

# SNATCH

By Guy Ritchie

(

Draft 4  
August /9/1999

**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

1 • EXT. RUSSIA -- NIGHT

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

*This next section will be intercut with the credit sequence.*

« •'

2 INT. BACK OF RUSSIAN CAR -- NIGHT

On the back seat is FRANKY FOUR -FINGERS, (New York street wise Jew) who is clutching a fancy looking briefcase which is handcuffed to his wrist. He is flanked by TWO RUSSIAN HOODS. *This next section will be subtitled.*

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

How much further do we have to go?

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

RUSSIAN

Pass him the money.

Franky hesitates for a second.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)

Franky you know you have no choice.  
So please can we get on with it?

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

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

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

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

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

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)

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

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

. FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

Boris?

RUSSIAN

Boris, Boris can get you anything  
you need.

CUT TO: CU OF SPINNING GUN CHAMBER

3 INT. LONDON - AMUSEMENT ARCADE -- DAY

CUT TO: CU OF SPINNING GUN CHAMBER

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

TOMMY

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

BORIS

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

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

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

TOMMY  
Yes Gorgeous?

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

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

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

George isn't too bright

GORGEOUS GEORGE  
What are you doing Tommy?

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

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

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

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

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

Boris chews this for a second.

BORIS  
I'll toss the coin.

He tosses the coin

CUT TO: CU OF SPINNING COIN

4 INT. NEW YORK\_OFFICE -- DAY

CUT TO : CU OF SPINNING COIN

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

HANDS  
Twenty carats?

5 INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT -- DAY

Franky's on the phone.

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

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

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

HANDS  
Speak to my cousin Doug.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS  
Doug the Head?

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

Dramatic pause

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS  
And what?

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

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

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

HANDS  
He's got it.

6 INT. BORIS' HOUSE

On the phone subtitled

RUSSIAN

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

BORIS

I'll see what I can do.

RUSSIAN

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

BORIS

Yes I understand.

RUSSIAN

One more thing, he loves to gamble.

7 EX. T. BACK ALLEY MAKESHIFT BOXING RING -- DAY

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

BRICK TOP

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

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

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

He doesn't look bad does he?

GARY

Oh no Mr Mclean, he looks great.

LIAM

Yeah great.

GARY

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

BRICK TOP

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

GARY

That's what you deserve Mr Mclean.

(CONTINUED)

BRICK TOP

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

Taken aback by the change in tone.

GARY

Err no, I am not.

BRICK TOP

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

There is a definite change in temperature.

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

And people like dogs Gary, for the principal reason that they're loyal. So I don't quite know where that leaves you my old son, other than refuckinpugnant. . .

There is a problem

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

Which one was it that kept the four grand from the Clapham job?

Pause

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

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

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

BRICK TOP (CONT' D')

You know what to do with that don't you Liam?

CUT TO FIGHTERS. SMALLER FIGHTER IS DISTRACTED.

HARRIS

Don't look for your sake.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTI NUED: (2)

POV of Smaller Fighter, we witness Liam putting the bag over Gary's head and tying tape round his neck. Gary tries to resist but it's futile and we vaguely witness the demise of poor Gary.

CUT TO BRICK TOP

BRICK TOP

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

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

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

But I got no time for grasses.

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

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

Feed em to the pigs Errol.

With a short beat.

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

He's looking good, Bomber, is he not? How's their man getting on?

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

8 EXT. ANOTHER BACK ALLEY MAKESHIFT BOXING RING - - DAY

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

TOMMY

Is he allowed to do that?

Turkish is drinking milk from a bottle

TURKISH

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Oi Turkish, can I have a drink?

Turkish looks over his shoulder and then points to himself

v  
(CONTI NUED)



8 CONTINUED:

TURKISH

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

Turkish looks at the WATER BOY.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Oi son, look lively.

He turns back to Tommy.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Look at it.

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

TOMMY

What's wrong with this one?

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

TURKISH

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

He passes him a piece of paper

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

Tommy looks at the address and frowns.

TOMMY

It's that campsite.

TURKISH

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED: (2).

TOMMY

They aren't pi key are they?

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

I hope they're not pi kies. I hate fucking pi kies.

TURKISH

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Fuck me, hold tight, what's that?

TOMMY

It's my Gucci belt, Turki sh.

Pointing quite clearly at the gun.

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

It's for protection.

TURKISH

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

Looking down onto his gun.

TOMMY

Boris the Blade.

TURKISH

You mean Boris the sneaky fucking Russian.

Turki sh pulls the gun out of Tommy's front.

(CONTI NUED)

8 CONTI NUED: ( 3 )

TURKISH (CONT' D)  
It ' s a bit heavy isn't it?

He spins the chamber

CUT TO: CU OF GUN CHAMBER

9 INT. BORIS<sup>1</sup> HOUSE -- DAY

CUT TO: CU OF GUN CHAMBER

BORIS  
The weight is a sign of reliability.  
I always go for reliability.

Boris is showing Franky a large pistol.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS  
I ' ll take it. How much do you want  
for -it?

BORIS  
Nothing.

Pause

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS  
Ok, so what do you want for it?

BORIS  
I want you to do something for me .

Franky nods for him to go on .

BORIS (CONT' D)  
There is a fight in a couple of days:

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS  
What kind of a fight?

BORIS  
Unli censed boxi ng.

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

BORIS (CONT' D)  
There is a bookies I know that will  
take bets. If you place one down  
for me we will call it quits.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS  
Why don't you put it down yourself?

(CONTI NUED)

9 CONTI NUED:

BORI S

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

Frankie shrugs and implies he wants to hear more.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

What do you mean?

10 INT. NEW YORK OFFICE -- DAY

On the phone.

HANDS

Play the game Doug.

11 INT. DOUG' S OFFICE

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

DOUG

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

Hands shakes his head in disbelief.

HANDS

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

DOUG

You know I won't buy poop.

HANDS

He isn't selling poop.

DOUG

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

He puts the phone down.

(CONTI NUED)

11 CONTI NUED:

DOUG (CONT' D)

That was my cousin Hands, Have I told you about my cousin Hands?

ALEX

Yes Dad, you have.

DOUG

He's an important fella.

SUSI,

Yes Dad, you told us.

ALEX

Is that a prawn sandwich you're eating?

Doug looks mildly embarrassed

DOUG

Is it?

ALEX

You're Jewish Dad.

DOUG

Yes. I was last time•I looked.

ALEX

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

DOUG

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

Pause.

DOUG (CONT' D)

Sneaky bastards.

He throws the half eaten sandwich out the window.

12 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKIES -- DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

VINNY  
Move it, come on move" it.

Vinny enters the pawn shop.

13 INT. PAWN BROKERS -- DAY

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

VINNY  
Alright Sol, Lincoln.

They are in deep discussion and only Lincoln responds.

BAD BOY LINCOLN  
Vin.

SOL  
It's a mosinite.

BAD BOY LINCOLN  
A whatinnite?

SOL  
No, a mosinite.

BAD BOY LINCOLN  
How much a night?

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

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

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

BAD BOY LINCOLN  
What are you saying?

SOL  
I am saying it's worth fuck all.

Lincoln's face drops

(CONTINUED)

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Fuck what?

SOL

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

VINNY

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

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

SOL

What's that Vince?

VINNY

Err, it's a dog Sol.

SOL

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

VINNY

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

SOL

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

VINNY

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

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

SOL

It better not be dangerous.

VINNY

Does it look dangerous?

SOL

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

VINNY

If it farts we'll all be out.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

Vin turns around and runs into Boris, who's entered the shop without making a noise.

VINNY (CONT'D)  
Jesus, where did you come from?

BORIS  
Uzbeki stan.

VINNY  
Oi Sol, Boris is here.

SOL  
Boris, what's up?

BORIS  
I have a job for you.

SOL  
Go on.

BORIS  
I want you to hold up a bookies.

SOL  
How high do you want us to hold it?  
Steady on George. We deal in  
jewellery Boris, we don't hold up  
bookies.

We can hear Vinny in the background

BORIS  
Hear me out. This one is different.

14 INT. TOMMY'S VAN -- DAY

Tommy is driving down a country lane with Gorgeous George in the passenger seat.

TOMMY  
Don't you worry Gorgeous, he's a big  
man granted but you gotta bigger  
punch than Judy.

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE  
Jesus what's that?

TOMMY  
That's what we are looking for.

(CONTINUED)



GORGEOUS GEORGE

It's a camp site. It's a pikey campsite.

TOMMY

Ten points.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

What are we doing here?

TOMMY

We are buying a caravan.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

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

TOMMY

Not if you're here.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Oh fuck off Tommy you never said anything about pikies.

TOMMY

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Oh you bastard, I hate fuckin pikies.

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

KID 1

That's a flash car Mister.

TOMMY

Not as flash as your bike though is it?

KID 1

Who you looking for?

TOMMY

Mr O'Neill.

KID 1

Do you want me to go and get him?

TOMMY

Good lad.

(CONTI NUED)

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

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

KID 1  
Yeah.

There is another pause.

TOMMY  
Well what are you waiting for?

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

Chuckling.

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

KID 1  
Two fifty.

TOMMY  
You can have a quid.

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

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

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

TOMMY  
Mr O'Neill?

MICKY  
Fuck man, call me Micky.

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

TOMMY  
How are ya?

(CONTINUED)

MICKY

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

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

MICKY (CONT'D)

Fuck me, would you look at the size of him, Jesus man how big are you? Hey kids how fucking big is he?

KID 2

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

MICKY

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

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

MICKY (CONT'D)

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

MUM

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

TOMMY

I could murder one.

MUM

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

MICKY

Would the big fella like a cup of tea?

MUM

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

KID 2

Lift me up would you Mister?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

KID 3

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

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

MICKY

Good dogs, do you like dogs?

TOMMY

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

15 INT. TYRONE'S CAR

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

TYRONE

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

SOL

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

VINNY

They give him wind.

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

VINNY (CONT'D)

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

SOL

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

Sol gives the dog another biscuit.

TYRONE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

VINNY

Sol why's he talking like a black man?

SOL

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

TYRONE

Roots and ting, seen?

Sol and Vin raise their eyebrows.

VINNY

Roots and what?

SOL

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

VINNY

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

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

SOL

What's that?

VINNY

It's a shotgun Sol.

SOL

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

VINNY

It will raise hell my old son.

SOL

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

VINNY

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

(CONTI NUED)

15 CONTINUED: ( ? )

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

SOL

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

Vin pulls the dog back.

SOL (CONT' D)

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

The car wash starts.

VINNY

What the fuck are you doing?

TYRONE

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

VINNY

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

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

16 EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE

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

MICKY

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

Tommy has a dog that looks distressed about leaving Micky sitting next to him.

17 INT. CAR -- DAY

TOMMY

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

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

18 EXT. CARAVAN -- DAY

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE

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

19 EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE -- DAY

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

MICKY

The deal was you bought it how you saw it.

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

MICKY (CONT'D)

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

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Hey...

Interrupted

MICKY

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

TOMMY

Just give us my money and you can keep your caravan.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTI NUED:

MICKY

Why the fuck do I want a caravan that's got no fuckin wheels? I am not going to do that.

Gorgeous George steps forward.

MICKY (CONT' D)

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

MUM

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

MICKY

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

MUM

I won't have you fighting, Micky.

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

MICKY

Okay mum okay. You need to sit down.

Micky calls to one of the lads standing by.

MICKY (CONT' D)

Darren look after Mum. Get her sitting down.

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

MICKY (CONT' D)

I'll fight you for it.

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

20 INT. HORSE BOX, PIKEY CAMP -- DAY

The two fighters start pacing. It looks a bit ridiculous, Micky is dwarfed by comparison. Gorgeous George takes a swipe: it was an impressive punch, but Micky is a quick little bastard and sidesteps. Micky does nothing to retaliate; his hands are still by his side.

(CONTI NUED)



Gorgeous George lunges out and grabs Micky by the throat and groin, picks him up like a sack of spuds and throws him against the car door. All eyes are on Micky for a second or two, then he rises and appears little bothered by this, he gets up brushes himself off and starts to pace again, hardly even looking at the big man.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

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

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE (CONT' D)

Now you fucking stay down boy or you won't be coming up next time.

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE (CONT' D)

This is sick. I am outta here.

MICKY -

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

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

CUT TO BLACK

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

TOMMY (V. O.)

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

(CONTINUED)

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

21 INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE 1 -- DAY

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

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

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

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

TOMMY  
He was half his size.

He pantomimes a man that would reach his navel

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

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

He raises his voice

(CONTINUED)

TURKISH (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you expect? A grease down and a shiatsu?

TOMMY

Who took the jam out of your donut?

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

You said get a good deal so...

TURKISH

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

Pause there is no correlation as Tommy knows.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

TOMMY

We replace the fighter.

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

What about Clam Hand Tony?

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

TURKISH

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Jesus!

TOMMY

What?

TURKISH

Let's use the fuckin pikey.

22 INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

From Russia with love. You  
interested?

DOUG

I told you I was interested.

Pause. Franky's in a rush.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

I got stones to sell, fat to chew  
and many different men to see about  
many different dogs, so if I am not  
rushing you, could you spit shine  
the top of your smoothie and move a  
little faster?

DOUG

Hold tight Franky, when in Rome.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

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

He looks at his watch

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS (CONT'D)

I gotta make the bookies.

DOUG

Bookies? What you betting on?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS  
Some guy called Bomber Harris.

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

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS  
Maybe.

Doug raises his eyebrows

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

23 INT. PIKEY ENCAMPMENT -- DAY

TURKISH  
What do you say?

MICKY  
How much you going to pay us?

TOMMY  
Ten k.

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

TURKISH  
A what?

MICKY  
No a caravan.

TOMMY  
A what?

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

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

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

24 INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Doug is on the phone to Hands.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

I overpaid Hands, I want you to recognize charity when it's offered.

HANDS

Do shut up, where is he now?

DOUG

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

HANDS

When?

DOUG

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

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

HANDS

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

DOUG

It's a boxing match Hands.

Hands isn't happy.

HANDS

Did he have a case with him?

DOUG

Yes.

HANDS

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

DOUG

What am I, telepathic?

HANDS

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

(CONTI NUED)

24 CONTI NUED: ( 2 )

DOUG

How much can he lose?

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

HANDS

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

The phone is slammed down.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. AIRPLANE --

We see the undercarriage of Concorde taking off.

26 INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB --

Tommy and Turkish walk into a pub and approach the BARMAN. They reach the bar.

TURKISH

We are here to see Brick Top.

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

BARMAN

I am very busy at the moment.

TURKISH

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

BARMAN

Who?

TURKISH

Brick Top.

BARMAN

Never heard of him.

. . . . : TURKISH

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

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

(CONTI NUED)

TURKI SH (CONT' D)

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

They both give the table an eyeball.

TOMMY

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

TURKI SH

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

TWO HEAVY LOOKING FELLAS appear out of the woodwork.

HEAVY FELLA

You Turki sh?

TURKI SH

Yup. -

HEAVY FELLA

Follow me.

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

TURKI SH

They can charm the paint off walls these fellas.

27 INT. BACK OF PUB - DOG FIGHT -- NIGHT

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

The heavy walks over to Brick Top. The heavy taps him on the shoulder and whispers. He acknowledges, and gives his drink to the heavy. He walks over. There is a cage next to Brick Top which has a pit bull in, and Brick Top who is carrying a cane pokes it through the cage doors. The dog snarls back.

(CONTI NUED)



BRICK TOP

Look mean now you hairy fucker won't ya?

He looks at the appalled faces of Turkish and Tommy.

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

Shits itself when you put it in the ring, but poke it with a stick and watch his bollocks grow. You like a dog fight, Turkish?

TURKISH

I like my dog to growl at the post man.

BRICK TOP

Gorgeous ready for tonight?

TURKISH

We don't have a Gorgeous anymore.

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

BRICK TOP

You're going to have to repeat that.

TURKISH

We have lost Gorgeous George.

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

BRICK TOP

I said keep the noise down. . . .

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

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

Well, where did you lose him? He isn't a set of fuckin car keys is he? And it's not as though he is inconfucki nspi cuous is it?

TURKISH

I am not backing out.

BRICK TOP

You can bet your bollocks to a barn dance you're not backing out.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

We are changing the fighter.

Brick Top wasn't expecting anything out of Tommy.

BRICK TOP

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

TURKISH

You won't know him.

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

BRICK TOP

Are you taking the piss?

TURKISH

No, there was an accident.

BRICK TOP

I'll show you a fuckin accident.

TURKISH

You've still got your fight.

BRICK TOP

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

TOMMY

You could take bets at the fight.

BRICK TOP

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

Pause

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

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

The black guys pull up in Tyrone's car outside the bookies Vin is playing with the dog in the back.

(CONTINUED)

SOL

I am not happy about that dog Vin,  
you can't bring a dog on a job.

VINNY

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

SOL

Homesick, for fucks sake.

VINNY

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

SOL

Ohh shut up, how can he find it?

VINNY

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

SOL

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

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

SOL (CONT'D)

Jesssus, he didn't even chew it.

The car has stopped.

VINNY

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

TYRONE

It's too tight.

VINNY

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

SOL

Leave him alone, he's a natural.

Tyrone gets a little over-excited with the accelerator and  
reverses with a crashing sound into the rear of the van behind  
them (ie it's parked back to back with them).

(CONTINUED)

VINNY

A natural fuckin idiot. Tyrone,  
what have you done?

TYRONE

Look, you hassle me, see what happens.

Tyrone makes to move the van forward again.

VINNY

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

TYRONE

I didn't see it there.

VINNY

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

TYRONE

It was at a funny angle.

Vin is confused as to this last statement.

VINNY

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

- The dog starts whining.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Give him something to shut him up.

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

SOL

He can't swallow a whole ball.

TYRONE

He swallowed it.

The dog looks up having completed the task. Vin who looks  
quite alarmed holds the dog by the ribs and squeezes, there  
is a squeak.

29 EXT. AIRPORT. --

Doug and Alex are waiting to pick- up Hands.

DOUG  
Did you get Hands that car?

ALEX  
I got him one like it.

Doug is in shock.

DOUG  
What do you mean one like it?

ALEX  
I got him the Volante.

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

ALEX  
You said get him the Vantage.

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

ALEX  
Because they look the same.

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

.Pause: she thinks about this.

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

DOUG  
Yes I fuckin am!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOUG (CONT' D)

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

SHOT OF CONCORDE'S WHEELS TOUCHING DOWN

30 EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

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

DOUG

How about a hug for your old cousin Doug?

He stops looking for his car and focuses on Doug.

• HANDS

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

31 EXT. BOOKIES

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

VINNY

How am I going to get it out?

SOL

He'll probably cough it up.

VINNY

Do you think he'll be alright?

Sol shrugs.

SOL

Hope not.

TYRONE

What are we waiting for?

SOL

We are waiting for a man carrying a case.

TYRONE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTI NUED:

SOL  
Because the deal is that we give the  
Russian the case and we keep the  
money.

He rubs his fingers symbolically together

TYRONE  
What's in the case?

Sol turns round to talk to Tyrone.

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

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

SOL (CONT' D)  
Shit, was that him?

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

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

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

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

32 INT. BOOKIES -- DAY

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

PAULINE  
Yes sir, how can I help?

(CONTI NUED)

VINNY

You can start by giving me all your money.

PAULINE

Does Sir know who this bookies belongs to?

VINNY

It. belongs to me now.

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

VINNY (CONT'D)

If you know what's good for...

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

SOL

Vince? Vince??

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

SOL (CONT'D)

What are you doing Vince? And what the fuck are you doing up there?

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

SOL (CONT'D)

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

PAULINE (O. S. )

I don't care, you can do what you like he's not related to me.

SOL

You think you can try me?

(CONTINUED)



32 CONTINUED: (2.)

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

33 EXT. BLACK GUYS' VAN -- DAY

We see Tyrone grimace at the sound of the shotgun.

34 INT. BOOKIES -- DAY

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

SOL

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

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

PAULINE

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

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

SOL

How you doing Vince?

A weakened voice retorts.

VINNY

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

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

SOL

Now fill this bag . . . ' . . . - . . . -

PAULINE

All bets are off.

SOL

I am not here to make a fuckin bet.

(CONTINUED)

PAULINE

All bets are off.

SOL

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

PAULINE

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

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

SOL

I ain't buying that.

PAULINE

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

Pause

SOL

Well, what have you got?

PAULINE

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

VINNY

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

Sol's temper does have a limit.

SOL

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

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

SOL (CONT' D)

Let me see your hands.

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

(CONTI NUED)

SOL (CONT. 'D)

Copper coins? What do you mean copper fuckin coins?

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

VINNY

Get me out of here now Sol.

Vinny does sound convincingly desperate.

SOL

We're going Vin.

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

SOL (CONT' D)

No security, eh?

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

TYRONE

What the fuck are you two doing?

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

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3.)

SOL

Tyrone get us outta here.

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

SOL (CONT'D)

I said, get us outta here Tyrone!

35 EXT. CAESARS PALACE STREATHAM

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

HANDS

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

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

HANDS (CONT'D)

Caesar's Palace?

36 INT. CAESARS PALACE STREATHAM

Doug approaches the entrance.

DOORMAN

Private night tonight chaps.

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

HANDS

Jesus are we ever going to get in there?

DOUG

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

HANDS

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

DOUG

Well he said he was going to be here.

(CONTINUED)

HANDS

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

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

HANDS (CONT'D)

Hello, who's your man?

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

DOUG

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

He touches the side of his nose and inhales.

HANDS

Original.

DOUG

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

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

DOUG (CONT'D)

...with a tip on when who hits the floor. Any man with veins in his brains knows Brick Top knows the answer.

Cut back to Jack and Salt Pete.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Those boys make Brick top look like a skirt clinging thumb sucker. And if you play with fire... •

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

∴ CUT TO: TURKISH & MICKY

TURKISH

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

(CONTINUED)

MICKY

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

CUT TO: BRICK TOP & ERROL

BRICK TOP

As long as we keep them happy.

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

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

Make sure they are kept sweet. The  
last thing I want is them fuckin  
moaning.

REF

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

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

REF (CONT' D)

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

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

REF (CONT' D)

Now I want a good dirty fight lads,  
So now it's that time again. . . .  
Let's. . . . Get ready to  
rrrrrrummmmmble.

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

( CONTI NUED )

37 CONTINUED:

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

SALT PETER

Tha-nks for the tip, Brick top.

JACK THE ALL SEEING EYE

I have just said goodbye to forty large because of you, what's the crack?

38 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKIES -- DAY

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

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

WE CUT TO BLACK.

WE FADE UP

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

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

39 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKIES -- DAY

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

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

SOL

Where ' s the Russian?

VINNY

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

Vinny turns to Franky who has tape over his eyes.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Oi, you, Four Fingers, how are we going to get into your case?

FRANKY THREE FINGERS

If you take the tape off my eyes • I M tell you.

SOL

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

VINNY

Just tell us the combination.

FRANKY THREE FINGERS

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

Pause

VINNY

You look at us and it's good night.

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

SOL

Come on.

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

VINNY

And?

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

And here's the money.

(CONTINUED)



VINNY

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

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

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

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

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

TYRONE

Whoops.

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

TYRONE (CONT' D)

Hello what have we got here?

41 EXT. PAWN BROKERS

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

42 INT. PAWN BROKERS

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

BORIS

What are you doing with him?

SOL

The case was attached to his body.

BORIS

So why didn't you chop it off?

Sol looks horrified by the thought.

VINNY

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

BORIS

What?

(CONTI NUED)

SOL  
There wasn't any money there.

Boris pulls out a wad of notes

BORIS  
There's ten grand.

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

Vin holds up the stone: the atmosphere changes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BORIS (CONT' D)  
Who's next? You have the ten grand  
now give me the stone.

The pause continues. Boris lets a shot off that tears  
worryingly close to Sol's head.

(CONTI NUED)

SOL

The only man that knows the combination you just shot.

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

BORIS

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

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

43 EXT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE LONDON -- MORNING

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

TURKISH

I ain't going in the front.

TOMMY

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

The car surges off round the back.

TURKISH

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

Turkish has another look around the back

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

44 INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE

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

(CONTINUED)

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

ERROL

Oink, oink. Where do you keep the sugar?

TURKISH

Shit you scared the life outta me.

JOHN

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

TURKISH

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

ERROL

That's very good Turkish.

JOHN

Very cool Turkish.

TURKISH

Well what do you want?

ERROL

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

JOHN

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

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

ERROL

Well aren't you going to answer it?

Turkish does.

Tommy on the phone.

(CONTI NUED)

TOMMY

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

Turkish puts down the phone

ERROL

What's happening with the tea?

TURKISH

Help yourself. You have to every thing else.

ERROL

That sounds like hostility, doesn't it John?

JOHN

Oh we don't like hostility do we .Errol?

EROL

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

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

TURKISH

Brick Top.

BRICK TOP

Turkish. Got the kettle on?

Turkish adapts to his new circumstances.

TURKISH

You want sugar?

BRI CK TOP

No thank you Turkish, I am sweet enough.

TURKISH

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

BRI CK TOP

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

(MORE)

(CONTI NUED)

45 CONTI NUED: (2)

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

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

TURKISH

Of course.

BRICK TOP

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

Pause

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

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

There is nothing Turkish can do.

46 EXT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE

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

BRICK TOP

He's been a busy little bastard that Turkish.

ERROL

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

Brick Top looks round with some concern.

BRICK TOP

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

Pause as Errol wants the ground to swallow him up.

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

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

FADE OUT:

(CONTI NUED)

46 CONTI NUED:

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

47 EXT. PORTACABIN

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

TONY

Open up Charlie.

CHARLIE

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

TONY

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

CHARLIE

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

TONY

It doesn't belong to you Charlie.

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

TONY (CONT'D)

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

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

TONY (CONT'D)

Oh you silly cunt.

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

CHARLIE

Go down-boy, go down.

(CONTI NUED)

47 CONTI NUED:

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

TONY

Ohh you' f in twouble nowf.

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

FADE IN:

48 INT. VANTAGE •

The car comes to a halt again.

HANDS

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

DOUG

No it's true. I can't find' him, but  
I know a man that can.

Cut to a shot of Hands encouraging him to continue.

DOUG (CONT' D)

Tony. Bullet Tooth Tony. He'll  
find Franky for you.

HANDS

Who's he?

Susi interrupts.

SUSI

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

Doug frowns at Susi, but continues.

DOUG

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

(CONTI NUED)



SUSI

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

HANDS

You really think he can find him?

SUSI

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

HANDS

Ok so let's get hold of him.

DOUG

Firstly you gotta understand he's a little strange.

HANDS

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

49 INT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE -- DAY

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

MUM

They're very nice Tommy. Thank you.

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

TURKISH

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

MUM

You looking for Micky?

TURKISH

'Do you know where I can find him?

MUM

Yes.

Pause

(CONTI NUED)

49 CONTI NUED:

TURKI SH

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

MUM

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

MUM (CONT' D)

He's coursing, he's a couple of fields that way.

Pause

TOMMY

What's coursing?

50 INT. CAR

TURKI SH

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

TOMMY

What the fuck's a hare?

TURKI SH

It's a big rabbit.

TOMMY

Why don't they call em big rabbits then?

TURKI SH

Because they call em hares.

Tommy shrugs.

TOMMY

So what's coursing?

TURKI SH

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

TOMMY

What happens if he doesn't?

TURKI SH

Well the big rabbit gets fucked doesn't it?

(CONTI NUED)

50 CONTINUED:

Tommy looks a taken aback by this statement.

TOMMY

Come on, what, proper fucked?

TURKISH

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

51 EXT. SEEDY STREET

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

ERROL

Excuse me mate, d'ya know Mullet?

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

ERROL (CONT' D)

Cheers pal.

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

MULLET

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

ERROL

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

MULLET

Yeah let him know that I asked.

JOHN

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

MULLET

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

ERROL

Don't stop with the foreplay.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTI NUED:

MULLET

White geezer, bit of a bounty.

EROL

Eh?

MULLET

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

JOHN

Go on.

MULLET

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

JOHN

Porn as in filthy dirty?

MULLET

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

ERROL

Good boy Mullet.

52 EXT. FIELD

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

TURKISH

Well do you want to do it?

MICKY

That depends.

TURKISH

On what?

MICKY

On you buying this caravan.

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

TURKISH

That's not the same caravan.

MICKY

This isn't the same fight.

(CONTI NUED)

52 CONTI NUED: \_

TURKISH

It's twice the fuckin size of the last one.

MICKY

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

TURKISH

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that your mum was a tart. I just meant...

MICKY

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

TURKISH

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

MICKY

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

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

TURKISH

Okay, I reckon the hare gets caught.

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

53 INT. CAR --

Slow motion. Errol and John are looking for Tyrone.

54 EXT. FIELD

Slow motion. Cut back to the dogs. The chase starts.

55 INT. CAR

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

56 EXT. FIELD

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

57 EXT. STREET

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

58 EXT. FIELD

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

59 INT. BOOT OF A CAR

Poor Tyrone is bleeding in the boot of a car.

60 EXT. FIELD

The dogs move in.

61 EXT. CAR

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

62 EXT. FIELD

The dogs are moving in.

63 INT. DOG HOUSE

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

64 EXT. FIELD

The hare gets caught and a pile of fur comes up

65 INT. DOG HOUSE

The dog bites Tyrone in the leg.

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

TYRONE  
Ok, I'll fuckin tell you.

66 EXT. FIELD .

The hare escapes the jaws of the dogs and is off.

67 INT. CAR

Turkish is getting into his car.

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

We buy him a caravan Tommy.

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

You saying *I* can't shoot?

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

Are you saying it doesn't work?

TURKISH

You tried it?

Tommy frowns

TURKISH- (CONT' D)

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

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

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTI NUED: .

TURKI SH (CONT' D)

Whoops.

TOMMY

I want to see that sneaky fuckin  
Russi an.

68 INT. BACK ROOM PAWN BROKERS

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

BAD BOY LINCOLN

What happened to him?

SOL

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

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Well what do you want me to do about  
it?

SOL

Sort it out.

BAD BOY LINCOLN

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

SOL

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

BAD BOY LINCOLN

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

SOL

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

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Err well, let's wrap him up.

SOL

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

69 INT. CAR

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

(CONTI NUED)



69 CONTINUED: . .

BRICK TOP

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

70 INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE

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

TURKISH

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

BRICK TOP

His what? . . . .

TURKISH

His mum.

BRICK TOP

Are' you taking the piss again?

TURKISH

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

BRICK TOP

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

He puts the phone down and inhales.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

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

71 EXT. PAWN BROKERS

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

- ERROL

You coming John?

JOHN

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

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

ERROL

Get the governor John.

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

JOHN

It looks like we are in gov.

BRICK TOP

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

72 INT. BACK ROOM PORN BROKERS

Vin, Lincoln and Sol are arguing

SOL

Hold him by his legs.

BAD BOY LINCOLN

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

The interconnecting door opens slowly.

BRICK TOP

Hope it's not a bad moment.

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

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Yeah I know.

BRICK TOP

Good. That will save me some time  
then.

VINNY

Well I don't.

BRICK TOP

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

(CONTINUED)

SOL

Would someone mind telling me who you are?

BRICK TOP

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

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

VINNY

Lincoln, who is this man?

BRICK TOP

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

He holds up his fist

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

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

Pause

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

Hence the expression greedy as a pig.

Pause

VINNY

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINNY (CONT' D)

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

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

JOHN

Would you look at the size of this?

BRICK TOP

Golly that is big isn't it Errol?

He looks back at the brothers

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

Do you know what Nemesis means?

There is a pause

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

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

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

73 INT. DOUG'S OFFICE

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

HANDS

Can I call you Tony?

BTT

You can call me Susan if it makes you happy.

ROSE BUD

You got nice teeth Susan.

Tony demonstrates an interest in Rose Bud's.

BTT

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

(CONTI NUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Hands interrupts

HANDS -

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

BTT

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

HANDS

About forty thousand.

BTT

Where was he last seen?

DOUG

At a bookies.

BTT

A bookies eh? Susi, pass us the blower.

Susi reaches for the phone.

74 INT. PAWN BROKERS

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

ERROL

Is this how you want him gov?

BRICK TOP

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

SOL

Mr Mclean I kid you not. Why do you think we have a dead man, missing an arm in our office? Give us four days and we'11 bring you a stone the size of a home.

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

BRICK TOP

What do you think Errol?

ERROL.

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

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTI NUED:

Brick Top again frowns at Errol.

BRICK TOP

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

He turns back to the brothers.

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

You got forty eight hours.

He looks at Lincoln.

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

I am going to take your man here.

Pointing to Tyrone.

BRICK TOP (CONT' D)

You can keep this silly wanker.

. LINCOLN

Hold on .

ERROL

Shut it or I'll cut ya . . .

BRICK TOP

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

Brick Top nods at Errol who looks extremely disappointed.

75 INT. CAR

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

BTT

A bookies got blagged last night.

HANDS

Blagged?

BTT

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

He turns to Rose Bud.

ROSE BUD

I need a cun.

(CONTI NUED)

75 CONTI NUED:

BTT

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

76 INT. PAWN BROKERS

Tyrone looks desperate.

TYRONE

He set the dogs on me. Look.

He shows his wounds to Sol and Vin.

VINNY

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

SOL

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

TYRONE

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

SOL

I am on it Tyrone^.

77 EXT. SEEDY STREET

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

BTT

Al right Mullet?

MULLET

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

: : BTT

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

Bt.t has a quick look down the street.

(CONTI NUED)

BTT (CONT' D)

This job does have prospects after all, you travel to pretty places, meet interesting people.

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

MAN

Who the fuck gave you such a big mouth?

BTT

Someone whom you might shortly meet.

MAN

You threatening me?

BTT

Only with wings and a halo.

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

BTT (CONT' D)

Clean the breakfast<sup>7</sup>off your top lip/ and make yourself busy sunshi ne.

The man moves off

BTT (CONT' D)

I want to know who blagged Brick Top' s bookies.

MULLET

Oh do me a favour Tone?

BTT

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

MULLET

I don't know anything about that Tony..

BTT

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

Mullet looks uncomfor' table about the fact that he's thinking

j

(CONTI NUED)



MULLET

Make it worth my while at least.  
Jesus Tone you know how it is.

Btt turns to Hands.

BTT

Give us your wallet Hands.

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

BTT (CONT' D)

Comfortable Mullet? ,

Mullet has already gone pink.

BTT (CONT' D)

You can take as long as you like  
Mullet.

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

MULLET

Fuckin hell what are you doing?

BTT

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

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

BTT (CONT' D)

You been using dog shit tooth paste  
Mullet?

He speeds up even more.

MULLET . . . - . - .

Sl ow down.

BTT

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

. (CONTINUED)

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

BTT (CONT'D)

Oh I love this track. Yes Mullet.

MULLET

It could be Tyrone Conway.

BTT

Tyrone Conway?

MULLET

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

BTT

Tyrone Conway?

MULLET

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

BTT

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

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

HANDS

What about?

He points to Mullet. BTT pulls an, 'oh yes I forgot about him<sup>1</sup> face. He doesn't even look at Mullet. He lowers the window, and Mullet falls by the way, in god knows what condition.

78 INT. PAWN BROKERS

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

SOL

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

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTI NUED:

HANDS

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

SOL

Boris.

BTT looks familiar with this name.

BTT

Dear oh dear, you do know some horrible people.

79 INT. DOUG'S OFFICE

HANDS

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

DOUG

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

BTT

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

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

DOUG

Hold on. What's going on here?

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

SUSI

Yes Dad?

DOUG

What does that man want?

SUSI

It's hard to say, he's got a thick Russian accent.

80 INT. DOUG'S . OFFICE DOWNSTAIRS

They are obviously going to move in on the Russian.

BTT

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

ROSE BUD

I hate Russians. I'll sort him out.

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

BTT

He's all yours Rose Bud.

81 EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE

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

PATRICK

What's wrong with Micky?

DAREN

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

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

82 INT. BTT CAR

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

HANDS

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

BTT

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

HANDS

How you doing Rosey?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: .

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

ROSE BUD

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

HANDS

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

83 INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S

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

SOL

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

VINNY

Do you know where he keeps em?

They find the right key.

SOL

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

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

VINNY

Jesus. What's going on here?

SOL

He likes his drum does Bad Boy Lincoln.

The dog goes bounding in.

SOL (CONT'D)

Well let's get busy.

84 EXT. BORIS' HOUSE

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

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

ROSE BUD

I think you have got something to tell us.

HANDS

Take it easy Rosy, take it easy.

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

BTT

You want him to be able to talk or not?

85 INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S

Sol and Vin have found the weapons and are tossing them from hand to hand.

SOL

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

VINNY

What are we gonna do with em Sol?

SOL

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

Sol's mobile rings.

SOL (CONT'D)

Yes?

86 EXT. BORIS' HOUSE

TYRONE

Boris is here.

87 INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S

SOL

Now.

TYRONE

That's why I am calling you.

SOL

We're coming over. Hold him there.

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

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

S7

SOL (CONT'D)  
Leave that dog here Vince, we gotta  
go.

They shut the dog in the main room and go out of Lincoln's house.

88 EXT. BORIS' HOUSE

88

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

89 INT. TYRONE'S CAR

89

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

SOL  
Where is he?

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

SOL  
Why didn't you tell us Tyrone?

Tyrone pulls a "I tried" face.

VINNY  
Do they look hard?

TYRONE  
They look fucked up.

SOL  
Well get in and let's load up.

Vinny whips out a gun.

VINNY  
Load them up with what?

TYRONE  
What's wrong with them?

VINNY  
They're replicas.

(CONTINUED)

8 9 CONTINUED:

TYRONE

Hold tight rudy, are you fuckin mad?  
Do you know who these people are?

SOL

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

90 EXT. PIKEY ENCAMPMENT

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

TURKISH

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

Darren decides to interject.

DAREN

Who are these the boys Micky?

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

MICKY

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

Darren spins on his heel

MICKY (CONT'D)

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

TURKISH

Why?

MICKY

Because I know he fuckin hates ya. . .

91 INT. TURKISH'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Turkish and Tommy are driving. Turkish is drinking a pint of "milk (as usual). There is silence for a while.

(CONTINUED)



TOMMY

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

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

How far is the Russian's?

TURKISH

We'll be there in a minute.

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

It's not the same.

TOMMY

What?

TURKISH

Milk, in these cartons.

TOMMY *i*

You shouldn't drink that stuff any  
way.

TURKISH

Why, what's wrong with it?

TOMMY

It's not in synch with evolution.

TURKISH

Shut up!

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

Well fuck me Tommy, what have you  
been reading?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTI NUED: (2)

TURKISH (CONT' D)

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

Turkish looks back at him blankly.

TOMMY

Here let me do you a favour.

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

TOMMY (CONT' D)

What was in that milk?

92 INT. BORIS' HOUSE

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

HANDS

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

BTT •

What you want to do about the Russian?

HANDS

I want to bury him.

93 EXT. BORIS' HOUSE

Hands, Tony and Rosebud walk out.

94 INT. TYRONE' S CAR

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

VINNY

Well come on let's have em.

Pause while they consider this.

(CONTI NUED)

VINNY (CONT' D)

Well come on.

SOL

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

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

TYRONE

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

SOL

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

TYRONE

It stands for.

SOL

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

TYRONE

Do they fire?

Pointing to the guns.

SOL

Of course they fuckin fire?

VINNY

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

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

VINNY {CONT' D}

What the fuck do you think you're  
doing Sol?

SOL

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

(CONTI NUED)

VINNY

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

SOL

You wanted to see if they worked.

VINNY

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

SOL

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

VINNY

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

He taps Tyrone on the shoulder. Tyrone looks up.

VINNY (CONT' D)

Are you alright?

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

TYRONE

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

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

95 INT. BTT CAR -- NIGHT

*(This scene runs concurrently with scene 91)*

HANDS . . . . .

How we going to get rid of him?

BTT

You want to shoot him?

HANDS

It's a bit noisy isn't it?

(CONTI NUED)

BTT

Well you want to stab him?

-HANDS

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

BTT

You want to kill him or not?

ROSE BUD

I'll cut him.

BTT

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

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

BTT (CONT' D)

You, you want a knife?

He passes Hands a knife.

HANDS

I wouldn't know what to do with it.

BTT

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

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

They too are recovering from the accident. And Boris has now come headfirst through the windshield.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: -

VINNY  
You idiot what have you done?

SOL  
Is that Boris?

97 INT. BTT'S CAR

HANDS  
What happened?

BTT  
We hit something and something hit  
us.

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

98 INT. BLACK GUY'S CAR

SOL  
Let's hit em now.

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

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

99 INT. BTT'S CAR .

BTT  
You alright?

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

BTT  
*I mean do you feel alright?*

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

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: -

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

HANDS  
What about Rose Bud?

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

100 INT. BLACK GUY'S CAR

SOL  
They are getting out.

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

1.01 INT. CAFE

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

HANDS  
I gotta clean up.

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

102 EXT. STREET

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

103 INT. CAFE

BTT is on the phone

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

104 EXT. BORIS' HOUSE

Tommy and Turkish pull up outside Boris' house.

TURKISH  
He's left the door open.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTI NUED: -

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

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

He grabs his groin and circles his finger and his temple

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

Well come on then before the Germans  
get here.

105 EXT. CAFE

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

SOL

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

Tyrone can't hear a thing.

VINNY

I '11 never forgive you Sol.

Sol taps Tyrone on the shoulder.

SOL

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

106 INT. CAFE

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

SOL

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

BTT shakes his head in amazement.

(CONTI NUED)



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

Tyrone can't hear this request.

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

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

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

SOL  
Stand up!

BTT  
Excuse me, but who the fuck are you?

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

BTT  
Do I look crippled?

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

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

BTT  
You got balls!

SOL  
You want to test em?

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

•p- VINNY '--- \* ' . - •  
You're a dead man talking. These  
are your last words so make them a  
prayer.

Vinny takes aim.

(CONTINUED)

BTT .

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

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

SOL

Let go of the gun.

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

BTT

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

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

BTT (CONT' D)

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

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

BTT (CONT' D)

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

They stare on. The brothers have lost this one and they  
know it. They start to reverse. BTT lets the odd chicken  
cluck out the corner of his mouth, Vinny misses his step and  
waves his gun about in a futile effort to look mean. They  
back away into the corridor down to the back door of the  
cafe . . .

107 INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

...and just as they turn the corner they bump into Hands still drying his hands, they can see that he's carrying a case that they recognize. The brothers adapt to their new scenario:

VINNY

Pass it me.

Hands hesitates.

108 INT. CAFE. -- CONTINUOUS

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

109 INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

VINNY

I won't ask again

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

110 INT. CARAVAN

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

111 INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB

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

BRICK TOP

Quite a lump. Alright you can go now.

SOL

Any chance of taking Lincoln with us?

BRICK TOP

That's where Errol's taking ya.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

They turn and Errol is waiting for them.

ERROL

Follow me.

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

SOL

You alright Lincoln?

ERROL

Do you know why the governor is the governor?

VINNY

Err. .

ERROL

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

SOL

Err. .

ERROL

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

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

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

BAD BOY LINCOLN  
Grab it.

SOL  
What?

VINNY  
The gun you prick.

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

112 INT. CARAVAN, PIKEY CAMPSITE

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

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

113 INT. DOUG'S OFFICE

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

BTT  
Well you gotta admire their balls.

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

SOL  
What choice did we have?

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

•HANDS  
Get us that stone back.

BTT  
So Brick Top has now got the stone?

VINNY  
He's got it.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

HANDS

You wouldn't be lying to us would you now?

SOL

Why should we? Could just have disappeared.

Cut to Hands who's thinking.

HANDS

Okay.

114 INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB

BTT and Hands are at the bar.

BARMAN

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

BTT

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

BARMAN

You mean Mr Mclean.

BTT

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

Pause: the barman looks truculent.

BTT (CONT'D)

Chop chop.

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

HANDS

What was it you did exactly Tony?

BTT

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

HANDS

How 's that ?

BTT

They're all brainless, they got white powdered angels sitting on their shoulders telling them what was what, all too busy. . .

(CONTINUED)

He sticks his finger by the side of his nose and inhales.

BTT (CONT' D)

If they weren't sniffing the dust they were flicking the ash. And never trust who puts anything other than a finger up his nose.

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

KEN

Follow me.

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

KEN (CONT' D)

Did you know that it was my cousin Lorrie you stabbed?

There is a pause. The situation is volatile.

BTT

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

Ken knows it's on.

KEN

Shut that door Sean.

BTT

Lock that fuckin door Sean.

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

BTT (CONT' D)

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

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

BTT (CONT' D)

You're a bully Ken, but remember, I am a bigger bully.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens and they are interrupted by another HEAVY.

HEAVY FELLA

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

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

BRICK TOP

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

Interrupted

BTT

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

BRICK TOP

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

BTT

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

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

BTT (CONT' D)

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

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

KEN

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

BTT •

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

(CONTI NUED)



We cut back to Brick Top and Hands

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

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

BTT returns to them - there is a scream from Ken

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

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

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

Tony shrugs

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He drops the stone: it smashes on the ground.

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

We crash track in to Brick Top's expression of shock.

115 INT. VAULT(DOUG' S OFFICE)

The four black guys are trying to pick the lock of the vault, having been locked in it by Bullet Tooth, Hands and Doug.

VINNY

I changed the stone.

SOL

You what?

VINNY

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

SOL

Yes but Doug the fuckin head does!

VINNY

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

SOL

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

VINNY

It's at Lincoln's.

BAD BOY LINCOLN

What the fuck's it doing at my place?

VINNY

Waiting for us to pick it up.

SOL

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

VINNY

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

The door opens.

BTT

Ohh yes you are going to get fucked Vince.

116 INT. DARK.

A distant voice is shouting

TURKISH

Oi Mi cky. Oi Mi cky.

117 ' INT. VAN -- NIGHT

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

TURKISH

You feeling alright Micky?

MICKY

I've felt better.

TURKISH

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

Micky just yawns.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

MICKY

Let's get on with it, shall we?

118 INT. WAREHOUSE

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

SALT, PETER

I hope we gonna get a better show this time.

BRICK TOP

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

Brick Top leaves with Ken.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

Have we got the lads at the- camp site?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

KEN

Yeah they are there.

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

BRICK TOP

Where's that fuckin pikey?

119 INT. BACK OF WAREHOUSE

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

BRICK TOP

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

TURKISH

He's like that before a fight.

He turns his attention to Micky.

BRICK TOP

Now you know when you're going down?

TURKISH

Of course he knows when he's going  
down.

KEN

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

TURKISH

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

MICKY

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

BRICK TOP

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

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

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

THE REFF

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

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

TURKISH

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

Again we cut to the reactions of the relevant parties.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Tommy get the van.

TOMMY

I have it, it's waiting.

Turkish jumps into the ring and grabs Micky.

TURKISH

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

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

121 EXT. CARAVAN, PIKEY CAMPSITE

Darren picks up the phone.

DAREN

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

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

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

BRICK TOP  
Right lets get outta here.

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

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

KEN  
It's coming now.

BRICK TOP  
We are outta here.

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

122 INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S HOUSE . . . :

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

HANDS  
Very nice Lincoln.

BTT  
Veeery nice Lincoln.

BTT (CONT'D)  
Well where is it?

VINNY  
Next door.

They open the door.

123 INT. BAD BOY LINCOLN'S SITTING ROOM.

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

(CONTINUED)

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Look what your dog's done to my leather.

BTT

It's a bit funky in here.

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

HANDS

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

VINNY

It was over there.

He points to a pile of chewed up cushions.

HANDS

Where?

VINNY

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

He walks over and finds the remains of the box.

VINNY (CONT'D)

It's empty.

HANDS

Tony.

BTT

Dear oh dear.

SOL

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

All eyes focus on the dog.

HANDS

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

All eyes focus on Tony.

BTT

What?

HANDS

. • Have a look in the dog.

(CONTINUED)



BTT

What do you mean have a look in the dog?

HANDS

I mean open hi m up. .

Tony is not sure about this.

BTT

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

HANDS

I mean open hi m up.

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

BTT

That's a bit strong isn't it?

HANDS

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

BTT

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

HANDS

My heart bleeds.

There is another pause

,BTT

What dp I do?

HANDS

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

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

BTT

Fuckin hell, alright then.

VINNY

You can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

HANDS

Well do it to you as well if it makes you feel any better.

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

BTT

It's squeaking.

HANDS

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

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

VINNY

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

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

HANDS

Well let's see it.

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

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

124 EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE

The pikies have moved overnight.

SOL

Well this is where they were.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: -

HANDS

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

VINNY

They can't be far.

125 INT. CAR

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

HANDS

You gonna have to come up with something.

Just then they see some caravans in the distance.

VINNY

There they are.

126 INT. NEW CARAVAN CAMP SITE

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

MICKY

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

VINNY

But he always came back.

MICKY

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

HANDS

Are you sure he's not here?

MICKY

I think I would have noticed if a fuckin dog was sitting in my caravan don't you? Tommy, Turkish, have you seen a dog sitting in me caravan?

TURKISH

I can't say I have Micky.

MICKY

See there you have it.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

HANDS

Do you mind if we have a look around?

MICKY

What the fuck's got into you lot?  
It's only a dog. I'll give you  
another one, if it means that much  
to you.

127 EXT. CARAVAN CAMP SITE

Vinny, Sol, BTT and Hands descend the steps, they look like children with their toys taken away.

HANDS

You better find me that dog, skinny  
Vinny.

One of Micky's kids is on the bottom of the caravan steps as the brothers walk by.

KID 1

I looked after your car for ya.

HANDS

So?

KID 1

So aren't you gonna pay me?

BTT

Yeah bollocks.

KID 1

Bollocks to you, you tight git.

VINNY

Watch your mouth you cheeky shite.

KID 1

Yeah fuck ya.

The kid turns away and goes back to squeezing a toy. All four of the chaps stop in their tracks.

Cut to shot of squeaky toy. We have seen this toy before.

Cut to freeze frame of Sol, Vin, BTT and Hands stopped dead in their tracks. They haven't turned to look over their shoulders yet, but their eyes are turning to look.

THE END.