

SNATCH

by
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SKA Films
1 Horse & Dolphin Yard
London W1V 7LG

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EXT. STREET/ANTWERP -- DAY

Four hasidic jews who are dressed up identically, black hats, black suits, black overcoats, beards curly wurlys, and fat tummies. One in particular is fat, he's American, and called Mutty.

MUTTY

Just 'cos it was written down
doesn't make it so. People like to
believe because it gives them hope,
it's not really important whether
it's true or not.

JOSEPH

Oi vay, what are you saying?

They pause outside the entrance of a building. There are lots of brass plaques outside. We can see "Diamonds of Antwerp" "paragon Gems" written on a couple of them. They press a buzzer and Mutty looks up at the camera that is bearing down on him.

MUTTY

It's Mutty.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

The door buzzes.

And they carry on walking. We pick them up on the inside of the building on another CCTV. He continues to talk to his colleagues.

MUTTY

I am saying that just 'cos it's
written, doesn't make it so. I
mean do me a favour, Adam and Eve?
What are you to do? Ignore Darwin?

JOSEPH

Himy would you listen to this?

HIMY

Do I have a choice?

MUTTY

A lot of it wasn't meant to be
taken literally.

JOSEPH

Do us all a favour Mutty.

MUTTY

It's a nice story, Adam and Eve,
it's bound with moral fiber, but
asking an educated man to believe
it, well come on?

HIMY

What do you know from lutckah's?

MUTTY

The Catholic religion is based on a
mistranslation.

HIMY

Oi, enough already.

MUTTY

The Septuagint scholars
mistranslated the hebrew word for
"young woman" into the Greek word
for "virgin", It was an easy
mistake to make because they was
only a subtle difference in the
spelling. So they came up with the
prophecy "behold a virgin shall
conceive and bear a son." Well the
word virgin is what caught peoples
attention, I mean it's not everyday
a virgin conceives and bears a son,
is it?

They walk up to a security desk and walk through a security
arch. Three of them walk through without a blip, but Mutty
sets it off. One of the guards whips out a hand held metal
detector and it appears that Mutty's belt has triggered it
off.

MUTTY (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do, let my
trousers fall down?

The security guards wave them on to the lift. They continue
talking without so much as a pause. The lift doors open and
they enter.

MUTTY (CONT'D)

Well leave that for a couple of
hundred years to stew and the next
thing you know you have the holy
Catholic church.

INT. LIFE -- DAY

We pick them up on another security camera.

MUTTY

You see people like to believe it's
not really important whether what
they believe is fact or fiction.
They just like to believe

The life comes to a stand still and the doors open and out
they get.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

Another camera picks them up.

HIMY

I don't want to hear anymore. Who
is that we are seeing?

MUTTY

Michael.

They reach another door, and are buzzed in. They reach the
last door, again they are buzzed.

INT. BACK ROOM DIAMOND DEALERS -- DAY

Another hasidic comes to greet them.

MICHAEL

Mutty.

MUTTY

Michael.

MICHAEL

You're half an hour late. You're
gonna give me hurt burn.

The man pauses.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mutty. Mutty?

The man start to frown, suddenly panic hits him, he turns to
run. We cut back to Mutty, he rips open his shirt revealing
a false stomach.

The stomach is pulled off and underneath he is harboring a selection of guns, two of the others grab the weapons.

MUTTY
Stand up you dirty fucks!

HIMY
Anybody touches a button every last
man goes down

JOSEPH
Stand! He said stand, touch the
ceiling.

Freeze the shot, the first of the titles comes up on the screen. We unfreeze, and cut to the scene down to a few valuable relevant moments, diamonds being collected up etc.

MUTTY
Where is the stone?

MAN
You have got them.

MUTTY
No, the stone?...

Mutty pulls the hammer back on the revolver.

MUTTY (CONT'D)
Come come.

Cut to a shot of a large diamond being held up to the light.

MUTTY (CONT'D)
Let's go.

INT. VAN -- DAY

The four of them are now in a van peeling off the hasidic outfits. They are all lean, fit, serious looking men.

Franky holds up the stone. The camera tracks into the stone.

CUT TO:

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

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

RUSSIAN

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

Franky takes the paper, looks at it and repeats the name.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

Boris?

RUSSIAN

Boris, Boris can get you anything
you need.

CUT TO:

CUE OF SPINNING GUN CHAMBER

INT. LONDON - AMUSEMENT ARCADE-BACK OFFICE -- DAY

CUT TO:

CUE OF SPINNING GUN CHAMBER

We are in the backroom of an AMUSEMENT ARCADE and can hear fruit machines beeping in the distance. Meet BORIS THE BLADE and TOMMY who is toying with a heavy-looking revolver. There is a case in front of Tommy, from which the gun has been taken, inside there are other weapons.

TOMMY

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

BORIS

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

Tommy practices a couple of gun-slinging maneuvers. He's impressed. At the moment the door opens and in walks a MAN pushing a fruit machine that is in need of attention. He's a rough looking bastard, he's massive, and extremely ugly. Meet GORGEOUS GEORGE.

TOMMY

Yes gorgeous?

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Sorry Tommy, I hope that I am not interrupting.

TOMMY

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

George isn't too bright.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

What are you doing Tommy?

TOMMY

I am baking a cake, not that it's any of your business. Now good night Gorgeous.

George puts down the fruit machine. And leaves. Tommy turns round to Boris with a slight shake of his head.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

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

Boris chews this for a second.

BORIS

I'll toss the coin.

He tosses the coin:

CUT TO:

CUE OF SPINNING COIN

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE -- DAY

CUT TO:

CUE OF SPINNING COIN

Meet AVI. On the phone. Streetwise NY diamond dealer. He catches a coin.

AVI
Eighty six carats?

INT. CITY AIRPORT/INT. NEW YORK OFFICE -- DAY/CONTINUOUS

Franky's in London on the phone to Avi in New York.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
Pear-shaped, beautiful make, clean,
no fluorescence, a beautiful stone.

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

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
I gotta move the meles and two
grainers here, I'll get a better
price for the smaller stones. I'll
be a couple of days.

AVI
Speak to my cousin Doug.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
Doug the Head?

AVI
Yeah, Doug the Head. They're
thieving dogs those limies, don't
trust 'em, so get some security,
get it today, speak to those
russians, they can get you
anything. And...

Dramatic pause

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
And what?

AVI

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

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

I hear ya Avi. I'll see ya Avi.

The phone goes down Avi looks up at a COLLEAGUE.

AVI

Eighty six carats.

ROSE BUD

Where?

AVI

London.

ROSE BUD

London?

AVI

Yes, London.

OTHER COLLEAGUE

London.

AVI

Yes, London. You know,
fish'n'chips, cup o' tea, bad food,
worse weather, Mary fuckin'
Poppins. You know, London!

INT. BORIS' HOUSE/RUSSIAN'S HOUSE - SPLIT SCREEN -- DAY

They're both on the phone, subtitled.

RUSSIAN

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

BORIS

I'll see what i can do.

RUSSIAN

He can't know that it's you, Boris.
We do too much business together.

(MORE)

RUSSIAN(cont'd)

You're gonna have to get someone else to hit him and there is no way it can relate to us. You understand?

BORIS

Yes, I understand.

RUSSIAN

One more thing, he loves to gamble.

INT. BRICK TOP'S BOXING RING -- DAY

BRICK TOP (aka MR. PULFORD) is a heavy looking fella. He is observing a giant of a man, BOMBER HARRIS, boxing a sparring partner. He's with TWO HENCHMEN, ERROL and JOHN, and TWO EMPLOYEES, LIAM and GARY.

BRICK TOP

If that's not worth a bet i don't know what is.

He's talking to LIAM and GARY, the employees.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

He doesn't look bad does he?

GARY

Oh no Mr. Pulford, he looks great.

LIAM

Yeah, great.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

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

BRICK TOP

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

GARY

That's what you deserve Mr. Pulford.

BRICK TOP

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

Taken aback by the change of tone.

GARY
Err no, I'm not.

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

There is a definite change in temperature.

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

There is a problem.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Who kept the four ounces from the
Clapham job?

Pause.

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

Liam takes a step to the side and moves his eyes in a
sideways action implying the guilt lies with Gary. Gary
catches this and opens his mouth to protest. One of Brick
Top's henchmen, ERROL, sticks a belt in there as quick as it
opens and uses a cattle-prod on Gary, he buckles. Errol
pulls out a plastic bag and a roll of tape.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
You know what to do with that don't
you Liam?

CUT TO:

FIGHTERS, DISTRACTED BY THE GOINGS ON.

HARRIS
Don't look for your sake.

POV of Smaller Fighter: we witness Liam putting the bag over
Gary's head and tying tape round his neck.

Gary tries to resist but it's futile and we vaguely witness the demise of poor Gary.

CUT TO:

BRICK TOP'S BOXING RING -- DAY

BRICK TOP
You're a ruthless cunt Liam, I'll
give you than.

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

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
But I got no time for grasses.

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

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Feed 'em to the pigs Errol.

With a short beat.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
He's looking good, Bomber, is he
not? Ho's their man getting on?

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

EXT. TURKISH'S BACK ALLEY MAKESHIFT BOXING RING -- DAY

...And the whip pan shot takes us into this boxing ring. Meet TURKISH, he is Tommy's partner. They are both watching Gorgeous go through his paces. Gorgeous George is headbutting a heavy punch bag. The sound that emanates is distributing, and Tommy is distracted.

TOMMY
Is he allowed to do that?

Turkish is drinking MILK from a BOTTLE.

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE
Oi Turkish, can i have a drink?

Turkish looks over his shoulder, and then points to himself.

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

Turkish looks at the WATER BOY.

TURKISH (CONT'D)
Oi son, look lively.

He turns back to Tommy.

TURKISH (CONT'D)
Look at it.

He turns to see the remnants of a CARAVAN where they keep the training gear and administration for the fights. There is a barbecue blazing and an old boy turning sausages. A couple of deck chairs sitting next to the caravan.

TURKISH (CONT'D)
How am I supposed to run this thing
from that? We're gonna need a
proper office.

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)
I want a new one Tommy, and you're
going to buy it for me.

TOMMY
Why me?

TURKISH
You know about caravans.

TOMMY
How's that?

TURKISH
You spent a summer in one. Which
means you know more than me. And I
don't want to have my pants pulled
down over the price.

TOMMY
What's wrong with this one?

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

TURKISH

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

He passes Tommy a piece of paper.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

Tommy looks at the address and frowns.

TOMMY

It's a campsite.

Turkish pulls a "that's right" face.

TURKISH

You're buying a caravan, Tommy.

TOMMY

They aren't pikies are they?

TURKISH

I don't know if they're midgets
from Mars mate. But I do know
they've got a caravan.

Turkish passes Tommy an envelope.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

You got then grand and it would be
nice to see change.

TOMMY

I hope they're not pikies. I
fuckin' hate pikies.

TURKISH

You're a sensitive boy, ain't ya
Tommy?

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Fuck me, hold tight, what's that?

TOMMY
It's a belt, Turkish.

Pointing quite clearly at the gun.

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

TOMMY
It's for protection.

TURKISH
Protection from what, the Germans?
What's to stop it from blowing your
bollocks off every time you sit
down? Where did you get it?

Looking down onto his gun.

TOMMY
Boris the Blade.

TURKISH
You mean Boris the sneaky fucking
Russian.

Turkish pulls the gun out of Tommy's front.

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

He spins the chamber.

CUT TO:

CUE OF GUN CHAMBER

INT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

CUT TO:

CUE OF GUN CHAMBER

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

Boris is showing Franky a large pistol.

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

BORIS
Nothing.

Pause.

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

BORIS
I want you to do something for me.

Franky nods for him to go on.

BORIS
There is a fight in a couple of
days.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
What kind of a fight?

BORIS
Unlicensed boxing.

The camera tracks into Franky:

CUT TO:

FRANKY IN VARIOUS GAMBLING JOINTS

He's sweating in all of them, it's hard to see whether he's
having a good time or not, but what is clear is that he has a
problem.

CUT TO:

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

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

BORIS

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

Franky shrugs and implies he wants to hear more.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

What do you know?

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE -- DAY

Avi is on the phone.

AVI

Nu Doug do me a favour.

INT. PUB -- DAY

DOUG THE HEAD is an east London Jew, about forty five, almost
completely bald and proud of it. He is inspecting a Rolex
watch.

DOUG

It's not for me, Paulie.

PAULIE

Ahh maybe you'll change your mind.

Doug leans over to the barman.

DOUG

You got my sandwich John?

The barman passes Doug a sandwich. Doug's phone starts to
ring.

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE -- DAY

AVI

Doug the thug.

DOUG

Avi.

AVI
He'll be there today. Look after
him.

DOUG
Avi don't utz me, i gotta see the
stones.

Doug walks out of the pub and up an ally.

EXT. PUB -- DAY

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

DOUG
You know i won't buy shtrops.

AVI
He isn't selling shtrops.

DOUG
Listen, what do you take me for
Avi? This is England, we play by
the rules.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF AVI

His eyes rolling at his bollocks. Doug walks out onto Hatton
Garden and recognizes and acknowledges various people walking
down the street, some are hasidic and some are more sinister
in appearance.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP -- DAY

DOUG
If the stones are kosher then I'll
buy 'em won't I? Now: it's lunch
time.

He puts the phone down. He stands in front of two girls one
of which is dealing with a punter.

DOUG (CONT'D)
That was cousin Avi. You know your
going to have to go and see him?

ALEX
Yes Dad, you told us.

DOUG
He's a big mucher in New York.

SUSI
Yes Dad, you told us.

DOUG
I want to see you two up in my
office.

ALEX AND SUSI
Yeah Dad, you told us!

He carries on walking up the stairs the camera stays on one
of the girls, for a while and then chases to catch Doug up.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

DOUG
Well you should go out there and
learn a thing or two, find
yourselves husbands maybe, please
God.

ALEX
Yeah, right Dad.

DOUG
Right now, where was I?

He goes back to eating his sandwich.

SUSI
Is that a prawn sandwich you're
eating?

Doug looks mildly surprised; he's been rumbled.

DOUG
Eh?

ALEX
You're Jewish Dad, They're triyf,
shellfish is against our
persuasion, so you keep telling us.

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

Pause.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Sneaky bastards.

Doug throws the half eaten sandwich out the window.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DOUG'S OFFICE/PAWNBROKERS -- DAY

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

VINNY
Move it, come on, move it.

Vinny enters the pawnshop.

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY

Meet Sol, who's behind the counter, Vinny's partner in the pawnshop. He's concentrating on the deal at hand with Bad Boy Lincoln and has a stone-inspecting monocle to his eye.

VINNY
Bad Boy. Sol.

They are in deep discussion and only Lincoln responds.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
Easy.

SOL
Nah, it's a 'moissanite.'

BAD BOY LINCOLN
A what-a-nite?

SOL
A moissanite is a artificial
diamond, Lincoln.
(MORE)

SOL(cont'd)

It's Mickey Mouse mate, spurious,
not genuine, and it's worth: fuck
all.

Lincoln's face drops.

VINNY

Bad Boy, I keep telling 'ya, stick
to being a 'gangstar', leave this
game to me and Sol.

BAD BOY LINCOLN

Later.

OMIT

OMIT

Lincoln leaves the store.

OMIT

OMIT

SOL (CONT'D)

If one of these fellas was real you
think I would be still working in
here?

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

SOL (CONT'D)

What's that Vince?

VINNY

Err, it's a dog Sol.

SOL

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

VINNY

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

SOL

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

VINNY

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

Vince extracts some JEWELRY from his pocket and places it on the table. Sol considers this and decides it can't be all bad. Sol starts to inspect the jewelry.

SOL
It better not be dangerous.

VINNY
Does it look dangerous?

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

VINNY
If it farts, we'll all be out.

Vin lets the dog off the leash.

SOL
What are you doing?

VINNY
I want him to get used to the shop

Just then the door opens, and the dog runs out of the shop.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Oi, stop the dog!

A MAN just watches as the dog flies off down the street. Vinny goes running after it. The man comes into the shop: it's Boris.

SOL
Alright Boris? Don't worry about the dog.

BORIS
I am not.

SOL
So what can I do for you?

BORIS
I have a job for you

SOL
I already have a job

BORIS
Fifty grand for half a day's work.

SOL

Go on?

BORIS

I want you to hold up a bookies.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR/CAMPSITE -- DAY

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

TOMMY

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

A CARAVAN CAMPSITE comes into view.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Jesus, what's that?

TOMMY

That's what we are looking for

GORGEOUS GEORGE

It's a campsite. It's a pikey campsite

TOMMY

Ten points.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

What are we doing here?

TOMMY

We are buying a Caravan.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

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

TOMMY

Not if you're here.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Oh fuck off Tommy, you never said anything about gypsies.

TOMMY

Take the thumb outta your mouth Georgey, and try to look hard.

GORGEOUS GEORGE
Oh you bastard, i fuckin' hate
pikeys.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- DAY

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

KID #1
That's a flash car mister

TOMMY
Not as flash as your bike though is
it?

KID #1
Who you lookin' for?

TOMMY
Mr. O'Neill.

KID #1
Do you want me to go and get him?

TOMMY
Good lad.

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

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

KID #1
Yeah.

There is another pause.

TOMMY
Well what are you waiting for?

KID #1
The five quid you are gonna pay me.

Chuckling.

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

KID #1
Two fifty.

TOMMY
You can have a quid.

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

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

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

TOMMY
Mr. O'Neill?

MICKY
Fuck man, call me Micky.

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

TOMMY
How are ya?

MICKY
The weather is being kind to us, but the horses aren't

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

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Fuck me, would you look at the size of him, Jesus man, how big are ya? Hey kids, how big is he?

KID #2
He's a big man, that's for sure.

MICKY
Would you look at the size of his muscles? And look at the size of his hams, and the end of his arms.
(MORE)

MICKY(cont'd)

Hey Mam, come and look at the size
of this fellas.

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

MICKY (CONT'D)

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

MUM

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

TOMMY

I could murder one.

MUM

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

One of the kids is furtively searching Tommy's pocket, the
kid is grabbed by Micky.

MICKY

What are you doing Paul? Get your
hand out of there you rascal.

He picks the kid up and kisses him, and then throws him over
his shoulder, the kid lands god knows where.

MICKY (CONT'D)

Would the big fellas like a cup of
tea?

MUM

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

KID #2

Lift me up would ya mister?

KID #3

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

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

MICKY

Good dogs, do you like dogs?

TOMMY

Sure, yeh, i like dogs. I like
caravans more.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR -- DAY

We open on Vinny's dog, now sitting in a car, Sol doesn't see the funny side of the dog sitting next to him. The man driving is called TYRONE. Vin is also in the car.

SOL

He's bad to the bone. Ain't 'cha
Tyrone?

TYRONE

Of course I am.

SOL

Tyrone is going to be driving us
Vince. Done a rally driving
course, ain't 'cha Tyrone?

Tyrone reves the eigne and raises his eyebrows.

TYRONE

Of course I have.

He looks at the dog, which is threatening to dribble on the seats.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

I don't want him dribbling on my
seats.

VINNY

Your seats? Tyrone, it's a stolen
car mate.

TYRONE

While I am at the wheel, it's my
ca. So stop the dog from dribbling
on the seats.

SOL

Give him another of those biscuits,
they shut him up.

VINNY

They give him wind.

Gesturing at the dog.

SOL
I can't believe you found it.
Where did it go?

VINNY
It went straight back to the
gypsies.

SOL
Oh shut up, how could he find them?

VINNY
I don't know Sol, I am not a dog.
Ask him. It's like he's got a
fuckin' homing beacon or something.

Tyrone turns round to look at the dog and narrowly misses a
car.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Steady with the brake! Fuck me, i
thought you said he could drive,
Sol?

Sol gives the dog another biscuit.

EXT. PETROL STATION -- DAY

Tyrone pulls into a petrol station.

TYRONE
Don't you worry about me, jus'
worry 'bout that dog 'pon on me
seats!

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

VINNY
Is he for real?

SOL
Don't worry about Tyrone, you just
worry about getting a gun.

Vinny throws the bag on to Sol's lap. And Sol unzips it.
Inside is a ridiculously powerful SHOTGUN.

SOL (CONT'D)
What's that?

VINNY
It's a shotgun Sol.

SOL
It's a fuckin' anti-aircraft gun
Vin.

VINNY
I want to raise some pulses don't
I?

SOL
You'll raise hell, never mind
pulses.

Tyrone gets back into the car, starts it up again and puts
some money in the CARWASH MACHINE.

SOL (CONT'D)
Can you get this fuckin' dog to
stop dribbling on me?

Vin pulls the dog back.

SOL (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you Vince? You
would walk in there with a knife
and fork and they'd tickle your
balls with their tongue. You don't
need a fuckin' Howitzer!

The carwash starts. Sol gives the dog another biscuit.

VINNY
Don't give him anymore. It'll give
him wind. Give him that squeaky
toy.

Some ugly duckling TOY is produced and proffered to the mutt.

VINNY (CONT'D)
(to TYRONE)
what the fuck are you doing?

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

The machine starts. They do the windows up.

VINNY

Are you serious? This is a robbery
Tyrone, not a Saturday fuckin' car
cruise.

In disbelief.

SOL

Vince, your dog has broken wind.

The water starts to hit the windshield, they attempt a lower
of windows, but water starts to come through.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- DAY

Gorgeous George fastens the CARAVAN to the back of their car
and Tommy pulls away. They wave at Micky and he
reciprocates.

MICKY

He's a good dog, comes from a good
family. Hold on to him tight,
he'll get a little homesick for a
while but he'll get over it.

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

INT. TOMMY'S CAR -- DAY

TOMMY

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

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

EXT. CARAVAN/ROAD TO CAMPSITE -- DAY

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

MICKY

The deal was you bought it how you
saw it.

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

MICKY (CONT'D)

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

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE

I think...

Interrupted.

MICKY

I think you should get into your
car while you've still got lets to
carry you there.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Nobody...

Interrupted.

MICKY

Nobody brings a fella the size of
you unless they are trying to say
something without talking.

TOMMY

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

MICKY

Why the fuck do i want a caravan
that's got no fuckin' wheels?

Gorgeous George steps forward.

MICKY (CONT'D)

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

MUM

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

MICKY

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

MUM

I won't have you fighting, Micky.

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

MICKY

Okay, mum, okay. You need to sit down.

Micky calls to one of the lads, DARREN, standing by.

MICKY (CONT'D)

Darren, look after Mum. Get her sitting down.

We see Mum being led out by DAREN: MICKY LOOKS GENUINELY CONCERNED FOR HIS MUM> Pause as Micky waits for her to be well gone.

MICKY (CONT'D)

I'll fight you for it.

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

INT. STABLE -- DAY

The two fighters start pacing. It looks a bit ridiculous, Micky is dwarfed by comparison. Gorgeous George takes a swipe: it was a impressive punch, but Micky is a quick little bastard and sidesteps. Micky does nothing to retaliate; his hands are still by his side. Gorgeous George lunges out and grabs Micky by the throat and groin, picks him up like a sack of spuds and throws him against the door. All eyes are on Micky for a second or two, then he raises and appears little bothered by this, he gets up, brushes himself off and starts to pace again, hardly even looking at the big man.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

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

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE

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

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

GORGEOUS GEORGE

This is sick. I am outta here.

MICKY

You're not going anywhere ya tick' lump. You stay until the jobs done.

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

CUT TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

WE SEE GORGEOUS GEORGE LYING ON THE FLOOR WITH A HEAD THE SIZE OF A WATER MELON. THERE IS BLOOD STREAMING OUT OF EVERY ORIFICE IN HIS HEAD - HE'S IN BIG TROUBLE. WE ARE IN SLOW MOTION: THERE'S A LOT OF ACTIVITY GOING ON AROUND THE BODY ON THE FLOOR, THEIR MOUTHS ARE OPEN BUT WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING, ALL WE CAN HEAR IS THE VOICE-OVER GIVEN BY TOMMY.

TOMMY (V.O.)

This isn't good, if George doesn't wake up in the next few minutes I have a problem. There is something cold-blooded and practical about what these people are thinking. Why do they want to go to the trouble of explaining why a man died in a campsite? These people don't exist in society, you can't find them, they live under their own laws and ignore everybody else's. I think I am in trouble, fuck it, I know I am in trouble.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE/OFFICE -- MORNING

The voice-over continues with Tommy now standing in front of Turkish.

TOMMY (V.O.)

They would have popped me like a
hot sausage if George hadn't woken
up.

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

TOMMY (CONT'D)

If his Mum hadn't turned up, they
would have finished it.

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

He was half his size.

He pantomimes a man that would reach his navel.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I didn't expect him to get hurt

TURKISH

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

He raises his voice

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

TOMMY

Who took the jam out of your donut?

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

You said get a good deal so...

TURKISH

I fail to recognize the correlation
between a hospitalized boxer and a
good deal?

Pause. There is no correlation as Tommy knows.

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

We replace the fighter.

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

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

CUT TO:

SHOT OF BOTH "MAD FIST" GOING MAD...

.... AND THE "GUN" SHOOTING HIMSELF.

CUT TO:

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE/OFFICE -- MORNING

TOMMY

What about "Clam Hand" Tony?

TURKISH

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

CUT TO:

SHOT OF "CLAM HAND" TONY GETTING HIS FINGERS CAUGHT IN THE TILL.

CUT TO:

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE/OFFICE -- MORNING

TOMMY

Why not?

TURKISH

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Jesus!

TOMMY

What?

TURKISH

Let's use the fuckin' pikey.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

DOUG

From Russia with love.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

The two grainers and the melees. All collection clean, interested?

DOUG

I told you i was interested.

Pause. Franky's in a rush.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

I have stones to sell, fat to chew and many different men to see about many different dogs. So if I am not rushing you.

DOUG
Hold tight Franky, when in Rome.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
I am not in Rome, Doug, I am in a
rush.

He looks at his watch.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS (CONT'D)
I gotta make the bookies.

DOUG
Bookies? What are you betting?

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
Some guy called Bomber Harris.

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

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
I probably know a lot you don't.

Doug raises his eyebrows.

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

INT. MICKY'S CARAVAN -- DAY

Micky, Tommy and Turkish are in mid discussion.

TURKISH
What do you say?

MICKY
How much you going to pay us?

TOMMY
Ten k.

MICKY
If you stick your hand down the
back of the sofa you're sitting on
you'll find more than that. I'll
do it for a caravan

TURKISH
A what?

MICKY

You can't sleep in a what, I said a caravan.

TOMMY

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

MICKY

It's not for me, it's for me Mam.

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE -- DAY (SPLIT-SCREEN)

INT. LONDON CAFE -- DAY (SPLIT-SCREEN)

Avi is on the phone to Doug as they both walk down their respective streets and into the diner/cafe.

AVI

Where is he now?

DOUG

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

AVI

When?

DOUG

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

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

AVI

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

DOUG

It's a boxing match Avi.

Avi isn't happy.

AVI

Did he have a case with him?

DOUG

Yes.

AVI
And the schmuck's gone gambling?
That's Franky "I have a problem
with gambling" Fuckin' Four
Fingers, you are talking about,
Doug.

DOUG
What am I, telepathic?

AVI
You're fuckin' stupid, I'll give
you that! You know why Franky has
got four fingers, Doug?

DOUG
No.

AVI
Because he makes stupid bets, with
dangerous people, and when he can't
pay, he gets the chop, and I don't
mean his foreskin Doug.

DOUG
I am sure he can pay.

AVI
With my stones? I think not.

Avi pulls a face like "what kind of a stupid question is
that?" He then reverts his attention to Rose Bud.

AVI (CONT'D)
Rose Bud you got your tooth brush?

ROSE BUD
What's up?

AVI
We're going to London. You hear me
Doug? I am coming over.

CUT TO:

THE PHONE IS SLAMMED DOWN.

CUT TO:

AMERICAN CAB LIGHT GOING OFF.

CUT TO:

PASSPORTS BEING SLAMMED DOWN ON A THE CHECK OUT COUNTER

CUT TO:

WHEELS TAKING OFF RUNWAY.

CUT TO:

AVI TAKING PILLS AND DRINKING WATER SLAMMING CUP DOWN ON AIRPLANE TABLE.

CUT TO:

WHEELS TOUCHING DOWN IN UK.

CUT TO:

PASSPORTS BEING STAMPED IN UK.

CUT TO:

BLACK CAB LIGHT GOING OFF, AND DOOR BEING SLAMMED.

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB -- DAY

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

TURKISH

We are here to see Brick Top.

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

BARMAN

I am very busy at the moment.

TURKISH

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

BARMAN

Who?

TURKISH

Brick Top.

BARMAN

Never heard of him.

TURKISH

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

They both give the table an eyeball.

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

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

TWO HEAVY LOOKING FELLA'S appear out of the woodwork.

ERROL

You Turkish?

TURKISH

Yup.

ERROL

Follow me.

The heavy fellas opens up the bar and beckons Turkish and
Tommy through.

INT. BACK OF BRICK TOP'S PUB -- DAY

They go through another door and the corridor turns into a
mass of dogs barking, snarling and whining in cages. The
mood is sinister....they Reach another door, they open up and
we are introduced to a DOG FIGHT.

A load of HEAVY GEEZERS are commenting on the performance of the dogs, one dog is being carried out by a single leg, it's covered in blood but it's survived.

TURKS

They can charm the paint off walls
these fellas

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

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

BRICK TOP

Look mean now you hairy fucker,
won't ya?

He looks at the appalled faces of Turkish and Tommy.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

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

TURKISH

I like a dog to fetch my slippers
and bite the postman.

BRICK TOP

Gorgeous ready for tonight?

TURKISH

We don't have a Gorgeous anymore.

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

BRICK TOP

You're going to have to repeat
that.

TURKISH

We have lost Gorgeous George.

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

BRICK TOP
I said keep the noise down....

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

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Well, where did you lose him? He isn't a set of fuckin' cars keys is he? And it's not as though he is inconfuckinspicious is it?

TURKISH
I am not backing out.

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

TOMMY
We are changing the fighter.

Brick Top wasn't expecting anything out of Tommy.

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

TURKISH
You won't know him, but he's mustard.

Pause: a look of "you're kidding" comes over Brick Top's face.

BRICK TOP
Mustard, I don't care if he's Mohammed Ali. You can't change fighters.

TURKISH
There was an accident.

BRICK TOP
I'll show you a fuckin' accident.

TURKISH
You've still got your fight.

BRICK TOP

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

TOMMY

You could take bets at the fight.

BRICK TOP

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

Pause.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

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

INT. TYRONE'S CAR OUTSIDE BOOKIES -- DAY

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

SOL

Do we have to take the dog on a
job?

VINNY

He gets homesick

SOL

Like you've gone head sick. You
need a check up from the neck up.
Here, pass me my pan chocolate.

TYRONE

Pan what?

SOL

It's french for chocolate
croissant.

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

SOL (CONT'D)

Jessssus, he didn't even chew it.

Tyrone stops the car.

VINNY

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

TYRONE

It's too tight

VINNY

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

SOL

Leave him alone, he's a natural.

Tyrone gets a little over-excited with the accelerator and reverses with a crashing sound into the rear of the VAN behind them (i.e. It's parked back to the back with them).

VINNY

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

TYRONE

Look, you hassle me, see what
happens.

Tyrone makes to move the car forward again.

VINNY

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

TYRONE

I didn't see it there.

VINNY

Eh? It's a four ton truck. It's
not as though it's a packet of
fuckin' peanuts is it?

TOMMY

It was at a funny angle.

Vin is confused as to this last statement.

VINNY

Funny angle? It was behind you,
whenever you reverse things come
from behind you. Where was it you
did this rally driving course
Tyrone, your imagination?

The dog starts whining.

SOL
Give him something to shut him up.

Vin throws a PLASTIC SQUEAKY DOG BALL that was in the front. The dog grabs it and swallows it in one gulp. The brothers look on in shock.

SOL (CONT'D)
He can't swallow a whole ball.

TYRONE
Well he just did.

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

EXT. AIRPORT (OMITTED)

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Avi is sitting in front of Doug.

AVI
I don't like to leave my country
Doug, and i certainly don't like to
leave it for anything less than
quiet beaches, and cocktails with
sun hats.

DOUG
We have got quiet beaches.

AVI
Well who the fuck wants to go to
'em? So i hope you can appreciate
the concern I have for my
colleague, Franky.

Pause.

AVI (CONT'D)
I want to find him Doug, and you
are going to help me find him. Now
let's start with the bookies.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR OUTSIDE BOOKIES -- DAY

The three black guys are still sitting in the car, waiting for a sighting of Franky. The occasional SQUEAK comes from the dog.

VINNY

How am i going to get it out?

SOL

He'll probably cough it up.

VINNY

Do you think he'll be alright?

Sol shrugs.

SOL

Hope not.

TYRONE

What are we waiting for?

SOL

We are waiting for a man carry a case.

TYRONE

Why?

SOL

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

He rubs his fingers symbolically together.

TYRONE

What's in the case?

Sol turns to talk to Tyrone.

SOL

Fuckin' 'ell Tyrone. You concentrate on the driving okay?

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

SOL (CONT'D)

Shit, what that him?

VINNY

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

SOL

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

VINNY

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

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

INT. BOOKIES -- NIGHT

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

PAULIE

Yes sir, how can I help?

VINNY

You can start by giving me all your
money.

PAULINE

Does Sir know who this bookies
belongs to?

VINNY

It belongs to me now.

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

VINNY (CONT'D)

If you know what's good for...

He is cut short, as Pauline triggers a button under the
counter and a SECURITY SCREEN comes flying up at a very rapid
rate of knots, protecting all the counters. This has the
unfortunate consequence of taking Vinny with it. Poor Vin is
shot straight to the ceiling, all we can see is half of his
body and his desperately searching for ground legs.

Needless to say this leaves Sol in a bit of a bewildered state. He's looking the wrong way at the critical moment and is left wondering what happened, not having seen Vince impaled on the top of the screen. Sol extracts the enormous SHOTGUN.

SOL
Vince? Vince??

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

SOL (CONT'D)
What are you doing Vince? And what
the fuck are you doing up there?

A few groans emanate from the other side of the counter. Sol panics some more, and decides that emergency action is called for. He gestures towards the man with the case who's lying on the floor.

SOL (CONT'D)
I have got your man out there. If
you don't put down the screen I'll
blow his fucking head off! You
hear me?

PAULIE (O.S.)
I don't care, you can do what like,
he's not related to me.

SOL
You think you can try me?

Sol raises the gun and fires into the side of the wall. There's an ENORMOUS EXPLOSION and a CLEAR HOLE is made in the side of the wall. The powerful kick from the gun also makes Sol momentarily airborne.

EXT. TYRONE'S CAR -- NIGHT

We see Tyrone grimace at the sound of the shotgun.

INT. BOOKIES -- NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

SOL
How you doing, Vince?

A weakened voice retorts.

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

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

SOL
Now fill this bag.

PAULINE
All bets are off.

SOL
I am not here to make a fuckin'
bet.

PAULINE
All bets are off.

SOL
Are you fuckin' stupid? I want...

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

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

SOL
I ain't buying that.

PAULINE

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

Pause.

SOL

Well, what have you got?

PAULINE

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

VINNY

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

Sol's temper does have a limit.

SOL

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

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

SOL (CONT'D)

Let me see your hands.

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

Pauline can see Vinny's pistol on the counter, dropped after his encounter with the screen.

SOL (CONT'D)

Copper coins? What do you mean
copper fuckin' coins?

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

VINNY

Get me out of here now, Sol.

Vinny does sound convincingly desperate.

SOL
We're going Vin.

He grabs the bag of copper coins, grabs Vince and marches towards the double doors.

EXT. GLASS DOORS OF BOOKIES -- NIGHT

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

SOL
No security, eh?

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

TYRONE
What the fuck are you two doing?

EXT. BOOKIES -- NIGHT

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

SOL
Tyrone, get us outta here.

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

SOL (CONT'D)
I said, get us outta here Tyrone!

EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE STREATHAM -- NIGHT

AVI
What's this?

DOUG
It's an unlicensed fight. They're illegal, but if they keep their heads down, so do the authorities.

DOORMAN
Private night tonight chaps.

Dough passes him TICKETS. The doorman steps to the side and they go in.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE STREATHAM -- NIGHT

Avi, Doug and Rose Bud continue to walk past several other DOORMEN who all inspect the ticket.

AVI
Oi abbruch, are we ever going to get in there?

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

AVI
I am not looking for Vegas or legal, Doug, I am looking for Franky fuckin' Four Fingers.

DOUG
Well he said he was going to be here.

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

They get nudged aside by an ENTOURAGE OF MEN coming through.
In the middle is Brick Top.

AVI (CONT'D)
Who's your man?

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

DOUG
A real mumzer, a horrible bastard.
It's his fight, made all his money
in...

He touches the side of his nose and inhales.

AVI
Original. A lust for the dust.

CUT TO:

BRICK TOP

A heavy looking guy, JACK THE ALL SEEING EYE, is talking to
Brick Top. Jack is obviously a serious character in order to
warrant attention from Brick top.

JACK THE ALL SEEING EYE
Brick Top, alright? You ain't
going to disappoint us now are ya?

BRICK TOP
He's going down in the fourth.
Don't you worry about that.

CUT TO:

TURKISH & MICKY

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

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

INT. BOXING RING -- NIGHT

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

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

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

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)

And in the other corner a man that
needs no introduction to
destruction, the dictator to the
devastator, he put the 'e' in
eradicate, the 'o' in obliterate
and the 'a' in annihilate, the
sinister prime minister.... "Bomber
the "Mad Man" Harris"!

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

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)

Now i want a good dirty fight lads,
so now it's that time again....
Let's get ready to rruuummmmbblllee!

The two come out to fight. Bomber Harris lifts his monster hands to do damage. They pace each other for a second. Then Micky lets one go. It hits Bomber Harris square on the jaw. This has the effect of forcing blood out of his ears: the man is positively out cold. We crashtrack into various characters' reactions: Brick Top, Turkish and Tommy etc. All are in shock. The ref (who is obviously paid off as well) tries to resuscitate Harris, but it's not happening, he catches a look of desperation from one of the villains and is eventually left with little choice but to hold Micky's hand up. We cut Jack The All Seeing Eye and another heavy looking gangster SALT PETER. They have approached Brick Top with their heavies, and are obviously not satisfied.

JACK THE ALL SEEING EYE

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

Brick Top is obviously annoyed but uses restraint.

SALT PETER
I am not fucking happy Brick Top.

BRICK TOP
I'll make it up to ya.

Brick Top walks on a couple of paces.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Ohh that fuckin' pikey has put me
in it.

Another character, NEIL, approaches Brick Top.

NEIL
Thanks for the tip, Brick Top...

Brick top grabs Neil by the face - to the surprise of both
Brick Tops boy's and Neil.

BRICK TOP
Listen to me you fuckin' fringe.
If i throw a dog a bone, I don't
want to know if it tastes good or
not. You stop me again whilst I am
walking and I'll cut your fuckin'
jacobs off.

Brick Top goes through a cutting motion directed at Neil's
groin, and then continues walking, Neil raises his hand to
see it blood soaked.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
That fuckin' pikey.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKIES/INT. FRANKY'S VAN/FLASHBACK--DAY

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

We cut back: Franky Four Fingers gets out of his van. He
takes a quick look around and enters the back of his van.
There he raises the spare Tyre and picks up his GUN, he
examines it and places it in the secret compartment in his
CASE. He then turns to exit. At which point there is a loud
smash and Franky is knocked backwards and out cold (as Tyrone
hits his van.)

CUT TO:

BLACK.

INT. FRANKY'S VAN/EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKIES/INT. TYRONE'S CAR -- NIGHT

(Time-wise, we're now at the end of scene 37)

WE FADE UP

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

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

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- NIGHT

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

SOL

Where's the Russian?

VINNY

He should be there in a minute.
We'll get him to open it.

Vinny turns to Franky who has tape over his eyes.

VINNY (CONT'D)

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

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS

If you take the tape off my eyes,
I'll tell you.

SOL

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

VINNY
Just tell us the combination.

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
I can't remember the combination -
I can only do it if I see it.

Pause.

VINNY
You look at us, and it's good
night.

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

SOL
Come on.

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

VINNY
And?

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
And here's the money.

VINNY
What are you, paranoid? This
hardly warrants a case like this
does it?

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

FRANKY FOUR FINGERS
How be a bunch of good chaps and
lie down on the floor.

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

TYRONE
Whoops.

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

TYRONE (CONT'D)
Hello, what have we got here?

EXT. PAWNBROKER'S -- NIGHT

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

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- NIGHT

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

BORIS

What are you doing with him?

SOL

The case was attached to his body.

BORIS

So why didn't you chop it off?

Sol looks horrified by the thought.

VINNY

Cause i ain't a fuckin' butcher
Boris.

BORIS

Where is the case?

VINNY

We have, or rather you have, a
problem.

BORIS

What?

SOL

There wasn't any money there.

Boris pulls out ten thousand pounds in a huge wad and hands it to Vinny.

BORIS

There's ten grand.

VINNY

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

Vin holds up the STONE: the atmosphere changes.

BORIS

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

VINNY

I am afraid it's too late for that.

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

VINNY (CONT'D)

We want half, Boris, and that's because we are being generous. We could be rights keep the whole fuckin' stone.

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

BORIS

You fuckin' idiots. He could not know who i am. Now open the case and give me the stone.

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

BORIS (CONT'D)

Who's next? You have the ten grand, now give me the stone.

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

SOL

The only man that knows the combination you just shot.

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

Pointing to the ground:

BORIS

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

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

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE TO AMUSEMENT ARCADE -- MORNING

Turkish is in the car with Tommy. They pull up outside the back entrance of this arcade and Turkish has a look around: all seems to be clear.

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

Unless you are going to transcendentially transport the passwords and cash from out of the steel safe, i can't see any other way of getting them. Ok?

Tommy thinks about this.

TOMMY

I recognize credence in the premise.

TURKISH

That's 'cause the concept has merit. Keep your eyes peeled.

He opens the car door and he's off.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE -- DAY

Turkish lets himself in the back entrance and walks through.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE/BACK OFFICE -- DAY

He walks into his office, has a quick look around and makes his way to the safe under the floor.

He decides to put the kettle on, does so, and his attention is caught by something, he looks at the cups on the side and sees that one is waiting to be made. He stands back and looks at the cupboards he sees that they are all open. Then he sees that the kettle is already boiled.

ERROL

Oink, oink. Where do you keep the sugar?

TURKISH

Shit, you scared the life outta me.

JOHN

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

TURKISH

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

ERROL

That's very good Turkish.

JOHN

Very cool Turkish, cool as a polar bear's toenails.

TURKISH

Well, what do you want?

ERROL

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

JOHN

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

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

ERROL

Well aren't you going to answer it?

Turkish does.

INT. PHONE BOX - LONDON -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy is inside a phone box across the road from the arcade.

TOMMY

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

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE/BACK OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Turkish puts down the phone.

ERROL

What's happening with the tea?

TURKISH

Help yourself. You have to every thing else.

ERROL

That sounds like hostility, doesn't it John?

JOHN

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

ERROL

No John we don't, but I am sure he could be pacified, here John, you hold his arms, and I'll hold his legs.

JOHN

No Errol, you hold his arms and I'll hold his legs.

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

TURKISH

Brick Top.

BRICK TOP

Turkish. Got the kettle on?

Turkish adapts to his new circumstances.

TURKISH

You want sugar?

BRICK TOP

No thank you Turkish, I am sweet enough.

TURKISH

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

BRICK TOP

Have you got any veins in your
brains, Turkish? If i wanted you
done would I waste my time
talking?... Carry on.

Turkish does.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

I gotta bare knuckle fight in a
couple of days. I want to use the
pikey.

TURKISH

Alright, of course.

BRICK TOP

Of course, fuckin' of course, I
wasn't asking I was telling.

His voice drops and he speaks slowly and seriously.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

But this time i do want him to go
down in the fourth. And I do mean
in it this time.

He stands and walks to a painting and pushes it to the side,
this reveals a safe.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

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

There is nothing Turkish can do.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE -- CONTINUOUS

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

BRICK TOP

He's been a busy little bastard
that Turkish.

ERROL

I think you have let him get away
with enough already, gov.

Brick Top looks round with some concern.

BRICK TOP

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

Pause. Errol wants the ground to swallow him up.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

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

FADE OUT:

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. POSH PAD -- DAY

The film stock is 1970s, and things seem more dated. This is confirmed by the dress of our man BULLET TOOTH TONY. Tony is standing outside a smart door in a smart area, the goes to ring the bell but can see the door is open.

INT. POSH ROOM -- DAY

Tony has made his way through the house and pushes open a internal door. There in front of him is CHARLIE. He's wearing a pin-striped suit that looks like it has been on for a couple of days, and standing behind his desk holding a pistol directly at Tony. On the table is a bag of what we must believe is coke, and it's open, and Charlie has it all over his nose. Another man, KESTRAL, and a couple of semi-naked girls are also looking at Tony.

TONY

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

Charlie is posh and his accent confirms this.

CHARLIE

Who do you think you are letting
yourself into my house?
(MORE)

CHARLIE(cont'd)

You think I am a pussy, is that it?
And i can't defend myself, is that
it?

KESTRAL

You show him who's the boss,
Charles, you show him who's not a
pussy.

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

TONY

Oh you silly cunt.

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

CHARLIE

Go down boy, go down.

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

TONY

Ohh you'f in twouble nowf.

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

FADE IN:

INT. HATTON GARDEN PUB -- DAY

Doug, Avi, Alex, Susi and Rosebud are in the cafe.

AVI

Why can't you find me Franky, Doug?

DOUG

What do you want me to do? I am
not a bounty hunter, Avi.

The waitress puts down a sandwich. Doug looks at it in
horror, he can see that everybody else recognizes that it's a
bacon sandwich.

DOUG (CONT'D)
What's that?

WAITRESS
It's a bacon sandwich.

DOUG
What do i want with a bacon
sandwich?

WAITRESS
You always have a bacon sandwich.

DOUG
I have never had a bacon sandwich
in my life, I asked for salt beef.

He gives the plate back to the waitress, and shoos her back
to the kitchen.

WAITRESS
So i suppose you don't want the cup
of tea that you never had in your
life either?

DOUG
No, no, I'll have the tea.

He pulls the tea from out of her hands. He carries on
talking with guilt filling his eyes.

SUSI
What about Tony? Bullet Tooth
Tony? He'll find you Moses and the
burning bush if you pay him to.

AVI
Bullet Tooth Tony? Who's Bullet
Tooth Tony, Doug?

DOUG
He is a liability.

Susi interrupts.

SUSI
He is the best chance you have of
finding Franky, and he loves Dad.

DOUG
Sweet.

ALEX

He got shot six times and had all the bullets molded into gold. He's got two in his teeth, Dad did em, so he loves Dad.

AVI

Six times?

DOUG

In one sitting.

AVI

Sounds promising. So what is it that we are waiting for?

DOUG

You don't want to use him.

SUSI

Stop being such a pussy, Dad.

DOUG

Enough of the language already.

SUSI

They're all pussies, they're all shit scared of him, they think it's spooky that he's got more lives than an alley cat with an uzi.

AVI

Your girls have got some chutzpah Dougy. Six bullets in one sitting is spooky. But fuck it, if he can find me Four Fingers. I don't care if he's got a red tail with a fork on the end.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- DAY

Turkish and Tommy pull up outside the pikey camp. Micky's Mum is sitting in her chair outside the caravan. Kids are darting to and fro.

TOMMY

Good day, Ms. O'Neil.

MUM

Tommy.

Tommy has produced a bunch of flowers from somewhere.
Turkish finds this is a great surprise. Mrs. O'Neil hides
her surprise.

TURKISH

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

MUM

You're looking for my son, are ya?

TURKISH

Do you know where I can find him?

MUM

Yes.

Pause.

TURKISH

Well, would you like to share that
information with me, Mrs. O'Neil.

MUM

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

Pause.

MUM (CONT'D)

He's coursing.

TOMMY

What's coursing?

EXT. GYPSY CAMPSITE/INT. CAR/EXT. COUNTRY LANE -- DAY

**(NOTE: THIS SCENE WILL BE SHOT IN ITS ENTIRETY IN ALL THREE
LOCATIONS)**

Turkish and Tommy are walking towards the hare coursing
field.

TURKISH

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

TOMMY

What the fuck's a hare?

TURKISH
It's a big rabbit.

TOMMY
Why don't they call em big rabbits then?

TURKISH
Because they call 'em hares.

Tommy shrugs.

TOMMY
So what's coursing?

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

TOMMY
What happens if he doesn't?

TURKISH
Well, the big rabbit gets fucked, doesn't it?

Tommy looks a bit taken aback by this statement.

TOMMY
Come on, what, proper fucked?

TURKISH
Yeah, before the Germans get there. Have you got any veins in your brains Tommy? They eat the bastard.

TOMMY
Veins in your brains, that's good, where did you get that one?

INT. DODGY PUB -- DAY

Errol enters a particularly seedy pub with John. They stop by a TOUTER.

ERROL
Excuse me mate, d'ya know Mullet?

The man nods across the pub. Errol follows his eyes, squints and seems to focus on something.

ERROL (CONT'D)

Cheers pal.

They make their way over to MULLET - a seedy looking character with big ears and a moody haircut, who smokes fat cheap cigars and wears his top shirt button fastened.

MULLET

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

ERROL

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

MULLET

Yeah, let him know that i asked.

JOHN

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

MULLET

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

ERROL

Don't stop with the foreplay.

MULLET

Black geezer.

JOHN

Go on.

MULLET

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

JOHN

Porn as in filthy dirty?

MULLET

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

ERROL
Good boy Mullet.

EXT. HARE COURSING FIELD -- DAY

Turkish and Tommy have found Micky who is in the middle of a field and is betting with VARIOUS OTHER DODGY CHARACTERS.

TURKISH
Well do you want to do it?

MICKY
That depends.

TURKISH
On what?

MICKY
On you buying this caravan.

He pulls out a CATALOGUE on fancy caravans from his back pocket and points to the picture of the Rolls Royce of caravans.

TURKISH
That's not the same caravan.

MICKY
This isn't the same fight.

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

MICKY
The fight is twice the size. And my mam still needs a caravan. And I like to look after me mam, it only seems fair.

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)
I didn't mean that your mum was a tart. I just meant...

MICKY

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

TURKISH

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

MICKY

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

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

TURKISH

Okay, I reckon the hare gets fucked.

MICKY

I'll take that bet just to see a dog fuck a hare.

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

INT. ERROL'S CAR -- DAY

Slow motion. Errol and John are looking for Tyrone.

EXT. HARE COURSING FIELD -- DAY

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

INT. ERROL'S CAR -- DAY

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

EXT. HARE COURSING FIELD -- DAY

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

EXT. LONDON STREET -- DAY

Slow motion. Errol and John bail Tyrone into the back of a car.

EXT. HARE COURSING FIELD -- DAY

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

INT. BOOT OF ERROL'S CAR -- DAY

Poor Tyrone is bleeding in the boot of a car.

EXT. HARE COURSING FIELD -- DAY

The dogs move in.

EXT. ERROL'S CAR/INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB -- DAY

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

EXT. HARE COURSING FIELD -- DAY

The dogs are moving in.

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB, DOG FIGHT AREA -- DAY

A door is opened and Tyrone is thrown in. A rabid Neapolitan mastiff PITBULL hybrid that is attached to the end of a LONG POLE with a LASSO at the other end is brought in. It will quite clearly savage anything in its way.

EXT. HARE COURSING FIELD -- DAY

The hare gets caught and a pile of fur comes up.

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB, DOG FIGHT AREA -- DAY

The dog bites Tyrone in the leg.

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

TYRONE
Ok, I'll fuckin' tell ya!

EXT. HARE COURSING FIELD -- DAY

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

EXT. COUNTRY LANE/INT. CAR -- DAY

(NOTE: THIS SCENE WILL BE SHOT IN ITS ENTIRETY IN TWO LOCATIONS)

Turkish is getting into his car with Tommy.

TOMMY
Your as mad as Mars you are, why
did you take that bet? What
happens now?

TURKISH
We buy him a caravan Tommy.

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

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

TOMMY
You saying I can't shoot?

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

TOMMY
Are you saying it doesn't work?

TURKISH
You tried it?

Tommy frowns.

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)
Whoops.

TOMMY
I want to see that sneaky fuckin'
Russian.

INT. PAWNBROKER'S BACK ROOM -- DAY

Vin and Sol are trying to solve the problem of Franky's body.
Bad Boy Lincoln has been called in to help.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
What happened to him?

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

BAD BOY LINCOLN
What did you do that for? You
mistake him for a rabbit? What do
you want me to do about it?

VINNY
Sort it out.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
I am not a fuckin' witch doctor.

SOL
But you're the bad boy yardie, and
bad boy yardies are supposed to
know how to get rid of bodies.

BAD BOY LINCOLN
I create 'em, I don't erase 'em.
Who is he?

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

BAD BOY LINCOLN
Err... well, let's wrap him up.

SOL
What do you want to do that for?
He isn't a fuckin' Christmas
present.

EXT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY/CONTINUOUS

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

ERROL
You coming John?

JOHN
Is a trout's head waterproof,
Errol? I wouldn't miss it for the
world.

ERROL
Get the governor, John.

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

JOHN
It looks like we are in, gov.

BRICK TOP
Oh goodie gum drops. Get us a cup
of tea, would you John?

INT. PAWNBROKER'S BACK ROOM -- DAY/CONTINUOUS

Vin, Lincoln and Sol are arguing.

SOL
Hold him by the legs.

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

The interconnecting door to the front of the shop opens
slowly.

BRICK TOP
Hope it's not a bad moment.

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

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Do you know who I am?

BAD BOY LINCOLN
Yeah I know.

BRICK TOP
Good. That will save me some time
then.

VINNY
Well I don't.

Brick Top's attention is focused on the body.

BRICK TOP
You're always gonna have problems
lifting a body in one piece.
Apparently the best thing to do is
cut the corpse up into six pieces
and pile it all together.

SOL
Would someone mind telling me who
you are?

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

Pause.

While the black guys are still holding the body, the door
opens and in walks John. He passes Brick Top a cup of tea
and in a take-away container.

VINNY

Lincoln, who is this man?

BRICK TOP

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

Brick Top holds up his fist.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

They go through bone like it's butter. You need at least sixteen pigs to finish the job in one sitting, so be wary of any man with a pig farm. They will go through a body that weighs two hundred pounds in about eight minutes - that means that a single pig can consume two pounds of uncooked flesh every minute...

Pause.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

Hence the expression: "greedy as a pig."

Pause.

VINNY

Well thank you, that's a large weight off my mind. But would you mind very much telling me who the fuck you are. Other than a man that feeds people to pigs, of course.

The door opens and we see Errol, who is wearing a pair of extremely large plastic GLOVES, showing Brick Top a small gun that he has found.

ERROL

Would you look at the size of this?

BRICK TOP
Golly that is big, isn't it Errol?

He looks back at the brothers.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Do you know what Nemesis means?

There is a pause.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
A righteous infliction of
retribution manifested by an
appropriate agent, personified in
this case by a horrible cunt. Me.

Brick top stands and opens the door. We can see that number
of body bags have been laid out on the floor and the walls
covered in plastic sheeting.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Gentlemen.

SIX VERY LARGE MEN (including Errol and John) are standing
around wanting to get busy with kebab knives. Tyrone is with
them, all trussed up.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

'BULLET TOOTH' TONY is in front of Avi, Rose Bud, Doug, Alex
and Susi.

AVI
Can I call you Tony?

BULLET TOOTH TONY
You can call me Susan if it makes
you happy.

ROSE BUD
You got nice teeth Susan.

Tony demonstrates an interest in Rose Bud's.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
Thank you. You don't, you should
comb 'em sometime.

Avi Interrupts.

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

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

AVI
Forty thousand.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
Where was he last seen?

DOUG
At a bookies.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
A bookies, eh? Susi, pass us the
blower.

Susi reaches for the phone.

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY

The black guys are lying in body bags...

ERROL
Is this how you want him, gov'?

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

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

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

BRICK TOP
What do you think Errol?

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

Brick Top again frowns at Errol.

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

He turns back to the brothers.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
You got forty eight hours.

Brick Top looks at Lincoln.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
I am going to take your man here.

Pointing to Tyrone.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
You can keep this silly wanker.

LIN
Hold on...

ERROL
Oi silly bollocks, shut it or I'll
shut your ears off...

BRICK TOP
In forty eight hours I'll set the
dogs on him, and then the pigs on
whatever the dogs don't do.

Brick Top nods at Errol who looks extremely disappointed.

EXT. HATTON GARDEN/DOUG'S SHOP -- DAY

"Bullet Tooth" Tony, Avi and Rose Bud are waling to Tony's car.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
A bookies got blagged last night.

AVI
Blagged? Can you speak English to
me, Tony? I thought this country
spawned the fuckin' language and so
far no one seems to speak it.

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

He turns to Rose Bud.

ROSE BUD
I need a gun.

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

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY

Brick Top and co. Have gone, taking Lincoln with them.
Tyrone looks desperate.

TYRONE
He sets the dogs on me. Look.

He shows his wounds to Sol and Vin.

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

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

INT. BRICK TOP'S BOXING RING -- DAY

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

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

INT. TURKISH'S BOXING RING -- DAY

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

TURKISH

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

Pause.

BRICK TOP

In the quiet words of the Virgin Mary, "come again"?

TURKISH

His mum.

BRICK TOP

Are you taking a piss?

TURKISH

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

BRICK TOP

You're not much good to me alive, are you Turkish?

Brick Top puts the phone down and inhales.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)

He's a useless shite that boy. Punish him for me, Errol. Then make sure the pikey turns up for the fight.

EXT. SEEDY STREET -- DAY

"Bullet Tooth" Tony is in the car with Avi and Rose Bud. The car is parked at the feet of Mullet, who is in discussion with ANOTHER HORRIBLE CHARACTER. Mullet is extremely nervous about seeing "Bullet Tooth" Tony.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Alright Mullet? That's a nice tie.

It isn't.

MULLET

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY
I hope I haven't disappointed you
Mullet.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony looks up and down the street.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)
This job does have prospects after
all, you travel to pretty places,
meet interesting people.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony looks at the character that Mullet is
talking to; the man has a try hard mustache and interjects:

MAN
Who the fuck gave you such a big
mouth?

BULLET TOOTH TONY
Someone whom you might shortly
meet.

MAN
You threatening me?

BULLET TOOTH TONY
Only with wings and a halo.

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)
Clean the breakfast off your top
lip, and make yourself busy,
sunshine.

The man dives off.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)
I want to know who lagged Brick
Top's bookies.

MULLET
Oh do me a favour, Tone?

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

MULLET

I don't know anything about that,
Tony.

We close up on Mullet's face, he's sweating.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Then why's your skin leaking?

MULLET

I got nothing to hide.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

If you play hard to get Mullet,
when I catch ya, I'm going to
fuckin' hurt ya.

Mullet looks uncomfortable about the fact that he's thinking.

MULLET

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

"Bullet Tooth" Tony to avi.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Give us your wallet Avi.

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Comfortable, Mullet? It seems
sadly ironic that it's the tie
that's got you into this pickle.

Mullet has already gone pink.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

You can take as long as you like,
mate.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony starts to pull away so Mullet has to keep walking with him.

MULLET

Fuckin' ell, what are you doing?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

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

"Bullet Tooth" Tony does the window up a bit tighter and
grabs him by the nose. He pulls a face when he smells his
breath.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

You been using dog shit tooth paste
Mullet?

"Bullet Tooth" Tony speeds up even more.

MULLET

Slow down.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

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

"Bullet Tooth" Tony turns on the radio. A song comes on that
he loves.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

Oh I love this track. Yes, Mullet?

MULLET

It could be Tyrone Conway.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony imitates a Scottish accent.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Tyrone Conway?

MULLET

Did a job for a pair of brothers
who have a pawn shop in Smith
Street.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

If you are telling me porky pies...

MULLET

I am telling ya, it's a fuckin'
Tyrone Conway.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

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

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

AVI
That's very effective Tony, not
very subtle, but very effective.
Are we taking him with us?

He points to Mullet. "Bullet Tooth" Tony pulls an 'oh yes I forgot about him' face. He doesn't even look at Mullet. He lowers the window, and Mullet falls by the way, in God knows what condition.

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY

The music from the previous scene continues, and we have a montage of Vinny and Sol dealing with "Bullet Tooth" Tony, Avi and Rose Bud as they arrive at the pawnshop. We see Franky's corpse, we see Avi get irate and it looks like it's going to be the end of the black fellas again. The music ends along with the scene when Sol speaks.

SOL
It's the Russian.

AVI
A Russian?

SOL
Well to be technical an
Uzbekistanian.

AVI
Uzbekistanian? The sneak Russian
dogs. I been doing business with
those bastards. Give me a name?

SOL
Boris.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony looks familiar with the sound of this name.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
The blade? Dear oh dear, you do
know some horrible people.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE -- NIGHT

There is music over this next section, and no live sound.

Turkish walks into his amusement arcade to see everything has been smashed. You can see the expression on Turkish's face get mean. He continues to walk but speeds up; he sees one of the culprits pulling the face off one of the machines, Turkish picks up one of the steel legs of one of the broken pinball machines. He runs at the MAN and swings the bar down, it catches him on the arm, then a realistic skirmish breaks out between the large ranks of BRICK TOP'S BOYS and the futile resistance of Turkish. He puts up an impressive performance but eventually he goes down; FOUR OF THEM hold him still while ONE OF THEM - Errol - pulls out a machete and slices it through Turkish's jacket, it's a big long mean serious cut. Errol reloads his arm in preparation of a new slash. Just then the music stops, the camera spins round and Tommy is standing there with the gun. He looks like he means business.

TOMMY

Turkish, get your arse up.

He directs his attention to the heavies.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You follow me, and I'll shoot ya.

ERROL

Calm down son, behave yourself.

TOMMY

I have got the gun, son, I think it's you that should behave.

Errol steps forward, so does Tommy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You want to see if I got the minerals?

Tommy and a bloody Turkish moonwalk.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

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

PATRICK

What's wrong with Micky?

DARREN

His mam was in there, Patrick.
They Burnt his mam.

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

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Avi, Rose Bud and "Bullet Tooth" Tony are back with Doug in his office.

AVI

Russians, I should'a known, those
anti-semite, slippery Cossack
sluts. What do you know about the
gommum?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Ex KGB cancer, killed more men
than, well he's killed a lot of
men.

SCENE 86 A:

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

DOUG

Hold on. What's going on here?

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

SUSI

Yes Dad?

DOUG

What does that man want?

SUSI

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

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Avi, Rose Bud and "Bullet Tooth" Tony are obviously going to move in on the Russian.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
He might be a bit of a handful this
fellas, so watch out.

ROSE BUD
I hate Russians. I'll sort him
out.

Avi and "Bullet Tooth" Tony both look at Rose Bud and look relieved for the offer.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
He's all yours Rose Bud.

INT. "BULLET TOOTH" TONY'S CAR -- DAY

The tone of the next few scenes is serious.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony is driving, Avi in the passenger seat and Rose Bud in the back. "Bullet Tooth" Tony got a bleeding eye and his hand is wrapped up in a bandage. Rose Bud is clutching his stomach.

AVI
'Handful' was a bit of a fuckin'
understatement wasn't it?

BULLET TOOTH TONY
Your man here thought he could take
him. I told you he was dangerous.

AVI
How you doing Rosey?

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

ROSE BUD
You're going to have to get me to a
doctor - let's shoot that fucker,
then get me to a doctor.

AVI

We gotta get this stone first Rosey
and then we'll get you to a doctor
not just any doctor, we'll get you
a Jewish doctor. Hold on in there
Rosey.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

"Bullet Tooth" Tony car pulls up outside Boris' house.
"Bullet Tooth" Tony and Rose Bud pull Boris up in the boot:
he has a shopping bag over his head. Tyrone who is hanging
about nearby keeping watch, witnesses this. Rose Bud places
a blade at the Russian's neck.

ROSE BUD

I think you have got something to
tell us.

AVI

Take it easy Rosey, take it easy.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony looks at the blood that's already
starting to pierce the skin from where the blade is pressed
against the Russian's neck. "Bullet Tooth" Tony then looks
at Avi with concern.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

You want him to be able to talk or
not?

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY

Sol and Vin are tossing pistols from hand to hand.

SOL

Where did you get 'em?

VINNY

A gun shop.

SOL

What they just sold 'em to ya?

VINNY

That's right Sol. I walked into a
gun shop and bought, a gun.

SOL
But you can't buy guns without a
license Vin.

VINNY
You can if they are replicas.

SOL
What? What the fuck do you mean
replicas?

VINNY
Well they look the shit don't they?
No ones going to argue, and I got
some extra loud blanks just incase.

SOL
Ohh what just in case we have to
deafen them to death?

Sol's mobile rings.

SOL (CONT'D)
Yes?

EXT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

TYRONE
Boris is here.

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY

SOL
Now.

TYRONE
That's why I am calling you.

SOL
We're coming over. Hold him there.

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

EXT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

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

INT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

"Bullet Tooth" Tony, Avi and Rose Bud are standing over a SAFE. They are looking at a whole pile of money. The CASE is open and Avi is holding the STONE.

AVI
Very industrious for a Coassack.
Well, shall we go?

BULLET TOOTH TONY
What you want to do about the
Russian?

AVI
I want you to bury him Tony.

EXT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

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

SOL
Where is he?

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

SOL
Why didn't you tell us Tyrone?

Tyrone pulls a "I tried" face.

VINNY
Do they look hard?

TYRONE
They look fucked up.

SOL
Well get in, and let's load up.

Sol whips out a gun.

VINNY
Load up with what?

TYRONE

What's wrong with them?

VINNY

They're replicas.

TYRONE

Are you bonkers? Do you know who these people are?

SOL

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

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- MORNING

Tommy and Turkish are looking at the BURNT OUT CARAVAN. They are in shock. There is a whole gathering of dodgy, angry looking pikies standing around, giving Turkish and Tommy some bad looks.

MICKY

So we gonna do this fight or not?

TURKISH

Jesus, I am sorry Micky. I am really sorry.

MICKY

Did you do it?

Turkish and Tommy's eyes widen.

MICKY (CONT'D)

Then what are you sorry for?

Darren decides to interject.

DARREN

What the fuck are you two doing here anyway?

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

TURKISH

Hold tight rude boy, put your guns away.

MICKY
Back off Darren.

Darren spins on his heel.

MICKY (CONT'D)
I'll do the fight before he causes
any more carnage, and he doesn't
want me to do it with you, so I am
going to do it with you.

TURKISH
Why?

MICKY
Because I know he fuckin' hates ya.

EXT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

Avi, Tony and Rose Bud walk out.

EXT. TYRONE'S CAR/EXT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

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

SOL
Here they come.

VINNY
Let's have em.

Pause while they consider this.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Well come on...

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

INT. TYRONE'S CAR -- DAY

"Bullet Tooth" Tony's car moves off. The black guys follow
in theirs.

TYRONE
I'll move in. It'll be OK.

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

TYRONE
It stands for...

SOL
It stands for shut your fuckin'
mouth Tyrone, and concentrate on
the road.

VINNY
Do they fire?

Pointing to the guns.

SOL
Of course they fire.

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

Sol looks at the gun and frowns, "what does he know about
replicas"? He pulls the trigger.

EXT. TYRONE'S CAR - LONDON STREET -- CONTINUOUS

There is a flash, and a very loud bang, all the windows
shatter. The car does a massive swerve and everything nearly
ends in disaster, Tyrone regains some control over the car.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

SOL
You wanted to see if they worked.

VINNY
I didn't mean try it in the fuckin'
car Sol, you asshole!

SOL
Well at least now we know that they
work, I reckon they are really
going to put the shits into 'em.

VINNY
Right about now funk soul brother,
I am not too concerned with putting
the shits into em, I am concerned
about taking the pain out of my
ringing fucking ears.

Pause. Vinny takes a whiff of the air. He turns round and
looks down on the seat next to him, his eyes widen in horror.

TYRONE
What's that smell?

Tyrone turns round to witness something horrible.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
Your dog has defecated itself
Vinny.

Suddenly there is a loud smash and BODY comes flying through
the windshield.

INT. TURKISH'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Turkish and Tommy are in the car - Tommy is driving. Turkish
is drinking a PINT OF MILK (as usual). There is silence for
a while. Turkish moves with obvious pain.

TOMMY
How do you think he feels?

TURKISH
Well he probably feels like he's
lying on the naked lap of Aphrodite
cooled by the tumbling petals of
spring roses, how the fuck do you
think he feels Tommy?

TOMMY

He was a bit close to his old girl
wasn't he?

TURKISH

I think we should get you a new gun
Tommy, but this time try it.

TOMMY

How far is the Russian's?

TURKISH

We'll be there in a minute.

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

It's not the same.

TOMMY

What?

TURKISH

Milk, in these cartons.

TOMMY

You shouldn't drink that stuff any
way.

TURKISH

Why, what's wrong with it?

TOMMY

It's not in sync with evolution.

TURKISH

Shut up!

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

Well fuck me Tommy, what have you
been reading? Cows mad as lorries,
eh? You hear about the two cows
having a chat in a field?

(MORE)

TURKISH(cont'd)

One says to the other, "What do you think about this mad cow's disease then?" The other one looks back and says "Doesn't bother me, I'm a duck."

Tommy looks back at him blankly.

TOMMY

Here, let me do you a favour.

He reaches over and grabs the carton from Turkish, and throws it out the window. The milk obviously hits an on-coming car in the other direction. There is a terrible crashing noise. Tommy looks at Turkish and looks quite embarrassed.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Whoops.

INT. "BULLET TOOTH" TONY'S CAR -- NIGHT

(This scene runs concurrently with scene 100)

AVI

How we going to get rid of him?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

You want to shoot him?

AVI

It's a bit noisy isn't it?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Well, you want to stab him?

AVI

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY

You want to kill him or not?

ROSE BUD

I'll cut him. I gotta blade.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

That's the spirt.

Rose Bud pulls out a knife: "Bullet Tooth" Tony isn't impressed.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

What are you going to do with that pick his teeth? Wipe the butter off it and put it away. There's a sword back there.

He points to behind a seat: there is a bloody great SWORD concealed. "Bullet Tooth" Tony skillfully passes the word to Rose Bud, who attempts to pull it out of its scabbard. "Bullet Tooth" Tony turns round to Avi.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

You, you want a knife?

He passes Avi a KNIFE.

AVI

I wouldn't know what to do with it.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

It's a knife for God's sake, what have you used to keep your fork company all these years? It's got a sharp side and a blunt side. What do you want a lesson?

There is a sudden BANG on the windshield and "Bullet Tooth" Tony turns back to the front only to see the windshield covered in MILK. "Bullet Tooth" Tony can't see where he is going and searches for the windshield wipers. While this is happening the car swerves to the side and hits a LAMP POST. They crash and the boot (trunk) flies open.

EXT. "BULLET TOOTH" TONY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

We see the remnants of the car crash, and Boris climbing out. He's still got the BAG over his head.

INT. "BULLET TOOTH" TONY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

"Bullet Tooth" Tony lifts his head up from the steering wheel...

AVI

What happened?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

I have no fuckin' idea what happened.

....and Turns to see a MAN with a BAG over his head with his hands tied up wandering around somewhat unconfidently in the middle of the road.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)
Is that Boris?

All of a sudden a CAR (Tyrone's) hits Boris and he disappears through the windshield.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The black guys looks at the CORPSE wearing a BAG in front of them.

VINNY
What the fuck's that?

The BAG has torn open a little: we can see it's Boris.

VINNY (CONT'D)
It's Boris.

SOL
What have you done?

TYRONE
Let's hit em now.

SOL
There is a dead Russian on my lap,
Tyrone. I am not thinking about
hitting anybody right now.

VINNY
Well you better start thinking Sol,
because otherwise you'll be lucky
if you end up looking like that.

He gestures with a finger aimed towards Boris.

INT. "BULLET TOOTH" TONY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

BULLET TOOTH TONY
You alright?

AVI
Oh sure happy as Hanukkah.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
I mean, do you feel alright?

AVI

I feel like I am about to sit down
to chicken soup and cholent, how
the fuck do you think I feel?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Hold tight big man. Let's get
started.

AVI

What about Rose Bud?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

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

A crowd of Asian women start to gather.

INT. TYRONE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

VINNY

They're getting out.

SOL

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

EXT. LONDON STREET -- DAY

"Bullet Tooth" Tony and Avi, who has a light covering of
blood, walk round the corner. They push their way through
the gathering crowd.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Cover yourself up. People are
looking.

AVI

I can't think why, Tony - maybe
it's got something to do with a car
crash and all the blood covering my
face. So get me somewhere, I need
to clean up.

EXT. PUB -- CONTINUOUS

"Bullet Tooth" Tony is on the phone to Doug:

BULLET TOOTH TONY

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

EXT. BORIS' HOUSE -- DAY

Tommy and Turkish pull up outside Boris' house.

TURKISH

He's left the door open.

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

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

He grabs his groin and circles his finger and his temple.

TOMMY

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

TURKISH

My God Tommy, you certainly got those minerals. Well, come on then before the Germans get here.

EXT. PUB -- DAY

The three black guys have followed "Bullet Tooth" Tony and Avi are waiting outside, readying themselves for action.

SOL

Tie the fuckin' dog up and leave it out there.

VINNY

It might get lonely.

Sol rolls his eyes and the three of them....

INT. PUB -- CONTINUOUS

....enter The pub. "Bullet Tooth" Tony has just finished his phone call and sat down. They go straight over to him.

SOL

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

"Bullet Tooth" Tony shakes his head in amazement.

SOL (CONT'D)

Stand up!

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Excuse me, but who the fuck are
you?

SOL

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Do I look crippled?

SOL

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

Sol cocks the gun and "Bullet Tooth" Tony pulls a sarcastic
"I am shocked" face.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

What's your name?

VINNY

What the fuck's that got to do with
anything?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

It's got to do with what they're
gonna print on the tags connected
to your toes.

SOL

Shoot him!

BULLET TOOTH TONY

You got balls!

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

SOL
LET. GO. OF. THE. GUN.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
....So you're obviously the big dick, and they, on either side of you, must be your balls. There are two types of balls, there are big brave balls and there are little mincy fagot balls....

VINNY
These are your last words so make them a prayer.

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

"Bullet Tooth" Tony starts to build himself a complicated looking WEAPON under the table, unseen by any of the three of them. He takes bits out of the one sock and bits out of another sock.

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

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)
And just like a prick, you are having second thoughts: you're shrinking and your little balls are shrinking with you.
(MORE)

BULLET TOOTH TONY(cont'd)

And the fact that you have got
"REPLICA" written down the side of
your gun...

The camera smashes into the gun that Sol is holding. We clearly see a bold "REPLICA" written down the side.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

...and that the fact I have got
"NINE MILLIMETER" written down the
side of mine....

He calmly places the freshly built GUN on the table in front of him.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

...should precipitate your balls in
shrinking along with your presence.

The brothers have lost this one and they know it. They start to reverse. "Bullet Tooth" Tony lets the old chicken cluck out the corner of his mouth. Vinny misses his step and waves his gun about in a futile effort to look mean. They back away into the corridor down to the back door of the pub...

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

....and Just as they turn the corner they bump into Avi still drying his hands. They can see that he's carrying a CASE that they recognize. The brothers adapt to their new scenario:

VINNY

Pass it to me.

Avi Hesitates.

INT. PUB -- CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

VINNY

I won't ask again.

He raises his gun. A CONVEY OF BULLETS perforates the wall. The brothers take the opportunity to duck. Avi dives for the cover too and drops the CASE. More bullets come flying through the wall. Tyrone takes a bullet in the chest as he tries to run, he falls dead as you like. The other two, give a pause for thought and shock but the case is sitting in front of them and they take the opportunity to pick it up and leg it.

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY

Vinny and Sol are back at their place. Vinny is holding the DIAMOND.

VINNY
Jesus, it's flawless.

SOL
Don't get attached to it Vince,
it's going now. Leave the dog
here.

VINNY
Why don't we just leave?

SOL
Because life is too short Vince,
and it'll be a lot fuckin' shorter
if Brick top wishes it to be. Now
leave the dog here.

VINNY
I'm going to leave him here, don't
worry about that.

SOL
Don't put it anywhere he can do
damage Vinny.

They leave the dog in the back room.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE/INT. BARN -- DAY

There is a wake in progress. We cut to Micky who is surrounded by sympathetic gypsies. Turkish and Tommy are trying to be discreet in the background. It is obvious that a lot of hardcore drinking has been going on, and there is an Irish band playing. There is a coffin in the middle of a caravan, closed. It's surrounded by heavy looking lads. There is a man dancing on one of the tables.

It's a strangely sad scene because there appears to be laughter involved with the mourning.

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB/BRICKTOP'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

BRICK TOP
Alright, you can go now.

SOL
Any chance of taking Lincoln with us?

BRICK TOP
That's where Errol's taking ya.

They turn, and Errol is waiting for them.

ERROL
Follow me.

INT. BRICKTOP'S PUB DOGFIGHT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

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

SOL
You alright Lincoln?

ERROL
Do you know why the governor is the governor?

VINNY
Err...

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

SOL
Err...

ERROL

It's because of stories. I am sure you've heard one or two of them stories. For example, did you hear about the three fellas.

JOHN

Black fellas.

ERROL

That did a very bad thing, however they made some effort to redeem that very bad thing.

JOHN

So the gov'nor saw fit not to kill em. He thought it would be a more advantageous concept to let them kill each other and let the survivor live to tell the tale.

ERROL

That way everybody wins... Well, all except the two that died, of course.

Errol turns, leaves and shuts the door behind him. TWO HEAVY LOOKING FELLAS are left in the room with the brothers.

We look at the table where we see THREE LARGE KITCHEN KNIVES sitting provocatively. Bad Boy rushes for one of the blades, grabs it and runs at Vin, Vin sidesteps and Bad Boy keeps running straight into the arms of HEAVY 1 who raises his GUN at the last moment. Bad Boy slides the blade into the heavy's ribs and he fires a shot straight at Bad Boy. The bullet passes through Bad Boy, KILLING HIM, and hits HEAVY 2 in the throat. Vin, and Sol are left wondering what the fuck has happened.

SOL

Grab it.

VINNY

What?

SOL

The gun, you prick.

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

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sol, and Vin are sitting in front of "Bullet Tooth" Tony and Avi and Doug. There is silence as the white guys have just been told something disturbing. "Bullet Tooth" Tony eventually breaks the silence.

AVI

So why did you tell us that story?

SOL

We could help you out a little.

AVI

You mean you're in the shit, cause you killed two of his mean, and you thought you might find some sanctuary with us because we want the stone, what you really mean is. "Can we help you out a lot"?

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Well you gotta admire their balls.

AVI

Meat ball I admire.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

What do you want to do?

Avi shrugs.

AVI

Ask for it back.

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB -- DAY

"Bullet Tooth" Tony and Avi are at the bar, talking to the barman.

BARMAN

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY

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

BARMAN

You mean Mr. Pulford.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
You know who I mean, you fucking
fringe, now find him.

Pause: The barman looks truculent. He walks down the end of
a bar and picks up the phone.

AVI
What was it you did exactly, Tony?

BULLET TOOTH TONY
I had a little run-in with a few of
the chaps.

AVI
How's that?

BULLET TOOTH TONY
All too busy...

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)
...listening to white powdered
angels sitting on their shoulders -
if they weren't sniffing the dust,
they were flicking the ash.

AVI
You should never trust a man who
puts anything other than a finger
up his nose.

Errol appears from somewhere and approaches Tony with another
heavy, SEAN.

ERROL
Follow me.

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB - CORRIDOR -- DAY

Avi and "Bullet Tooth" Tony do, and end up in a CORRIDOR.
The door shuts behind them and the door in front hasn't yet
opened. Errol turns around and faces "Bullet Tooth" Tony.

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

There is a pause. The situation is volatile.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

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

Errol knows it's going on.

ERROL

Shut that door, Sean.

BULLET TOOTH TONY

Lock that fuckin' door, Sean.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony takes a step forward and puts his hand
into the back of his trousers. He starts to growl.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

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

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)

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

The door opens and they are interrupted by another HEAVY.

HEAVY FELLA

Errol, I don't want to interrupt,
but the governor wants to see em.

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

INT. BRICK TOP'S PUB/OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Brick Top is looking on the remains of Vinny and Sol's work.
Someone has got the hose out and couple of large sinister
boxes are being carried out.

BRICK TOP

I gotta say you have got some front
coming round here, don't pick my
arse Tone, I am not in a good mood.

Interrupted.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
 You've got the diamond and it
 doesn't belong to you, it belongs
 to my colleague here. So I am
 going to have a a drink and let you
 two discuss what you have to
 discuss.

BRICK TOP
 Never mind the small talk, eh Tony?

"Bullet Tooth" Tony walks to the bar. Errol is sitting there
 with Sean.

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

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

ERROL
 I'll fuck you Tony.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
 No good flirting with me Errol.
 Why don't you come out with it?

ERROL
 I'll have ya.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
 Not as long as you got a hole in
 your arse Errol.

We cut back to Brick Top and Avi.

AVI
 I'll buy it from you, I won't pay
 you list price, but you'll never
 get that anyway. You got it?

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

"Bullet Tooth" Tony returns to them - there is a scream from
 Errol.

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

Brick Top frowns at Errol, and Errol shuts up quickly.

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

"Bullet Tooth" Tony shrugs.

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

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

BRICK TOP
 Shut up Errol, get back in your
 fuckin' pram. That was a bit
 naughty Tony.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony shrugs. Brick Top puts his hand into his
 pocket and withdraws the stone. We cut to Avi's expression.

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

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

AVI (CONT'D)
 You think I am a schmuck?

He drop the stone: it smashes on the ground.

AVI (CONT'D)
 It's a moissanite. A fake.

We crashtrack into Brick Top's expression of shock.

INT. VAULT (DOUG'S OFFICE) -- DAY

Vin, Sol and Lincoln are trying to pick the lock of the
 vault, having been locked in it by "Bullet Tooth" Tony, Avi
 and Doug. Vinny is sweating, he looks anxious.

SOL
 What's wrong with your Vince, give
 us a hand.

VINNY
I changed the stone.

SOL
You what?

VINNY
I swapped the stone.

SOL
You thieving dog.

VINNY
I was gonna tell ya....

SOL
I bet you were. What about Brick
Top?

VINNY
I wasn't going to tell him. What
does he know about stones?

SOL
I don't know Vince, but i think
Doug the "I dead in diamonds" Head
might know a thing or two, don't
you?

Pause.

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

SOL
Ohh you're one clever bastard Vin,
you really are. Where is it?

VINNY
It's back at the office.

SOL
What happens if they find that it's
a fake stone, Vince.

VINNY
Well, we are going to get rogered,
Sol, what do you think is going to
happen?

The door opens.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
Ohh yes you are going to get
rogered Vince.

INT. TURKISH'S VAN -- NIGHT

It's pitch black and we can't see a thing. A distant voice
is shouting:

TURKISH
Oi Micky. Oi Micky.

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)
You feeling alright Micky?

MICKY
I've felt better.

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

Micky just yawns.

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

MICKY
Let's get on with it, shall we?

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

A temporary RING has been erected, four scaffolding posts
with welded on hoops make the arena, the ropes that are
threaded through the hoops are industrial nylon and free of
padding. Around the ropes it's starting to fill. Brick Top
approaches Salt Peter and Jack 'The All Seeing Eye'.

SALT PETER
I hope we're gonna get a better
show this time.

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

Brick Top leaves with Errol.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Have we got the lads at the
campsite?

ERROL
Yea they are there.

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

CUT TO:

SHOT OF SOME OF BRICK TOP'S HEAVIES WAITING IN A CAR OUTSIDE
THE CAMPSITE.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

BRICK TOP
Where's that fuckin' pikey?

INT. BACK OF WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Brick Top is standing in front of Micky whose eyes are still
semi-open. Errol and Turkish are also there.

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

TURKISH
He's like that before a fight.

He turns his attention to Micky.

BRICK TOP

Now you know when you're going down?

TURKISH

Of course he knows when he's going down....

ERROL

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

TURKISH

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

MICKY

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

BRICK TOP

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

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF BRICK TOP'S BOYS LIGHTING A CIGARETTE IN THE CAR OUTSIDE THE PIKEY CAMPSITE.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Micky appears from a small door at the back of the warehouse. He approaches the ring accompanied with shouts of encouragement and counter shouts.

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

THE REF

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

We drift again into Micky's POV, his world is becoming more and more surreal. He can faintly hear Turkish whispering words to him, but he's not really listening. A bell comes from somewhere, and Micky instinctively walks to the center of the ring. "Good Night" is already there.

They pace one another for a second or two, Micky avoids a punch or two and then he takes a hard one and he knows it, we flash to white, Micky's in trouble: he lets one of his missiles go and BANG it shakes "Good Night" to his core, all goes quiet. We go to super slow motion: his knees buckle and "Good Night" is in trouble. Micky maintains a frown as he watches his opponent's knees threaten to betray him. The crowd tries to digest what is happening. After a period of silence reality dawns. Brick Top mouths the words in silence: "Don't go down you fucker." The crowd wants Micky to finish the job. But common sense reins back the coup de grace. "Good Night" eventually regains control of his legs and stumbles forward, after a few sleepy punches he starts to provide a serious onslaught.

TURKISH

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

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

TURKISH (CONT'D)

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

Micky goes out again: his hands are low, BANG, there is a flash of white as Micky goes down in the dirt. Dust rises from where he fell.

He gets up quickly, his hands are still low, BANG he goes down again, in no time he's up. BANG: he hits the ground again and this time when he hits the deck, he penetrates the dust covered floor, like it's made out of water. He falls through the water like he's sinking;

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

Again, we cut to the reactions of the relevant parties.

TURKISH (CONT'D)

Tommy, get the van.

TOMMY

I have it, it's waiting.

Turkish jumps into the ring and grabs Micky.

TURKISH

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

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

EXT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- CONTINUOUS

...and Darren picks up the phone at the other end.

DARREN

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

We pull back to see FOUR SLUMPED HEADS in the car and blood staining the windshield.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Brick Top calmly puts the phone down.

BRICK TOP
Right, let's get outta here.

Brick Top looks every which way carefully, and tries to get out of there, accompanied by Errol.

BRICK TOP (CONT'D)
Where's the car, Errol?

ERROL
It's coming now.

BRICK TOP
We are outta here.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

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

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- NIGHT

Avi, Doug and "Bullet Tooth" Tony have Vin, Sol and Bad Boy Lincoln in tow.

AVI
Well, where is it?

VINNY
Next door.

They open the door into the back room. This room is a complete mess. They all grimace at the smell, the dog comes running up.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
It's a bit funky in here.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony opens a window. The dog looks extremely relieved to see someone.

AVI
So where's this stone?

VINNY
It was over there.

He points to a pile of chewed up CUSHIONS.

AVI
Where?

Vinny starts to look for the box, but it's a mess.

VINNY
I left it in the box over there...
somewhere.

He finds the remnants of the box.

VINNY (CONT'D)
It's empty.

AVI is clearly distressed by this news.

AVI
I am getting heartburn. Tony, do
something horrible.

VINNY
I am not messing around, the dog
much have had it.

All eyes focus on the dog.

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

All eyes focus on "Bullet Tooth" Tony.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
What?

AVI
Have a look in the dog.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
What do you mean, have a look 'in'
the dog?

AVI
I mean: open him up.

"Bullet Tooth" Tony is not sure about this.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
It's not a fuckin' tin of baked
beans, what do you mean: open him
up?

AVI
You know what I mean.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
That's a bit strong isn't it?

AVI
All of a sudden you develop a
conscience. Are you fuckin'
serious? You wouldn't have a
problem if it was a person.

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

AVI
Well here's your opportunity.

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

BULLET TOOTH TONY
I don't know.

VINNY
You can't do that.

The camera tracks in to AVI, his eyes narrow.

AVI
I have schlepped give thousand
miles, to collect a stone I have
worked very hard for. It's cold,
it's dirty. I have seen more blood
than a butcher. I hate the people,
I hate the Queen, I hate the food,
and I hate this fuckin' country.
And i still don't have what i came
here for, so yes my friend I can do
that, and right now I could do a
lot fuckin' worse.

There is silence for a second as everyone reflects on Avi's mood.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
Well I better get that dog then.

Cut to "Bullet Tooth" Tony having some problems trying to get a hold of the awkward dog. The dog starts to SQUEAK. Tony passes the blade to Avi.

BULLET TOOTH TONY (CONT'D)
It's squeaking.

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

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

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

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

AVI
Well, let's see it.

Vinny holds it up. There's a sense of relief. The dog finds this to be some sort of game and leaps and charges at the stone and swallows it. There's a pause while all now focus again on the dog. This is digested literally and mentally. The dog recognizes all the attention it's receiving - and goes through the motions of swallowing it. Avi attempts an approach. The dog understandably feels uncomfortable about the advancing vanguard and decides emergency action is needed. Seeing the open window, it launches itself out of it.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Avi is in the back of a car going back to the airport.

AVI
Enough.

BULLET TOOTH TONY
Apart from the not finding the
stone did you have a good time?

Avi shoots him a look.

AVI
I gotta admit, you got me here, you
really got me. I think I might buy
a house and move for my retirement.
It's either that or quiet beaches,
and cocktails wearing sun hats,
I'll have to think about that one
for a while. In the mean time you
want a job? I mean a proper job?

BULLET TOOTH TONY
A proper job?

INT. CARAVAN CAMPSITE -- DAY

All the caravans are fastened to the back of cars. Vinny and Sol are standing in front of Micky. Turkish and Tommy are in the background.

MICKY
Well he didn't come back to us.

VINNY
But he always comes back to you.

MICKY
Well he didn't come back this time
did he?

SOL
Are you sure he's not here?

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

TURKISH
I can't say I have, Micky, Tommy?

TOMMY
Not to my knowledge.

MICKY
See? There you have it.

SOL
Do you mind if i have a look
around?

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

Vinny and Sol descent the steps. They look like children
with their toys taken away. ONE OF MICKY'S KIDS is on the
bottom of the caravan steps as the brother walk by.

KID #1
I looked after your car for ya.

VINNY
Sol?

KID #1
So aren't you gonna pay me?

SOL
Yeah bollocks.

KID #1
Bollocks to you, you tight git.

VINNY
Watch your mouth, you cheeky shite.

KID #1
Yeah fuck ya.

The kid turns away and goes back to squeezing a toy. The two
black guys stop in their tracks. Cut to shot of squeaky toy.
We have seen this toy before.

CUT TO:

FREEZE FRAME OF SOL AND VIN.

Both stopped dead in their tracks. They haven't turned to
look over their shoulders yet, but their eyes are moving
towards that direction.....

THE END