Circular Windows

Written by Edward Longden



CIRCULAR WINDOWS

Edward Longden

1. EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE - EVENING

We open on the porch of a council house. A police officer holding a chunky iPad comes to the door and knocks. He grunts.

The door opens. A balding Syrian man in his late 40s, ASH, answers.

POLICE OFFICER
Hello sir, um, is this the residence of Ashur Jjjjj-

ASH
Yes, that's me.

POLICE OFFICER
Okay.

The officer types into his iPad, but it's not responsive.

POLICE OFFICER
These things are a bugger.

Ash seems nervous, and looks the officer up and down.

POLICE OFFICER
Do you have your digital ID, can I have a look at that?

ASH
Oh...Um...I applied for one, but I haven't received it.

POLICE OFFICER
Well it's digital!

ASH
Yeah, they're still checking if I can have one.

POLICE OFFICER
You can't work without it, have you been working since your arrival here?

ASH
Yes.

POLICE OFFICER
Okay, look-

The officer types on the iPad.

POLICE OFFICER
This fucking thing is driving me nuts, anyway, um, look-

ASH
No sorry, look, you don't scare me. I work with Del Leer, I work with the migrant worker network there, I want to consult with them, no-

POLICE OFFICER
Sir, in order to work you will need digital identification

ASH
No, no you cannot take away my ability to work, you cannot do that.

POLICE OFFICER
But look Ashur, right. I can let you off, if you show me proof that your digital ID is coming-

ASH
It is, it is, I swear.

POLICE OFFICER
And, you'll have to give us access to your phone, your computer and any information you may have-

ASH
No you can't do that.

POLICE OFFICER
We can, under the Safe Sections act.

ASH
Safe Sections act? Are you having a joke with me?

POLICE OFFICER
Look, will you take my offer? Or will you resist, Ash?

Ash looks blankly at the officer.

2. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - EVENING

A cramped but nostalgic mess. A record player stands in the corner, dirty clothes lay on the floor. The singular window is circular and small.

Willard Christie (28) bursts into the room with a pair of tight pants on. He is scrawny, lanky and pasty, but not tall. He looks through the mess in his flat for his phone which he finds quickly.

He walks over to the window and locks it, before turning the light off and leaving.

3. INT. CAR - EVENING

A heavy rain falls down from the grey sky. Willard sits in traffic, cramped and bothered. He smokes a cigarette with the window down only a little bit. The radio plays:

RADIO PRESENTER
Is it a problem that people nowadays just don't want to talk about it?

RADIO GUEST
Talk about what?

RADIO PRESENTER
Well talk about you know, death and bag things...you know the things that affect the average person?
(beat)
Don't you think the average man would feel that those topics are too morbid for everyday chat?

Willard switches the radio to an electronic 90s song.

4. EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Willard pulls up beside the police station. HARRY (25) wearing trackies and a coat gets in.

WILLARD
Alright? How was work?

HARRY
Oh I fucking loved it

They share a brief kiss and Willard drives off.

5. INT. CAR - NIGHT

Willard drives while Harry sits in the passenger seat, on his phone.

WILLARD
Jasper Cotillard, have I talked about him before?

HARRY
No.

WILLARD
He's a nutter, he's banned from the MOMA you see because he had an exhibition on um, I think it was the Latin American diaspora in the US south right? And there was a tank of fish right? Beautiful, you know...

HARRY
Fish.

WILLARD
Fish, yeah. And I think it was the fourth day and he comes in, covered in black paint or tar or something right, and he takes each fish out of the tank and cuts their throats, each one.

HARRY
Fucking hell.

WILLARD
That wasn't part of it he had, I'm not sure, some-

HARRY
Some form of psychosis obviously.

WILLARD
Yeah.

HARRY
So you're working with him?

WILLARD
No his brother.

HARRY
Where are we going?

WILLARD
We're not going home?

HARRY
What?

WILLARD
I thought I'd surprise you, we're going to Sitsbury.

HARRY
What? You're fucking joking.

WILLARD
No.

HARRY
Well I haven't packed?

WILLARD
You think I haven't packed for you? I know your special pair of socks you take everywhere.

HARRY
Toothbrush?

WILLARD
Yes.

HARRY
My minoxidil?

WILLARD
Yes.

HARRY
Drugs?

Willard nods.

HARRY
Right.

Willard snorts.

WILLARD
(mocking)
Right.

HARRY
What? What's even wrong with what I said?

Willard turns to Harry with a clownish expression.

HARRY
You're too old for this, Will.

6. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Willard opens the door to the living room and turns the light on. Harry is behind him. There is a gun cabinet right next to the door, with a rifle in view in the window.

HARRY
Turn the heating on. I can't even fucking move.

WILLARD
You're welcome.

HARRY
Why should I be welcome, dear?

WILLARD
So ungrateful. Go and make yourself at home will you?

7. INT. BEDROOM, WILLARD'S HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

The bedroom is lit by the moon through the window overlooking the sea and the rocky cliffs. Harry passionately humps Willard in bed, both sweating and moaning in a kind of rhythm.

HARRY
Fuck you're gonna make me cum.

WILLARD
Do it. Do it inside please.

They both moan until Harry climaxes into Willard. He lets out a masculine screech.

HARRY
Fuck.

He plants his face into Willard's chest as his orgasm stops.

WILLARD
Did you do it?

Harry chuckles.

8. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - MORNING

Harry sits in just a dressing gown smoking a joint by the window. The news plays on the TV. Willard enters as he puts on his jacket.

WILLARD
I'm going to see Sue about the windows.

Harry looks at the windows.

HARRY
What's wrong with them?

WILLARD
I don't like them. I want them to be circular, you know I can't change the house without consulting her-

HARRY
Like your flat?

WILLARD
Hm.

Willard starts putting on his shoes.

HARRY
Why the fuck does that matter?

WILLARD
I like them. They look good. I'm not wasting my life living in space that's not good enough for me.

HARRY
Eugh.
(beat)
Poor Sue.

The news switches to live coverage of a political rally called 'Unite the Kingdom'.

NEWS ANCHOR
It's a brisk morning here in Canterbury, where we set our eyes on the Unite the Kingdom festival, bringing all those from around the country together to celebrate. In attendance will be Prime Minister Ange Durand-

An image of ANGE (58) flashes on the TV screen. He is a wrinkly, short man with eyes of fire and an unnatural smile.

NEWS ANCHOR
-as well as other speakers from the British Unionist Party, Deputy Sarah Huljsen-

An image of SARAH (33) flashes on screen. She is a black woman of Spanish descent.

NEWS ANCHOR
-and Robert Fashion, Unionist MP for Finchley and Golder's Green and leader of the British Oneness organization.

An image of ROBERT (37) flashes. He is a slick, charming man with a side parting.

HARRY
Your brother's on telly.

Willard, with his shoes on, looks at the TV. Footage of Robert plays.

NEWS ANCHOR(ON TV)
Fashion is due to attend an open debate at the festival at noon-

HARRY
I wonder what wisdom he'll bestow upon us today.

WILLARD
Get that cunt off the screen.

HARRY
He's looking good, that's a mounjaro belly.

WILLARD
God he doesn't know his hair looks like an iced gem.

HARRY
Ange probably loves it.

Footage of Robert and his wife LARA (35) plays on the telly. She's a Brazilian, ironic fashion icon with dyed blonde hair.

WILLARD
His stylist doesn't know how to apply gel.

HARRY
Sweet Lara.

Willard chuckles.

HARRY
Look at her, she fucking hates him. She probably wishes he gets shot.

WILLARD
So do I.

Willard leaves the room.

9. INT. GREEN ROOM, UNITE THE KINGDOM BACKSTAGE - MORNING

Meanwhile, Lara is waiting with her children in a small green room; her eldest THOMAS (16), who is a strongly-built, blonde haired and blue eyed brat, who sits on his phone; FRANCIS (12), also blonde but with a fragility written on his face and KATE (7), who is also blonde.

The kids all munch on sweets left on a big table. Thomas sits on his phone.

KATE
Mummy?

LARA
Yes?

KATE
If dad finishes early can we order food?

LARA
Kalena's cooking.

Kate shakes her head.

KATE
Hmmm.

FRANCIS
I want that too.

LARA
Well I did ask Kalena to cook, I can't tell her to stop, poor Kalena.

KATE
Urgh.

LARA
If you all want to I can call her and tell her to stop.

KATE
Yes.

FRANCIS
Yes, please.

LARA
Thomas?

THOMAS
I don't care.

Robert walks in, plastered with makeup.

ROBERT
Ay up.

He sits next to his wife and kisses her.

KATE
Dad when do you finish?

He takes Kate and puts her on his lap.

ROBERT
Finish what?

KATE
Work.

ROBERT
Well the whole thing ends at 8, so-

KATE
Can we go back earlier to get a takeaway?

ROBERT
Well there's food here, piggy. Have you seen how many people are out there?

Kate shakes her head.

ROBERT
Boys have you looked at the crowd?

FRANCIS
No.

Thomas shakes his head.

ROBERT
Guess, I want you guys to guess.

KATE
A thousand?

ROBERT
More.

FRANCIS
Ten thousand?

ROBERT
MORE! Bit more. Twelve thousand. Fuck loads of people.

LARA
Rob.

He takes a handful of sweets from a bowl on the table and puts them in his mouth.

KATE
Mum won't let me have more sweets.

ROBERT
(mouth full)
Go on, reach in, grab one.

He opens his mouth.

KATE
Eugh.

ROBERT
(mouth full)
Sweets aren't real food Kate. They just stimulate your taste buds, they don't provide any nutrition.
(swallows)

LARA
When do you go on?

ROBERT
(checking watch on wrist)
Oh, four minutes maybe. Okay. Have to get going.
(to Francis)
Francis? How's the slogan coming along?

FRANCIS
I haven't come up with anything.

ROBERT
Come on. Fashion. It's the fashion.

FRANCIS
That's shit.

ROBERT
That's why I don't make them, I just read them. Or wear them.

LARA
Come, Rob.

ROBERT
Yeah.

He kisses Kate on the lips.

ROBERT
I love you, Kate. You gonna watch dad up there?

KATE
We're going to go to the fair.

ROBERT
Oh right.

LARA
Our security’s going to take them.

ROBERT
All right, I guess you've seen it many before.

He kisses her again then takes her off his lap. A man with an earpiece arrives at the doorway.

ASSISTANT
Ready to go, sir?

ROBERT
Yep.
(to Kate)
Don't do anything I wouldn't do.
Boys?

He walks over to Francis and kisses him on the lips.

ROBERT
Love you, Francis mate.

FRANCIS
Love you, dad.

He hugs him, then walks over to Thomas, kissing him on the lips.

ROBERT
To your disdain, I do love you too, Thomas.

THOMAS
Yeah.

ROBERT
Who're you texting?

THOMAS
Sage.

ROBERT
Good lad.
(pats him on the back)
How is she?

THOMAS
Good.

ROBERT
Good.
(beat)
Right.

He walks over to Lara and kisses her on the lips.

ROBERT
I love you.

LARA
I know.

ROBERT
(laughs)
You gonna be okay?

LARA
I should be.
(beat)
I love you too.

They kiss again.

ROBERT
(to family)
Let's eat them, GRRRRRRR.

He walks out the room with the assistant.

ROBERT
(to assistant)
It's fucking boiling can you get some ice cubes for my ball sack.

10. INT. VENUE HALL, UNITE THE KINGDOM CONVENTION - MORNING

The stadium is packed shoulder-to-shoulder. The words 'ROBER FASHION' are hung from a colossal banner on the stage, with the slogan underneath: 'FASH ON THE CASH!'. There are two armchairs in the middle, with the host, ALAN (59) sitting in one of them.

ALAN
Good morning you lot, hope you're all enjoying the festivities, my names Alan Donovan, writer and columnist for the Daily Jackal. I think it's time we announce the man himself, don't you think?

The audience cheers.

ALAN
Please welcome, Robert Fashion.

A roar of applause erupts. Robert walks on stage with an effortless grin, waving gleefully. He goes to sit on the armchair opposite Alan.

ALAN
Welcome, Robert.

They shake hands.

ROBERT
I'm so so happy to be here, Alan, I'm looking forward to the debates, I'm seeing a lot of bright faces staring at mine, and hopefully they're all looking to tackle me today. Bring it on, guys.

We see Lara in the crowd, sitting by herself.

ALAN
First person would like to come up? Yep.

ROBERT
Don't be shy, I'm just as nervous as you, mate.

There is an awkward silence as a person from the crowd is led to a microphone. A white, tall, balding teenager, TED (19), approaches.

TED
Hi Robert, my names Ted-

ROBERT
Nice to meet you-

TED
Um, I love your work just to preface, I really resonate with your ideas on foreign policy in general and preservation of our values as a nation-

ROBERT
Hm.

TED
I just wanted to ask on your um, opinion on foreign policy in regards to the UK's involvement in sending arms to paramilitary groups in predominately left-leaning um regimes, particularly in South America.

Robert winces.

ROBERT
You'd have to give me a country mate, not just South America.

TED
Well, Brazil to name one.`

ROBERT
You know um...Ted? My wife's from Brazil. My children are half Brazilian. So I've seen myself on many occasions on my trips to Brazil, how lawless it really is at the moment.
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Brazil, you know, it's not a priority for us as Brits, but to maintain an identity for a country is very very important, so you see Ange talks about the importance of a self-sufficient, highly nationalised country, it's also important, in the steps to gaining that independence, to have... not in a sense a control but a firm tenacity on global issues, especially ones that are in our interest. Brazil is a communist misery, and I've seen it from my very eyes, my wife has- she's in the audience, um- my wife has-

We see Lara in the audience. Her face seems stern.

TED
When you said nationalised just then, do you mean a country gaining control of a industry or a country becoming self-sufficient?

ROBERT
When did I say that word?

TED
You just said it when talking about the Prime Minister's nationalist policies.

ROBERT
I don't recall.

TED
To nationalize means transfer an industry or business from a private to state ownership, not to become self-supporting.

ROBERT
Again, I don't recall saying that word.

TED
Do you believe in socialism?

ROBERT
That's another question, I think - do they get multiple questions or?

ALAN
Okay, next speaker please.

ROBERT
Thank you, Ned.

The tall man steps off and another speaker, middle-eastern FRANK (38) approaches.

ROBERT
Hello.

FRANK
Hi Robert, my names Frank-

ROBERT
Nice to meet you, Frank.

FRANK
Um, I just wanted to ask your opinion on, um the British Unionist Party had posted a Tweet a couple days ago with an infographic saying that the level of crime in the London area had almost doubled after the protest down in Whitechapel last month. Now my job is a crime data analyst and, essentially the statistics pictured in the post are completely false on multiple counts, I just wanted to ask if you believed crime had risen um, as they said 166%, more following the Whitechapel protest.

ROBERT
Well of course it had. First of all let's not kid anyone when we say protest, it was a violent riot, okay?

FRANK
Police had initiated the violence -

ROBERT
No, no, no, false!

FRANK
- after the government denied the protest's requests. There were only six reported cases of assault and property damage.

ROBERT
And that is six too many, I reckon. Who else agrees?

People start applauding.

ROBERT
What are you think, what's your name again?

FRANK
Frank.

ROBERT
Frank, listen. You've come here to a place where British people are enjoying and rejoicing for being British and you wanted to come here to try and convince me that six cases of assault and property damage was in face a good thing, I can't-

The people start clapping again.

FRANK
I'm asking about the crime rate. You wanna know what the statistics say?

ROBERT
Go on.

FRANK
The repeated crime during this period of the falsified 166% increase in crime, which was actually 49%, was in fact fraud by failing to disclose information.

ROBERT
...Okay?

FRANK
What does that say?

ROBERT
That the people who rioted, knew other people who didn't riot but those people who didn't riot believed it was a courageous act of revolution including yourself, and therefore denied giving any information to the authorities on the riots. It's a you problem. Come on.

The crowd starts clapping again.

FRANK
The government retaliated by interrogating people who they thought organized-

ROBERT
Look, don't embarrass yourself.

The crowd starts booing at Frank.

FRANK
-the rally, people who looked like me and-

ROBERT
DON'T EMBARRASS YOURSELF! YOU ASSOCIATE WITH MURDERERS, WITH RAPISTS, I HAVE NO REASON TO TALK TO YOU ANY MORE! FUCK, GET HIM OUT OF HERE.

Frank is escorted away from the podium.

ROBERT
Don't ever try to make me associate with scum like you. You want to destroy everything that makes a working man proud of his country and its government!

ALAN
Next speaker please.

ROBERT
Why would I listen to such a horrible, evil person like that?

SPEAKER
Hi, do you think the far-left riots can be prevented?

ROBERT
Is this the same guy?

ALAN
No he's different.

SPEAKER
I'm different.

ROBERT
Right. Um. It's hard you know. We'll have to go really hard, there's really no other way. They're a persistent people, and we've already seen multiple atrocities up and down the country.

SPEAKER
Okay thank-

ROBERT
And it's really this problem with the left, it's the constant ignorance of the simple facts before our eyes. The problems are staring at us in the face! Protests? No one saw a protest. They saw a bunch of lowlifes parading around screaming like apes at a zoo. A zoo parade.
(smiles)
But your question is crucial I will say.

We see Lara looking blankly.

ROBERT
It's the country's biggest rising enemy. It's chaos, disorder. It's a call to arms to the fall of the western world, you see Ange won't say this.

He looks to Alan.

ROBERT
Prime Minister Ange Durand, my good friend would not talk this dramatically and that's because, well he's the prime minister. He can't be too boisterous or alarming because then everyone panics. I, however, I can speak for him and say...We must fight back...Or we...will...cease to exist. We will perish.
(pause)

Everyone starts clapping.

ROBERT
(while crowd claps)
But there will always be hope and fight, and strength. And courage. And good will prevail.

Robert puts the microphone down and the applause roars. He nods passionately.

ALAN
Does that answer your question?

There's scattered laughter and the applause dies down. Robert picks the microphone back up.

ROBERT
God I just had to get that out. It feels good, it feels deserved.

ALAN
Oh sure. Next speak- oh he's there.

SPEAKER 2#
(muffled)
Hi Mr Fashion, do you wish to become prime minister one day.

ROBERT
(to Alan)
Sorry what did he say?

ALAN
Do you wish to become prime minister one day?

ROBERT
Well-

A shot blasts through the air and a bullet enters Robert's neck, through his Adam's apple. The crowd erupts with screams as Robert falls back on his chair, his body convulsing as blood pours out by the gallon by his feet.

Lara, her eyes wide open in shock, is immediately taken by security on stage to the back-door exit. We see from her standpoint.

SECURITY
Don't look.

Admist the chaos they get onto the stage, where Robert's body is barely visible due to the amount of people surrounding him.

Lara tries to get the security off her, but fails.

LARA
Robert? ROBERT?

11. INT. CORRIDOR, UNITE THE HALL BACKSTAGE - (CONTINUOUS)

Over Lara's shoulder, we are taken with her through the crowded backstage area as people are breaking into hysterics around her. He looks down as she walks, trying to keep herself together.

'CIRCULAR WINDOWS'

CHAPTER ONE: REDUCE

12. INT. BEDROOM, WILLARD'S HOLIDAY HOME - MORNING

Willard sits on the bed in silence, his eyes red. He stares at a wall blankly, his expression lifeless.

There's a knock at the door.

HARRY
Will?
(beat)
Should we go?

Willard's face crinkles.

WILLARD
Wait.

Willard snaps back to life. He stands up and leaves the room, brushing past Harry.

13. EXT. COAST, WILLARD'S HOLIDAY HOME - MORNING

Willard enters through the house's back door and walks down to the coast. He is holding his gun case. Without hesitation, he throws the box into the sea.

14. INT. CAR, MOTORWAY - MORNING

Willard sits, staring blankly into his phone. Harry is driving.

HARRY
Have you phoned Lara?

WILLARD
I don't think I even have her number.

Harry takes a glance at Will.

HARRY
Get off those things.

WILLARD
I need to check updates.

HARRY
On Twitter?

WILLARD
Yes.

HARRY
There's nothing on Twitter you need to check right now if I'm honest, Willard.

WILLARD
Willard.

HARRY
I think you've seen enough today.
I've seen enough.
(beat)
Will? Get off it-

WILLARD
He's dead.

Willard stares out the window blankly.

HARRY
What do you mean he's dead?

WILLARD
He's dead-
(voice quivers)

HARRY
Well, yeah. We all saw it.

WILLARD
Fuck.

His leg begins shaking. He starts to breathe heavier.

HARRY
Look, we'll get home, get the heating on, order something-

WILLARD
Please, please-

HARRY
Okay! But you should try to get in touch with um, Lara.

WILLARD
I will, I-
(beat)
I'll need to text my sister for it.

15. EXT. DECK ACCESS, WILLARD'S FLAT - DAY

Willard holds a duffel bag and Harry a suitcase. We see the car park on the ground in the background of the walkway. They drop them at their front door and Harry begins to dig in his pockets for the keys.

HARRY
Fuck.

WILLARD
You left them?

HARRY
No I didn't.

WILLARD
Babe check your other jacket.

HARRY
Fuck.

Harry zips open his suitcase and starts digging for his jacket.

An armoured, dark blue truck pulls up in the car park. Harry and Willard are oblivious.

WILLARD
Found it?

Harry finds his jacket and begins searching the pockets. Armed Response Unit officers exit the vehicle with assault rifles.

HARRY
Got it.

WILLARD
God you take so fucking long,
you're killing me here.

HARRY
Will. Be nice.

WILLARD
I can't fucking deal with anything.
I can't do it. Fuck.

HARRY
You need to give me some keys to
this place.

WILLARD
I've only got one pair, that stays
with me, doesn't it?

Harry opens the door and picks up the suitcase, but having forgotten to close it, he drops some of the clothes onto the floor.

HARRY
Fuck!

WILLARD
Harry! For fuck sake, fucking hell.
Hurry the fuck-

Willard bends down and picks the pile of clothes up before Harry could.

WILLARD
Go in. I need a fucking piss.

Harry bends down to close the suitcase.

HARRY
You go in, let me close it.

Armed officers charge from behind them. Harry looks at them.

HARRY
Shit who are they for?

Willard's face goes cold. One of the officers shout.

ARMED OFFICER
PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR FUCKING HEAD!

He tries to get away but an officer grabs him and reprimands him. Harry is grabbed as well.

WILLARD
AHHHHHHH AHHHHHHHHHH AHHHHHHHHHH!

They are taken back downstairs.

16. EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

The armoured truck drives down an open motorway.

DETECTIVE(VOICE OVER)
Your history with your brother is well documented-

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
Yep.

DETECTIVE(VOICE OVER)
You can see how a motive is already established.

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
I need a piss.

17. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY

Willard sits before a detective, his leg shaking.

DETECTIVE
You can go in just five minutes.

Willard smiles at the detective. He then bows his head.

WILLARD
Please can I go. Please I didn't kill him, I'm...Oh my God.

DETECTIVE
Do you have a gun?

WILLARD
No.

DETECTIVE
You had one, you have a license to carry.

WILLARD
I threw it in the sea.

DETECTIVE
When?

WILLARD
(pause)
Today. I swear. You can probably check it, check the part of the sea I threw it into and you'll find it.

DETECTIVE
Okay.

WILLARD
Because, no. Because it made me sick, the footage. I have no business wielding such a thing, I don't even use it, haven't used for...since I moved to London.

Willard seems lost in himself. The detective sees this.

DETECTIVE
And where were you when your brother was shot.

WILLARD
I was at a holiday home in Sitsbury,that's where I threw it from, like the ledge there.

DETECTIVE
What about at the time.

WILLARD
Actually, specifically I had left to go meet a friend who also designed our house.

DETECTIVE
What did you do?

WILLARD
Talked about windows.

DETECTIVE
What's her name?

WILLARD
Um, Susan Boothe. She lives near...there.

DETECTIVE
And where did you say you went, the town?

WILLARD
It's Sitsbury. Southeast, near Dover sort of area.

DETECTIVE
Why were you there?

WILLARD
I don't know, why would you ever go to a holiday home?

DETECTIVE
To rest?

WILLARD
Hm. Yeah. We were gonna rest, we were both stressed from work that week.

There is an awkward silence.

DETECTIVE
To rest?

WILLARD
Yes.

DETECTIVE
Do you know that Dover is a half an hour drive to Canterbury where your brother was shot.

Willard smiles.

WILLARD
No. Does that mean you think I killed him. I didn't. He's my brother why would I do that, I don't...I haven't spoken to him for years.

DETECTIVE
No, we-

WILLARD
I fucking killed my brother didn't I. I didn't like the shit he was saying and I fucking shot him in the neck.

DETECTIVE
You can see how we're drawing together clues-

WILLARD
Yeah, of course. And you've got me!
(smiles)

DETECTIVE
Did you kill your brother?

Willard goes quiet. He looks around with a soft grin, which fades when he comes back down to reality.

WILLARD
No.

DETECTIVE
We might need to search your holiday house and residing residence.

WILLARD
Yep. If you check the sea, you might find the gun.

DETECTIVE
What model was it?

WILLARD
I don't know it was a gift. But check the sea, like near the cliff, yeah?

18. INT. TOILET, POLICE STATION - DAY

Willard is pissing in the urinal.

19. INT. HALLWAY, POLICE STATION - DAY

The hallway is packed with people, shoulder to shoulder. Willard is among them, attempting to make an escape as soon as possible.

A man brushes past him and gives something to him in his hand. He looks back to see who it was, but the man scurries off.

20. EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Willard leaves the police station. Sitting on a bench is Harry.

WILLARD
Come lets go.

They both stand up and start walking

21. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Willard takes out a piece of paper from his pocket.

WILLARD
Ay, someone gave me this.

Harry takes it and reads it. He stops walking.

HARRY
What?

WILLARD
What is it?

It is a letter, supposedly from the Metropolitan Police.

HARRY
'We've taken items from your Islington residence in as evidence'

WILLARD
Fuck.

HARRY
They're giving them back though. You need to go to 22-24 Shacklesbury Lane.

22. INT/EXT. STREET/RECEPTION, 22-24 SHAFTESBURY LANE - NIGHT

Willard's car pulls up in front of an office reception. A female receptionist sits in the big, empty, lifeless but sprucely designed reception, completely surrounded by glass.

He enters through the towering glass doors and approaches the receptionist.

WILLARD
Hi, I got a letter from the police saying that the stuff they took from my flat is here, or they'll give it back to me here?

The receptionist seems confused.

RECEPTIONIST 1
This is the building for AviTech.

WILLARD
Right...
(beat)
I'm at the wrong place then.

RECEPTIONIST 1
Where is the address you were given?

WILLARD
It's 22-24 Shacklesbury Lane.

RECEPTIONIST 1
This is Shaftesbury Lane.

WILLARD
Shit, right sorry. Have a nice night.

RECEPTIONIST 1
You too.

Willard leaves the building.

23. INT. RECEPTION, 25-27 SHACKLESBURY LANE - NIGHT

A male receptionist wearing the same clothes sits in a similar but slightly different looking reception.

Willard enters through two glass doors, letting out a piercing screech as they open and close.

He approaches the receptionist.

WILLARD
Hi, is this Shacklesbury Lane?

RECEPTIONIST 2
Yes.

WILLARD
Can I get my things, the police took?
(beat)
Why did they take my shit here, I really don't understand.

RECEPTIONIST 2
I'm sorry I can't help you.

WILLARD
You said this is Shacklesbury Lane? 22-24 Shacklesbury-

RECEPTIONIST 2
This is 25-27.

WILLARD
You just told me this is the place.

RECEPTIONIST 2
No I didn't.

They look at each other with an awkwardness.

RECEPTIONIST 2
It's next door.

WILLARD
Okay, thank you.

Willard leaves.

24. INT. RECEPTION, 22-24 SHACKLESBURY LANE - NIGHT

A male receptionist sits like a robot in a reception room similar to the others; grand, but empty and decorated subtly.

Willard stomps in and charges toward the front desk.

WILLARD
Hi, this is um....police?

RECEPTIONIST 3
Sir, what do you need?

WILLARD
Sorry, I just, my things are here, I've received a letter to come here. I need to get them.

RECEPTIONIST 3
Okay sir, I'll make a call upstairs, just take a seat down there and someone should come down.

WILLARD
Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST 3
No problem.

Willard goes to sit on a red sofa, shaped like an odd jelly bean. He waits eagerly.

We see the lift descending from level 32, rapidly. Willard watches it.

It gets to level 1 in no time. The doors open. Willard sits up in anticipation.

A bald, suited man, with black contact lenses, white gloves, a big blue strip of paint going down the front of his face, white make-up to cover the rest of his face and big red lips exits the lift with a pistol (a bluehead). He slowly points the pistol at Willard.

WILLARD
Oh fuck.

He pulls the trigger, but no bullets are shot, only the sound of a gunshot is heard.

Willard jumps behind the sofa and lays down flat as the man continues shooting. The receptionist is seemingly not bothered.

WILLARD
HEY! HEY! WHAT THE FUCK!

Three more men appear from the lift, all dressed in the same outfit and wearing the same face paint. One has a rope.

They walk past the man shooting the empty gun toward Willard. He looks up and sees them, then, keeping his head down, he scurries to the exit.

WILLARD
HELP ME! HELP! HELP!

They charge after him, but he manages to escape them.

25. EXT. STREET NEAR BANK AREA - NIGHT

Willard is running down the street, the three men chasing after him.

He tries to unlock his car from a distance, but he can't. He gets to the door and tries to unlock it with the key itself, the three men behind him charging at full pace.

Willard manages to open the door and get in.

26. INT. CAR, STREET NEAR BANK AREA - NIGHT

One of the three men throw an object which breaks the window.

WILLARD
FUCK SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

He tries to start the engine but fails.

WILLARD
HURRY THE FUCK UP YOU CUNT.

The three men make it to the car, one sticks his hand in and begins to strangle Willard.

Another opens the door and tries to drag him out.

Willard manages to turn the engine on and he races away. He's almost taken out the car by the man with his hand around his neck, but the man loses grip and falls flat.

He shuts the door and races off.

27. INT. CAR, STREETS NEAR BANK AREA - NIGHT

Willard turns on the radio. He is panting, and checking his mirrors constantly.

NEWS RADIO
-Ange Durand posted a video on his social medias, remarking the late Robert Fashion, here's the clip:

ANGE DURAND (ON RADIO)
A dear friend of me, and we shared so many beautiful and true moments, he was a pride of the working class, a true spokesperson for the union. And he had great faith in everything that we strive to do for the country. He just had so much trust and loyalty with our ideas and he was such a big contender for our current running candidate for the next election, Leo Blain, he influenced our decisions a lot-

Willard turns it off.

28. INT. TALK SHOW - DAY

Ange is sitting with a faceless interviewer.

ANGE DURAND
And Leo is devastated, we all are.
(smiles)

INTERVIEWER (OFF CAMERA)
Do you have a message to Robert's murderer?

ANGE DURAND
I do in fact! Reveal yourself. This war will only get more bloody if we don't sort it out. This woke murderer, probably, let's assume. The woke weren't too fond of Mr Fashion were they?

29. EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Willard's car stops abruptly in front of the station. He exits and walks to the door with a limp.

He bangs on the door, but the station seems closed.

WILLARD
Hey! Shit fuck.

He gets out his phone and calls 999.

WILLARD
(on phone)
Hello? Police please.
(beat)
Hi, um. It's quite a long story but basically I've been like, shot at. No, no, but I'm outside the Shoreditch police station, if you could just let me in.
(beat)
Well where are they when they're on nightshift? For fuck sake!
(beat)
Okay, thank you. Wait, sorry 50 or 15? 15, okay. Right, see you in 15.

He bangs on the door.

30. INT. CAR, OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Willard sits in the drivers seat, frequently checking his surroundings. He is calling someone.

WILLARD
(on phone)
Babe. Babe, I know you're not gonna believe me-
(begins tearing up)
Fuck, oh my God.
(holds back tears)
Shit I haven't even, urr sorry Harry.

HARRY(ON PHONE)
What happened?

WILLARD
I was shot at.

HARRY(ON PHONE)
What?

WILLARD
These people in face paint, I can show the police the exact building they were in.

HARRY(ON PHONE)
Oh my God Will.

WILLARD
You need to get out, wait-

A car drives past. Willard looks inside to see.

HARRY(ON PHONE)
And go where? Where are you?

WILLARD
Go to a hotel or something. Is there any dodgy cunt on the street, maybe with blue face-paint on? Like a stripe of blue, and they're bald, red lips.

HARRY(ON PHONE)
Wait, what the fuck?

WILLARD
GET OUT HARRY. GET A BAG AND LEAVE.. Pack me one as well please if you don't mind.

31. EXT. STREET NEAR HOLLOWAY - NIGHT

Harry walks down with pace, holding two bags of things. He catches a bus which just there.

32. INT. BUS - NIGHT

Harry sits on a seat by himself on the lower deck. The bus sets off. Sitting at the back of the bus, we see a hooded bluehead who is putting contacts in. He is looking down and we do not see his face. He is sitting next to a middle-aged woman, who doesn't see what he is doing.

Harry's leg starts shaking and his breathing steadies. The hooded man puts some white gloves on. The woman beside him look to him and jumps.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN ON BUS
Goodness, oh wow!

The bluehead looks at her and smiles.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN ON BUS
Are you a clown?

She smiles.

BLUEHEAD ON BUS
Kind of.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN ON BUS
Oh wow, look at your makeup.
(laughs)
That's extraordinary.

BLUEHEAD ON BUS
Oh thank you.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN ON BUS
God you do look quite frightening.

She laughs, he laughs awkwardly.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN ON BUS
How funny.

He stands up.

BLUEHEAD ON BUS
My stop now.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN ON BUS
Hm, bye.

BLUEHEAD ON BUS
Bye.

He walks to the exit and the bus stops. The doors open.

BLUEHEAD ON BUS
Thank you driver!

He gets off the bus. The woman smiles to herself. Harry yawns.

33. INT. CAR, OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Willard holds the phone to his ear, then places it on the dash. We hear loud ringing.

RUTH(ON PHONE)
Will?

Will scoffs.

WILLARD
Ruth, I should've called you earlier.

RUTH(ON PHONE)
No you shouldnt've.

A car drives past.

WILLARD
You're just as miserable as ever, nothing's changed.
(beat)
Look, ummmm. It's fucked isn't it?

RUTH(ON PHONE)
What do you want?

WILLARD
You think I want something from my sister?

RUTH(ON PHONE)
You should've called mum.

WILLARD
Look, Ruth I'm not, I won't tell you everything that happened but I will say that I was arrested this morning because I'm a suspect.

RUTH(ON PHONE)
Yeah?

A tall, hooded man with white gloves walks down the street. Willard catches him.

WILLARD
Um, look I'll explain everything tomorrow-

RUTH(ON PHONE)
You don't have to-

Willard scrambles and ducks down.

RUTH(ON PHONE)
I've had probably one of the worse days of my life and I'm not sure either of us are in a mood to exchange.

WILLARD
No, I need Lara's number now.

RUTH(ON PHONE)
I don't think she'd want to hear from you.

The man stays still and watches the car from a distance. He is wearing a balaclava. Willard takes a peek.

WILLARD
I know, Ruth. But I need it, can you send it over?

34. EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Harry walks down the street with his two bags, sweating. We hear a phone ringing.

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
Lara?

LARA(ON PHONE)
Who is this?

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
It's Will, Rob's brother.

LARA(ON PHONE)
Okay.

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
Look I'm sorry, I'm really sorry about what happened.

LARA(ON PHONE)
Okay.

Harry walks past a policeman apprehending a tanned old man on the street.

OLD MAN
(Moroccan accent)
When will people see the real issue? My brother, MY BROTHER-

Harry avoids the situation, looking down at the pavement.

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
It's of course been a horrible day.

LARA(ON PHONE)
Yes, Will.

OLD MAN
I am in pain! I cannot live!

The old man is placed in a police van. Harry looks up finally.

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
Look, I've just been attacked by some people in like blue face paint, I know it sounds silly but, I'm really worried for your safety-

LARA(ON PHONE)
Yeah-

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
You know the kids and everything? I'm outside the police station now, but like-

LARA(ON PHONE)
Why did they attack you? What happened?

WILLARD(VOICE OVER)
Oh it was-

Harry enters a hotel.

35. INT. CAR, OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The tall man is still looking at Willard in the car. Willard looks at him back.

WILLARD
I have no idea why.
(beat)
Please keep yourself safe, okay? Please warn the people looking after you or whatever I don't know what the arrangements were-

No response.

WILLARD
Lara?

He picks up his phone. No charge.

WILLARD
FUCK!

He looks back up at the man but he is not there.

WILLARD
Shit.

He starts the car and sets off.

36. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Will parks the car and gets out quickly, running to the front door. He looks behind him. Nothing out of the ordinary.

37. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

He turns the light on and rushes to a charger by the wall. He plugs his phone in, then looks out the window.

38. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Harry lies on the bed with his feet up watching the news. A Palestinian man and leader of a leftist group, DEL LEER, talks in front of a crowd.

DEL LEER (ON TV)
You know? We as people, the right, the left, the centre, the up and down, we all want the same thing.

39. EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

A big, jet black van races down the motorway.

DEL LEER (VOICE OVER)
We all want to eat good food, get a good job we enjoy, make good money-

40. INT. VAN - NIGHT

Six blueheads are sitting inside the vehicle in silence, three on one side, three on the other. They are wearing all black, like a swat team, with white gloves.

DEL LEER (VOICE OVER)
We all want peace, love-

41. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

Willard holds his phone waiting for it to charge. He's sweating and trying to calm himself down.

WILLARD
Charge, it's gonna charge, I'm gonna leave, I'm, gonna go-

DEL LEER (VOICE OVER)
We don't want death or disease or illness-

42. INT. VAN - NIGHT

The blueheads are totally still, their expressions blank.

DEL LEER (VOICE OVER)
We do what we can to survive.

43. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

Willard's phone turns on.

WILLARD
Come on, come on, come on.

He looks out the window. Nothing.

44. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

DEL LEER (ON TV)
I never, and will never wish death upon someone else. I've seen my little cousins, family, torn to bits in my own country. My baby cousin, just 12 years old, was raped by soldiers, who then hung her by her own clothes right in her own bedroom. But still I say this today-

45. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

The jet black van parks outside the building. The men get out.

46. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

Willard is calling someone.

47. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

DEL LEER (ON TV)
Only Allah Subhanahu Wa Ta'ala knows. We as mortals, are just cast in His shadow-

Harry's phone rings. He turns the TV down.

HARRY(OFF SCREEN)
You alright, babe?
(beat)
It's the holiday inn in... I don't actually know where I'll send it.

48. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

The six blueheads all wait outside. One of them buzzes the door.

49. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

The buzzer for the door to the building goes. Willard jumps. He goes to the window and sees the van parked outside.

50. INT. ENTRYWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

Will creeps to the intercom and holds the phone to his ear.

WILLARD
Hello?

51. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

The blueheads are still like mannequins.

WILLARD (THROUGH INTERCOM)
Hello? Who is this?

52. INT. ENTRYWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

A wave of shock powers through Willard. He knows exactly who it is. He freezes in a state of panic.

53. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

The blueheads look at each other. The one who rung the buzzer kicks the door open, breaking the lock. They all pile in.

54. INT. ENTRYWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

Will paces to the front door and opens it, almost tripping over himself. He legs it away.

55. INT. ENTRANCE HALL, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Three blueheads make their way up the stairs. The three others call for the lift.

56. INT. STAIRWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Willard paces it down the stairs. Three blueheads are ascending from below. After a couple of steps, Willard stops. He hears their footsteps below him.

He looks down and sees them all looking back up at him. They start charging at him.

Will pulls back then rushes downstairs, staying close to the wall, to the floor below and leaves through the door.

57. EXT. DECK ACCESS, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Willard runs as fast as he can past all the flats. Snot drips from his nose and spreads across his face.

He stops and looks down. He is two stories high. He begins to climb the half wall and sits on the edge.

Above him he can see two blueheads walking to his apartment. He looks down again and turns his body around as if to slide down.

He grips onto a brick with his fingers and jumps off the wall. The nails on his middle finger and ring finer, pushed firmly into the wall, are torn off and he falls down, landing on his back.

58. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Willard stands and begins to run, with a heavy limp. He runs into the distance, breathing heavily.

CHAPTER 2: REUSE

59. INT. ASH'S BATHROOM - DAY

Ashur stands in front of the mirror, now fully bald. On the sink there is face paint, lip stick and a small box for contacts.

With a brush, he draws a line down his face with blue paint, crossing the corner of his eye.

We hear Ashur's son, ISAAC (12), shouting from another room.

ISAAC(OFF SCREEN)
Dad? Dad!

ASH
Yes? Come here.

We hear little footsteps running. Isaac bursts in holding a green booklet.

ISAAC
Dad, you need to sign this.

Ash takes the booklet.

ASH
What did you do, Isaac?

ISAAC
I shouted at someone.

ASH
Who?

ISAAC
Someone in my class.

ASH
Is that all you did, you shouted?

ISAAC
He said p**is aren't good drivers.

ASH
Well you don't drive, and you're not from Pakistan.

ISAAC
He meant me though.

ASH
You just shouted?

ISAAC
And I kicked his leg.

Ash opened the booklet.

ASH
Got a pen?

Isaac gives him a pen from his pocket. Ash signs his name and gives the booklet back to him.

ASH
You're a good boy. I would've done the same thing.

ISAAC
Are you going to work now?

ASH
Yep.

A silence.

ASH
What?

ISAAC
I hate staying with Uncle Mo.

ASH
Look, Isaac. I'm doing this all for you, okay?
(looks at Isaac)
Things'll be better, yeah?

ISAAC
Yeah.

ASH
Good lad. I hoped you kicked him hard, okay?

60. INT. OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Ash, now in full bluehead makeup, sits in a classroom-like setting with six other blueheads.

We focus on him however, lounging on his chair, bored senseless.

HEALTH AND SAFETY CONSULTANT (OFF CAMERA)
What we care about is, one job completion, and two, minimal detection. So, you know, how we're all dressed it can be difficult to go undetected, which is why for the job you are able to disguise yourself as much as you want.
(beat)
There's no fighting tolerated amongst you, no arguing, no outward emotion or expressiveness, we're all trying to be one when we carry out our tasks, okay?

61. INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Francis sits in front of a THERAPIST (50s), his mother Lara by his side. His left hand covers his right.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
What did you do today, Francis?

FRANCIS
Mum-

LARA(OFF CAMERA)
Just tell her.

Francis looks to the therapist.

FRANCIS
I was... I ate breakfast-

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
Yes?

FRANCIS
And then I got dressed, for school.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
Wow, well done, Francis. Your mum had told me before that yesterday you've decided you want to go back, but that's very good, very brave. How was school?

FRANCIS
It was fine. Everyone was more nice to me.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
Hm.

FRANCIS
It was fine.

There's a silence.

LARA(OFF CAMERA)
Francis?
(beat)
You can tell-

FRANCIS
What?

LARA(OFF CAMERA)
What happened today?

Francis starts to sulk.

FRANCIS
My...my. My friend, Isaac. He told me that there's going to be a war.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
What kind of war?

FRANCIS
I don't know. So I told him, that I would be safe if there would be. And he was like no, you're gonna...you're gonna be in it. And then I got angry.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
What did you do?

FRANCIS
Nothing.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
Are you sure, Francis? Your mums shaking her head at me. What did you do?

FRANCIS
I pushed him into the fish tank.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
And did he fight back?

FRANCIS
He just lied there, like he was dead. He wasn't dead.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
Did he go to first aid?

LARA
He went to hospital, he hit his head hard on the floor, there's a big cut-

Francis looks down in shame.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
Okay? And how are you feeling now?

Lara looks down, in tears almost, but fighting them.

Francis shakes his head.

LARA
Do you want to show her your hand, Francis.

He shakes his head again.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
What happened to it?

LARA
Show it to her, Francis.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
He doesn't have to show it to me.
(beat)
What happened? Do you want to tell me?

Francis shakes his head.

THERAPIST(OFF CAMERA)
Okay, you don't have to tell me. Only do it when you're comfortable, yeah?

Francis shakes his head.

62. INT. THOMAS' ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Thomas sits on his bed, on the phone talking to his transgender friend-with-benefits, SAGE (17).

THOMAS
Kalena's still fucking cleaning that fucking silverware-

SAGE(ON PHONE)
Just go behind her.

THOMAS
Of course I'm gonna go fucking behind her. Look I'm gonna go.

Thomas plants his face in his hands. He swings his arms about and shrieks.

THOMAS
FUCKKKK!
(to his phone)
Look, I'll be there in fucking 20 minutes.

He hangs up.

63. INT. KITCHEN, FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Kalena (30s), is the family maid, from Romania. She is sitting at the table in the kitchen cleaning a set of silver plates.

KALENA
(in Romanian)
Look at you mother, look how much you've shrunk, ugly whore.

Thomas bursts in.

THOMAS
Kalena?

KALENA
Thomas, what's wrong?

THOMAS
Did you move my Rugby shirt?

KALENA
Which shirt?

THOMAS
The only fucking shirt in a picture frame, did you move it?

KALENA
Thomas, no! Please.

THOMAS
FUCK SAKE! I WAS GOING TO UNPACK IT THIS MORNING I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR IT EVERYWHERE!

KALENA
Did you check the car?

THOMAS
It's this-
(stretches his arms)
-fucking big, it won't be in the fucking car. FUCK!

Thomas storms out.

64. INT. ENTRYWAY, FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Thomas storms to the front door and opens it. Kalena chases after him.

KALENA
Thomas!
(beat)
Thomas don't, please.

He leaves and slams the door.

65. EXT. FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Thomas exits the house. A man walks past a recognizes him. Thomas sees.

THOMAS
Fuck off!

He continues walking down the street.

66. EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Thomas walks amongst the office workers and day trippers. He puts his hood up and observes the faces of those who pass him.

67. INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Sitting in a crowded Mcdonald's is Sage, watching everybody around her. She is wearing a hood.

Thomas walks in and sees her. He flashes a smile and goes to sit next to her.

THOMAS
Come let's go.

SAGE
I just ordered food.

THOMAS
I'll buy you food, come.

68. INT. SQUAT - DAY

Thomas and Sage enter an empty squat, rubbish littered everywhere, with two speakers by the wall.

THOMAS
Where's everyone else?

SAGE
The police caught us yesterday, well them.

THOMAS
Where are they now?

SAGE
I can't tell you.
(giggles)

THOMAS
Why not?

SAGE
Because, I can't.

THOMAS
Do you not trust me or something?

SAGE
No.

THOMAS
Why?

SAGE
Are you gonna do it now?

Thomas looks at her, raises his hand and slaps her across the face. She falls to the floor.

He takes off her leggings and his trousers.

THOMAS
SHUT UP!

He kisses her violently. She screams and moans.

THOMAS
Slut.

They continue making out.

69. INT. LARA'S CAR - DAY

Lara is driving Francis back from therapy. She is talking on the phone in her car.

LARA
He didn't say anything?

KALENA(ON PHONE)
He ran away again.

LARA
I can't do it Kalena, I can't-

KALENA(ON PHONE)
I know, Lara. I'm sorry.

LARA
Oh Kalena, please don't blame yourself. I don't pay you to deal with my problem children.

Francis seems down, like a parasite to his mother.

KALENA(ON PHONE)
He'll come back.

70. INT. SPARE BEDROOM, FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Kate sits on her bed with a huge iPad almost bigger than her. She is scrolling through Instagram reels.

She finds a video taken of her dad right before he is shot.

ROBERT(IN VIDEO)
Well-

The video cuts just after the shot is heard but before it hits Robert. The video then reverses and an AI model of Robert's voice talks.

ROBERT AI (IN VIDEO)
I would love to become prime minister one day, I will foster a loving and harmonious country that share their love for all people of all walks of-

Kate scrolls. It's a recreation of Robert's assassination in Roblox, using the same audio from the clip.

ALAN (IN VIDEO)
Do you wish to become prime minister one day?

ROBERT (IN VIDEO)
Well-

She turns off the iPad and stares at her face in the reflection.

We hear the front door open, Kate rushes to a chest of drawers in the corner of the room and puts the iPad in one of the drawers.

Kate jumps onto her bed.

LARA(OFF SCREEN)
Kate?

We hear footsteps from outside, the door swings open and Lara enters.

LARA
I'm doing this thing now, okay. In two hours I'll be on the news, okay?

KATE
Okay.

LARA
Love you, filha.

Lara kisses Kate on the forehead and leaves. Kate runs back over to the chest of drawers and takes out the iPad.

71. INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Prime minister Ange Durand sits in the Prime Ministerial Car next to his key advisor, GRAHAM DOWNES (49). A royal protection officer sits opposite them.

ANGE DURAND
You know I ought to strike you for such a comment alone!

GRAHAM
Why?
(laughs)

ANGE DURAND
Because I...I know how to make an audience laugh,I think I've got a...

GRAHAM
(laughs more)

ANGE DURAND
No...no Graham, listen.

GRAHAM
Ange, seriously?

ANGE DURAND
Did you do stand-up in your twenties?

GRAHAM
Well no but-

ANGE DURAND
You're saying I'm not funny! The fucking chic of it!

Ange looks out the window. Union Jack flags are hanging from every lamp post.

GRAHAM
Prime minister you're probably the funniest Prime Minister we've ever had.

ANGE DURAND
Fuck off...

GRAHAM
No, truthfully. But you could not do stand-up in-

ANGE DURAND
Look Graham, we all know you can't sing-

The royal protection officer smiles.

GRAHAM
What's that got to do with anything?

Ange notices.

ANGE DURAND
Mate, do you think I could do stand-up to a sold out Wembley arena?

ROYAL PROTECTION OFFICER
Um...
(beat)
No.

ANGE DURAND
Oh! You fucking cunts!
(devilish smile)
(snort laugh)
I will fuck you all!

GRAHAM
You're very funny Prime Minister.

Ange turns serious.

ANGE DURAND
Graham?

GRAHAM
Hm?

ANGE DURAND
Do you think they'll notice?

Graham looks at the royal protection officer, then to the floor.

72. INT. HOLLY ARMS - DAY

Ange, wearing a pink pin with the words 'FASH ON THE CASH' written on it, sits with Graham in a dark, greasy flat roof pub. Crew surround them. The pub owner, ROD (71), is seen amongst them.

CREW MEMBER
Two minutes to air!

ANGE DURAND
Where is she?

GRAHAM
Still getting ready, I saw her get here.

ANGE DURAND
Poor, poor girl. She did marry a good man. Good funny, smart man.

Graham spots a man in the distance. The man turns to look at Ange.

ANGE DURAND
I WANT A BISCUIT PLEASE! A digestive and a Guinness! You're pouring me a Guinness aren't you?
(to Graham)
Aren't they?

CREW MEMBER
(distant)
No, Prime Minister.

GRAHAM
No, they're here to talk about their new best seller lager, Robert Fashion lager.

ANGE DURAND
Oh, yes of course! Of course I'm not an idiot.

GRAHAM
(quietly)
Prime Minister?

ANGE DURAND
Yep?

GRAHAM
(quietly, mouth not moving)
A reporter from Morning Star.

Ange scans his eyes around the room, not moving.

ANGE DURAND
Where?

He keeps looking, then covers his mouth.

ANGE DURAND
(mouth covered)
That n*g over there.

GRAHAM
Hm.

ANGE DURAND
(mouth covered, keeping eye contact with reporter)
Okay, best avoid him, and this is not a press conference can we get him out of here?

Lara walks in, wearing a green dress.

GRAHAM
There she is!

ANGE DURAND
Oh! Mrs Fashion, my dear!

CREW MEMBER
One minute to air!

73. EXT. FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Thomas walks down an upper class residential street in London. He walks up to the front door and opens it.

74. INT. ENTRYWAY, FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Thomas enters the house and quickly runs upstairs to his room.

75. INT. LIVING ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Kate, Francis and Kalena sit on the sofa watching BBC news.

KATE
Mum literally says it as well.

FRANCIS
And then, and then when he shakes your head you can literally like taste it-

KALENA
(shouting)
Thomas?

FRANCIS
No.

KALENA
Is he not coming to watch?

KATE
It's starting.

A news anchor is reading at the desk.

NEWS ANCHOR(ON TV)
We join Rachel in Surrey.

The TV cuts to a reporter in the Holly Arms, standing next to Ange and Lara.

RACHEL(ON TV)
Thanks, Sara. Joined with me here is Prime Minister Ange Durand and Lara Fashion and we have come to Holly Arms in Radlett to try their new lager, the Fashionisto-

INSERT SHOT OF THE FASHIONISTO LABEL - WHICH IS PINK WITH AN OUTLINE OF ROBERT FASHION'S FACE ON IT, HOLDING A PINT.

RACHEL(ON TV)
Their best selling beer for over two weeks now. I'm here with the pub owner Roy and he's going to tell us all about it.

The camera pans to Roy next to Rachel.

ROY(ON TV)
Well we had the concept before, because me and the wife were huge fans of his and such-

Kate cringes.

KATE
A beer? Fuck sake.

KALENA
Kate.

ANGE DURAND(ON TV)
Robert was a great great friend of mine. We fought for good, we fought for courage. He fought against the people trying to drive us apart, and now he is perennially memorialised-

Roy smiles.

ANGE DURAND(ON TV)
- As a great lager.
(smiles)

The family gaze at the TV, their faces unmoved.

76. INT. HOLLY ARMS - DAY

We focus on Lara, smiling awkwardly. An obnoxious song plays in the background.

ANGE DURAND(OFF CAMERA)
You know I shouldn't say this but I was going to ask for a Guinness instead-

Roy laughs. Lara is handing a pint, in a glass with the beer's logo on it.

LARA
Thank you.

ANGE DURAND(OFF CAMERA)
Should we take a sip now? Can we turn that song off.

The song turns off instantly.

ROY
What's your favourite song, Mr Prime Minister.

ANGE DURAND
Oh I am transfixed on um... Go West. Either Village People and Pet Shop Boys, both work.

ROY
Brilliant, should we drink?

LARA
Now?

ROY(OFF CAMERA)
Let's go.

We see Roy, Ange and Lara all holding pints, awkwardly taking sips at different times.

Lara takes a tiny sip, and pretends to continue doing so. Ange drinks the first third of his pint and Roy drinks it more moderately.

ANGE DURAND
Hmn, that was, quite-
(burp)
Sorry...lovely truly.

LARA
(while pretend sipping)
Hm.

77. INT. LARA'S BEDROOM, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Lara lies, facing away from us, in a super king size bed. She shivers as if she's fighting back tears. We faintly hear a woman talking frantically from downstairs.

She moves her hand around the back of her head, occasionally grabbing chunks of hair and letting it go. Her body jolts as she begins to sob to herself.

Her breathing becomes short and she begins hyperventilating, all whilst she rubs her head.

Her hand moves down to her neck, just as her tears begin to flow more fiercely. The woman talking downstairs gets louder and most distressed.

She digs her nails into the nape of her neck and drags them across with all her force.

LARA
GRRRFFFFFFF-

She makes 4 deep scratches in her neck, one of them starts bleeding. She starts crying louder, her voice quivering in between sobs.

Her cries become quieter and she moves her hand back up to her head. She pulls at her hair slightly, but soon stops and she eventually lies still.

78. INT. KALENA'S ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Kalena cries on the phone in her bed. Her room is small and trashed.

KALENA
(quiet cry)
No, please, please, Adam. No, no, no. I love you, I love you, please. No.
(bursts out crying)
Please. I will quit, I will quit.

ADAM(ON PHONE)
I can't, Kalena, it's too weird, they're-

KALENA
No, please.

ADAM(ON PHONE)
That guy was a fucking psycho.

KALENA
Please, Adam-

ADAM(ON PHONE)
And you didn't fucking tell me for months, this is the time you decide to-

KALENA
I was scared because I love you so much Adam, I love you so much baby. I will quit working for them, please. I'll do it, I'll do it for you, baby, please.

She continues sobbing. There is a knock at the door. Kalena puts her phone on mute and hides under the covers.

LARA(OFF SCREEN)
Kalena?

Kalena waits a second, then hops out of bed and answers the door with face full of tears. Lara stands there in a robe, her eyes swollen.

KALENA
Yes, I'm sorry-

LARA
Come on, come on Kalena.

KALENA
I'm so sorry, Lara, please.

LARA
You need to go outside-

Lara looks into Kalena's face, then looks down.

LARA
I need to go to bed.

KALENA
I know, I'm sorry.

LARA
Please.

KALENA
I'm so sorry, good night. Good bye!

Lara leaves and Kalena shuts the door. She wipes her tears with her sleeves.

79. EXT. FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Kalena carries a huge suitcase out to the street. A grey Audi is parked outside and she gets in. It drives away quickly.

80. INT. KITCHEN, FASHION HOUSE - MORNING

Kate, Francis and Thomas all eat at a table in the kitchen. Kate is on her iPad, Francis is on his phone and Thomas is on his phone. The TV in the corner of the room is on, showing the general election debate.

FRANCIS
Did you hear Kalena crying again?

KATE
Duh.

FRANCIS
She's not awake yet.

KATE
Maybe she's gone.

FRANCIS
She didn't like me.

THOMAS
She didn't like me, mate.

81. INT. BATHROOM, FASHION HOUSE - MORNING

Lara cries into the toilet on the phone, her head resting on her arm.

LARA
Please, please. I really really need the help, Kalena please. I'm not doing so good, please-
(MORE)

LARA (CONT'D)
(cries more)
I can't give the kids are much love as I usually can, I'm not in a good space, at all. I think... I know I know Francis is doing it-
(pause, shiver)
Doing it...because of me...
(hyperventilating)
I just want to be good to them, please, I cut myself last night...I hate it, I can't-

Her breathing steadies and she realizes Kalena is not on the other end. She keeps the phone to her ear however.

82. INT. KITCHEN, FASHION HOUSE - MORNING

We focus on the TV playing the general election debate. Labour MP HUGO PARTNEY (66), Conservative MP FRAN GODARA(50), Socialist People's Party Del Leer and LEO BLAIN (41) of East Asian descent, MP for the British Unionist Party. The HOST stands between them.

HUGO PARTNEY(ON TV)
Labour do promise those things.

LEO BLAIN(ON TV)
No you don't. No, you don't.

HUGO PARTNEY(ON TV)
We promise more funding for pedagogical projects, but also with an focus on the disadvantages-

LEO BLAIN(ON TV)
Of who? Of who?

HOST(ON TV)
Okay, for the Conservatives, People's?

FRANCIS(OFF CAMERA)
Where's the remote, turn this off?

FRAN GODARA(ON TV)
Conservatives provide a well kept promise that we will focus on the people of this country, we will focus on funding, and we have discussed methods for...uh to subsidize working businesses, but also farmers, all whom had become a lot more poorer before Labour tax rates came in before the current prime minister.
(MORE)

FRAN GODARA (CONT'D)
We will make it easier, easier than the mess we're in now.

KATE(OFF CAMERA)
(shouting)
Mum? Where's the remote?
(beat)
MUM!

LARA(OFF SCREEN)
(muffled through wall)
Check on the counters!

KATE(OFF CAMERA)
It's not on the counters!

HUGO PARTNEY(ON TV)
What about our current government? What has labour's past got to do with the educational crisis?

FRAN GODARA(ON TV)
Well quite a bit.

HUGO PARTNEY(ON TV)
Could you name what still applies today?

KATE(OFF CAMERA)
Go look for it.

FRAN GODARA(ON TV)
The tax rates still apply according to?

HUGO PARTNEY(ON TV)
Who?

FRAN GODARA(ON TV)
It was a national tragedy for farmers, business owners, and it left us poor and hungry and angry! What we didn't want it any more! We didn't want to be starving and having our last squeeze of value given to the government.

HUGO PARTNEY(ON TV)
Don't be ridiculous.

FRAN GODARA(ON TV)
Look at where we are now? A megalomaniac as Prime Minister, I'm sorry.

HUGO PARTNEY(ON TV)
He was elected because he lied, Fran.

HOST
I think we should go to what the People's Party says.

DEL LEER(ON TV)
(smiles)
You're both as crazed and money driven as each other.

Leo smiles and nods.

DEL LEER(ON TV)
As a party for the People, I think I should now speak for them.

LARA(OFF CAMERA)
I've got it! Kate? Sorry I had it the whole time. Kate?

She switches the TV off.

83. INT. SQUAT - DAY

Sleeping bags, clothes and rubbish are scattered around the dilapidated large storage room.

A policeman walks in with a flash-light, surveying the room. Another one enters the frame and looks around.

Two more policeman enter the frame. The room is now being thoroughly surveyed.

84. EXT. PARK - DAY

Around ten squatters, an alternative community, run through a local park holding bags of food, drink and clothes.

POET(VOICE OVER)
When I sailed my car past the rovers and peaks and such. Our tributes rose high like a feast from the Gods. When change arrived, a force from good and bad took each side.
(beat)
I shall not be drained today, but I will bleed a drop every day until I reach it.

85. EXT. PARK - DAY (LATER)

An androgynous poet, wearing distinct eye shadow and red lips, reads from a page.

POET
No, no, no. I am always in service to those who need, regardless of competence.
(beat)
I serve to live, but I don't like to serve - and that's all I've got.

They look to everyone else, all sitting around them, shoulder to shoulder. Some are drinking, others are eating.

MEMBER OF SQUAT
I like it, I like it because it's objective you know?
(beat)
It's like-

POET
Aw thank you.

MEMBER OF SQUAT
No I've always liked your stuff because it's real you know? It's like removed from any influence of power you know. It's objective, it's true.

86. EXT. STREET NEAR HOLLOWAY - DAY

Down a busy high street, Harry is walking, wearing all black. His eyes seem tired and his eyes seem wired.

A black Audi pulls up beside him. He looks into the driver's seat and gets in the front.

We zoom out, and see a four members of the squat group walk past on another street.

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 1
I know as well.

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 2
How do you know?

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 1
He literally fucking told me?

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 3
Why would he not tell all of us?

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 1
Wait.

They stop and wait. Member 1 checks their phone.

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 1
It's not the next street is it?

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 3
Why the fuck did he not tell me?

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 1
Probably cause he could go jail?

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 4
They're not even gonna do nothing.

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 1
They already have.

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 2
What?

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 3
What did he do?

SQUAT GROUP MEMBER 1
Wait I'll tell you later, let's go.

They continue walking. We zoom back into the black Audi. After a presumed lengthy conversation, Harry exits the vehicle and walks off.

He walks down the street further, then enters through a door beside a general store.

We stay on the door.

87. INT. KITCHEN, HARRY'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

Harry's mum and dad sit in the kitchen. His mum is marking a sheet of homework from a big pile, and his dad is reading a book.

The front door opens. We hear Harry's light footsteps go pass the room, then we hear a door slam. Harry's parents don't bat an eye.

88. INT. CLUB - NIGHT

We loom over a crammed dance floor at a gay nightclub. The venue is filled with mostly men.

People wearing leather dance in cages above, like synchronized robots.

Admist the people, we can make out Harry dancing like a coke-fuelled creature of desire. A bearded, handsome guy behind him grinds on him, attempting to look at him in the eye.

Harry doesn't even notice.

He props his head up to look around. He then shuts his eyes and dances out of the crowd, the guy behind him follows.

89. INT. CUBICLE, CLUB TOILET - NIGHT

Harry takes out a packet from his sock with a line left of coke inside. He opens the packet, sticks his nose in there and sniffs the whole thing.

He coughs, then spits into the toilet. There is a knock at the door. He takes out his phone and opens his messages with Willard. Harry's texted frantically about his whereabouts, but to no response from Willard. There is another knock.

NIGHTCLUB GUY(OFF SCREEN)
Hey?

Harry's eyes flutter, as if he were about to faint. There is a third knock. He throws the packet on the floor and leaves.

90. INT. CLUB TOILET - NIGHT

Harry exits to a packed bathroom. The bearded guy is standing there.

NIGHTCLUB GUY
You're not gonna offer me some?

Harry looks at him then walks toward the door.

NIGHTCLUB GUY
Darling.

He chases after Harry, then Harry turns back.

HARRY
Please fuck off.

NIGHTCLUB GUY
What's wrong with me?

HARRY
Nothing.

He leaves.

91. EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Harry exits the club, standing outside in the rain beside the smoking area. He looks around at the people, breathing heavily whilst his eyes dart from left to right.

Harry walks to the barrier of the smoking area and locks eyes on the person standing close to him, who is standing in a small group of guys. He sneaks into the smoking area and stands very close to the guy.

With slight hesitation, Harry awkwardly initiates a kiss between the unsuspecting man. The man next to him interjects.

SMOKING AREA GUY
No, mate, we don't do that. Not us.

Harry stops.

HARRY
Sorry, hang on. Sorry.

SMOKING AREA GUY
No, no, no.
(to bouncer)
AY MATE-

Harry speed walks away.

SMOKING AREA GUY
GET THIS GUY OUT OF HERE!

92. EXT. STREET NEAR HOLLOWAY - NIGHT

The same black Audi is parked back at the same spot. Harry exits the car and shamefully walks to his front door and opens it.

93. INT. HARRY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM, HARRY'S FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Harry sits alone on the floor, sniffing at regular intervals, wearing bulky headphones on, listening to Windowlicker by Aphex Twin. His eyes are red, and so is his nose.

He hums the tune to himself, then keeping his same facial expression, his body folds down onto the floor. He drools onto the floor as he sings the tune, his chest pounding.

His eyes lose life, and he gazes into the distance. He slowly stops singing the tune and lies on the floor gazing into the sky like an inebriated zombie.

94. INT. LIVING ROOM, HARRY'S FAMILY HOME - EVENING

Harry sits on the sofa, now sober and in a deep misery. He looks out the window and sees the sun setting. He plants his face in his hands and sulks.

95. INT. BATHROOM, FASHION HOUSE - EVENING

Francis enters the bathroom, looking around to see if anyone is there. He closes it and locks the door.

He gets on his tip-toes to reach for the cabinet above the sink, opening it. He puts his hand in, scanning for objects.

96. INT. KITCHEN, FASHION HOUSE - EVENING

Lara is cooking a Feijoada in a big pot. Her sister, LUIZA, is on the phone, sitting on the counter.

LARA
(in Portuguese)
Don't tell dad that, Luiza.

LUIZA(ON PHONE)
(in Portuguese)
Dad is intolerable. I can't tell him anything about my life at the moment.

LARA
(in Portuguese)
He called me yesterday.

LUIZA(ON PHONE)
(in Portuguese)
Oh of course he did.

LARA
(in Portuguese)
Can I tell him about him?

Thomas enters the room with a headset on. He opens the fridge.

LUIZA(ON PHONE)
(in Portuguese)
Please, Lara, no.

THOMAS
What you talking about?

LARA
(in Portuguese)
He won't actually care about that, you know that?

THOMAS
Mum?

LUIZA(ON PHONE)
(in Portuguese)
No. He's so critical of me, don't be dumb.

THOMAS
Fucking hell, fine.

He walks off.

LARA
(in Portuguese)
I miss you, Luiza. I wish you were here.

LUIZA(ON PHONE)
(in Portuguese)
So do I.

There is a big knock at the door.

97. INT. ENTRYWAY, FASHION HOUSE - EVENING

Thomas walks toward the staircase, ignoring the door. We can see a faint silhouette through the glass on the front door.

He runs up the stairs, then Lara enters.

She answers the door to Harry, standing and panting. His eyes are red and his eyelids are bloated.

HARRY
Hi.

Lara seems disturbed.

HARRY
Do you remember me?
(beat)
Look I'm-

LARA
Yes.

HARRY
Look I need to talk to you about him, about Willard, I don't know-
(beat)
I don't know what's going on.

LARA
What happened?

HARRY
He's gone, I haven't seen him for three days and he told me he called you.

LARA
I remember.

HARRY
Can I come in?

Lara gazes at him.

98. INT. LIVING ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - EVENING

Harry sits on the armchair and Lara on the sofa.

LARA
Do you want um, a drink.

HARRY
No.

They sit awkwardly.

HARRY
Um, basically. I'm sorry I'm here I know you have children.

LARA
How do you know where I live?

HARRY
I don't. I looked it up.

Harry rubs his arm and shakes his leg.

LARA
What do you need? Or?

HARRY
No, um. Basically, he's not missing I don't think.

Harry plants his head in his hands.

HARRY
His flat's locked, I don't have a key for it, basically, um.

Lara seems concerned.

HARRY
The last time he called me, he said he got shot at, that's probably what he told you. He said I remember he said he was going to reclaim his shit from the police, then he got shot at by people with a blue stripe, did he tell you this?

LARA
No.

HARRY
A blue stripe of face paint with red lips.
(beat)
And now he's gone.

LARA
But his flat is locked?

HARRY
Yes.

She looks at him, then looks down.

HARRY
What? What's wrong? Are you gonna cry.
(beat)
No, he's not. Nah. Nah.

LARA
Why didn't you tell the police?

Harry seems taken back.

HARRY
I did. Actually, that's what you do when something like that happens.
(beat)
Sorry. Do you have a spare key?

LARA
I don't know.

Harry looks around at the living room.

HARRY
Should I have taken my shoes off?

LARA
We don't do that.

HARRY
I do that.
(beat)
Look, *sigh* it's awkward, innit?

Lara looks at him.

HARRY
You don't like me and I don't like you. But Will was a good person.

LARA
Was he?

HARRY
Yes he was. He never hated his family.

LARA
Look, what's your name?

HARRY
Harry.

KATE(OFF SCREEN)
Mum?

Kate barges into the room.

KATE
Mum, mum.

She runs into her mother's lap.

KATE
Francis is cutting himself.

Harry's face drops. Lara looks to Harry, then Kate does too with a puzzled expression.

LARA
Ah. Um.

She stands up and rushes out.

LARA
(to Kate)
Come.
(to Harry)
Sorry.

She slams the door behind her. Harry sits waiting, awkwardly observing the grandiosity around him. He looks around the room, then stands.

He walks toward a chest of drawers and opens the top drawer, searching through the numerous items within it.

He opens the drawer beneath the top and finds a pen. He takes out a receipt from deep down in his coat pocket and writes something on it. He throws the receipt onto the coffee table and leaves the room.

99. INT. ENTRYWAY, FASHION HOUSE - EVENING

Harry runs out the front door. Lara rushes downstairs just before he slams it shut. She watches him through the glass walk away.

100. INT. THOMAS' ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas lies on his bed, playing Rainbow Six Siege. He is wearing a gaming headset and has an empty packet of edibles beside him.

THOMAS
Nah everyone's asleep now.
(beat)
It's been fucking half an hour I can't fucking feel anything.
(beat)
You're talking fucking shit.

Thomas' phone lights up, with a message from Sage. He sees it and unlocks his phone.

She has sent a link for some audacious leather boots, with the message 'can i have this 1'

He turns off his phone.

THOMAS
What?
(beat)
Yeah.
(beat)
Probably like twenty seconds, maybe on a good day.
(giggles)

101. INT. FRANCIS' ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Francis lies in bed, with a bandage on his hand. He is fast asleep, snoring lightly.

102. INT. KATE'S ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

The light is on. Kate is snuggled into bed, Lara sits by her side stroking her hair.

KATE
Why did you put Francis to bed first?

LARA
Because he's sick.

KATE
Why did he do that?

LARA
He's sad, Kate. But that's what his body tells him to do when he feels like that. That's why he's going to the doctor.

Kate seems spaced out. Her mouth moves as if she's about to speak but she doesn't.

LARA
Hm? Kate?

KATE
When...who?
(beat)
Who was?

LARA
The man?

Kate nods. Lara looks at her, as if her mechanisms are breaking down.

LARA
Will, your uncle is missing.

KATE
Will?

LARA
You remember Will?

KATE
Yes, uncle Will.

LARA
What do you remember?

KATE
He...he, he and dad and you took us to the zoo and he bought me a toy ocelot.

LARA
What is that?

KATE
It's a cat.

LARA
I thought you wouldn't be able to remember him, we haven't seen him for a few years.

KATE
Where is he?

LARA
I don't know.

KATE
Is he dead?

Lara ponders to herself. Kate's words pierce her. She looks at Kate.

LARA
No.

Kate looks at her mum, as if she's expecting something else.

KATE
You said that before, mum.

LARA
Kate, go to bed, okay. Everything will be fine?

KATE
Is he okay?

LARA
Yes, he's fine.

She kisses Kate on the forehead.

LARA
Te amo, filha. Good night.

She stands up and walks to the door.

KATE
Good night, but mum? Where are you going?

Lara leaves, closing the door lightly. Kate falls back on the bed.

103. INT. ENTRYWAY, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Lara, already quite covered up, puts on a thick black coat with a big hood and a black beanie. She walks to the front door, taking a second before she opens it.

After a deep breath, she leaves quickly.

104. EXT. FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Lara leaves the house, double locking it and walks enters a big Land Rover parked outside. She turns on the engine and drives away.

105. INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Lara drives down a London street intently. She enters a residential road and parks up on the side of it.

106. EXT. FINCHLEY SUBURBAN AREA - NIGHT

Lara exits the car and walks a couple doors down toward a cosy but grand house covered in vines.

107. EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lara knocks on the door. An elderly, quite posh lady, Willard's mother, CARRIE, answers.

CARRIE
Laura?

LARA
Hi, Carrie.

She goes to give her a hug, but Carrie is somewhat resistant.

LARA
Um,I need to ask...

CARRIE
Why don't you come in, then. It's very late.

LARA
I'm sorry-

108. INT. ENTRYWAY, CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lara enters the house and takes her shoes off.

LARA
-I knew you'd be awake at this time.

CARRIE
Yeah, dear. Come through.

109. INT. LIVING ROOM, CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lara sits awkwardly on a sofa, while Carrie sits in an armchair watching Strictly Come Dancing reruns. The room is decorated with objects that are broken or don't work.

CARRIE
Would you like a cup of tea, my love? Actually no, the kettle's broken.

LARA
I'm fine, um. How have you been?

CARRIE
You know, my dear, I'm reaching the age where now two of my immediate family members have passed away in one year.

Lara nods.

CARRIE
I remember last year it was only people I knew maybe in school or college or some early job, but now life's plunged me right into damnation.

LARA
It's awful.

CARRIE
I've got funeral people coming here and there and...it's too...it's too. Hm.

LARA
Look, Carrie. A friend of Will's came today.

CARRIE
Who's Will?

LARA
Willard.

CARRIE
Oh Willard, yes. It's Willard, not Will, dear.

LARA
His friend told me that's he's been missing.

CARRIE
How long?

LARA
Three days. But his flat is locked.

CARRIE
Then maybe he's in there.

Lara looks down.

LARA
He's offline, he's not responding to him.

CARRIE
Well who is this friend who needs him so much?

LARA
Do you have the key to his flat, Carrie? The one in, um, I don't know I think near Holloway road?

Carries moves her mouth as if she is chewing thoroughly.

CARRIE
Mnem.

Lara keeps staring at Carrie.

CARRIE
You know, Laura, actually I saw a Brazilian in the sauna when I went the other day, first time in this sauna, and...um. Her body odour was completely foul, urgh, I almost conked out!

Lara's hopeful expression lowers.

CARRIE
It was like a fish market.

LARA
Can I check the um...the drawers where all the keys are?

Carries doesn't reply, then a spark lights within her.

CARRIE
The keys...? We do have a...Oh yes a drawer of keys.

Carries smiles as if she'd decoded Lara's question. Lara smiles back.

Carrie's smile fades as it does naturally and she goes back to watching the TV.

LARA
Where is the drawer?

CARRIE
Hm... They're getting couples of all different countries on this show.

LARA
Just going to the toilet.

Lara stands and leaves the room.

110. INT. KITCHEN, CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lara searches the many drawers in the kitchen. After closing a drawer, she plants her face in her hands and starts breathing heavily.

She sees a box of porridge beside her, knocking it over, then continuing her search.

She opens a drawer filled with keys with tags. She searched through them and takes the right one out, leaving.

111. INT. ENTRYWAY, CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lara walks back to the living room, but stops before she enters.

She instead walks toward the front door, puts her shoes on and leaves abruptly.

112. INT. LAND ROVER, STREETS IN NORTH LONDON - NIGHT

Lara is driving with her phone pressed between her ear and her shoulder.

LARA
Nossa...
(beat)
Harry?

HARRY(ON PHONE)
Yeah, what's cool?

LARA
I've got Willard's keys, I've just been to his mother's house.

HARRY(ON PHONE)
Shit can you meet me now.

LARA
Yes.

HARRY(ON PHONE)
Yeah, so I'll send the address.

He hangs up, she puts the phone down and scrolls through it whilst driving.

113. EXT. STREET NEAR HOLLOWAY - NIGHT

Lara pulls up to Harry, wearing all black, outside his family home. He gets in and she speeds off.

114. INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Lara drives, whilst Harry leans on the window.

HARRY
Fuck.
(deep breath)
I don't want to do it.

LARA
Hm?

HARRY
I don't wanna open the door you know?

LARA
Why not?

HARRY
(covers face)
He's fucking dead.

LARA
No.

HARRY
(starts crying)
He's...

LARA
No, no.

HARRY
I can't. Should we call the police or ambulance I don't know.

LARA
He might not be in there.

HARRY
Can you come with me? To the door please. Oh God.

LARA
I will, okay.

HARRY
Thank you.
(deep exhale)
No, no, no.
(beat)
Stop.

LARA
What?

HARRY
I don't want to go. Please, I want to go back. Can you drop me back?

LARA
Why? Come, I left my kids at home alone to come here.

HARRY
Why, why would you do that?

LARA
I..What? I wanted to

HARRY
Please take me back.

LARA
You're rude, you know?

HARRY
What? What are you talking about?

LARA
Do you think I would do this for someone I didn't like.

HARRY
You're upset about that thing I said.

LARA
It was just unnecessary.

HARRY
What?

LARA
I never dislike people I don't really know that well, but you do.
(beat)
You dislike me for some reason?

Lara frowns.

HARRY
We do know each other. Or at least-

LARA
I've not seen you for like three years! Ah!

HARRY
At least, you did know me. Because Will tolerated you all.

LARA
Please. Please, no.

HARRY
Tomorrow morning 8am. Pick me up and we go. I can't do it tonight.

Harry scratches his neck.

115. EXT. STREET NEAR HOLLOWAY - NIGHT

Lara's Land Rover stops outside Harry's flat and Harry gets out. She drives off.

Harry waits on the side of the street, looking around.

116. INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Lara is driving and she notices the keys are in the cup holder of the car.

117. INT. LAND ROVER, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lara pulls into a parking spot outside Willard's building. We can see that the light is on at a flat presumed to be Willard's.

She lets out a deep exhale and gets out the car.

118. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lara walks to the front door to the building. The lock is visibly smashed, so she enters with no effort.

119. INT. STAIRWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lara climbs the desolate stairwell to the third floor.

120. EXT. DECK ACCESS, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Glancing at the tag on the key, Lara finds her way to Willard's flat. The light is on but the curtains are closed.

Lara takes the key and without hesitation, she unlocks the door and pushes it open.

We can see a man in his mid 70s falling from a stool as he is being hung to the ceiling in the living room. He is wearing a tuxedo with no trousers or underwear.

Lara falls back and looks away as the man begins choking. We hear a scream from a presumably young girl coming from the living room.

Lara hops away, but looks back when she hears the scream. A young girl, MEADOW, runs out the flat wearing a long coat, presumably the old man's.

She runs past Lara, who goes to chase her.

121. INT. STAIRWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Meadow runs down the stairs, Lara runs after her.

LARA
Wait!
(beat)
Hello?

122. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Meadow runs into the car park outside the building. Lara unlocks the Land Rover and its lights flash.

LARA
Get in!

Meadow gets into the front seat.

123. INT. LAND ROVER, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Meadow is panting whilst seated. Lara gets into the driver's seat.

LARA
Where do you live? Should I go to the police?

MEADOW
No, no. No, no.

LARA
Why?

MEADOW
Please. No, no. Just take me home, please. We need to go now, we need to go.

LARA
Okay.

Lara turns the engine on and looks outside. She sees a bluehead standing at the front door to the building. It stands looking at her and they make eye contact.

Suddenly, it charges toward her.

MEADOW
GO!

Lara reverses around and speeds away.

124. EXT. HOLLOWAY - NIGHT

The Land Rover races through the empty streets.

125. INT. LAND ROVER, HOLLOWAY - NIGHT

Lara drives as Meadow looks out the window.

LARA
Is it the block like a bit further on from the park?

MEADOW
Yeah.

They sit in silence.

LARA
What were you doing there?

MEADOW
Work.

Lara looks at her.

LARA
We have to call the police.

MEADOW
No, no.

LARA
He's dead, he's dead! I saw, no!

MEADOW
He'll be found, we were never there, please.

LARA
Why? I don't know what the fuck is even, fucking. That apartment is my brother-in-law's.
(beat)
Why were you there? What?

Meadow doesn't reply.

LARA
Are you a prostitute?

Meadow turns to look out the window.

LARA
Who do you live with?

MEADOW
My mum.

LARA
Does she know where you are.

Meadow nods.

MEADOW
It's just...
(beat)
There. There, stop here.

Lara stops the car.

126. EXT. OLD APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Meadow hops out of the Land Rover.

LARA
Are you sure you're not in danger?

MEADOW
Yes. Thank you.

Meadow turns to leave but Lara grabs her arm.

LARA
No, what's your name. My name is Lara.

MEADOW
Meadow.

LARA
Are you sure you're safe.

MEADOW
Are you?

LARA
I'm safe.

MEADOW
The fact that you even walked in, proves you're not safe.

LARA
What? Come, sit.

MEADOW
No I need to go in.

LARA
Is your mum in there? Is your mum a good mum?

MEADOW
Yes, please.

Meadow pushes Lara off her and walks into the building. Lara watches her walk off, with a pain in her soul.

LARA
(in Portuguese)
Should go in, I should go in.

She hits her head on the steering wheel, then takes out her phone and makes a call.

LARA
Police?
(beat)
Hi I'm a neighbour and I'm hearing some quite loud noises coming from next door-

She drives off. We stay on the door to the old apartment block.

127. INT. STAIRCASE, OLD APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Meadow walks up a grand but grimy staircase.

128. INT. CORRIDOR, OLD APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Meadow walks up to a door and opens it with a key tucked into her boot.

129. INT. LIVING ROOM, MEADOW'S FLAT - NIGHT

Meadow enters her living room; a squalid mess. She steps over the rubbish but stops when she sees someone in the hallway. He emerges from a shadow; a balding middle-aged man with no teeth, MEADOW'S DAD.

MEADOW'S DAD
Sweet, sweet, sweet? How are you.

Meadow watches him as if he were a dangerous predator.

MEADOW'S DAD
I've come. I've hit big, I've been given loads of money. And-

MEADOW
Where's mum?

MEADOW'S DAD
She didn't agree with it.

MEADOW
Dad, can you get out?

MEADOW'S DAD
Why? Look all this time, I have nothing.

He gets closer to her, she walks back.

MEADOW'S DAD
Now I have something. I have money for us, my sweet.

MEADOW
How did you get it?

MEADOW'S DAD
Well, I hit some luck on the road.

MEADOW
Dad, please.

She takes some clothes from the sofa and puts it into an empty rubbish bag.

MEADOW'S DAD
You don't need to clean-

MEADOW
I'm not cleaning.

MEADOW'S DAD
Can buy a maid for that.
(smiles)

MEADOW
I don't want this money, dad.

130. EXT. OLD APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

A black van pulls up outside. The driver is wearing all black, including a black balaclava.

Four men wearing the same thing come out of the back and approach the front door. One of them opens it with a key.

131. INT. LIVING ROOM, MEADOW'S FLAT - NIGHT

Meadow is holding a bin bag filled with clothes, picking items up and putting them in.

MEADOW'S DAD
When, um. You can't keep um, we have to stay here another night, where are you going?

Meadow goes into her bedroom.

132. INT. BEDROOM, MEADOW'S FLAT - NIGHT

Meadow enters her room and turns the light on. She picks up clothes from on top of her bed and puts them in the bag.

MEADOW'S DAD (OFF SCREEN)
You know I've never been in any good position, I've been spat on and kicked and fucked!

She looks around and turns the light off.

133. INT. STAIRCASE, OLD APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

The four masked men removed their masks to show their face paint. They all walk up the stairs in unison.

134. INT. LIVING ROOM, MEADOW'S FLAT - NIGHT

Meadow walks back into the living room to see her father laying on the sofa.

MEADOW'S DAD
Meadow? Meadow? Will you at least give me the pleasure of your voice.

MEADOW
I'm going-

MEADOW'S DAD
Where, my sweet?

MEADOW
Staying at a friend's.

She opens the front door and leaves.

MEADOW'S DAD
Sweet? SWEET!

135. EXT. CORRIDOR, OLD APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Meadow leaves her flat and walks four doors down. She knocks on the door and stands patiently. Meadow's father pokes his head out his door.

MEADOW'S DAD
Where are you thinking? Where are you going?

Someone answers the door and Meadow goes straight in. Meadow's father chases after her, but is met with the front door in his face.

MEADOW'S DAD
Sweet? Your dad's come back, I've been given some dosh!

He begins knocking. Four blueheads enter the corridor, walking toward Meadow's dad, who sees them but chooses to ignore them.

MEADOW'S DAD
Please, sweet. Darling!

As the four blueheads approach him, one rushes forward to apprehend Meadow's dad. Another runs after to assist.

One walks to Meadow's flat and opens the door with the key, entering it quickly. The remaining bluehead, who is the only one wearing a backpack, starts banging on the same door that she had just entered.

Meadow's father's mouth is covered by one of the blueheads, and another one is holding him up.

MEADOW'S DAD
(inaudible)
Meadow! SWEET! SWEET! SWEET!

The remaining bluehead continues banging on the door, until he takes a step back and kicks the door where the lock is.

His kick is strong but doesn't affect anything. He does it again, but nothing.

Finally, the bluehead takes off his backpack and takes out a single battering ram. He charges his hit with it and successfully opens the door.

136. INT. TOILET, MEADOW'S NEIGHBOUR'S FLAT - NIGHT

Meadow hears the bang, while sat on the floor with her knees up and shoes off, under the light of the full moon through an A4-sized window. She quietly cries into her knees like an ill child.

We can hear the footsteps of the bluehead outside.

137. INT. ENTRYWAY, MEADOW'S NEIGHBOUR'S FLAT - NIGHT

The bluehead storms in and scans around. He walks to the first door he see and opens it. The room is dark, but he turns the light on.

138. INT. BEDROOM, MEADOW'S NEIGHBOUR'S FLAT - NIGHT

The room is cramped with clothes scattered everywhere. There are appliances like portable stoves and a toaster, as well as bags of waste material and food. A man and a woman sat on the marital bed jump in shock. Their three children sleep in sleeping bags below them.

The bluehead looks around the room.

139. INT. TOILET, MEADOW'S NEIGHBOUR'S FLAT - NIGHT

Meadow goes to open the door slightly. She sees the bluehead scanning the bedroom, hope gleaming in her eyes. She then turns to the moon through the window.

140. INT. ENTRYWAY, MEADOW'S NEIGHBOUR'S FLAT - NIGHT

She opens the door a bit more, stands up and legs it away. The bluehead doesn't see her.

141. INT. LIVING ROOM, MEADOW'S NEIGHBOUR'S FLAT - NIGHT

Meadow runs to the living room, which is covered in sleeping bags. The two blueheads holding her father enter with him, still screaming as his mouth is covered.

MEADOW'S DAD
(inaudible)
Meadow! Run! RUN, RUN, RUN, GO. YOU HAVE TO GO! PLEASE, RUN. FUCK FUCK RUN!

Meadow is cornered. The other bluehead who went into the bedroom enters the living room. He stares at Meadow as he towers over her.

MEADOW
Let me go. I- trust me, I didn't care. I don't care about it, I don't. Please.

Like a magician the bluehead takes a pistol with a 20 inch suppressor at the end of it from out of his trousers.

MEADOW
Fuck.

Meadow tries for the exit, but is blocked by the two blueheads. She runs back to where she came to try and run around the bluehead with the pistol.

Without any delay, the bluehead aims his very long pistol at Meadow's face and shoots her point blank.

MEADOW
AH!

She falls flat, dead on the sofa.

MEADOW'S DAD
(inaubible)
NAH, NAH, NAHHHHH. PLEASE! MEADOW, MY SWEET. MY SWEET-

The bluehead aims at Meadow's dad's forehead and takes the muted shot. Meadow's dad falls dead flat on the floor.

PISTOL BLUEHEAD
The vans will deal with those lot.

The two blueheads who were holding Meadow's father take out one folded body bag each from their trousers.

PISTOL BLUEHEAD
Quick.

One walks over to Meadow's body and begins placing her into the bag.

142. INT. BEDROOM, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Lara lies, uncomfortably awake, in her huge bed. Her window is open, and we are able to see the moon. She stares blankly, as if she had just taken some Xanax. Her eyes are swollen.

She takes some nail scissors that are already on the bed and begins to scrape the back of her neck with them. Her scraping gets more vigorous, to which she stops and throws the scissors onto the floor.

Camera zooms into the moon through Lara's window, until the screen is fully white.

143. EXT. STREET NEAR HOLLOWAY - MORNING

Harry waits outside his flat, sniffling and coughing. His eyes swollen and his clothes are wrinkled. Lara's Land Rover pulls up right beside Harry and he gets in.

She drives off.

144. INT. ENTRYWAY, FASHION HOUSE - MORNING

Lara, ready to leave, opens the front door to Ruth, a stubborn woman in her 40s and sister to Rob and Will.

LARA
Oh thank you, for coming at such short notice.

KATE(OFF SCREEN)
FRANCIS! YOU HID IT AGAIN!

They hug.

RUTH
Well I'm free until lunch, then I'll have to get going is that okay?

FRANCIS(OFF SCREEN)
FUCK OFF KATE!

LARA
That's perfect, I should only be an hour.

RUTH
All right, well good luck.

LARA
Thank you.

FRANCIS(OFF SCREEN)
Kate come back.

Lara leaves the house and shuts the door. Ruth carefully begins taking off her coat.

RUTH
Kids?

145. INT. LAND ROVER - MORNING

Lara drives whilst Harry sits, his leg shaking. Her memory of last night is slowly breaking her down, but she stays strong in Harry's presence.

LARA
I went there yesterday.

HARRY
What?

LARA
Not...not inside. The light was on.

HARRY
How?

She shrugs her shoulders.

LARA
I saw one of them, the blue paint guy there.

HARRY
Are you serious?
(beat)
Fucking hell. Fuck. That's not good.

There is an awkward silence plaguing the car.

HARRY
Why did you go there?

She shrugs her shoulders.

HARRY
You never liked him did you?

LARA
Please, please-

HARRY
You hated him, you all-

LARA
Why this again, are you drunk?

HARRY
No, the opposite.

LARA
Please, I mean.

HARRY
Why did you go? You didn't even go in.

LARA
I wanted just to see if he was okay?

Harry smiles.

HARRY
Hm.

There is another awkward silence as Lara stops at a traffic light. She ponders to herself, then turns to Harry.

LARA
Did he kill Robert?

Harry turns to her.

HARRY
You're not...
(smiles)
This fucking bitch.

She hits the wheel.

LARA
HE FUCKING HATED ROBERT-

HARRY
His own brother!

LARA
-HE HATED ALL OF US! HE SAID WE RUINED HIS LIFE HIS EVERYTHING!

HARRY
YOU DID! YOU DID.

The traffic light turns green and they go.

HARRY
He was bullied all this life by that fucking monster!

LARA
AHHHH!

HARRY
What? You sat- you sat next to him all this fucking time while he was spouting the most fucking despicable, fucking-

LARA
Shut up, fuck.

She stops the car on the side of the road.

LARA
(in Portuguese)
This fucking bastard.

HARRY
-fucking heinous shit to him and made him feel shit all his fucking life, even into his adulthood he couldn't even stand it.

LARA
I never said nothing! What would I have against him! I don't hate gay people!

HARRY
Your husband did. Your mother did, and you sided with both of them.
(beat)
You're a fucking shit person!

She puts her head on the wheel and starts quietly sobbing.

HARRY
Give me the keys I'm going to go there.

She reaches into her coat pocket to get the keys but she can't find them. She takes her hand out her pocket and proceeds to cool down, her head resting on the wheel.

HARRY
I'm so- I'm. I'm sorry. I just. It's a lot for everyone isn't it?

She continues sobbing quietly.

HARRY
I know he was your husband. You probably saw something in him no one else did. He even though he was a fucking prick.

She checks her other pocket and gives him the keys.

LARA
He was kind to me.

HARRY
Yeah not to his brother tho-

LARA
He'd tell me what I wanted to hear. He'd buy me anything I wanted. He was chivalrous.

HARRY
I'm...I'm sorry. Whatever anyone's opinion on him is, it's fucking irrelevant now.

She looks up at him.

HARRY
We're still here.

LARA
You all were so happy when he died.

HARRY
I wasn't happy. But I wasn't sad either.

Harry looks at Lara.

HARRY
Take your children and leave. Don't bother telling the police-

LARA
WHY?

HARRY
Actually maybe they'll listen to you.

He gets out the car and walks off. Lara takes a second to compose herself then starts the engine.

146. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - MORNING

Harry walks up to the building and enters through the broken door.

147. EXT. DECK ACCESS, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - MORNING

Harry stands behind the door. He takes a deep breath.

HARRY
(whispering)
Please, God.

He opens the door and sees a perfectly clean flat, no sign of any intrusion. The light is on, which Harry turns off.

He enters the dark apartment and closes the door.

148. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - MORNING

Harry enters the living room and turns on the light. The room is unusually tidy. Harry sniffs and looks around.

He catches his eye on a piece of A4 paper on the table. Written on the front of it is:
'Don't worry my dear, I will be back in due time. I love you'

Harry flips the page and sees a big photo of Willard, giving an unnerving smile with his eyes wide, standing in front of a obviously fake backdrop of a forest. There are some fake trees surrounding him in the photo.

Harry puts the paper down.

149. INT. LIVING ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - MORNING

Ruth sits in the living room, sipping on a glass of milk and reading the paper. The front door opens and Lara walks in.

LARA
Have they been okay?

RUTH
It was fine but-

Ruth puts the paper down and stands.

RUTH
-Francis was quite distressed.

LARA
What happened?

RUTH
Well him and Kate kept arguing about which, I don't know, which side of the family was better. And then...
(beat)
He um, I should've messaged you, I-

LARA
What happened?

RUTH
He's not at school, Kate is. He burst out in tears and shouted, oh I'm going to kill everyone when I get to school, I'm going to sneak in the kitchen and stab everyone I can see until-

LARA
Okay.

RUTH
- someone stabs me

LARA
Is he upstairs?

150. INT. FRANCIS' ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - MORNING

Francis lies on his bed in his pyjamas, watching YouTube on a big tablet. We can hear footsteps outside, to which Francis unrolls his sleeves to reveal different red spots, presumably where he had impaled himself with a sharp object.

Lara enters. Francis doesn't look at her.

LARA
What caused it Francis?

FRANCIS
What?

LARA
Please.

FRANCIS
Where were you this morning?

LARA
Doing work things.

She goes to sit on his bed and looks at his arm.

LARA
Um, I think you should write what happened down-

FRANCIS
No, no-

LARA
No, Francis. Write what happened down and we can tell Helen when we see her.

FRANCIS
I don't remember.

Lara kisses Francis on the forehead and rubs his arm.

FRANCIS
Thomas pushed into the railings this morning.

LARA
Why?

FRANCIS
Because...I can't say.

LARA
Why?

FRANCIS
He'll kill me.

151. EXT. FASHION HOUSE - MORNING

Ruth leaves the house and walks down the street. In a black car with tinted windows parked almost outside the house, a bluehead is sitting facing forward and still like a mannequin.

She does not notice him and continues walking.

152. EXT. STREET NEAR FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Thomas is walking back from school with his mates DYLAN and HUGH. They are all in uniform.

THOMAS
I don't even like Indians-

DYLAN
They're underrated man.

THOMAS
Nah I can't do it.

HUGH
Not even any Asian?

THOMAS
I guess like yellow Asians are all right. But like when they're like-

HUGH
The black Asians.

THOMAS
Yeah I can't do it.

Thomas sees Sage from a distance away sitting down. The boys get to a crossroads.

HUGH
Right we're going.

THOMAS
Tell me what it's like tonight.

HUGH
Just come bro.

THOMAS
Nah I can't, I actually can't.

DYLAN
Bro you think you're gonna get shot?

THOMAS
Nah.

HUGH
Just come, wear jacket something, disguise.

THOMAS
I'll let you know.

DYLAN
Nah just come, don't let us know-

THOMAS
Fine. I'll try.

DYLAN
All right. See you.

They dap each other up and Dylan and Hugh walk away. Thomas goes up to Sage.

THOMAS
What are you doing here?

SAGE
You said to come here?

THOMAS
Not right here. Look I need to put my shit back and then we can go.

SAGE
Okay.

They walk off.

153. EXT. FASHION HOUSE - MORNING

Thomas walks down the street in front of Sage, as if they don't know each other. He turns to her.

THOMAS
Stay here.

She sees the bluehead in the car and freezes. Thomas walks a bit further, past the bluehead.

SAGE
THOMAS?

Thomas turns back, furious.

THOMAS
Shut the fuck up.

SAGE
Look.

Thomas looks at the car, then at the person inside. The bluehead has not moved, and stares blankly out the window.

THOMAS
What the fuck.

He circles the car, but the bluehead does not move. Sage takes her phone out and takes a picture.

THOMAS
Ay Sage, go to the McDonald's on the high street I'll be there in five minutes okay?

SAGE
Why can't I just wait for you?

THOMAS
Because I'm not...look just go, please. Fuck off-

Sage turns around and leaves.

THOMAS
I need to have a quick shower and shit and stuff.

Thomas goes to the front door and knocks on it. He stands jittery, and repeatedly glances over to the bluehead in the car.

Lara answers the door.

LARA
Why are you back?

THOMAS
We had a half day.

LARA
Are you being serious with me?

THOMAS
Yes.

LARA
Why?

THOMAS
I don't know, why would I question it?

He squeezes past him mum to get in.

THOMAS
There's some blue man out there in the car.

A wave of shock overcomes Lara. She runs outside without shoes, leaving the front door open and sees the car.

She looks into it and is taken aback by the bluehead. Without stalling, she rushes into the house.

154. INT. ENTRYWAY, FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Lara bursts in the house and slams the door.

LARA
KIDS! WE'RE GOING TO OXFORD!

FRANCIS(OFF SCREEN)
WHAT?

Lara goes up the stairs.

155. INT. SECOND STORY LANDING, FASHION HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Lara knocks on a door and opens it. It's Francis' room.

LARA
Get up, come on we're going.

FRANCIS
Why?

LARA
I'll tell you later.
(shouting)
DID YOU HEAR ME THOMAS?

Thomas comes out of his room.

THOMAS
Why?

LARA
Please, okay. Please. Take anything you want.

THOMAS
No. I've got fucking plans you can't fucking drag ME AWAY-

LARA
PLEASE, PLEASE, I AM YOUR MUM! I'm doing what's safe for you.

THOMAS
What's the fucking matter? You fucking bitch. Fucking-

LARA
Don't, oi, you never ever call your own mother that? Where did you hear that from? Who?

THOMAS
You're fucking dragging me away, for what? For what? Kate's in school.

LARA
I'm picking her up, just get ready.

THOMAS
You have to tell me right now.

Lara takes a deep breath. She walks over to Thomas, who towers over her.

LARA
(whispering)
We're not safe here. That guy you saw. He's bad news.

THOMAS
What? WHAT? That fucking nutter in the car?

LARA
Please, I'll tell you when I get there. It's my gut feeling.

THOMAS
You've actually lost the fucking plot since dad died.

LARA
(in Portuguese)
God help me.

156. EXT. FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Lara packs the boot with a small amount of luggage, while Francis sits in the front and Thomas in the back.

She drives past the bluehead, whom her and Thomas take a look at. The bluehead keeps eye contact with the car as it drives away.

157. EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY

Lara and Kate walk out of a primary school, Kate still with her uniform on.

KATE
Do you have clothes for me?

LARA
Yes.

KATE
Am I going to school tomorrow?

LARA
No. Get in.

They approach the Land Rover. Lara opens the door for Kate and she crawls in and sits next to Thomas.

158. EXT. MOTORWAY - EVENING

The Land Rover drives along the motorway, speeding.

159. EXT. OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - EVENING

The Land Rover drives down a narrow country road heading towards the property.

Lara parks the car outside a cosy, traditional but grand cottage. Thomas immediately gets out to stretch his legs.

Lara gets out and helps Kate out of her car seat, then she opens the boot and begins removing the luggage.

160. INT. FRANCIS' ROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - EVENING

Francis watches out the window from his bedroom. Kate is with him, playing with the iPad on his bed.

We can hear Thomas and Lara arguing downstairs.

THOMAS(OFF SCREEN)
It's not my fucking fault, it's yours. You brought us all here! I've got homework due, I've got people to see-

LARA(OFF SCREEN)
Thomas, please. PLEASE!

THOMAS(OFF SCREEN)
Fucking piss-take.

KATE
It's your go.

FRANCIS
I don't want to play.

KATE
(exhales)
Okay.

161. INT. LIVING ROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - EVENING

Lara sits on the sofa, crying into her hands.

THOMAS
You gonna cry?
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(beat)
Are you gonna be a parent?

Lara looks up at him. Her face is dry, so is her expression.

LARA
Why do you treat your own mother like this?
(beat)
Who told you-

THOMAS
Like what?

LARA
Who told you that that's the way you talk to your own mum.

THOMAS
For fuck-

LARA
Thomas!

THOMAS
I'm just saying this is why you need dad. He would've had authority and control but you don't have that.

LARA
So what do you want me to do?
(beat)
Why do you talk to me like that?

Thomas is afraid of confronting his emotions so he walks away.

LARA
Come back. COME BACK!

Lara waits patiently. Thomas slowly walks back.

LARA
Thomas can I ask you a question?
(beat)
Did you have a girlfriend?

THOMAS
No.

LARA
Where are you all the time?

THOMAS
With my friends?
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(beat)
Why do you think that's not normal.

LARA
I love you, filho.

THOMAS
Why are we here?
(beat)
Please I'm old enough to know now.

LARA
I'm scared that there are people trying to hurt us.

THOMAS
Why?

Lara looks at her son.

THOMAS
We haven't done anything.

LARA
I know.

THOMAS
You're taking me back tomorrow.

He walks off.

162. INT. FRANCIS' ROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - EVENING

Francis is looking at a bird on a branch out his window. He focuses on it. Kate is still on the iPad.

KATE
How are you sitting still looking at nothing for so long?

FRANCIS
I'm looking at that bird.

KATE
Bird?

The bird flies away. We can hear the faintest sound of a car coming toward us, but Francis sees nothing.

163. INT. LARA'S BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Lara lies awake in bed, staring at the ceiling.

INT. THOMAS' BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

164. INT. THOMAS' BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Thomas is aggressively masturbating while watching porn on his phone. We do not see what he is watching, but it is riling him up.

165. INT. KATE'S BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Kate is fast asleep, but slowly a faint sound of a car gets louder. Her eyes open and she sits up.

166. INT. FRANCIS' BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Francis is fast asleep, lightly snoring, under the moonlight from his window. The sound of a distant car is heard.

In the distance, we see two lights getting brighter and brighter. The sound of a car gets louder.

Coming down the narrow road is a four-door all black sedan. It parks outside the gates to the residence and four blueheads get out. Francis is still fast asleep.

167. INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Kate leaves her bedroom and slowly walks barefoot down the landing. She looks around, as if she's sensing a presence.

All of a sudden, we can hear some odd sounds coming from the front door, as if someone is trying to unlock it. Kate walks to the stairs and looks down to see a silhouette in the door's window.

The door is forced open, Kate runs off. The blueheads calmly pile in.

168. INT. LARA'S BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Kate bursts into the room to 'wake' Lara. She jumps out of bed.

LARA
Stay.

She peeks her head out and grabs her phone to make a call.

LARA
Police?
(beat)
I'm a...there's people in my house
I think they followed me here.
(beat)
Gibslury House, Oxford. Thank you.

She hangs up.

169. INT. SECOND STORY LANDING, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Lara creeps down the landing. All of the four blueheads are still downstairs. Noise is heard as they slam door open looking for people.

Thomas comes out of his room and stays by the door, peeking his head over to try and see the commotion.

She signs to Thomas to enter her bedroom and he softly sprints over and enters her door. Lara then quietly opens Francis' door and enters.

170. INT. FRANCIS' BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Francis is fast asleep. Lara runs to Francis to wake him up.

LARA
(whispering)
Francis wake up. Wake up.

She shakes his awake.

FRANCIS
WHAT?

LARA
Shhhhhhh.

Thunderous footsteps can be heard coming up the stairs. Lara and Francis freeze.

A door is heard to slam open, and a light is turned on. Another door slams open and a light is turned on. Lara's eyes dart on the wall following the sound.

A bluehead is heard running down toward Lara's room. A door slams open. Lara runs to Francis' door and opens it to see.

A bluehead has opened her bedroom door and slowly surveys the room. Lara then looks around Francis' bedroom and picks up a chair in the corner.

She exits Francis' room with the chair.

171. INT. SECOND STORY LANDING, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Lara creeps down the landing toward her bedroom. The bluehead is heard attempting to open the door to the en-suite bathroom.

172. INT. LARA'S BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lara enters her bedroom with the chair and with one swing, whacks the thing against the bluehead's back. He falls to the floor, as if he had malfunctioned.

173. INT. LARA'S EN-SUITE BATHROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Thomas and Kate sit with traumatized faces, shivering next to each other. Kate is breathing heavily, and cannot help but burst out into tears.

174. INT. LARA'S BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Lara opens the door to the en-suite and ushers Thomas and Kate out. They both gaze at the bluehead on the floor.

Lara goes to the door and sees a bluehead enter Francis' room.

175. INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

She chases after it, but it exits the room and smacks her in face. She walks backwards, but then he hits her in the nose and she flies backward.

Thomas and Kate watch from Lara's bedroom. Thomas stands with a knife.

THOMAS
HEY!

As he begins to run out the room, he is grabbed by the bluehead who was knocked out by Lara. He subdues him.

Lara puts all her strength into standing up to face him. The other two blueheads come up the stairs and the family are now surrounded.

The bluehead directly facing Lara cringes slightly, as if he recognizes Lara. She looks at him with a fresh black eye.

LARA
You're not...
(beat)
Touching me. Or them.

The bluehead looks over to Thomas being subdued and Kate behind them. Then back to Lara.

The bluehead turns around and walks away, past the two blueheads behind him and down the stairs.

When he gets to about halfway on the stairs, he takes out a long, silenced pistol from his boot and enters the living room.

LARA
What?

She takes Francis out his room and goes back to her room.

176. INT. LARA'S BEDROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Lara huddles with her three children. Kate is sobbing into Thomas' chest. Lara tries to compose herself.

THOMAS
Did you call-

LARA
I called the police they should be here. Wait here.

She goes back outside.

177. INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

A shot is heard then a thud. The three remaining blueheads retreat and all go downstairs in single file.

The bluehead at the front stops and takes out his gun. The other two walk past him. He points it under his chin and pulls the trigger.

Lara screams and covers her eyes as his lifeless body falls down the stairs.

The two blueheads carry the first casualty out the living room. The right side of his face is caved in and his eye hangs lose.

They struggle to pull open the front door while holding the body, but do so and take it outside. Lara runs back to her room.

178. INT. ENTRYWAY, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

The two blueheads come back to collect the second body, who lies face flat at the end of the staircase.

They pick it up and take it outside, slamming the door. We stay on the front door; there are noticeable blood stains on the floor and wall.

OXFORD POLICE OFFICER(VOICE OVER)
This is a serious thing that's happened. We're going to look around the house, take samples and hopefully we'll find out.

179. INT. LIVING ROOM, OXFORD HOLIDAY HOME - NIGHT

Lara sits distraught on the sofa talking to a police officer.

LARA
I want security. I...I I'm scared my husband was killed a couple of weeks ago.

OXFORD POLICE OFFICER
I know. We're going to do everything we can to make sure you're safe, your family is safe.

LARA
I need security.

OXFORD POLICE OFFICER
Do you have a... What's it called a doorbell with a camera? I don't know what they're called.

LARA
Yes.

OXFORD POLICE OFFICER
Okay, well. As soon as we get a call from you, we'll send a car straight away, you'll have priority.

LARA
Can you do that?

The police officer looks at her, as if he is trying to communicate mentally.

OXFORD POLICE OFFICER
Yes. I really don't think you're going to be in any danger.

180. EXT. STREET WITHIN CENTRAL LONDON - RUSH HOUR (MORNING)

The streets are packed with commuters, students, joggers and tourists from all different backgrounds, genders, sizes, etc.

Buses and Taxis are beeping, bikes are swerving between them. People cross the street as traffic moves slowly.

We focus on an old underground public toilet by an intersection. People amongst the morning bustle go by as if it's just part of the scenery.

A clean shaven and freshly groomed Willard emerges from the toilet. He is wearing the same clothes as he was wearing when we last saw him, only the clothes are now cleaner.

He looks around confused, then starts walking amongst the other commuters, blending in until we cannot see him any more.

181. EXT. STREET IN NORTH LONDON - MORNING

Willard walks now on a less busy street. His expression seems purposeful but also lifeless. He walks into a corner shop that he passes.

We stay on the corner shop, as someone is cleaning the fruits and veg outside with a brush, like as if he were dusting them.

Willard exits with a packet of cigarettes. He takes the wrap off and takes one out.

182. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - MORNING

Harry sits on the floor with a plate of ready-made curry. The washing machine in another room is droning. A puts a bit on his fork and takes a mouthful. He chews it slowly, but is unable to get it down.

He spits it back out on the plate.

HARRY
Oh my, my, my, my.
(gagging)
Fuck.
(beat)
HMMMM.

Harry clenches his head, then covers his ears. As he does that, our hearing is muted as if our ears are covered. We can hear the slightly audible groans of Harry squealing around on the floor.

Willard steps into the frame, standing over Harry, although we only see his boots. Harry uncovers his ears to a blistering silence.

He looks up to Willard like a baby seeing light for the first time. He holds his hand out and Willard takes it. The washing machine gets louder.

HARRY
Where the fuck have you been? No.

Willard gets on the floor with Harry and he initiates a kiss. Harry denies him.

HARRY
No. What the fuck is this.

He tries to stand up but Willard drags him down.

WILLARD
I'm really really sorry. I panicked. I drove away-

HARRY
You threw away your phone?

WILLARD
I found it and I used it to come back.

HARRY
Where did you go.

WILLARD
The...

Willard stands up and throws himself on the sofa. Harry stands and looks at him.

WILLARD
I just got a bus and went out of London somewhere. Actually no, I went to the house. Sitsbury.

HARRY
I thought you killed yourself.

WILLARD
Did you call the police?

Harry looks at Willard with a guilty conscious.

HARRY
I didn't go to work for a week. They fired me.

WILLARD
I know you dear. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. But, there's something I need to tell you, um.
(beat)
Oh my love. Sit.

Willard takes Harry's hand. Harry goes to sit next to him. Willard looks into Harry's eyes, staring like an android.

WILLARD
I...
(MORE)

WILLARD (CONT'D)
(starts sobbing but cannot)
I...Harry. I shot my brother.

Harry's face loosens. The washing machine gets faster and its droning becomes louder.

WILLARD
I was. We hated them didn't we? He was a bully all my life-

HARRY
No you didn't.

WILLARD
I did. With my gun.

HARRY
We were going to see that Sue friend of yours.

WILLARD
Come on Harry, why would I lie to you.

Harry looks around, as if the flat had been bugged.

HARRY
You would never kill your brother. Come on Will, please.

WILLARD
I did, my love.

HARRY
You loved him, you said, even after we'd take the mick, he's still your brother. It's murder, Will.

WILLARD
He was a net negative in his world, that's just objective. He's hurt me all my life. He touched me when I was just a boy.

HARRY
What?

WILLARD
I haven't told you.

HARRY
Oh my God.

WILLARD
No. When he started wanking, he used to show me how to do it.

HARRY
Oh my God Will.

Harry seems distraught. He goes to hug Will. The droning from the washing machine starts to die down.

HARRY
Oh my God, my love.

WILLARD
It's fine. But I'm going to confess, okay?

Harry sits up and looks at him.

HARRY
No. Don't, Will. I don't. I don't hate you for doing that. Surely at this point you're fine they let you go.

WILLARD
For my peace of mind, dear.

HARRY
You'll go to prison.

WILLARD
Hm.

HARRY
But I...
(beat)
You didn't...

WILLARD
I do everything I do because I love you, okay? This is the best thing for us. You can't get dragged into this-

HARRY
No. NO!

WILLARD
Yes. Harry, please.

HARRY
No, no. Please. Don't, no.

WILLARD
This is the best thing for us. You'll be safe.

A wave of shock hits Harry.

HARRY
Safe from what?

WILLARD
Everything. Everything you're scared about.

HARRY
Is it about those men? Face paint.

WILLARD
I escaped them. This is why.

HARRY
Why were they chasing you?

WILLARD
I don't know.

HARRY
I think you do.

WILLARD
Well I don't.

Harry curls into a ball and bursts out sobbing. Willard starts stroking his back.

HARRY
I haven't gone to work for three days, I'm sick.

Harry sobs into Willard's chest as he strokes his head.

WILLARD
I love you, dear. I'll tell you everything soon, I just need to rest now.

HARRY
Can we cuddle?

WILLARD
Yes. Come.

Willard stands.

183. INT. BEDROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - EVENING

There are birds chirping outside. Harry is naked and in deep sleep on the bed, Willard is staring out the window.

He stares blankly, as if he's watching a memory over and over in his head.

His neck twitches and he starts having minor facial spasms. He compresses his head with both hands to stop them, then he stands up and goes to the door.

He looks at Harry sleeping like a damsel, taking a deep breath, then leaving.

184. EXT. STREET - EVENING

Willard is walking amongst the evening rush hour bustle. He walks alone, avoiding everyone else and skirting around large groups of people.

He gets to a huge group of people, seemingly standing still but still conversing with one another. He stands and ponders, then he enters the crowd and we lose him in it.

A whistle blows and the crowd disperses quickly. Willard is nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER 3: RECYCLE

185. EXT. FOREST - DAY

In a thick, ancient woodland in London, we are presented with its rich nature; tall trees, ponds and trails.

People can be heard and seen walking through the forest, some walking their dogs, others with family and friends.

CUT TO:

STILL SHOT of a family of four walking down a muddy path. If we squint our eyes, can see in the background the legs of a man dangling.

CUT TO:

Ash, wearing his bluehead makeup but his regular clothes, is hanging from a branch in the woodland. His eyes are open and his neck had developed a purple tint.

ASH(VOICE OVER)
(deep breath)
I know that I am a good man. I know I have tried, but I fear I have eaten myself up from the inside. I'm ashamed. My son, Isaac, please do not remember me for this. I'm a...I've put you in danger, but now it'll be okay. I was told to collect a package, not in uniform, from a church near Stoke Newington. When I got there, there was a crying baby in a cage, like for dogs or something. I was to take the baby to a location in the forest I'm writing this letter. And...I dropped it off. And um...
(MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)
I waited far away to see, and...A man, in uniform but covered up, took it. That is why I'm not a good person. I love you, Isaac. May God bless you for every sin I've woven into you.

CUT TO:

A shot of the woodland from the road. Families and joggers walk past. The birds can still be heard over the sounds of traffic.

186. INSERT SHOT OF VOTING STATIONS AND PEOPLE VOTING

JOURNALIST(VOICE OVER)
'People vote for whoever understands them, which is why elections are becoming more strange and less political. ' This is quote from the Socialist People's party electoral candidate Del Leer, spoken at Peace for Profit rally in Birmingham on Sunday.

INSERT SHOTS OF THE RALLY, PEOPLE PROTESTING AND DEL LEER SPEAKING

JOURNALIST(VOICE OVER)
But is he correct? Polling stations are opening around the country today-

INSERT SHOTS OF POLLING STATIONS AND PEOPLE ARRIVING TO VOTE

JOURNALIST(VOICE OVER)
-and for a rare moment in the UK's history, the results may be as divisive as ever.

187. EXT. RANDOM STREET - DAY

The journalist, a man in his late 20s, stands with a microphone in the street, approaching different people walking by.

JOURNALIST
Who are you voting for in the general election?

PERSON 1
Labour, I think.

PERSON 2
Unionist, mate. It's the only option, the rest are corrupt.

PERSON 3
People's party, yeah I've following Del Leer and his policies for a while and I think he has what it takes to change what's horrible about this country now.

PERSON 4
Leo Blain. Unionist. They're for the people.

PERSON 5
Labour. I think we need a change from this populist dictatorship, you know?

PERSON 6
Del Leer. 100%. My neighbours two doors were snatched in the night by Anal Ange's fucking border control. They lived in that building before me, before I was born. Yeah I don't know where they are though.

PERSON 7
I don't care, it's all the same bullshit.

PERSON 8
Blain. He's just gonna continue the good work that Ange has been doing, I don't like Ange but he's better than the other two.

PERSON 9
Conservatives. I think Godara is a good politician and she speaks her mind.

PERSON 10
Leo Blain. Unionist party. This is the first party for like thirty years that I...that actually agree with me. They say what I want to hear and they do it.

PERSON 11
Leo Blain.

PERSON 12
Blain. I love Ange you know and I believe in his vision for this country.

PERSON 13
Del Leer.

PERSON 14
I'm thinking either labour or conservative.

JOURNALIST
Which one, they're quite different.

PERSON 14
I don't know I've never voted.

PERSON 15
Labour, definitely. I like Hugo Partney I think he's like a traditional politician you know, instead of like some bullshit freedom fighter or conman, you know?

PERSON 16
Leo Blain. I just think he's funny.

INSERT INFOGRAPHIC OF THE OPINION POLLS THREE MONTHS PRIOR

JOURNALIST (VOICE OVER)
But what do the statistics say? A polling projection from YouGov released just three months ago show that the British Unionist Party is projected to have the most number of seats with 301, followed by Labour with 110 seats, then People's Party with 101 seats and Conservative are the lowest of the four parties, with just 12 seats.

188. EXT. RANDOM STREET - DAY

The journalist is talking to the camera.

JOURNALIST
But are these results accurate? Will we actually see a change in our governing body or will it stay the same, with Leo Blain effectively taking over for Ange Durand? The answer is for us to decide.

189. INT. KITCHEN, SQUAT TWO - DAY

The kitchen in an abandoned building, presumably a hospital or school, is now being populated with Sage's group of friends and acquaintances.

She sits on the table with two others, AX and PARIS, meanwhile people are taking big bags of items into the room to store. Sage watches her phone under the table.

AX
Why are you making the kitchen a storage room?

PARIS
The taps don't even work.

AX
It's still a kitchen. We can still store food and shit.

SAGE
Are you sure they took my bag?

AX
Id don't know ask them.

SAGE
Hey? Is my bad there? It's in one of the bin liners?

They don't respond.

AX
It probably is unless you forgot to pack it.

She looks at her phone. There's a message from someone called T:

'ive been sick'

More messages are sent:

'apparently they caught who killed my dad'
'idk if i can meet today'

She turns off her phone.

A tall guy, LUCA, helping with the bags enters with a bigger than usual bag, seemingly filled with bottles.

Before he can throw the bag down, the bag rips open and a mix of clothes and glass bottles fall out.

SAGE
What the fuck Luca.

LUCA
Fuck.

SAGE
That's that my clothes and shit-

Sage stands up and attempts to collect her clothes. They are all soaking wet.

She picks an expensive top out from the pile and examines it.

SAGE
They're all wet, what the fuck?

LUCA
Shit, wait let me just get the other stuff.

SAGE
What is this shit? Luca what is it?

LUCA
It's oil.

SAGE
Oil?

LUCA
I thought it was the bin!

SAGE
My clothes! It has my clothes in it why would it be a bin?

LUCA
I don't know, I didn't see them. Fucking hell.

SAGE
You have to pay me back.

LUCA
I can't.

SAGE
These were my mum's clothes.

Luca seems guilty.

LUCA
I can't I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you-

SAGE
With what?

LUCA
I don't know name it.

SAGE
You can't give me anything, these are my mum's fucking clothes.

AX
Sage.

SAGE
What? WHAT? Fuck.

She storms out the room.

LUCA
Fuck I feel...fucking awful man.

AX
That's bad Luca.

LUCA
Well, I didn't know.

AX
Poor girl.

190. INT. HALL - DAY

Ange Durand goes to stand at a podium, with multiple microphones attached to it. He clears his throat and scans the room with a demonic gaze.

ANGE DURAND
I've chosen to speak now, but I should've spoken before. This morning I was informed by my key advisor Graham, my dear friend, of the news surrounding the murder of my good friend Robert Fashion. Yesterday evening, Robert's brother, Willard Christie walked into Kentish Town Police Station and confessed to the assassination of his brother.
(flashes an 'oh well' expression)
When asked why he did it, he said 'hatred'. Now Robert was a dear friend as the good people of Britain know, so he told me a lot. Willard, or Will, doesn't matter I don't care for the names of viscious, fraticidal killers...grew up with a fractured relationship with his brother. Willard was a chaotic, volatile but troubled brat, and he took that out not only on his brother, but his family too. His mother, his father, who passed away this year. Willard Chrisie is exactly who our enemies are. They think that political discourse should result in assault, murder.
(MORE)

ANGE DURAND (CONT'D)
Look at our streets, look on our tellies, on our phones, there is violence everywhere. The Whitechapel riots. The unrest in the streets. This a democracy of violence. This will be, a society of violence. These people will single-handedly turn London into a third-world dystopia. So I stand before the Great British people, and I will fight for your rest. Everyone, white, black, man, woman, child, regardless of your class, regardless of your sexuality, I will fight for you, whether you like it or not. These extremists are not our friends, and if there are any watching, I want to tell you this.

Ange looks at the camera.

ANGE DURAND
Stop the violence. You will not win. When you think you've won, I've already won twice. Your win, will be mine. There's nothing you can do. So help your fellow man, stop it.

191. INT. HALLWAY, 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

Ange walks with Leo down a busy hallway. Graham stands behind Ange, wearing an earpiece.

ANGE DURAND
It's all about the theatrics with contentious decisions. That's why I'm a thespian in the face of death.

LEO BLAIN
Hm.

ANGE DURAND
I work for the people and I dance for the people, you a good dancer, Leo?

LEO BLAIN
Oh no, Ange, you saw me at the Christmas do.

ANGE DURAND
I didn't see anything that night, my boy.

Graham stays behind, holding his earpiece.

ANGE DURAND
Come.

Ange walks into his office with Leo.

192. INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE, 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

Ange goes to sit at his desk. Leo stands by the door.

ANGE DURAND
If you're willing you can go a long way, and I'm confident.

LEO BLAIN
Yes.

ANGE DURAND
Say it again I like that word.

LEO BLAIN
Yes.

Ange takes out a custard cream from his table drawer and eats it.

ANGE DURAND
(chewing)
Hmm.
(beat)
Want one?

LEO BLAIN
I'm impartial to such biscuits.

ANGE DURAND
Biscuits are great. Britain loves biscuits. What are you gonna do about that when you're prime minister?

LEO BLAIN
Raise the biscuit tax.

Ange chuckles.

ANGE DURAND
That's what you tell them then.
(beat)
They'll love that.

Graham bursts into the room, brushing past Leo. He goes up to Ange and whispers in his ear as if he's Marlon Brando.

Ange leans back and puts his serious face on. Then he flashes a smile to Leo.

ANGE DURAND
My Blain, my pious solider, I have some ambassadors of such right about now I'm told.

LEO BLAIN
Who?

Ange flashes the smile again, then taps his nose twice.

ANGE DURAND
Secret, that means.

LEO BLAIN
Right.

GRAHAM
Let's go Leo.

Leo seems puzzled, but complies and leaves the room with Graham.

193. INT. HALLWAY, 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

Leo and Graham exit the room. Three suited men, all over 6ft tall, wait outside.

ANGE DURAND(OFF SCREEN)
Enter at your heart's content.

The men enter. Leo looks at them like aliens. The door slams in his face. He waits patiently with Graham, staring at the door.

GRAHAM
Unfortunately we are sitting peasants now.

Graham opens his phone and checks it while they wait. Leo stares at the door and we stare with him.

Me, you, Leo, Graham and anyone who walks past will never know what is being said in there.

We stay waiting with Leo as he starts to look around and play with his fingers.

LEO BLAIN
Is that what they're talking about?

GRAHAM
Dunno.

LEO BLAIN
Is it about Robert's killer?

GRAHAM
I doubt it.

Leo looks back to the door. They stay there a little bit longer, then Leo turns to Graham.

LEO BLAIN
Should I just go?

GRAHAM
Maybe.

Leo walks away. Graham continues waiting patiently.

194. INT. TEMPORARY PRISON CELL - DAY

Willard, wearing a beige jumpsuit, sits waiting in his cell with his hands together.

195. INT. LIVING ROOM, HARRY'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

Harry cries like a child on the sofa with his mother comforting him.

196. INT. THOMAS' ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Thomas stands in his room staring at his phone on his desk. His phone shows his chat with Sage:
THOMAS:'ive been sick'
'apparently they caught who killed my dad'
'idk if i can meet today'
Sage: 'ok'

In the text box, Thomas has written:
'actually can we meet'

He picks up the phone and turns it off. Impulsively he picks his phone back up and throws it across the room.

He punches his wardrobe then throws himself on the bed.

197. EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Thomas is walking inconspicuously down the street with a backpack.

198. INT. SQUAT - DAY

The squat has been refloored with shiny grey panels, and been equipped with overhead lights. There are clear plastic sheets hanging from the ceiling and covering the walls.

Sage stands by the window. Thomas enters.

THOMAS
Are you lot renovating?

SAGE
Nah, we got kicked out of this one.

THOMAS
What? There's no cameras?

SAGE
Nah. I don't know how they've changed it already. The guy he owned it just realized he owned it.

Thomas goes up to Sage and presses his body against hers. He rests his head on her shoulder.

THOMAS
I'm so so stressed. I just wanna fucking...I don't know. I wanna kill my fucking uncle.

SAGE
Should we do it then?

THOMAS
No, I wanna wait a bit.

SAGE
I need some money. I haven't got like shit to eat.

THOMAS
I buy you fucking clothes, I buy you so much fucking shit.

SAGE
Okay, okay, it's fine, I'm sorry.

THOMAS
You have no fucking empathy.

SAGE
I'm sorry.

Thomas gets on the ground and lies there.

THOMAS
He just fucking died for that. He died for everyone to fucking hate him and want to kill his fucking family.

SAGE
What?

THOMAS
You hated him, my dad, of course you fucking. I fucking hate you.

SAGE
Let's not, I think I'm gonna go back.

THOMAS
No, please. Please, I've actually got no one.
(beat)
People hate me for no reason. I didn't choose to be born into this, where people hate me for no reason. Fuck them, NAH FUCK THEM.

Thomas grabs at the sheets and rips them down. He then stands to attention.

THOMAS
What?

SAGE
I'm gonna go, yeah?

Sage manoeuvres to the exit, but Thomas grabs her arm.

THOMAS
No, nah, nah, nah. Nah, look I'll send you money, whatever you need.

SAGE
Nah, I'm fine I told you.

THOMAS
What I can't. Sage.

SAGE
What?

THOMAS
Sage?

SAGE
What?

While grabbing hold of her arm, he pushes her away and she falls to the ground.

SAGE
WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?

She gets back up quickly.

SAGE
You're sick, you're sick in the head.

THOMAS
Why? WHY? THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE FUCKING SAYS. People don't know how much fucking anger I have, how much pain I'm fucking holding in.

SAGE
You're not paying me to be your fucking punching bag-

THOMAS
You don't care do you?

Sage looks at him.

THOMAS
Do you actually care?

SAGE
A little bit.

THOMAS
What? How much? Little bit?

He pushes her again and she charges at him, putting her hands on his shoulders and pushing him.

THOMAS
WHAT THE FUCK.

She pushes him down the floor, then kicks him in the side.

THOMAS
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Thomas wriggles around in pain, then truly lets loose, squirming like a fish on ground, trying to get contact with Sage's body.

He stands and charges at her, then punches her. They wrestle on the floor, but she gets control and kneels on both of his arms.

He struggles on the ground, then Sage pulls her fist back and socks him in the jaw, then again in his eye, slightly bruising his eye almost instantly. She grabs his hair and hits his head twice on the floor as he cries out in pain.

She gets up and observes her work. Thomas is on the floor, crying and bleeding. His face is disfigured and swollen.

Sage catches Thomas' backpack near the entrance. She picks it up and leaves.

199. EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Sage walks amongst the public holding the backpack.

She goes to the side of the pavement and opens it. She takes out a wallet and a charger, then continues walking.

200. INT. CELL BLOCK, PRISON - DAY

Willard, wearing a jumpsuit, is being escorted by two officers down a cell block.

201. INT. CELL, PRISON - DAY

Willard sits on the bunk bed in his cell. Opposite to him is a desk with a small pile of paper and a pen.

He stands quickly and paces back and forth.

WILLARD
(singing)
Spoonful of bullshit lets the sugar go down.
(humming)

He stands facing the wall. He tilts his head back and hits it full force against the wall. He does it again, then throws himself back on the bed.

He gets back up and resumes walking around the cell. He goes to his bed and picks up a bed linen that he removed earlier.

Willard hums to an unknown song, while he ties the bed linen to the top of the bed frame. He takes the other end and ties the sheet.

He struggles, but eventually manages to tie a noose. He puts his hand through the loop and pulls to test its strength, smiling as the knot doesn't budge.

He stands back and admires it, then goes to the table, picks up a pen and writes something we cannot see on the page. He scribbles quite forcefully, but he seems calm.

He folds the piece of paper and takes out an envelope from his pants. He puts the paper into the envelope and writes an address onto it.

He then stands back and takes a deep breath.

WILLARD
I love you mum, I love you Harry.

He stands thinking to himself.

WILLARD
Let's go. Yeah.

He goes to the bed and puts his head through the loop. He lifts his legs off the ground and he falls dramatically.

WILLARD
(voice strained)
AH.

He kicks the metal bed frame with his legs, which causes a sprain in one of them. He shouts in pain, while holding his affected leg.

The door to his cell suddenly opens and two prison officers lift Willard up and vigorously removes his head from the noose.

WILLARD
NOOOO! KILL ME! NOOOOO!

Willard is taken out of the room.

202. INT. PRISON GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, PRISON - DAY

Prison governor, TONY BRIARS (58), lounges at his desk, drinking a coffee and scrolling through his emails on his computer.

There is a knock at the door.

TONY BRIARS
Come in.
(coughs)

An officer enters.

PRISON OFFICER
Sir, special measures prisoner has attempted suicide.

TONY BRIARS
Who?

PRISON OFFICER
Um, Willard James Christie.

TONY BRIARS
What's his condition.
(clears throat)

PRISON OFFICER
Stable.

TONY BRIARS
Any notes
(violent cough)
Apolgies.
(clears throat)

The officer gives Mr Briars Willard's envelope. He coughs on it like a toddler, unintentionally, and opens it.

He skims through it, then puts it back in the envelope and gives it back to the officer.

TONY BRIARS
(coughing)
(clears throat)
AHEM. EUGH.

Tony looks at the officer as if he had given a demand.

PRISON OFFICER
Should I post it, sir.

TONY BRIARS
Destroy it, will you.

PRISON OFFICER
Why?

TONY BRIARS
Don't ask why.
(clears throat)
Destroy it. That's the order.

The officer leaves.

203. INT. PRISON HALLWAY, PRISON - DAY

The same police officer is charging down the hallway with the letter in hand. He goes past a mailbox on the wall, stands there and ponders to himself.

People brush past him, and some stare as he stays frozen in front of the box.

He posts the letter, then quickly speed-walks away.

We ZOOM into the mailbox.

204. EXT. PRISON BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

A mail truck arrives and parks badly. A postman exits and carries bags of post into the back.

205. INT. POST TRUCK - DAY

We see the multiple bags of letters and parcels, swaying to the constant wobble of the truck.

206. INT. ENTRYWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT - EVENING

The letter is posted through the letterbox and lands on the doormat.

We can see into the living room, where Harry, now bearded, is sitting with the telly on. He sees the letter fall and goes to it.

He picks it up, reads it, and opens a drawer to place it into. A small bag of cocaine sits in the drawer. Harry takes the bag, closes the drawer and takes the letter with him.

He returns back to the living room. The landline that rests on the wall in the entryway starts ringing. Harry again stands to attention and goes to answer it.

HARRY
Hello?
(beat)
Oh Sue. Oh...
(beat)
Yeah sure, I'm staying at his. You can come round tomorrow no problem.
(beat)
Yes, that's no problem. Okay, there's someone at the door now, I'll see you tomorrow at six? Yep, take care, Sue.

He hangs up, then goes to the front door and opens it. He peeks his head outside.

207. EXT. DECK ACCESS, WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - EVENING

The view is ordinary. Nothing out of place.

208. INT. ENTRYWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT - EVENING

Harry shuts the door and walks back to the living room.

There is a loud knock at the door, loud as if the knock had been amplified.

Harry goes to answers it. A bald man, STEWART (38), dressed like a civil servant holding a satchel stands at the door.

STEWART
Hi, my name is Stewart, I'm sent from Belmarsh prison-

HARRY
Right. Is everything okay?

STEWART
Can I come in?

HARRY
Why?

STEWART
I have some matters to discuss I'm looking for a letter that was sent here.

HARRY
What letter?

STEWART
I assume one sent from the prison.

HARRY
Why do you need it?

STEWART
Well as you may know there's an investigation into the attempted suicide of Willard Christie-

HARRY
Why?

STEWART
To examine the circumstances, you know, of how we can protect him.

HARRY
Can't you just tell me now?

STEWART
Can I come in? I won't be a second I just have a couple of questions, I need to get my iPad out you see.

HARRY
Well you've got two hands don't you?

Stewart smiles.

STEWART
If you're comfortable-

HARRY
I'm not.
(beat)
Come then. Take your shoes off please.

Stewart enters and takes his shoes off. Now barefoot, he follows Harry to the living room.

209. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - EVENING

Harry goes to sit on the sofa. Stewart sits opposite. From his satchel, he takes out an abnormally large iPad and begins tapping.

STEWART
Right I've just got a couple questions the letter's recipient, in other words, Willard Christie's partner?

HARRY
Yep.

STEWART
Right, okay. Actually could I have a drink?

HARRY
A dri- oh shit, I'm sorry I forgot to offer.

STEWART
Oh that's fine, just some water? Have you got some water?

HARRY
I have got some water.

STEWART
Thank you, love.

Harry gets up and leaves. Stewart looks around the room, analysing the details.

Harry comes back in with a glass of water and hands it to Stewart.

STEWART
Lovely.

Stewart takes the smallest sip possible and places the glass on the floor.

STEWART
Now, question one. Did Willard show any signs of suicidal ideation, or self harm, or self-destructive-

HARRY
No.

STEWART
No to all?

HARRY
Yes. None of that.

STEWART
Right. Have you ever experiences any feelings of suicidal ideation or self-harm?

Harry takes a moment to respond.

HARRY
No.

STEWART
Have you ever acted on any feelings of self-harm.

HARRY
Don't recall.

Stewart taps on his iPad violently.

STEWART
These iPads are so blimming slow! Right.

HARRY
What have those questions got to do with anything.

STEWART
Oh we just don't have any mental health records for-

HARRY
For me? Why are you asking me?

STEWART
Well you're his partner and maybe could've influenced some behaviour.

HARRY
(smiles)
Can you leave? I don't know...I don't know what you're doing here if I'm honest.

STEWART
Can I just use the bathroom?

HARRY
Yeah.

Stewart leaves the living room.

HARRY
First door when you walk in.

210. INT. ENTRYWAY, WILLARD'S FLAT - EVENING

Stewart enters the bathroom and leaves the door open so we can see him. He takes out a tube of blue face paint and some white gloves.

STEWART
(shouting)
I'm really sorry to be a bother, I just-

HARRY(OFF SCREEN)
Are you using the toilet?

STEWART
Just washing my hands.

Stewart quickly turns on the tap. He squeezes some blue paint onto his hands and with one stroke paints a blue stripe down the middle of his face.

He washes his hands and puts the gloves on. He turns off the tap, the bathroom lights and leaves.

STEWART
Sorry I'm just leaving now.

He takes out a cut throat razor from his pocket.

211. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Stewart enters the living room like a ghost and immediately apprehends Harry.

Without wasting time, Stewart digs the tip of the razor into Harry's wrist and slowly drags it halfway along his forearm.

HARRY
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Harry tries and squirms to get away but cannot. Blood is gushing from his new wound. When Stewart's work is done, Harry jumps onto his and bites his ear. They both fall on top of the coffee table, smashing it.

As they wrestle, then Harry grabs a shard of glass, immediately cutting into his hand when he grabs it, and stabs it into Stewart's throat.

Stewart begins gurgling blood. Harry rolls over as Stewart gasps for air, with his airways rapidly filling with blood.

We focus on Harry, who is lying on his back with his eyes wide open, trying not to fall asleep.

HARRY
Wake, wake, wake, wake. Don't go, don't go, ahhhh!

He takes his phone out of his pocket and dials 999.

HARRY
Don't go, don't go.

Harry takes several deep inhales and exhales. The responder answers.

HARRY
Police, no ambulance, ambulance.
(beat)
Someone just came-
(deep breaths)
I'm dying, please, they cut my wrist I'm bleeding out.

His clothes are fully bloody, and so is the floor. Stewart has now passed and lies with his eyes open.

HARRY
Thank you. Yes I'm staying. I'm staying.

Harry's eyes quiver. He is struggling to stay awake.

HARRY
I'm staying, yes. I'm on staying.

Harry becomes delirious. His eyes are half open.

HARRY
I'm on the line, I'm...

We can hear the responder trying to communicate with Harry, but he does not reply.

HARRY
I'm....

He closes his eyes. His wound is still bleeding severely.

HARRY
I'm in it...I'm.

RESPONDER(ON PHONE)
WAKE UP!

Harry jolts awake. He forces his eyes to open wide, and he starts taking deep breaths.

HARRY
I'm alive. I'm not gone.

RESPONDER(ON PHONE)
You're gonna be fine.

HARRY
I'm fine, I'm not dead. Oh my God, oh my God.

212. EXT. WILLARD'S FLAT BUILDING - EVENING

An ambulance is parked. Paramedics are rush Harry, who is wearing an oxygen mask, through the broken front door to the building to the back of the ambulance.

Harry's eyes are wide open and he breathes heavily.

213. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Harry wakes in a hospital room surrounded by his mother and father. His forearm is bandaged up.

HARRY'S MOTHER
My love.

She kisses him on the forehead.

HARRY'S MOTHER
Who did this to you?

HARRY
Where are my clothes?

She gives his a plastic bag filled with his clothes.

HARRY
Why did they take my clothes off?

HARRY'S MOTHER
Sew you up.

HARRY
Mum, I didn't do it to myself.

HARRY'S MOTHER
I know.

Harry takes his jacket out of the bag and searches the pockets. He takes out the letter.

HARRY
It's from Will.

Harry opens it and scans it.

HARRY
Fuck.

HARRY'S MOTHER
What is it?

Harry's mother takes the letter and reads it. The page is covered in unintelligible scribbles.

HARRY
What does that mean?

HARRY'S MOTHER
I don't know.

214. INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLARD'S FLAT - DAY

Officers and detectives are looking over the crime scene. An outline of a body is on the floor, as well as evidence labels.

215. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

A woman, SUE (31), enters the room. Harry's parents have left.

SUE
Oh my God, my love.

HARRY
Sue!

Sue gives Harry a hug.

SUE
Are you okay? There's a big circus at Will's flat right now.

HARRY
I'm alive. How was the drive.

SUE
(snorts)
Not too bad.

HARRY
You just missed my parents.

SUE
How long are you here for?

HARRY
They need to check on me for like a couple hours then I can go. I'm not going back there.

SUE
Of course not. Do you want anything?

HARRY
No.

SUE
Look I wanted to talk with you about Will.

HARRY
Yeah?

SUE
I don't understand anything if I'm honest.

HARRY
He said he was going to talk to you about the windows at the house in Sitsbury.

SUE
And he did.
(beat)
He came over, not for long, but we talked about it.

HARRY
That's odd. Well was he there when he got shot?

SUE
I don't know. I don't recall.

HARRY
Why don't you tell the police?

SUE
Well it's pointless now isn't it? He says he's guilty.

HARRY
I missed you.

SUE
I missed you too, love.

HARRY
Remember me you and Will. James, Taylor, Lee.

SUE
Don't make me sob, Harry. Hardly the place.

Harry picks up the bag filled with his clothes.

HARRY
Do you want anything.

He digs into the bag and pulls out a pair of headphones.

HARRY
Will's headphones, he won't be needing them.

SUE
Keep it all, dear, he's not dead.

Harry continues digging. He takes out a small bag of cocaine and presents it to Sue.

SUE
Oh I've got kids Harry.

HARRY
I got it the day I found out he tried to kill himself. Maybe the day after.

SUE
I can't.

HARRY
How long has it been?

SUE
Fifteen years?

HARRY
Go on, try it.

She takes it.

SUE
You're the absolute worst influence aren't you?

HARRY
I'm not influencing anything, maybe you should have a stronger fucking...will.

She smiles and kisses him on the cheek.

SUE
Daft bastard.

216. INT. ENTRYWAY, SUE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sue enters her four bedroom house close to Canterbury. Her two kids come rushing to her as she enters.

SUE
Hey my babies how are you?

SUE'S CHILD 1
Where did you go?

SUE
I went to London.

SUE'S CHILD 2
Why?

SUE
Just work. Where's dad?

SUE'S HUSBAND(OFF SCREEN)
HERE!

SUE
Look I need a bath I'll come down in half an hour okay?

217. INT. BATHROOM, SUE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sue is getting undressed for the bath, which is currently running. She takes her trousers off, then picks them up and digs through the pockets.

She takes out the bag of cocaine, tips a bit on her finger, then snorts it. She places the bag back into the trouser pocket. She sniffles then wipes her nose.

She takes her socks off then her shirt.

SUE'S CHILD 1(OFF SCREEN)
MUM!

SUE
Wait!
(to herself)
Christ.

She stands still and can already feel the affects of the drugs.

SUE
Oh. God it feels quite good isn't it?

She leans on the edge of the bath, then she flops onto the floor. Her breathing turns shallow and she starts going unconscious.

SUE
What? What....? Where am...?

She falls dead, as the bath continues running.

218. INT. LIVING ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas, with a black eye and bruises on his face, is being tended to by his mother, who is rubbing a cream onto his bruises. Francis is on the sofa watching TV.

THOMAS
Ah.

LARA
It still hurts?
(beat)
It kills me every day that the person who did this to you is not in trouble.

THOMAS
I'm not snitching. I fought him.

LARA
You said he was trying to steal your-

THOMAS
Yeah he did. And he took it.

LARA
You never seen him before.

THOMAS
No.

Lara stands.

LARA
Just leave it on.

The ring doorbell goes. Lara leaves to answer it.

219. INT. ENTRYWAY, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

Lara answers the door. A tall bluehead, ADAM, in a suit with white gloves is standing there looking at her. She slams the door.

LARA
I'm calling the police.

ADAM
(behind door)
I'm here to help.

THOMAS(OFF SCREEN)
Who is it?

LARA
Please go.

ADAM
(behind door)
I need you to listen to me.

She opens the door slightly. Thomas enters the entryway, and she closes the door.

THOMAS
Who is it?

LARA
Go upstairs, take Francis.

THOMAS
No, who is it?

ADAM
(behind door)
I'm Kalena's boyfriend.

Thomas goes into the living room.

THOMAS(OFF SCREEN)
Francis come.

FRANCIS(OFF SCREEN)
Why?

THOMAS(OFF SCREEN)
Mum said.

Thomas and Francis go upstairs. Lara opens the door again.

LARA
What is it?

ADAM
Can I come in?

LARA
No.

The bluehead barges him way in, pushing Lara.

LARA
NO!

ADAM
I'm not going to hurt you if I did
I would've done it.
(beat)
I was sent here.

LARA
For what?

ADAM
You weren't meant to see me, but.
Can we sit?

The bluehead makes his way to the living room.

220. INT. LIVING ROOM, FASHION HOUSE - NIGHT

The bluehead goes to sit on the sofa and puts his legs up. Lara follows him, but stays standing.

ADAM
I was sent to um...to poison your daughter.

Lara's face doesn't move. She's grown accustomed to shock at this point.

LARA
Why?

ADAM
I don't know, we're not told why. I couldn't do it.

The bluehead takes a vial of mysterious liquid from his pocket and places it on the table.

LARA
You can't tell me why?
(beat)
Can you tell me who you work for?

ADAM
I don't know.

LARA
You people have been terrorizing me and my family, for what? What reason?

ADAM
I can't tell you.

LARA
Tell me.

ADAM
No I literally don't know.

LARA
You don't know what you're doing. You spend your working day just not knowing why you're doing whatever you're doing.

The bluehead hiccups.

ADAM
Fuck I've got hiccups, shit.
(hiccups)

Lara looks at him.

LARA
Do you find this funny?

ADAM
I've just got hiccups, I'm sorry.

LARA
No. It's not fucking funny. Can you go.

ADAM
(hiccups)
You need to go.

LARA
What?

ADAM
I've saved your daughter. But now they're going to try and kill me.

LARA
They-

ADAM
So I'm going on the run and you should too.

LARA
They. Who is they?

ADAM
I don't know, right. Because if I did I'd know who to avoid from now on.

LARA
Why am I not safe?

ADAM
Because your daughter was meant to fall sick tonight and she won't. Where are you from?

LARA
Brazil.

ADAM
Go back there, now. Take your kids, go.

LARA
ForAdam
I don't know, maybe a couple years, three, four, five years.

LARA
What'll happen if I stay?

ADAM
I don't know, but you wouldn't want to find out.

LARA
Is this a joke? Why do you all look like that? What is...? What the fuck.
(beat)
And you can't even tell me why.

ADAM
Everyone on the planet, so everyone, has ideas of their own utopia, don't they. It's so distinct for every single person. But the steps to create a perfect world are usually way too complex and difficult, too much time and money. Well someone is doing it now, they're own vision. It's change, you know? Whoever they are, they're vision is being brought to life. But the best part for them is, no one will ever know it's actually happening. Everyone will just go about their days, there might be something in the news or wafting in the air, but it won't, maybe, affect them. That's how change happens.

LARA
What do they want?

ADAM
A better world in their eyes.

LARA
What does Kalena think?

ADAM
She doesn't like me with no hair.

The bluehead stands.

ADAM
Thank you, Ms Fashion.

LARA
What would they get out of poisoning my daughter?

He shrugs his shoulders.

LARA
Oh PLEASE.

ADAM
I don't know, I don't know what she's done.

LARA
She's done nothing, she's seven!

ADAM
Maybe it was for you then.

LARA
But she's...

ADAM
I'm gonna go. Leave tonight.

The bluehead leaves the living room, then the front door. We hear it slam.

Footsteps are heard coming down the stairs as Lara throws herself onto the sofa, in complete shock.

Her eyes start watering. Francis enters.

FRANCIS
Who was that, mum?
(beat)
Was it Kalena's boyfriend?

He goes up to his mother, who is on the edge of a breakdown.

FRANCIS
Mum?

LARA
Where's Kate?

FRANCIS
Upstairs.

Lara bursts out into tears, whining like an animal in immense pain.

FRANCIS
Mum.

Francis gets on the sofa and wraps his arms around his mother, who weeps like a child.

LARA
(sobbing)
Meu deus.

Francis gently strokes his mother's hair.

LARA
I'm sorry.

FRANCIS
Mum it's fine.

Kate enters, in awe of her mother's state.

FRANCIS
Help mum, Kate.

Kate goes over and hugs her mum along with Francis.

KATE
I love you mum.

Lara's whines and screams die down as she is now able to compose herself.

LARA
I'm so so sorry. I'm so sorry, meu filhos.

She strokes both of their heads.

FRANCIS
Do you want anything?

LARA
No.

FRANCIS
Can we get you something, mum. Please?

Lara shakes her head and now lies, her face wet with tears, with her two kids on the sofa.

221. INT. LIVING ROOM, LARA'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

In a farm deep in the plains of Brazil, LARA'S FATHER (68), opens the door for Lara and her three children. They are all carrying suitcases. ALL INTERACTIONS FROM NOW ON ARE SPOKEN IN BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE

LARA
Hi, dad.

LARA'S FATHER
My baby, where are the kids. Kids!

He gives attention to all the children.

LARA'S FATHER
LARA IS HERE!

Lara's sister, Luiza, enters.

LUIZA
Lara!

They hug and kiss.

LARA
Luiza, my love!

Lara seems happier than we have ever seen her. Luiza greets the kids afterwards.

LUIZA
Are you hungry?

LARA
Not really, the kids are.

222. INT. LIVING ROOM, LARA'S FAMILY HOME - EVENING

Lara's father sits watching the telly with Lara sitting in an armchair beside him.

He is watching the televised funeral of Robert, subtitled in Portuguese (ALL LANGUAGE ON TV IS IN ENGLISH)

LARA'S FATHER
He was a great man. A good good man.

They are watching a clip from a speech by Robert.

ROBERT(ON TV)
People generally are lost, which is why we have measures like religion and law. But it really is as simple as logic is. Simple as facts. A thriving, happy society needs balance and to get balance, we need roles. The man is the protector, the provider, the leader. The woman is the nurturer, the giver of life and the homemaker. These are gender rules that are not there to oppress but rather they work like WD40, they soothe the cogs and make it easier for us to live. The minute we distance ourselves from our primitive function, is the moment where we find ourselves lost. Without work, without purpose. This is how mental health declines, work declines, society declines! The man can't nurture, or cook or clean or give life, just like the woman can't provide, can't protect and can't lead.

Lara's face turns sour as she watches. She looks at her dad, who is transfixed to the screen.

ROBERT(ON TV)
This is how we make a better world. The enemy is disorder. The enemy is everyone who wants to take our values and destroy them.

Lara seems increasingly uncomfortable by what she is watching.

ROBERT(ON TV)
We are the oppressed. This is one of the greatest issues facing our country today. We need to fight, we need to take control of what made us so great in the past! THE ENEMY WALKS AMONG THE GOOD PEOPLE! We must fight them!

Lara gets up and walks off. Her father does not bat an eye.

ROBERT(ON TV)
We are the people. Choose your battles wisely.

CUT TO:

WITHIN THE TV SCREEN. Cheering is heard, then we are presented with a big stage. Ange Durand walks out in a sparkly white suit and a microphone.

ANGE DURAND
How are we all?

The crowd cheers.

ANGE DURAND
You know me and Robert frequented probably every karaoke bar in the South of England, so I'll know he'll be having a laugh at this...
(beat)
To Robert, to truth and to passion!

The crowd cheers once more. The Village People's 'Go West' starts playing.

Like a prat, Ange dances up and down the stage to the tune, then when the vocals come in, he starts miming along.

CREDITS ROLL as Ange sings and dances to the song, INTERCUT WITH SCENES OF PROTEST, REBELLION, DANCING, BLUEHEADS WALKING IN A MILITARY FASHION.

THE END.