

GETAWAY

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

Inside of a parked car with cream leather seats, there exists only the morning light and the background sounds of birds, far off traffic and wind.

After a moment, FOOTSTEPS are heard approaching until a MAN appears at the driver's side window. He drops a bag then pulls a wire from his jacket, sticks it down the side of the glass window into the door and jimmys it until the lock POPS open.

He opens the door and throws a LARGE BLACK DUFFEL BAG onto the passenger side seat, climbs in behind the wheel and closes the door.

He is **TOM**. A slightly rough looking pretty-boy in his early 40's. His face is carefully concealed by sunglasses and baseball cap, he also wears driving gloves.

Tom hot wires the car until the engine purrs. He calmly pulls away without hurrying and drives casually to the end of the street.

After turning the corner, Tom takes out his phone and begins a text message. A grade-A-texter, he looks at the road as he types without looking back at his phone until he's done typing the message, quickly glances at it for safety then hits send and puts the phone away.

After driving for a minute or so, Tom pulls over to the side of the road and the back door opens. ANOTHER MAN climbs in the backseat.

He is **RHOD**. A tougher looking man in his early 50's who sports a large ROSE TATTOO on the right side of his neck.

TOM
Alright, Miss Daisy.

RHOD
Fuckin' hell man, why did you get a car instead of a van?

Tom starts driving again.

TOM
Because vans stand out too much.
Cars, however, blend in with other cars.

RHOD

But vans have more room to manoeuvre.

TOM

And vans are big sore thumbs that stand out from the crowd above all other vehicles and let everyone know where you are. Dull coloured cars blend in.

RHOD

Why did you pick such an old car?

TOM

Because it's old. The owner is going to be of an age that won't have it low-jacked, and is going to be retired and so not looking for their car first thing in a morning to go to work in.

RHOD

Okay, I just think we could have done with something a little more new, spacious and reliable, is all. But, whatever you think is best. You're the driver. I won't say nothing.

Rhod sits back and spreads his arms out across the back seats.

TOM

Yeah. I'm the driver, so no telling me 'Go down that street, take a turn here' and such, okay? Not today.

RHOD

Alright, boss. No problem.

Rhod stares out of the window as Tom drives for a beat in silence until Tom breaks it.

TOM

You and Kathy make up?

RHOD

Nah, I don't think we will either. I think it's finally run its course.

(MORE)

RHOD (CONT'D)

Oh well, better to have loved and lost than never to have met the fuckin' bitch and had all that great sex in the first place, as the sayin' goes.

Tom flashes a small smile and they continue to drive in silence for a moment until Tom pulls for a NEW PASSENGER.

He is **SCORZ**. A slightly overweight man in his early 40's, he's the softer spoken criminal with a heart of gold. He's holding a NEWSPAPER. He gets in the back seat with Rhod.

SCORZ

Alright, boys!

RHOD

Alright.

TOM

Alright.

RHOD

Holy shit, a newspaper. I don't even remember the last time I looked at an actual newspaper. I get all my news on my phone now I didn't even know they still made them. Hey, gimme.

Scorz hands Rhod the newspaper.

RHOD (CONT'D)

I wanna check out Page 3.

Rhod opens it up to disappointment.

RHOD (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

SCORZ

Yeah, they don't do page 3 anymore, mate.

RHOD

Why the fuck not?

SCORZ

Women's rights.

RHOD

What about 'em?

SCORZ

They think it's demeaning to women to picture a woman with her tits out these days.

RHOD

What? Even though they're showing every celebrity nip-slip they can get their hands on?

SCORZ

Yep.

RHOD

That's a little contradictory, isn't it?

SCORZ

Yep.

RHOD

At least the girls on Page 3 volunteered for it. The celebs walking around just having a good time and accidentally popping out of their tops didn't agree to show their shit off for someone else's profit, did they?

SCORZ

Nope.

RHOD

And what about all those Page 3 lovelies? Are you out of a job now? Have they got to go get regular day jobs now or up their game and show everything in full on porn mags?

SCORZ

Good point.

RHOD

(beat)

Do they still make porn mags?

SCORZ

Oh yeah. They're hardcore now, too.

TOM

(surprised)

Shut the fuck up.

SCORZ

Yeah, at least the ones in my local shop are.

RHOD

Well, I guess they've got to be when everyone has the hard stuff right there on their phones for free, haven't they?

(beat)

Man, I can't believe they stopped Page 3.

(beat)

Remember when you could do Page 3 at 16? Sam Fox, Lindsey Dawn Mackenzie, Hannah Claydon--

TOM

Hannah Claydon!

SCORZ

Hannah Claydon!

RHOD (CONT'D)

Yeah, see, you know.

(beat)

You used to be able to show your tits in the paper at 16, now you get called a paedo for saying hello to a 16 year old. Even though it's the age of consent, for fuck's sake.

SCORZ

Yeah, I remember when when the Sun had a 30-day countdown to Emma Watson turning 16 and becoming legal.

TOM

Fuck yeah, I remember that.

RHOD

Yeah, but if we did that we'd be called paedos.

TOM

By The Sun.

RHOD

By The Sun, exactly. I don't like the way this world is changing.

SCORZ

Women's rights, bro.

RHOD

Women's rights. What about the rights of women who want to show their tits in the newspaper? What about them?

(MORE)

RHOD (CONT'D)

No, they get bullied into shutting up by the so-called 'Woke' people who aren't really woke but are just finally catching up with the rest of the normal people and feel they have to jump forward and make normal shit seem abnormal in order to make themselves look smarter than everyone else for being behind.

Rhod turns the page and continues reading in silence as they continue to drive to the next guy.

Tom pulls over to the side of the road again and Rhod moves over into the middle to make way for a THIRD PASSENGER.

He is **TERRY**. A short but stocky Londoner in his early 50's. An angry incel and second generation hardman.

TERRY

Mornin' boys.

TOM

Mornin'.

SCORZ

Mornin'.

RHOD

(to Terry)

Hey, did you know they stopped doing Page 3?

TERRY

Yeah. Dykes run the world, mate. Ironic, you'd think they'd want to keep them there.

Tom pulls off again.

SCORZ

Hey man, I've seen your porno collection. You like lesbians.

TERRY

Yeah, I like lesbians, not dykes.

SCORZ

What's the difference?

TERRY

A lesbian is a woman who likes other women, whereas a dyke is a woman so ugly to men that she had no other choice but to be with other women by default because she couldn't get a boyfriend and is angry about it.

Scorz laughs out loud where Rhod smiles without looking.

TERRY (CONT'D)

They still want that dick but can't get it, that's why they go out with women that look like men. Then they have to buy strap-ons that have V.A.T attached, so they end up hating all of us even more and lash out at men and the rest of world because of it. Lesbians love women, Dykes hate men.

Tom laughs at the wheel.

SCORZ

(laughing)

My God, you're so un-PC.

TERRY

Fuck PC, it's for pussies. Say what you're thinking I say.

Rhod fingers a story in the newspaper.

RHOD

Here, listen to this:

(reading from the paper)

"Gladys Knight, a 65-year old woman from Worcestershire, was sentence to 30-days in prison with hardened criminals yesterday, for refusal to pay council tax for the last 6-months. When asked why she had refused to pay, she said that the 4.9% demand increase, coupled with local service cuts equated to real-term increase of more than a 5%, which by law can only be implemented if voted for by a locals in a referendum, which never took place. Because of this Miss. Knight has said that until this is addressed she will not pay a penny in council tax.

(MORE)

RHOD (CONT'D)

Miss Knight told journalists before entering the court "If it's what it takes it's what it takes." The Judge said that while the sentence is for 30-days, she could be immediately released upon payment of fees due. Miss Knight has instructed people not to pay it off for her."

TERRY

What a fucking state. Paedo's walk free but little granny can't afford council tax gets locked up with violent pension pinchers for bringing up a valid point.

RHOD

Can you believe it?

TERRY

Well, yeah sadly, I can. This fuckin' country's run by muppets who are only concerned with their own pockets.

SCORZ

All council money should come from central government anyway.

TERRY

Yeah. And the fucking House of Lords cunts get to turn up to 'work' everyday, collected £323 in cash, every day, which isn't taxed and then just go back home without doing anything and it's legal.

RHOD

And they say we're the thieves.

SCORZ

It ain't right that we get taxed on wages, hard earned wages, nationally, and then we have to pay a local tax just for existing.

TOM

Existing?

SCORZ

Yeah. Listen man, everyone has to live somewhere, and it's a different amount in every county--

TERRY

Different amounts in each area of each county.

SCORZ

Exactly, you can't get away with not paying it, so you're charged different amounts for living in different areas. A band-A one bedroom council flat in Nottingham costs four-times more than a band-D four bedroom mansion in Westminster.

TOM

What? That's disgusting.

SCORZ

Oh yeah. Look up it online. You can see all the bands for all the areas of the country. It's a joke.

TERRY

One without a punch-line by the sounds of it.

SCORZ

The more money you have, the less you have to hand over, and the less you have the more you're having to fork out.

A beat of silence.

TERRY

I guess ours is about to go up then.

The boys chuckle at the in-joke.

Tom pulls over and the passenger side door opens for reveal the LAST CREW MEMBER.

He is **DANNY**. A handsome and brash cockney in his early 40's. The man with a boy's face that all the girls want to sit on.

DANNY

Alright boys.

BOYS

Alright.

DANNY

Why's everyone in the back?
 (Referencing Tom)
 Has this cunt farted?

TOM

Yes.

Danny moves the large duffel bag and takes his seat up front, resting it on his lap then closing the door.

Tom pulls away again.

Rhod shakes the newspaper at Danny.

RHOD

Did you know they stopped Page 3?

TOM

Jesus.

DANNY

Yes, mate. It's a fucking crime. No wonder the newspaper business is suffering. There's many a man who'd buy a newspaper on the way to work just to have a fresh pair to crack one off to in the car on their way to work without leaving a digital footprint on their phone for the wife to find. They better never get rid of Dear Deirde, that's all I can say.

TERRY

(smiling)
 Dear Diedre! Yes, son!

Terry leans forward and HIGH-5's Danny.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I fuckin' love that shit.

DANNY

In fact, gimme that paper.

Danny reaches into the back seat and snatches the paper from Rhod's hands.

RHOD

Oi, I haven't even read my stars yet. What's the matter with you?

Danny ignores Rhod and searches the pages until he settles on what he's looking for.

RHOD (CONT'D)
 (to Terry)
 Cheeky prick.

Danny reads from the paper.

DANNY
 Dear Deidre, a couple of weeks ago, I introduced my boyfriend to my parents for the first time over a family dinner. Everything went as good as I could have hoped and we all drank on late into the night. When I was tired I decided to go to bed and left my boyfriend watching TV with my mum and dad, which they were fine with. Anyway, a few hours later, their drunken laughter woke me up and when I went to ask them to try and keep it down so that I could sleep, when from the top of the stairs I was horrified to see them all watching porn together.

The crew 'Oooh'.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Please help me Deidre, as I find it a very uncomfortable situation and I haven't been able to bring myself to bring it up with any of them so far and I don't want to pretend I don't know about it and act as though it never happened. Thank you, Philippa.

SCORZ
 Jesus, were they naked?

DANNY
 It doesn't say.

TERRY
 What did Deidre say?

Danny continues reading.

DANNY
 Dear Philippa, thank you for contacting me with this most personal issue.
 (MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

While I understand the immediate feeling of shock you must have felt upon sight of your boyfriend watching pornography with your parents, I think it's important to remember that they were drunk and so not fully themselves. Not only that, but it's important to consider that if you had stayed up, then the chances are that you probably watched porn with them also.

The crew let out disbelieving 'AHHS' at the comment.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, Deidre, what are you saying?

TERRY

She's really saying this girl would have watched porn with her mum and dad? That's nasty. That's nasty.

SCORZ

That's wrong, man.

Tom shakes his head with a smile.

RHOD

Yes, that's gross. Now can you read me my stars, please? I want to know how my day is going to go.

TOM

Well, live it and find out.

TERRY

You don't really believe in that shit, do you?

TOM

Yes, he does.

RHOD

Yes, I do, actually. I'm a very spiritual person deep down.

DANNY

How deep? Your arse?

Scorz laughs.

RHOD

Shut up you and read my stars.

DANNY
Well, which is it, shut up or read
your stars?

RHOD
Read my bloody stars, ya bastard.
Capricorn.

Danny turns to the right page.

DANNY
Jesus Christ.

RHOD
Yes, Jesus Christ's star sign. Go!

DANNY
Jupiter is in Uranus... because
it's full of gas. Get it?

All but Rhod laugh.

RHOD
Yes, it's very funny and you can
make more jokes later, just read
mine for real and then you can do
what you like.

DANNY
Okay, but I'll hold you to that and
have a go on that real-feel rubber
sex doll you've got.

TERRY
(to Rhod)
You've got what?

RHOD
I won it.

DANNY
(to Terry)
He paid two-grand for it.

TERRY
What?

SCORZ
(to Rhod)
Is it any good?

RHOD
Fucking amazing, mate.

TOM
 (to Rhod)
 Is that why Kathy left?

RHOD
 Shut up, you. Danny. Stars. Now.

DANNY
 (reading)
 "As your romantic life surfs the
 rocky waves heading for a crash,
 your money worries will soon
 disappear as a cash win-fall heads
 your way."

The boys nudge each other with smiles.

RHOD
 I knew it. See? See? What did I
 tell you? They know man, they know.

DANNY
 (reading)
 "Feel like no one takes you
 seriously? A Scorpio's actions will
 soon prove you someone not to be
 trifled with."

Oooh!

SCORZ

Oooh!

TERRY

TOM
 (intrigued)
 I'm a Scorpio. What's mine say?

Rhod leans in to Tom.

RHOD
 Oh, but I thought it was all a
 bunch of shit?

TOM
 I did and it is--

RHOD
 Then why do you wanna know all of a
 sudden?

TOM
 Because yours was close and now I'm
 curious.

Oooh!

SCORZ

Oooh!

TERRY

RHOD
 (sits back)
 You said it, not me.

TERRY
 Come on, what's it say?

DANNY
 Scorpio. As one career path nears its end, an altercation with a co-worker could lead to a very messy end. As Jupiter enters Uranus, not a joke this time, be on the look out for flashing blue lights as a harbinger of great sadness. What the fuck is a Harbinger?

SCORZ
 Be on the look out for flashing lights is a bit on-the-nose, ain't it? Jesus.

TOM
 Alright, I'll be on the look out for flashing blue lights, and sirens and little boys in blue.

SCORZ
 Fuck it, what does mine say? Libra.

Danny scans the paper until he finds the correct bit.

DANNY
 "Tread lightly as--

Terry laughs out loud by accident then covers his mouth.

TERRY
 (to Scorz)
 Sorry.

DANNY
 "Tread lightly as--

Rhod laughs.

Scorz nudges Rhod.

SCORZ
 Oi!

RHOD
 Sorry. Sorry.

DANNY

"Tread lightly as--" Oh, for fuck's sake.

Danny holds back a laugh and buries his head in his hands as Rhod and Terry break out laughing. Tom smiles at the wheel.

SCORZ

Yeah, I'm overweight. Big deal--

RHOD

'Big' deal.

Tom smiles as Terry and Rhod laugh aloud.

SCORZ

You're a bunch of insensitive arseholes. You know that?

DANNY

Alright, alright, alright. Let's calm it.

The laughter dies down. Danny clears his throat.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Watch your step as a new opportunity arises. While the monetary value may seem ideal, the risks involved far out-weight the rewards."

SCORZ

Right. Thank you.

DANNY

What about you, Terry, you want yours read?

TERRY

After those downers, on a day like today? No thanks.

RHOD

Mine was alright.

TERRY

Ahhh.

Everyone sits in silence for a moment before Tom speaks.

TOM

'Tread lightly'.

All but Scorz break out laughing.

SCORZ

Just to remind you all, I'm about to have a gun. So, you know, just sayin'.

RHOD

Alright, alright, alright. We're sorry. Danny, what we got?

DANNY

Yeah, how heavy are we?

Danny unzips the large duffel bag and takes a look through it.

TOM

One hand gun, three shot guns, 4 masks and a taser.

TERRY

A taser?

TOM

Just in case. Someone gets froggy, you let them know that that was a warning. We don't want anyone actually getting shot, but they are loaded.

Danny pulls out a handgun with attached silencer.

DANNY

Ooh, silencer. Nice.

RHOD

Dibs.

Rhod snatches it from Danny's hand.

DANNY

Jesus man, careful. You could have shot me in the face.

RHOD

Calm down, it's still attached.

Rhod admires his new weapon.

Danny hands Terry and Scorz each a shotgun.

SCORZ

How much are we expecting?

TOM

They had a delivery about half an hour ago, so I'd say a quarter mill is pretty safe.

DANNY

Nice one.

TOM

Split 5 ways that's anything up to 50K each.

SCORZ

And no fucking tax.

TOM

No fucking tax.

The boys pull out BALACLAVAS and put them on their heads (but not over their faces).

TOM (CONT'D)

Remember, no doubt they're gonna hit the silent alarm straight away no matter what kind of weapons they see. What you need to be on the look out for is the regular retard who thinks it's a moment to pull out his or her camera phone and start filming like they're on a fucking movie set.

SCORZ

What about video in the bank?

TOM

Yes, there's video in the bank but it's not as good and it doesn't capture sound. Camera phones equal sound, equal accents, equal voice recognition, equal collared. So that's what you need to be on the look out for. You see a phone. Taser them and their phone so everyone else gets the message.

SCORZ

I'm still on the door, right?

TOM

Yes, everything is as planned previously. You're on the doors.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Keep them covered and the second you see someone even look at them like they're thinking of making a run for it, look them dead in their eyes, cock that shit and say "What?!"

SCORZ

Right.

TOM

Terry you're on crowd control. You get in their face and let them know that they're in charge and no one is to look up. Get them all looking down at their feet or turn them around and look down at their feet.

TERRY

Right.

TOM

Rhod, you're on rough. You grab the closest person who works there that they know, and you poke them with the silencer. Keep it visible to them so it's never not out of their sight. No holding to the ribs, they need to see it, so if you can, hold it to their neck, but be careful.

RHOD

Yep.

TOM

Danny, you're on speaker. You get that cashier door open and the tellers away from their desks. Get them to open the draws one-by-one and have them fill the bags with every note in the draw.

DANNY

Where are the bags?

TOM

In the bottom of that one.

Danny pulls out more black bags from within the first bag.

TOM (CONT'D)

And remember, no matter how tempting you think it is in the moment, no asking to see a safe.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Safes are big and take longer to open, keep you there too long and increase your chances of getting caught. We can only hold so much money anyway, so only grab what we can carry. What's in the registers.

RHOD

Yeah, we know man, we know. Come on.

TOM

Rhod, is this our plan or mine?

RHOD

Yours and we all know it, so, can we just get on with it already, please?

TOM

We're just making sure everyone remembers every aspect of the job so there are no cock ups--

RHOD

We know--we know--

TOM

Well, clearly not 'cos Scorzy asked 'cos it's his first time. Alright?

RHOD

Alright, well he knows now and we're pros so, can we get it going?

TOM

We're not even there yet, for fuck's sake.

TERRY

Yeah man, chill. He's just going over the plan to make sure everyone remembers their place. Okay?

RHOD

Right.

Rhod looks agitated as he looks out of the window, slightly rocking his body as he stares.

They drive in silence for a moment.

TOM

Right, we're here.

Tom drives past a bank and parks up with it in the background. Rhod cocks his gun.

TOM (CONT'D)

Right, slowest to fastest in,
slowest to fastest out. Scorz, go.

SCORZ

Right.

Scorz and the gang pull their balaclavas over their faces and Scorz gets out and heads towards the bank.

TOM

If you hear me holding the horn
down without no brakes, that means
we've got company and you need to
get out now 'cos the blues are
here.

TERRY

Gotcha.

TOM

Right, Terry, Rhod, go. Be careful.

RHOD

Yes, dad.

Terry gets out and Rhod follows.

TOM

Danny.

DANNY

Yes, mate.

TOM

Keep an eye on Rhod.

DANNY

Yes, mate.

Danny goes to leave and Tom holds his arm back a second.

TOM

Danny.

DANNY

Yes, mate.

TOM

No calling anyone darlin'.

DANNY
 Alright, lovely.

Danny leaves and follows the others into the bank.

Tom sits in silence at the wheel as the crew carry out the bank job out of sight. Minor screams and orders being shouted can be heard out in the background as the job is carried out.

After a couple of minutes, we see our four masked thieves rush out of the bank in the background and back to the car.

Scorz and Rhod are the first ones back followed by Danny and Terry. Rhod and Danny are carrying the money bags.

RHOD
 Drive!

TOM
 No shit.

Tom pulls away quickly and quietly as Rhod and the crew look around out of the windows to see who is looking.

They sit in silence a beat until Tom breaks the silence.

TOM (CONT'D)
 How much did we get?

RHOD
We got a lot. But we won't know how much until we count it, will we?

TOM
 You know what I mean, fucko. How much?

SCORZ
 A lot, mate. It was mostly twenties goin' in the bags so I'd expect at least a hundred grand.

RHOD
 (to Scorz)
 The fuck do you know about countin'?

Scorz looks away without reply.

Tom notices everyone is looking away from each other.

TOM
 Any problems?

RHOD
(without looking)
No.

TOM
Anyone you recognise in there that
could I.D you from your voice?

RHOD
No.

TOM
What about cameras, did you keep
your masks on the whole time?

RHOD
Of course we fucking did, we're not
fuckin' amateurs. For fuck's sake.

Scorz, Terry and Danny shoot each other looks. Tom spots it.

TOM
Okay, what went wrong.

Rhod pulls his mask off.

RHOD
Nothing fucking went wrong,
alright? We went in, we did what we
were there to do and we got out
with what we went in for. End of.
Didn't we?

DANNY
(not believable)
Yes, mate.

TERRY
(unenthusiastic)
Yeah.

Scorz nods with a look that avoids eye contact and the other
take their masks off.

Tom doesn't like the expressions he sees on their faces and
quickly pulls off down a side street and over.

TOM
(impatient)
Alright, what happened?

RHOD
What the fuck are you doin'? Drive
for fuck's sake.

TOM

Not until I know what went down.

RHOD

Tom, the fucking Rozzers are gonna be on us any second. Get fucking moving.

TOM

Not until I know what happened.

TERRY

It was a bad move, that's all.

DANNY

It just came out of nowhere.

Rhod exhales in frustration at the reveal.

TOM

What. The fuck. Happened?

RHOD

Okay, drive and I'll fucking tell you. Jesus.

Tom pulls out back onto the street and continues. He drives for a beat and waits for someone to talk.

TOM

Well?

Rhod looks around at the others for answers.

RHOD

Well, tell him.

SCORZ

Well, we was just--

TOM

(to Rhod)

No, from you. I want to hear it from you.

RHOD

Oh, for fuck's sake. Who does it matter who you hear it from as long as you hear it?

TOM

Because I want to hear it in your voice so I know if it's true or not.

RHOD
Oh, because you're a fucking lie
detector now. Jesus.

TERRY
Come on, lads. Let's just try to
keep it calm, alright?

TOM
Shut the fuck up!

RHOD
Shut the fuck up!

TOM
Right, tell me what happened or I'm
calling it.

RHOD
We've already done the job, how the
fuck are you gonna call it if we've
already carried it out, you stupid
shit?

Tom SCREETCHS the car over to the side of the road.

TOM
Right, if somebody doesn't talk in
the next 5-seconds, I'm getting out
of this car and you can drive
yourself to the hide out you don't
know the location of.

Rhod pulls his gun out and points it at Tom's head.

RHOD
Drive the fucking car.

DANNY
Jesus, Rhod, calm down mate.

SCORZ
Um...

TERRY
Yeah, Rhod let's just chill out,
shall we?

RHOD
Shut the fuck up!
(to Tom)
You, drive, now!

TOM
I'll drive when you tell 'em what
the fuck went on in there and not
until.

Rhod retracts the gun and leans in.

RHOD
I SHOT SOMEONE, OKAY?!

TOM
You fuckin' what?

RHOD
You heard me!

Tom looks out of the window for the police.

DANNY
Look, it was an accident. Want it,
Tezza?

TERRY
Yes, mate. She was just in the way--

TOM
She? You shot a woman?

RHOD
Yes, I shot a fucking woman,
alright?!

TOM
Jesus Christ, Rhod.

RHOD
What does it matter if it was a
woman or a man? It's still someone
gettin' shot either way.

DANNY
Yeah, man. It doesn't make a
difference whether--

TOM
Shut up, Danny!

SCORZ
Tommy, she was just gettin' in the
way. She was shouting about how we
were all going to prison for what
we were doing and that, you know?

TOM
So he shot her?

RHOD

Yes. She was in my face, shouting and screaming and you know I don't like that.

Tom's patience and cool exterior are gone now as he and Rhod begin full out arguing.

TOM

So because some woman tells you the FACTS about what will happen IF we're caught, the absolute facts, you decide to risk us all GETTING caught by shooting her? Are you fucking right in the head?

Rhod points the gun at Tom again.

RHOD

Don't you fucking question my mental health, you fuck!

TERRY

Rhod, calm down, mate.

Rhod points the gun at Terry.

RHOD

Don't tell me to calm down!

TERRY

Okay, mate, okay!

TOM

Yeah, Rhod, that's how you prove you're not crazy, by pointing a fucking gun at everyone. You twat.

Rhod SCREAMS and PUNCHES the back of Tom's seat with each word.

RHOD

Don't. Call. Me. A Twat!

TOM

Why the fuck did you have to shoot her?

RHOD

Because she was screaming in my face. You know I don't like it when women start shouting. I can't fuckin' stand 'em when they're like that.

TOM
So you just shot her?

RHOD
Yeah.

TOM
For speaking her mind?

RHOD
Yes, and I'd do it again.

TOM
You'd do it again?

RHOD
Yes.

TOM
You'd do it again, would you?

Rhod leans in.

RHOD
I just said yes.

TOM
You'd do it a--

Tom turns away from the wheel and PUNCHES Rhod in the mouth and back into his seat.

DANNY
Jesus Christ.

Danny grabs the wheel and steers the best he can as Tom continues to try and punch Rhod in the back seat.

RHOD
Dopn't you hit me!

TERRY
Hey, hey, hey, calm down. Watch the fucking road. You're gonna get us all killed!

TOM
What you gonna do about it?

Rhod takes out his gun again.

RHOD
Don't up fucking hit me, you fuck.

Tom turns back to the wheel and knocks Danny's hands away.

TOM

I got it.

DANNY

Alright, mate.

RHOD

He's only helping. Maybe if you didn't take your hands off the wheel he wouldn't have to.

TOM

Yeah, well maybe if you didn't go around shooting people I wouldn't have to take my hands off the fucking wheel to deal with you.

Rhod scoffs and looks away.

RHOD

I'd like to see you try and deal with me, pretty boy.

TOM

Yeah?

RHOD

Yeah.

TOM

You want me to pull this fucker over again and take care of you?

RHOD

Oh, is that a threat?

TOM

A threat? It's a fucking promise, mate. You're gonna get us all caught. Every injury sustained in a job by people caught in the cross-hairs puts more pressure on the police to come after us full on.

RHOD

What, you think I don't know that?

TOM

Clearly fucking not, otherwise you wouldn't go around shooting people unless you absolutely had to.

TERRY

Alright, let's get a hold of ourselves--

TOM

A bit late for that, apparently.

TERRY

Look, what's done is done and we can't take it back. So let's just try and look forward and think about what comes next. What we can control and take it from there, okay?

No one replies.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Right, so how long to the swap-point?

Tom stews for a second before answering.

TOM

3-miles.

TERRY

So about 3-minutes, yeah?

TOM

Yeah.

TERRY

Right then, what's the plan when we get there?

RHOD

Oh yes, Captain, Sir. What's your great plan for when we arrive at our destina--

TERRY

Shut the fuck up, Rodney. Just shut the fuck up, already.

DANNY

Yeah, Rodney, you dipstick.

Rhod leans forward and slap Danny up side the head.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, you fuckin' want some, do ya?!

Danny turns around and starts throwing punches at Rhod. Rhod returns fire.

TERRY

Hey, hey, hey! What the fuck did we just say?!

Terry and Scorz get in the middle and use their arms to split the pair up.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Cut it the fuck out.

RHOD

Cockney twat!

DANNY

Fuck off.

They sit a silence a beat.

TERRY

So, the plan.

TOM

I've got a clean car waiting. Paid for with cash and still in the previous owner's name, so when we're done with that one we can just leave the keys in the ignition for some lucky sod to find and have a play with.

TERRY

Clothes?

TOM

There's a change of clothes for everyone at the swap. Tops, bottoms, shoes and hats. Everything you're wearing now goes up with this heap.

RHOD

The heap that you chose over a fucking van. Why didn't you get a van. Everything wouldn't been alright if you'd just got a van.

TOM

Oh, is that right? It was me getting a car instead of a van that made you shoot that woman, was it?

RHOD
You know what I mean.

TOM
No, I fucking don't, because what
you're saying makes no fucking
sense.

RHOD
It makes perfect sense.

TOM
Really? Oh well, then, enlighten
me, oh great one.

Rhod stares silently out of the window, chewing his lip.

RHOD
It makes perfect sense.

TOM
Shut the fuck up, does it.

SCORZ
Alright, lads, come on. We're not
gonna turn back time arguing.

Everyone is quiet.

TOM
How bad was it?

RHOD
How bad was what?

TOM
How bad--? Are you fucking kidding
me? The shot. How bad was the shot?
Obviously.

RHOD
I don't know. I shot her in the
shoulder, I think.

TOM
You think?

RHOD
Yes, I think I shot her in the
shoulder.

TOM
Well, was she alright?

RHOD

How the fuck should I know. She went down if that's what you're asking.

TOM

Jesus.

(to Danny)

Did you see where he got her?

DANNY

No mate, I just saw her lying on her side being held by some other younger woman. Probably her daughter or something.

TOM

Daughter?

RHOD

It wasn't her daughter.

DANNY

How do you know?

TOM

Shut up, Rhod.

(to Danny)

Why do you say daughter?

DANNY

Well, she seemed about the right age and jumped straight to her aid, instantly like she knew her.

RHOD

Didn't say 'Mum' though, did she?

DANNY

I don't know, I was still in shock like everyone else, but does she fuckin' have to?

RHOD

Well, it's what people say, int it?

DANNY

(to Tom)

Look, it might not have been but, fact is she was there and I couldn't see where she was shot because of the angle. Plus I was keeping an eye on them filling the bags, want I?

TOM
(to Scorz)
Did you see?

SCORZ
No mate, I was watching the doors
to make sure no one was coming in.

RHOD
You were shitting it, is what you
were.

SCORZ
Well, is it any wonder when you
start shooting people for saying
'You should be ashamed of
yourself'?

The comment rings a bell with Tom.

TOM
Oh Jesus, is that what she said?

RHOD
Yes, it is. And a whole lot of
other things, too.

TOM
This fucking clown. This fucking
clown. If there's one sentence he
can't stand it's 'You should be
ashamed of yourself'. For fuck's
sake.

DANNY
Why's that?

RHOD
None of your fucking business,
that's why.

TOM
Oh, who the fuck knows. It's just
always been a trigger of his, ever
since we was kids. Jesus Christ,
you're easy to piss off.

RHOD
Look, are we there yet or what?

TOM
Yes, we're there.

RHOD

Good.

TOM

We're there, we're out of the car,
we're changed and in the next
vehicle. Happy?

RHOD

Oh, aren't you a fucking comedian?

TOM

Well, don't ask stupid fucking
questions then.

RHOD

Okay, Mr. Perfect, how long until
we arrive where we're going?

TOM

It's just at the top of this hill.

RHOD

Right, thank you.

(beat)

E.T.A?

TOM

30-fucking seconds. Can you shut up
for 30-fucking seconds until we get
there, or do you have to keep
yappin' to--

Suddenly, SIRENS sound and BLUE LIGHTS flash as POLICE CARS
race past the car out of shot.

Everyone goes quiet and no one speaks until their journey is
completed.

Tom turns the car around into what appears to be a bushy area
as hedges and trees can be seen out of the windows of the
car.

Tom looks out of the window for something a beat.

TOM (CONT'D)

What? Where the fuck--

Tom slams on the breaks and gets out of the car.

Through the window we see him take a full look around the
area.

TOM (CONT'D)

FUUUUUCK!

TERRY

Oh fuck.

RHOD

What?

SCORZ

The fucking cars' bin nicked, 'ant it?

DANNY

Oh shit.

RHOD

It's not that bad, we've still got this one.

DANNY

Yeah, but we can't keep riding around in this one, can we?

RHOD

Why not? A car's a car.

TERRY

Because the police are gonna be lookin' for this one, aren't they? That's why we had another car waiting for us to drive away in.

RHOD

Oh shit, you're right.

DANNY

Ya think?!

SCORZ

Where we gonna get a new car from?

RHOD

We're not gettin' a new car.

SCORZ

How the fuck we gonna get away if we're driving around in a stolen car that's being looked for?

RHOD

We'll figure something out. Tom'll come up with something. He always does.

Rhod looks out at Tom who takes out his phone and calls someone.

EXT. CAR/WASTELAND

Tom waits for the other end of the call to be picked up. We can now see that they are in what looks like a poor man's gravel car park, surrounded by bushes and trees, hidden away from view.

TOM

Alright, mate, how you doin'?

(beat)

Good. Listen mate, I've got a problem and I need a clean car, fast.

RHOD

Jesus Christ.

TOM

Yeah, listen, it's gotta hold 5 people and I need it, like, 10-minutes ago, mate.

(beat)

I know, believe me, I know, but, the car I had has been stolen and I can't get--

(beat)

No mate, I can't. Listen, I'm on a job and it's gone a bit wrong and--

INT. CAR

RHOD

What the fuck is he doin'?

TERRY

Gettin' us a new car. Clearly.

RHOD

He's talkin' about the job, for fuck's sake.

DANNY

Well, we need something. We can't just be driving around in a stolen car with guns and bags of money, can we?

EXT. CAR/WASTELAND

TOM

Yes, mate. Thank you. I'm at the old car park next to Morley Hill Boy Scouts.

(beat)

Yeah, I'll look after you, don't worry. Cheers.

Tom hangs up the phone and walks back over to the car. He opens the door and grabs the money bags.

RHOD

Hey, what the fuck are you doin'?

Rhod climbs over Terry and gets out of the car.

EXT. CAR/WASTELAND

Tom takes the bags around the back of the car and opens the boot.

RHOD

Well?

TOM

Counting the money.

Tom empties out the bags and starts counting out piles of money into 5 even lots.

RHOD

So how much is this new car gonna cost?

TOM

Ten grand.

RHOD

(mocking)

Oh, so it really is a new car. Well then, why don't we just go down to the show room and buy a new one cash?

TOM

Be serious.

RHOD

I am serious. It'll be ours legally with no one looking for it, and it'll probably be a lot cheaper.

TOM

We're not paying for a car, we're paying for a clean escape. And a clean escape is priceless.

RHOD

Really? Sounds like it costs about ten grand to me.

(beat)

Well, it's coming out of your share.

TOM

It's coming out of the whole thing.

RHOD

Like fuck it is. It can come out of yours lot but not a penny is coming out of mine, I'll tell you that right now.

TOM

Then you're not getting in the car, are you?

RHOD

Like fuck I'm not.

TOM

Then you're paying your fair share.

RHOD

You're a shit.

TOM

(without looking)

Oh really?

RHOD

Yes, really. You know, none of this would be happening if you'd put the car in a better place.

TOM

Yeah, no shit.

RHOD

Or if you'd just gotten a van in the first place instead of a car?

TOM

What the fu--?

Tom slams the money down and turns to Rhod and keeps his eyes on him, clearly pissed off but trying to keep his calm.

TOM (CONT'D)

TERRY.

TERRY (O.S.)

Yes, mate.

TOM

Do me a favour, come count this money out into five equal amounts and then take tend grand off the top for the new car.

TERRY (O.S.)

Alright, mate.

TOM

Thank you.

Terry gets out of the car and heads for the back.

RHOD

Don't you dare take any off of my share. It's not fuckin' happenin'.

TOM

Oh yes, it is. Now tell me--

Tom starts PUSHING Rhod with every other word.

TOM (CONT'D)

How the fuck, does me, getting a van, over a car, stop the car I stashed, from being, fucking, NICKED?!

RHOD

I swear to God if you push me again I'll shoot you right in the fuckin' face mate?

TOM

Yeah?

RHOD

Yeah.

Tom pushes Rhod again.

Rhod pulls his gun out aims it in Tom's face.

INT. CAR

Danny is looking at his phone with baited breath.

DANNY
(shouting)
We've got a fucking problem!

EXT. CAR/WASTELAND

Tom stares at Rhod a beat with the gun in his face before replying.

TOM
What?

Rhod holds his ground.

Danny rushes out from the car over to Tom and hands him his phone.

Scorz climbs out and stretches his legs.

Tom looks at the phone for a moment then gives it him back, looks at the ground. Tom rests his hands on his legs a moment as if he's about to be sick.

Rhod half lowers his gun a moment...

RHOD
What?

Tom laughs then suddenly SWINGS PUNCHES at Rhod again and again. He connects with his face and knocks him back. Rhod tries to take aim at him again but is hit again and again before he can get his aim right.

TOM
Are you happy now? Hey? Are you?

RHOD
What?!

DANNY
She dead.

RHOD
Who's dead?

DANNY
The woman. In the bank. She's
fucking dead!

Rhod gets to his feet and picks up his fallen gun.

RHOD
What the fuck are you talking
about?

Tom loses it.

TOM
The woman. The woman you shot in
the "shoulder". She's dead. You
shot her in the fucking heart.

Rhod is in disbelief.

RHOD
Bollocks, did I.

DANNY
It's all over the fuckin' news
mate.

Danny holds up his phone. Rhod leans in for a look and holds
his hands to his head as realization kicks in.

RHOD
Ah shit.

TOM
Ah shit? Ah shit indeed.

RHOD
Well, it's okay, no one knows it
was us. Look, we got away.

TOM
Are you serious?

RHOD
Look, the new car will be here any
minute and we'll be off. No harm,
no foul. We'll cook this one with
everything in it--

DANNY
No harm no foul, mate? You just
killed someone's old granny, for
fuck's sake. What's a matter with
you?

TOM
(to Danny)
Well, he's off his head int he?
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

He think as long as we get away fine in the moment, that that's that. No harm done, job's a good 'un.

RHOD

Okay, I fucked up. But it can't be helped now, just like the car you stashed gettin' nicked, it's an unfortunate circumstance that couldn't have been prevented--

TOM

What?

TERRY

Are you seriously trying to compare his car getting nicked to you shooting an old woman in the chest?

RHOD

Hey, shut up and keep counting, you.

TERRY

Don't you fuckin' tell me what to do, you stupid fucking cunt. You're gonna get us all collared--

RHOD

Don't you call me a cunt.

TERRY

Well, don't be a cunt then.

Rhod points his gun at Terry.

RHOD

Don't you call me a cunt. Not today, not ever.

Terry and Rhod share a stare.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Now count the fucking money and let's figure this out.

Terry goes back to counting.

TOM

Yeah, get ten grand counted so we can get a clean car, get the fuck out of here and away from this loose canon.

Tom points at Rhod.

RHOD

Oh, a 'loose canon' am I?

TOM

Yes, obviously. Granny killer.

RHOD

Well then, if I'm such a loose canon, then why the fuck did you bring me along?

TOM

You know, I thought you'd grown up a bit, but apparently I was wrong.

Rhod scoffs.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're in your 50's for fuck's sake, you'd think at such an age you'd have control over such childish impulses, but no. Not a chance.

Rhod turns to the others.

RHOD

Are you lot really gonna just stay silent and let him call me names?

DANNY

Calls you names? Calls you names? You killed someone's granny, for fuck's sake.

RHOD

Oh, we don't know if she was a granny. Shut up and stop being so dramatic.

DANNY

What does it matter if she wasn't. She was still a person. Look this wasn't supposed to be that kind of job. We picked a nice little local bank because it's small time and not looked after by heavies, and the less of that we have, the easier the steal is.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

But no, you want to act as though it's the opening scene of 'The Dark Knight' or something and just go in guns blazing. If I'd have known it was gonna turn out like this I wouldn't have bothered.

RHOD

Pussy.

DANNY

Pussy?

RHOD

Pussy, man.

DANNY

I wanted to get some money to buy a house and go straight somewhere. I don't care if it's 30K for a piece of shit up in Middlesborough, I just wanted something to go legit and stop having to keep throwing money away on fucking rent, but, thanks to you, if we get caught, I won't have to worry about paying some fucking prick Tory landlord every month, 'cos I'll be living free at Her Majesty's Behest. Forever.

Rhod is quiet.

Danny turns to Scorz.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What about you, Big Man? What were you going to do with your share before this gimp fucked it up for all of us?

RHOD

(warning)

Hey!

SCORZ

Oh man, don't bring me into it, I just wanna get out of here.

DANNY

Don't bring you into it? I think you'll find you're already smack-bang in the middle of it, Sunshine.

SCORZ

You know what I mean. I don't wanna argue about it. It's fucking happened now let's just try and get past it and out of here.

RHOD

Exactly, he's the right idea. What's done is done. Thank you Scorzy.

TERRY

Fuck that fat pussy prick. He's just soft and doesn't wanna get his blood pressure up. He knows you're dead fucking wrong and you know it too.

Scorz gets back in the car.

TOM

(to Terry)

How we lookin' so far?

TERRY

Yeah, just finishing up.

RHOD

Yeah, you make sure you don't take anything off of my share.

TOM

He's taking two from everyone we're all going in the car.

RHOD

You can pay out whatever you want but I ain't paying out jack shit.

TOM

We'll see about that.

RHOD

Yeah, we will.

TOM

Well, if it's not your car then the fare out of here is two-grand.

(beat)

Unless you want to get an Uber, of course.

RHOD
 (mocking)
 Oh, you're so funny. So funny.

TERRY
 Okay, it's done.

Tom and Rhod step closer to Terry at the back of the car.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 We're looking at £37,750 each.

RHOD
 And you want me to reduce that to
 £35,750, do you?

TOM
 If you want out of here, yes.

TERRY
 That's after the 10K deduction for
 the car.

RHOD
 Right then, so that's £39,750 for
 me and a bit less for you lot.

Rhod reaches in to grab his share and some extra. Tom steps
 in front of him and Terry sands over the money.

TOM
 What the fuck did I tell you? If
 you want out, then you pay your
 share.

RHOD
 I told you--

Tom PUSHES Rhod.

TOM
 You pay your share, from your FREE
 money. Remember that, FREE money.
 Your money was FREE. So shut the
 fuck up. You've got nearly 38-grand
 you didn't have an hour ago. So
 grow up--

RHOD
 Forty grand, actually.

TOM
 and STOP BEING A FUCKING CHILD!

Danny and Terry look on in agreement. Rhod registers their opinions.

RHOD

What the fuck are you lot looking at? I bet none of you will talk to me like this 'cos I will knock you the fuck out.

TOM

They're not talking to you, I am.

RHOD

And I'm talking to you, and I'm telling you for the last time, I'm not paying two-grand for a 10-mile taxi ride.

TOM

Listen to me, you impossible child--

Tom takes slow steps to Rhod, forcing him slowly back.

TOM (CONT'D)

The police are gonna look at the CCTV from outside the bank, see this car, follow it down the street onto the next road, get the CCTV from that street and keep following the car until they reach final tape which shows it heading in this direction, which is when they'll come calling. We're on the clock now. They're on their way. It might take an hour, but they WILL be here, and soon.

Rhod looks away.

RHOD

I'm not handing over two-grand. Not doing it. No way.

Tom gives up.

TOM

Oh, fuck this.

Tom walks to the back of the car and starts putting a pile of money into a backpack.

RHOD

What are you doing?

TOM

I'm leaving. I'm not putting up with any of your bullshit anymore. You're a fucking idiot who risks his freedom and the freedom of others, and the LIVES of others over a couple of measly grand.

RHOD

If it's so measly then why don't you lot just pay more?

Tom exhales with a laugh.

TOM

Jesus. And just for that, being as I've got a better chance of getting away by going it on my own and not travelling with you--

RHOD

Hey, stop.

Rhod puts the gun back on Tom.

TOM

I'm walking now, so I'll take back my two-grand from the group pot.

Tom takes £2K off the smallest pile of money, puts it in his backpack and ZIPS it up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now your share is twenty-five hundred. That's 500 more you're out of pocket.

Tom puts on the backpack and begins to walk away.

RHOD

Hey! Stop right there!

TOM

Or what?

RHOD

Or I'll shoot your fucking face off.

TOM

Oh yeah? Why don't you put that gun down and fight like a man?

Rhod stands quiet, gun on Tom the whole time.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on then, put the gun down,
I'll take my bag off, we'll fight
and the winner takes the other ones
share. How about that? Let's see if
you're as tough without that
fucking shooter in your hand as you
seem to think your are.

RHOD

I'm telling you, put the money back
and get back in the car. Or else.

Tom stands his ground.

TOM

Or else what?

RHOD

I don't take kindly to being
robbed. Not now, not ever.

TOM

Robbed? This is my share, you
idiot.

RHOD

Oh, no it's not. See, if you're not
driving then you're not part of the
team, and if you're not a part of
the team, not it's not your money,
it's ours. We went in, we did you
job--

TOM

You shot the old lady.

RHOD

We risked it all. You just sat in
the fucking car like a scared
little girl the whole time.

TOM

And planned the job, and did all
recon, and mapped out the getaway,
found a hide out, got us a clean
getaway car--

RHOD

Yeah, a clean getaway car. And
where is that? Oh, it got away.
Funny that. Now who's the fucking
comedian?

TOM

Fuck off.

Tom begins to walk away. Rhod follows.

RHOD

I'm telling you, putt the fucking money back in the fucking car and get behind the fucking wheel.

Tom stops. Rhod stops.

TOM

I'm not getting back in the car. You'll just have to shoot me in the back like a coward. You know, like the kind of man that kills women.

Tom walks away.

Rhod watches him leave and lowers the gun and looks down defeated.

TOM (CONT'D)

You should be ashamed of yourself.

The words register hard as Rhod looks back up at Tom with a blank stare and re-aims the gun at Tom.

RHOD

(loudly)

Bye then!

POP!

Rhod shoots Tom in the back of the head. Tom face-plants into the dirt. Dead.

TERRY

Jesus Christ!

DANNY

What the fuck are you doing, you fucking psycho?

SCORZ (O.S.)

Oh shit.

Rhod power walks up to Tom's body and tucks the gun into the back of his jeans. He turns Tom's body over and unclips the front of the backpack.

Terry cautiously side steps back to the car. Scorz exits it.

RHOD

(to Tom's dead body)

I told you I wasn't paying jack-shit for your little taxi ride, didn't I? And what did you say? What was it? Oh that's right, 'We'll see'. Yes and we fucking saw, didn't we?

Rhod removes the backpack from Tom's body and stands with it. He turns to see:

Terry standing by the car aiming at him with his shotgun.

TERRY

Don't you fuckin' move! Don't you fuckin' move, I tell ya!

Rhod sees Terry's gun and pulls his own on him and side steps away from Tom's body.

DANNY

Jesus Christ!

Danny rushes over to Tom to check if he's actually dead.

RHOD

Oh yeah? What you plannin' on doin' with that, then?

TERRY

Don't you question me, you prick. Put the backpack down and back the fuck up!

RHOD

Now why would I want to do that, then? Especially when it's my money.

TERRY

Your money? That's Tom's money. And you just fucking killed him.

RHOD

Yes, I just killed him, making it my money. You see how that works?

TERRY

Bullshit!

RHOD

Come take it from me!

Danny stands up and storms towards Rhod.

DANNY

What the fuck is wrong with you?!
What the fuck is wrong with you?!
You fucking cunt! Why would you do
that? He did fucking nothing to
you!

RHOD

Nothing?

DANNY

Nothing!

RHOD

He did nothing to me?

DANNY

He did fucking nothing to you, you
psycho wanker. And you shoot him
like that?!

RHOD

Oh, shut the fuck up, you self
righteous twat. You didn't know him
like I did. You didn't grow up with
him. You didn't have him over your
shoulder your whole life telling
you how you were doing everything
wrong and trying to tell you how to
live constantly.

SCORZ

He was just looking out for you,
bro.

RHOD

How the fuck do you know, fat boy?

DANNY

'Cos that's what brothers do. He
was your brother. How could you
kill your own fucking brother?

Rhod thinks a beat about those words.

DANNY (CONT'D)

My brother's a little fucking cunt,
but he's family. He's still my
brother no matter what stupid shit
he does.

RHOD

So you think being related to me should put you in a different position in life?

(beat)

You think that if you're related to me that you can get away with things other non-related people can't?

(beat)

No. Everyone is equal. And if you fuck with me, I fuck with you right back, equally good.

TERRY

You think him telling you that you should be ashamed of yourself for killing an old woman is equal to you killing him?

RHOD

Watch your mouth.

TERRY

You should be a-fucking-shamed of yourself.

Rhod steps forward, raising his gun more.

RHOD

(wide eyed)

Shut the fuck up!

Danny storms back to the car.

TERRY

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

Rhod is taken aback for a second.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You've fucked this whole thing up and now we've all got to go on the run.

Danny emerges from the car with his own shotgun.

RHOD

What? Nobody's gonna have to go on the run.

DANNY

Of course, we are. There's a dead body, right there.

Danny points to Tom.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And that's gonna be there when the police get here, which is going to lead them to an ID, which is gonna lead to you, which is gonna lead to us. Then what?

Danny takes aim at Rhod.

Rhod says nothing as the information registers true.

Danny and Terry play 'Interview Room'.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey, Terry.

TERRY

Yes, Boss.

DANNY

Where were you on the morning on the twenty-first between the hours of 10am and 11am?

TERRY

Oh well, I don't know, officer. At home watching TV, probably.

DANNY

And do you have anyone who can vouch for that?

TERRY

Well, no officer, I live on my own.

DANNY

So you have no witnesses to back your story up?

TERRY

No officer.

(beat)

What about you, son? Where were you on the morning of the twenty-first between 10 and 11?

DANNY

Well, I wasn't robbing a bank with the four friends with criminal records you know me to keep company with.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

One of whom you found dead at the scene where the getaway vehicle was found on fire, that's for sure. Why?

Rhod thinks about their words and bites his lip.

SCORZ

What's your mum gonna say, man?

Rhod's concentration is broken.

RHOD

What?

DANNY

Your mum. He said what's your mum gonna say. She just lost a son. Murdered. Murdered by her other son. One dead and one going to prison for it if he's caught.

TERRY

And not knowing what happened to him if he's not.

RHOD

Shit. I dunno.

TERRY

Of course you don't know, you didn't think it through. You just reacted and now we're in this shit.

Rhod stands quiet for a beat with all guns on him. He lowers weapon.

RHOD

We have to bury him.

DANNY

What?

RHOD

We have to bury him.

DANNY

We're not burying him. He's not a dog.

Rhod takes aim at Danny.

RHOD

We have to bury him so nobody finds him and it doesn't lead back to us.

(to Terry)

You said it yourself, finding him leads to me, leads to you, leads to us all gettin' collared.

Everyone thinks it over.

SCORZ

We need to bury him.

DANNY

Oh, for suck's sake, Scorzy, who's side are you on?

SCORZ

I'm on my own side, mate. And my side says don't get caught. And as sad as it is, that means burying him. I'm sorry, but it's that or take a gamble on being arrested and going to prison for the rest of our lives.

TERRY

(to Rhod)

So you're just gonna have your mum not know he's dead? Think he's gone missing and not making contact with her?

RHOD

If he goes missing and we don't, then at worst it should look like he was involved with the bank job and did a runner when it went wrong and we're innocents--

TERRY

Are you serious?

RHOD

A woman was killed during the robbery and he fled in shame.

TERRY

Oh, so you're gonna make it sound like he committed your crime?

RHOD

I never said that. I just said that during the robbery, a woman got shot and died and that he was ashamed about it. Which is true.

(beat)

Plus, they're not going to suspect I was involved if they suspect he's dead, 'cos what kind of brother would help cover up his own brother's murder?

DANNY

Exactly.

Rhod looks ashamed.

RHOD

And I can vouch for you lot. See? Win-win.

TERRY

And if they examine this place after finding the car, and they find his body, then what? You're gonna pretend you know nothing about it to her face. Hold her to try and comfort her as she cries over it, knowing the all the while you're responsible?

RHOD

I'll deal with that when the time comes.

TERRY

Stand there at the funeral and act like everything is okay? Like you're not the one that put him in the ground?

RHOD

If I have to.

TERRY

You're disgusting.

RHOD

Shut up.

TERRY

You should be ashamed

Rhod storms up to Terry and sticks his gun in his face. Danny steps across to Rhod's side, shotgun aimed at his head.

RHOD
Don't. I'll put one right between
your fucking eyes. I swear to God.

Danny holds his gun on Rhod.

SCORZ
Hey--

RHOD
If I did it to him, I'll do it to
you.

SCORZ
Hey--

RHOD
What chance does some fuck stand if
my brother means nothing?

SCORZ
Hey!

DANNY
What?

SCORZ
Someone's coming.

Terry, Rhod and Danny turn towards Scorz.

SCORZ (CONT'D)
Up the hill. A guy on a motorbike.

DANNY
This is a dead-end.

RHOD
Must be the guy Tom called.

They each look at each other a beat.

SCORZ
Better drop them guns real quick or
he's gonna get spooked.

Rhod lowers his gun first.

RHOD
In the boot.

TERRY

What?

RHOD

Put your guns in the boot.

TERRY

Fuck off, I'm not taking my eyes off you.

Rhod stops aiming at Terry and tucks his gun into the back of his jeans. He grabs Tom's ankles and starts dragging his body into nearby overgrowth by trees.

Rhod's attitude changes for the better.

RHOD

Terry, I'm sorry. You were right. I should be ashamed of my actions, and I am.

TERRY

What are you doing?

RHOD

Hiding him. He's gonna get spooked if he sees the guy who called him dead on the ground. Then there's no way out.

Danny grits his teeth.

DANNY

Fuck, open the boot.

Scorz opens the boot and Danny and Terry throw in their shotguns.

RHOD

(to Scorz)
Where's yours?

SCORZ

In the back seat.

RHOD

Throw it in.

Scorz gets his gun from the back seat.

RHOD (CONT'D)

In case it spooks him.

DANNY

It's in the back seat, how would he even see it?

RHOD

Because he's a fucking criminal and criminals are nosey fuckers, alright?

Scorz returns and offers Rhod his shotgun. Rhod nods towards the boot and Scorz throws it in. Rhod closes it.

SCORZ

Did someone order a pizza?

A **CAR THIEF** pulls up on a moped with a pizza carry-box on the back. He opens his visor but keeps the helmet on.

CAR THIEF

Alright.

RHOD

Alright.

SCORZ

Alright.

CAR THIEF (CONT'D)

Where's Tom?

RHOD

Back there. He's taking a shit. Ate something dodgy. So, how does this work? I notice you haven't got a car with you.

CAR THIEF

No, Tom knows. We'll just wait for him, alright?

RHOD

Why wait for him? He's taking a shit, like I said,. So, let's just get on with it, okay?

CAR THIEF

Look mate, I don't know you and I only deal with people I know, hence me keeping the helmet on. Okay?

RHOD

You don't work with people you don't know? Well, that's understandable. Well, I'm Rhod, I'm Tom's brother. Surely you've heard of me, right?

Rhod offers his hand.

The Car Thief looks at him without shaking it.

CAR THIEF

Yeah. Yeah, I've heard of you.

Rhod drops his hand.

RHOD

Right then, so we all know each other. So what, do I just give you the money and you call a guy to confirm the pick up and he makes the delivery or what?

CAR THIEF

Look mate, I already said, Tom knows how it works and I don't know you so, we'll wait until he comes back, okay?

RHOD

Listen, pal, I don't know if you've fucking noticed, but time isn't exactly on our side right now, so if you don't mind, I'd like to get fucking on with it, okay?

Rhod opens the backpack and takes out £10K in cash.

CAR THIEF

Yeah, and I'm hearing you. Now maybe you could hear me and understand that we're waiting for Tom or it's not happening. Got it?

Rhod throws a bundle of cash at the car thief's feet.

RHOD

Ten grand, right? Right then let's get on with it for fuck's sake.

The Car Thief picks up the money.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Just get on the phone or whatever and get us a car. Fuck, you could have come in a car and just given us a ride back.

CAR THIEF

Yeah, but then I'd run the risk of being caught with you--

RHOD

You are with us.

CAR THIEF

And as I already fucking said--

He throws the money back at Rhod.

CAR THIEF (CONT'D)

I only deal with people I know-- first hand. So until Tom gets back, we'll all wait here or I won't be getting you anything. Now do you understand or should I just fuck off back where I came from now?

DANNY

No, mate, listen, don't do that, alright? Look, we're just looking to get out of here as fast as possible you know.

TERRY

Yeah, the rozzers are gonna be closing in on this location within the hour and we need to be out of here sharpish, okay?

CAR THIEF

Yeah, Tom said you were on a job.

The Car Thief starts eying up their car.

DANNY

That's right. Look, we were on something and something went a little wrong and now we're here and some little fucker's nicked the clean car we had stashed away, so now we need to get a new one to complete the getaway, know-what-I-mean?

RHOD

Jesus Christ, Danny, why not just tell him everything?

CAR THIEF

(referring their car)
This yours?

TERRY

Yes, mate.
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

But it's no good to us any more, so please, can you just get on the blower and make whatever call you've got to do to get a new car here before it's too late or this will all have been for nothing.

CAR THIEF

Yeah, I heard the police were looking for a car matching this description.

TERRY

Right then, you know we're on the clock, then.

CAR THIEF

Bank job on the high street, then. That was you?

DANNY

Yes, mate.

RHOD

Danny, for fuck's sake.

DANNY

He already knows, man. The fucking car's right there.

RHOD

That doesn't mean you can tell him.

CAR THIEF

Yeah, it said a woman was killed. Old woman. Shot in the heart.

RHOD

Yeah, that's right. So why don't you take note of that information and get on the bloody phone and get us a bloody car before someone else ends up dead?

TERRY

Hey, Rhod, calm down, mate, alright?

RHOD

Don't tell me to calm down.

CAR THIEF

Are you threatening me?

DANNY

No, he's not, he's just a bit high
strung is all--

RHOD

Yes, I'm threatening you.

DANNY

Because of the situation. That's
all.

SCORZ

Oh, fuck.

CAR THIEF

'Cos I don't care who you think you
are pal, or who you're related to,
you threaten me and you'll wish you
hadn't.

RHOD

Ooh, big hard man, aren't we?

TERRY

Look he didn't mean it. Look--

Terry picks up the money from the floor, piles it up and
offers it to the Car Thief.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Look, here's the money. It's all
there, ten grand right? Just take
it, count it and do what you gotta
do, okay?

CAR THIEF

Where's Tom?

The crew shoot looks at each other. No one speaks. The Car
Thief registers their looks at each other and looks around
for Tom.

CAR THIEF (CONT'D)

(calling out)

TOM?!

RHOD

Oh, for fuck's sake. Fuck this.

Rhod pulls the gun from the back of his jeans and aims it at
the Car Thief's head.

TERRY

Rhod, no!

SCORZ

Rhod, man, no. Not another one.

CAR THIEF

Another one?

DANNY

Oh, for fuck's sake, Rhod put the gun down, mate. There's been enough blood shed for one day.

RHOD

Yeah? Then tell this prick that if he doesn't get on the phone and get a car here right now, that we'll be burying two dead bodies up here. Okay?

CAR THIEF

(to Rhod)

What did you say?

RHOD

You heard me, mate.

DANNY

Nothing, mate, he didn't say nothing.

CAR THIEF

Where's Tom?

RHOD

Like I said, Tom's in the trees. Go on. Have a look.

There's silence as everyone looks at each other.

Rhod shakes his gun in Tom's direction. The Car Thief heads in that direction. He steps up to the edge of the grass verge and leans into the trees... he sees something he doesn't like.

CAR THIEF

Shit.

RHOD

Yeah. Now, Mr. Incredible. If I killed that old bitch at the bank, and my own brother here--

Rhod cocks the gun.

RHOD (CONT'D)

What makes you think you're so special that I won't ice you as well, right here and bury you right the fuck next to him?

CAR THIEF

Alright mate, calm down.

RHOD

Don't tell me to calm down. Just take the money and call whoever you've got to call and get us a car, and everything will be okay. Okay?

CAR THIEF

Okay. Give me the money and I'll get it to my guy and you'll have a car in 10-minutes. Okay?

RHOD

What do you mean 'Get it to him'? Just call him and tell him you've got it.

CAR THIEF

I could call him and tell him that, but how's he gonna get you a car if he doesn't have the money to buy it?

RHOD

Buy what? It's a stolen car, mate, you're not buying anything.

CAR THIEF

No mate, the money is to buy a clean one, legally, so you can make a clean getaway. Right?

RHOD

So you're gonna buy a new car?

CAR THIEF

I'm gonna buy a second-hand car that's available to go get right now. One that's waiting and requires no paperwork.

RHOD

If it requires no paperwork then how the fuck is it legal?

DANNY

'Cos it's second-hand mate--

RHOD

I wasn't fucking asking you, I was asking Daft Punk over here.

(to the Car Thief)

How is it legal?

CAR THIEF

Because you're really buying a car from someone. Someone who once they have the money, won't feel the need to call the police to report their car stolen because it won't have been. Understand?

SCORZ

Yeah, man. It's so no one comes looking for the back up car--

RHOD

Don't fucking explain it to me, okay? I get it.

SCORZ

Alright, I was just sayin'.

RHOD

Well, don't.

SCORZ

Okay.

RHOD

Look mate, you're just gonna have to call your man, tell him you've got the cash and that he has to buy it with his own money and you'll give him his cash when he gets here.

CAR THIEF

Can't do that, mate. He needs the money up front. That's not how this works--

RHOD

Don't tell me how this works, okay? Just make it fucking happen. Now.

TERRY

Rhod, man, he just said he can't. They need the money to buy the car with--

RHOD

I don't care. Either he gets on the phone and his man gets a car here in the next 5-minutes or he's got gonna be going back.

CAR THIEF

Hey man, think about what you're saying. You're not thinking straight.

RHOD

Don't tell me how I'm thinking. I really don't like that.

Terry, Danny and Scorz shake their heads slightly at the Car Thief.

TERRY

It's not like they're buying a new car on finance. They need cash to buy one from a guy who expects money in his hand--

RHOD

They've got money.

Rhod steps towards the Car Thief.

RHOD (CONT'D)

You've got cash. So get on the phone or you're not going home.

The Car Thief takes a moment as Rhod points the gun at his head.

CAR THIEF

If I'm not back in 5-minutes with that money in that storage box on the back of that bike, they're gonna know something's up, and it's over for you. Okay?

RHOD

If you don't do exactly as I tell you right now, it's over for you. Alright?

The Car Thief takes a quick look at the others who all look nervous. He makes his move.

The Car Thief reaches out and GRABS Rhod's wrists and tries to take the gun from him. Rhod shoots the ground as they struggle with each other.

TERRY

Shit.

Terry, Danny and Scorz duck for cover.

Rhod tangles with the Car Thief for a moment as they fight for possession of the gun until they get closer and the gun GOES OFF.

The Car Thief takes a shot to the stomach.

Hit and bleeding, the Car Thief stumbles back a beat and Rhod takes full advantage of the moment, takes aim and FIRES a shot at his head.

The Car Thief pauses a moment standing, staggers a couple of steps back then collapses dead.

A moment of silence before...

Danny checks on the Car Thief's body.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuck!

Danny and Scorz look on at the dead Car Thief's fallen body.

RHOD

Well, that's two to bury. Back in the car.

Rhod heads back to the car.

DANNY

Back in the car? What are you talking about? We can't go anywhere in that, the cops are looking for it.

RHOD

But we need, forks and spades and shovels, so we've gotta go to a hardware store and pick some shit up. So, back in the car.

TERRY

Rhod, they're looking for the car.
It's stupid to go anywhere in it.
And we have a moped now. So, how
about one of us uses that to go get
the shovels and brings them back
here.

Rhod stops at the driver side door.

RHOD

Well, for starters, one person
can't carry four tools that size on
a moped--

TERRY

Then two of us will go--

RHOD

Second, no one is going anywhere.
We did this together, we're in this
together, so we're staying
together.

TERRY

Rhod, think about it, the cops are
looking for this car, in this area--

Rhod points the gun at him.

RHOD

Two bodies and a moped or three
bodies and a moped?

Terry shuts up.

DANNY

Oh, Rhod, come on, for fuck's sake.
He's just saying, it's being looked
for so it's not a good idea.

Rhod points the gun at Danny.

RHOD

Four bodies and a moped?

DANNY

Jesus Christ.

Danny heads back to the car.

INT. CAR

Danny gets back in the passenger seat. Scorz gets back in the rear passenger seat.

Rhod looks at Terry and shakes his gun in a 'get in' gesture. He does, also retaking his original seat.

RHOD
Right then, I'm driving.

Rhod gets behind the wheel, puts on his seat belt and starts the engine. He notices everyone else with seat belt-less.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Do we want to get pulled over?

DANNY
No.

RHOD
Well, then, seat belts people.

TERRY
We're in a stolen car that police are already looking, which doesn't concern you, but you insist we wear seat belts, just-in-case?
(beat)
I'm pretty sure if they see the car they're not gonna be looking for seat belts.

RHOD
Seat. Belts.

Terry puts on his seat belt. Danny and Scorz follow suit.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Alright.

Rhod pulls away and the group sit in silence for a moment.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Do you want the radio on?

Terry and Danny throw each other a "WTF" look then throw it to Rhod.

No.

DANNY

No.

TERRY

RHOD (CONT'D)
Alright, please yourselves.
(beat)
Probably gotta listen out for
sirens anyway.

TERRY
Yeah, sirens.
(beat)
Can you even drive?

RHOD
Can I drive? Of course I can drive.
I'm driving aren't I?

TERRY
Well, I've never seen you do it, is
all.

RHOD
Well, you're seeing me now, aren't
you?

TERRY
Yeah, I guess. I just don't want us
get caught that's all.

Rhod takes it a little personally.

RHOD
How would my driving get us caught?

TERRY
Well, you know, parking too close
to a corner might raise an eyebrow.
Not knowing how to handle a round
about might cause some eyes to pay
extra attention. That sort of
thing.

RHOD
Are there any roundabouts between
here and B&Q?

TERRY
No.

RHOD
And are we gonna be parking
anywhere but a car park?

TERRY
I don't know. I didn't know you
were going to B&Q.

RHOD

We want a fork, two spades and a shovel. Where else are we gonna go besides B&Q?

TERRY

I don't know, man. I just thought maybe you knew of another hardware store or something.

DANNY

Or a garden centre, maybe. They'll have all we need. We'll just see whichever is closer, alright?

Rhod looks annoyed.

RHOD

No, we won't see what's closer, thank you. I said we're going to B&Q so we're going to fucking B and fucking Q. Got it?

DANNY

Alright, man. Alright. Whatever you say.

RHOD

Yes, whatever I say.

(long beat)

Why the fuck would my driving get us into trouble?

Danny buries his face in his hand.

DANNY

Oh, for fuck's sake.

RHOD

No, really. Why, would my, MY driving, get us into trouble?

TERRY

I didn't say that it would. I just said I didn't know you could drive, because I've never seen you drive before, so I was curious if you had had lessons or just had someone show you the basics that allow a person to operate a car, or if you were fully licenced. That's all.

RHOD

What's the difference?

TERRY

What? Well, a fully licenced driver has been through the whole process of learning all the little things like indicating at the right time and staying so many seconds behind the vehicle in front, so's not to cause an accident if they suddenly put on the brakes. That's all. I wasn't trying to insult your skills as a driver, I just didn't know what you had any. That's all. I'm sorry.

RHOD

Right. Okay, then.

(long beat)

You know, Kevin's a very good driver. He's showed me all I need to know to drive a car properly.

DANNY

Jesus Christ.

RHOD

What?

TERRY

So you haven't had any driving lessons?

RHOD

Yes, from Kevin.

SCORZ

Who the fuck is Kevin?

RHOD

Kevin Anderson.

TERRY

Kevin Anderson?

RHOD

Yes, Kevin Anderson.

DANNY

Kevin fucking Anderson?

RHOD

Yes, Kevin fucking Anderson.

DANNY

Mate, Kevin Anderson is in the nick for recklessly driving into the back of a parked police car. A parked POLICE car.

RHOD

Yeah, but he knows how to drive a car, though.

DANNY

Barely.

RHOD

But he can drive though.

Silence.

TERRY

Jesus Christ.

RHOD

What?

TERRY

Kevin Anderson knows how to ride a bike. He has a motorbike licence. Not a driver's licence.

RHOD

What's the difference?

DANNY

The vehicle. The vehicle is the difference.

RHOD

So what?

TERRY

Rhod, would you expect a motorcyclist to be able to driver an 18-wheeler? Or a tank? Or a milk float?

RHOD

Well, no.

TERRY

No, right, because they're different vehicles. You need different licences to drive different vehicles.

RHOD

Ah, they're all the same. They've all got wheels. They've all got engines. What's the bloody problem?

Terry and Danny give up.

RHOD (CONT'D)

I've actually heard that tanks aren't easier to drive than cars. And milk floats are just a peddle to go a peddle to stop, so I hear.

DANNY

Get a fucking milk float then.

RHOD

And for the record, Kevin crashed a car into the back of that police car, and it was his car. And he wasn't done for driving without a licence. Thank you very much.

SCORZ

Yeah, but, that's because it was one of those Smart cars or something, the kind you can drive with a motorbike licence.

RHOD

Exactly. You can drive a car with a motorbike licence.

DANNY

Not all cars, just some.

Rhod is bothered by the comment.

RHOD

Well, why?

SCORZ

Because of the weight of the car or something. If it's below a certain weight you can get away with it, but not a regular one like this. You can't drive one of these on a motorbike licence.

TERRY

He's right.

RHOD

Yeah, well, all cars weights go up when that fat fuck gets in one, I can tell you that. Then what, does the rule change when there's a fat driver or passenger? No, of course not. Besides, the cars are all basically the same, so if you can drive a Smart car or whatever with a motorbike licence, and they're no different from a normal car, then I don't see the difference.

TERRY

That's not the point--

RHOD

Well, what is the point then?--

Suddenly, the car JERKS and everyone is thrown forward in their seats.

Scorz SHOUTS in fear.

DANNY

Alright, man, you can't drive. Let someone else do it.

TERRY

Yeah, man. Pull over, I'll drive.

RHOD

Oh yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you?

TERRY

What's that supposed to mean?

RHOD

You know what it means. I pull over, we both get out of the car, you trip me over or something and take off in the car with all the money and without me. I'm not stupid, mate. I know your game.

DANNY

Ah, you're paranoid, man. That's not what he was saying--

Suddenly Rhod CHOPS Danny in the throat out of nowhere, choking him.

SCORZ

Hey, man. What was that for?

Terry looks on with caution as Danny coughs it out.

RHOD

Don't call me fucking paranoid.

Everyone sits in silence until Danny recovers.

When Danny finally stops coughing, the car stops at a traffic light.

A POLICE CAR slowly pulls up at the traffic light along side them on the passenger side.

The crew see the car and look panicked. They sit looking dead ahead. All but Rhod.

Rhod looks past Danny and directly at the squad car with bad intentions. He stares without blinking as if waiting for someone to make a move.

Rhod slowly pulls out his gun and holds it on his lap, pointing it low at Danny's door, ready for the police to just look his direction.

Everyone notices what he is doing and quickly speak quietly through gritted teeth.

DANNY

Jesus, Rhod. What are you doing?

SCORZ

Rhod, you're gonna get us all caught. They might not have noticed the car but if they see that, it's over.

TERRY

Rhod, use your fucking head, right now. Think about what you're doing. Where you are, what you're driving and who they are.

Rhod continues to stare without blinking.

RHOD

I don't give a fuck who they are.

SCORZ

Rhod, come on, man. What would Tommy say?

Rhod's look becomes a little less intent for a moment but he keeps his weapon aimed.

The police car pulls away without interaction as the light turns green. Rhod's attitude changes.

RHOD
See? Seat belts.

Rhod smiles as the others give each other a look.

RHOD (CONT'D)
See, we're here now.

Rhod puts his gun away and continues driving.

No one speaks as Rhod pulls the car around the front of the store. He opens the backpack and takes out a couple of notes.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Right, Terry and Danny. Two spades,
one fork and one shovel. Make it
quick. And remember, if you bail,
I've got the money.

Rhod hands Danny the money. They go to get out of the car.

RHOD (CONT'D)
And Danny?

DANNY
Yes, boss.

RHOD
I want change.

Danny struggles to find the words for a second then speaks.

DANNY
(deadpan)
Yeah.

Danny and Terry exit, closing the doors behind them.

Rhod and Scorz sit in silence for a moment.

RHOD
What do you think about Terry?

Scorz is surprised by the question.

SCORZ
What do you mean?

RHOD

You know, what do you think of him,
in general?

SCORZ

Um, I dunno. What do you think of
of him.

RHOD

Honestly? I think he's a snake. I
think he's out for himself. I think
he wants me out and to put himself
in charge. I think he's gonna try
and screw us over at the first
chance he gets.

SCORZ

Why you say that?

RHOD

Look at him. All his criticizing of
every action I've made today.

(beat)

Constantly speaking up. He's up to
something.

(beat)

I bet they're in there now,
plotting against me. Thinking up a
way to get me out of the picture.

Scorz thinks for a moment before speaking. He chooses his
words carefully, speaking softly enough to not trigger Rhod.

SCORZ

Mate, I know you don't want to hear
this, and I'm not trying to have a
go at all. You know that, I
wouldn't do that, I never have. But
you're not yourself when you're not
on your meds--

Rhod adjusts in his seat, looking down with sadness,
uncomfortable at the observation.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

I know you don't like to take them
because they make your eyes itch,
but, it's like that Snickers
advert, you know--

Rhod perks up at the reference.

RHOD

"You're not the yourself without a Snickers in you." Yeah.

SCORZ

I know you hate them, but look at what you've done today. Would you have done them if you were taking your meds? No. You'd be sitting here with itching eyes, but you'd be thinking straight.

RHOD

You don't think I'm thinking straight?

SCORZ

Honestly, mate? No, I don't. Not today at least. Usually you're alright. But today... Terry is a good guy. So is Danny. We're all the same us lot. We've all got records. We've all done the same shit, but we've always looked after each other, and no one's ever grassed on anyone or hurt anyone. Have they?

Rhod doesn't answer.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

Remember the Post Office job? The one you did when Terry was in line for stamps for Christmas cards that time?

Rhod laughs.

RHOD

Yeah.

SCORZ

There's still a five-grand reward for that. Has Terry ever dobbed you in for the money?

RHOD

No.

SCORZ

No. And you said hello you him. Put him right in it.

RHOD

Well, I was surprised to see him, I didn't know he was gonna be there.

SCORZ

I bet he was more surprised.

RHOD

Rozzers had him back for questioning 3 times.

SCORZ

Right, and it could've hurt him.

(beat)

But he never said a word. And he won't say a word about this either. I'm sure of it.

(beat)

I mean, he also might not talk to you again, but I really doubt he's gonna try something suddenly. Not when he's got forty-grand to walk away with.

Rhod thinks it over. He seems to be coming to his senses.

RHOD

Yeah, sounds like something Tom would say.

(beat)

You're probably right. I'm over thinking it. I'm emotional because of the... you know.

SCORZ

I know, mate. It's alright. It's gonna be alright. It's just gonna take some time, that's all.

Rhod thinks it over a beat then sees Danny and Terry returning with the requested digging tools.

Terry gets in the back seat behind Rhod with them between his legs as Danny gets back in the front.

RHOD

Bloody hell, that was quick.

DANNY

Self check out.

RHOD

They have self check out at B&Q now too? Jesus.

Danny and Terry buckle up in unison. Danny hands Rhod his change.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Thanks. Alright, then. Off we go.

Rhod pulls off and they head back in silence.

After a moment or two, Rhod tries to lighten the mood.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Funny things, self check out machines. They put them in there to replace checkout people, but then they put checkout people on there to supervise them, make sure they don't go wrong and make sure people aren't stealing.

(beat)

I saw an article online about how supermarkets are suffering massive losses because of people stealing by pretending to buy things and how people should stop doing it, but you know what the headline for the story was?

(beat)

"How You're An Idiot If You Pay For More Than Half Of Your Shopping At The Self Checkout". Can you believe it? It calls you an idiot or paying for more than half of your shopping in the headline then advocates NOT stealing in the article. Seriously, search for it on your phones.

(beat)

Who gets paid to write this shit? Some people are just plain mad, mate, I tell you.

All remain quite.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Clickbait is what it is.
(beat)

I also saw another one with the headline "Seven Reasons You're Drinking Water Completely Wrong". Can you believe it.

SCORZ
I saw that one.

RHOD

Yeah?

SCORZ

Yeah. I didn't read it but, I saw the headline and it stood out.

RHOD

Yeah.

More silence.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Anyway lads, I've decided. I know I shouldn't have done what I did, so, in good faith, I'm gonna split Tom's share between all of us. Equally.

TERRY

Right.

RHOD

Yeah, £50K each.

DANNY

(eyes fixed forward)

Nice.

RHOD

That's right, isn't it? Those numbers?

SCORZ

Um, yeah, sounds about right.

RHOD

Right, then. It's settled. We'll all share it out and, hopefully, we'll all still talk to each other after this is all over.

(beat)

Because I know I shocked you with what I did, but, I snapped, you know? I just don't like that expression, that saying, you know?

Danny and Terry each give a small nod without looking at him.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Alright, then. 5-minutes we'll be back, we'll get this done and we'll be on to brighter horizons.

More silence.

RHOD (CONT'D)
How much were the tools?

DANNY
Nine quid each.

RHOD
Oh, not bad. Two spades and knife
and fork? I mean knife and spoon?
Oh fuck, a fork-and-shovel. That's
the one. Fork and sho-vel.

Terry stares out of the window without looking Rhod's way.

TERRY
Yep. Everything we need.

RHOD
Alright.
(long beat)
Hey, I was thinking, maybe instead
of burying the motorbike, we could
leave it and make it look like the
owner was the fifth man in the bank
job instead of Tom. What do you
think?

DANNY
Yeah. Sounds good.

Rhod nods happily.

SCORZ
But that would only work if they
caught us four. It wouldn't stop
them from thinking Tom was involved
or change him being reported
missing.

TERRY
Jesus, Scorz, just let it go.

SCORZ
What?

RHOD
What? That will work.

DANNY
Of course it will, mate. Let's just
get back already and get the fuck
outta Dodge, okay?

Rhod thinks his idea over a moment before coming to the same conclusion.

RHOD

No, you're right. It would only opt out one of us, which could be Tom, but that would mean us getting caught or four others being arrested wrongly. So, you're right.

(beat)

Look, I'm just trying to be proactive, okay? I'm just trying to think up something.

TERRY

Think up a Time Machine and maybe we can get somewhere.

RHOD

Well, if I could do that we wouldn't need to rob banks and post offices and corner shops and cinemas, would we?

More silence.

RHOD (CONT'D)

(to Terry)

Me and Scorz were just talking about the time I knocked over that post office and you were in line for stamps.

Terry chuckles.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Remember that?

TERRY

You mean when you tried to do a Cockney accent, saw me, instantly broke character and said my name?

RHOD

(smiling)

That's the time.

TERRY

How could I forget?

RHOD

Ah, good times.

Danny and Terry slowly look at each other then eyes back forward.

RHOD (CONT'D)

We've been through a lot together, us. And we shouldn't let something like today's events split us apart, you know?

TERRY

(without looking)
Right.

RHOD

Now all we have to do is get back, dig this hole, bury the bike and... you know...

DANNY

Tom.

RHOD

Yes, Tom, R.I.P--

TERRY

(to self)
In a shallow grave.

RHOD

And that other prick who wanted paying up front, like a... like a...

Rhod realises what he's saying and shuts up.

DANNY

Professional?

Rhos smiles and nods.

RHOD

Yes. Like a professional. I fucked up. I know and I see that now and I'm sorry. I just... I just... haven't taken my meds for a week or so and, you know, it has an affect on me. So, I hope you'll understand.

Silence. Rhod waits for a reply and starts to look agitated until Scorz breaks the tension.

SCORZ

We understand. Don't we?

Danny adjusts in his seat then speaks calmly.

DANNY

No mate, I don't. I don't understand how someone can just shoot an old lady, point blank in the chest for saying what everyone else in the bank was thinking. I don't understand how someone can just put people who are supposed to be their friends in an impossible position like that. Add time to their sentences if they get caught, like that.

Rhod tries his best to be reasonable.

RHOD

I said I'm sorry. Look we're nearly back now, just up this hill.

DANNY

I don't understand how someone can just shoot their brother, in the back, of the head, dead like that. And for the simple fact that he was trying to leave with HIS share--

RHOD

That he didn't earn if he wasn't driving us to the safe house.

DANNY

And I damn sure don't under-fucking-stand why someone would then kill yet another person, who he'd only just met, simply because he was trying to do what was asked of him, AND shoot that person dead when that person was our only way out of here in anything other than this piece of fucking shit car, that everyone is looking for. So no, Scorzy, I don't fucking understand. WE don't fucking understand.

Terry innocently moves the digging tools into the centre seat and leans forward as he does so.

Rhod pulls the car to a stop, turns to Danny and loses it.

RHOD

Well, I'm so fucking sorry if not everything went according to fucking plan during our little illegal get together and so things--

Terry pulls something unseen out from his coat.

DANNY

Now.

RHOD

What?

Rhod looks left just in time to see Terry pull a small piece of rope over his head and around his throat.

Danny grabs the car keys as Terry pulls on the rope as hard as he can.

Rhod is pulled back in his seat and tries to break free.

SCORZ

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Danny holds Rhod's hands back to aid Terry's effort.

DANNY

Shut the fuck up, Scorzy.

SCORZ

Jesus Christ.

Terry groans as he pulls at the rope. Rhod kicks his legs as he struggles for air.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

Rhod, mate, I didn't know about this. I swear. They must have planned it in the store, like you said!

DANNY

What?

SCORZ

What?

DANNY

What do you mean 'Like you fucking said'?

SCORZ

Well, he said while you were in the shop, that Terry and you might be planning something like this.

DANNY

And you didn't think to mention this?

SCORZ

What? It was nothing, and I talked him out of it. Besides how could I tell you here in the car without him hearing me, for fuck's sake?

While Danny is distracted, Rhod reaches down and grabs his gun. He aims it at Danny as Terry continues to tug at the rope.

DANNY

Oh shit.

Danny goes for the gun but--

POP! POP!

Danny SCREAMS and is thrown back as he is shot twice in the arm and shoulder. He stops tackling Rhod to hold his wounds.

TERRY

FUCK!

SCORZ

Oh no, guys stop it, just stop it!

Terry puts his foot on the back of Rhod's seat for leverage and pulls as hard as he can. It looks like Rhod is about to pass out... until he turns slightly in his seat and--

POP! POP!

Rhod shoots through the back of his seat, through it and into Terry's hip and stomach. Terry screams in pain and loses his grip instantly.

Rhod takes a large gasp of air, takes the rope and rubs his throat.

SCORZ (CONT'D)

Okay, things are getting a bit mad now-- no offence Rhod--

RHOD

GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE CAR! NOW!

Rhod gets out of the vehicle and waves his gun at everyone.

SCORZ
Oh, what the fuck did you have to
do that for?

RHOD
NOW! FUCKING NOW!

Danny, Terry and Scorz get out of the car.

EXT. CAR/WASTELAND

Rhod aims the gun at Danny.

RHOD
KEYS! NOW!

Danny slides them over the roof of the car to Rhod. Rhod pockets them.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Tools. Get the tools. Now.

Terry grabs the equipment from the car.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Right, get the fuck over here and
start digging. All of you.

Rhod leads them over to a flat area.

TERRY
What are you gonna do, Rhod?

RHOD
Start fucking digging.

Terry hands Danny a spade and he starts digging.

DANNY
I'm sorry, Rhod. We were just
trying to get out of here in one
piece, that's all.

RHOD
Yeah, likely story.

Terry hands Scorz a fork and he starts breaking the earth.

TERRY
We was--

RHOD
Shut up. Less talking, more
digging.

TERRY
Okay.

Terry offers the shovel to Rhod.

RHOD
Are you taking the piss?

TERRY
Alright.

Terry drops the shovel and starts digging.

DANNY
Look, it's not what it looks like.
We weren't trying to kill you. Were
we?

RHOD
Oh, really? Well, you could have
fooled me with the whole attempted
murder thing.

DANNY
We weren't trying to kill you, were
we? We were just going to choke you
unconscious and take off in the car
with our shares. That's it.

TERRY
Yeah, exactly. That.

RHOD
Oh, really?

DANNY
Yeah. We were going to leave you
the motorbike to get away on. Want
we? And your share, of course.

RHOD
Yeah, likely story, mate. Well,
Tom's share is mine now.

TERRY
It's true, mate. No matter what
you've done, we're still old
friends. There's no way we'd try to
off you like that.

DANNY

Exactly, mate. If we did then that would be almost the same as you killing Tom, wouldn't it? So that wouldn't make sense.

Rhod paces back-and-forth thinking it over, still angry.

TERRY

Well, what do you think?

RHOD

I think I want to hear less excuses and more sounds of spade in dirt, that's what.

TERRY

Come on, you can't blame us. Look what you did. You went off the deep end. We had to do something.

DANNY

Tezza!

TERRY

It's true, and you know it.

DANNY

Just dig.

The crew dig until Terry stabs his spade into the ground and we hear a HOLLOW sound.

TERRY

What was that?

Terry hits the ground a couple of more times to the same sound. He gets down on one knee and clears the earth.

DANNY

What is it?

TERRY

It's a piece of wood.

He clears the earth, finds the edge and lifts it out of the ground.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Looks like someone already dug half a hole.

DANNY

You can't dig half a hole, stupid.

TERRY

Well, there's a fucking hole here and being that it's covered up then I doubt it's finished, so, yeah, it's half a hole.

RHOD

Well, it's only half of what we need so, get in there and start digging.

They give him a look.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Now!

Rhod points the gun and they get in the hole.

They continue digging.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Why the fuck is there already a hole here?

SCORZ

Could be a serial killer.

DANNY

What?

SCORZ

A serial killer. Maybe someone dug a hole here ready for their next victim or something.

TERRY

Don't be a twat, Scorzy.

SCORZ

I'm not being a twat. How do you know it's not?

RHOD

I bet it's Tom.

SCORZ

What?

RHOD

I bet it was Tom. Yeah, he picked this spot out.

(MORE)

RHOD (CONT'D)

He knew it was out away from everywhere so he dug a hole and put a board on it and covered it so no one would see it, then brought us out here-- yeah, he was gonna kill me. But I got to him first.

TERRY

Come on mate, I really doubt--

RHOD

Hey, if you don't shut it, I'll shoot it.

Terry shuts up and continues digging.

DANNY

You know what, I think this is the old allotment site. I think the council bought up the land or something to build houses on a while back.

TERRY

That explains the soft ground.

SCORZ

Best place to bury a body, an allotment. No one questions a man digging a hole in an allotment.

DANNY

Oh, shut up, Scorzy.

SCORZ

I'm just saying.

DANNY

Well, don't.

RHOD

Council houses. Likely story.

DANNY

Yeah. Supposedly. A couple of years since it sold, but yeah, supposed to be.

RHOD

Well, then, it'll be a good place to keep someone buried. They'll build right over it.

TERRY

Or they'll dig them up when they
prepare the foundations.

RHOD

No, this'll work. They'll miss this
bit, I betcha.

TERRY

How do you know?

RHOD

Because I know you're full of shit
and you planned this with Tom. You
were all in on it together for some
reason. I know.

SCORZ

Even me? When have I ever done you
wrong?

RHOD

Can it. Keep digging.

Rhod paces some more, looking out as he does.

TERRY

Rhod, you're being crazy.

Rhod throws Terry a look. Danny and Scorz throw him a
different look.

TERRY (CONT'D)

It doesn't make any sense for us to
off you. We'd have to get rid of
you the same way we're getting rid
of Tom, just to make sure the cops
don't come looking for us the way
they're going to now.

RHOD

Which is why you dug a hole in
advance so no one would ever find
me.

Rhod points at the hole with his gun to prove his point.

Terry gives up and stabs his spade into the ground.

TERRY

Okay, I've had enough of this shit.
If you're gonna kill us, then you
can just do it now--

SCORZ

Terry, no, man.

TERRY

--'cuz I'm not digging my own
fucking grave like a sucker.

RHOD

I'm not going to kill you, you
prick. If I was going to kill you I
would have done it when this twat
turned up and took off on his bike,
wouldn't I?

DANNY

Yeah, but, that was before we tried
to kill you.

Rhod turns slowly to Danny and Terry's eyes go wide as fuck.

RHOD

So you did try to kill me?

TERRY

What the fuck are you doing?

SCORZ

Okay, we need to just calm down--

DANNY

No, I mean, that's how you see it,
right? You think that because we--
did what we did--

Rhod suddenly wears a strange, calm smile.

RHOD

Tried to kill me?

DANNY

No, but, because of that thing you
probably think we tried to kill you
and so I'm assuming that's still
how you see it. Which is wrong.

RHOD

So you tried to kill me and I'm
wrong. Is that right?

TERRY

No, Roddy, that's not what he's
saying--

Rhod points the gun at Terry whilst keeping his eyes on Danny.

RHOD

Shut up, you. If I want the opinion of the Boston Strangler then I'll fucking ask. Until then, shut up, please.

Terry puts his hands up in retreat.

Rhod turns the gun to Danny.

RHOD (CONT'D)

So, am I wrong?

Danny waits a moment before speaking.

DANNY

About... what?

RHOD

Being wrong, you said I was wrong and that you tried to kill me.

DANNY

No, I--

RHOD

So I'm wrong about that as well, then?

DANNY

Well-- no, I was--

RHOD

So I was right?

Rhod looks happy as shit while Danny looks confused as fuck.

DANNY

No, Rhod, look mate, I just said that--

POP!

Rhod shoots Danny point blank in the face. He falls on his back, dead.

TERRY

Oh Shit! Run Scorzy!

Terry climbs out of the hole and starts running. Rhod smiles like The Joker and takes aim at Terry without advancing and...

POP!

Rhod shoots Terry in the back of the head. He face plants into the ground, dead.

Scorz panics and runs back towards the car, he looks back over his shoulder to see if it's safe, but as he does he TRIPS over his own feet and hits the ground, hard.

Rhod starts LAUGHING like a maniac, but his laughter quickly turns into CRIES and he drops on his arse on the ground. He buries his head in his hands and SCREAMS!

Scorz gets back to his feet and looks back at Rhod. He looks between Rhod and the car, deciding what to do next. He checks his pockets for something.

Rhod falls onto his back, still crying into his hands.

SCORZ
(to self)
Shit. Keys.

Scorzy looks back at the car one last time then slowly turns to Rhod and begins to cautiously approach him.

SCORZ (CONT'D)
Rhod?
(beat)
Rhod, mate? You okay?

Scorz relaxes and carefully approaches Rhod like a friend.

SCORZ (CONT'D)
I'm coming back, okay? Don't shoot.
Please. That's not an order, it's
just a request.

Rhod speaks through tears.

RHOD
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

SCORZ
Can I approach you? Is that okay?

RHOD
Oh, I'm not going to shoot you,
soft lad. Not you.

SCORZ

Thanks, mate.

Scorz slowly walks up to Rhod and sits carefully by his side. He waits for Rhod to speak first.

RHOD

I didn't mean for any of this to happen.

SCORZ

Of course not.

RHOD

You know that, right?

SCORZ

Of course, mate. It was just-- unforeseen circumstances and that.

RHOD

Exactly. It wasn't my fault.

SCORZ

Right.

RHOD

Beyond my control. I mean, you heard them, they tried to kill me. On purpose.

Scorz plays therapist.

SCORZ

Yes, mate. I saw, and I didn't know it was gonna happen. And you know that too right? 'Cos I was with you the whole time. Remember?

RHOD

I know.

Rhod leans onto Scorz's shoulder. Scorz comforts him with a hug. Scorz looks around as he hugs him until he stops crying.

RHOD (CONT'D)

We'll share all the money, okay?

SCORZ

Okay, mate. Yeah, more for us.

RHOD

Exactly. More for us. They'd only waste their shit on drugs anyway.

(MORE)

RHOD (CONT'D)

(long beat)

A house in Middlesborough. Fuck off. Who the fuck wants to live in Middlesborough?

SCORZ

No one, mate. Not even the people in Middlesborough. That's why it's so cheap. They sell low so they can get out.

RHOD

Exactly.

(beat)

So, what's that, nearly 100K each or something?

SCORZ

Yes mate. 100K each, just for me and you. Now, let's get out of here before the rozzers turn up.

RHOD

Yeah.

SCORZ

Where are the keys?

RHOD

They're--

Rhod looks at Scorz suspiciously.

Scorz senses it and tries to play friendly.

SCORZ

Alright, mate?

RHOD

Is that what you wanted? The keys?

SCORZ

No, mate. We just need the keys for the car to get out of here, you know?

(beat)

Tell you what, let's put these in the hole and get out of here, okay?

Scorz walks over to Terry's body, grabs his leg and starts dragging him towards the hole.

Rhod looks on, thinking for a moment as he watches Scorz at work.

Scorz pulls Terry's body into the hole.

Rhod pushes Danny's half in-half out body all the way in the hole.

SCORZ (CONT'D)
I'll cover them with a surface
layer. You get the bike to put in.

Scorz picks up a spade.

RHOD
Yeah.

Rhod turns to get the bike and Scorz BANGS the spade on the back of Rhod's head, knocking him straight the ground.

Scorz drops the spade and starts fishing through Rhod's pockets for the car keys until he finds them.

A semi-conscious Rhod moans throughout as he rubs his head.

SCORZ
I'm sorry, bro, but you lost your
mind. Okay? Good luck, mate.

Scorz grabs the keys and runs back towards the car as Rhod struggles to come to.

It looks like he's going to make it until...

POP!

Scorz's face EXPLODES as a bullet rips through the back of his head and out the front. He drops to the floor dead, revealing Rhod laying on the ground aiming his gun at him like a sniper.

He SCREAMS into the sky.

Rhod slowly climbs to his feet and looks at the sky.

RHOD
I'M JOHN FUCKING WAYNE!

He staggers back towards the car. He stops at Scorz's body, retrieves the keys and slowly climbs into the car.

INT. CAR

He blinks his eyes open and closed as he tries to regain full consciousness and bodily function. He looks for the right key on the keyring before something catches his ear.

A SIREN sounds in the background.

Rhod blinks hard and takes a look at his surroundings, hard left and hard right. He finds the correct key, sticks it in the ignition.

The now obvious POLICE siren slowly gets louder.

Rhod buckles up his seat belt and keys the ignition.

It fails.

He turns the key again... but to no avail.

The police siren gets louder as it gets closer.

He blinks, clears his throat and tries it again, keying the ignition long and hard as the sirens near, but still to no success.

He punches the dashboard.

RHOD
Come. The fuck. On!

He keys it again.

It starts.

RHOD (CONT'D)
Haha!

Rhod shakes his head to wake himself then pulls forward as the police siren becomes as loud as it can be.

Something big shadows in front of the car and Rhod slams on the breaks. He looks worried.

An unseen **POLICE OFFICER** shouts from nearby.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
Police! Freeze! Get out of the
vehicle with your hands up! Now!

Rhod looks long and hard at the cops. The final defeat.

RHOD
Well, this was a waste of time.

He puts the gun under his chin and closes his eyes.

CLICK!

Empty.

RHOD (CONT'D)

Fuck.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

Gun!

Rhod unbuckles his seat-belt with one hand and opens the car door with the other.

RHOD

You're not taking me--

BANG--BANG--BANG--BANG--BANG!

Bullets BLAST through the windscreen and into Rhod's chest and face as off screen officers opens fire.

Rhod looks at his empty gun a beat then drops it and falls back in his seat, dead.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

Don't move! Don't move!

The Police Officer comes into view with his gun on Rhod. He kicks the fallen gun away without losing aim then reaches out and feels for a pulse.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

He's down.

The officer lowers his gun and looks around the rest of the car.

FADE OUT: