

"THE FOLLOWING"

By

Christopher Nolan

MS
Thurs
Mum.
Steve Barff.

D
Elo pu
L. carlo

From Monday 1st April

EXT. DAY: CROWDED LONDON STREET

An endless stream of pedestrians crossing the frame.

Cut to a shot looking through pedestrians and reflections of pedestrians of a YOUNG MAN sitting in the window of a coffee shop, looking out at the people walking past.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

The following is my explanation...
well, my... my account of... well,
what happened.

The young man is tall and slim, mid to late twenties, with dark, long, greasy hair and unshaven.

We cut to the young man outside, on the street. He is peering ahead as he walks, as if trying to spot a lost friend.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'd, ah, been on my own for quite a
while by then and I'd
become... lonely...

A wide shot shows the young man amidst a bustling Oxford Street crowd.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and bored. Nothing to do all
day, you see.

That's when I began shadowing.

OLDER MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Shadowing?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Yeah, shadowing, following. I started
to follow people.

The young man cuts purposefully through the crowd, in SLO-MO.

OLDER MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Who?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Anyone, a stranger, I mean that was
the whole point; following someone
completely at random. Anyone who
wouldn't know who you were.

The young man is staring at someone fixedly as he moves in SLO MO. His POV shows us a man's back dodging between other people, always threatening to lose us. still in SLO-MO.

OLDER MALE VOICE (V.O.)

And then?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

And then nothing.

We SNAP INTO REAL TIME. The man's back disappears into the crowd and we cease to follow him. The noises of the city come up loud. The young man has come to a virtual standstill. He watches the world washing around him.

OLDER MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Nothing?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Nothing. I'd follow somebody for a while then pick someone else and follow them or go home or whatever.

The young man's eyes dart about, watching the people around him. He starts to wander down the road, pulled gently by the flow of pedestrians.

OLDER MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Why did you do it?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

How can I explain? Your eyes pass over the crowd...

We pan across endless anonymous faces.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and if you let them settle on a person, then that person becomes an individual...

We fix on a face. a woman hurrying along.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...just...like...THAT...

SHOCK CUT on the sound of SNAPPING FINGERS at 'THAT' to:

INT., NIGHT: Close on fingers in front of the YOUNG MAN'S face.

He looks different: hair short, clean shaven, bruised face, a plaster over one eye. Seated opposite is an OLDER MAN.

YOUNG MAN

It just became...irresistible.

The older man considers this before replying.

OLDER MAN (suspicious)
So you followed women?

YOUNG MAN
It wasn't some sex thing. I followed anyone. Just for the sake of it, just to see where they went, what they were doing.

OLDER MAN
You were playing secret agent

YOUNG MAN
(knows it's true, but doesn't like it)
No... I'm a writer- I want to be a writer. I wanted to gather material for characters, you know, to write about them. All I did was follow people- to begin with.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAY: A BUSY STREET IN THE WEST END.

The YOUNG MAN (long hair, unshaven) exits a cafe and stumbles along the road. His eye is caught by a man passing by in the opposite direction. The man is in his mid-twenties, tall, dark haired wearing a dark suit. He is carrying an overnight bag.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I spotted the dangers soon enough.
I could tell I was hooked and I made up rules.

The YOUNG MAN turns about and starts to follow, speeding up so as not to lose the fast moving DARK SUIT.

DARK SUIT weaves in and out of other pedestrians, his bag slung over his shoulder, heavy.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...I wouldn't let myself follow anyone for too long. I wouldn't follow women after dark, stuff like that, simple things just to keep in all under control.

The YOUNG MAN follows, coming up behind DARK SUIT as he waits at a crossing. The lights change and they head across the road, the YOUNG MAN hanging back slightly.

DARK SUIT enters CHARING CROSS station, the YOUNG MAN in pursuit.

DARK SUIT crosses the station to the left luggage office where he hands his bag to the attendant behind the counter and takes his ticket. He heads back out of the station, the YOUNG MAN follows.

DARK SUIT enters a small doorway between two shops. The YOUNG MAN hangs around nearby, before walking up to the doorway and examining the doorbells. The bells are for flats up above the shops, most of the names are not marked. He crosses the road and looks up at the windows, but can't see much through any of them. The YOUNG MAN shrugs and starts to walk away, but he hears a door open behind him and he glances back to see DARK SUIT coming out of a doorway carrying another overnight bag.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The most important rule was that even if I found out where a person worked or lived, I would never follow the same person twice.

DARK SUIT looks about as he comes out on to the pavement and the YOUNG MAN is forced to turn back and continue to walk in the direction in which he was already headed. When he reaches the corner, he glances back down the street but the street is empty. The YOUNG MAN looks around thoughtfully before hurrying off around the corner.

The YOUNG MAN rushes through crowded streets, not quite running but faster than we've seen him move before.

The YOUNG MAN rushes into CHARING CROSS STATION and stands across from the left-luggage office, waiting breathless. Computers stream across the station, obscuring his view of

ahead, not looking around.

As they enter a more crowded West end street, the YOUNG MAN allows himself to cross onto the same side and move ever closer.

The BLONDE glides through the other pedestrians gracefully and easily, behind her the YOUNG MAN bobs and weaves to keep her in sight.

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EXT., DUSK: SMALL ENTRANCE TO A BASEMENT BAR/CLUB.

The BLONDE approaches and stops outside. The passport photos are still in his hand. He glances at them as he replaces them in his inside pocket. He looks at the stairs down into the club, looks around, rubbing his face.

FADE TO BLACK.

*zoom in for shot.
move into young man*

*Shot of JERRY walking off
→ ECU Passport photos*

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The YOUNG MAN rushes through crowded streets, not quite running but faster than we've seen him move before.

The YOUNG MAN rushes into CHARING CROSS STATION and stands across from the left-luggage office, waiting breathless. Commuters stream across the station, obscuring his view of the office.

Through a gap in the flow of people the YOUNG MAN catches a glimpse of DARK SUIT. The YOUNG MAN moves closer, wading through commuters to get a better look.

The YOUNG MAN sees DARK SUIT hand over his ticket and pick up his first overnight bag.

DARK SUIT slings one bag over each shoulder before heading off through the station towards the back entrance onto HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

The YOUNG MAN follows. They cross the footbridge, trains rumbling past on the right hand side, the sky darkening.

They pass through the SOUTH BANK CENTRE and head south, entering residential streets as it gets dark. DARK SUIT arrives at a small block of flats and lets himself in. The YOUNG MAN sees a light come on in a third floor window. He makes a note of the address, turns and walks away.

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Yeah? WAITRESS

Coffee, black. YOUNG MAN

You're going to take up one of my tables over lunch with just a coffee? WAITRESS

And chips. YOUNG MAN

He looks up at the waitress; she's still there.

And an omelette... please. YOUNG MAN

The WAITRESS turns and leaves.

the YOUNG MAN looks over to DARK SUIT. The sports bag rests beside DARK SUIT'S feet. DARK SUIT eats, we can't see what.

The waitress brings the YOUNG MAN'S food. He plays with it as he considers DARK SUIT.

The YOUNG MAN gulps at his coffee. Time passes, the other tables change.

DARK SUIT gets up, picks up his bag and turns around, moving towards the YOUNG MAN.

the YOUNG MAN studies his half-eaten omelette intently.

JAST 8

Mind if I join you? DARK SUIT(O.S.)

The YOUNG MAN looks up; DARK SUIT is at his elbow, smiling. DARK SUIT sits down without waiting for a reply.

Who and why? DARK SUIT (matter-of-fact)

The YOUNG MAN looks confused. The WAITRESS is at their table.

Another black coffee for me and... DARK SUIT (to waitress)
(to the YOUNG MAN)
... what are you having?

The YOUNG MAN shakes his head and starts to murmur negatives. DARK SUIT reaches over, picks up the YOUNG MAN'S empty mug and sniffs it.

And another coffee... DARK SUIT(to waitress)
(he looks into the mug)
... also black.

The waitress leaves. DARK SUIT stares at the YOUNG MAN who is having trouble returning his gaze.

DARK SUIT

You're obviously not a policeman so who are you and why are you following me?

The YOUNG MAN half-smiles as if he has not understood the question, then glances from side to side in an attempt to look uncomprehending.

YOUNG MAN

I'm sorry?

DARK SUIT

You've been following me all morning... why?

YOUNG MAN

Following? I'm sorry but I've absolutely no idea what you're talking about-

DARK SUIT (aggressive)

Don't piss me about. Who the fuck are you?

The YOUNG MAN can't think of anything to say. An uncomfortable silence broken by the waitress bringing two coffees.

DARK SUIT (to waitress,
eyes still on YOUNG MAN)

Thanks.

(to YOUNG MAN)

Sugar?

The YOUNG MAN shakes his head. DARK SUIT breaks eye contact to spoon two sugars into his coffee. He stirs it noisily, looking up expectantly, waiting for the YOUNG MAN to speak. The YOUNG MAN'S mouth opens and closes silently several times before he speaks.

YOUNG MAN

Look I'm not... I haven't been following you, I just I just saw you with your bag and I thought you looked... interesting.

DARK SUIT

What are you, a faggot?

YOUNG MAN

No! No, I, I, I, I'm a... Look I saw you on the street and, and you reminded me of someone I went to school with- to tell the truth I thought you were him, so I followed you and came in here- I came in here 'cos I was hungry- but I wanted to see if it was him...

DARK SUIT stares at him.

YOUNG MAN(fading)

... but it wasn't.

DARK SUIT

Why didn't you just ask me when you saw me?

YOUNG MAN

I would've been embarrassed.

DARK SUIT(smiling)

Not as embarrassed as you are now.

YOUNG MAN(laughing nervously)

No, I suppose not.

DARK SUIT sips at his coffee. The YOUNG MAN follows suit.

DARK SUIT

What's your name?

YOUNG MAN

Bill.

DARK SUIT smiles.

DARK SUIT

Well, "Bill"... what do you do?

YOUNG MAN

Actually, I'm kind of-

DARK SUIT

"Between jobs right now".

YOUNG MAN

That's right.

DARK SUIT
What would you do?

YOUNG MAN
I don't know.

DARK SUIT(smiling)
Don't be coy, "Bill". There must be some burning
ambition eating away at you. You have something of the
~~starving-artist-about-you, no?~~ YOU LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF
STARVING ARTIST?

YOUNG MAN
No.

DARK SUIT
No?

YOUNG MAN
No.

DARK SUIT
Painter?

YOUNG MAN
No.

DARK SUIT
Photos?

YOUNG MAN
No.

DARK SUIT
Films?

YOUNG MAN
No.

DARK SUIT
Writer?

YOUNG MAN(slight pause)
No.

DARK SUIT
Writer, ~~what~~?

YOUNG MAN
NO.

DARK SUIT
But you write?

YOUNG MAN
Not really.

SHOT 11

But sometimes?

DARK SUIT

Sometimes, who doesn't?

YOUNG MAN

Me.

DARK SUIT

So you're a writer.

(pause)

I didn't say that. What makes you think that I'm a writer anyway?

YOUNG MAN

An Educated, unemployed twentysomething who fancies himself a writer... a real leap into the unknown.

DARK SUIT

Well, I'm not a writer.

YOUNG MAN

But you're interested in people.

DARK SUIT

Yeah.

YOUNG MAN

This person?

DARK SUIT

I suppose-

YOUNG MAN

You haven't even asked my name.

DARK SUIT

What's your-

YOUNG MAN

Or what's in my bag.

DARK SUIT

Bag?

YOUNG MAN

My bag. The one you've been staring at.

DARK SUIT

(gestures at his feet)

There is a pause during which DARK SUIT stares challengingly at the YOUNG MAN, who looks thoughtful, undecided.

YOUNG MAN

(sighing)
What's your name and what's in your bag?

JFTOT

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DARK SUIT smiles, and reaches down for his bag.

DARK SUIT

(dumps bag on table)
My name's Cobb. Take a look for yourself.

The YOUNG MAN pauses, then, eyes on COBB, he reaches forward and pulls the bag across the table. He unzips it and peers inside.

The YOUNG MAN looks puzzled. COBB grins.

Inside the bag are c.d.'s. rummaging beneath them the YOUNG MAN uncovers some jewelery and a camera. He looks up at COBB, puzzled.

COBB (smiling)

What were you expecting, drugs?

YOUNG MAN

They're yours?

COBB (laughing)

They are now.

YOUNG MAN

Why would you take their old CDs?

COBB

Easy to grab a load, easy to sell, totally untraceable. A good staple. The other stuff's a lot more tricky, far more unpredictable.

YOUNG MAN

You don't look like a burglar.

COBB

Sounds like a compliment.

The YOUNG MAN shrugs and smiles, zipping up the bag.

COBB (grinning broadly)

Interested now?

FADE TO BLACK

Shot 6:25 18

K INT., DAY: OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO A FLAT. THE LANDING OF A NARROW STAIRWAY.

COBB comes up the stairs and stops outside the door.

The YOUNG MAN (he has long hair and is unshaven) follows, standing behind COBB, looking over COBB'S shoulder as he examines the door.

COBB knocks gingerly on the door. After a pause he reaches into his jacket pocket and turns to the YOUNG MAN.

COBB(whispering)

Gloves?

The YOUNG MAN nods and holds up his hands for inspection- he is wearing thick, black leather gloves.

COBB rolls his eyes. Shaking his head, he pulls out a pair of rubber surgical gloves and turns back to the door. He inflates the gloves one after the other before putting them on, interlacing his fingers and bumping the gloves in snugly. The YOUNG MAN intently studies all this. COBB studies the door then pushes the YOUNG MAN back and lifts up the doormat. There's nothing under there, and he lets it back down. The YOUNG MAN leans forward to whisper into COBB'S ear.

YOUNG MAN

(whispering)

People don't really do that, do they?

COBB

(whispering, reaching into his pocket)

You'd be surprised.

COBB takes a piece of plastic out and starts working it into the crack between the door and the frame.

The YOUNG MAN notices a potted plant on the windowsill. He reaches over and shifts it slightly, finding a key underneath it. He taps COBB on the shoulder and when he turns around the YOUNG MAN holds it up in front of his face. COBB smiles as he grabs it and turns back to the door to unlock it.

COBB

(whispering)

Beginner's luck.

COBB opens the door and heads inside, the YOUNG MAN following.

[X INT., DAY: THE HALLWAY OF THE FLAT, NO LIGHTS- COLD GREY DAYLIGHT FILTERED THROUGH NET CURTAINS.

COBB is first, creeping forward through the flat with the YOUNG MAN at his shoulder. COBB looks left and right into doorways as

they advance, pushing them open gently to see inside and to let more light into the hallway. At the end of the hall COBB turns to face the YOUNG MAN.

COBB
(speaking normally now)
See, nobody home. Right, first things first. We need a bag.

YOUNG MAN
(whispering)
A bag?

COBB
To carry the stuff out of here. Why are you whispering?

COBB passes through a door off to the left.

18 INT., DAY: THE BEDROOM OF THE FLAT.

A futon, two wardrobes, piles of books and neatly folded clothes by the wall. COBB crosses the room to the first wardrobe and opens it, rummaging around the bottom.

COBB
(head in wardrobe)
Bingo.

COBB backs out of the wardrobe clutching a soft overnight bag.

YOUNG MAN
(not whispering, but still quiet)
Don't you have your own?

COBB
Yeah, sure, it's a big bag with "swag" written across the side. O.K.... what do you fancy?

The YOUNG MAN looks around and shrugs.

COBB
Not much in here of any value.

YOUNG MAN
You don't seem too concerned.

COBB
There'll be some good stuff in the living room. I don't do it for the money, anyway.

YOUNG MAN
So why-

COBB

For the adrenalin, and because, like you, I'm interested in people.

The YOUNG MAN raises his eyebrows.

COBB

You can tell a lot about people from their stuff. How old would you say these people were?

The YOUNG MAN shrugs.

COBB

Well, just from the futon you can make a pretty good guess. Young people have futons, I'd be surprised if they were anywhere near forty with a futon. But they've got one laundry bag so they're very used to eachother which makes me think that they're over 25.

YOUNG MAN

But if they're only 20 they could have been living together for years.


COBB

Look at the books. They're educated- probably went to college, graduated when they were 21 or 22, wouldn't have moved in with eachother until at least the last year of college. Get a better idea from their music.

COBB moves to the laundry bag, and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a pair of lace panties, holding them up for the YOUNG MAN to see.

People don't
appreciate
the bag, or
what they
have

Insert boy dialogue
Here
you take it away, and
show them what they had.



COBB

Saucy, eh? I took them from the last place, two young women sharing a flat.

The YOUNG MAN looks totally baffled as COBB reaches into the laundry bag and pulls out a pair of trousers. He stuffs the panties into the front left pocket and sticks the trousers back into the bag. COBB heads towards the door, passing the baffled YOUNG MAN.

COBB(winking)

Give 'em something to chat about.

COBB leaves the bedroom. The YOUNG MAN follows.

INT., DAY: THE HALLWAY

COBB walks down the corridor carrying the bag, the YOUNG MAN behind him.

YOUNG MAN

Why did you do that?

COBB

(over his shoulder)
She'll find them in his trousers and want to know whose they are.

YOUNG MAN
But why *isn't* she out to fuck up her relatives?

COBB spins about to face the YOUNG MAN so abruptly that they almost collide. There is a manic look in COBB'S eyes.

~~At the end of their relationship~~ COBB
(deadly serious)
~~THEY MUST BE TESTED!~~

The YOUNG MAN is speechless. COBB turns and from in front of him we can see a mischievous grin break across his face which is hidden from the YOUNG MAN. COBB dives through a doorway, the YOUNG MAN shakes his head and heads after him.

20 INT., DAY: KITCHEN OF THE FLAT. COBB IS TAKING TWO GLASSES DOWN FROM THE CUPBOARD. THERE IS A BOTTLE OF RED WINE ON THE COUNTER. *SAT. SHOT*

The YOUNG MAN enters.

COBB
Fancy a drink?

The YOUNG MAN looks at the bottle then at COBB.

YOUNG MAN
You've got to be joking.

COBB (rummaging in a drawer)
Don't be fooled by the supermarket label - ~~it's not~~ ~~quite good, I've had it before.~~ *it's* quite good, I've had it before.

COBB takes a corkscrew out of the drawer and starts to open the bottle, his hands smooth and graceful - surgical, almost - in their white latex sheaths.

COBB (levering the cork out)
You'd have trouble doing this with your gloves on.

COBB places the corkscrew on the counter and pours two glasses of wine, handing one to the young man who sips at it. Cobb picks up the corkscrew and starts to remove the cork from it.

YOUNG MAN
So are we going to take anything?

COBB
(placing the corkscrew back into the drawer)
Anything your heart desires. But look, that's not the point, that's just work. This is what it's all about-

3/7/01

22

being here. entering someone's life, finding out who they are... just feel it- standing in someone's kitchen, drinking their wine, someone you'll never even meet.

Cobb jams the cork into the neck of the bottle and sticks it up on the shelf.

Just as he does so there is the unmistakable sound of THE FRONT DOOR BEING OPENED.

Cobb spins around to face the kitchen door. The YOUNG MAN throws his glass down onto the counter.

21 INT., DAY: THE HALLWAY OF THE FLAT. THE DOOR OPENS AND A YOUNG WOMAN ENTERS FOLLOWED BY A SOMEWHAT OLDER MAN. SHE STARTS TO TAKE OFF HER COAT AS SHE HEADS TOWARDS THE KITCHEN.

0.5.

WOMAN
(to the man)

Drink? I've got some wine.

The man nods as he stands in the hall, starting to remove his raincoat.

22

SHOT

INT., DAY: KITCHEN OF THE FLAT.

Cobb stands frozen, tense, staring at the door. The young man looks terrified, glancing from the back of Cobb's head to the door and back.

YOUNG MAN
(tense whisper)

What the fuck do-

COBB
(hissing)

SHHHHH!

The door swings open and Cobb's face transforms into an expression of innocent surprise. The woman sees them and freezes. Cobb steps forward, palms open.

COBB
(friendly, relaxed)

You startled us! are you from the agency or are you viewing as well?

As he speaks he has moved right up to the woman, coming close enough that she feels compelled to step back into the hall. The young man follows, still looking nervous, but the woman's attention is on Cobb.

HOT

23

WOMAN

(tense, confused)
What are you doing in my flat?

23

HOT

INT., DAY: THE HALLWAY OF THE FLAT.

The woman comes into the hall followed by the young man. Cobb turns his attention to the older man who stands frozen in the hall, looking as nervous as the young man.

COBB

(to the woman)
Viewing it. The agent said you'd be out this afternoon.

WOMAN

(bewildered)
But we're not moving.

COBB

(to older man, ignoring woman)
You must be the man of the house. You have a lovely home.

The older man looks nervously to the woman. The young man and Cobb are both now at the door.

COBB

We'll leave you in peace, then.

WOMAN

But we're not moving!

COBB

(opening door, looks bewildered)
Not even at the end of the month?

WOMAN

NO!

The woman notices their gloves.

Cobb notices her noticing.

COBB

(motioning the young man out the door)
I should check with the agent, then, Lov. Sorry to have bothered you.

Cobb leaves, closing the door in the couple's bewildered faces.

24

EXT., DAY: ROOFTOP.

The young man comes out of a doorway onto the flat roof,

STAGE

21

harrying, followed by Cobb. Cobb closes the door behind him.

COBB
Shouldn't have come back up here. We'll have to wait ages before we go down. Maybe there's another way off here.

Cobb starts to look around the edges of the roof.

YOUNG MAN
Jesus shit. You think they believed you?

COBB
(laughing)
Of course they didn't fucking believe me!

YOUNG MAN
So what did-

COBB
I just confused them. We caught them on the hop.

YOUNG MAN
How do you mean?

COBB
That bloke wasn't the boyfriend. Why do you think he didn't say anything? They were up to no good and she was probably glad that we weren't her boyfriend.

YOUNG MAN
You reckon?

COBB
Definitely. Why else would she be home from work in the middle of the afternoon? You just can't plan for that kind of shit, we were unlucky. Don't be put off, it's not going to happen next time.

YOUNG MAN
I'm not so sure.

COBB
(offended)
Oh yeah? Well next time you can do the prep work.

YOUNG MAN
I didn't mean that-

COBB
I'm serious. You pick a mark, check it out to your own satisfaction- days, months, years, whatever- and that's what we'll hit next.

YOUNG MAN
(thoughtfully)
Yeah. Yeah, alright.

Tell you what.

COBB

What?

YOUNG MAN

COBB

I feel bad about pulling the panty routine on that bloke- she'll give him a load of shit, and it's her that's screwing around.

The young man laughs, releasing tension.

FADE TO BLACK.

#10

EXT., DUSK: ENTRANCE TO A BASEMENT BAR/CLUB.

THE BLONDE approaches, pauses, looking behind herself as if suspicious of being followed. She goes down the stairs into the club.

The YOUNG MAN (short hair, clean shaven) approaches the entrance, pauses, uncertain. He looks about, then dives in.

INT., DUSK: BASEMENT BAR/CLUB. 3 sided bar, booths and tables, music.

The YOUNG MAN enters. The place is not full. The BLONDE is seated at the bar, she watches the YOUNG MAN come in, then looks away, uninterested.

The YOUNG MAN approaches the bar, leaning on it several places along from the BLONDE, glancing at her out of the corner of his eye. She is oblivious to his presence, as is the bartender who is on the phone behind the bar. The YOUNG MAN sneaks looks at THE BLONDE whilst tapping the bar, waiting for the bartender to hang up the phone. THE BLONDE has an elegant profile, as seen from along the bar, but she looks unhappy.

The bartender hangs up the phone, shuffles over and looks enquiringly at the YOUNG MAN.

Beer.

YOUNG MAN

shot

The bartender grabs a bottle from the fridge, opens it and sets it down in front of the YOUNG MAN. The bartender holds up a glass and raises his eyebrows at the YOUNG MAN who shakes his head and raises the bottle to his lips, taking a sip. The YOUNG MAN puts the bottle back on the bar and turns to look at the BLONDE. He gets off his barstool and moves down towards her, sliding his beer along the bar as he goes. He stops at her side.

YOUNG MAN
Buy you a drink?

THE BLONDE (staring ahead)
Yeah, but you can't sleep with me.

The YOUNG MAN smiles quizzically.

YOUNG MAN
Why not?

The BLONDE turns to look at him, a movement of the head, nothing else, her expression hard to read.

THE BLONDE
I'm with him.

She jerks her head behind them. The YOUNG MAN turns, seeing three men seated at a table across the room, papers on the table,

14
apparently talking business. Suits, ties, two of them young, one middle-aged and bald.

YOUNG MAN (turning back)
Not that bald one?

THE BLONDE
He'll let you buy me a drink, but sex is out of the question.

YOUNG MAN
I see.

THE BLONDE
Still want to buy me that drink?

YOUNG MAN
No.

Right answer, the BLONDE laughs. The YOUNG MAN sips from his beer.

YOUNG MAN
So what's a beautiful young woman like you doing -

THE BLONDE
In a place like this?

YOUNG MAN
with a bald old cunt like that.

THE BLONDE
Long story. Keep your voice down, he owns this place.

YOUNG MAN

Just trying to get your attention. You're interested now aren't you?

THE BLONDE (turning away)

No.

The YOUNG MAN is disarmed. He looks at the label of his beer for something to say.

Wife. Love. Dairy
YOUNG MAN

I'm Timothy Kerr - Tim to my friends.

THE BLONDE (without looking at him)

So?

The YOUNG MAN opens his mouth, pissed off, but changes his his mind before he speaks.

YOUNG MAN (softly)

You've obviously had a bad day, one of those days which makes you feel that everybody's out for their pound of flesh.

3/7/01

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COBB
(laughing)
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YOUNG MAN
So what did-

COBB
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YOUNG MAN
How do you mean?

COBB
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YOUNG MAN
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COBB
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YOUNG MAN
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COBB
(offended)
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YOUNG MAN
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(thoughtfully)
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Tell you what.

COBB

What?

YOUNG MAN

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COBB

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FADE TO BLACK.

4/10

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I see. YOUNG MAN

Still want to buy me that drink?

No. YOUNG MAN

Right answer, the BLONDE laughs. The YOUNG MAN sips from his beer.

YOUNG MAN
So what's a beautiful young woman like you doing -

THE BLONDE
In a place like this?

YOUNG MAN
with a bald old cunt like that.

THE BLONDE
Long story. Keep your voice down, he owns this place.

YOUNG MAN

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THE BLONDE (turning away)

No.

The YOUNG MAN is disarmed. He looks at the label of his beer for something to say.

Wally Kerr YOUNG MAN

I'm Timothy Kerr - Tim to my friends.

THE BLONDE (without looking at him)

So?

The YOUNG MAN opens his mouth, pissed off, but changes his his mind before he speaks.

YOUNG MAN (softly)

You've obviously had a bad day, one of those days which makes you feel that everybody's out for their pound of flesh.

7
THE BLONDE turns to look at him, her expression softer, but not such.

THE BLONDE (slow, considered delivery)
That is the kind of day I've been having lately.

THE BLONDE glances out of the corner of her eye towards BALDY. BALDY is watching them.

THE BLONDE (looking back to YM)
Say something to me.

Such as? YOUNG MAN

THE BLONDE slaps the YOUNG MAN hard across the face. He looks shocked.

THE BLONDE (turning to her drink)
I'll be outside in ten minutes.

EXT., NIGHT: ENTRANCE TO BASEMENT BAR/CLUB.

The YOUNG MAN is loitering outside.

THE BLONDE comes up out of the club and walks towards the YOUNG MAN without appearing to even notice him. He falls into step beside her. They don't speak for several paces.

Live close? THE BLONDE

25

SHOT 26 2:00

INT., NIGHT: A LIVING ROOM- SMALL ECLECTIC MIX OF STUFF.

Rubber plant, portable t.v., desk, portable stereo. The blonde circles the room slowly, looking at various items, her overcoat still on.

The young man enters (he has short hair and is clean shaven), carrying two glasses.

The blonde hasn't heard him come in, he watches her from the doorway as she reaches out to touch a ceramic ^{knickknack} sitting on a shoulder-high shelf. As she touches the ^{knickknack} it falls into two pieces. As she grabs at them she notices the young man watching her.

THE BLONDE

(flustered)

I'm sorry, I just touched it, it-

YOUNG MAN

Just came apart in your hands.

THE BLONDE

No, really, it did.

The young man smiles as he moves into the room.

YOUNG MAN

I know, it was already broken. Somebody dropped it. I was going to glue it...(he grabs two pieces, putting the glasses down on the shelf in their place)...but sod it, I'll never get around to it.

The young man drops the pieces into a waste paper basket.

The young man smiles as he moves into the room.

YOUNG MAN

I know, it was already broken. Somebody dropped it, I was going to glue it...(he grabs two pieces, putting the glasses down on the shelf in their place)...but sod it, I'll never get around to it.

The young man drops the pieces into a waste paper basket.

YOUNG MAN (gesturing at chair)

Take a seat.

The Blonde perches on the edge of a chair, her coat still on. The young man takes a bottle out of a plastic bag, opens it and pours two measures. He hands the blonde a drink. She sips at it. She looks cold.

YOUNG MAN

So what about the bald guy?

BLONDE

What about him?

YOUNG MAN

You're going out with him?

BLONDE

Not exactly.

YOUNG MAN

But you and him are -

BLONDE (matter-of-fact)
I used to have a thing going with him, but it's been over for a long time.

YOUNG MAN
So why did you tell me you were with him?

BLONDE
To get rid of you.

YOUNG MAN (grins)
So when you decided to have a drink with me, why did we have to come here?

BLONDE
He still gets jealous, he's a dangerous person. ~~I don't want to go to my place right now.~~

YOUNG MAN (probing)
Why not? *Y.M. Your Place, P. I don't want to go right now.*

BLONDE
I was burgled yesterday.

YOUNG MAN
Really? What did it feel like, to find your place broken into?

BLONDE
That's an odd question. Most people ask "what did they take?"

YOUNG MAN
I'm curious about the way people feel about things.
The young man moves to the desk, reaching at a black case which sits amidst the papers and assorted crap.

YOUNG MAN
I'm a writer. (opening the case to reveal an ancient manual typewriter) See?

BLONDE (deadpan)
Gosh.

YOUNG MAN
So?

BLONDE
So?

YOUNG MAN
How did it feel?

BLONDE (annoyed)
Great. How do you think it felt.?

I don't really want to talk about it thank you.

10101 21
The young man shrugs.

Sorry. YOUNG MAN

The young man straddles the chair which is in front of the desk.
He leans in towards the blonde.

YOUNG MAN
So the bald guy's dangerous?

BLONDE (laughing)
Christ, you're a nosy bastard.

YOUNG MAN
Dangerous like how?

BLONDE
Dangerous like criminal type, involved with bad things
type dangerous.

YOUNG MAN
What sort of bad things?

BLONDE
The usual; girls, drugs, magazines.

YOUNG MAN
Magazines?

BLONDE
And films...pornography. And he owns a couple of
clubs.

YOUNG MAN
Wealthy?

BLONDE
Yes. And refined. It took me a long time to realize
the sort of things which he was capable of.

YOUNG MAN
What sort of things?

BLONDE
Perhaps another time. I think I'd better be going.

FADE TO BLACK

13 INT., DAY: CAFE

17

The YOUNG MAN sits alone at a table by the window, watching the building opposite. He has short hair and wears sunglasses to hide the worst of his facial bruises, but his swollen lip is still noticeable.

In front of him on the table are a cup of coffee, a notebook and a pen. He sips at the coffee.

14 EXT., DAY: OFFICE BUILDING- YOUNG MAN'S P.O.V. FROM THE CAFE.

BALDY exits the building and hails a taxi.

15 INT., DAY: CAFE.

The YOUNG MAN opens the notebook and writes in it, and we-

FADE TO BLACK.

Replaced
this one
w. Patrick?

26
INT., DAY: LIVING ROOM- SMALL, ECLECTIC MIX OF STUFF.

The young man stands at the window, watching people pass by on the street below. He has short hair and his face is badly bruised.

He picks up the telephone and dials a number. After a few rings the phone is answered by a man we might recognize as Cobb.

COBB
(O.S.)

Yeah?

YOUNG MAN

It's me... Bill.

COBB
(O.S.)

What the fuck do you want?

YOUNG MAN

Advice.

A pause.

COBB

On what?

YOUNG MAN

The job.

COBB
(O.S.)

What fucking job?

YOUNG MAN

The one I asked you about.

COBB
(O.S.)

Not interested.

YOUNG MAN
(snorting)

I gathered that. I'm doing it on my own. I wondered about protection.

COBB
(O.S.)

Protection?

YOUNG MAN

Self-defence, weapon of some sort. Surprisingly enough I thought you might be able to advise.

Cobb laughs at the other end of the phone.

COBB

(O.S.)
Steel whip, sun-chucks- they're alright. Tools are good; sharpened screwdriver, hammer, chisel-

YOUNG MAN

Hammer?

COBB

(O.S.)
Yeah, medium size, good rubber grip- very nasty. Get a claw hammer you can pry doors with it. Slip it into the back of your waistband, you're set.

The young man's eyes have glazed over- he doesn't seem to be listening.

COBB

(O.S.)

You still there?

The young man hangs up without a word, and we:-

FADE TO BLACK.

27 EXT., DAY: OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO A FLAT.

Cobb and the young man (he has long hair and is unshaven) are putting on their gloves.

Cobb looks at the young man's leather gloves.

COBB

Why don't you get some of these, for Christ's sake?

YOUNG MAN

Where do you get them?

COBB

Stole a box from the Middlesex Hospital, but you can buy them.

Cobb bends down and checks under the doormat. He straightens up, holding a key.

COBB

Ring-fucking-go.

He unlocks the door and they step cautiously inside.

28 INT., DAY: INSIDE THE FLAT- THE DIMLY LIT HALLWAY.

Cobb proceeds slowly down the hall, pushing open each interior door and checking the various rooms. He stops at the last door.

COBB

You find a bag, I'll check out the stuff.

Cobb crosses to the small c.d. rack.

COBB

(interested now)

Not much of a collection.

YOUNG MAN

(drawing him out)

Oh?

COBB

(flipping through c.d.'s)

Very little here. And what there is seems quite personal.

YOUNG MAN

How's that?

COBB

There's none of the music that people play when their friends come round, you know, not to be listened to or even noticed but to fill the gaps in conversation.

YOUNG MAN

Like what?

COBB

(glances around room)

For someone this age... I dunno, maybe Simply Red or Fleetwood Mac, that sort of shit.

YOUNG MAN

He's got good taste?

COBB moves over to the desk.

COBB

Each to his own. But he's a sad fucker with no social life.

The young man raises his eyebrows. At the desk Cobb flips open a black case to reveal an ancient typewriter.

COBB

Nice machine.

YOUNG MAN

You think he's a writer?

COBB

(scoffing)

If he wanted to write he'd have a word processor. He doesn't want to write, he wants to be a writer- and that's two...

(noticing something)

... two completely different things.

[turns to young man]
You checked this out, right?

YOUNG MAN
Right.

COBB
(suspicious)
You watched him come and go, saw his routine?

YOUNG MAN
(defensive)
I told you, I checked it out. Why?

Cobb turns to the desk and stares at it, hard.

COBB
This guy's unemployed.

YOUNG MAN
No he isn't.

COBB
(emphatic)
He's unemployed. Look at this desk, people with jobs
don't want this shit in their living rooms!

(rummaging through papers,
files)
This guy is unemployed or a student... either way he
could be back any fucking second!

YOUNG MAN
(concerned)
He won't. I watched him come and go, he's got a job.

COBB
(rummaging)
Yeah? What's he do, then?

YOUNG MAN (insistent)
I checked it out.

Cobb stops rummaging, turns around and glares at the young man.

COBB
(malevolent)
What the fuck is this, then?

Cobb holds up a booklet.

COBB
(controlled anger)
You should recognize this, Dole-boy...
(steps forward)
...his fucking n.b.40.

Cobb grabs the young man and throws him against the wall.

is this a table? No. + desk

Cobb holds the young man's face with his left hand and slaps the booklet across it with the other, hard.

COBB

Checked it out! You fucking asshole, are you trying to get us thrown in jail? We're leaving now.

Cobb releases the young man, staring at him for a few seconds before walking out of the living-room. The young man rubs his face before following.

30 INT., DAY: THE HALL.

The young man hurtles after Cobb, who is almost at the front door.

YOUNG MAN

Aren't we going to take anything?

COBB

We're going now. I don't steal from no-hope dole scroungers. No offence.

YOUNG MAN

(to himself)

None taken.

Cobb opens the front door and turns to face the approaching young man.

COBB

There's another place. One that I've checked out...

They leave, closing the door behind them.

FADE TO BLACK

21 EXT., DAY: ROW OF TERRACED TOWNHOUSES.

The young man (with short hair and clean shaven) loiters at the bus stop, watching the blonde's second-floor windows. The curtains are pulled back to reveal the blonde. She stands at the window. The front door opens and Baldy steps out.

The young man watches Baldy as he walks down the steps onto the street and turns right, away from the young man.

The young man waits for a few seconds before walking up to the front door and ringing the blonde's buzzer. The front door clicks unlocked and the young man heads inside.

32 INT., DAY: THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BLONDE'S FLAT.

The young man comes up to the door and knocks, the door pushes open slightly with the force of the knock.

THE BLONDE (o.s., from within)
It's open!

The young man enters.

33 INT., DAY: THE HALL OF A LARGE APARTMENT. NOISE OF A SHOWER RUNNING, STEAM COMING OUT OF AN OPEN DOORWAY.

The young man comes down the hall, cautiously. The blonde comes out of a doorway in a bathrobe, glances at the young man.

THE BLONDE
You're early.

She disappears into the bathroom before the young man has a chance to reply.

THE BLONDE (o.s.)
Make yourself at home, I'll be a minute.

The young man comes down the corridor. As he comes past the bathroom he sees that she has only half closed the door - he peers in, but sees only a towel rail and steam. He goes through the next doorway along.

34 INT. DAY: THE LIVING ROOM. EXPENSIVELY AND TASTEFULLY DECORATED, ALMOST CLUTTERED - SOME PICTURES ON THE WALLS, LOTS OF PLANTS.

The young man comes into the room, glances around. He moves over to a small table by the wall and looks down at it. There is nothing on it, he runs his fingers over the polished wood surface then turns around, looking about the room for something which he can't find. He crosses the room and sits down in a large armchair near the windows.

Shoe

37

The blonde enters, still in her robe, rubbing her wet hair with a towel.

YOUNG MAN

Nice place.

THE BLONDE

Doesn't feel the same (sitting down on the couch)
Thanks. I can't stand the idea that some stranger was in here, rummaging around. Creepy.

YOUNG MAN

What'd they take?

BLONDE

CD player, cds, stuff like that. They took one of my bags to carry it in - the police told me that that's pretty standard. *can't even bring their own.*

YOUNG MAN

Must be bad - losing that stuff.

BLONDE (shrugging)

Insurance'll cover it. The personal stuff was worse.

YOUNG MAN

Personal stuff?

Oh?

THE BLONDE

They took some of my things. They rifled through my underwear.

YOUNG MAN

Probably thought you kept valuables hidden there.

THE BLONDE

(shaking her head with evident distaste)

They took some of it.

YOUNG MAN

Shit. Why would they do that?

THE BLONDE

(mocking)

Come on, don't play the innocent, you're a man - you know the sort of kinky voyeuristic shit men get up to.

YOUNG MAN

(shaking his head)

No. No, no, no...I'm not into that kind of...

THE BLONDE

So you have no interest in women's underwear, whatsoever?

YOUNG MAN

No. I'm interested in what's inside it, that's all.

SLOT

58

THE BLONDE

So if I offered you a pair of my panties, you wouldn't be remotely interested?

YOUNG MAN

'Fraid not, though I'm sure they're lovely, now you've embarrassed me enough thanks.

THE BLONDE

(shrugging)

Well, they took some. I'll tell you what else, they took one of my earrings - not the pair, just ONE of the earrings. Bloody annoying.

YOUNG MAN

Maybe you've just misplaced it.

THE BLONDE

No. I know where it was - they took it...just to fuck me around. Bloody annoying, they probably think they're really clever. I wear the one they left on its own.

YOUNG MAN

Why?

THE BLONDE (shrugs)

Makes me feel good and miserable. I don't know, gives me something to talk about, anyway.

The blonde sighs and looks over to the window.

THE BLONDE (rising)

Give me a minute, I'll get dressed.

The blonde leaves. As soon as she is out of the room the young man jumps out of his chair and lifts up the seat cushion, looking underneath. He thrusts his hands down the back and sides of the chair, feeling for something. He comes up empty handed, puzzlement on his face, and replaces the cushion.

The young man goes into the hall and crosses to another doorway.

5 INT. DAY: HALLWAY

The young man pauses at the door. It is open a crack and through the crack the young man can see into the bedroom.

40 INT. DAY: THE BEDROOM

The young man's POV through the crack shows us the blonde almost dressed, buttoning her blouse in front of the mirror.

The young man watches for a second or two then pushes the door open quietly.

The blonde turns her head to look at him, apparently unsurprised. The young man moves towards her. She allows him to reach out and

39
pull her towards him. He kisses her on the lips and we:

FADE TO BLACK
Shot

37 40
EXT. DAY: OFFICE BUILDING IN SOHO

The young man loiters outside. He has short hair and wears dark glasses. Baldy exits with another man. They hail a cab and leave.

The young man wanders down an alley running down the side of the building. He takes a piece of paper out of his pocket on which a rough floor plan has been drawn.

The young man counts windows down the side of the building, stopping at a particular window to study it. He looks around, puts the paper back into his pocket and walks back out onto the main street.

~~INT., DAY: BEDROOM: SMALL, DARK, CLUTTERED~~

~~The young man enters carrying a paper bag. He removes his sunglasses, revealing his bruised face.~~

~~The young man tosses the paper bag onto the bed, then reaches into the breast pocket of his suit jacket and pulls out a pair of rubber surgical gloves.~~

~~He inflates one before stretching it onto his fingers, then does the same with the second, interlacing his fingers to jam the gloves on snugly. He flexes his hands, then turns to the bed and reaches into the paper bag, removing a brand new hammer with a rubber grip and a claw head.~~

The young man tests the weight of the hammer, first in one hand then in the other. He awkwardly sticks the hammer into the back of his waistband and moves to the dusty mirror, examining himself. He removes the hammer from his waistband and looks at himself holding it in the mirror, and we -

FADE TO BLACK.

CHECKS LINE OF JACKET
WITH HAMMER UNDERNEATH

SHOT

SHOT 41 6-10

39

INT. DAY: INSIDE THE HALL OF A LARGE APARTMENT. LITTLE IS VISIBLE IN THE GLOOM. ALL IS QUIET.

Suddenly a splintering crash breaks the silence and the front door breaks inward, revealing Cobb and the young man (long hair, unshaven), gloves on, glancing about nervously.

Cautiously, they creep into the flat. Cobb shuts the door behind them. The young man moves to the nearest doorway and opens the door, spilling a cold, diffuse light into the hall. The young man opens the next door along and looks in and we

CUT TO:-

40

INT. DAY: THE LIVING ROOM, YOUNG MAN'S POV: EXPENSIVELY AND TASTEFULLY DECORATED, ALMOST CLUTTERED - LOTS OF PICTURES ON THE WALLS, LOTS OF PLANTS.

The young man steps back into the hall.

41 INT. DAY: THE HALL:

The young man looks over at Cobb.

YOUNG MAN (whispering loudly)
Not bad at all.

Cobb turns to look at him.

COBB (speaking normally)
I'll check the bedroom for a bag, you check out the stuff.

The young man nods and passes into the living room.

INT. DAY: THE LIVING ROOM

The young man enters and crosses to the centre of the large room. He turns around, scanning the room, taking in furniture stereo, plants, TV and VCR, pictures.

Noticing something, he moves closer to a group of pictures on the wall.

He leans in to study them and his POV reveals a collection of framed photographs of the same young woman. In some of them she is obviously posed, the black and white ones in particular look like professionally shot modelling photos. The young woman is an attractive blonde.

The young man stares at the pictures for a few seconds, then turns back to the room. He crosses to the small table with some framed photographs on it and leans over to examine the pictures. They are all of the blonde. The young man picks up one of the framed photos and looks at it more closely.

The young man approaches, looking at the photograph above the chest of drawers- it is the blonde looking serious.

Cobb turns to the chest of drawers and rummages around.

COBB
I haven't found a bag, yet.

The young man comes up beside Cobb and looks into the drawer- it is full of silk panties. Cobb rummages through them. He looks more interested in the panties themselves than anything he might find in them.

YOUNG MAN
This is her flat?

COBB
Yeah, and she's a fox.

YOUNG MAN
But she's got pictures of herself everywhere.

COBB
Yeah, and she looks good. Check this lot out.

Cobb nods his head at the underwear. The young man hesitates and Cobb jerks his head again. The young man reaches into the drawer and feels through some of the silk undergarments. Cobb grabs a handful, puts them to his nose and inhales deeply, looking at the young man who shakes his head and smiles pityingly. They stand there, two piggies at the trough. The young man grabs some of the panties and lifts them up. He glances up and freezes.

seeing the picture of the blonde looking down at him.

COBB
You should take some.

YOUNG MAN
What? No way.

COBB
(shrugs)
Suit yourself. I'm going to, she's a babe.

Cobb stuffs a handful of silk into his pocket and moves away from the chest of drawers. The young man glances at Cobb, then swiftly pockets some panties when Cobb has turned his back. The young man stares up at the picture of the blonde as he backs away.

COBB
(c.s.)
Bingo.

The young man turns to see Cobb displaying a large leather holdall. Cobb turns and points at a pair of pearl earrings on the dresser. He picks just one of them up and heads into the hall.

"Pick me one of these earrings"?

*MS
4/2*

INT., DAY: THE LIVING ROOM.

The young man is stuffing c.d.'s into the leather holdall.

Cobb is slumped in a large armchair, watching.

The young man straightens up.

COBB

You should take that c.d. player, it's small enough.

The young man grabs the player, pulls wires out of the back and sticks it into the hold-all. He moves over to a small desk. On the desk lies a set of passport photographs. The young man stared at four near-identical images of the blonde.

YOUNG MAN

(without turning round)

Why does she have so many pictures of herself?

Cobb looks around the room.

COBB

I think she's a model. Certainly vain.

The young man slips the passport photos off the desk and into his pocket. Cobb notices but he doesn't say anything- just smiles to himself. The young man turns around. He avoids making eye contact with Cobb.

W1
YOUNG MAN

That about it?

Cobb looks lazily over the room

COBB

I think that covers the useful stuff.

Cobb hauls himself out of his comfortable chair with a groan.

COBB

Let's go.

Cobb holds up the single pearl earring.

COBB

(mischievous)

I'll just misplace this for her.

Cobb pulls the seat cushion off the armchair, places the earring on the chair, dead centre, and replaces the cushion.

46
EXT., DAY: A ROW OF TERRACED TOWNHOUSES.

Cobb and the young man exit one of the front doors, the young man carrying a full leather hold-all.

They turn down the road and walk briskly away.

46
old office building method?
INT., DAY: CHARING-CROSS STATION LEFT LUGGAGE OFFICE.

The young man hands over the leather hold-all, takes a ticket and offers it to Cobb.

COBB

(refusing the ticket)

It was your job. You hang onto the stuff.

They walk out of the station.



SC. 47

SHOT

~~EXT. DAY. CHANNING CROSS STATION.~~

EXT. MARDEN LANE

Enter bldg. & climb stairs

Cobb and the young man talk as they stroll away from the building.

INT. DAY. ATTIC IN DISUSED OFFICE BLDG. (A YOUNG MAN stands at window looking out.)

SC. 48

COBB

~~Pick it up tomorrow and hang on to it till I let you know we're ready to fence it.~~

IS SHOT

YOUNG MAN

Right.

Cobb looks thoughtfully at the young man.

COBB

(seductive, drawing him in further)

Unless of course you want to sell it yourself and just give me my half of what you get for it.

YOUNG MAN

Wouldn't know how to go about it.

COBB

Look, about being hard on you back at that first place; I won't let anyone put me at risk, it's dangerous enough already.

They stop, unsure how to proceed.

COBB

An early supper, I think.

YOUNG MAN
Look, I really can't afford-

It's covered.

COBB
(smiling)

FADE TO BLACK.

40
9
INT., NIGHT: A RESTAURANT, FORMAL, EXPENSIVE, WHITE LINEN, MIRRORS.

The young man and the blonde are seated at a table in one corner; cozy, intimate. They are having coffee.

THE BLONDE
How was your food.

YOUNG MAN
(looking down)
Fine.

THE BLONDE
So what is it?

YOUNG MAN
You chose this restaurant because you knew we wouldn't run into him here.

THE BLONDE
So?

YOUNG MAN
You said it was over between the two of you.

THE BLONDE
It is.

YOUNG MAN
Then why-

THE BLONDE

I also said that he's dangerous.

The young man looks at her imploringly.

THE BLONDE

(pitying but impatient)

Fine. An example. One night he came back to the flat- my flat- with a couple of the thugs who work for him. That meant trouble, right away I could tell something was going to happen. Then, a little later, this other man arrives...

DISSOLVE TO:-

50
INT., DAY: THE BLONDE'S FLAT, FRONT HALL.

A heavy-set man opens the door to a smaller man, and notices him towards the living room.

THE BLONDE

(v.o.)

... you don't need to know who he was or anything about him except that he had cheated them out of some their money...

51
INT., DAY: THE BLONDE'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM.

The blonde sits in the armchair, smoking, nervous.

Baldy and a heavy-set man welcome the smaller man into the room.

THE BLONDE

(v.o.)

... just money, that's all.

The two heavy-set men grab the smaller man and force him to the ground, spreading his arms out before him, pinning his wrists to the floor, one of them kneeling on his back.

Baldy brings the hammer down onto a finger with tremendous force.

The Blonde gets up to leave, Baldy looks up at her, pointing at her with the hammer.

BALDY

Stay. Watch.

The blonde stops at the door and turns around. Baldy starts smashing all of the smaller man's fingers in turn.

The blonde closes her eyes and presses her face against the door frame as if she's trying to burrow her way out.

"THIS LITTLE PIGGY!"

Stay. Watch.

BALDY

THIS LITTLE PIGGY!

The blonde stops at the door and turns around. Baldy starts smashing all of the smaller man's fingers in turn.

The blonde closes her eyes and presses her face against the door frame as if she's trying to burrow her way out.

CUT TO:-

5/2

INT., NIGHT; RESTAURANT.

The young man listens intently.

THE BLONDE

He smashed all of his fingers... then he split his head open...

CUT TO:-

5/2

INT., DAY: THE BLONDE'S LIVING ROOM.

Baldy grunts as he brings the hammer down sharply.

Baldy stands up and drops the hammer. There is blood.

Flow

The blonde is crying.

Shot

BALDY
Give me a fucking tea-towel or something.

CUT TO:-

504

INT., NIGHT: THE RESTAURANT.

The young man is speechless. The blonde sips at her coffee before continuing.

THE BLONDE
Dangerous enough for you?

YOUNG MAN
Is it true?

THE BLONDE
Yes.

YOUNG MAN
Christ. You don't see him any more?

THE BLONDE
(deadpan)
After he messed up my rug like that?

YOUNG MAN
That's not funny.

THE BLONDE
I know.

They both sip
of their
coffee
up

They both sip their coffees. The young man looks thoughtfully at her.

Shot

YOUNG MAN
So how did you meet him?

THE BLONDE
Let's not talk about him-

YOUNG MAN
(bitter)
Did you work for him?

THE BLONDE
(furious)
That's none of your fucking business! You're sick. And a hypocrite, you loved hearing that story, you want to hear some more so her your jollies... you're as bad as the freak who stole my pants...
(rising from the table)

42

... well you can fuck off, you filthy little shit.

The blonde throws her napkin down, upsetting her water glass, and strides away from the table. The young man grabs the glass, mopping at the spilt water with the napkin. He looks around to see if the other diners have noticed (they have). He catches the waiter's eye and scribbles in the air for the bill.

The young man takes out a credit card. He looks down at it, turning it over in his hands before laying it down on the table.

The name on the card is ~~TIMOTHY BARR.~~

D. Lloyd

FADE TO BLACK:-

Shot

589

the Bar 50

EXT., NIGHT: THE OFFICE BUILDING.

The young man (short hair, sunglasses) glances around before diving into the side alleyway.

He moves along the building, counting the windows as he goes.

Finding the right one, he pulls his hammer out and levers it open using the claw. Looking about, he lifts the window and hauls himself through.

590

INT., NIGHT: OFFICE- BIG DESK, FILING CABINETS, COUPLE OF CHAIRS.

The young man slithers through the window and onto the floor behind the desk.

He gets onto his haunches and removes his sunglasses, putting them into his breast pocket. He looks around the office. It is well lit from the streetlights outside the windows.

The young man moves to the bookshelves and starts to remove books, stacking them on the floor quickly but quietly.

Halfway through the second shelf he uncovers a safe set into the wall.

Excited, hands trembling, he removes a piece of paper from his pocket. It has a series of numbers written on it. He spins the dial according to the numbers. He tries the door- it won't open. He tries the combination again. pulls the doot and this time it swings open to reveal a large stack of money. The young man is shocked by the amount. Next to the money is an A4 envelope.

Bingo.

YOUNG MAN

Not

The young man pulls the money and the envelope out of the safe, leaving it in a pile on the floor. He stands up and looks around.

YOUNG MAN

(under his breath)

Bag.

He opens the desk drawers, looking in each one. He opens the closet, searching around, finding nothing.

Increasingly frantic now, the young man paces around the room, peering into every corner, looking behind every piece of furniture. At length he stops, exasperated.

YOUNG MAN

(loud whisper)

FUCK!

He looks at the bundles of banknotes. He looks at the cluttered desk. There is a roll of masking tape on the desk. The young man

steps over, grabs the tape and pulls off a long strip, breaking it with his teeth, and wei-

FADE TO BLACK.

DM

52X

230

70

3HG1

INT., DUSK: A FRENCH RESTAURANT. UNDERSTATED. EXPENSIVE; POLISHED WOODEN FLOORS, STACKED LINEN, WELL-DRESSED CLERKLY. THE YOUNG MAN AND COBB ARE SEATED AT A TABLE NEAR THE BACK OF THE PLACE.

Cobb eats his food with small, graceful movements. In his dark suit and tie he fits right in, unlike the young man who is shabbily dressed, uneven, had long, greasy hair and looks ill-at-ease.

Cobb finishes chewing a large bite of his steed, sips from his glass of water then dabs his lips gently with his napkin.

COBB

You're developing a taste for it.

The young man looks up from his food.

COBB

The violating, the voyeurism- it's definitely you.

YOUNG MAN

I think not.

COBB

I think so. And I think before long you'll develop a taste for the things you can do with the proceeds.

YOUNG MAN

Such as?

COBB

(gesturing around them)

This.

YOUNG MAN

You make all of your money that way.

COBB

(smiling)

Not all of it. You're going to pay for this.

YOUNG MAN

But I told you, I can't afford-

The young man is silenced by Cobb throwing a credit card onto the table.

COBB

It won't really be you, it'll be...

(he tilts his head to look at the card)

Timothy Hess. But I thought I'd give you the pleasure of pretending to pay.

YOUNG MAN

But how-

Cobb tosses a pen onto the table next to the card.

Sign it.

COBB

Sign it?

YOUNG MAN
(picking up the card)

The young man looks at the card. He turns it over; there is no signature on the white strip. He looks up at Cobb.

COBB

Sign it in your own handwriting and you can use it for anything. I wouldn't use it for more than a day or two, just to be safe.

YOUNG MAN
(a whisper)

Christ

The two men smile at each other. The young man reaches for the pen. He signs the back and pockets the card, shaking his head and laughing.

YOUNG MAN

Don't you worry about being caught?

COBB

Why else would I do it? Besides, I'm not going to get caught.

YOUNG MAN

You've thought it all through.

COBB

(raises wine glass)

I've thought it all through.

(pause)

This is just the tip of the iceberg, I do things you wouldn't believe.

YOUNG MAN

Such as?

COBB

An example. Sometimes when I'm watching a place I'll see that the owners are about to go on holiday. I'll wait till they've gone, then move in for a week or so.

YOUNG MAN

You've got to be joking.

COBB

Happens a lot more often than you'd think.

YOUNG MAN

But how do you know how long they'll be gone for?

hy 5/10/1

COBB
Almost always marked on the kitchen calendar.

YOUNG MAN (a whisper)
Christ.

The young man takes a sip from his wine, then shovels a forkful of food into his mouth. He chews for a second then freezes, his eyes locked on something at the far end of the restaurant, behind Cobb.

YOUNG MAN (through steak)
Jesus fucking Christ!

Cobb narrows his eyes.

COBB
What's wrong?

YOUNG MAN (swallows hard)
The woman, the woman from that first place, the one who came home, the, the, the one who saw me- us... she just walked in.

The young man's p.o.v. shows us the young woman from the first robbery and a man who we have not seen before waiting to be seated.

COBB (calm, not turning round)
Are you sure?

YOUNG MAN
That's one hell of a chance to take!

COBB
(fed up)
Look, just calm down. What would she do anyway? All we stole was half a bottle of an indifferent red wine. Just relax, keep your head.

The young man looks at his plate, trying to stay calm.

YOUNG MAN
You mind if we skip dessert?

COBB
(with disgust)
Yeah, I fucking mind.

S/S

INT., NIGHT: THE PUENCE RESTAURANT, LATER.
Cobb is scraping up the last of his chocolate mousse. An almost untouched dessert sits in front of the young man who repeatedly glances up past Cobb's head. The young man's POV shows us the young woman seated with her companion at the other end of the restaurant.

The young woman pushes her chair back from the table, stands up, places her napkin on her chair and heads towards Cobb and the young man's table. The young man looks terrified.

YOUNG MAN
She's coming this way.

Cobb looks up from his chocolate mousse. He nods at a door off to his left.

COBB
She's going to the loo, relax.

The young man can't take his eyes off the young woman as she approaches.

The young woman comes near their table. As she turns to the left she notices the young man and looks at him for an instant with something which might be recognition. She carries on, passing through the doors to the lavatories.

YOUNG MAN
(losing it)
She fucking looked at me!

COBB
Yeah?

YOUNG MAN
Yeah! She fucking knows - we have to leave!

Cobb places his spoon back into his dish and looks up at the young man with an almost bored expression.

50
37407
COBB

(gesturing to the waiter)
We'll leave - not that we have anything to worry about
other than you making a test of yourself.

EXT., NIGHT: THE FRENCH RESTAURANT.

Cobb and the young man exit. Cobb suddenly turns on the young
man as if he might hit him.

COBB

(pointing at the young man's
face)
You know, I really hate it when I don't get to finish
a good meal with a coffee.

The young man looks flabbergasted.

YOUNG MAN

But -

COBB

(bitter)
Just don't fucking say it!

Cobb waves at a taxi.

~~INT., NIGHT: THE BACK OF A TAXI~~

Cobb looks out of the window like a sullen child. The young man
looks at him, thinking.

YOUNG MAN

Look, she recognised me, OK? She's had a second look
at me. It makes me nervous.

Cobb turns to the young man.

COBB

(cals)
If you're worried about being recognised why don't you
do something about your appearance? Haircut, smart
clothes, your own mother won't recognise you.

The young man looks down at himself, chastened.

COBB

(grinning to himself)
Just because you break into people's homes doesn't
mean you have to look like a criminal.

FADE TO BLACK

62 Shot

INT., DAY: BATHROOM. SMALL, COLD, DINGY.
The young man stands in front of the mirror, examining his longish hair and attempt at a beard.
He picks up some nail scissors and starts to cut his hair.

INT., DAY: BEDROOM. SMALL, DARK, CLUTTERED.
The young man is knotting a tie in front of a dusty, cracked mirror. He is wearing a dark suit, old-fashioned and well-worn. His hair is dramatically shorter; a ragged near-crew cut.
The young man plays with his hair, looking at his reflection.
He rubs his newly-shaven chin.
Close on the mirror we see that the strip of passport photos of the blonde are wedged into the bottom right-hand corner of the frame.
The young man's eye is caught by the photos and he picks them up, looking closely at them, a thoughtful expression on his face.

CUT TO:-

INT., DAY: LIVING ROOM. LIGHTER. HEATER, APART FROM THE PAPER-COVERED DESK.

What can I do for you?
YOUNG MAN
(O.S.)
Nothing too important.

CUT TO:-

63 to

INT., DAY: LIVING ROOM.
YOUNG MAN
It's about the stuff.
COBB
(O.S.)
What about it?
The young man's other hand comes into frame; he is holding the passport photos as well as some bunched up silk.
YOUNG MAN
(staring at the photos)
I've met a guy- I won't go into details. I'll take care of it myself, as you suggested, and you'll get half. I can't promise to get as much as you would but I'd like to give it a go. How does that sound?
COBB
(O.S.)
Sounds fine. Anything else?
YOUNG MAN

I took your advice.

COBB
(c.s.)

What advice?

YOUNG MAN

My appearance. I cut my hair, and I'm all dressed up.

COBB
(c.s.)

"With noplase to go".

CUT TO:-

71
INT., DAY: BY THE WINDOW.

COBB

You know I wasn't being entirely serious about that.

YOUNG MAN
(c.s.)

It makes me feel better.

COBB

Safer, huh?

YOUNG MAN
(c.s.)

Safer. I'll give you a call when I've got the money.

COBB

Right.

Cobb hangs up. We go wider and see that he is leaning on the windowsill in what appears to be a bedroom. His shirt is completely untucked and unbuttoned.

FEMALE VOICE
(c.s.)

What was all that about?

COBB

You.

Cobb's p.o.v. shows us the blonde, lying in bed, under the sheets but apparently naked.

COBB

Your stuff, anyway.

Cobb clambers up onto the bed to lean against the wall beside the blonde.

COBB

He's going to deal with it himself.

The blonde lays her arm across Cobb's stomach and looks up at him.

THE BLONDE

Meaning?

COBB

Meaning he took the bait and he's hooked. He's going to hang on to your stuff, pretend to sell it, give me some money. If you're lucky he might even give you most of it back. It's perfect, the photos worked. I've even got him to cut his hair and change his clothes.

THE BLONDE

So are you going to tell me where you hid my earring, now?

COBB

(grinning)

No. And I wouldn't hold your breath for the return of your underwear, either. He'll be far too embarrassed to admit to stealing your panties.

64

THE BLONDE ~~Smash my window~~

Shit. And did you have to ~~break down my door~~? Couldn't you have pretended to find the spare key?

COBB

(laughing)

Couldn't. That would have been three spare keys in a row- even "Bill" isn't going to buy that. When we went to his place it was embarrassing- right under the mat, just like I told him... pathetic. It was a new mat as well, and I swear, I seriously think that he went out and bought the mat just so he could put his key under it.

The blonde laughs. Cobb laughs.

FADE TO BLACK.

Int

4
64
Shot

INT., NIGHT: THE OFFICE.

The young man (short hair, bruised face) has taken his jacket off and is frantically taping bundles of money to his arms and around his waist. He works in a frenzy, ripping masking tape with his teeth, grabbing bundles and slapping them against his stomach. He covers his arms and abdomen, but there's still a lot more money, so he undoes his trousers, pulls them off and frantically starts to tape bundles to his bare legs. His jacket, the manilla envelope and his hammer are sitting on the desk. He grabs a bundle and tapes it to his ankle. He straightens up, looks at the remaining money.

YOUNG MAN

(whisper)

Fuck it.

He takes the tape and passes it around his midriff, securing the bundles which he has already taped to his waist. As he is doing so the overhead light snaps on and the young man freezes.

One of Baldy's business companions is standing in the office doorway, a look of amazement on his face. Neither man moves. The young man eyes the hammer on the desk, easy reach. He grabs it as he launches himself at Baldy's man, trailing bank notes in the air behind him as he flies across the room, hammer raised.

The young man brings the hammer down across the other man's head in a nasty sideswipe. The man goes down and doesn't get up. The young man moves back to the desk, shocked. He clumsily puts his trousers on over the money, then looks over at the man on the floor as he grabs for his suit jacket. The man is not moving, there is blood on his head and on the floor.

The young man gets his jacket on, tears his eyes away from the prone man to realize that he has blood on his hands and now on his previously white shirt. He shudders as he jams the bloody hammer into his waistband, grabs the manilla envelope and heads for the window. A last glance at the prone man before climbing out the window.

OKS

EXT., NIGHT: THE SIDE STREET

The young man practically falls out of the window and onto the ground. He struggles to his feet, weaving like a drunk and heads away from the office window, towards the main street, and we:

FADE TO BLACK.

Replaced by running through bar?

EXT., NIGHT: THE ROW OF TERRACED TOWN HOUSES.

The young man (short hair, clean shaven) buzzes the blonde.

THE BLONDE

(voice on tannoy)

Fuck off.

YOUNG MAN

How do you know it's me? Could be your mother you just told to fuck off.

THE BLONDE

(voice on tannoy)

I meant it.

YOUNG MAN

Please, just let me in...I've come to apologize.

The lock clicks open and the young man steps inside.

INT., NIGHT: THE BLONDE'S FLAT, HALLWAY.

The young man walks slowly down the corridor. Passing the bedroom he sees the blonde sitting on the bed. He stands in the doorway.

INT., NIGHT: THE BEDROOM. DOUBLE BED, LIGHT, FEMININE, PATTERNED FABRICS AND MANY CUSHIONS, A CHEST OF DRAWERS.

The blonde sits on the bed, legs crossed, smoking a cigarette. The young man considers his opening line.

THE BLONDE

So apologize.

YOUNG MAN

I haven't been entirely honest with you.

The blonde raises her eyebrows.

YOUNG MAN

I'm writing about burglaries.

THE BLONDE

(confused)

What?

YOUNG MAN

I'm researching burglaries, I'm, I'm doing a piece about a guy I know who burgles people. That's why I've been asking you questions about your burglary.

THE BLONDE
~~Why didn't you just tell me?~~

YOUNG MAN
I didn't want to upset you, ~~well~~ I've been breaking
into houses with him - that is, he's been breaking in
and I've been watching him. I mean I haven't taken
anything or... ~~whatsoever~~, I just go along and watch,
for my research.

THE BLONDE
Is that it?

YOUNG MAN
Yes.

THE BLONDE
What does that have to do with anything?

YOUNG MAN
Now I've been honest with you, I'd like you to return
the favour.

THE BLONDE
I have been honest with you.

YOUNG MAN
You're still seeing the bald guy.

THE BLONDE
(flustered)
How do -

Lyth

YOUNG MAN
I was early the other day. I saw him leave. You said
it was over.

THE BLONDE
(resigned)
It is.

YOUNG MAN
(quizzical)
Then why?

THE BLONDE
He's blackmailing me.

YOUNG MAN
You said he's rich - why would...

THE BLONDE
(bitter)
Who said anything about money?

The young man sighs. He slides down the wall to sit in the doorway, his back against the frame. After a moment's thought he looks up at the blonde.

51

YOUNG MAN
What's he blackmailing you with?

THE BLONDE
Photos.

YOUNG MAN
Of what?

THE BLONDE
Of ~~me~~. And don't ask me anything else about them, ~~you'd only want the details to fuel your seedy little fantasies.~~ Let's just say that my mother wouldn't frame them for her sideboard.

I'm not going to feed!

YOUNG MAN
You've got me all wrong you know.

THE BLONDE
Have I?

The young man nods. He thinks for a moment.

YOUNG MAN
So where does he keep them?

THE BLONDE
In his office. Why?

YOUNG MAN
Maybe I can get them back.

THE BLONDE
How?

YOUNG MAN
Break in and take them. I can get my friend to do it with me - there must be valuable stuff in his office, right?

THE BLONDE
He sometimes has money in his safe.

YOUNG MAN
(shaking his head)
No, we can't get into a safe -

THE BLONDE
That's where the pictures are.

YOUNG MAN
What?

THE BLONDE
In ~~a small~~ envelope in his safe, negatives and eight by ten prints.

W
YOUNG MAN

Then we can't -

THE BLONDE
I know the combination.

YOUNG MAN
How?

THE BLONDE
I've seen him open it a million times. I've always
figured that I might get a chance to lift the photos.

YOUNG MAN
Right, that's what we'll do then.

The young man gets up and moves onto the bed.

THE BLONDE
Nobody in their right mind would steal from him.

YOUNG MAN
(putting his arms around her)
If we don't get caught it won't make any difference
who it was we stole from - and we won't get caught.

The young man kisses the blonde. She pulls away to speak.

THE BLONDE
~~Just promise me one thing.~~

If you get the pictures you'll bring them to me without
looking at them, without even opening the envelope?

YOUNG MAN
Of course.

THE BLONDE
I've got your word?

YOUNG MAN
You have my word.

They kiss again.

FADE TO BLACK

Key?
n' Combo?

734

CUT

EXT., DAY: HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

The young man crosses south, carrying the leather hold-all.

745

INT., DAY: HALLWAY IN A BLOCK OF FLATS.

The young man knocks on a door.

The door is opened by Cobb.

You're late.

COBB

You said you'd fenced it.

(noticing the hold-all)

Cobb steps back to let the young man in.

746

INT., DAY: LIVING ROOM, COMFORTABLE, TASTEFULLY FURNISHED.

Cobb is sitting on the couch. The young man stands at the window.

COBB

It'll take me a few days to sell all of it.

old office? what you found it, de he?

old warehouse

changed my mind / didn't do it.

~~Whitewash.~~

YOUNG MAN

COBB
Something else on your mind?

The young man turns to face Cobb.

YOUNG MAN
I want to break into a place.

COBB
I've been scouting a couple-

YOUNG MAN
A particular place. For some photos.

COBB
Photos?

YOUNG MAN
Photos. For a friend.

COBB
What's the place?

YOUNG MAN
Office. In a safe, but we'll have the combination.

COBB
If it's for a friend, where's the money in it?

Shot

YOUNG MAN
There's money in the safe... probably.

COBB
Probably? Whose office?

YOUNG MAN
Club-owner, pornographer-type.

COBB
Heavy?

YOUNG MAN
From the sound of it.

Cobb exhales. He stares hard at the young man.

COBB
What the fuck's going on?

YOUNG MAN
I'm seeing someone. They need my help.

Cobb stands up and walks over to the young man.

COBB

Who are you seeing?

The young man looks away.

COBB
(loud)

Who?! Who are you seeing?!

The young man looks into Cobb's eyes.

YOUNG MAN

The owner of that bag.

COBB
(confused)

What?

YOUNG MAN

The woman who owns the flat we hit- the one with the pictures of herself.

COBB
(barely concealed rage)

Tell me you're fucking joking.

YOUNG MAN

(excited)

Her pictures- I was curious, I followed her, got to know her. ~~She's - she's - she's - we're in love.~~

we're in love

COBB

~~You've~~ ~~met~~ with her?

Phot

YOUNG MAN

(unaware of Cobb's growing
rage)

Yeah. She's fantastic, amazing. That's why I haven't
sold her her stuff, I mean I thought that I might give
it back to her but that would mean-

COBB

That would mean telling her that it was you who fucking
robbed her! How shrewd- How, how, how prudent of you
not to tell her that!

The young man is quiet, realizing he has misjudged the situation.

COBB

Nice hair, by the way. And a nice suit, shame about the
bloodstains, though.

YOUNG MAN

(looks down at himself)

Bloodstains?

Cobb punches him in the face then belts him in the stomach, the
young man doubles over, groaning.

68
COBB

I fucking warned you!

Cobb smiles as he brings his elbows down hard into the young man's back. The young man grunts and staggers to the side, just keeping on his feet. Cobb pushes him back across the room and charges at him.

COBB

I won't let anyone put me at risk!

As he speaks Cobb grabs the young man's face with one hand and punches him hard in the face several times.

The young man slips to the floor, dragging Cobb down with him. The two men scabble around on the floor, the young man putting up a fight until Cobb finally swivels round and boots him in the ribs, then the face.

The young man groans and bleeds as Cobb staggers to his feet, out of breath. Cobb dusts himself down and does his hair in the mirror.

COBB

(at his reflection)

Idiot. How could you be so stupid?

(turns to look at the young man)

You're on your own, Billy-boy. Here...

(reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pair of rubber gloves. He tosses them at the young man)

... take these. Present for you, to get you started on your new, solo career.

Cobb reaches down and pulls the young man to his feet. The young man's face is a bloody mess. Cobb picks up the rubber gloves and stuffs them into the young man's breast pocket.

~~Cobb drags the young man to the door.~~

~~COBB LEAVES~~

~~Now, fuck off.~~

He throws the young man out the door and slams it behind him. Cobb laughs hysterically as he walks back into the living room and sees:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT., NIGHT: COBB'S LIVING ROOM.

Cobb is lying on the floor, tossing a golfball into the air and catching it just before it hits his face.

The blonde is sitting on the couch.

THE BLONDE
Did you have to beat him?

COBB
Did you have to sleep with him?

THE BLONDE
You told me to.

COBB
I said you should if you had to, that's not the same as telling you to.

Did you enjoy it? (catches ball and looks over)

THE BLONDE
Did you enjoy beating him up?

COBB
Of course.

The blonde shakes her head pityingly.

COBB
He brought it on himself. He didn't have to tell me that he was seeing you, but once he did I had to react the way I would really.

Cobb sits up.

COBB
I'm in deep shit, this has to work.

THE BLONDE
But why are you so sure they think you were involved?

COBB
They've already had me in for questioning, for Christ's sake. They know my m.o. and it's just a matter of time before they find the bloke who saw me leave and pull me in.

THE BLONDE
You think he got a good look at you?

COBB
No, which is why this will work; all we need is someone else with the same way of working and roughly the same appearance caught in the act.

THE BLONDE

Put

"Confessional urge" "Guilt"

Why can't you just tell them what really happened- the
you just found her like that?

COBB

If you'd seen her you wouldn't even ask. It was
horrible, blood everywhere. Her face had been...
beaten... almost not human. I'd been in the flat a
while, I may have left traces, forensic stuff, I don't
know. But she was fresh, she hadn't been dead long, the
witness might put me there close enough to the time of
death-

THE BLONDE

But if he didn't get a good look-

COBB

That's not the point! A crime that brutal, an old lady
beaten like that... if they think it's me they'll find
a way to make it stick. There has to be someone else-
I've told them there's someone else!

THE BLONDE

What if he has an alibi?

COBB

He's a loner, that's why he's perfect. And he looks so
different now that strangers aren't going to remember
having seen him. He's our man.

The blonde and Cobb look at each other.

FADE TO BLACK.

~~EXT., NIGHT: NARROW PASSAGEWAY CONNECTING TWO STREETS LIT BY A STREETLIGHT. IT IS RAINING.~~

~~The young man (short hair, shades) stumbles along, his dark suit bulges oddly. He brings his hand up to adjust his shades and we see a fifty-pound note sticking out of his cuff.~~

~~He disappears around the corner and we-~~

CUT TO:-

~~INT., NIGHT: LIVING ROOM.~~

~~The young man has taken his suit off and is removing the money from his body. He is wet, his tie is loose, there is blood on his shirt, he is on the phone.~~

~~YOUNG MAN
(strained, on edge)
I got it.~~

~~THE BLONDE
(o.s.)
You're bringing them to me?~~

~~THAT'S WHY AREN'T YOU HERE?
YOUNG MAN
(bending to remove money from his leg)
I had to stop off to dump the money.~~

~~BLONDE
(o.s.)
Money?~~

~~YOUNG MAN
(giggling)
Lot of fucking money!~~

~~The young man yelps as he yanks tape from his hairy legs.~~

~~BLONDE
(o.s.)
What?~~

~~YOUNG MAN
Nothing. I'll be over soon.~~

~~BLONDE
(o.s.)
So it was o.k.?~~

~~YOUNG MAN
(a pause, close to tears)
O.k., yeah. I'll be over soon.~~

The young man hangs up the phone. He's removed most of the money, but odd bundles hang from his legs and shirt.

He looks at the hammer lying on the floor, blood on it. Next to the hammer lies the manilla envelope.

The young man picks up the envelope, pauses for a moment, then rips it open and yanks out the contents: 8 by 10 glossies.

The photos are straight modelling portrait shots of the blonde—absolutely nothing interesting or remarkable about them whatsoever.

He flips through them again and again looking for some meaning, some super-subtle obscenity he might be missing, a manic desperate look developing on his face.

He flings them across the room, and wei-

CUT TO:-

WASP EXT. NIGHT Y.M. looking up at flat.

INT., NIGHT: THE BLONDE'S FRONT HALL.

The blonde paces nervously, sucking a cigarette. There is a knock at the door and she moves to answer it.

The door opens to reveal a wet, bedraggled young man, bruises on his face. The young man slaps the blonde hard and walks in past her. She puts her hand to her cheek, but expresses neither pain nor surprise.

THE BLONDE

You promised me you wouldn't look in the envelope.

YOUNG MAN

Wasn't sealed, they fell out.

The blonde stares at him with a half-smile.

THE BLONDE

Right... they fell out.

The young man looks back at her coldly.

YOUNG MAN

Are you going to explain?

The blonde says nothing.

YOUNG MAN

(rising anger)

What?! Was it all bullshit just to get the money?

THE BLONDE (shrugs)
He's never had any in there before.

The young man grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her.

YOUNG MAN
What, then?!!

The blonde puts her hands up defensively to tell him to remove his hands. He does so.

THE BLONDE (matter-of-fact)
For a friend. The police think he did something which he didn't and he needs a decoy- another likely suspect, someone caught robbing a place the same way he does, using his methods.

YOUNG MAN
His methods?
Who's the friend? (truth dawning)

THE BLONDE
Cobb. (mischievous, waiting for a reaction)

The young man closes his eyes.
The Blonde turns away.

THE BLONDE (straight)
He broke into a flat a couple of weeks ago. Found an old lady who'd been beaten to death. He ran off, somebody saw him and a few days later the police picked him up for questioning. They think he killed her-

YOUNG MAN (opens eyes)
He probably did.

THE BLONDE
He's a thief, not a murderer. He told them they had the wrong man, had him confused with another burglar he knew about, one who has the same M.O.... you.

YOUNG MAN
Why me?

THE BLONDE (like it's his own fault)
You set yourself up for it. Cobb noticed you following him days before he approached you- at first he thought you were police but then he followed you-

YOUNG MAN
He followed me?

THE BLONDE

(sarcastic)
He followed you and realized that you were just some...
wierdo... waiting to be drawn into it, used.

YOUNG MAN

(asking for it)
So you and Cobb...

The Blonde shrugs and smiles.

The young man slaps the wall hard by the side of the blonde's head. She doesn't flinch. He turns around, raising his hands in total frustration.

YOUNG MAN

How could you do this to me? To anyone?

THE BLONDE

It's not that bad. You've got that money. You didn't kill the old woman. You're just there to plant doubt in the minds of the police- they'll never charge you. The idea was that someone would catch you breaking in tonight, the police would pull you in then ask you about the old lady- which you wouldn't know anything about.

YOUNG MAN

(incredulous)
Yeah, but they'd still charge me with breaking and entering!

THE BLONDE

(amused)
But you did do that. And anyway, for whatever reason, nobody did catch you red-handed.

YOUNG MAN

(wielding the bloody hammer)
He came in, he went down. I didn't hang around to see if he got up. It's his blood on my hammer.
(smashes hammer into wall)
How could you do this to me?

THE BLONDE

(unimpressed)
It's not personal. When I agreed to it I didn't even know you.

The young man drops the hammer. The blonde opens her eyes. The young man takes a deep breath, regains his composure.

YOUNG MAN

I'm going to the police in the morning.

THE BLONDE

You can't.

YOUNG MAN
I'm going and I'll tell them everything.

THE BLONDE
You can't- they'll never believe you.

YOUNG MAN
I'll tell them everything and they'll believe me
because it's the truth.

THE BLONDE
They'll never believe you unless someone backs you up.

YOUNG MAN
You could.

THE BLONDE
I won't.

YOUNG MAN
(confident)
They'll make you. Your lies won't hold up against the
truth.

The Blonde turns away shaking her head.

THE BLONDE
You know, I really wouldn't do-

She is cut off by the sound of the door slamming. She turns to
see that the Young Man has gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

43
INT., DAY: CLOSE ON THE YOUNG MAN (SHORT HAIR, BRUISES)

YOUNG MAN
That's it.

Wider shows us a room lit by early morning sun, the young man
seated at a table, an OLDER MAN opposite. Between them on the
table is a tape recorder. They both look tired. The older man
doesn't speak.

YOUNG MAN
I mean... if you've got questions...

The older man leans forward.

OLDER MAN
One or two.

A pause. The young man raises his eyebrows in expectation.

44
CUT TO:-

EXT., DAWN: STREET IN THE WEST END.

Cobb strolls down the street. He is carrying the leather hold-all.

CUT
CUT TO:-

3
INT., DAY: ROOM WITH TABLE AND TAPE RECORDER.

OLDER MAN
You see... we don't actually have any unsolved murders of old ladies right now.

YOUNG MAN (baffled)
But there has-

OLDER MAN (more assertive)
There is no such ongoing investigation.

The young man looks confused and scared.

OLDER MAN
And we don't know this... (looks at his notes)
... "Cobb" of yours.

17
CUT TO:-

4
INT., DAY: THE BLONDE'S FRONT HALL.

The blonde opens the front door to Cobb, and wai-

CUT
DISSOLVE TO:-

5
INT., DAY: THE BLONDE'S LIVING ROOM.

The blonde and Cobb are having a drink.

COBB
I warned you he'd look in the envelope.

THE BLONDE
He gave me his word. I believed him.

COBB
Nothing personal, he couldn't help himself- he's a born peeper. Anyway, down to business.

THE BLONDE
Business?

Cobb takes a handkerchief out of his pocket and starts to wipe the outside of his glass, and wai-

CUT TO:-

Staple

INT., DAY: ROOM WITH TABLE.

We move in on the young man, puzzled, thinking hard.

OLDER MAN

(O.S.)

Perhaps there's something else you'd like to tell me about.

CUT TO:-

Staple

INT., DAY: THE BLONDE'S LIVING ROOM.

The blonde watches, puzzled, as Cobb stretches his rubber gloves and puts them on, interlacing his fingers for a snug fit.

COBB

Where's the hammer?

THE BLONDE

Oh, down there in the bag.

She points to a shopping bag on the table across the room from Cobb. Cobb rises, crosses the room and picks up the bag with his back to the blonde. She can't see him take out of the bag and look at the dried blood on its head.

THE BLONDE

What are you going to do with it?

COBB

(his back to her)

old DADY
~~The old man~~ was pretty specific about the way I should do things.

THE BLONDE

(puzzled)

What's he have to say about it?

COBB

(turning around, hammer in hand)

Well, he is giving me all of that money out of his safe.

THE BLONDE

(not liking this)

Money? What for?

Staple
CUT TO:-

INT., DAY: ROOM WITH TABLE.

Close on the young man as he thinks.

OLDER MAN
(c.s.)

Anything as all. YOUR side of things.

CUT TO:-

INT., DAY: THE BLONDE'S LIVING ROOM.

Cobb moves towards the blonde with the hammer.

COBB
(smiling)

He says your demands have become unreasonable...
... too greedy in your blackmail.

THE BLONDE
(scared now)

But, no- I, I, I don't-

COBB
(smiling, soothing)

Something about an incident you witnessed in this very
room? He was specific about where and how I should be
care of things. Some sense of poetic justice, I
suppose.

THE BLONDE

But i-

COBB

Something about a bloodstained carpet you've got
stashed away to back up your story, should it ever be
told.

The blonde is crying.

THE BLONDE

How could you do this to me?

COBB
(softly)

Money.

Cobb lunges for the blonde, grabbing her wrist and pulling her
to the floor. He forces her hand flat against the floor and
raises the hammer high above his head, and w-

90

INT., DAY: ROOM WITH TABLE.

Close on the young man as he realizes something.

~~YOUNG MAN~~
~~Did you talk to her?~~ Did you bring her in?

~~OLDER MAN~~
~~(nods gravely;~~
~~We found her early this morning.~~

~~YOUNG MAN~~
~~Found her?~~

~~OLDER MAN~~
~~Her body.~~

~~The young man covers his face with his hands.~~

Not

~~OLDER MAN~~
~~We also found a hammer with two types of blood on it,~~
~~one type which I assume will match the bloke you put~~
~~in hospital. All of her fingers were smashed- you must~~
~~have tortured her for the combination.~~

~~YOUNG MAN~~
~~NO! I haven't done anything to her! Go and pick up~~
~~Cobb, he did it he must have done it-~~

shoe box

~~The older man silences the young man by putting a box onto the~~
~~table between them.~~

~~OLDER MAN~~
~~(rifling through the contents~~
~~of the box)~~
~~We found some interesting items at your flat.~~
~~In addition to the various items which the deceased~~
~~reported stolen last week we found several pairs of~~
~~ladies' underwear- are they here?~~

IN THIS BOX?

~~The young man says nothing.~~

~~OLDER MAN~~
~~I assume so, since they were found stashed with some~~
~~passport-style photographs of the deceased.~~

~~The young man closes his eyes.~~

~~OLDER MAN~~
~~(pulls a small, clear plastic~~
~~bag from the box)~~
~~We also found this pearl earring.~~

The young man opens his eyes. He looks at the evidence bag which the older man is holding out for him to see. Inside it is the blonde's pearl earring.

OLDER MAN

It matches the one worn by the deceased at the time of her death. Little trophy?

YOUNG MAN

(desperation)

NO! Cobb planted it! He took it when we broke in- pick him up, I gave you his address, he's the one who ~~did it~~.

OLDER MAN

We went to the address you gave us. There's no "Cobb" there, the flat belongs to a...

David Lloyd (checks notes)

... ~~Timothy Ross~~. He just got back from holiday and he says that he was robbed while he was away. Not too much was taken... but his new credit card hasn't arrived-

YOUNG MAN

EMPTY! That was Cobb, see?! We used it to buy a meal-

The older man reaches into the box and pulls out another clear evidence bag. Inside it is a credit card.

OLDER MAN

We found this at your flat.

YOUNG MAN

You see? ~~Timothy~~ Cobb stole it. *He planted it at my flat.*

The older man flips the card over to display the signature on the back.

OLDER MAN

Is this your handwriting?

The young man looks at the card in despair.

YOUNG MAN

(quiet)

Yes.

CUT TO:-

INT., DAY: A BUSY WEST END STREET: CROWDED WITH PEDESTRIANS.

Cobb comes out of a cafe and walks away from us down the street.

He stops and looks back towards us over his shoulder as if to check that no-one is following him.

Satisfied, he turns back, moves off and is swallowed by the mass of pedestrians crossing the frame in slow motion.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.