored suit. Jacket, vest tie, shoes...revolver...Combs his thick mane of black hair, eyes his perfect teeth and tan, then spins on his heel...we catch a glimpse of several naked asses piled on the bed...he heads out of the apartment..whisks down the hallway into a white-glove, manned elevator, into the lobby, through the revolving door...and out into the street...

EXT. LONDON STREET - CITY CENTER - DAY

A TALL MAN in his late forties, bracketed by SECURITY, MOVES DOWN THE BUSY STREET. The man is SIR STEPHEN EATON; his manner and gait convey the impression of an authoritative presence as HE AND HIS SECURITY DETAIL walk down the avenue.

We swish pan over to the other side of the street and find Teddy sitting in the passenger seat of his man-on-the-street, STAN HIGGINS's Jaguar -- intently watching Eaton.

Teddy takes a long drag from his Sullivan Powell Cigarette.

TEDDY

There he is. How are we looking?

STAN

I'm on it...looking at a few good boys.....heard good things. Not afraid of graft.

They follow Eaton as he walks through the streets, which are crowded with ROWDY FOOTBALL FANS gearing up for a match.

TEDDY

Brokering illegal back-room deals with the slopes before Hong Kong takes over on give-back day has been good business for him...sonofabitch has made a fortune for himself...

Eaton moves people out of his way as he moves down the street.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

When you marry into the royals, I guess you have to do something to occupy your time...His wife is what...45th in line to the throne?

STAN

(nodding)

Distant, for sure. First cousin once removed to the Queen and a great-granddaughter of George V.

TEDDY

(contemptuous)

Daughter to the 7th Earl of Harewood.

STAN

Lady Linda and her family have no idea about his holdings...we still need to pinpoint where they are...

TEDDY

That's why I'm making the trip to Spain.

STAN

Think he'll help?

TEDDY

(all business)

He'll either help me or kill me. You never know with him.

They continue to watch Eaton maneuver through the crowd...as football fans clog the streets, pound on cars, yell, chant...

Eaton turns into a fine restaurant with no name on the front.

STAN

That restaurant is owned by Mair Kohagai. He wants those hotel contracts. Eaton is looking to squeeze them for all he can before his time as Special Trade Envoy expires.

TEDDY

Stan, if I know one thing, and one thing only, it is this: This motherfucker is going down, and he's never gonna know what hit him.

Stan nods. A DRUNKEN FOOTBALL FAN pounds on the roof of the car in front of them, moves to Teddy's window, and is about to pound on their roof as well...until Teddy's eyes pierce him and the courage immediately drains from the Fan's body...he moves off like he's just seen the devil.

INT. GAL'S FLAT - MORNING

Gal's flat is filled with books: poetry, frayed copies that have been read over and over...Verlaine, Rimbaud, Wilhelm Reich. We find Gal at the mirror, working his hair to perfection as his on/off neighborhood girlfriend MARJORIE patiently waits, used to the ritual, a neatly pressed shirt hangs on the door next to him...a cooling iron next to it.

She has a beautiful face that's innocent and dirty at the same time...she wears a crop top that shows off her perfect stomach...deep tan and pierced belly button...she's quite a stunner.

MARJORIE

My Dad said you did a great job on that Kensington project...the scaffolding...says there's a lot more work if you want...could really start savin' for that house...

GAL

(carefully putting on his shirt not to wrinkle)
...I got some things going on now, Margie...but maybe...tell 'im...you know...thanks for thinking of me...but...let's see.

She gets up and helps him button his shirt....it's clear she's in love with him.

GAL (CONT'D)

It's all gonna work out.

MARJORIE

Promise?

GAL

Promise...come on, tell me.

MARJORIE

Luv you, bubba.

GAL

Luv ya. Now come on, get dressed...we can't go to my Mum's with you wearing that...she'll have a stroke, and my eighty-year-old Uncle Ray will die from an erection.

INT. GAL'S PARENTS HOME - DAY

Gal and Marjorie enter the small, plain, religious-medallion-adorned home with several bags of groceries. Welcomes all around: Hugs, kisses, hellos, hand off the groceries.

Mother - MADDIE, Father - BURT, AUNT BABE, criminal wanna-be cousin - TOMMY, 19 (who can't stop staring at Marjorie), and several other relatives fill the tiny house. There's lots of chatter and activity.

MARJORIE

We would've been here sooner, but
you know Gal with his hair...

Gal gives his Father a wad of cash (his weekly allowance) and he pockets it like a lifeline.

MADDIE

Keep some for yourself, will ya,
Gal.

Gal gives her a big "don't worry" kiss...

INT. GAL'S PARENTS HOME - DAY

They're all squeezed around a table in the living room...food is passed, dug into with great relish: roast chicken, gravy, Yorkshire pudding, etc. Crosstalk, family neighborhood gossip, sports, etc.

MADDIE

...Gal, Sara Freeling whacked Ida
Leary's son on the head with a
curtain rod for stealing her mail
Wednesday last...cracked it wide
open...

AUNT BABE

That Ida is a drunk.

GAL

I'll talk to Barney next
week...straighten it out.

She pats him lovingly...

MADDIE

(to Marjorie)

Send your Mother my best, I missed
'er at church last week...and you
tell her I'm working on this guy
for you...

(MORE)

MADDIE (CONT'D)
 (wrapping her arm around
 Gal, kissing him)
 ...get him up to that altar...

MARJORIE
 Aren't we all.

Gal hides his face behind a napkin. Laughter. The Young Cousins love him.

Gal's sister, ANN MARIE, 20, enters in A FLURRY...all attitude and angst.

MADDIE
 You're late. The whole family's here.

ANN MARIE
 I ate, okay? Fuck!

GAL
 Hey! Hey, relax, Annie.

ANN MARIE
 Tell *her* to relax, Gal, tell her to leave me the fuck alone.

MADDIE
 Where've you been?

ANN MARIE
 Fuck off, slag...

She STOMPS up to her room. The cousins ooh and ahh, laugh. Giggle...whisper. Maddie sighs...drinks down her scotch a bit too quickly.

MADDIE
 ...it's that little bitch Trudy she runs with. Black Irish...always dragging her to those godforsaken wave parties.

TOMMY
 It's rave parties, not wave, Aunt Maddie.

They all laugh.

GAL
 (rubbing her shoulders)
 Yeah, Mum, get with it.

MADDIE

Whatever they are, she stays in bed
for two days after.

BURT

(entering carrying the
roast with oven mitts)
Which one's Trudy? Is she the one
who stole our chalice?

MADDIE

...pipe down, you berk...

Laughter.

INT. EAST END AMUSEMENT GAMBLING ARCADE - DAY

Don sits at a bar table with his sister, CECILIA LOGAN, 40,
at her arcade. There's something dangerous about her and it's
revealed in her hawk nose and cracked teeth snarl, which is
quick, frequent and threatening. Though today, for a change,
she's pleasant to Don.

CECILIA

(chomping on a cigarette)
You did a right nice job, boy-o.
Those southend fuckers been
grabbing my punters two, three a
week for too long now. Hadda do
some'in'.

Don smiles proudly.

CECILIA (CONT'D)

I'm sure there'll be a reprisal,
but for now, let them eat it.

She lights another cigarette in her burnt-knuckled hands and
sticks a full ashtray on a passing WAITRESS'S tray.

CECILIA (CONT'D)

Clean up six, it's a fuckin' pig
sty, and tell Rudy to get his lazy
lummo out of the toilet.

DON

'Oo she?

CECILIA

Never you mind. She's gotta guy.
Plus, I told you I don't want you
touching these girls.

DON
I'm just askin'.

CECILIA
(annoyed)
Now, listen. I told Stan about the job you guys did for me and he might have something for you boys....maybe with Teddy.

DON
(smile)
Teddy Bass, huh?

CECILIA
Let me finish! Been talking 'bout you for years to 'im...this is a big chance. So you schtum and go listen to what Stan has to say.

DON
Gal never likes to work with anyone new.

CECILIA
Yeah, I know, that's what the fuck I'm tellin' you...talk to him. He's your partner, not your boss...

DON
...I know...I know...but Gal's...you know...Gal's all right...

She flinches in irritation.

CECILIA
Oi! If you forgot, I'll remind you: I've been looking after your arse since you were pissin' your bed twice nightly...
(Don burns)
...I'm tired, and now it's your turn to re-ci-pro-cate. And I expect to be paid back in full.

INT. RAISINS PRODUCTIONS - DAY

An adult film company. A porn shoot is underway. Two Women are bracketing a Man on a bed as PAs, Gaffers, and Cameramen move around at the DIRECTOR'S behest.

VICKY (O.S.)
 I love porn, me! Physical theatre,
 I call it! It's beautiful! Gay,
 straight, lesbian, interracial,
 threesomes, trannies, grannies,
 gang bang, wanking, spanking,
 fucking...

We move past another set-up of a couple having sex dressed as Santa's Elves...smacking, stroking, fucking...

VICKY RAISINS, the Maltese pornographer, 60s, walks with his two new actresses, MANDY and SANDY.

VICKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...it's great! People having fun;
 what's wrong with that?! As long as
 it's consenting! All good! That's
 what this business is all about.

They approach his office, where DEEDEE, the BLONDE Gal met on the dance floor, is waiting.

DEEDEE
 Got a moment, Vic?

The Actresses' eyes light up at the sight of Deedee.

VICKY
 Sure, sweetie. Girls, this is
 Deedee, aka Veronica Ames.

SANDY
 I've seen all of your movies.

MANDY
 I can't wait to work with you! I
 love the Veronica's Boys series.

DEEDEE
 Thank you.

VICKY
 Girls, give us a minute, go try on
 those acrobat costumes...

They walk off.

VICKY (CONT'D)
 Great asses. Terrible teeth.
 (leads her into office)
 This way, sweetie, what can I do
 for you?

INT. RAISINS PRODUCTIONS - OFFICE DAY

Deedee sits across from Vicky.

DEEDEE

It's time for me to start my own company...

STAN

But Dee...?

DEEDEE

If not now...when?

(he smiles knowingly)

I've been doing most of the directing lately, but I'm done being with guys, and god knows I've done everything with all of them.

They both laugh.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

Alan and I have a good thing going...we have a future...and I want my company to make movies for women, by women...featuring only women. It hasn't been done over here -- in America, but not here.

VICKY

It's not a cheap endeavor.

DEEDEE

I was hoping you guys would start me out. I know I still have a few films left on my contract, but I've been here ten years. It's time, it's always been my plan, and I really think it'll work.

VICKY

If anyone can do it, darlin', it's you.

Vicky gets up, ushers her to the door.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Let me look into a few things, talk to the partners. I'm proud of you.

She gives him a hug. Exits. He moves back to his desk. Hesitates, then picks up his phone, dials.

VICKY (CONT'D)
We have a big problem.

INT. SMALL PRIVATE BAR - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A second home for gangsters who play cards, drink, hide out, mingle. Stan meets with Gal and Don.

STAN
...and everything I hear 'bout you boys is on the *up and up*...good crew, never take anything off the top...Robinson Jewelry, Fritz Electronics, the bazaar in Dartford.

GAL
Cheers.

Don smiles...his eyes float to a FEW MENACING MEN at the opposite end of the bar conducting other business.

STAN
Like I mentioned to Ceci, we're putting a together a job...a big job...very big.

DON
(champing at the bit)
Oh, I like the sound of that.

GAL
Listen, Stan, appreciate it and all, but we've been doin' well on our own. We've got a good, tight team, we pick our jobs.

STAN
I understand, don't want to rock the boat too much...but not only will this be life-changing money, but we can, in the process, take down some cunt royal who's been feeding from the public trough for too long. So think about it. We'll lay it all out for you, then you can decide. Doesn't hurt to look.

DON
Nope. Doesn't hurt.

The word "Royal" lingers with Gal.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Gal and Don eat lunch at a crowded, loud eatery.

DON

(big smile, very sweet)
 Look at it this way, Gal, it's like I'm a shopkeeper on the High Street -- like Tesco's -- and all our shelves and all the fridges and all the racks everywhere are piled sky-high with money, free money. Come into our store, Gal. Bring a wheelbarrow. Help yourself.

GAL

(laughing)
 If it were only that easy.

DON

But it is, my son, it is. Listen to me: Everyone gets fat together on this one, very fat, baby-chubby.

He laughs very loudly.

DON (CONT'D)

After it's done we can take a holiday, hit the beaches up north...go on a real fuckin' rager...

Laughs, watches Gal's reaction to that offer, reigns it in a bit.

DON (CONT'D)

But this is Teddy Bass we're talking about, Gal. Mr. Black Magic.

GAL

(a sense of dread)
 Yeah, I've heard the stories.

Don sneers.

GAL (CONT'D)

Look, Don.

DON

Look Don?

GAL

It's like this.

DON
Like what?

GAL
Cut that shit out.

Don laughs.

GAL (CONT'D)
(thinking, weighing
options)
They could help us take this to the
next level, but let's not rush into
it. We're doin' fine.

DON
Fine, Gal? Fine?! That's what you
want? Think about your parents,
they need your help. I need your
help. You're better than that. I'm
frankly disappointed in you, young
man.

GAL
(with a laugh)
Fuck off.

The WAITER brings Gal a tea.

GAL (CONT'D)
Cheers.

Don's face goes cold.

DON
Where's my milkshake?

WAITER
It's um...coming.

GAL
(seen this before)
Don.

DON
'ow long does it take to put milk
and a bitta ice cream together? Not
as long as it takes to boil a
fuckin' kettle. I'm no chemistry
expert, but I know that.

WAITER
(heading off)
I'll check, I'm sorry.

GAL

There's a reason they came to us.
Let's look into it. Check it out.
I'll talk to Mace.

Don thinks for a bit, then.

DON

It takes, what? Four minutes to
boil water? Four! At least. And
that's if the stove is hot. If it's
not it'd take longer...six, seven
minutes! Seven!

GAL

(incredulous)
Maybe the water was already boiled.

DON

Still, why'd ya get yours first?
I'm sitting 'ere dry, it's not
right. Where'd he get his training?

GAL

Training? C'mon, Don.

DON

Alright, alright, I hear ya.

Silence....smile...silence...

DON (CONT'D)

...but it's not like I ordered
something' special...some exotic
flavor like a cherry or
pistachio...that I could
understand, yeah, sure...I'm
talking vanilla, here. VA-NIL-AHH!

Gal shakes his head, not in the mood for this today, then
spots Ann Marie outside...she waves to say, "I'm here...what
the fuck you want?"

GAL

(getting up)
I'll be back...gotta talk to my
sister before her and my Mum kill
each other.

Don waves to Ann Marie she gives him the finger. He laughs.

DON

(as Gal moves off)
What should I tell Cecelia?

GAL
Tell 'er we're thinking.

DON
Well, think faster...you'd never
make it on *Catchphrase*.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Stan drives Teddy to the airport.

TEDDY
It's smart not to jump right at it.

STAN
Yeah, Gal's got a good head on 'im.

TEDDY
Pretty, too, I hear.

STAN
(ignoring it)
Real smart chap...the kind of guy
everyone likes. Wants to be around.
Special. Good boy.

TEDDY
What about the other one?

STAN
Don, well...he's more of a foot
soldier...he'll do what's
necessary. Not sure he's all there
upstairs, but my sense...loyal.

TEDDY
Like countries in times of war, we
need our lunatics, too.

STAN
What day are we looking at?

TEDDY
A week from Thursday. It's our only
opening. We got to get these boys.
Invite 'em to tag along Saturday.
Should be a gas.

STAN
Yeah, good idea.

Stan nods, pulls to a stop. Teddy jumps out.

TEDDY
See you tomorrow, Stan.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gal and Ann Marie walk down the street.

ANN MARIE
...you don't understand, Gal, since
you've been gone, she's always in
my shit, I fuckin' hate her.

GAL
She's clinging too hard, 'oldin' on
too tight, 'cause once you're gone,
it'll just be the two of 'em, and
god help us...so take it a bit easy
on her, will ya.

ANN MARIE
Eh, fuck that, that's not my
problem.

She attempts to light a cigarette, and Gal nonchalantly
plucks it from her lips and tosses it to the ground.

GAL
Forget them for now; what are you
doing?
(grabbing her face)
I see it in your eyes. How much of
that shit are you doing?

She knocks his hand away.

ANN MARIE
Why don't you just go back in
there...leave me alone...it looks
like your boyfriend is missing you
anyway.

They look across the street and see Don through the
restaurant window watching their every move. Gal signals
they'll just be another minute.

GAL
(turning back to her,
annoyed)
Mum thinks it's Trudy, but it's
only because she hates the Irish.
(she laughs)
(MORE)

GAL (CONT'D)

...when I find out who's giving you that stuff, I'm gonna smack the shit outta them.

ANN MARIE

Who are you to tell me what to do? Big shot in the neighborhood! I'm no fool. I know what you're up to.

GAL

(can't argue with that, then, tenderly)
Hey, I'm just looking out for ya.

ANN MARIE

Alright, alright, I hear you...but it's mostly just x. Somethin' to pass the time. But I really hear ya. I do. Ok? We done now? Can I go?

He nods. She gives him a quick hug, then moves across the street.

ANN MARIE (CONT'D)

(yelling back)
Hey, Gal...

GAL

Yeah?

ANN MARIE

Fuck you!

Defiant, she turns and walks off. Gal shakes his head.

EXT./INT. ROGER RILEY'S COSTA DEL SOL COMPOUND - DAY

A beautiful, glamorous compound in MALAGA, SPAIN.

ROGER RILEY, mentor and legendary crime boss, sits POOL/BEACH-SIDE with Teddy. They look out over the endless, shimmering blue sea.

ROGER

Ah...yes...Sir Stephen Eaton. I admire your taste, just as I admire his, which - I'm sure you're well aware - is based on a love of fine wine, unusual cars, and extremely rare coins.

(Teddy nods)

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

The Canary Wharf Street Diamond Depot on the Thames' North Bank is where he keeps most of the tens of millions in jewelry, gold, and cash he "acquired" through public office.

TEDDY

Place is a modern-day fortress.

ROGER

And the McGraws have guaranteed its safety. It's in their territory.

A QUICK FLASH CUT TO A PRIVATE CLUB...where DOMINIC MCGRAW, 60, the big boss of London's Southside, sits with a group of politicians...

DOMINIC MCGRAW

John Major should just tell the slanty-eyed bastards to stick it up their arses. All their military does is march, for fucksake.

Laughter...

ROGER RILEY'S COSTA DEL SOL COMPOUND - DAY

ROGER

(continuing to Teddy)

...see, many people don't know when Dominic McGraw took over Turnberry's operation. It was Eaton who secured the deal with the M5 guys to keep it going...all Eaton's stuff moves through McGraw's territory, and McGraw doesn't want anyone disrupting his son Freddie's booming drug trade...and you have to watch out for that lippy little bastard, he's a stone degenerate...

A QUICK FLASH TO AN ABANDONED FARM WHERE FREDDIE MCGRAW, 24, bracketed by two MENACING THUGS, addresses three men on their knees.

FREDDIE

You don't graft in our neck of the woods, laundry truck or lollipop.

He shoots them one-by-one with an orgasmic smile.

ROGER RILEY'S COSTA DEL SOL COMPOUND - DAY

ROGER
 (continuing)
 ...what you need to do, as you make
 your play...
 (reptilian, frightening)
 ...is send the McGraws a message
 they won't soon forget...make them
 think twice before interfering...

Teddy nods, smiles.

INT. RAISINS PRODUCTIONS - DAY

Mandy is in the midst of a very intense sex scene with a large MAN. Deedee anxiously watches from the wings.

DIRECTOR
 And hold her down tight, don't let
 her move.

The MAN pushes her down...Mandy is not comfortable.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Harder, harder...

Mandy squirms.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Come on, honey, look like you're
 enjoying it.

She tries to smile, but it doesn't work.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Cut, cut...

Annoyed, he turns to his Assistant. Deedee approaches.

DEEDEE
 (pointing to Mandy)
 Are you deaf? She doesn't like it.

DIRECTOR
 Okay, okay...sorry, Veronica.

VICKY
 (approaching from the
 wings)
 Dee, you got a minute?

She looks at him, knows there's something wrong.

INT. DEEDEE'S FLAT - DAY

Deedee, furious, talks with her boyfriend, ALAN 'TWO GUNS' GRAIVES, GIGANTIC Hells Angels biker and Deedee's part-time co-star.

DEEDEE

...and he fuckin' tells me this morning they want me to finish my contract...no, no, no -- he said the partners "insist"...I fulfill my contract...

(and then pacing, getting more furious)

...and those fuckers said I can't use my name without their permission, they own the name...can you believe this shit?

He nods unenthusiastically.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

What? What's wrong?

ALAN

What about me? I just fuckin' started. We're in the Veronica's Boys series together. Fuck. They're planning three more.

DEEDEE

You'll be part owner of the new company. Think about it: no more testing, no more sleeping with other guys, the exhaustion. I'll just be with women.

ALAN

I want to act too.

DEEDEE

You're being fuckin' crazy again. I told you this was always my plan when we started dating.

ALAN

And what'll I do, carry your panties 'round in a holdall? Fuck you. You got the wrong guy.

On that note, he grabs his jacket and storms out.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

BAM! A PUNCH LANDS...Gal boxes vigorously with MACE, a hulking black man. JABS, UPPERCUTS FLY. They exchange a flurry of punches. Marjorie sits in a corner, reading *OK! Magazine*...winces when the love of her life takes a hit. A buzzer sounds...fight's over.

MACE

Shit Gal, you're working the defense better than ever.

GAL

Tell that to my ribs.

Marjorie approaches the ring with a towel. Gal moves over to her.

MARJORIE

Guess what my Dad told me today?

GAL

(breathing heavy)
What?

MARJORIE

Marty Fisher, his head foreman, is retiring soon, says it's yours if you want it.

GAL

Don't you have to be back at work?

MARJORIE

Very funny, mister.

Gal looks over at Mace, who signals he'll meet him in the locker room.

GAL

Give me a minute, baby, I'll meet you outside...walk you back.

He gives her a sweaty kiss...she loves it...she starts to move off...he pulls her in for another one...

MARJORIE

(loving it)
Stop...stop.

INT. BOXING GYM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mace talks with Gal.

MACE

So, Teddy's been quiet for a while. Means something's coming, and I'm sure it's got lots of moving parts...not just the one job he wants you guys for. Stan's checked you guys out pretty thorough-like. Through Don's sister, the street...thinks you're a rising star. Me...I'm worried about your left jab...

(laugh)

...but word along the cobbles is, they're lookin' at someone, big name, in tight with the McGraws. Can't say for sure who yet.

GAL

(getting up)

Thanks, Macy.

MACE

When are you seeing them again?

GAL

Stan invited us to a party at the Wiltshire Castle tomorrow night.

MACE

(big knowing smile)

Rubbing elbows with the elite...you're on your way.

GAL

Yeah, but to where?

Mace, studies Gal, smiles.

INT. WILTSHIRE CASTLE PARTY - NIGHT

It's a wild affair. The in-crowd of the city's rock and art scenes, peppered with notorious characters, drug dealers, models, and such, all partaking in the nonstop party of 90s London. Gal, Don, Pete, Larry and Aitch enter.

LARRY

Fookin' watch yaselfs round 'ere, fellas, some of the boys are prettier than the birds. Except you, Gal, you're the prettiest, especially in your pretty pressed shirt.

They all laugh.

GAL
Fuck you, I'm gorgeous.

DON
(noticing)
Shite...that ponce ain't wearing
any pants.

A MAN CARRYING A TRAY in NOTHING BUT A BOWTIE.

PETE
Fuck, let's go get pissed.

They move through the party. Stan, trailing a cluster of people, moves toward them, shakes hands.

STAN
Gal, Don...can I have a word?

Gal signals for others to move on...Stan leads Gal and Don into a corner of the party, where Teddy Bass appears from the darkness. Gal and Don are a bit awestruck.

TEDDY
Right this way, gentlemen, give us
a little privacy.

Teddy leads them through the party and spots Freddie McGraw, acting the big shot.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
You boys know who that is?

DON
That's Freddie McGraw.

TEDDY
Coming up in the world, I hear.

GAL
(with distaste)
If peddling junk is a way up.

Teddy is impressed, keeps them moving...

TEDDY
(pointing)
That Chagall is one of the earliest
examples of Cubism.
(almost emotional)
Says so much, so simply.

GAL

Beautiful.

Don stares at it like it's an alien, turns his head, tries to get a view that makes sense, can't find one.

Teddy seats them in a corner lounge sectional in semi-darkness. Pupils dilate, contract, music plays at a subsonic level. Teddy stares at them, says nothing.

DON

(can't help it)

Nice party, great 'ouse, 'oos is it?

Teddy ignores the question, studies them. The tension rises. Don and Gal share a look like two teenagers in a headmaster's office...eventually.

TEDDY

Y'see, when you own a castle such as this, what you do is hire a few eighteen-to-twenty-year-old girls from Scandinavia with mouths like angels. You can fuck them at night and they'll serve you perfect bangers and mash in the morning, laugh at all of your jokes, funny or not.

Gal and Don laugh.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

In the afternoon, you drive off to your box seats at Arsenal, not carry-your-own-goal-posts Swansea City, but Premier League...first class. After the game...instead of driving out here to the country, you swing into your flat in Soho, before eating a four-course meal at Indochine, at a corner table next to fuckin' Sting and Sadie Frost, close enough to see right up her dress.

AN ATTRACTIVE COUPLE moves by in an amorous embrace. Teddy eyes them salaciously, then turns back to the boys.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

A life worth living. A life of comfort and luxury. Why should these inbred, old-money, elitist cunts have all the fun?

They nod, still a bit confused.

 TEDDY (CONT'D)
 (to Gal, intense)
Or maybe you'll just be 'appy with
320 quid a week, wearin' a sappy
polyester cunt uniform and a hard
hat when you're forty, like little
Margie's Dad has all planned out
for ya!

Gal smiles. Teddy turns to Don now.

 TEDDY (CONT'D)
Or cleaning up spit from ashtrays
and collecting pence debts from
broken-toothed old men at Cecilia's
khazi arcade...
 (big movie star smile)
Let's face it, gents, a faint heart
never won fuck-all, let alone a
palace or a fair lady.

The ATTRACTIVE COUPLE ascends a staircase.

 TEDDY (CONT'D)
 (quietly, darkly)
Think I'll have some of that.

In a flash, Teddy is on his feet after them. Don and Gal share a "What the fuck just happened?" look.

INT. WILTSHIRE CASTLE - LATER

The scene has gotten wilder...more crowded...the boys are having a great time. Don is jazzed up, throws his arm around Gal tightly.

 DON
This is what we want, Gal, the
fuckin' big time! (laughs) We're
gonna be Fernando Rey in the tube
giving Gene Hackman the finger.
What we always wanted.

Gal takes a step away from Don's arm.

 GAL
Yeah, I know, I know...relax.

He moves over to Aitch. Don follows him.

GAL (CONT'D)
 Whatchaya think, Aitch? 'Bout this whole thing.

AITCH
 (always the philosopher)
 The question is, yes - there's big money. Can you get your money and get out before it's too late? 'Cause if you don't...suddenly your retirement home is the Isle of Wight.

DON
 (contemptuous)
 Stop talking that ponce shit, or I'll break your skull with a hammer, you lanky hunk of piss.

Aitch recoils in fear.

GAL
 Easy, Don, easy.

DON
 No, I'm jokin', 'salright. I like you, Aitch. You're likable.

AITCH
 Cheers, Don.

Don pats Aitch on the back and moves over to Pete at the end of a makeshift bar. Aitch smiles, never sure if he's serious.

AITCH (CONT'D)
 The man's a nightmare, a fuckin' nightmare, Gal.

GAL
 Don is Don, what're you gonna do?

Gal soaks in the atmosphere, the opulence...then notices Teddy staring down at him from the upper terrace, gazing at him. He looks away, then looks back -- but Teddy is gone. Unnerved, he moves through the room and spots Deedee among a group of people. He moves across the enormous room toward her.

GAL (CONT'D)
 So, have you made your decision?

DEEDEE
 And what decision would that be?

GAL

On whether you're coming with me to
live a quiet life.

DEEDEE

That was a long walk over here,
you're going to be disappointed.

GAL

I know who you are, and I have to
say I'm a bit intimidated, but it's
already been worth the walk.

DEEDEE

(smile, remembering)
Well, then, I'm still thinking
about it.

She smiles, slides over a bit to give him room to sit.

LARRY

(to Aitch, watching Gal)
That's Veronica Ames.

AITCH

Oh, she's quite the naughty little
lady.

INT. WILTSHIRE CASTLE - NIGHT

Don is on his own...a bit lost without Gal. He enters a dark
dance room where everyone is high on ecstasy and waving glow
sticks. He cuts through the center...people are forced to
move out of the way...dance around him...a few people paw at
his head...he continues through in a Gollum-like trance.

INT. WILTSHIRE CASTLE - NIGHT

Deedee and Gal sit closer together now, still talking.

DEEDEE

....I can take it rough, and I
didn't mind his hands on my throat,
or even him pulling my hair. But
the actor -- I think he was
Moroccan -- did it a little too
hard. He touched me a little too
rough, you know. He grabbed my hair
a little too tightly. But the worst
part was the look in his eyes. I
can normally look a man in the eyes
and feel a connection.

(MORE)

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

But when I looked into his, he wasn't there. He was blank...with this look like he actually hated me. He was a monster. That was a year ago, that's when I started putting this plan together...

GAL

...I think it's a great plan, and you're right - no one has done anything like that over 'ere.

DEEDEE

Think it's a great plan?

GAL

Your eyes light up when you talk about it...it must be.

She takes a moment, looks into his eyes...feels safe.

DEEDEE

I think for too long I've been marking time, you know, coasting. Hiding, even.

(with great hope)

...and I know there's more to life. And I want more...a lot more.

Gal looks at her, his eyes filled with desire/adoration.

INT. CASTLE CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Stan plays poker at a table crowded with players, including Freddie McGraw, who bets big and shows off for his entourage watching from the wings.

FREDDIE

(to a player)

You try to backdoor me on that queen again and I'll send you home in a ziplock, you fuckin' immigrant piss.

Stan watches him carefully.

EXT. WILTSHIRE CASTLE - NIGHT

Gal and Deedee walk the palatial, manicured gardens.

GAL
...she's twenty and mad at the
world for no real reason...

DEEDEE
Sounds like me at that age.

GAL
Lookin' out for her is almost
becoming a full-time job, but she's
a good kid.

Naked people run past...laughing.

DEEDEE
So, what is your full-time job
then?

GAL
Me? I'm a thief.

DEEDEE
Please don't tell me you're trying
to steal my heart.

GAL
I would never talk like that, but
I'm serious. I take things from
people.

She sees he's serious.

DEEDEE
You any good?

GAL
Yes.

DEEDEE
Are you always this honest?

GAL
Almost never.
(laughs)
I just never want to lie to you...

DEEDEE
So then tell me then, where's your
girlfriend tonight?

GAL
Out with her friends, probably at
Golden Bear.

She's caught a bit off-guard, from his honesty, his directness...his good looks...the fact that he's staring directly into her eyes, and hasn't taken them off of her for a second...and there's plenty to look at in this place.

INT. GAL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gal drives Deedee home...silence...a few glances...then...

DEEDEE

I'm curious, what makes someone want to become a thief?

Gal laughs.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

You don't have to tell me. It's okay.

GAL

No...it's...you know...you...you're the first person to ever actually ask me that question.

(thinking about that statement, then turning to look at her)

...I suppose it was when I was about eight or nine, and the Queen came to visit...the actual fuckin' Queen....to our housing estate...

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - EARLY MORNING - FLASHBACK

We're back to the opening scene on the BLOND Boy's (YOUNG GAL) look of HORROR AND SHOCK...WE NOW SEE WHAT HE WAS LOOKING AT HIM THAT CAUSED HIM SO MUCH PAIN...

YOUNG GAL'S POV - THE HOUSING GROUNDS

Restored to hell on earth. The grass has been removed, leaving behind a bland moonscape of dirt and rocks. The old doors and windows are back in place. And the street lamps are long gone, just a memory now.

Twenty-or-so other dumbstruck boys who arrived before him also stand staring. Horror, fury, confusion...betrayal.

Young Gal steels himself, fights back the tears as his sadness turns to anger, then fury.

Defiant now, Young Gal seizes a rock from the dirt and hurls it angrily through a nearby window, shattering it to pieces...

GAL (V.O.)

It was put back even worse than the
shit hole it was before, the minute
she left...

INT. DEEDEE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Gal and Deedee drink tea...

GAL

...knew right then, at that moment,
the straight life wasn't for me...
...maybe it's just an excuse for
doin' it...who knows...but it's
what I tell myself...I'm sure my
Dad struggling all his life hasn't
helped...

(almost confessional)

...but I can never get that image
out of my head...the way they left
us...

He stirs his tea.

DEEDEE

(lightening the mood)

So what do you want to do, become
like one of the Kray brothers or
something...?

Gal laughs.

GAL

Not exactly...I've never said this
out loud, but the truth is...I
really just want to make a lot of
money and get out...go somewhere...

(with a smile)

...and not wind up on the Isle of
Wight along the way...

DEEDEE

(dreaming about it)

Yeah, go somewhere far away
...that'd be nice...very far.

(with a sly smile)

Live a quiet life...huh?

Gal nods, takes in her flat. A FEW similar books on her shelves. Silence, their spoons clanking, the only sound in the room.

A MOTORCYCLE ENGINE outside causes Deedee to tense up.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
Can I ask a favor?

GAL
(smile)
What's that?

DEEDEE
Can you leave right now?

GAL
Why?

DEEDEE
Please. Can you just go now?

The MOTORCYCLE ENGINE shuts off...she starts to fidget with her fingers...getting more anxious...

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
I just really need you to go.

GAL
(understanding)
You can always ask him to leave.

She hears the kickstand go down on the bike. Anxiety rising...

DEEDEE
(shaking her head no)
Another time...please...just go...

He stares at her. The sound of feet on the outside stairs echo loudly in the silent night. Gal grabs her hand stops it from fidgeting.

GAL
Ok.

The building's front door can be heard opening.

GAL (CONT'D)
Can I see you again?

DEEDEE
Please.

He gets up.

GAL
Okay...sorry.

He gives her a quick last look. Exits.

STAIRWELL - NIGHT

...WE stay with Gal as he exits the flat. He DESCENDS the stairs. As he does we pick up Alan COMING UP TOWARD HIM. They pass each other on the narrow stairwell and BRUSH PAST EACH OTHER'S SHOULDERS. Gal continues on without a glance. Alan STOPS, looks back down at Gal for a moment...and then continues on his way up...THAT'S WHERE IT ENDS...FOR NOW...

INT. FLAT - DAWN

A quiet, empty flat, beer bottles, pizza boxes, a mess...LOUD KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR BREAKS THE SILENCE...MORE KNOCKING, POUNDING...FINALLY, AITCH STUMBLES FROM ONE OF THE BEDROOMS IN HIS UNDERWEAR...MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FRONT DOOR.

AITCH
...it better be the bloody SAS...

He opens the door...GAL bursts in, all full of energy...

GAL
Aitch, Aitch...what a fuckin' night.

AITCH
We was wonderin' what 'appened to you, we thought she recruited you into one of her movies and you were bent over an iron bars set...

GAL
I was with her 'til dawn.

AITCH
I hope she taught you a trick or two.

GAL
No, no, no. Nothing like that, not even a kiss. We talked for hours. the conversation just flowed.
(then)
And if it wasn't for her cunt boyfriend, we'd still be talking.
(MORE)

GAL (CONT'D)

(like a poet)

She has these eyes...beautiful,
blue-lit, dancin'...like...
like...water...

AITCH

Wow, you really are on a tumble.

GAL

(laughs)

My three-times-a-week church-going
mother would die of a heart attack.

Aitch plops down on the couch, lights a cigarette...one of the MODELS from the party exits Aitch's bedroom completely naked and uninhibited -- she moves to the bathroom...GAL smiles...he's come to expect it from Aitch.

AITCH

What about Marjorie?

GAL

Shit. I know. I know. You're right.
She's great. Fuck. Fuck. But I've
been with her on and off ten
years...there's got to be a reason
right? Or I'm just going crazy,
maybe...fuck....fuck...

AITCH

That you are, my friend. Marjorie's
dad's got the business...she's a
beauty...what more do you want?

GAL

(realizing, echoing
Deedee)

More, Aitch. More.

With that, he bounds from the flat as quickly as he came in, slams the door behind him...Larry stumbles out of his bedroom, hungover, naked.

LARRY

What the fuck's going on?

AITCH

That was Gal. He's had quite a
night, it seems. Who do you got in
there? I thought *my* bird was loud.

LARRY

None of your fuckin' business...

Larry heads back to his room. We stay with him as he climbs into bed with the passed-out ANN MARIE. Drugs and paraphernalia litter the side table.

INT DON'S FLAT - DAWN

Don, up early, is watching Catchphrase.

The telephone on the sideboard rings...keeping his eyes on the TV, he rises and slowly walks to the phone...picks it up...

DON
'Allo? ...'allo, Gal.

EXT. LONDON - STREETS - ROBBERY - DAY

A thunderous rainstorm soaks the narrow artery that borders the THAMES. Power lines and utility poles sway dangerously in the storm's fierce winds as drenching sheets of water turn the road into a river.

INT. TEDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Teddy moves through the apartment onto the terrace, looks over the city. Through binoculars, he squints to see past sheets of rain as a caravan of THREE ARMORED VEHICLES thunder down the roadway...one after the other.

We push inside the front vehicle --

ARMORED VEHICLE - ROBBERY - DAY

The DRIVER'S vision is impaired momentarily until the wipers make their return. From the passenger seat, his PARTNER nervously searches the sky.

INT. PRIVATE BAR - DAY - DAYS EARLIER

Gal and Don meet with Teddy and Stan.

TEDDY
We're after an extremely rare and valuable coin traveling in an armored van caravan on that one day only. You'll need a few other boys, strong, ain't afraid of graft...
(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)
 positive attitudes, very important,
 essential. Only want charmed boys
 who follow the rules.

 GAL
 Now let us tell you what we want.

Teddy smiles, looks at Stan...

 TEDDY
 Please.

 GAL
 We want to be partners on this all
 the way...in for a penny, in for a
 pound....no more Swansea city for
 us.

Teddy smiles...looks at Stan...then...

 TEDDY
 Let me lay this out for you
 boys...we're looking at a heavily
 guarded armored van...it only goes
 on such runs once monthly, so it's
 very well-protected...a moving
 target...in broad daylight...a five-
 minute window.

Gal and Don look concerned...

 TEDDY (CONT'D)
 ...but there's a way...there's
 always a fuckin' way...

EXT. MOTORWAY - ROBBERY - DAY

Rain pours down, THE CARAVAN moves briskly along the
 motorway.

 TEDDY (O.S.)
 They'll be heading north on the
 A201; there'll be plenty of traffic
 at that time.

THE TRUCKS TURN ON THE A201 MOTORWAY AND PICK UP SPEED.

 TEDDY (CONT'D)
 ...they'll cross over the Black
 Friar Bridge...

THE TRUCKS cross over the BLACK FRIAR BRIDGE, turn north to
 head up A2311, the omnipresent London Rain intensifies.

TEDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You'll box them in as they crest
 the hill...

A LARGE PANEL VAN pulls alongside the front Armored Van, DANGEROUSLY close, nearly COLLIDING, BUT IT'S A PERFECTLY ORCHESTRATED MOVE BY AITCH. He pulls in front of them, slows down and speeds up as they ascend a slight hill. Larry, riding shotgun, bumps some powder for courage.

Aitch, WITHOUT WARNING, SWERVES SHARPLY ACROSS TWO LANES.

When the driver's eye line is clear from Aitch's move, dead stopped traffic is revealed on the other side of the incline. A WALL OF RED BRAKE LIGHTS TWENTY FEET AHEAD!

THE ARMORED VAN DRIVER SCREAMS OUT.

DRIVER
 No!!!!

He jerks the ARMORED VAN across both lanes to avoid a collision.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Holy Shite! HANG ON, JIMMY!!!

It skids -- A TIRE BLOWS AND QUICKLY SHREDS on the well-placed SPIKE STRIP. In a shower of sparks, the TRUCK flips up and over the curb, smashes through the guardrail and continues rolling.

Terrified SCREAMS emanate from the vehicle as the downpour continues. THE BACK ARMORED VANS slam on their brakes as the front truck PLUNGES into the THAMES --

THE PANEL VAN SKIDS TO A HALT...nearly CRASHING, BUT MANAGES TO STOP INCHES BEFORE THE TRAFFIC.

INT. ARMORED VAN'S FRONT CAB - ROBBERY - DAY

WATER GUSHES INTO THE CAB. The drivers SCREAM IN PAIN and panic as they FLAIL AROUND IN THE WATER.

EXT. MOTORWAY - ROBBERY - DAY

TRAFFIC HALTS in both directions. People EMERGE FROM THEIR CARS and crowd to the river to see, to help, to pray. They scream, yell -- to everyone, no one.

THE DRIVERS/GUARDS FROM THE OTHER TWO ARMORED TRUCKS LEAVE THEIR CABS, RUSH TO THE RIVER'S EDGE TO HELP THEIR COLLEAGUES.

DRIVER
(screaming to the water)
Come on, get out of there!

DRIVER 2
It's fuckin' sinkin'!

THE BACK OF THE PANEL VAN KICKS OPEN, AND THREE MEN IN COVERALLS EMERGE. THEY ARE GAL, DON, AND PETE.

GAL
Pete, go!

PETE HEADS TO THE LAST TRUCK'S DOOR AND sparks a flaming portable lance drill as Don secures the area.

At the river, Driver 1 and the Rescuers make a hand bridge, trying to reach further into the raging, swollen river. More PANIC, one of the GUARDS jumps in the water, tries desperately to pry the door open.

Gal watches intently, clearly concerned for the Guards' lives...People emerge from their cars and crowd along the river TO WATCH THE MEN FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF THE sinking truck. A MAN inches over to the van, stops and looks.

MAN
'Ey, what are you boys doin' here?

Don BUTTS him in the head, sends him CRASHING to the ground...a gout of blood gushes from his forehead. Gal helps Peter finish torching the back lock...and then they STORM into the back of the armored van and starts rummaging through its contents...

TEDDY (O.S.)
Take only the silver pouch with the coin in box 403. Nothing else...NOTHING ELSE.

...they knock many valuable items to the ground (necklaces, a golden lion statue, rings, an emerald and sapphire necklace, etc.) before they find the silver pouch in a box near the floor.

DON
(checking watch)
...forty more seconds...

Gal and Pete BURST OUT OF THE VAN...sprint to where the two salvaged cars, which have blocked the roadway to cause the traffic jam, await.

...Aitch and Larry at the respective wheels. DON AND PETE JUMP IN and the cars SCREECH AWAY. We are in the car with them, it's jumbled, they're breathing heavily.

EXT. AITCH'S GARAGE - ROBBERY - CAR'S MOVING - DAY

Gal, Don, and crew pull up in their cars...there's a beat of complete silence, except for breathing. DON is EXHILARATED. NOSTRILS FLARE. CHEST OUT. Then they pour out, exit the two vehicles.

DON

Aitch, you sonofabitch, Jackie Stewart's got nothing on you! Drove like a god!

AITCH

That's very kind of you, Don.

DON

We really creamed their asses!

Aitch, energized by Don's words, quickly SLIDES open the garage entrance, where equipment is waiting to disassemble the cars.

DON (CONT'D)

LIKE CLOCKWORK. TEDDY'S A FUCKIN' ANIMAL. TOLD YA! EINSTEIN A GO-GO!

They're elated...patting backs...laughing. GAL IS HAPPY BUT STILL HAS EYES ON EVERYTHING... CHECKING... LEADING...

THE LAUGHTER PETERS OUT AS THEY SPOT A MIDDLE EASTERN SECURITY GUARD from the pharmacy across the street watching them.

LARRY

What're you starin' at, you Paki cunt?

Larry, hopped up on adrenaline (and drugs), pulls out his gun before anyone can react. He FIRES. The Guard scurries away, frightened.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Betcha he wishes he was still in Mozambique.

Larry cracks up. Don stares at him with vein-popping rage.

Gal's expression changes from joy to agony. Aitch's face is masked in fear...Pete hangs his head.

EXT. OAKMONT GOLF - TENNIS CLUB - DAY

Teddy's new Porsche 911 flies down the manicured private road of the Oakmont Golf and Tennis Club.

DOMINIC MCGRAW (O.S.)
I like to think of myself as a
connoisseur of history...

INT. OAKMONT CLUB - DAY

Dominic McGraw sits across from Teddy in the elegant dining room. Freddie McGraw hovers behind his father.

DOMINIC MCGRAW
...and studying history teaches us
not to make the same mistakes
again. But we do, repeatedly, as if
we, as a species, like to fuck
up...need to, maybe. In turn-of-the-
century Rhodesia, thieves who had a
hand chopped off kept grifting.
When they lost the other hand, they
worked as lookouts. In the blood, I
suppose.

THE CLUB'S ASSISTANT BOOKMAKER approaches.

DOMINIC MCGRAW (CONT'D)
Excuse me for a moment...
(looking over the slips)
...Red Dog...in the one-thirty at
Kempton Park.
(to Teddy)
It's priced at forty-to-one but I
have a little sprinkle of
information, would you like to
partake?

TEDDY
I'm not a gambling man.

Dominic fills in the slip and waves the boy away.

DOMINIC MCGRAW

Neither am I, really, but you know who is...whoever pulled that graft on the River Thames. As in Rhodesia, people just don't learn.

Freddie SNORTS in disgust in Teddy's direction...

DOMINIC MCGRAW (CONT'D)

Now, I'm not accusing you. If I thought you did it, you'd be crawling around with the crabs in that very same river. I'm simply inquiring...and you should be flattered. There are only a few people I believe could actually pull it off.

TEDDY

Cheers.

DOMINIC MCGRAW

They just should not have pulled it off in my neck of the woods. We have other business that depends on the smooth comings and goings of -- let's say, the machinery. Can't have people snooping around. Next thing we'll have to offer up yo-yos to appease them...sooner or later you have a turncoat and then it all goes to hell.

TEDDY

If you can't keep your own backyard in order, who will trust you to look after theirs?

Dominic smiles. Freddie is furious, can't contain himself.

FREDDIE MCGRAW

Well, we're making inquiries. Somebody's seen something.

Dominic holds his hand up to silence Freddie...Freddie walks away, furious...off to his own lunch meeting with Vicky Raisins at the bar.

DOMINIC MCGRAW

His generation...very impatient.

Teddy nods, studies Dominic watching Freddie.

TEDDY

I'll see what I can find about this robbery business for you.

DOMINIC MCGRAW

Thank you, Teddy, that brings me great comfort.

INT. PRIVATE BAR - DAY

CU: THE SILVER POUCH IS SLID ACROSS THE TABLE.

Stan receives the pouch and slides a LARGE envelope of cash across the table to Don and Gal.

STAN

I'm well impressed, boys. You pulled it off.

DON

You shoulda been there, Stan, it was a thing of beauty. I'm still buzzing.

GAL

(studying Stan)
Ted laid it out real nice.

DON

It was insane. He's a genius. A fuckin' genius.

Gal peeks in the envelope.

STAN

The coin was just the first piece of a very big puzzle. If you think that plan was brilliant, you'll never believe what Teddy's got comin'. We're gonna bleed this fuck one piece at a time...turn his world upside down...Ted's got it all worked out up there.

(pointing to his head)

Don smiles, looks at Gal.

STAN (CONT'D)

One thing, Ted and I are both wonderin' how you boys're addressing your witness problem?

Gal and Don share a look. ("How the fuck does he know?")

STAN (CONT'D)
 (matter-of-factly)
 It's got to be fixed. Can't have
 any loose ends. And Gal; we expect
 you to take care of it. Plan's too
 big...
 (sips whiskey)
 ...just too big...too dangerous.

INT. HARRODS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Deedee, with her sister, LINDA, moves down the aisles.

LINDA
 You know I'd invest, but Nigel
 would never let me.

DEEDEE
 Don't worry, I'll find the money.

LINDA
 Can't you go to a bank?

DEEDEE
 They look at me like I'm a leper.

LINDA
 What if they sue you if you break
 your contract? Do you have a
 lawyer?

DEEDEE
 These guys aren't the type who sue
 as retribution.

LINDA
 Oh, Dee...isn't there another way?

DEEDEE
 I'm not scared. Fuck them. I won't
 let anyone tell me what to do with
 my body...not Alan or even Dad.

LINDA
 (doesn't want to ask)
 Any contact?

DEEDEE
 Nope.
 (painful but resigned)
 You?

LINDA

As long as I talk to you he won't talk to me.

They move down the aisle in silence...then...

DEEDEE

Hey, the queen ever come through our town when we were kids?

LINDA

The queen? No, but Freddie Mercury once ate at Polly's Fish & Chips. Ordered the number seven.

DEEDEE

Ha, ha.

They notice A COUPLE staring at Deedee, whispering...clearly, they recognize her...they sneer. Linda takes it personally.

LINDA

Hey if you want to find out how to give a good blow job, you don't have to stare, just ask.

WOMAN

Don't talk to me like that.

LINDA

I was talking to him.

The Couple stands, shocked. Deedee and Linda move down the next aisle, laughing...

INT. MADAME LAINA'S - NIGHT

An upscale townhouse. Antique furniture filled with beautiful women...monied Aristocrats enjoy the pleasures of their wealth. In a far, secluded corner, Dominic McGraw sits with Sir Stephen.

EATON

I thought you had control of your territory. I put a lot of faith in you, Dom. Now, if you can't keep control, that's another discussion.

DOMINIC MCGRAW

I understand your wife's niece is pregnant, wouldn't that make her forty-sixth in line? Going down the ladder...eh, Steve?

EATON

Maybe a few people will die, she'll be right back up there.

DOMINIC MCGRAW

(with a laugh)

How I love our weekly tête-à-têtes...that notwithstanding...I assure you the perpetrators will be dealt with in a fashion your great colonizing in-law ancestors could appreciate....my son is going to make it a top priority...

(with pride)

...and as we both know, he can be a vicious little bastard...

EXT. PHARMACY - CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Gal, Don, Aitch, Pete, and Larry drink beers, circle the block in Gal's car, watch the Pakistani Security Guard patrol the lot.

GAL

This guy's not going to go to the filth. He's an illegal Paki working off the books...he goes into the coppers, they put 'im on the first boat back to Islamabad.

DON

Don't want to look like a right cunt to Stan, to Teddy.

AITCH

McGraws, cozzers, why take a chance? He is just an immigrant.

GAL

You can be a real cruel cunt sometimes, Aitch.

AITCH

It's not me, mate, it's the world. And this is what you get when you move up the ladder.

LARRY

Why don't we roll 'im in falafel and eat 'im...he'll disappear.

Don lurches at Larry violently and starts CHOKING HIM.

DON

It's all your fault, you miserable skiver! Gonna fuckin' kill you!

Don squeezes tighter...LARRY FIGHTS HIM OFF.

DON (CONT'D)

You should be doing this, not Gal!
Not my partner, my brother.

Gal PULLS Don back to the front seat.

LARRY

I'm sorry, Gal. I'm really sorry.

DON

(TURNS LIKE A RABID DOG)

You say that one more fuckin' time
Larry, I'm going to get a knife and
stick it right in your fuckin'
face!

PETE

This shouldn't only be on you, Gal.

GAL

I'll fuckin' take care of it!

They all flinch at the rare explosion from Gal.

INT. RARE COIN STORE - DAY

ULI REDMOND, the proprietor, is examining the stolen coin
Teddy has laid in front of him.

TEDDY

It's been in the family for
ages...donkey's years...been
waiting for the right time to move
on it. Now that the Sterling has
dipped a bit, figure it's now.

ULI

It's priceless...one of a kind.

TEDDY

Let me know when you find an
interested buyer.

As Teddy leaves, he watches Uli's reflection in the glass
revolving door as he picks up the phone...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Teddy exits the shop and gets in Stan's car just as he's finishing up a conversation on his car phone.

TEDDY

On our way. What about the other thing?

STAN

(nodding, proud)

Found out where he's gonna be tomorrow night, 'round nine.

Teddy is pleased. He slams the car door hard, with enthusiasm, and we pop to:

EXT. BARREN DESERT - DAWN

Heat rises off the white sand as Gal, alone in the middle of the wasteland on a chaise lounge, bakes in the desert heat. His eyes squint in the sun as a lone, indistinguishable figure in the far distance moves across the landscape - a gun shimmers faintly in the figure's hand.

INT. GAL'S FLAT - PRE-DAWN

C/U Gal's face as he wakes, his eyes open slowly from his dream...to see Marjorie, who is naked. He stumbles out of bed to the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, which is all but empty...He moves back to the bed where Marjorie is lighting a morning cigarette...he sits down...takes a drag.

GAL

Hey, you ever think about getting away from here?

MARJORIE

What are you talkin' about?

GAL

Dunno...goin' somewhere far away.

MARJORIE

Why'd we ever do that?

GAL

I dunno...not now...some point.

MARJORIE

We got everything here. This is where all our friends are.

(MORE)

MARJORIE (CONT'D)
 Our kids will go to school here.
 Isn't that what you want? What's
 wrong?

He looks at her, she puffs away.

GAL
 Nothin', just hungry I guess.

He gets up and walks to the bathroom.

INT. GAL'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Gal and Marjorie eat breakfast with Maddie.

MADDIE
 A summertime wedding at the Armada
 Room, that could be somethin'. And
 we can get St. Ann's Cathedral, The
 Monsignor...Lord knows I've done
 'im enough favors. Where're you
 gonna live?

MARJORIE
 Maybe Campton after we get engaged,
 but I don't know, I think Gal wants
 to move to Brazil or somewhere.

She laughs.

MADDIE
 What?

GAL
 She's just kiddin'.

Gal shakes his head, gobbles the last bit on his plate.

INT. GAL'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Gal moves down the upstairs hallway. He passes Ann Marie's
 bedroom and sees her splayed out, hungover -- it hurts him.

INT. GAL'S PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

Peter Green plays as Burt gets dressed in his stadium
 maintenance outfit. Gal enters.

BURT
 ...hand me that belt, will ya boy.

GAL
 (handing it)
 Had to get out of there, they were
 starting the wedding talk again.

BURT
 Marjorie's a good girl.

Peter Green's song hits the solo. Burt closes his eyes, plays
 air guitar for a few seconds, but was clearly never a
 musician. Gal watches, then hands him his maintenance shirt.

GAL
 You like working at the stadium?

BURT
 'Course. Can't imagine doin'
 nothin' else. Been there almost
 thirty-five years.

GAL
 What about that stuff you used to
 design? Those drawings, you know,
 the ones in the crawl space.

BURT
 (pause, recovers)
 Not for me...kid's stuff.
 (as if a litany)
 No, no, not for me.
 (then)
 Listen...do me a favor, son - spare
 a few extra bucks this week. Me and
 Willy Crist had a little mishap in
 the dart tournament over at the
 Eagle Saturday last week...
 (holding up his fingers)
 ...this close to a double bull.

GAL
 'Course.

Gal opens his full wallet. Hands him money.

BURT
 But listen, boy - don't tell your
 mother, okay?

Gal nods, a million decisions racing through his head.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE - DAY

Don and Cecilia sit at a table, smoking.

DON

...he's from India or Pakistan or some other place over that way, but Stan knows. Don't know how, but he does.

CECILIA

Grow the fuck up and act your age.
'Course he knows.

(under her breath)

Fuckin' pillock...

(then)

Listen, you're close now...closer than you've ever been, closer than I'd ever thought you'd be. And I didn't walk through the fires of hell raising you to be undermined by some immigrant do-gooder.

(getting madder)

Before he came over to this country he was probably pimping out goats.

DON

Shouldn't be a problem.

Without warning, Cecilia backhands him across the face.

CECILIA

You fuck this up, you don't get another chance...if Gal won't do it, you do it, how much more do I have to do for you?

(to herself, but directed at Don)

Fuckin' Dr. White... 'onkin' jam rag...fuckin' spunk bubble.

Don is nervous. Cecilia takes a deep breath as if she needs to, or she might kill him right then and there.

EXT. REFLEX NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The hottest of all hot spots in London is teeming with people trying to get in. A BLUE and SILVER STRIPED MOTORCYCLE pulls up and Security parts the crowd like the Red Sea.

Freddie McGraw and a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE hop off and move in through the front entrance like he owns the place...because he does.

INT. REFLEX NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Freddie parties with a few WANNABES, SYCOPHANTS, AND GIRLS holding court at the bar.

FREDDIE

I tell those gypsy scum "we don't want you 'round 'cept maybe to fold a tablecloth or two..."

Freddie spots Teddy Bass across the club...points a finger gun at him and winks, then turns back to his group.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

...this country is gonna be browner than Grace Jones if we're not careful.

Teddy's black eyes are amused, his narrow lips give birth to a smile.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gal cruises the streets, listens to music, occasionally sings along out of habit...thinking. He slows down as he passes a three-block construction site and sees a sign: "KERN CONSTRUCTION - KEEP OUT"...then speeds up and keeps driving.

We stay with him as he drives the streets, heavy in thought. He pulls down the street of the pharmacy.

INT. CLUB REFLEX - PRIVATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Freddie McGraw, in his private bathroom, is snorting and sucking cocaine off THE BLONDE'S bare breasts.

FREDDIE

...baby, you are gonna be one regular Saturday Night girl...

He aggressively reaches his hand up her skirt; she squirms uncomfortably. He sticks his coke-filled finger up her nose, licks her like a clumsy teenager.

The door slowly opens and Teddy appears.

TEDDY

So this is where the fun is, huh?

FREDDIE

What the fuck are you doing here? This is a private part of the club.

Teddy eyes himself in the mirror, fixes the one hair that's out of place.

BLONDE
(covering up)
Freddie?

FREDDIE
Just ignore him, he'll go away.
Reggie?

WITH PANTHER-LIKE QUICKNESS, Teddy firmly GRABS Freddie from behind and overpowers him.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doin'?! Are
you crazy?!

Teddy TWISTS his arm in a way an arm should not be TWISTED -- rendering him IMMOBILE.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
(calling to security)
Reggie!

TEDDY
Reggie's not there. No one is.

In a FLASH, Teddy yanks down FREDDIE'S PANTS, bends him roughly over the sink and penetrates him.

Music blasts, PULSES from the club, through the floorboards, DROWNING OUT FREDDIE'S SCREAMS.

FREDDIE
Stop, stop, stop, please!

FREDDIE SQUEALS AND STRUGGLES TO GET FREE, but Teddy's grip is too strong, AND ATTEMPTS TO TWIST FREE ONLY CAUSE MORE PAIN.

The topless Blonde is frozen somewhere between fear and arousal...SHE DOESN'T MOVE...stares at them.

TEDDY
Roger Riley says hello.

As TEDDY thrusts into Freddie AND FREDDIE SCREAMS, TEDDY reaches over and tenderly caresses the BLONDE'S breast...she nearly orgasms.

EXT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

CRASH! The PAKISTANI SECURITY GUARD WHIPS down the locking gates. Closing up for the night. We pull back down the street to reveal...

INT. GAL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gal still waits, watches, thinking, contemplating... troubled. His eyes drift to the gun on his passenger seat.

SOMETHING OUTSIDE SUDDENLY FLASHES BY AND DRAWS HIS ATTENTION.

Don has turned the corner and is steam-rolling toward the SECURITY GUARD, gun in hand --

GAL
Ah, fuck.

DON
(yelling at himself)
...fat immigrant blob. You think
I'm gonna have that? No...no...no
...not gonna have it.

Gal pops out of the car, HURRIES TO BLOCK HIS PATH...

GAL
DON!!! DON'T DO IT.

DON
OUT OF MY WAY, GAL!

GAL
I'm serious.

DON
I'm not letting this cunt fuck up
our plans. If you're not going to
do it, I WILL.

Don pushes past him again.

GAL
Don...stop!
(keeps moving)
Don!!!

Gal, doesn't want to do it, but whips out his own gun and points it at Don. Don hears the click, mumbles something to himself, then...

DON
ARE YOU FUCKIN' NUTS, POINTING A
GUN AT ME?!

GAL
(fighting for courage)
YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO ME...

Don NOW turns his gun from the Security Guard to Gal. They stare eye-to-eye, revolvers in hand, each pointed at the other's head. Partner to partner, brother to brother. The Guard's face fills with terror.

DON
You gonna shoot me, Gal?

GAL
If I have to.

Don, MASSIVELY ANGRY, FLARES HIS NOSTRILS.

GAL (CONT'D)
We're not murderers, Don.

DON
I'm not lying to Ted. I'm not. No.
No. NO! So you're going to have to
shoot me.

Don steps closer to Gal's gun, opens his mouth and bites down hard on the barrel -- a crazed animal-like look in his eyes. Gal quickly yanks the gun out, turns to the GUARD.

GAL
He's gonna disappear, get out of
town, never come back, right?

The Security Guard doesn't answer. He's not sure what the fuck is going on.

Gal, doing all he can to save the Guard's life, SMASHES HIM WITH HIS GUN...then AGAIN and AGAIN.

GAL (CONT'D)
RIGHT?!!!!

The FRIGHTENED, SWEATING, NOW BLOODY Guard agrees nervously.

Gal JAMS an envelope of cash in his jacket and yells:

GAL (CONT'D)
RUN!!!

DON
 (raging, watching the
 GUARD disappear)
 What have you done? WHAT THE FUCK
 HAVE YOU DONE?!!!

He stares at Gal MURDEROUSLY.

INT. NOTTING HILL - NIGHT

Deedee exits the tube station and starts to walk toward her flat carrying several shopping bags. She notices a Black Sedan slowly following her. She picks up the pace, hurries...the car picks up the pace as well...she turns the corner down her street, so does the sedan. She starts jogging, the car stays right with her..nervous, she moves faster, then spots something up ahead...it's Alan pulling up on his bike...she's relieved to see him...runs up, hugs him...The Sedan moves off. She kisses him hard.

INT. PRIVATE BAR - NIGHT

WE COME IN ON RAUCOUS LAUGHTER...Stan sits with Don, Gal, Aitch, Larry, and Pete; they celebrate, but it's clear Gal and Don are on edge.

STAN
 Chaps...the grub here's like
 nothing you ever tasted in your
 lives. Got some stuff specially
 flown in just for you boys.

He waves over the YOUNG CRIMINAL/APPRENTICE/WAITER who brings them drinks, on top of their already full drinks.

LARRY
 Aitch...look alive...they'll think
 you're wearin' a wire.
 (grabbing the champagne)
 Have some more shampoo.

More laughter. Teddy appears from a darkened corner and the laughter peters out.

TEDDY
 (his mantra of success)
 Gentlemen, you're all cunts.

They all laugh again. Teddy is handed a tumbler of whiskey...sits at the table.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Looks like we're off an' running.

Don and Gal start to loosen up a bit.

 TEDDY (CONT'D)
A job like this will bring the
entire kingdom to our doorstep, but
the pay-off, gents, will have you
farting through silk for a good
long while.

They cheer, laugh...then -- BANG! Teddy SHOOTs Larry full in
the face at CLOSE RANGE. Larry CRASHES into the table, then
slumps to the floor, DEAD.

The others are in COMPLETE FUCKING SHOCK.

Teddy calmly turns to Gal...

 TEDDY (CONT'D)
You take of your problem, Gal...our
problem?

He stares deeply into Gal's soul. Don's face is full of
regret and angst.

 DON
 (under his breath)
Bollocks.

Teddy waitsfor an answer. GAL'S FACE DARKENS...but he manages
to REACH DEEP AND FIND THE STRENGTH.

 GAL
Yes, Ted, everything is taken care of.

A smile slowly creeps over Teddy's face.

 TEDDY
Okay.

He raises his glass.

 TEDDY (CONT'D)
 (Darkly, deliciously)
Let's have some fun tonight.

Don's eyes narrow, he turns SLOWLY and looks at Gal. WE SEE
FLASHES OF THE LONE DESERT FIGURE MOVING CLOSER...THEIR EYES
MEET...we push in on GAL'S FACE as we...

END OF PILOT.